

DOCTOR WHO

'Cold War'

by

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Black.

Over this: the bone-chilling howl of the wind.

Caption: "**Harm one of us - and you harm us all...**"

CUT TO:

EXT. ARCTIC CIRCLE. NIGHT. 1983.

Fade up:

A howling blizzard. Thick, wet snow falls onto the Arctic Ocean, choked with sea-ice.

Caption: "**By the Moons, this I swear.**"

We pass through the crust of ice and into -

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. NIGHT.

- the freezing blue of the Arctic Ocean.

Something glides by, dappled like the flank of a whale. It's the sleek bulk of a massive Soviet Submarine: the 'Firebird'.

Suddenly: the shriek of a klaxon -

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. NIGHT.

- Red alert!!

Now we're in the sub. It glitters with instrumentation, gauges, dials, glowing sonar consoles, computers. Fresh-faced CREWMEN rush to their stations. We arrive at -

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

CAPTAIN ZHUKOV. He's 50s, weary. A child of the Soviet regime but with an eye on a rapidly changing future.

By his side is LT STEPASHIN - early 30s, a young man in a hurry. Lean and handsome except for a persistent, nervous blink. Both are resplendent in the high-collared, braided uniforms of the Russian navy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the navigation console: ONEGIN (20s). Holding a ring-bound folder is the Political Officer BELEVICH (20s). He takes out a plastic card.

BELEVICH
(reads)
Victor, Victor, Alpha, Kilo, Echo,
Charlie, Victor, X-Ray, X-Ray.
Signal is genuine. Executive
officer?

He hands the card to Stepashin. He reads, nods.

STEPASHIN
I concur with the Political
Officer. Comrade Captain?

Zhukov reads it.

ZHUKOV
I concur. Signal is genuine.

BELEVICH
Release authorised.

Beat.

ZHUKOV
(grim)
Prepare to launch nuclear
weapons.

STEPASHIN
Aye, sir.

Zhukov wipes his brow. There's a key on a chain round his neck. He takes the key and inserts it into a console before him.

Belevich removes a key from around his own neck and inserts it into the console. The console flashes green.

ZHUKOV
Very well, then. The 'Firebird'
stands ready to serve.

STEPASHIN
For the Motherland.

ZHUKOV
For the Motherland.

On the console is a black button, covered by a plastic case. Zhukov flicks it open and glances at his comrades. They nod.

Suddenly, over this:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRISENKO (O.S.)
(singing)
"This means nothing to me..."

The officers look at each other.

GRISENKO (CONT'D)
(singing)
*THIS means nothing to me.
Ohhhhh..."*

GRISENKO, a scruffy, bobble-hatted man in his 60s, listening to a Sony Walkman, wanders onto the bridge, in a world of his own.

GRISENKO (CONT'D)
"...Vienna..."

He tails off and removes his headphones, suddenly aware all eyes are on him.

GRISENKO (CONT'D)
Oh. Sorry. Am I... in the way?

ZHUKOV
(sighs)
We were about to blow up the world, Professor.

GRISENKO
Ah. *Again!*

He taps his Walkman.

GRISENKO (CONT'D)
(happily)
'Ultravox'! I bloody love them.
My friend gets me tapes.

He taps his nose conspiratorially. No-one seems impressed.

GRISENKO (CONT'D)
Don't let me keep you.

STEPASHIN
Oh for God's sake! Captain! This is intolerable!

Zhukov sighs and grabs a radio set.

ZHUKOV
This is the Captain. Drill abandoned.

STEPASHIN
Intolerable!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZHUKOV

Repeat, drill abandoned. All hands,
stand down. Is there a problem,
Lieutenant?

STEPASHIN

With respect, sir, we *must*
continue. Run the drill again.

ZHUKOV

Tomorrow.

STEPASHIN

Sir! Given the international
situation -

ZHUKOV

The international situation,
Stepashin, is extremely grave. It
has been extremely grave since I
first pledged allegiance to the
Union of Soviet Socialist
Republics. And that was before
you were in long trousers.
Dismissed.

Stepashin is about to speak, then changes his mind. He
blinks his nervous blink, salutes and stalks off. Belevich
follows him.

Grisenko's Walkman is still blaring away. Irritably, Zhukov
clicks his fingers at it. Grisenko turns it down.

GRISENKO

Sorry.

At last, the grim-faced Zhukov smiles.

ZHUKOV

Personally, I preferred their
earlier stuff. Did you get your
specimen stowed OK?

GRISENKO

Yeah. Piotr's looking after it.

ZHUKOV

Well, at least we'll have
something to show for our little
hunting expedition, Professor.
What is it? A mammoth?

Grisenko frowns thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRISENKO

Probably.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

Darkness. Then the flame of a lighter jumps into life. By its yellow glow, we can just make out a cramped room, stuffed with instrument cases. A cherubic, very young sailor, PIOTR is holding the lighter close to an icy, glistening surface.

PIOTR

What are you? Eh, *milaya moya?*
(smiles)

The lads have opened a sweepstake. Are you a little mammoth? Or a prehistoric man? I dunno. Me, I think you're something special.

He uses the lighter to fire up a welding torch. He steps back. Before him is a *huge* block of ice.

It's dirty with streaks of black, clearly hacked from a glacier or an iceberg. There's something inside it but we can't make out much more than a dark, bulky shape....

PIOTR (CONT'D)

The professor wants you thawed out back in Moscow. But life's too short to wait, eh, *milaya moya?* Does our Arctic oyster contain a frozen pearl? Hm? What are you?

He focuses the flame into a startling blue.

PIOTR (CONT'D)

(giggles)
I'll just blame the heating system. Bloody boat's a disgrace to the navy.

Close on the block of ice as he applies the flame.

Drip-drip-drip.

Then -

Boom! The ice shatters and a huge, clamp-like claw shoots out, grabbing Piotr by the throat!

He gasps, choking as the claw squeezes the life from him. Desperately he flails at the massive scaly arm but it's no use. He drops down, dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Great lumps of ice smash to the floor.

In the glare of the faulty, sputtering lights, a colossal figure is revealed. Seven feet tall. Green. Scaly. With a huge armoured head and clamp-like hands -

- an **ICE WARRIOR!**

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

INT. SUBMARINE. HOLD. NIGHT.

ROOOOOAAAARRR!

A SAILOR is hurled bodily down one of the sub's cramped corridors. He smashes into the wall and slides down.

The immense Ice Warrior is powering its way through the sub.

The sailor scrambles painfully to his feet, retrieves a pistol from his belt and fires at the creature - but the bullets ricochet harmlessly off its armour.

The Warrior raises its arm. There's a slim tube attached to it. It fires. The air shimmers, distorts -- and the plates of the sub's metal hull burst open!

Sea water immediately rushes inside, pinning the sailor to the floor. The sub and the Ice Warrior lurch to one side.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

On the bridge: CHAOS!!

BELEVICH

Alarm! Alarm!

A klaxon shrieks into life. Blue emergency light flickers on. The sub starts plummeting violently downwards.

ZHUKOV

Evasive manoeuvres! Stepashin, what the hell's --

STEPASHIN

Number four hold flooding!

ZHUKOV

Shut the vents! Blow any ballast!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONEGIN
Aye, sir!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. HOLD. NIGHT.

Sea water roars through the sub, flattening hapless CREWMEN.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR 2. NIGHT.

