

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

1

INT. MRS GILLYFLOWER'S HOUSE. PARLOUR. DUSK.

1

The crashing chords of a pipe organ. Someone is bashing out the tune of a grim and worthy hymn. We're in a large, red-walled room, suffocating in Victorian bric-a-brac.

Track past a series of strange still-lives. Those oddly disturbing Victorian tableaux - colourful birds stuffed and arranged on twigs, surrounded by artificial flowers and under big glass bell-jars. Gas-light glints in the creatures' beady glass eyes.

The playing stops and a woman rises from the organ. We don't see her face as she runs her hand over the line of bell-jars.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Like pretty maids all in a row.

She makes a gentle cooing. Then there's another sound. A strangely horrible gurgling. Like a contented baby.

A door opens behind the woman, framing a black-bonneted silhouette.

CUT TO:

2

INT. MILL. SPIRAL STAIRCASE. DUSK.

2

Tap, tap, tap.

A white cane clatters away as a pair of neat little feet ascend a darkened, spiral staircase.

The staircase finally ends in a door, padded with old, stained green baize.

Fumbling, lace-gloved female hands flutter around the bottom of the door, eventually locating a sort of cat-flap. The hands push through a bowl of grisly-looking food.

From the other side of the door comes the sound of heavy, ragged breathing. Then the bowl is snatched inside and there's a horrible, slobbering sound as the food is devoured.

Tap, tap, tap.

The owner of the cane begins her descent...

CUT TO:

3

INT. MATCH FACTORY. DUSK.

3

Whoomph!

A huge jet of flame leaps up from beneath a vast cauldron of steaming white gloop.

We're inside a match-making factory. It's lit with a hellish glow. Everywhere, the shriek of machinery, gushing steam, clanking gears. There are lots of cauldrons, arranged in a line. Racks of wooden splints on huge frames are being 'dipped' into them.

Row after row of WORKERS are cutting the splints down into matches.

The factory whistle blows.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. COBBLED STREET. YORKSHIRE. DUSK.

4

A filthy factory town, choked with pollution.

Etched against a darkening sky are the silhouettes of massive factories, chimneys belching smoke. The very image of dark, Satanic mills.

At the centre of a cross-roads stands an imposing classical statue. It's of a beautiful man holding aloft a flaming torch. Beneath it the legend: *Bringer of Light*.

Caption: Yorkshire, 1888.

A mass of dirty, exhausted WORKERS pour out of the match factory and down the narrow cross-roads. Amongst them, two ragged girls ABIGAIL and SISSY.

ABIGAIL

Nay, Sissy, I've had it, I promise you.

SISSY

Have you heck as like.

ABIGAIL

I mean it! I'm beggared if I'm breaking me back for them leeches any more.

SISSY

What choice do we have? Where else'll we go?

ABIGAIL

Where'd you think?

She's stopped outside of a pair of massive iron gates and presses her face to the bars, like a child gazing into a toypshop.

SISSY

(laughs)

You're soft in the head, Abigail.
Sweetville?

The gates have the word '*Sweetville*' sculpted above them. In total contrast to the smoke and grime everywhere else, the view beyond the gates is of a well-kept, tasteful mill and houses, their stone honey-coloured.

ABIGAIL

Why not? Bed of roses, that place. Double wages and a home for life, they say.

SISSY

If you're one of the lucky ones.
And that's not us.

ABIGAIL

(singing)

"It's the same the whole world over, it's the poor what gets the blame...!"

(grins)

I happen to believe, flower, that you make your own luck in this world.

Rising from the mill is a huge chimney. But no smoke comes out of it.

SISSY

Still a match factory, though, in't it? What's so special about it?

ABIGAIL

(sighs)

Paradise, that's what it's like in there, Sissy. *Paradise*.

We linger on the name: *Sweetville*.

Over this:

EFFIE (O.S.)

Please, Edmund! By all that's holy, do not leave me in this fearful place!

