

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 9

EPISODE 5

"The Girl Who Died"

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 3)

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1

EXT. SPACE

1

Close on Clara's eyes - staring, wild, terrified -

CLARA
Doctor!!

CUT TO:

2

INT. TARDIS

2

- the Doctor, racing round the console. Explosions rocking the TARDIS, the console banging and sparking. He has the console phone at his ear.

THE DOCTOR
With you in a minute!

CUT TO:

3

EXT. SPACE

3

- spiralling back from Clara - we're seeing her face through the glass plate of a space helmet, as she drifts, helpless in space -

CLARA
Doctor, help me!

CUT TO:

4

INT. TARDIS

4

- the Doctor, clinging to the console, stabbing at switches and buttons -

THE DOCTOR
You're the very next thing on the list!

Now an alien voice, booming through the TARDIS.

ALIEN VOICE
(V.O.)
Doctor, you cannot escape.

CLARA
(V.O.)
Doctor!!

THE DOCTOR
Could everybody *stop shouting!*

CLARA
(V.O.)
Doctor -

CUT TO:

5

EXT. SPACE

5

Spiralling further back from us, Clara, spinning in space in a space suit.

CLARA
- I think there's something in my space suit.

Closer on her leg - something shifts under the fabric.

CUT TO:

6

INT. TARDIS

6

The Doctor grimly clinging to the console, hauling at the controls.

THE DOCTOR
Yes, that's possible, actually -
you were too long in the spider
mines.

CLARA
(V.O.)
Okay, explain!

The TARDIS bucks and reels as more explosions impact.

THE DOCTOR
Clara, I'm under attack from four
and a bit battle fleets, in case
you think I'm slacking.

Now a booming alien voice round the TARDIS.

ALIEN VOICE
(V.O.)
You are surrounded and powerless -

THE DOCTOR
Yes, I *know*, you don't have to keep
harping on!

CLARA
(V.O.)
Doctor, what's in my suit??

ALIEN VOICE
(V.O.)
Surrender is the only option.

THE DOCTOR
Fine, I accept. Go in peace, we'll
say no more about it.

Another set of explosions rock the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

7

OMITTED

7

8

EXT. SPACE

8

Clara, spinning, falling

CLARA
It's half way up my leg.

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.)
Yeah, it's probably a Love
Sprite. Sucks your brain out
through your mouth, hence the name.

CLARA
Hence the name??

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.)
Possibly I'm being cynical.

*

*

CUT TO:

9

INT. TARDIS

9

The Doctor, frantic at the controls.

ALIEN VOICE
(V.O.)
We do not surrender. You surrender.

THE DOCTOR
Think about it - it's my best
offer.

CLARA
(V.O.)
It's moving!

THE DOCTOR
Oh, it's just hungry. Don't worry,
it'll never get as far as your
mouth.

CLARA
(V.O.)
Why not?

THE DOCTOR
You'll be out of oxygen by then! So
stop wasting it.

ALIEN VOICE
(V.O.)
Doctor!!

THE DOCTOR
Hush, busy!

ALIEN VOICE
(V.O.)
Your ship will be destroyed in four
units.

THE DOCTOR
That's almost twenty seconds.
Remind me nearer the time, I'll
probably forget.
(Into phone)
Describe the four most interesting
stars you can see.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. SPACE

10

Close on Clara's face in the helmet.

CLARA
Sorry, what??

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.)
You fell through a wormhole, you
could be anywhere in time and
space. Four best stars, now,
quickly!

CLARA
There's a kind of blue one, quite
big. Tiny little reddish one near
it. Two little yellow-ish ones just
below.

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.)
Colour of whiskey, smaller one
blinking?

CLARA
Yes! Doctor, it's on the back of my
neck, I can feel it.

CUT TO:

11

INT. TARDIS

11

The Doctor, still slamming and hauling.

THE DOCTOR
Great, I thought asphyxiation would
kill you first. Can you see a
nebula in a sort of wing-shape, bit
green at the end?

ALIEN VOICE
Doctor, your destruction commences.

THE DOCTOR
"Commences"!! Why can't you talk
properly??

More explosions, rocking the TARDIS.

CLARA
(V.O.)
Yes! Yes, I can.

The TARDIS reeling, spinning.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, I've seen that too - wonder
where it was.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. SPACE

12

 Closer on Clara's face, frantic, begging -

 CLARA
 Doctor! Doctor!!

 - faintly there is the grinding of the TARDIS engines.

 And then, impossibly, the helmet is whipped from her head,
 and she finds herself -

CUT TO:

13

INT. TARDIS

13

- sitting on the TARDIS - coughing spluttering, confused.

Next to her, the Doctor is emptying out her space helmet. Something falls from it with a wet slap (we don't get a proper look at it) and he stamps hard on it, several times.

He looks at the sole of his boot.

THE DOCTOR

Ew!

Clara, recovering - a beat later, straight to business.

CLARA

How did we do?

THE DOCTOR

Not a word about my spot-on
materialisation skills?

CLARA

Where are all the battle fleets?

THE DOCTOR

Wondering where I went, and
swearing in slightly biblical
language.

The Doctor is at the controls, working them. He hops there, like someone with dog shit on their shoe.

CLARA

So the Velosians are safe?

The slam of materialisation.

THE DOCTOR

Well I lured their attackers half
way across the universe, and
drained their weapon banks. Not to
mention I saved a school teacher
from having her brains devoured
while asphyxiating in deep space.
And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm
going to go outside and wipe my
boot on the grass.

The Doctor now hopping to the door.

He goes out, Clara following.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

14

Clara (still in her spacesuit) finds the Doctor wiping the sole of his boot on some grass. *

CLARA
What's to stop them re-arming and trying again?

THE DOCTOR
Nothing. But the Velosians will be ready for them this time. It's the best I could do, Clara. I'm not actually the police - that's just what it says on the box.

CLARA
You're always talking about what you can and can't do. But you never tell me the rules.

THE DOCTOR
We're time travellers - we tread softly. It's okay to make ripples, not tidal waves.

CLARA
You are a tidal wave.

She's smiling - she means it lightly. But the Doctor's response is haunted, serious. She just hit a nerve.

THE DOCTOR
Don't say that.

- and suddenly a sword point is pressing against his neck -

CLARA
Doctor!

- and now against Clara's!

Looking round: the clearing is suddenly full of Vikings.

They have leather armour, woad facial decorations, blonde beards and plaits, some in horned helmets. They are muscle bound, glistening in torchlight. Some hold torches. *

They advance slowly in a closing circle.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, no, no! Not Vikings. I just stopped an invasion, I'm not in the mood for Vikings.

Hasten - burly, intimidating warrior - now faces the Doctor, looking at him with disdain.

HASTEN
What is this scrawny old man?

THE DOCTOR
This scrawny old man just faced
down four and a bit battle fleets.
And for the record, I've fought
people with real horns.

*

HASTEN
A warrior then? You are coming with
us.

THE DOCTOR
You know why I'm not? See these.
(Raises his sunglasses)
(Pops them on)
On my face, right now, is more
advanced technology than your
species will manage in the next 9
million years.

A beat -

- and Hasten takes the Doctor's glasses off, snaps them in
two and tosses them away.

The Doctor's face: *oh!*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Clara?

CLARA
Yeah?

THE DOCTOR
We're going with the Vikings.

OPENING TITLES

CUT TO:

15

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

15

Wide on a small peaceful village, nestled in a valley leading down to a harbour. Thatch roofed stone walled cottages, smoking chimneys. Idyllic.

The village is centred on a square, one of our main locations. Surrounding it we have; a blacksmith's forge, a carpenters, a great hall, several smaller dwellings.

Close on a platform atop the great hall, the highest point in the village. Attached to the platform, a huge carved horn. Dozing at his station next to the horn, a jock-like villager the Doctor will come to nickname LIIMPY.

He blearily awakes and glances out over the bay, then double takes. He looks shocked and immediately leans across to blow into the horn. The sound echoes across the village.

We can see a longboat in the distance. The mass of VIKINGS seen pre-credits march into the village with THE DOCTOR and CLARA. Not in neat ranks.

The VILLAGE comes alive, VILLAGERS running everywhere.

Emerging from the carpenters comes ASHILDR, (18) tomboyish, dressed in tattered trousers, fleece and leather apron - but under that, there's something so fragile. So delicate. Like she doesn't belong in this village of brutes. She drops her wooden hammer and chisel and runs. Faster than the others, so excited. She's the *most pleased* in the whole village.

But she runs directly toward the VIKINGS with a sudden grin and falls into step beside the first VIKING, the battle-scarred HASTEN. He's wearing half of the sonic shades, held onto his face with twine like an eyepatch.

ASHILDR
You're back!

HASTEN
Of course we're back!

ASHILDR
All of you?

HASTEN
I suppose so - I haven't counted.

Nollarr - another Viking pops up.

NOLLARR
I'm back!

Ashildr hugs him - it's becoming clear that she's the team mascot.

ASHILDR
I had a dream you all died. It was
so real I thought I'd made it
happen.

HASTEN
Well if it ever does, I'm sure
you'll a find a way to blame
yourself.

HASTEN grins fondly at her, takes off his sonic shades
'eyepatch' and tosses it to her.

ASHILDR
I wish none of you ever had to go!

As she says this, she's putting on the sonic 'eyepatch' and
turning to see:

THE DOCTOR and CLARA, hands manacled in front of them. A
little more bedraggled, and squabbling amiably. ASHILDR just
stares at them.

THE DOCTOR
It's okay. I *do* have a plan.

CLARA
So you've been saying, for two days
on a Long Boat.

THE DOCTOR
Only because you were looking
worried.

CLARA
Only because you kept saying "I *do*
have a plan."

THE DOCTOR
I *do* have a plan.

*

CLARA
There you go!

The Doctor is about to retort but breaks off staring at -

Ashildr, regarding them curiously. She turns away - but the
Doctor keeps staring. A "someone walked over my grave"
moment.

CLARA (cont'd)
You okay? Do you know her?

THE DOCTOR
Never seen her before in my life.

CLARA
Then why are you staring?

THE DOCTOR
I don't know. Nothing, probably.
Too much time travel, it happens.