On his way back to the lab, GRISENKO is thrown off his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

ZHUKOV
What happened? Manoeuvring! Give me power!

ONEGIN
Turbines not responding, sir!
Descending to two hundred metres.
Two ten...

STEPASHIN
We have to level off!

ZHUKOV
I'm aware of that, Lieutenant!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

With huge effort, CREWMEN are trying to drag shut a hatchway to close off the flooded area. Men tumble through from the flooding section.

CREWMAN
Come on! *Come on!*

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

The sub is still racing downwards at a steep angle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZHUKOV
Bring her up! Bring her up!

ONEGIN
It's no good, sir!

And suddenly, amidst it all, a grinding, wheezing roar, wind whips at their faces and --

The TARDIS materialises on the bridge!

The whole crew turn and gawp. The TARDIS doors open --

THE DOCTOR
Viva Las Vegaaaaa -

-- and THE DOCTOR and CLARA are tipped out by the steep angle -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
- aaaas!!

-- crashing into the sub's instruments.

Zhukov gawps. Clara's dressed in a beautiful cocktail dress, ready for a night out! The Doctor jumps to his feet, takes in everything in an instant.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Oh. Hello, sailor! Hello, *comrade*. You're in trouble, aren't you?

He pulls out the sonic and rapidly scans. Clara clings to a bulkhead as the sub continues to streak downwards.

CLARA
(yelling)
Not Vegas then!

THE DOCTOR
(yelling)
No. This is much better!

He scans more...

CLARA
A sinking submarine?

THE DOCTOR
A sinking *Soviet* submarine, dear!
(looks at his watch)
August the Tenth. Nineteen eighty three!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPASHIN
(to Crewman)
Break out side arms! Restrain
them!

Crewmen grab the Doctor. Belevich staggers off in search of weapons.

CLARA
Is that what we *do*?

THE DOCTOR
Would you rather we'd gone to the
pictures?

He shakes free and continues scanning.

ZHUKOV
(dumbfounded)
Who are you people?!

ONEGIN
Four ten. Four twenty... Turbines
still not responding!

ZHUKOV
(focussing)
They've got to!

The sonic suddenly shrieks.

THE DOCTOR
Ah! Sideways momentum! You've
still got sideways momentum!

ZHUKOV
What?

THE DOCTOR
Your propellers work
independently of the main
turbines. You can't stop her
going down but you can manoeuvre
the sub *laterally!* Do it!

Belevich returns, now armed.

STEPASHIN
(yelling at Crewman)
Get these people off the bridge!

The Doctor is grabbed by the scruff of the neck.

CLARA
Listen to him, for God's sake!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR
There's an underwater ridge to
starboard.

ZHUKOV
How can you know - ?

THE DOCTOR
(over him)
There's just a chance we can stop
the descent if we settle on it.
Do it!

ONEGIN
Six hundred metres, Captain. Six
ten...

The sub groans alarmingly.

THE DOCTOR
Do it! Or this thing is going to
implode!

The lights flicker and die. Zhukov hesitates. Then --

ZHUKOV
Lateral thrust to starboard on
all propellers!

ONEGIN
Sir?

ZHUKOV
Now!

STEPASHIN
You're letting this madman give
the orders?

ZHUKOV
Lateral thrust!

ONEGIN
Aye sir!

The sub lurches to the right.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. NIGHT.

Though still rapidly descending, the sub starts to glide to
starboard.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

STEPASHIN glares at his captain.

STEPASHIN
You may live to regret this,
Captain.

ZHUKOV
Regret I can cope with. I just
want to keep on living.

ONEGIN
Six sixty.... Six eighty --

CRUMP!

The bridge shudders violently. Everyone is hurled to the floor. Then all is still.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. NIGHT.

The sub has come to rest on the crest of a huge undersea ridge, like a mountain range. Below is a vast, fathomless trench. For a moment, it seems as though the sub will topple into it...

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

The klaxon is still sounding.

ZHUKOV
Shut that off!

The klaxon stops. The bridge is still lit only by blue emergency lights.

Sudden silence. The hull of the sub groans as if in pain. Everyone looks up.

ONEGIN
Descent arrested at seven hundred
metres.

Another shriek of protesting metal. Is the vessel about to implode?

But there's no further sound.

Huge relief all round.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZHUKOV

Well. It seems we owe you our lives. Whoever you are.

THE DOCTOR

I'll hold you to that. Might come in handy!

STEPASHIN

(to crewmen)
Search them.

THE DOCTOR

Oi! I thought you were grateful!

The crew are just staring at Clara.

STEPASHIN

Search them!

The Doctor and Clara are rapidly frisked. They manage a rapid, whispered chat.

CLARA

(sotto)
Are we going to be OK?

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)
Oh yes.

CLARA

(sotto)
Is that a lie?

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)
Possibly. Very dangerous time, Clara. East and West standing on the brink of nuclear oblivion. Lots of itchy fingers on the button.

CLARA

(sotto)
Isn't it always like that?

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)
Sort of. But there are flash-points. And this is one of them.
(shrugs)
Hair. Shoulder pads. Nukes. It's the Eighties. Everything's bigger!

The contents of the Doctor's pockets - a toffee apple, a ball of string, a Barbie doll and the sonic screwdriver are dumped in front of the Captain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'd like a receipt, please.

Zhukov holds up the sonic.

ZHUKOV
What is this - ?

Suddenly -- a tremendous groan. Bolts shear off! Dials shatter! Sea-water surges inside.

In seconds, the bridge floods. Clara is swept aside.

THE DOCTOR
Clara!

Total panic. The water rises higher, higher --

CLARA
Doctor!!

And then all the lights go out.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. ENGINE ROOM. NIGHT.

From black, a quick glimpse of a pale, chilly blue light.

Darkness again.

Blue light again.

Eyes flickering open.

CLARA's eyes.

She sits up, suddenly and fully awake. She's soaked to the skin. Looks wildly around. She's in the sub's engine room. Huge, primary-coloured steel machines dominate, all silent now. Water trickles down from the ceiling. A corridor leads off from the engine room at right-angles.

Ghostly faces in the gloom: GRISENKO, ONEGIN, BELEVICH and -

THE DOCTOR
Alright, Captain! Alright!

THE DOCTOR is being slammed against the wall by ZHUKOV!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You know what? Just for once. No dissembling. No psychic paper. No pretending to be an Earth Ambassador.

(points to himself)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Doctor. *The*.

(points to Clara)

Clara. Time travellers.

(realising she's awake)

Clara! Are you ok?

CLARA

(getting up)

Yeah. Think so. What happened?

THE DOCTOR

We sank, remember?

Zhukov is staring at him. Then bursts out laughing.

ZHUKOV

Time travellers?

THE DOCTOR

We arrived here in a space/time machine. Arrived out of thin air! You saw it happen!

GRISENKO

I didn't.

THE DOCTOR

Your problem, mate, not mine! Now breath's precious down here. Let's not waste it.

ZHUKOV

You're right. Perhaps I should save a little oxygen by having you both shot?

CLARA

Look, what does it matter how we arrived? The important thing is to get out, isn't it?

(sudden panic)

Where's the TARDIS?

THE DOCTOR

Other side of the hatch out there. Along with something else.

CLARA

What?

THE DOCTOR

The Arctic Ocean.

Zhukov grabs the Doctor by the collar again.

ZHUKOV

And the Professor's mammoth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR

Mammoth?