CUT TO:

A grim corridor, awash with a throbbing red light. An anxious young couple, EDMUND and EFFIE are standing by the entrance to a grille-covered lift. The clanking and shrieking of industry is all around.

EDMUND

Effie...

(darkly)

You know what I saw.

(smiles)

Now, you are to wait for me outside. If I have not returned in an hour, you must fetch the police.

EFFIE

And what of our friends? What has become of them?

EDMUND

God only knows.

EFFIE

And the 'Grims? What if they try to prevent me? Edmund -

She kisses him fiercely.

EDMUND

Don't fret, Effie, my dear. All will be well. But we must get to the bottom of this dark and queer business, no matter what the cost.

He strides off along the corridor until he reaches a door with an observation window set into it. The red glow is coming from beyond it.

Effie watches him go, wringing her hands. She waits, then starts as she hears the clanking of the lift. It's rising from below!

Clunk!

The lift arrives. Effie stands back, alarmed.

The grille is dragged back revealing half a dozen beautiful women in Salvation Army-like uniforms and bonnets. These are the PILGRIMS.

At their head is the striking, formidable MRS GILLYFLOWER - a vision of Northern grit in black bombazine, a high, lace collar covering her neck.

EFFIE
Mrs Gillyflower!

MRS GILLYFLOWER
We have come about your husband,
my dear. A tragedy.

EFFIE
My husband?

MRS GILLYFLOWER
Your...late husband.

EFFIE
There must be some mistake. My
husband is quite well.

*Suddenly, from beyond the door, a terrible, blood-curdling
scream!!*

Effie freezes in horror.

Mrs Gillyflower smiles a wintry smile.

MRS GILLYFLOWER
We are so very sorry for your
loss.

The Pilgrims sweep towards Effie.

Effie's jaw drops open in horror -

Over this: the shriek --

CUT TO:

6 INT. MORGUE. NIGHT.

6

-- of a police whistle.

AMOS
That's the coppers giving chase
again. I don't envy them, sir.
Not on a night like this.

AMOS is a disreputable looking hunch-backed morgue
attendant, standing over a slab. By him is the thin,
nervous MR THURSDAY who has a handkerchief pressed to his
face. Gas-jets throw huge, leaping shadows over the chilly
white tiled walls of the morgue.

Amos draws back the sheet from the slab and pulls a face.

AMOS (CONT'D)
Hell fire! That's put me right
off me mash. Another one!

A corpse (whom we recognize as EDMUND) lies there. His skin is waxy and giving off a faint red glow.

THURSDAY

(quailing)

Another?

AMOS

He's not the first I've 'ad in 'ere looking like that. The Crimson Horror! That's what they're calling it!

THURSDAY

I have no interest in the deplorable excesses of the penny-dreadfuls.

AMOS

Found 'im in't canal, did they?

THURSDAY

Yes.

AMOS

Aye. Just like t'others. Bugger me. Not a lot left of him, is there? Scarcely worth scraping into a box. How long will you need?

THURSDAY

A few moments only.

AMOS

Payment in advance, flower.

Thursday presses a coin into Conrad's sweaty palm.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Taking a big risk, you see, I am. They'd have my guts for fiddle-strings if they knew I'd let you come to have a look at one of their precious stiffs.

THURSDAY

This 'stiff' is my brother. I've come up from London to bring him home.

AMOS

Oh. Beg pardon, flower. You got the particulars?

Thursday nods.

CUT TO:

7

INT. MORGUE. NIGHT.

7

FLASH!

THURSDAY is taking a photograph using a huge, unwieldy old camera, complete with flash-pan.

EDMUND's dead face is constricted in a rictus of terror. Thursday has the camera over his brother's glowing face.

CLOSE on the dead man's eye.

FLASH!

CLOSER still. The still, sightless, lifeless orb.

CLOSER still.

FLASH!

CUT TO:

8

INT. HOTHOUSE. LONDON. DAY.