CLARA
What happens?

THE DOCTOR
(His eyes find Ashildr
again - still a bit
haunted)
People talk about premonition like
it's something strange. But it's
not. It's just remembering in the
wrong direction...

The VIKING behind THE DOCTOR shoves him in the back and he stumbles forward, cutting short his reverie.

Now villagers crowding round them.

We have glimpses of characters we will come to know well later, including the surly fisherman that THE DOCTOR will nickname CHUCKLES (40) and the looming blacksmith he will nickname LOFTY, his wife Tola and their BABY. We also have a small CHILD playing with a carved puppet on strings. *

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(Sotto)
Okay. Plan. Need to meet the boss
and do the usual.

CLARA
(Sotto)
Which is?

THE DOCTOR
(Sotto)
Replace him.

CLARA
(Sotto)
How?

THE DOCTOR
(Sotto)
To the primitive mind, advanced
technology can seem like magic.

CLARA
(Sotto)
It's going to be the yo-yo again,
isn't it?

THE DOCTOR
(Sotto)
It's in my pocket somewhere.

And Clara realises, as the Doctor searches his pockets, that he's free of his manacles, and is now just carrying them.

CLARA
 (Sotto)
How did you do that??

THE DOCTOR
 (Sotto)
Magic.

The GROUP is slowly but surely leading toward the surly CHIEF, leader of the village, given away by his robes and ornate helmet and his flanking spear-holding HONOUR GUARD. They are emerging from the main hall at the other end of the square. *

The Chief now approaching, raising his arms to greet the returning warrior -

- and a pair of manacles hit him in the chest.

Shock! Everyone staring at the Doctor, who has now freed himself. Swords unsheathed, battle stations. And the Doctor at his most thunderous.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 I am very, very cross with you! I
 am very disappointed!

The Vikings: momentarily disconcerted - the Doctor, carrying the moment on sheer force of personality.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 I have taken human form to walk
 among you. I have tested you - and
 I am displeased. Kneel! Kneel, all
 of you, before me.

Hasten, not impressed, stepping forward, levelling his sword.

HASTEN
 Who are you, old man?

The Doctor raises his yo-yo, like a talisman.

THE DOCTOR
 Do you recognise the sign of Odin?

On Clara: oh Christ, is this going to work?

HASTEN
 You are not Odin and that is not
 his sign.

The Doctor takes a sudden step forward, still brandishing the yo-yo - causing Hasten to take an involuntary step back.

THE DOCTOR
 (Still thundering)
 And you would know that *how??* Have
 you met Odin before?
 (MORE)

15

CONTINUED:

15

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Do you know what Odin looks like in
 earthly form?

Hasten's face. A flicker of doubt.

Ashildr's face. Transfixed by the Doctor. Can this be true?

For a moment the Doctor is going to carry the day -

- then -

A deafening trumpet blast sounds. The ground shakes. The clouds over the bay rumble and part. The huge image of a head and shoulders appears floating above the village. A bearded man wearing a winged helmet with an eyepatch over one eye. There is a red laser dot visible on the eyepatch. This is
 ODIN.

*
 *
 *

Everywhere, VIKINGS are looking shocked and falling to their knees. This plainly doesn't happen every day. Other VIKINGS look confused, scared or defiant.

ODIN
 Oh my people. Long has been your
 wait. *I am Odin!*

The Doctor, looks up at the apparition above him. *Oh for
 fuck's sake!*

*

ODIN (cont'd)
 You toil and fight and die in my
 name. Now your day of reward has
 finally dawned.

The Doctor rounds on the villagers.

THE DOCTOR
 Do not be fooled by this cheap
 trickery!

His yo-yo slips from his hand and dangles hapless on the string.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 It's supposed to do that.

From a gap in the clouds a heavenly beam of light shines down. Suddenly there are five heavily armoured MIRE warriors striding through the village square. They all have blasters built into their arms and wear industrial helmets which completely cover their heads. Each visor has a red dot just like ODIN'S eyepatch. They bear glass vials of clear liquid.

*
 *
 *
 *

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Stay still, stay very, very still.

The MIRE WARRIORS begin working their way around the VIKINGS. We cut to the MIRE helmet POV: we see, as they do, technical readouts overlayed as the MIRE scan each VIKING in turn.

*

ASHILDR is on her knees, pocketing the sonic 'eyepatch', eyes wide with wonder. She's beside a kneeling LIMPY and a standing VIKING with a double plaited beard that THE DOCTOR will later nickname HEIDI.

CLARA
What are they? Aliens?

THE DOCTOR
Shh!

THE DOCTOR just nods slowly. This is serious. They both freeze as the MIRE stare straight across at them.

*

Nearby, LOFTY. The MIRE warrior moves towards him, then shoves him aside to reveal he was standing in front of his wife Tola holding their newborn BABY. They look terrified. What does it mean?

*

*

*

ODIN
You are blessed. My chosen few.
Upon you I will bestow a great honour. Your mightiest warriors will feast tonight at my right hand... in the halls of Valhalla!

At this several of the strapping VIKINGS from the ship meet each other's eyes and straighten up. So it's a competition, is it? As the MIRE scan them they're puffing out their chests, staring into the middle distance proudly.

CLARA
That's not really Odin, right?

THE DOCTOR
He doesn't even have a yo-yo.

CLARA
So this is an invasion.

THE DOCTOR
No - this is a harvest.

We track along two muscle bound CONAN-LIKE VIKINGS doing this, then comically reach CHUCKLES, who is behaving in exactly the same way, but is two foot shorter, twenty years older, skinny and balding. But from the expression on his face, he clearly believes he's in with a chance. The two CONAN-LIKE VIKINGS share a look. Seriously?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
The strongest, fittest...

CLARA
We have to help them.

THE DOCTOR
We have to not get chosen.

Clara flashes him an impatient look - not good enough.

The Mire moving among the Vikings, choosing.

Clara, looking round.

Ashildr, kneeling, terrified.

Clara: an idea. She hurries over to Ashildr, kneels by her.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(Hissing at her)
Clara ... !

CLARA
That eyepatch thing, have you got
it? Don't be scared, just tell me.

Ashildr, terrified, nods. Now fumbling in her pocket.

THE DOCTOR
No, listen -

He looks, frantically worried, over at the Mire and the Vikings. *Don't let them notice, don't let them notice!*

Ashildr has plucked the half sonic from her pocket.

CLARA
Point it at my chains, think the
word "open" ...

The Mire - press a button on their blaster arms. They beam away the twenty VIKINGS they've chosen in a few seconds, mostly obvious WARRIORS from the ship.

*

CHUCKLES is left behind. He looks bitter, cursing under his breath.

All that are left in the village are; THE DOCTOR, CLARA, other WOMEN, CHILDREN, the ELDERLY and a few who are clearly TRADESMEN.

ODIN's image fades, the clouds closing. He's gone.

The MIRE begin to glow, readying to beam out. A building whine of energy.

On Ashildr: she using the sonic lens, concentrating -

THE DOCTOR
Clara, no!!

CLARA
Open - say it in your mind.

*

And lens buzzes, the manacles spring it open -

- and the whining cuts dead!!

The Mire stop glowing, and all snap round -

15

CONTINUED:

15

- and look directly at Ashildr and Clara.

Another flash of the MIRE's view of the world. The 'eyepatch' half sonic shades now outlined in red and flashing.

A moment to process -

- then CLARA and ASHILDR start glowing exactly like the Mire, the whine, builds again, and they beam away.

All that is left are the remaining VILLAGERS and THE DOCTOR. He looks to the sky, horrified.

CUT TO:

16

INT. MIRE SPACESHIP - CORRIDOR - DAY

16

CLARA and ASHILDR rematerialise in a room already containing a crowd of twenty VIKINGS. It's a narrow grimy metal-walled corridor with no doors or windows. Rusting and industrial. Lights flicker. Feels like an abattoir.

NOLLARR meets their eye. He looks worried.

NOLLARR
(hollow)
Welcome to Valhalla my ladies.

HASTEN is at the other end of the corridor straining as he attempts to force his axe blade into a thin slit in the middle of the wall. A double door?

HASTEN
You'll see - through this door -
all the food you can... UNFFFF...
eat - wine you can drink.

A second later the doors that HASTEN is struggling with slide open suddenly. HASTEN backs away in shock. We reveal:

About forty feet more corridor, leading to another set of double doors. The only difference appears to be a thin layer of dust on the floor and dome like lights set into the walls at regular intervals.

A white line on the floor delineates this new section.

HASTEN laughs at his own fear and strides over the line into the new section.

Close on HASTEN's foot stepping into the dust.

CLARA
Wait!

HASTEN turns and snorts a laugh.

HASTEN
There is nothing to fear strange maiden. We are Odin's chosen.

But there is a rising whine. The domes on the walls are glowing brighter - and then flash with a crack of electricity.

HASTEN is vaporized in a billow of dust. *

The VIKINGS shout with shock and back away.

Close on HASTEN's helmet spinning to a stop like a pan lid in the dust.

The VIKINGS exchange worried looks. Then a yelp of alarm from the VIKINGS nearest the facing wall at the other end of the corridor. It's started to slowly move, pushing the VIKINGS inexorably toward the domes.

NOLLARR
The wall! It moves!

CLARA
Your blades! Try to jam it!

Several VIKINGS try just that. But it's futile. Close on wooden axe handles splintering, snapping. Sword blades bending.

The VIKINGS and CLARA are all pushing the wall with all their might. It's still moving. Shades of trash compactor.

The gap between them, the white line on the floor and the domed area of the corridor is ten feet and closing.

Close on their feet skidding, sliding along the floor toward the line.

Closer, closer toward the line and domes. VIKINGS are screaming. Shouting with rage.

NOLLARR
Let us out!

ASHILDR
Odin! Odin!

This is it. They are out of room. They are all pushed sprawling across the line. Some of them, including CLARA, run to the other end of the corridor and begin struggling with the door there.

There is a rising whine. The domes begin to glow brighter, the light now blinding, everyone squinting.

We cut to darkness as we hear a crack of electricity as the VIKINGS' cries are cut off. Then silence.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

17

The Doctor, pacing, angry.