ZHUKOV

Is that what this is all about?

THE DOCTOR

Mammoth?

ZHUKOV

Is that why you killed the boy?

THE DOCTOR

What?

GRISENKO

My assistant. You strangled him.
Then you took my mammoth!

ZHUKOV

You'd kill for a mammoth?

THE DOCTOR

What mammoth!?

He pulls himself from Zhukov's grip, standing in front of the open doorway to the corridor.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Look, what's the matter with you people? Can't you get it into your heads that our number one priority is simply NOT DYING!

(sighs)

What about the radio? Can we send a distress signal?

ONEGIN

No. Radio's out of action.

Hisss. Hisss.

Clara looks over the Doctor's shoulder. Her eyes widen.

CLARA

Doctor...

THE DOCTOR

Co2 filters have kicked in so we're ok for air. For a bit.

Hisss. Hisss.

Zhukov looks past the Doctor too. His jaw drops. Then Grisenko looks too. He and the remaining crewmen back away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I reckon half the sub is flooded.
The reactor's off-line. We must
presume... drowned. So we're
totally reliant on battery power.

Hisss. Hisss.

CLARA
DOCTOR!!

THE DOCTOR
What??

Hisss. Hisss.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
What *is* that? Gas? Could be gas!
Sea water mixing with the
sulphuric acid in the batteries!
Result - chlorine gas -

He freezes. Aware that he's the only person not looking the other way.

Hisss. Hisss.

Very, very slowly, the Doctor turns.

Standing behind him is -

- **the Ice Warrior!** It stands, huge and monolithic, framed in the doorway, its eyes blank and unnerving. Water trickles from the leaking hull plates onto its leathery hide.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Ah.

Beat.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
It never rains but it pours.

GRISENKO
(awed)
We were drilling for oil. In the ice... I thought I'd found -

THE DOCTOR
It's not a mammoth.

Hisss. Hisss.

GRISENKO
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA
(petrified)
What is it, then?

THE DOCTOR
It's an Ice Warrior. A native of
the planet Mars.

Beat.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
And we go way back. *Waaaay* back.

ZHUKOV
A Martian? You can't be serious.

THE DOCTOR
I'm always serious.

Beat.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
With days off.

CLARA
(sotto, warning)
Doctor...

THE DOCTOR
(sotto, smiling)
Good to keep things light, Clara.
They're scared.

CLARA
(sotto)
They're scared? I'm scared!

Suddenly, an armed SAILOR darts forward out of the shadows and aims his pistol right at the Ice Warrior. It picks him up like a child and smashes him against the wall. Dead.

At once, Belevich whips out his pistol and aims it at the Ice Warrior. The creature raises the sonic weapon built into its arm --

THE DOCTOR
Nonononono! Wait! Wait!

Belevich doesn't move. Nor the Ice Warrior.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
There's no need for this! Please.
(to the Warrior)
Hear me out!

The sub creaks again, ominously. The blue lights flicker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You must know where you are by now. What kind of vessel this is. I presume you've already fired that weapon once. Sonic technology. I know you're masters of it.

(he looks pointedly at Zhukov)

Nearly sank us. Is that what you want? To die down here? Is it?

Hisss. Hisss.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You're confused. Disorientated. 'Course you are. You've been lying dormant in the ice for -
(to Grisenko)
- for how long?

GRISENKO

What?

THE DOCTOR

How *long*, Professor?

GRISENKO

(still stunned)
By... by my estimates. Five thousand years.

THE DOCTOR

Five thousand years. That's a hell of a nap. Can't blame you if you've got out of bed the wrong side.

Hisss. Hisss.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Nobody here wants to hurt you. Why don't you tell us your name?

ZHUKOV

What're you talking about? *Name?*
It has a name?

THE DOCTOR

Of course it has a name! And a rank. This is a soldier. It deserves our respect.

The Warrior's visor glints in the dim blue light. Is it listening?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So. You crashed here. Got trapped
in the ice. Yes?

(shrugs)

It happens. An awful lot'll have
changed. Why don't we talk about
it? Hmm?

Hisss. Hisss.

ZHUKOV

This is madness. That thing is
savage! A monster -

SKALDAK

Ssssskaldak.

Everyone freezes.

The Warrior's voice is breathy, sibilant.

The Doctor beams. Progress! Then his smile falters.

THE DOCTOR

What did you say?

SKALDAK

I am Grand Marshal... Skaldak.

The Doctor's face falls.

THE DOCTOR

Oh *no*.

Suddenly the Warrior screams as electricity arcs all over
its soaking, scaly armour. It swings round, revealing
STEPASHIN in the doorway right behind it! He's jabbed a
huge cattle-prod-like weapon into its back.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You idiot!

Sparks shimmer over the Warrior's armour. It raises its
massive arms, ready to crash them down onto Stepashin. He
blinks rapidly and gasps in terror -

Hisss. Hisss.

Suddenly, the Warrior sags and falls heavily forwards onto
its knees. Its great head bows, then it crashes to the
floor, out cold.

Everyone is slightly shell-shocked.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(floored)
Grand Marshal Skaldak.

CLARA
You... know him?

THE DOCTOR
Sovereign of the Olympian caste.
Vanquisher of the Phobos Heresy.
The greatest hero the proud
Martian race ever produced.

ZHUKOV
What do we do now?

The Doctor swings round to face the crew, grim-faced.

THE DOCTOR
Lock him up!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. NIGHT.

The crippled sub, just as before, perched precariously on the lip of the underwater canyon. The abyss below yawns ominously.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

An eerie, lingering shot of the flooded bridge and the drowned TARDIS. Suddenly, with the groan of its engines muffled by the water, the TARDIS abruptly disappears!

We pass through the hatch --

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR 1. NIGHT.

-- to the other side where ONEGIN and BELEVICH stand.

There's a groan of protesting metal and a single drop of water rolls down the hatch, like a salty tear...

They exchange worried glances.

Over this:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZHUKOV (V.O.)
An *Ice Warrior*?

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA stand as though on trial before ZHUKOV and STEPASHIN. GRISENKO, headphones on, is eating peaches from a tin.

THE DOCTOR
There isn't time for this!!

ZHUKOV
Try me.

THE DOCTOR
(sighs, then rapidly)
Martian reptile. Known as an Ice Warrior. When Mars turned cold they had to adapt. They're bio-mechanoid. Cyborgs. Built themselves survival armour so they could exist in the freezing cold of their home world. But a sudden increase in temperature and the armour goes haywire.

CLARA
Like with that cattle-prod thing?

THE DOCTOR
Like with that cattle-prod thing. Bit of a design flaw, to be honest. I've always wondered why they didn't sort it - oh, look, you've got me telling you all about them and I said we didn't have *time*! You must let me talk to Skaldak.

STEPASHIN
This is insane! These people are clearly spies!

CLARA
Pretty rubbish spies, mate. I don't even speak Russian!

STEPASHIN
What?

CLARA
I don't -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stops dead.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Am I speaking Russian?

A look from the Doctor.

CLARA (CONT'D)
How come I'm speaking Russian?

THE DOCTOR
Seriously? Now? We have to do this
now?
(to Grisenko)
Incidentally, why have you got a
cattle prod thing?

Grisenko pulls off his headphones.

GRISENKO
Polar bears.

THE DOCTOR
Polar bears, of course!