8

A darkened hothouse at the back of a substantial Victorian home. The room is steamy with heat and its glass panes foggy with condensation

Caption: London.

JENNY, in her maid's outfit is offering a glass of lemonade to THURSDAY. He's pouring with sweat and looking distinctly uncomfortable.

THURSDAY

Thank you.

In front of them, amidst the rare orchids and other exotic blooms sits a veiled woman. Through the thin veil we can just catch a glimpse of her rather beautiful but reptilian features - MADAM VASTRA!

VASTRA

This city of fogs and chill. It gets into one's bones, does it not? Sometimes, I long for escape. To feel the sun on my hide once more. To bask naked...

Thursday clears his throat.

VASTRA (CONT'D)

I hope I'm not making you uncomfortable.

THURSDAY

I beg your pardon?

VASTRA

The heat. My doctors recommend it. I'm afraid I'm rather thin-skinned, am I not, Jenny?

Jenny smiles.

VASTRA (CONT'D)

Why have you come to see me?

THURSDAY

I was told you undertake certain...assignments.

JENNY

We like to help folks out, yeah. When they get into bother.

THURSDAY

People say you are the last court of appeal.

VASTRA

People flatter.

Thursday gathers himself.

THURSDAY

My brother has lately passed on. He was Edmund Thursday, the newspaper man?

VASTRA

I read of his death. An industrial accident?

THURSDAY

So it is claimed. He had been working on a story. All *sub rosa*, you understand.

JENNY

A story about what?

THURSDAY

About 'Sweetville'. It is what is known as a 'model village'. An ideal community for happy, prosperous workers. From what my brother intimated, despite the Utopian claims of its founder, all is not quite as it seems.

JENNY

They make matches, don't they?

THURSDAY

Yes. In the North. It is my understanding that my brother had been working there under an assumed identity.

VASTRA

And how do you think your brother met his death?

Beat.

THURSDAY

Tell me, Madam, do you know what an Optomogram is?

VASTRA

(laughs)

A superstition. The belief that the eye can retain an image of the last thing it sees.

JENNY

Oh, *that*. I heard about that. They photographed the eyes of the Ripper's last victim, didn't they? Didn't find anything, though.

VASTRA

They wouldn't.

JENNY

Very interested in photography, ain't we, Ma'am?

VASTRA

Very.

Even from beneath her veil, Vastra *twinkles*.

JENNY

I done a correspondence course.

Thursday takes a photograph from his coat. It's a close up shot of EDMUND's eyeball. And in it, impossibly, we can just detect the image of a shadowy figure, hand outstretched!

Vastra throws back her veil in surprise.

VASTRA

Good grief!

She looks up. Thursday is staring at her Silurian countenance. His jaw drops, his eyes roll up and he flops to the floor in a dead faint.

VASTRA (CONT'D)
 (tuts)
Apes.

CUT TO:

9 INT. DARKROOM. DAY.

9

Red light. JENNY is busy developing photographic plates. She's blowing up the image of the dead man's eye. VASTRA hovers behind.

JENNY
 I've made it bigger and bigger
 but that don't mean it's very
 impressive.

VASTRA
 Story of my life.

Jenny has pegged a row of photographs onto a line. The image of the figure on the dead eye gets larger in each.

Jenny peers at the photo in the developing bath.

JENNY
 Well, I'll be blown...

VASTRA
 What is it?

JENNY
 I think, Madam, that we'd better
 make plans to head north!

Jenny pegs the dripping wet photograph onto the line. Now we see it in much more detail. A slim male figure, hand looming forwards --

THE DOCTOR!

CUT TO:

10 OPENING TITLES

10

CUT TO:

11 EXT. CHAPEL. YORKSHIRE. NIGHT.

11

Dense fog. A gloomy chapel in a narrow, cobbled street.

A hansom cab clops by a huge poster:

"Tonight! In person! Mrs Winifred Gillyflower on the present moral decay and the coming APOCALYPSE!"