Across the square, the VILLAGERS are taking stock.

LOFTY
They took half the village.

LIMPY
Yeah. And it was the good half.

CHUCKLES
They went willingly to Valhalla. As
would we all.

HEIDI
I wouldn't.
(off reactions)
Well I wouldn't. I'm not good with
heights. You know I'm not.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, stop it! All of you, just stop
it, now!

They all look at him. He's furious.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Homo Sapiens, you're an intelligent
species. Stop lying to yourselves.

CHUCKLES
Choose your words carefully, False
Odin.

THE DOCTOR
Yes, I am a false Odin - exactly
right, I lied. The big man in the
sky, he lied too. And you know
that. You all know it. Because
what's the one thing that Gods
never do? Never ever?

He rakes them with a look. Blank faces.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Like ghosts in ghost stories ...
like fairies in fairy tales ...
Gods never actually show up. Not in
the real world.

LIMPY
... then what did we see?

THE DOCTOR

You lot. When you raid some little town - when you burn all those houses, and everybody runs and screams ... how do the Vikings seem to those poor people?

CHUCKLES

(Proudly)

We seem like ...

(Breaks off, realising what he's about to say)

... Gods.

THE DOCTOR

Guess what ... you got raided!

Guess what else - *I lost someone who matters to me!*

And now, a surprise - words ripped out of Chuckles like a great cry of pain.

CHUCKLES

So did I!!

CUT TO:

18

INT. MIRE SPACESHIP - PROCESSING - DAY

18

Close on the unconscious ASHILDR. A hand shakes her shoulder and she blearily awakes. CLARA is crouching beside her, a finger to her lips. They're both on a bare metal floor in gloomy factory like setting. ASHILDR shakily stands and gets her bearings.

The only light comes from a nearby open hatchway leading into the 'death corridor'. Familiar viking clothing and helmets are sprawled on the floor in piles of dust. It looks like CLARA and ASHILDR are the only survivors.

Clear tubes lead from the backs of the dome 'lights'. As they watch, clear liquid runs down the pipes to decant into a machine.

A pneumatic hiss and a new liquid emerges beneath the machine, fed into clear vials, last seen on the helmets of the MIRE. It's distilling the bodies into something.

CLARA and ASHILDR share a look and wince.

ASHILDR
(sotto)
Why are we still alive?

ODIN
(o.s.)
Because of this.

CLARA and ASHILDR spin in shock.

Ten feet away in a spotlight, stands ODIN. He isn't even looking at them, instead toying with the broken half sonic shades in his hands.

ODIN (cont'd (cont'd)
Explain.

CLARA motions to ASHILDR. I've got this. She attempts to front it out. Faking confidence.

CLARA
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you afraid.

ODIN
I have no reason to fear you.

CLARA
(Points to half glasses)
Except you've already analysed that and you know it's technology from a civilisation vastly more powerful than your own -

ODIN
And yet you are my prisoner.

CLARA
You'll also have noticed that the
lens is an eyesight corrective.

ODIN
... what of it?

CLARA
I suppose we have to forgive Odin,
of all people, for missing this
particular headline. Look at me -
two eyes.

(Points to the glasses)
So where's the rest of that?

ODIN
It would be child's play to use this
half to track the other. You have
endangered your allies.

CLARA
It's child's play to track that half
too. You've endangered yourself.

ODIN
Who are you, and what are you doing
here?

CLARA
Excellent question. Why don't you
answer it?

ODIN
Why would I answer you?

CLARA
Because you have no reason to fear
me - or have you changed your mind
about that? What do you want here?

ODIN
Adrenalin... Testosterone. From the
finest warriors. Extracted...
distilled.

ODIN gestures to a MIRE WARRIOR who brings forward a vial
from the machine. ODIN promptly drinks the liquid inside. He
shivers with pleasure.

ODIN (cont'd)
Nec-taar.

CLARA
Okay, so you mash up Vikings to
make warrior juice, nice.

ASHILDR
They what?? They mash them up??

CLARA
Shh!
(To Odin)
But why play God?

ODIN
What is a God, but the cattle's
name for farmer? What is heaven but
the gilded door of the abattoir?

CLARA
What are you? *

CLARA (cont'd)
Not a farmer. Just a thief, caught
in the act.

ASHILDR
(Tear-streaked, breathing
hard)
I don't understand. Mashed up, what
are you saying??

CLARA
Hush!
(To Odin)
Go now. Go and find vikings on
other planets. The universe is full
of testosterone - trust me, it's
unbearable. We won't follow you. We
don't have to fight.

ODIN
War is our way.

CLARA
Ask yourself: is this a war you
really want?

A moment, hanging in the balance. Odin - a flicker of doubt.
She has a point. Then -

ASHILDR
Yes!!

Clara spins - Ashildr, enraged, beyond emotional.

ASHILDR (cont'd)
You will pay for what you have done
here today.

CLARA
No! No, no, no!

ASHILDR
I am a *Viking*. Ashildr, daughter of
Einarr. You have mocked our Gods.
Killed our warriors. We will crush
you on the field of battle.

Odin stares at her - then smiles!

ODIN
Now that's more like it!

CLARA
You were about to leave.

ODIN
You almost had me talking! Talk is
for cowards - war is the only
conversation!

CLARA
No, no, listen to me - !!

ODIN
(To Ashildr)
I accept your challenge.

CLARA
She doesn't know what she's saying.

ASHILDR
We will crush you!

CLARA
Please shut up!

ODIN
Shall we say, this time tomorrow?
Ten of my warriors. Versus the best
of your village?

ASHILDR
You will beg for mercy!

ODIN
I will send you back. You can
inform your people of their
impending destruction.

CLARA
(To Odin)
You don't have to do this.

ODIN
I know.

CLARA
Then why are you doing it??

ODIN
Why else. Joy! The joy of war!

ASHILDR and CLARA share a look.

ODIN presses a button on his wrist. We see a shimmer begin to pass across his face, removing the hologram of the human face and revealing the true alien face beneath. We have a glimpse of slimy green skin but don't see the full reveal. *

18

CONTINUED:

18

CLARA and ASHILDR stare in horror.

ODIN (cont'd)
Can't you see it on my face??

CUT TO:

19

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

19

THE DOCTOR with the VILLAGERS, much as we left them -

- except the Doctor is frantically leafing through his two-thousand year diary. A familiar blast of trumpets. The clouds part and a beam of light shines down - depositing Ashildr and Clara on the ground

THE DOCTOR
Clara!

ASHILDR is already running towards CHUCKLES. The biggest hug ever.

CHUCKLES
My child. My child. He said you were dead. Where are the others?

ASHILDR
... I'm sorry, father.

The Doctor has raced towards Clara, hugs her hard.

THE DOCTOR
(sotto)
I'm not a hugger. This is not a hug. This is not a hug.

CLARA
Doctor ... listen ...

THE DOCTOR breaks the hug, brandishes his diary.

THE DOCTOR
Two-thousand year diary - I looked them up. They're called the Mire. One of the deadliest warrior races in the galaxy.

CLARA
Okay. Well -

THE DOCTOR
But they're *practical*. They get what they want and go. You persuaded them to go, didn't you? I knew you would!

CLARA
The deadliest warrior race in the galaxy?

THE DOCTOR
One of them, yes, why?

19

CONTINUED:

19

Clara takes a moment. Swallows hard. Has to tell him some time.

CLARA
Because I think this village just
declared war on them ...

The Doctor's face: *what????*

CUT TO:

20

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

20

A huge banquet hall. All the remaining VILLAGERS are in there, scattered around, sitting on stools and chairs but not around the long table, which is pushed to one side. It feels like an informal meeting. CLARA (now out of her spacesuit) and ASHILDR are the focus, sitting telling their tale. THE DOCTOR is pacing, thinking as they talk.

CLARA
They're coming back tomorrow. Ten of them. To kill everyone in the village.

CHUCKLES
Ashildr, is this true?

ASHILDR just nods. She's staring at the floor.

THE DOCTOR
But they've got what they came for.
No offence, but the raid's over,
there's nothing else for them here.
They've killed all the good ones,
why come back for the left-overs?
(A beat, considers.)
I meant that in a good way.

ASHILDR
It's my fault.

They all look at her. What??

ASHILDR (cont'd)
All of it, my fault, I did this. I brought this down on us all.

CHUCKLES
That's my daughter. Always blaming herself.

ASHILDR
But it's true!

CHUCKLES
(Arm round her)
Not every misfortune that befalls this village, is down to you!

She clings to her father sobbing. Chuckles looks to the Doctor, explaining.

CHUCKLES (cont'd)
She thinks she brings us bad luck.

The Doctor looks at Ashildr again - that haunted look. He shakes off the feeling - back to business!

THE DOCTOR
What bad luck? You haven't had any
bad luck, you're fine.

LIMPY
We are about to be attacked by -

THE DOCTOR
With a whole day's warning. So
leave. Hop it, take off! Into the
woods, split up, hide. The Mire
will never have the patience to
look for you. Give it a week, come
back home, make babies and puddings
- that's basically what you do,
isn't it?

CHUCKLES
We cannot leave this village.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, you can. Pick a direction -
fly like a bird, run like a nose.
That's probably a Viking saying, I
haven't checked.

LIMPY
No. We will fight!

Nods and grunts of agreement around the hall.

THE DOCTOR
They took all your fighters,
remember? What are you? Farmers,
fishermen? Web designers? Maybe not
that last one.

CHUCKLES defiantly throws down a sheepskin bundle at THE DOCTOR's feet. It spills open with swords and axes. CHUCKLES picks up a sword from the bundle and holds it aloft.

CHUCKLES
We are Vikings.

This gets a cheer from the room.

THE DOCTOR
Really? How many of you have
actually held a sword in battle? By
show of hands.

THE DOCTOR puts up his hand. He's the only one that does.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
The Mire are coming for each and
every one of you - what are you
going to do? Raise crops at them?

LIMPY
(Slamming the table with
his fist)
If necessary.

HEIDI
I think he was being sarcastic.

CHUCKLES
We are not cowards. We do not *run*.
And a death in battle is a death
with *honour*.