STEPASHIN
(furious)
In my opinion, comrade Captain,
this... *creature* is a Western
weapon.

THE DOCTOR
A weapon?

STEPASHIN
Yes! Some kind of survival suit.
American. Or British. And they're
here to get it back. It's
obvious!

ZHUKOV
Is it?

STEPASHIN
(scoffs)
What's the alternative? That it's a
little green man from Mars?

GRISENKO
Correction. It's a *big* green man
from Mars.

STEPASHIN
I do not appreciate your levity,
Professor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRISENKO

Why does that not surprise me?

He offers his tin to Stepashin - who shoots him a disgusted look.

GRISENKO (CONT'D)

You should eat. You never know when you might get another chance.

STEPASHIN

It's essential we let Moscow know!

ZHUKOV

How? In case you hadn't noticed, Stepashin, we're trapped on the bottom of the Arctic Ocean. Our priority is to refloat this boat.

STEPASHIN

You are a good man, Captain. But you are a fool.

ZHUKOV

Watch your tongue, comrade.

STEPASHIN.

A lamb in a world of jackals. Don't you see? This... creature. This *weapon*. It's heaven sent!

ZHUKOV

We'll discuss this later. If we get out of here alive! Dismissed.

STEPASHIN

But -

ZHUKOV

Dismissed!

Stepashin blinks his nervous blink, then comes to attention and stalks towards the door. He turns in the doorway.

STEPASHIN

You found the Motherland something infinitely more precious than oil out there in the ice, Professor.

Beat.

STEPASHIN (CONT'D)

You found us an *advantage*.

He goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat.

GRISENKO
Keen, isn't he?

THE DOCTOR
That's one way of putting it.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO ROOM. NIGHT.

Skaldak, head bowed on his great chest, is being manacled very securely to the walls of the torpedo chamber by nervous CREWMEN.

Steam billows from fractured pipes. The Warrior's shadow looms hugely over the walls and open missile silos.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

GRISENKO
(to the Doctor)
Tell me. If this...alien is so noble. So heroic. Why have we chained him up?

THE DOCTOR
By his own standards he is a hero. A legend. It was said Skaldak's enemies honoured him so much they'd carve his name into their own flesh before they died.

CLARA
Oh yeah, very nice. He sounds lovely.

THE DOCTOR
The Ice Warriors have a different creed, Clara. A different code. All we needed to do was let him go and he'd have forgotten us.

(to Zhukov)
But you've attacked him. You've declared war. "Harm one of us and you harm us all." That's the ancient Martian code. Please, Captain. Let me speak to him before it's too late.

(new thought)
Clara! Clara will stay with you if you like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA
What? Like a hostage?

THE DOCTOR
No. Like...security. Please. It's
vital I speak to him.

CLARA
Is the Ice Warrior that
dangerous?

THE DOCTOR
(darkly)
This one is.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

As the last chain, binding SKALDAK's sonic weapon, is secured, it raises its great head, staring impassively into the eyes of ONEGIN.

Hisss. Hisss.

SKALDAK
Is it true?

ONEGIN
(terrified)
T...true?

SKALDAK
*I have slept for five thousand
years?*

ONEGIN
That's what the Professor says...

SKALDAK
*We engaged the enemy in the Great
Asteroid Belt. The day was ours.
The enemy commander offered his
head. I took it off with one blow
of my sword. I set out for home and
then... Then... I can remember no
more...*

Hisss. Hisss.

SKALDAK (CONT'D)
Five thousand years...

Onegin gulps and backs slowly away, following his comrades out of the chamber and slamming the hatch after them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Skaldak turns his head ever so slightly. He is alone.

Shrouded in steam and dripping with moisture, the enchained Ice Warrior takes in his new environment. He throws back his head and a pure, piercing note escapes from his throat. After a moment, a tiny patch of light in his armour begins to pulse, regular as a heart-beat.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

ZHUKOV
(to Grisenko)
Thoughts?

Grisenko eats peaches.

GRISENKO
Maybe they're telling the truth.

STEPASHIN
The truth?

GRISENKO
(shrugs)
It would be... *novel*.

Zhukov sighs.

ZHUKOV
Very well. You may talk to this
creature.

THE DOCTOR
Thank you, Captain.

He moves towards the door - but Zhukov stops him.

ZHUKOV
No. Not you.
(points to Clara.)
You.

CLARA
What?

ZHUKOV
You claim that you are a man from
space, Doctor. And that this *Ice
Warrior* is from Mars. Who knows,
perhaps you are the best of
friends?

THE DOCTOR
Oh, don't be stupid, Zhukov - !

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZHUKOV

So. The woman will do the talking.

CLARA

Eh?

ZHUKOV

She will go in and you will stay with us.

(icy smile)

Security. As you say.

THE DOCTOR

No!

ZHUKOV

You may speak to her on the internal radio. It's quite a simple.

THE DOCTOR

No! No way! Clara's not going in there alone! Absolutely not! Never!!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR

You'll be fine.

In the corridor next to the torpedo chamber, THE DOCTOR is putting headphones and a radio set onto CLARA. A young sailor, CONSTANTIN, covers them with a pistol.

CLARA

You said he's dangerous. You said he's *incredibly* dangerous!

THE DOCTOR

Well, you know, I was just trying to impress our Russian friends.

He glances at the sailor.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I won't be far away. You can trust me.

She looks deep into his eyes.

CLARA

Can I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR

Of course!

Clara's suddenly a bit overwhelmed.

CLARA

This is...this is *nuts*. What am I doing here? I hardly know you.

THE DOCTOR

What?

CLARA

Stuck on the bottom of the sea in a Russian submarine!
(hysterical laugh)
Not my average Wednesday.

THE DOCTOR

Average? Who wants average?
Or Wednesday? No-one ever wants *Wednesday!* This is *living*, Clara!

CLARA

Yeah. Or *dying!*

THE DOCTOR

Oh! Look on the bright side!
You've been hanging around too many Russians!

CLARA

You're not the one going in there with the monster!

THE DOCTOR

He's not a monster!

Clara shakes her head at the madness of it all.

CLARA

1983. I'm not even born yet. I'm not even a *twinkle*.

Beat.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I could die down here. Before I'm even born.

THE DOCTOR

(grave)
That's the way it is, Clara. That's what we do. If you travel with me.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

Can I have your gun-thing then? Did they keep your gun-thing?

THE DOCTOR

It's not a gun-thing! It's a sonic screwdriver.

CLARA

It looks like a gun. A space gun.

THE DOCTOR

It's not a gun.

CLARA

Can I have the space gun?

THE DOCTOR

(yells)

It's not a gun! And I don't know where it is. Probably drowned like the TARDIS!!

A slightly embarrassed silence.

The Doctor turns to CONSTANTIN.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Sorry.

CONSTANTIN

(shrugs)

No problem.

THE DOCTOR

She's new.

(to Clara)

Look, Skaldak is a noble creature. Honourable. You'll be fine.

CLARA

Seriously?

THE DOCTOR

Yes!

He squeezes her shoulder, reassuringly.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Plus he's chained to the wall.

He swings open the hatch.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh. Word to the wise. Don't put 'space' before something to make it sound cool. Never works.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA
Oh. Really?

THE DOCTOR
Trust me. *Never.*

He beams at her. Clara smiles back, a bit mollified. *A bit.*
Then she steps through into the torpedo chamber.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

SKALDAK is where he was, head bowed. The emergency lights flicker. It's gloomy, smoky, scary.