Over this: a powerful oration -

MRS GILLYFLOWER (O.S.)
The gaudy flesh-pots and gin-palaces of Bradford -

CUT TO:

12

INT. CHAPEL. YORKSHIRE. NIGHT.

12

The chapel is packed. We pass over the heads of the crowd to see a raised platform on which sit a dozen prime examples of Victorian rectitude. Very good-looking men and women in severe uniforms. More PILGRIMS.

Before them, standing next to a cloth-covered artist's easel and bristling with missionary zeal is MRS GILLYFLOWER -

MRS GILLYFLOWER
(with contempt)
- *Bradford*, that Babylon for the Moderns - with its light and its glitter, a-swarm with glassy-eyed drudges, sinking ever further into a great wen of depravity and ordure! And moral turpitude can destroy the most delicate of lives. Believe me, I know.
(dropping her voice)
I know.

A hush falls on the crowd. Mrs Gillyflower gives a little nod and a curtain is pulled up, revealing a lovely young woman - ADA, sitting in a sort of tableau in a chair with an aspidistra next to it.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)
My own daughter...

Ada turns towards the crowd and they gasp. A livid scar runs across her face. She is quite blind.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)
...blinded by my late husband in a drunken rage!

Cries of '*shame!*' Ada flinches.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)
Her once-beautiful eyes pale and white as mistletoe berries.

Ada taps her cane towards the artist's easel and stands by it.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

And what, my friends, is your story? Will you be found wanting when there comes a reckoning? When the End of Days is come? And come it will. Soon! Will you be found wanting? Or will you be preserved against the coming Apocalypse?

She lets this sink in. The crowd look fearful.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

Do not despair! I offer a way out! There is a different path! *Sweetville!*

Murmurs of excitement from the crowd.

On cue, Ada unveils the artist's easel on which is an idealised drawing of a factory community: a bandstand, neat rows of cottages, happy, smiling workers.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

New housing! New schools! Order. Discipline. Could you be one of our Pilgrims? Are you clean of mind, limb and conscience?

Cheers from the crowd. *Yes! Yes! Yes!*

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

Then join us! Join us in our shining city on the hill!

The chapel organ strikes up and the crowd starts to sing 'Jerusalem'. A queue begins to form immediately as various members of the congregation rush to put their names down on a list. At their head - JENNY!

Mrs Gillyflower beams down at her.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

You wish to join us, my dear?

JENNY

If it's all the same with you, Ma'am.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Oh yes.

(smiles)

You'll do very nicely.

Jenny hurries to sign up. With appalling gusto, Mrs Gillyflower joins in the singing -

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)
*"Bring me my staff, o clouds
 unfold. Bring me my chariots of
 fire!"*

CUT TO:

13 EXT. SWEETVILLE. DAY. 13

The impressively ideal Mill and its houses. Still no smoke rises from the chimney.

CUT TO:

14 INT. MILL. WAITING ROOM. DAY. 14

A plainly furnished waiting room, crammed with YOUNG PEOPLE, waiting in line.

JENNY is right at the back of the queue, next to a door marked 'MILL - strictly no entry'. The shriek and roar of machinery is audible from behind it.

With Jenny is ABIGAIL, the keen match-girl from before.

ABIGAIL
 I'm dead nervous, aren't you?

Jenny just shrugs.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 They have to be sure, you see.
 Only the best for Sweetville! I
 hope me teeth don't let me down.
 I'm Abigail.

JENNY
 Pleased to meet you.

ABIGAIL
 (sighs)
 You see, if I stay in me old job
 any longer, I'll rot.

JENNY
 You been there that long?

ABIGAIL
 No, I mean I'll *really* rot. It's
 from the stuff they dip the
 matches in.
 (with difficulty)
Phosphorus.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

It gets into your bones. Eats you away. Some of the older ones come off shift glowing in the dark!