Nods and shouts of "AYE" echo around the hall. As the shouts roars die down -

- we hear from somewhere else, a baby crying somewhere in the village.

THE DOCTOR
Do babies die with honour?

CHUCKLES
They do not live on their knees.

HEIDI
Not *Viking* babies.

The baby cries louder, and now the Doctor is intoning - translating.

THE DOCTOR
I am afraid, mother. Hold me,
mother, I am afraid, I am afraid.

The Vikings stare at him in confusion.

CLARA
He speaks baby.

THE DOCTOR
Turn your face towards me, mother,
for you are beautiful and I will
sing for you. I am afraid, but I
will sing. I will sing.

(Breaks from translating)
Babies think laughing is singing -
did you know that? Personally, I
think they're right.

He gestures to Clara, starts heading towards the door.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I applaud your courage, I deplore
your stupidity, I will mourn your
deaths, which will be painful,
terrifying and without honour.
Don't be afraid to change your
minds - it's called thinking.

20

CONTINUED:

20

He's about to step out, but someone grabs his arm.
Unexpectedly, it's Ashildr.

ASHILDR
Stay. You could help us, I know you
could.

THE DOCTOR
How do you know that?

ASHILDR
I just do.

THE DOCTOR
If you want to be safe, run. Take
off on your own. Your choice.

ASHILDR
I don't care about myself, I care
about the others.

THE DOCTOR
Then quite possibly you are the
only person here worth saving.

CLARA
Save her then.

The Doctor just shoots her a look - and steps out. A beat -
and Clara follows.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. OUTSIDE GREAT HALL - DAY

21

The Doctor, pacing, agitated. Clara just looks at him. Quiet reproof, but saying nothing.

THE DOCTOR
The earth is safe, humanity is not
in danger. It's just one village
...

CLARA
"Just one village."

THE DOCTOR
Suppose I saved it - by some
miracle, no TARDIS, no sonic. "Just
one village" defeats the Mire. What
then? Word get around, Earth
becomes a target of strategic value
and the Mire come back, and God
knows what else. Ripple into tidal
wave into everybody's dead.

CLARA
Do something clever.

THE DOCTOR
Clever is leaving.

CLARA
Not for you.

The baby is crying, keening away.

CLARA (cont'd)
What's it saying?

THE DOCTOR
She. She's afraid. Babies sense
danger, they have to.

CLARA
Tell me.

THE DOCTOR
(concentrates)
Mother, I hear thunder. Mother, I
hear shouting. You are my world but
I hear other worlds now.

(Frowns, like this next
bit is difficult to put
into words)
Beyond the ... enfolding of your
smile ... is there other kindness?
Will they be kind, mother. I am
afraid, will they be kind? The sky
is crying now, mother. Fire in the
water. Fire in the water...

21

CONTINUED:

21

He stops, moved. And the baby tails off into silence.

CLARA
You just decided to stay.

*

The Doctor shoots her a look. How the hell did she know that?

CLARA (cont'd)
The baby stopped crying.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

22

Wide on ten male VILLAGERS assembled in a line like recruits on a parade ground. These 'SOLDIERS' are all holding wooden practice swords, battered looking shields and look slightly pathetic. Amongst them; LOFTY and HEIDI. *

A knot of WOMEN watch from the sidelines. No ASHILDR.

In the background are some battered straw practice dummies wearing Roman helmets.

THE DOCTOR appears, walking along the line, sergeant major style, sword tucked under his arm like a baton, with delivery to match.

THE DOCTOR
So when I say move, you move. When
I say jump, you say 'How high?'
(Considers)
Unless it's across a gap of some
kind, in which case you will jump
horizontally. Do we understand each
other?

The 'SOLDIERS' look amongst each other. After a beat they give a shrugging, halting, overlapping response. No two answers are the same.

VIKINGS
Aye/Suppose/Sir, sir/Yep/Yes
Sergeant Greyhead.

THE DOCTOR rolls his eyes, then carries on walking.

THE DOCTOR
Now I'm not going to lie to you. We are facing a force with vastly superior weaponry, training, armour, posture and personal hygiene. But we have a secret weapon. Me. Think of me as... a potter. You are my clay. And over the next twenty four hours I will shape this lumpen mass I see before me into a slightly differently shaped mass. Possibly a vase, or a jug, maybe a paperweight. This metaphor is derailing, forget the metaphor. What is it Lofty?

This is because LOFTY has his hand up.

LOFTY
Er, my name's not actually Lofty,
sir, it's Bro-

THE DOCTOR

No it's not. It's Lofty. I've got far too much to think about without everybody having their own names.

So you're Lofty -

(WARRIOR with square beard)

- he's ZZ Top and you're -

(considers HEIDI's double plaited beard)

Heidi. So, I'll ask you again: Lofty, what is it?

LOFTY

Sorry, sir, it's just - why aren't we practising with real swords?

THE DOCTOR

You want to field this one, Limpy?

We reveal LIMPY, now wincing and sitting to one side bandaging his wounded leg. Blood is seeping through.

LIMPY

Because we can't be trusted with them.

LIMPY limps back to join the end of the line.

THE DOCTOR

That's right. You'll get them back when you've proved you can wave them around without lopping bits off each other. Heidi - why have you got your eyes closed?

HEIDI does indeed have his eyes closed. He gestures vaguely at the bleeding LIMPY.

HEIDI

Sorry. Sir. Doctor... Potter. Sir. I'm just not very good with the sight of blood.

THE DOCTOR

Of course you're not.

A voice from the sidelines.

CHUCKLES

(o.s.)

This is not the Viking way.

THE DOCTOR turns to face CHUCKLES, revealed sitting off to one side, arms folded.

THE DOCTOR

You have something to say, Chuckles?

CHUCKLES
My name is not Chuck-

THE DOCTOR
Your name is Chuckles until I say so. Or until you actually start chuckling, when it won't be half as funny. Why isn't this the Viking way?

CHUCKLES
Our warriors do not march in lines like that Roman scum. *

LIMPY
He's quite right. You know what else they don't do? Sit around on their backsides while others risk their lives.

CHUCKLES stands, enraged.

CHUCKLES
Are you calling me a coward?

LIMPY turns to face off against CHUCKLES.

LIMPY
I don't see a sword in your hand.

THE DOCTOR
Hey! Hey! Chuckles? You want to fight? You join the line. Limpy? Eyes front.

LIMPY turns to face the front once more. CHUCKLES turns away.

THE DOCTOR notices a very YOUNG VIKING in the line is visibly shaking. He looks terrified. He's probably no more than fifteen. THE DOCTOR considers.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
And when you finally do get your weapons they need to be sharp and clean. You!
(points at YOUNG VIKING)
You are hereby volunteered. I want those swords shining so much the enemy stop fighting to admire them. Off you pop.

YOUNG VIKING
Yes sir. Will do, sir.

The YOUNG VIKING runs off. CHUCKLES catches THE DOCTOR's eye. He thinks, realising what THE DOCTOR just did. CHUCKLES softens.

Wordlessly, he plucks a wooden sword from a barrel and joins the end of the line.

THE DOCTOR watches him for a beat, then holds up his sword.

THE DOCTOR

Now. Your sword should become... an
extension of your arm -

CUT TO:

23

EXT. OUTSIDE GREAT HALL - DAY

23 *

CLARA is standing watching the training go on across the square. Ashildr stands just behind her, Clara unaware of her presence.

*

ASHILDRA
Swords against those creatures -
that won't work, will it.

CLARA
(Glances round, sees her)
He's just warming up. He hasn't got
a plan yet.

ASHILDRA
When will he?

CLARA
You'll know.

Ashildr now stepping forward, nervous.

ASHILDRA
I found something. I think you
should see.

CUT TO:

*

24

INT. ASHILDR'S HUT - DAY

24

Sunlight beams into a dingy hut walled with hanging maps with a few books in piles and scrolls in racks. Stolen bibles from monasteries. ASHILDR enter and walks over to a crude wooden table bearing a few rolled up scrolls. CLARA in her wake.

CLARA
Is this the library?

CLARA picks a scroll from the table and begins to unroll it. We see a brief flash of the image of a ship. ASHILDR looks embarrassed and takes the scroll from CLARA's hands, rolling it back up.

ASHILDR
Not that one. That's just a...
story.

CLARA
About a ship?

ASHILDR considers, then unrolls the scroll on the table. Coy but enthused.

ASHILDR
A *magic* ship.

ASHILDR unrolls another scroll. Warming to her topic. We see a stylised image of a sea serpent.

ASHILDR (cont'd)
And this is the Midgard Serpent. So large it can circle the world and eat its own tail. Some sailors swore blind they'd seen it in the bay.

CLARA
Do you believe that?

ASHILDR
The world is full of dangers.

ASHILDR selects another scroll on the table.

ASHILDR (cont'd)
It's what I wanted you to see. An old story of Odin. In most stories he rewards the dead - but this one's different. This one's like today. This is when he rewarded the living.

ASHILDR unrolls the scroll.

ASHILDR (cont'd)
Or seemed to.

24

CONTINUED:

24

It's faded and crumbling but shows a stylised but recognizable depiction of the Mire Odin and the Mire warriors beaming up villagers, surrounded by runic script. CLARA looks impressed.

CLARA
They've been here before.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

25

Close on the rolled up scroll. It's in ASHILDR's hand. She's walking beside CLARA over to where THE DOCTOR and his SOLDIERS are training.

CLARA
Doctor? Ashildr found something that I think you need to -

THE DOCTOR turns and looks ASHILDR up and down. ASHILDR holds out the scroll.

THE DOCTOR
Wonderful. Just what I needed.

But THE DOCTOR takes the scroll from her hand and tosses it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
More bodies. Here. Take this.

THE DOCTOR picks up a wooden sword.

CLARA
Doctor, this isn't exactly why we came over.

THE DOCTOR hands the sword to ASHILDR. The moment she's holding it, the MEN all gasp.

THE DOCTOR looks intrigued and takes the sword away. The MEN sigh with relief. THE DOCTOR gives it back. They gasp again.

THE DOCTOR
That *is* impressive. Synchronised sexism.

HEIDI
She's... a girl.

THE DOCTOR
Yes she is, Heidi.