CLARA looks back to THE DOCTOR, who gives her a cheery thumbs up. Then he slams shut the hatch.

Clara feels the shuddering vibration. She's suddenly very alone.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

STEPASHIN is supervising repairs, his face lit by the sparking blue flame of a nearby oxyacetylene torch. He takes out his wallet.

In the little plastic window is a photo of a very pretty girl. He strokes his thumb tenderly across the image. On the facing side of the wallet is a picture of Lenin, his profile turned heroically towards the future.

Stepashin stares thoughtfully into space. Then his nervous blink overtakes him.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

A black and white image of CLARA on CCTV in the lab. THE DOCTOR, GRISENKO and ZHUKOV look on.

THE DOCTOR
(to Zhukov)
With your permission?

ZHUKOV
Be my guest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR
(into radio)
Ready, Clara?

CLARA (V.O.)
Yeah.

THE DOCTOR
Ok.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

CLARA looks over at the massive presence of the enchained SKALDAK. Takes a deep breath. Then walks slowly towards him. She stops a good six feet away.

CLARA
Grand Marshal Skaldak.

Skaldak doesn't respond. His head remains bowed on his chest, wreathed in shadow.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
The salute. Do the salute like I showed you.

Uncertainly, Clara bows low and makes a curious salute, sliding her curled fist across her chest to cover her heart.

CLARA
(sotto)
Ok?

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

The ghostly black and white image of CLARA in the torpedo room.

THE DOCTOR
Great. Good. Now, like we rehearsed. "Sovereign of the Olympian caste..."

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT

CLARA
"Sovereign of the Olympian caste.
By the moons, I honour thee."

Still no response from SKALDAK.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
It's ok, Clara. Go closer.

CLARA
What?

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR
You're perfectly safe.

CLARA (V.O.)
Promise?

THE DOCTOR
Promise. Go closer.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

CLARA moves slowly, slowly towards the Ice Warrior.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR 1. NIGHT.

Water is streaming down the hatch that leads to the bridge.
The metal groans. The emergency lights flicker ominously.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

CLARA is about six feet from SKALDAK.

CLARA
Grand Marshal, I'm...we're sorry
about this.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
(sotto)
It isn't what you deserve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA
It isn't what you deserve.

Suddenly, the lights fail completely.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Oh *great*.

In the near-dark, Clara steps back, scared.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

The lab is plunged into darkness too. There's only the light from the CCTV

THE DOCTOR
It's alright, Clara. Keep going.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

CLARA clicks on a torch with a shaky hand and points it at SKALDAK. The beam makes his shadow jump and flicker over the walls.

Still Skaldak doesn't look up.

CLARA
You're...you're a long way from home.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR
And five thousand years...

CLARA (V.O.)
And five thousand years adrift in time.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

CLARA
Please. Let us help you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA (CONT'D)
You're not our enemy.

Beat.

Suddenly, the Ice Warrior speaks.

SKALDAK
And yet...I am in chains.

Clara is taken aback.

CLARA
(sotto, into radio)
What do I say? Doctor? What do I say?

Beat.

SKALDAK
Yes, Doctor. What should she say?

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

GRISENKO
I think he wants to speak to the organ-grinder and not the monkey.

CLARA (V.O.)
I heard that.

The Doctor takes a moment and then speaks louder into the microphone.

THE DOCTOR
It's just until we know we can trust each other, Skaldak. You would do the same in my position.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

SKALDAK's head remains bowed.

SKALDAK
I was Fleet Commander of the Nix Olympica.
(softening)
My daughter stood by me. It was her first taste of action. We sang the songs of the Old Times. The Songs of the Red Snow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA frowns. Something doesn't feel right...

SKALDAK (CONT'D)
*Five thousand years. Now my
daughter will be... dust. Only
dust.*

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
But your people live on, Skaldak!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR
Scattered across the Universe.
And Mars will rise again! I
promise you. Let me help you make
contact.

Beat.

SKALDAK (V.O.)
I require no...help.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

CLARA goes much closer to SKALDAK.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
Careful, Clara. Not too close.

CLARA
Doctor...something's wrong.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
What?

CLARA
Something's...

Clara points the torch right into the Ice Warrior's face. In the space where its scaly jaw was visible, there's nothing!

With sudden violence, she wrenches back its head. It hinges open like a vacant suit of armour.

Empty!

Within, the suit is a mass of complex, sticky, almost organic circuitry. Suddenly, the whole suit opens up like an unfolding flower. Scaly plates fold back on themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clara gawks.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Doctor! It's not there! It's gone!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR peers at the tiny screen.

THE DOCTOR
Gone? What do you mean?

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

CLARA
(sotto)
It's got out!

Hisss. Hisss.

Clara whips the torch beam wildly round the darkened room.
Oh my God!! It's in there with her!

Skaldak's hissing voice echoes from the walls. Almost like
he's laughing.

SKALDAK
*Harm one of us - and you harm us
all!*

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
No, Skaldak! NO!!

SKALDAK
By the Moons, this I swear!

Clara swoops the torch-beam round. Where is it??

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR
Clara! Get out of there! GET OUT!!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

CLARA races towards the hatch, sweeping the torch beam before her.

Hisss. Hisss.

She swings back round and her torch picks out shadowy shapes. Missiles, equipment, chains - everything looks like a crouched, terrifying presence.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR dashes to the door of the lab but ZHUKOV steps in his path, brandishing the pistol. The Doctor looks witheringly at him. *Seriously?*

Zhukov is impassive for a moment, then he lowers the pistol, throws open the hatch and they and GRISENKO race out.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. TORPEDO CHAMBER. NIGHT.

CLARA scrabbles at the lock of the hatch.

Hisss. Hisss.

She claws at the hatch, struggling to open it in the dark. She puts the torch in her mouth. The beam bobs and darts about.

Suddenly, there's another sound. A slithering, *scuttling*. Something is heading towards her!

Clara's eyes widen.

Clank!

She gets the hatch open - just a crack - and jams her fingers around the edge.

Slither. Scuttle.

She pushes with all her strength. The gap widens and -

Ziiiiip!

Something shoots past her and through the hatch, fast as a gecko!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clara yells and falls back on her haunches, staring through the gap into the darkened corridor beyond. Suddenly, it's lit up by a torch beam.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)

Clara!

THE DOCTOR's torch briefly illuminates: huge, liquid black eyes, a mouth like a scabby wound. And teeth. Lots of nasty, jagged teeth...

SKALDAK looks back through the hatch at Clara. Hisses. And --

-- *Ziiiiip!*

- he's gone.

Beat.

Then the hatch is dragged open and she's pulled out into the corridor by -

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

- THE DOCTOR. ZHUKOV and GRISENKO are with him.

THE DOCTOR

Are you alright?

Clara doesn't respond.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Clara?

He tries to embrace her. She pulls away.

CLARA

You promised I'd be safe.

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

CLARA

You lied.

THE DOCTOR

No.

CLARA

You *lied!*

THE DOCTOR

I didn't know Skaldak could do that! I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clara doesn't reply. She's shaking.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

STEPASHIN is moving swiftly down a dimly lit corridor.

Suddenly he pulls up sharp. Did he hear something?

A skittering noise. Like rats' claws in the wainscoting.

STEPASHIN.

Who's there?

Silence.