CUT TO:

15 INT. MILL. STAIRCASE. DAY.

15

ADA is sitting outside the green baize door.

ADA

If you'd only be sensible, like the dear, good monster I know you are. Then I could show you to Mamma and she would understand.

Ada presses a tender hand to the door.

ADA (CONT'D)

You're all I have, monster. But all will be well. Imperfect as we are, there be will room for us in the new Jerusalem!

Suddenly the door shakes violently as *something* slams against it from inside. Ada looks suddenly frightened and makes her way back down the stairs.

CUT TO:

16 INT. MILL. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

16

The line of YOUNG PEOPLE shuffles slowly forward.

ABIGAIL

You're not local, are you?

JENNY

Nah. Up from London.

ABIGAIL

(beams)

Different here, I bet.

JENNY

Oh yeah! Like a bleedin' horse-market. Know anyone who's come to live in Sweetville, do you?

For the first time, Abigail looks a little unsure.

ABIGAIL

Yes! I had a pal who come here three month back. She wrote to tell me how *perfect* it all were.

Beat.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Funny, though. I've not heard a peep from her since...Ooh. Hang on. We're moving.

The line shuffles forward a fraction. Jenny looks round. The room is so crowded that no-one will see what's she's up to. Quickly, she steps to one side and tries the door marked 'Mill - Strictly no entry'. It's locked. Swiftly, she takes out a soft wallet from her dress and rolls it open. Inside are a variety of thin metal objects - skeleton keys!

Abigail glances round at her, horrified.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What you doin'?

JENNY

Do us a favour. Cause a distraction.

ABIGAIL

What?

JENNY

Swoon. Have a fit of the vapours.

ABIGAIL

Are you crackers?

JENNY

Go on.

(hands her a coin)

There's a guinea in it for you.

ABIGAIL

(quickly)

Done.

Immediately, Abigail starts moaning theatrically and then suddenly keels over. In the melee, Jenny makes short work of the lock, opens the door and --

CUT TO:

17

INT. MILL. DAY.

17

-- emerges into the mill and shuts the door behind her.

She gawks.

Pull back from her tiny figure in the doorway. The mill is enormous and the sound of industry utterly deafening.

But the noise is coming from huge, brass structures like gramophone horns set into the ceiling.

The mill itself is *totally empty!*

A noise from close by, so Jenny hurriedly hides herself behind a nest of pipes.

A group of strapping male PILGRIMS walk through the empty corridor, heading for the lift. Jenny watches.

CUT TO:

18

EXT. YORKSHIRE HOUSE. NIGHT.

18

MR THURSDAY is outside a shabby house. He looks a bit out of place amongst the strings of limp washing and sooty CHILDREN. He knocks on the door and waits.

The door is opened by a shadowy figure in a butler's uniform.

THURSDAY

I have travelled here expressly to see Madam Vastra. If you'd be so kind as to announce me, my good man.

He produces his card. A three-fingered hand takes it. Thursday looks down at the hand as the butler steps into the light.

STRAX

Whom should I say is calling?

Thursday gawps at the Sontaran's hideous potato-head - and faints.

Strax rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

19

INT. YORKSHIRE HOUSE. NIGHT.

19

A cheerfully furnished guest house.

STRAX is fanning the unconscious THURSDAY. VASTRA sits close by. A fly has settled on a nearby plant.

STRAX

(of Thursday)

Such pathetically weak creatures. It is a wonder that they ever managed to crawl out of the oceanic slime that bred them. What do you think it wants?

VASTRA

I imagine Mr Thursday wants to know what progress we have made.

Vastra holds up the photograph that Thursday brought.

VASTRA (CONT'D)

The question is, how did the Doctor's image come to be preserved on a dead man's eye? It's scientifically impossible.

(she looks at her pocket watch.)

I wonder how Jenny is getting on.

STRAX

If she hasn't made contact by nightfall, I suggest a massive frontal assault on the factory, Madam. Casualties can be kept to, perhaps, as little as eighty per cent.