LOFTY
She's not... a man.

THE DOCTOR
You're on fire today.

CLARA rolls her eyes, picks up the scroll and unrolls it atop a barrel, weighing down the corners with stones.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Look at you all. Did Emily Pankhurst fight for noth- well, will Emily Pankhurst fight for - look, frankly we don't have time for this to be a problem.
(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The women of this village will be just as much of a target as anyone else. So do whatever mental gymnastics you have to do to accept this and move on.

THE DOCTOR hands ASHILDR a shield and pushes her gently towards LIMPY.

ASHILDR looks down at the sword in her hand uncertainly. Deer in headlights. LIMPY sees her indecision and smiles with a half sneer. He looks to the others to share the joke.

ASHILDR sees this. It is a pivotal moment. Something in her face breaks through, is set free. She launches into a furious attack with a flurry of blows. LIMPY isn't prepared at all and is beaten back, shocked.

He stumbles, loses his sword and ends up on his back.

THE DOCTOR raises an eyebrow.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(sotto)

Oh I like you. You can stay.

(Louder)

Look. A girl is swinging a sword. And the sky didn't fall. Okay, back to sparring.

THE DOCTOR hands wooden swords and shields to other WOMEN, who uncertainly join the group.

CLARA is waiting by the scroll, arms folded.

CLARA

Any time you're ready.

Jump cut to THE DOCTOR holding up the scroll and peering at it. He licks a section. CLARA grimaces.

CLARA (cont'd)

Could they have left something behind?

THE DOCTOR

They did. This story. A few generations ago, judging by the decay.

CLARA

Long enough to be forgotten.

THE DOCTOR

Or to start a religion. Influence one, anyway. You're doing a look.

CLARA

What look?

THE DOCTOR
 Side-ways, head-tilt, semi-mouth
 purse. I've been writing them down,
 but I haven't translated that one.
 Have you got a question or a neck-
 malfunction?

CLARA
 (Shrugs, looks over the
 Vikings still practising)
 Just watching you with your little
 army. Danny Pink would be proud.

THE DOCTOR
 Danny Pink would laugh his head
 off.

CLARA
 I hope so.

THE DOCTOR
 So do I.

A smile between them - a fond memory. Then business.

CLARA
 So tell me about them. The Mire -
 what's in your little black book.

THE DOCTOR shrugs. Where to start?

THE DOCTOR
 They're mercenaries. An army for
 hire to the highest bidder. They
 augment their abilities with stolen
 tech. The best from every race they
 conquer; plasma cannons,
 holographic heads up displays,
 scanners. Most of it crammed into
 their helmets.

CLARA
 So removing their helmets -

THE DOCTOR
 Good idea, if you can get close
 enough. They process the bodies of
 those they capture into performance
 enhancing drugs. 'Performance'
 usually meaning 'battle'.

CLARA
 And what's their Achilles Heel? Are
 we talking something obvious, like
 a Sontaran vent, or something more
 conceptual like 'hubris'. How did
 you beat them before?

THE DOCTOR
 I've never fought them before.

CLARA
Other people then. Other races. How
did *they* beat them?

THE DOCTOR
There are no records of *anyone*
beating them.

CLARA
So how will you do it?

THE DOCTOR
Give me twenty good soldiers and I
can win *any* battle.

CLARA
Who said that?

THE DOCTOR
I did. How did I sound?

CLARA looks incredulous. She looks from THE DOCTOR across to
the sparring SOLDIERS. LOFTY is shaking his hand as if he's
hurt it and examining his thumb, wincing. Other SOLDIERS are
bickering or staring at the sky.

CLARA
We don't have twenty good soldiers.
You have *them*.

FADE TO:

26

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

26

Blue sky. A loud whistle through two fingers. A sword in a scabbard held up into shot.

The Doctor's 'SOLDIERS' stop fighting and look over.

Reveal THE DOCTOR holding up the sword in a scabbard.

THE DOCTOR
Enough theory. I think it's time to take off the stabilisers.

The SOLDIERS look confused as they approach.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(to himself)
Of course. No bikes.
It's time to move up from...
rowboats to longboats? No? I'm basically handing out the real swords.

VILLAGERS
(murmurs of understanding)
Ahhh.

CHUCKLES drops his wooden sword and trots eagerly toward THE DOCTOR hand outstretched. He suddenly looks like a child.

LOFTY
You really think we're ready?

THE DOCTOR
Nope. But it's either that or hope the Mire are allergic to splinters.

CHUCKLES is reaching for the sword a little too eagerly. THE DOCTOR looks suddenly apprehensive. He pulls the sword away, then finally relents, handing it over.

CHUCKLES unsheathes the sword, looks at the blade and grins. He suddenly looks a little unhinged.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

27

Comic cut to THE DOCTOR sitting in the same location, now surrounded by loose livestock; chickens, pigs, goats. Smoke is billowing across the frame. A chain of VIKINGS are crossing frame behind, carrying buckets of water in the direction of the smoke. On either side of him are two unconscious VILLAGERS; LOFTY and HEIDI. Other VILLAGERS are chasing livestock.

Clara stands at the Doctor's shoulder making a visible effort not to pass comment.

THE DOCTOR
Well that could have gone better.

HEIDI sits bolt upright in a daze.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Good morning.

HEIDI
What happened?

THE DOCTOR
Well, The Big Bang, dinosaurs, bipeds, a mounting sense of futility ...

CLARA
More recently, Chuckles hit Lofty on the helmet with his sword knocking him out. There was a little blood, which you saw -

HEIDI looks over at the blood on the unconscious LOFTY's head and passes out again.

CLARA (cont'd)
- and did that. Only the first time you did it you knocked a torch onto some hay, spooking a horse, who kicked open a gate. I'm sure you can fill in the rest.

Amongst it all, Ashildr, swinging her sword. She's clearly good.

THE DOCTOR
You were good though. Top marks.
Girl One.

ASHILDR
My name is Ashildr.

THE DOCTOR
No. Your name is Only Hope.

27

CONTINUED:

27

LOFTY sits upright in a daze.

LOFTY
What happened?

THE DOCTOR
I have absolutely no idea.

FADE TO:

28

EXT. SUNSET - DAY

28

The sun is setting on the sea's horizon. Golden hour. Folk music fades in...

CUT TO:

29

INT. GREAT HALL - EVENING

29

The long table has been set for a typical Viking feast; piled with food and drink, most of our VILLAGERS are seated around it, along with CLARA and THE DOCTOR. But pointedly, half the chairs are empty, including a large chair at the head of the table, for the chief.

HEIDI is playing his mandolin and another VILLAGER is hitting a small tom tom drum. The VILLAGERS laugh, swig ale and eat.

But there is the odd expression that gives away the truth. We catch LIMPY looking at an empty chair with a thousand yard stare, before he catches himself and snaps on a smile. LOFTY is staring at his metal sword in scabbard on the table in front of him. He's thinking. We can guess what.

CLARA is sitting opposite THE DOCTOR, who is picking at the food in front of him. He's looking irritated.

A wider shot reveals why. ASHILDR is sitting next to him, but she's side on, facing him. Staring at the side of his head. He doesn't even look at her as he speaks.

THE DOCTOR
What?

ASHILDR
Why am I good at fighting?

THE DOCTOR
Everyone's good at something.

ASHILDR
But I am so afraid. All the time,
I'm always afraid.

THE DOCTOR
Exactly. Fighting is fear in
action.

ASHILDR
So fear is a good thing?

THE DOCTOR
Fear is a terrible thing.

ASHILDR
I don't understand.

THE DOCTOR
Just because something's terrible,
doesn't mean you don't need it.

ASHILDR
... I think you frighten me most of
all.

THE DOCTOR
Congratulations.

ASHILDR
Why?

THE DOCTOR
You're a fast learner.

He gets up, heads away.

CLARA, sitting across the table, observing this exchange. She gets up...

ASHILDR also watches him go, confused, then shrugs and slides his plate over in front of her and begins to eat.

FADE TO:

30

EXT. OUTSIDE GREAT HALL - EVENING

30 *

The DOCTOR is sitting outside the hall, staring out across the bay at the sunset. Clara doesn't speak. Just waits. Finally, the Doctor sighs.

*

THE DOCTOR
Heidi faints at the *mention* of blood. Not just the sight anymore. He's actually *upgraded* his phobia. Chuckles questions every order he gets, which might be a *teensy* problem in the heat of battle. Our only half decent fighter is a woman, and that freaks out all the men, and makes a few of boys very shy, which is ever so helpful in the combat zone.

CLARA
I keep waiting to hear what your real plan is.

THE DOCTOR
Teaching them to fight. Only plan I've got.

CLARA
Turning people into fighters isn't very you.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, I used to believe that!

CLARA
What happened?

THE DOCTOR
You. Oh, look at you now.

A beat between - Clara not getting caught in that conversation.

CLARA
How ever well you train them, it won't make any difference. Not against those things.

THE DOCTOR
They'll die fighting, with honour. To a Viking, that's all the difference in the world.

CLARA
A good death is the best they can hope for?

THE DOCTOR
 A good death is the best anyone can
 hope for. Unless you happen to be
 immortal.

On the word "immortal" the door opens, Ashildr coming out.
 She sees the Doctor and Clara - shyly embarrassed.

ASHILDR
 Sorry.

CLARA
 No problem.

THE DOCTOR
 Good night.

Ashildr heads off into the gathering darkness. She glances
 back at the Doctor.

CLARA
 You've made an impact there.

THE DOCTOR
 Oh, stop it.

CLARA
 She's nice. Fight you for her.

THE DOCTOR
 The human race, you're obsessed.
 You all need a hobby.

CLARA
 I've got a hobby. It's you, by the
 way.

THE DOCTOR
 Well get a new one.

There's unexpected edge to his words. She looks at him
 sharply. The old argument flares up again -

CLARA
 No, not this -

THE DOCTOR
 Tomorrow is going to be a bloodbath
 -

CLARA
 Don't even ask!

THE DOCTOR
 These people all died hundreds of
 years before you were even born -

CLARA
 I'm not running!