Stepashin starts to move slowly forward. Out of the corner of his eye - a slim shadow flits past, quick as lightning.

He gasps. Freezes against the wall. He peers into the darkness.

Ziiiiip! There it is again. Like quicksilver.

And suddenly his face is being gripped tightly by a scaly green claw.

Hisss. Hisss.

He tries to cry out but is too scared. In the dim light we can only just make out the huge black eyes of the Ice Warrior, the cracked, tortoise-like mouth.

STEPASHIN. (CONT'D)

What...what do you want with me?

SKALDAK

Much.

STEPASHIN.

Listen to me. I think we understand each other. I want to help you.

Hisss. Hisss.

STEPASHIN

This...mewling time of peace does not suit us. We are both men of war. Together we can form an alliance.

SKALDAK

An alliance...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPASHIN

Yes! We will be carried shoulder high to the Kremlin. In triumph! I, Pavel Stepashin and the greatest weapon the world has ever seen! My Ice Warrior!

Hisss. Hisss.

SKALDAK

Yoursssssss?

Something in Skaldak's tone freezes Stepashin's blood. His face falls.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR points the beam of the torch down the corridor. Smoke. Haze. Dripping water. Nothing else.

GRISENKO

Won't it be more vulnerable? Out of its shell?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. I've never seen one do this before!

GRISENKO

But how bad can it be? One creature, alone...

THE DOCTOR

Why won't you *listen*? You're nothing to Skaldak. You're brushwood. He'll bring down the fires of Hell just for laying a glove on him. This boat is stuffed with nuclear missiles. It's *fat* with them! What do you think Skaldak's going to do when he finds that out?

Grisenko blanches.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

How bad can it be? This is as bad as it gets!

Suddenly, the whole sub shakes -

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR 1. NIGHT.

- there's a shriek of rending metal and --

BOOOOM!!

- the hatch to the flooded bridge blows off its hinges!

Sea-water surges through.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR 2. NIGHT.

The whole sub rocks. THE DOCTOR, CLARA, ZHUKOV and GRISENKO are hurled to the deck.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. NIGHT.

The sea-floor starts to tremble and boulders tumble around the crippled sub. A rock-slide!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. NIGHT.

Boulders stream down into the abyss. The sub is violently buffeted. It shifts, pitching to the right.

At last the movement ceases and all is still.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR's torch clicks on, illuminating his own face.

THE DOCTOR
Ok. Spoke too soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. NIGHT.

The sub is now skewed to the right at forty five degrees, perilously close to the edge of the trench.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. LAB. NIGHT.

The empty Ice Warrior armour lies on the floor of the lab. On its chest, the tiny light continues to pulse...

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR 1. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR strides down the corridor, CLARA in his wake.

THE DOCTOR
No arguments. I'm not arguing.

CLARA
No, look, really, I'm fine. Doctor -

THE DOCTOR
You're staying in the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
No, no, it's ok -

She pulls him up.

CLARA
I'm sorry about before. I'm new, remember?

The Doctor doesn't reply.

CLARA (CONT'D)
And you were right.

THE DOCTOR
I was right?

CLARA
When I was in that room. With Skaldak. I was...I was scared to death. But...

THE DOCTOR
But?

CLARA
It felt like...

A slow smile.

CLARA (CONT'D)
...living.

The Doctor beams. She's getting it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They step through the hatch onto the bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR

Well, in any case, we've got the
TARDIS back now. We can track
Skaldak. We can -

He stops dead. The TARDIS isn't there.

CLARA

Um...

The Doctor thinks. Realises. Looks abashed.

THE DOCTOR

(evasive)
Yeah. Well. I wasn't to know, was
I?

CLARA

Know what?

THE DOCTOR

I've been tinkering. Breaking her
in.
(sulky)
I'm allowed.

CLARA

What did you do?

The Doctor doesn't answer.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Doctor?

He mumbles something.

CLARA (CONT'D)

What?

THE DOCTOR

I reset the H.A.D.S!!

CLARA

The *what?*

THE DOCTOR

The H.A.D.S! The Hostile Action
Displacement System! If the TARDIS
comes under attack, gunfire, time-
winds, the...sea, it...relocates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA
(worried)
Where to?

THE DOCTOR
(unhappy)
Somewhere else.

CLARA
Oh, Doctor...

THE DOCTOR
Haven't used it in donkey's years.
Seemed like a good idea at the
time.

Clara lets this sink in.

ZHUKOV clears his throat, ready to address the remains of his crew.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(cheerful)
Never mind! Bound to be around here
somewhere!

The crew are distributing weapons. GRISENKO holds up a Kalashnikov.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
No.

GRISENKO
No?

THE DOCTOR
Not on my team. I've no use for the
things.

GRISENKO
They're handy.

THE DOCTOR
That's not how I work.

CLARA
Isn't it?

THE DOCTOR
No.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(to Zhukov)
We need to concentrate our
resources on guarding this place.
Skaldak's clever.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Above all, we must prevent him getting access to the missiles. How many of us are left?

ZHUKOV

Fifteen. Well, fourteen. We can't find Stepashin.

*

THE DOCTOR

Five teams of three-ish, then. We split up and comb the sub. One team stays here to guard the bridge.

ZHUKOV

(taken aback)

Is that an order?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

Beat.

*

ZHUKOV

(shrugs)

Ok.

*

CLARA

Guard it with what? Guns?

The Doctor is ready to argue. Then decides against it.

THE DOCTOR

You're trouble.

Clara grins.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

If only we had some way to track him. I was relying on using the TARDIS to -

ZHUKOV

What about this?

He produces the sonic screwdriver from his jacket!

THE DOCTOR

You saved it!

ZHUKOV

I kept it.

THE DOCTOR

Captain, I could kiss you!

ZHUKOV

Please don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Doctor starts scanning immediately and dashes off down the corridor, followed by Clara and Grisenko.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. NIGHT.

The sub still lies at forty-five degrees on the lip of the great trench.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR 3. NIGHT.

Track along one of the sub's blue-lit corridors, a mass of fractured, steaming pipes, insulation and ventilation grilles.

Suddenly, something darts past the camera --

Ziiiiip!

-- a quicksilver shadow, fast as lightning.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and GRISENKO are sloshing down a water-logged corridor. The Doctor's scanning wildly with the sonic.

Grisenko pulls out a hip flask.

GRISENKO

How about a little drink?

Clara takes a nip.

CLARA

Thanks.

GRISENKO

It's horrible.

CLARA

(gasps)

Yes.

Beat.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Still. If it helps to keep you cheerful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRISENKO
I always sing a song.

CLARA
What?

GRISENKO
To keep my spirits up.

CLARA
Yes, that'd work. If this was
'*Pinocchio*'.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

BELEVICH and CONSTANTIN are creeping down another corridor.

CONSTANTIN
Do you think it's true, sir? A
Martian?

BELEVICH
I don't know what to think.

They pass a ladder, leading up to the next level. Belevich shines his torch up it.

Belevich's POV: The ladder, dripping with water. Nothing else.

They move on.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

GRISENKO
D'you know "Hungry Like the Wolf"?

CLARA
What?

GRISENKO
Duran Duran. I love it. Come on!

CLARA
I'm not singing a song!

A long, low, painful groan of protesting metal.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR
Pressure. Just pressure. We're
seven hundred metres down,
remember?

GRISENKO
Don't worry about it, my dear.
Think about something else, hm?
(sings quietly)
"Do-do-do-doo --
Do-do-do-doo - I'm on the hunt I'm
after you - "

CLARA
I'm not singing!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

ZHUKOV and ONEGIN make their way through yet another
corridor, flash-lights sweeping over the dripping surfaces.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR 1. NIGHT.

Three armed SAILORS stand guard outside the hatch to the
bridge.

*

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

BELEVICH and CONSTANTIN slosh on.

CONSTANTIN
If we get out of here, we'll be
bloody heroes!

BELEVICH
If we get out of here.

CONSTANTIN
The first people in the world to
capture a genuine, living --

Behind him, out of focus, huge claws dart down out of the
darkness and wrench him up the ladder.

Belevich doesn't hear a thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELEVICH

Alien? I don't know. I've heard stories about things the Kremlin don't want us to know. Apparently -

He turns, smiling. The sailor has vanished. Belevich's smile falls.

He raises his pistol and makes his way back to the ladder. There's no sign of Constantin.

BELEVICH (CONT'D)

Constantin?

Nothing. Just the drip of the water.

BELEVICH (CONT'D)

Private Constantin?

He swings the torch beam round. And what he sees makes him -

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

SCREEEEEEAM!!

It echoes throughout the sub. THE DOCTOR, CLARA and GRISENKO pelt on -

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

- down another gloomy corridor -

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

...until they emerge into the one with the ladder. CLARA gawks at what lies on the deck and turns away, horrified. We just see a suggestion of torn uniform, maybe a hand...

GRISENKO

Good God.

Grim-faced, the Doctor bends down to examine the remains of Belevich and **Constantin**.

*

GRISENKO (CONT'D)

(appalled)

Torn to pieces. Zhukov was right. It's savage...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR
No, Professor. Not savage.
Forensic.
Skaldak's learning. Learning all
about you. Your strengths.

Another distant, horrible scream!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Your weaknesses...

Suddenly, the sonic bleeps.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Come on!

They race off.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Following the signal, THE DOCTOR reaches another ladder and jumps onto it.

THE DOCTOR
Stay here.

CLARA
But Doctor - !

THE DOCTOR
Stay here!

He clatters up to the next level.

GRISENKO
Well, my dear. Looks like it's just
you and me.

CLARA
Yes.

She sinks down against the wall.

CLARA (CONT'D)
It's getting -- Is it just me or is
it getting harder to breathe?

GRISENKO
No, no, no. It may be a little
stale. But it's OK. Not...
claustrophobic are you, my dear?

CLARA
Nah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Little bit.

GRISENKO
Don't you worry. It's not just you
and me.

From his jacket he produces a massive Magnum.45!

CLARA
Where the hell did you get that?

GRISENKO
(shrugs)
I don't just like Western music,
you know.

He pats the pistol reassuringly.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

ZHUKOV and ONEGIN are running down a darkened corridor.
Zhukov holds up his hand and they listen.

Silence. Except for the dripping of water.

Then there's another sound. *Scuttling. Slithering.*

Zhukov raises his Kalashnikov.

Scuttle.

Onegin swoops his torch towards the ventilation grille - and
we catch a glimpse of something. Something wet and
leathery...

Ziiiiip!

- fast as a gecko, it's gone, scuttling down the shaft!

ZHUKOV
It's in the walls!

They race after Skaldak.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. UPPER CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Sonic held before him, THE DOCTOR pelts down an upper corridor.

He follows the sonic's signal. It seems to loop about. He holds it in an arc over his head.

THE DOCTOR
Fast. He's *fast*...

Suddenly, the lights go out.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Total darkness. The scuttling sound is suddenly very close. Clara's breathing very quickly, panicking a bit.

CLARA
What... what is *that*?

GRISENKO
I told you. Just the boat settling.

But he knows it isn't.

GRISENKO (CONT'D)
Now, come on. Tell me about yourself. What you like doing.

Beat.

GRISENKO (CONT'D)
Clara?

CLARA
Stuff. You know. Stuff.

GRISENKO
Stuff! Very enlightening. And what the Doctor said. Is it true? You're from another time. From our future?

Scuttle, slither.

Clara's eyes widen.

GRISENKO (CONT'D)
Clara?

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA
(sotto)
Yes.

GRISENKO
Then tell me. What happens?

This seems to sharpen Clara's focus.

CLARA
I... I can't...

GRISENKO
I *need* to know.

CLARA
It's not allowed.

GRISENKO
Please.

CLARA
I *can't* -

GRISENKO
Ultravox. Do they split up?

Clara catches her breath - then bursts out laughing.

CLARA
Funny. You're funny.

She laughs, turns -

- and a scaly claw shoots out and grabs her by the chin, cradling her face.

Skaldak is right behind her!!

Hisss. Hisss.

He's slim and hooded like a cobra. Mechanical conduits, where he joins with the armour, stud his flesh like tattoos.

Clara gasps in terror.

GRISENKO
Let ger go!

He raises the Magnum but --

Ziiiiip!

- Skaldak is across the room in seconds and knocks him out with a blow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Ice Warrior's claws wrap around the Professor's neck, ready to snap it --

CLARA

No! No, don't hurt him. Please!

Skaldak pauses, turns to look at Clara.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Please!

The clang of feet on the ladder as THE DOCTOR descends.

Skaldak looks up and they lock eyes.

THE DOCTOR

We can work things out, Skaldak.
There's no need for any of this.

*

Hisss. Hisss.

Skaldak still has his claws around Grisenko's neck.

SKALDAK

*This planet. **This angry planet.**
Both sides locked in a never ending
stalemate. Each capable of totally
obliterating the other. It will
take only one missile to begin to
the process. To end this...cold
war.*

*

THE DOCTOR

No! Please. Listen to me!

SKALDAK

*My distress call has not been
answered. It will never be
answered. My people are dead. They
are dust. There is nothing left for
me except my revenge.*

He tips back his head and emits an almost imperceptible note.
The Doctor winces.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. **NIGHT**

*

Track quickly down the corridor. It's vibrating with a high-pitch whine. And there are other sounds. Heavy footsteps. And the clanking of chains...

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

*

THE DOCTOR
There is something left for you,
Skaldak. *Mercy.*

Membranous lids flicker across Skaldak's eyes.

SKALDAK
Mercy?

Suddenly, the click of a pistol.

ZHUKOV (O.S.)
You must wear that armour for a
reason, my friend. Let's see, shall
we?

The Doctor whirls round. ZHUKOV and ONEGIN have crept in,
guns raised.

Skaldak tightens his grip on Grisenko's throat.

THE DOCTOR
No, Captain!

ZHUKOV
I will do whatever it takes to
defend my world, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR
Yes. Great. Fine. Good. But we're
getting somewhere here. We're
negotiating. Like my old friend
Winston says. "Jaw-jaw not war-
war".

ZHUKOV
Ok. We'll negotiate. But from a
position of strength.

Hisss. Hisss.

SKALDAK
*Excellent tactical thinking. My...
congratulations, Captain.*

Zhukov is a bit thrown. Being praised by a Martian.

ZHUKOV
Th...thank you.

SKALDAK
*Unfortunately, your position is
not, perhaps, as strong as you
might hope.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR
What do you mean?

SMASH!

The hatchway is flung back and, like a robot, the empty Ice Warrior armour powers into the corridor!! Ripped chains hang from its wrists and ankles!