THE DOCTOR
I have a duty of care -

CLARA
No, you don't, because I never
asked for that -

THE DOCTOR
Every time we do this, I keep
thinking, what if something happens
to you -

CLARA
What if *nothing* happens to me? What
if nothing ever happened to me,
ever, ever again? As long as I'm
safe from *that*, Doctor, I'm fine.

THE DOCTOR
No. You're compulsive.

CLARA
Takes one to know one.

She's storming back into the hall ...

THE DOCTOR
Clara -

CLARA
And by the way, you're missing
something.

THE DOCTOR
... what?

CLARA
How you'll win. You always miss it
till the last minute - so put away
your sword, stop playing soldier,
and look for it.

She goes into the hall.

The Doctor: considering her words.

DISSOLVE TO:

31

INT. ASHILDR'S HUT - EVENING

31*

A flickering shadow on the wall of a figure wearing a winged helmet. Approaching the figure, ASHILDR, sword poised, Conan style. She's in ass-kicking hero mode. Over the top. *

ASHILDR
We meet again, Fake Odin. Valhalla
burns around you, your army is
destroyed and now it's time for you
to die -

ASHILDR gives a battle cry and lunges with a flurry of sword strikes. We hear a barrage of thudding chipping noises and reveal she's actually attacking a wooden dummy. It's wearing a horned helmet with a crude cloth eyepatch and a reasonable caricature of Odin drawn on the face.

THE DOCTOR
(o.s.)
Ahem.

ASHILDR spins and pales. THE DOCTOR is standing in the open doorway. ASHILDR tries to hide her sword behind her back.

ASHILDR
How long have you been there?

THE DOCTOR enters and begins peering at the carvings.

THE DOCTOR
What was that? The saga?

ASHILDR
The what?

THE DOCTOR
The legend of tomorrow. I assume
that's what you were doing. Working
on the saga of tomorrow's battle?

ASHILDR
We will crush our enemies.

THE DOCTOR
Will we?
(Examines the Odin dummy)
What is this? A puppet?

ASHILDR
I make puppets sometimes. When I'm -

THE DOCTOR
Frightened?

ASHILDR
When the raiding parties go out, I make up stories about their battles.

THE DOCTOR
Because if you make up the right story, it feels like you're keeping them safe, and they'll come home.

Ashildr drops her head, embarrassed.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
It's okay. You're not the only person who's ever done that.

ASHILDR
Why are you here?

THE DOCTOR
I'm looking for something I keep missing.

ASHILDR
What?

THE DOCTOR
I don't know, I keep missing it. You're the best fighter we have. So tell me - how will we fare tomorrow? Forget the legend. What are our chances? The truth.

ASHILDR
We will be cut down. Like corn. By this time tomorrow, every single one of us will be dead.

The Doctor looks at her for a beat - then a simple, chilling word.

THE DOCTOR
Yes.

On Ashildr - just a hint of tears forming.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
You could run.

ASHILDR
We don't do that.

THE DOCTOR
No, you. You, personally, you could leave.

ASHILDR
There is nowhere for me, except here.

THE DOCTOR
There's everywhere. A whole world.

ASHILDR
I fit here. This is my place. The sky, the hills, the sea, the people. All of it. Is there nowhere like that for you?

THE DOCTOR
(Shrugs)
I like a nice view as much as anybody ...

ASHILDR
But ...

THE DOCTOR
Can't wait for the next one.

ASHILDR
I pity you.

THE DOCTOR
And I will mourn for you. I know which I'd prefer.

Sadly, he's turning for the door.

ASHILDR
You think they're all idiots, don't you?

THE DOCTOR
Do you mean the entire universe?
Because the answer is yes.

ASHILDR
But they're kind and brave and strong. And I love them.

THE DOCTOR
Well. That's good, but it won't save you -

ASHILDR
I have always been different. All my life, I've known that. The girls all thought I was a boy, the boys all said I was just a girl. My head is always full of stories, I'm always worried, by everything. I know I'm strange, everyone knows I'm strange - but here I am forgiven. I am loved. You tell me to run, to save my life. I tell you, leaving this place would be death itself.

The Doctor - struck dumb by this.

A movement from behind him. Chuckles is in the room - he's been listening, tears in his eyes. Puts his arm out for her. Ashildr now hugging him.

CHUCKLES

I cannot keep you safe. I do not have the strength or the skill. But I will try to until the last beat of my heart.

ASHILDRE

Then I am home, father. And that is all I have ever asked.

Chuckles glares at the Doctor, over Ashildr's shoulder.

CHUCKLES

If you seek to mock me in this moment ...

THE DOCTOR

Not at all, no, no, you cry all you like.

(Frowns)

Speaking of crying ...

Distantly we hear the baby crying again ...

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

... is that baby closer? She is, she's getting closer.

He steps to the window.

The Doctor's POV. Lofti is heading through the town, carrying his baby.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Why's Lofti stolen a baby?

Ashildr, joining him at the window.

ASHILDRE

His name is Brot. And that's his child.

THE DOCTOR

But where's he taking her?

ASHILDRE

The boat house. He often takes her to the boat house when she won't settle, she likes it there.

The Doctor, frowning so fiercely. Something, *something*, he's missed *something*!

THE DOCTOR

But why would she -

31

CONTINUED:

31

The baby's cries reach him, he translates almost automatically.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Fire in the water. Fire in the
water.
(Eyes widen - *oh my God!*)
Fire in the water!!

Ashildr and Chuckles startle. What??

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
That's it! That's what I missed.
I've got it now!

He races for the door, yelling.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(As he races out)
Clara!! Clara, I've found it!

Ashildr and Chuckles at each other. Wha-?? They make to follow.

CUT TO:

32

INT. BOATHOUSE - EVENING

32 *

A shed containing a large rowboat up on blocks. Around the walls, barrels of writhing eels. *

Lofty is comforting his baby, showing her the tanks -
- when the Doctor comes bursting through the door.

THE DOCTOR
Hello, Lofty, I had no idea that
was your baby. Hello, baby I had no
idea this was your junior parent.

LOFTY
I'm trying to settle her. She likes
all the fish -

THE DOCTOR
I know exactly what she likes.

Clara, now coming through the door. Ashildr and Chuckles following.

CLARA
Okay, so you're shouting a lot. Did
you trap your finger in something
again?

THE DOCTOR
Chuckles, bedtime is cancelled.
Everybody off the hard stuff, we've
got a long night's work ahead of
us. I'm going to need a blacksmith.
Who's the blacksmith?

LOFTY
I'm the blacksmith.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, he's the blacksmith and he's
got a baby - he's at it hammer and
tongs.

CLARA
Doctor, explain, what's happening?

Other Vikings are piling through the door, all attracted by the noise.

THE DOCTOR
Look at you, all your faces
flapping open. You make the fish
look clever.

CLARA
Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

There's going to be a war tomorrow.
 And here's some news, this just in -
*we are going to win the hell out
 it!*

CLARA

How?

THE DOCTOR

Ashildr, this is your village, and
 you will never have to leave it. I
swear.

CLARA

Seriously, how??

THE DOCTOR

I told you all we were in danger. I
 told you we were basically doomed.
 Did no one in this two-horn town
 think to mention that you had ...

(Gestures dramatically)
 ... eels!

A disappointed silence.

CLARA

... eels?

THE DOCTOR

Listen. Promise one - nobody dies
 tomorrow. Promise two - the Mire
 will never set foot on this world
 again. You want to know how we're
 going to do this? I give you
puppets! I give you the scariest
 girl in town. And I give you *fire
 in the water!*

The fishtank suddenly flashes with light. An electric eel
 sinuously curls in on itself.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Electric eels.

The Doctor turns to study the eel in sheer joy. The baby
 gurgles.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Yeah, I feel exactly the same. Well
 not *exactly.*
 (To Lofty)
 She needs changing.

Clara joins him at the tank.

CLARA
 Plan then?

THE DOCTOR
And it's a doozy!

CUT TO:

33

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

33

A chaos of activity. VILLAGERS hammering, sawing, hoisting in all directions. Something big is happening, but it's not clear what. At the centre of it all, THE DOCTOR, pointing VILLAGERS with supplies off in various directions. He also has a knot of other VILLAGERS hanging off his every word like pupils.

THE DOCTOR

Always walk briskly, it makes you a moving target...

(inspects delivery)

Okay, that goes to Lofty.

(talks to GROUP)

And talk with confidence, even if you're terrified...

(inspects cargo)

That goes to Ashildr....

(talks to GROUP)

Act as if you know their plan and sometimes if you're lucky they'll tell you it.

CLARA

(Passing by)

Actually, always - it's his only tactic.

THE DOCTOR

And if you find yourself getting your limbs hacked off, or possibly organs, try not be upsetting to the people around you, or splash them. It's not all about you.

DISSOLVE TO:

34

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

34

Same location. Slightly later. An area of the wall bears a plan of the hall sketched out in charcoal. A group of VILLAGERS has gathered including LOFTY, CHUCKLES, LIMPY, ASHILDR and HEIDI. THE DOCTOR begins pointing at the plan.

THE DOCTOR
Now they're sending down ten
soldiers. With a bit of luck Lofty
and Chuckles will be able to take
out... let's be optimistic and say
five.

LOFTY and CHUCKLES nod seriously.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Then we deploy the anvil. Now at
this stage, getting me one of their
helmets is key. We get a helmet and
this is over. And then we can mop
up the rest with Ashildr's
monstrosity.

ASHILDR nods wisely.

CHUCKLES
Is the monstrosity ready?

ASHILDR moves to remove a tarpaulin off something. It takes a little while.

ASHILDR finally whips back the tarpaulin but we don't reveal what's under it.

They stare at it in something that isn't quite awe.

CLARA
That is *rubbish*.

THE DOCTOR
(Delighted)
I *know!*

FADE TO:

35

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT/DAY

35

We view a time lapse of the village square moving from night to day. The sun rising above the village.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

36

Wind whistles through the empty village. No sign of life. A wooden bucket on it's side rocks back and forth.

The clouds billow and rumble. A deafening trumpet blast sounds. A beam of light comes down out of the clouds. Ten MIRE warriors appear in the square. Their blasters are already charging, ready for battle. But there's no-one to fight.