CLARA
How did it do that?

THE DOCTOR
Sonic tech, Clara. The Song of the Ice Warrior!

Onegin opens fire at once but the bullets bounce harmlessly off the scaly green armour.

Skaldak drops the unconscious Grisenko to the deck and, as the others watch in awe, the Ice Warrior armour opens wide. Within, electrodes and synapses stir and sparkle like sea anemones. Skaldak steps into the armour and it closes around him with a satisfying *clunk*.

Hisss. Hisss.

Skaldak turns and stomps off down the corridor.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Skaldak! *Wait!!*

He races after Skaldak. Zhukov and Onegin follow. Clara stoops to help the unconscious Grisenko.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

SKALDAK powers through the sub towards the bridge. The three SAILORS on guard open fire. No effect. They dive out of the way as the Ice Warrior ploughs through the hatch -

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

- onto the bridge. SKALDAK raises a clamp-like hand and organic-looking wires shoot out like tendrils, plugging it into the computers.

We see reflected information screeing over his visor.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
No! Skaldak! *Wait!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR dashes onto the bridge.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Where is the honour in condemning
billions of innocents to death?

The instruments shudder - and the nuclear weapons console
glows green.

ZHUKOV and ONEGIN dash in, guns raised.

ZHUKOV
He's arming the warheads!

The Doctor silences him.

THE DOCTOR
Five thousand years ago Mars was
the centre of a vast empire. The
jewel of this solar system. The
people of Earth had only just begun
to leave their caves. Five thousand
years isn't such a long time.
They're still just frightened
children. Still primitive. Who are
you to judge them?

Skaldak rises to his full height.

SKALDAK
I am Skaldak!

THE DOCTOR
Then teach them! Teach them, Grand
Marshal! Show them another way!

Hiss. Hiss.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Is this how you want history to
remember you? Grand Marshal Skaldak
- Destroyer of Earth? Because
that's what you'll be if you send
those missiles. Not a soldier. A
murderer.

Skaldak flips open the plastic case covering the black
nuclear button.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Five billion lives extinguished. No
chance for goodbyes. A world
snuffed out like a candle flame.

Skaldak moves closer to the button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKALDAK
My world is dead! But now there
will be a second red planet! Red
with the blood of Humanity!

*
*
*
*

Suddenly --

CLARA (O.S.)
Why did you hesitate? Back there.
In the dark.

CLARA and GRISENKO have entered the bridge.

CLARA (CONT'D)
You were going to kill this man.
Remember? I begged you not to and
you listened. You could have killed
both of us. Why show *compassion*
then, Skaldak? And not now?

*
*
*

The Ice Warrior's back remains turned to them.

CLARA (CONT'D)
The Doctor's right. Billions will
die. Mothers, sons, fathers...
daughters.

Hisss. Hisss.

Skaldak turns his great head towards her.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Remember that last battle. Your
daughter. You sang the songs...

SKALDAK
...of the Red Snows -

Skaldak stops suddenly. The tiny, pulsing patch of light on
his armour has winked out.

Hisss. Hisss.

Suddenly, the whole sub shakes violently and a strange,
mournful, plaintive sound, like whale-song, blasts through
the sub.

Skaldak gasps in wonder.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. DAY.

The first streaks of dawn. Suddenly, the snow-laden clouds
above the sub part and the shadow of a vast spaceship appears,
blocking out the watery sunlight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The 'whale-song' sounds again, making the surface of the sea ripple with its force.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. DAY.

SKALDAK

They have come for me! My people
have come for me!

He throws back his head and a beautiful, crystal-clear, perfect note emerges.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. DAY.

In response, a huge, shimmering beam pulses from under the ship, exciting the snow and the thick crust of ice.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. DAY.

The sub rocks then, gradually, in a flurry of bubbles, she begins to lift from the ridge.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. DAY.

ZHUKOV is staring at the depth gauge. It begins to creep up.

ONEGIN

Sir, we're rising. We're rising!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. DAY.

Bathed in the light, the sub continues to ascend.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. DAY.

On the depth gauge. The sub is steadily rising.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONEGIN
Six hundred metres, sir. Five
fifty...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. DAY.

The sub continues to rise. The sea is dappled with the
sunlight.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. DAY.

Thick snow falls as the sun rises. Suddenly, the conning
tower of the sub smashes through the crust of ice.

The tractor beam from the Martian spaceship shuts off.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. DAY.

ONEGIN
We made it, Captain! We're OK.

ZHUKOV
Are we?

The console glows red. *Armed.*

The Doctor looks over at Skaldak, who still stands with his
claw over the black button.

THE DOCTOR
Grand Marshal. Please. Just go. Go
in peace.

But Skaldak doesn't reply.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Go in peace.

Suddenly, *Skaldak's* form begins to shimmer and distort. *He
looks straight into the Doctor's eyes.*

A moment later and he's gone, beamed onto the Martian ship.

Everyone is still staring at the armed nuclear console.

CLARA
Well?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR
It's still armed! A single pulse
from that ship...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. DAY.

ZHUKOV, GRISENKO and ONEGIN **clamber** up into the conning tower. Snow falls thickly onto them. *

The shadow of the massive Martian ship blankets them.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA stare at the weapons console. Still red. Still armed.

THE DOCTOR
Come on, Skaldak. *Come on...*

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. DAY.

As the Russians watch, with an ear-splitting roar the Martian spaceship rockets away into the atmosphere.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBMARINE. BRIDGE. DAY.

CLOSE on the console. Still red.

On CLARA: In a tiny, scared, almost unwillingly voice -

CLARA
(sings)
"I'm on the hunt I'm after you...
da da da da dah. I'm lost and I'm
found and I'm hungry like the
wolf..."

And suddenly the red light winks...off.

Huge sighs from THE DOCTOR and CLARA. They turn and embrace.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Saved the world then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR

Yeah.

CLARA

That's what we do?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. DAY.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA climb up into the conning tower. ZHUKOV looks at the Doctor. The Doctor nods. Smiles.

ZHUKOV

Mr Onegin, prepare to launch radio beacon.

ONEGIN

(grins)

It'll be a pleasure, comrade Captain.

He descends.

CLARA

Oh God. *Fresh air!* It's amazing. It's fantastic. It's -

THE DOCTOR

Freezing?

CLARA

Freezing, yeah.

GRISENKO offers his hand to the Doctor. He shakes it. *

The sonic beeps.

THE DOCTOR

Oh! The TARDIS! I've located the TARDIS!

CLARA

Brilliant!

The Doctor examines the readings.

THE DOCTOR

It's at the Pole!

GRISENKO

Not far then. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR
(frowns)
The *South Pole*.

He turns and smiles sheepishly at Zhukov.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Could we have a lift?

Zhukov laughs and follows Grisenko and Clara back down into the sub.

As they descend...

GRISENKO
So close. We came so close to
Armageddon.
(sighs)
It's a very, very mad world.

CLARA
Who said that? Lenin? Reagan?

GRISENKO
(affronted)
Tears for Fears!

The Doctor is left alone *in the conning tower*. He gazes up into the snow-filled sky - then solemnly draws his fist across his chest to cover his heart. The Martian salute.

At last, he descends into the sub.

And the snow falls on.

Caption:

"Harm one of us - and you harm us all.

By the Moons, this I swear...

...but use your discretion".

Ancient Martian proverb.

END