*
*

A beat, then ODIN himself appears at their head. Unarmed. Hanging from his armour, like a trophy, the broken half of the sonic shades. It's in a row with tech fragments from other races. These are his 'medals'.

ODIN gestures and the MIRE begin to spread out, looking carefully around this ghost town. Where is everybody? But then a noise intrudes. Is that... music? It seems to be coming from the great hall.

The MIRE march to the front doors and kick them open to reveal -

CUT TO:

37

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

37

- a loud party in full swing, the hall heaving with VILLAGERS. It feels like a Céilidh, some VILLAGERS play instruments in the corner and there are partners dancing back and forth the length of the hall. LOFTY is playing a game of wicker hoop toss, with a horned helmet as the target. THE DOCTOR and CLARA are in the middle of it, dancing, whirling, whooping and laughing. ASHILDR is also dancing. *

ODIN and the MIRE warriors look confused. They are all lined up now, blasters pointed at the VILLAGERS, who are totally ignoring them. *

THE DOCTOR notices them and 'dosey does' in their direction. He grabs ODIN's hand to shake it, but he snatches it away.

THE DOCTOR
Hey! It's you! I'm the Doctor. Nice to finally meet you face to... convincing hologram. You could always -
(mimes hologram shimmer off)
On second thoughts, don't. It suits you.

ODIN
It is time to fight.

THE DOCTOR
Nah. We decided not to. We thought we'd have a party instead.

This causes a cheer. A laughing LOFTY begins throwing his wicker rings at the MIRE. They land without fail over their antennae. Soon three of the warriors have rings on their antennae. *

As LOFTY turns away to pick up more wicker rings, we see his hands are shaking. Sweat drips from his nose. The facade cracking.

ODIN
Let me put this another way: you fight or you die.

THE DOCTOR spreads wide his hands.

THE DOCTOR
We're unarmed. There isn't a weapon in the room, which I'm sure your systems are telling you.

We see the point of view through one of the MIRE helmets. Wireframes appear around various objects in the room. Flashing above it all: 'TACTICAL THREAT: ZERO.'

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Are you really going to fire on
civilians?

ODIN grins.

ODIN
It wouldn't be the first time.

LOFTY throws another wicker ring at the MIRE - and misses. He cringes and we move to slow motion. The wicker ring falls, but then... hangs impossibly in midair, swinging. THE MIRE it was intended for holds it up, curiously. We see a very thin wire, attached to the ring, leading across the room... the moment hangs. THE DOCTOR senses the deception cracking.

THE DOCTOR
NOW!

Several things happen at once;

CUT TO:

38

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

38 *

In another room a barrel is revealed filled with writhing electric eels. CHUCKLES lowers a metal rod into it, which is connected to a dozen wires. CHUCKLES kicks the barrel and we see the eels light up with electricity which moves along the wires through a hole in the wall -

CUT TO:

39

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

39

- which are connected to the hoops on four of the MIRE's helmets. The MIRE convulse as they are electrocuted and fall, their helmets sparking. Six MIRE and ODIN are still standing.

VILLAGERS everywhere are leaving at speed, either through obvious doors, or through trapdoors in walls and the floor which were presumably installed last night. THE DOCTOR and CLARA leap for cover behind a bar.

Three of the MIRE advance on the hiding DOCTOR and CLARA. The remaining three MIRE fire at the doors through which some VILLAGERS ran.

THE DOCTOR
Chuckles - switch!

CUT TO:

40

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

40 *

Using wooden tongs, CHUCKLES plucks the original metal bar from the eel barrel and plunges in a new one connected to a thicker wire. He kicks the barrel and the eels light up again.

CUT TO:

41

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

41

Three of the MIRE round the bar and level their blasters at THE DOCTOR and CLARA. They are about to fire, then they begin struggling with their blasters, as their arms are pulled upwards. What's happening? *

Components from the blasters fly from their arms and stick with a clang to an anvil wrapped in wire strapped to the ceiling. A crude electromagnet. The MIRE look bewildered, then their helmets begin to rise from their heads. *

Close on one of the MIRE's helmets hitting the anvil. *

We reveal the MIRE without a helmet. It's face like a lamprey with concentric circles of teeth. It lunges as if to attack, but removing the helmet has left it totally blind. It staggers, mouth chittering. The other two MIRE nearby also lose their helmets to the magnet and stagger about aimlessly. *

THE DOCTOR
Chuckles. OFF!

The helmets and blaster components fall clattering from the anvil. *

THE DOCTOR catches a helmet as it falls and immediately begins pulling out components. *

CLARA points a weapon at the staggering MIRE. *

CLARA
Don't move.

The remaining three MIRE and ODIN are across the room directing blasts at a door. It's charred and collapsing. Behind it VILLAGERS are screaming. The MIRE are almost through.

CLARA (cont'd)
How's it coming?

THE DOCTOR still fiddling with the helmet, pulls out some wires.

THE DOCTOR
Just reversing the polarity of the neutron flow - bet that means something, it sounds great!
Ashildr, are you ready?

He turns. Ashildr sits in a chair, against the wall - oddly formal. She looks terrified.

ASHILDRA
I'm scared.

THE DOCTOR
Good - scared is what we need. You
need to put this on.

He's stepped towards her with the helmet.

ASHILDR
Can I do this?

THE DOCTOR
You were born for this.

She gulps. Nods. Smiles nervously.

The Doctor slips the helmet over her head.

Then a bellowing roar fills the hall. Deafening. Bestial. Torches blow out in a sudden draft. The hall is suddenly in half-light. Everything stops. Sudden silence.

The MIRE look confused. What is this?

Then an entire wall of the hall is ripped off, beams and dust falling and a DRAGON's head looms in, roaring. It swallows THE DOCTOR in one gulp and lunges toward the MIRE, roaring, claws scrabbling for purchase.

The MIRE gasp, terrified. They begin running, firing behind themselves at the DRAGON, but already beaming out as they go. The MIRE leave their fallen comrades behind.

ODIN
Wait! Cowards! Stand and fight.

ODIN is left alone with four unconscious MIRE.

A beat of silence. Then CLARA and a totally unharmed DOCTOR stand.

THE DOCTOR
That's enough, Ashildr. Story's
over, happy ending.

On Ashildr, just sitting there, motionless. Her head flops forward.

CLARA
It worked.

VILLAGERS are emerging all over, relighting torches, laughing in disbelief? It worked? Have they won? VILLAGERS pick up abandoned swords and cover ODIN. He looks bewildered.

ODIN
What trickery is this?

THE DOCTOR
Says the man wearing a fake face.
You see that's the problem with
viewing reality through technology.
(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 All too easy to feed in a new
 reality.

We reveal the 'dragon' which is actually made up of;
 ASHILDR's carving for a ship's prow and the strutwork of two
 rowing boats, all covered in canvas. It's laughable and
 wouldn't fool anyone.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 A story to save a town. And a
 puppet from a nightmare.

HEIDI
 Not even a good puppet...

HEIDI is saying this sticking his head in from the roof,
 holding puppetry lines connected to the 'dragon's' head. He
 was apparently the puppeteer.

The wall of the hall begins to hinge back on, adapted in the
 night. We reveal teams of VILLAGERS pulling ropes and pulleys
 from another section of the hall. (Clara darts away to fetch
 something.)

THE DOCTOR
 You just saw the world through the
 eyes of a story-teller. You saw a
 legend born of terror, from a girl
 born for this moment.

Again, on Ashildr, her head flopped forward, motionless.

CLARA returns carrying her cellphone. She hands it to THE
 DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 It's a beautiful noise.

We hear the dragon roar again, followed with a laugh, and
 reveal LIMPY positioned behind the huge horn used to welcome
 in the boats, now hidden behind the bar.

ODIN is pressing a button on his wrist.

ODIN
 You think this is over? You should
 have killed me when you had the
 chance.

HEIDI sticks his head in again.

HEIDI
 Doctor. They're back.

THE DOCTOR
 How many?

41

CONTINUED:

41

HEIDI
I think... all of them.

CUT TO:

*

42

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

42

We see scores of MIRE warriors beaming in all over the village. There are already fifty, then a hundred. The number keeps rising.

CUT TO:

*

43

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

43

ODIN is grinning.

ODIN
Today will live in infamy. The
indignities we will heap upon your
corpses will become legend.

THE DOCTOR
Ooh. You are scary.

CLARA
I've seen worse.

THE DOCTOR
And your PR department really
deserves a raise: 'The mighty
armies of the Mire'. Brutal.
Sadistic. Undefeated. Even I
believed the stories - but after
today, no one will again.

ODIN
Today is not over.

THE DOCTOR
Oh but it is. You see an army like
yours, it lives or dies on it's
reputation. It's *story*. And today
you were sent packing by a handful
of fisherman and farmers. Not to
mention the whole 'wetting your
pants and running away from a
puppet' debacle.

CLARA is doing something on her phone.

CLARA
Now *that* was funny.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah. Good job no-one was recording
that. Oh wait a minute, we were.

CLARA waggles her phone.

CLARA
All it needed was the Benny Hill
theme.

THE DOCTOR
Now we *could* keep this all between
us as a funny film we play at the
Christmas party or -

CLARA holds her phone aloft like a bomb detonator, thumb
about to press the button.

*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
We could just upload it to the
galactic hub and get a second
opinion.

THE DOCTOR draws in close to ODIN. Turning the screw.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
So the question you need to ask
yourself is this: exactly how much
is your reputation worth to you?
Here's a little preview. Piped
straight into your helmets. Free of
charge.

THE DOCTOR nods at CLARA, who pushes a button on her phone. ODIN's eyepatch lights up. We can tell from his posture that he's watching something.

CUT TO:

*

*

44

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

44 *

We move to view the MIRE outside. The eyes of their helmets light up. We can vaguely hear tinny shouts and the blasts of Mire weapons on the recording.

Then very faintly, we hear the Benny Hill theme kick in.

Wide on the warriors of the MIRE standing stationary as the tinny Benny Hill theme echoes around the town.

CUT TO:

*

45

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

45

Inside, the tune finally dies away. ODIN bows his head. He presses a button on his wrist. The unconscious MIRE beside him beam away.

CUT TO:

*

46

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

46 *

Outside, MIRE warriors begin to beam away. In seconds the town is empty.

CUT TO: *

47

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

47

ODIN looks coldly furious.

ODIN
This humiliation will not go
unpunished. We will meet again. And
when we do -

THE DOCTOR smoothly yanks his half broken sonic shades from
Odin's armour then presses a button within a helmet. ODIN
beams away.

THE DOCTOR
Oh and I hacked your teleporter.
Sorry. I was bored.

The Doctor: an afterthought. He sonics, and a startled Odin
reappears.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Oh, and by the way, I lied. I
already sent the video. So I *think*
your battles could be a little
tougher from now on.

He zaps Odin away again.

The VILLAGERS begin cheering and hugging again.

CUT TO:

48

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

48

High above the bay, a massive cloud shimmers and disappears, revealed as a hologram hiding the MIRE spacecraft, an ugly industrial looking shard, hundreds of feet long. We can hear the engines powering up as it moves to leave. The engines pulse and it accelerates away with a massive visible sonic boom.

CUT TO:

49

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

49

Chuckles is hurrying over to Ashildr, still motionless in her chair.

CHUCKLES
(Hugging)
You did it, Ashildr, you did it,
you saved us all.

But something is wrong. Ashildr is slack in his grip.

CHUCKLES (cont'd)
Ashildr?

He loosens his grip slightly - and something awful happens.

Ashildr just falls sideways off the chair, a dead weight crashing to the floor. The room now struck into dread silence in a moment.

The Doctor: seemingly frozen.

Clara, moving.

CLARA
Get the helmet off her. Get it off,
now.

Chuckles and Clara remove the helmet. Ashildr is clearly dead. Clara, now checking the pulse in her neck. She looks round at the Doctor, who is still frozen.

CLARA (cont'd)
No pulse, I think she's ... Doctor,
is she dead?

The dread silence continues. Then:

THE DOCTOR
I'm sorry. I really am most
terribly sorry.

And in the terrible silence of the room, he just turns and walks out.

A beat, then:

CLARA
I'll talk to him.

She moves to follow.

Chuckles now hugging Ashildr's limp form.

CHUCKLES
Tell him, my life for hers. If it
can be done - my life for
Ashildr's.

CLARA
I don't think it works like that.

LOFTY
Or mine.

LIMPY
Or my life.

HEIDI
Any of us. Any of us for Ashildr.

Clara looks round their pleading faces - oh dear God!

CUT TO:

50

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

50

The Doctor, cold and alone, among the tanks and nets.

The door now opening: Clara.

THE DOCTOR
... how did you find me?

CLARA
This is where you made the plan.
Now you're trying to rewind. Heart
failure, yeah?

THE DOCTOR
Yeah. I plugged her into the
machinery, used her up like a
battery. Oh, Clara, I am so sick of
losing.

CLARA
You didn't lose, you saved the
town.

THE DOCTOR
I don't mean the war. I'll lose any
war you like. I'm sick of losing
people.

Clara: no answer for that.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Look at you, right now, standing
there. With your eyes, and your
never-giving-up, and your anger,
and your kindness. One day the
memory of that will hurt so much I
won't be able to breath. And I'll
do what I always do. I'll get in my
box and I'll run and I'll run, in
case all the pain ever catches up.
And every place I go, it will be
there, waiting for me. Every time.
Every time.

Desolate, he stares into one of the tanks, the water,
rippling below him. His face reflected, wavering.

CLARA
You did your best. She died,
there's nothing you can do.

THE DOCTOR
You don't get it. I could do
anything. We're only a few thousand
years from full resurrection. There
are hospitals out there, right now,
who could pop a new heart in her,
no problem.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 There's nothing I can't do,
 nothing. But I'm not *supposed* to.
 Ripples, tidal waves, *rules*. I'm
 not *supposed* to.

He's still staring at his reflected face - and it makes him break off.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 ... oh.

CLARA
 What's wrong?

THE DOCTOR
 My face.

FLASHBACK - DEEP BREATH

The Doctor in the alleyway, staring at his brand new face in the mirror.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Who frowned me this face?

CLARA
 Doctor?

FLASHBACK - DEEP BREATH

THE DOCTOR
 Why this one? Why this face. It's like I'm trying to tell myself something.

CLARA
 What's wrong with your face.

THE DOCTOR
 I think I know why I chose it...

FLASHBACK - DEEP BREATH

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 It's like I'm trying to tell myself something. But what's so important I can't just tell myself what it is?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 I know what I'm trying to say.

FLASHBACK - FIRES OF POMPEII

A grief-stricken Donna is talking to the Tenth Doctor over the TARDIS console.

DONNA
 Someone. Just someone, please. Not the whole town, just save someone.

The Tenth Doctor looks at her, reluctant...

FLASHBACK - FIRES OF POMPEII

The TARDIS doors swinging open, the tenth reaching out his hand.

THE TENTH DOCTOR
Come with me.

And we cut to: Caecilius (as played by Peter Capaldi) reaching his hand back. The man with the Twelfth Doctor's face!

The Doctor steps back from his reflection, resolved.

THE DOCTOR
I know where I got this face, and I know what it's for.

CLARA
(Eyeing him nervously -
has he lost it)
Okay. What's it for?

THE DOCTOR
To remind me. To hold me to the mark. I'm the Doctor - and I save people.

He starts striding for the door. And now he spins, looking as if addressing the heavens.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
And if anyone happens to be listening, and if you've got any kind of a problem with that, to hell with you!!

CUT TO:

51

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

51

The Vikings and Clara, gathered round, watching.

In the centre of them is Ashildr, lifeless on the table. And the Doctor, working at her. He is pulling some more technology from the Mire helmet

CHUCKLES
(Sotto - to Clara)
What's he doing?

CLARA
Saving her. I think.

THE DOCTOR
Chuckles! Come over here, take her hand.

A little nervously, Chuckles joins them, takes his daughter's limp hand.

The Doctor shows him something - a small white tile in the palm of his hand. It gleams like porcelain.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
From the Mire's helmet. Battlefield medical kit. I've reprogrammed it for human beings.

He presses the tile against her forehead. When he takes his hand away, the tile is gone.

CHUCKLES
It's inside her.

THE DOCTOR
It's repairing her. It will never stop repairing her -
(Frowns)
If it works. Come on Ashildr - story's not over yet.

Nothing. Silence.

CHUCKLES
Ashildr. Daughter, listen to me. This town has lost so much. If we lose you too, there will be nothing left. Nothing worth living for.

On Ashildr, silent -

- then a great whooping breath.

CHUCKLES (cont'd)
Ashildr!

THE DOCTOR

(Suddenly all business -
like he can't wait to get
away)

She'll be conscious in a day, up
and about in three, no swimming for
a week. I'll need a long boat and
some of your best rowers, we're two
day's sail from the TARDIS. Clara,
come on!

He's already heading for the door.

CHUCKLES

But wait, no. She'll want to see
you when she wakes.

THE DOCTOR

She'll see me often enough. Once
she understands.

CHUCKLES

Understands what?

The Doctor chuck's something to him. Another of the white
tiles.

THE DOCTOR

Second dose.

CHUCKLES

Will she need to take this?

THE DOCTOR

It's not for her.

CLARA

Then who's it for?

THE DOCTOR

That's up to her.

ASHILDR

(Weakly)

Doctor ...

Ashildr, prone and blearily awake, she reaches a trembling
hand towards the Doctor.

ASHILDR (cont'd)

Thankyou ...

The Doctor doesn't reach for her hand. It's like he didn't
want to speak to her, is anxious to get the hell out of
there...

THE DOCTOR

Don't thank me yet, Ashildr. Not
yet.

51

CONTINUED:

51

And he turns and strides from the room.

On Clara's bewildered expression, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

52

EXT. FOREST - DAY

52

The Doctor and Clara making their way through the forest where they were first captured by the Vikings. In silence, for a moment.

CLARA
Okay, it's official. Silence is even worse in a Scottish accent. Are you ever going to tell me what you're brooding about?

THE DOCTOR
It won't stop working. Not ever.

CLARA
What won't?

THE DOCTOR
The repair kit I put inside Ashildr. It'll just keep fixing her.

CLARA
Well. Good.

THE DOCTOR
She won't ever get sick. She won't age.

CLARA
Can I have some?

THE DOCTOR
I'm not sure, but it's entirely possible she has lost the ability to die.

CLARA
The ability?

THE DOCTOR
Oh, believe me, dying is an ability. Barring accidents, she may now be functionally immortal.

As Clara digests this, they have arrived at the TARDIS. The Doctor is searching for his key...

CLARA
If the repair kit never stops working, why did you give her two?

THE DOCTOR
Immortality isn't living forever, that's not what it feels like.
(MORE)

52

CONTINUED:

52

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Immortality is everybody else
dying. She might meet someone she
can't bear to lose.

As he says this, he looks at Clara - and for a moment, gives
everything away. He looks quickly away from her.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
That happens, I believe.

He steps into the TARDIS. She follows.

CUT TO:

53

INT. TARDIS

53

The Doctor, crossing to the controls. Slamming levers.

THE DOCTOR
I was angry, I was emotional. Just possibly, I have made a terrible mistake. Maybe even a tidal wave. Time will tell - it always does.

The engines grind, the TARDIS takes off.

CLARA
Whatever you did, I think Ashildr deserved it.

THE DOCTOR
She did. But Ashildr isn't just human any more. There's a little piece of alien inside her. In a way she's -

What he's about to say cuts him off for a moment. A new thought. A scary one.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
In a way, she's a hybrid.

On his haunted face, we

DISSOLVE TO:

54

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

54

On Ashildr, well again, staring out to sea. Her eyes sparkling and alive. We are slowly tracking in on her - - and all around the world goes into time lapse. The clouds streaking past, the sun and moon arcing through the sky, day and night flickering past, faster and faster.

All the time she stands there, staring. Unchanging. But her smile slowly fades.

A look of growing panic. Of fear. So haunted. All the losses, carved on her face.

And now, as we close on her eyes, those emotions fade too. She becomes colder, fiercer.

Just her eyes staring at us now; cold and clear; the eyes of someone else entirely ...

END TITLES

*