VASTRA

I think there may be subtler ways of proceeding, Strax.

STRAX

(shrugs)

Suit your self.

Vastra eyes the fly. Its wings glitter in the gas-light.

Thursday begins to stir.

His POV. Strax looms into shot, smiling horribly.

STRAX (CONT'D)

How are you feeling? Better I hope?

Vastra chooses that moment to lash out with her huge sticky tongue, ensnaring the fly and gobbling it up.

Thursday decides he would rather stay unconscious.

CUT TO:

20

INT. MRS GILLYFLOWER'S PARLOUR. NIGHT.

20

MRS GILLYFLOWER is sitting at her pipe organ again, bashing away at the keyboard.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

(singing)

"Then fancies flee away!

(MORE)

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

I'll fear not what men say, I'll
labour night and day to... be...
a... pilgrim!"

At a table sits ADA, eating her dinner. Mrs Gillyflower rises from the organ and takes her seat at the table. There is a third place set but no-one seated there.

A handsome, uniformed male PILGRIM waits on them.

ADA

I trust you had a pleasant day,
Mama.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Tolerable.

She tucks into her food.

ADA

How...how is Mr Sweet?

Mrs Gillyflower looks over at the empty place-setting.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Mr Sweet is rather tired tonight,
I fear.

She reaches for the salt cellar and accidentally knocks it over.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

Dear me. How clumsy I'm getting.

She takes a pinch of the salt and flicks it over her shoulder. She smiles at the Pilgrim.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

To keep the Devil at bay.

The Pilgrim smiles back, indulgently. He turns away -- and then Mrs Gillyflower does something very strange. She scoops up some of the spilled salt and pours it down the inside of her lace collar!

CUT TO:

21

INT. MILL. NIGHT.

21

The traffic of PILGRIMS through the empty factory finally subsides and JENNY emerges from her hiding place. She gazes up at the brass horns in the ceiling. The 'factory noise' is being piped in from above!

Close by is the entrance to the lift. With difficulty, she drags open the grille, steps inside and then drags it shut again. There's a row of pearly ceramic buttons. Jenny opts for the top floor and presses the button.

The mechanism clanks and groans horrendously. Jenny winces at the racket but the lift begins to rise.

The shadow of the grille flickers over her face.

At last the lift comes to a stop.

CUT TO:

22

INT. MILL. TOP FLOOR. NIGHT.

22

JENNY hauls back the grille and, gingerly steps out into a darkened corridor.

She makes her way down the corridor which terminates in the door with the round observation window. The window is glowing with an eerie red luminescence.

From beyond comes the vibration of machinery at work.

Jenny approaches the window and tries to look through - but it's too steamed up.

She's about to try the door when, from above she hears the sound of ragged breathing.

She looks towards the spiral staircase and, full of trepidation, starts to climb it.

We know this stair, of course and that it ends in a stained, green-baize door with a small hatch in it...

CUT TO:

23

INT. MILL. STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

23

JENNY continues to ascend the stair, the ragged breathing getting louder.

At last she reaches the green baize door. She examines the lock and then gets down onto her knees to look at the little hatch. Gathering her courage, she presses her fingers to the metal and creaks the hatch open.

The breathing stops.

Jenny's POV: a rectangle of darkness. She can see barely anything of the room beyond.

Gingerly, she puts her face closer to the hatch.

Closer.

Still she can hardly see anything. Just as she begins to move away --

BANG!

-- a hand shoots out from the hatch and grabs her by the collar!

Jenny shrieks!

The hand is manacled at the wrist. It's also waxy, red-tinged - and glowing! Jenny manages to drag the hand off her and pushes herself backwards on her bottom away from the door.

The hand vanishes back inside.

Jenny gets to her feet.

JENNY

Alright, mate. You just stay calm now!

The door vibrates as it is hammered upon from within.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I could open this door. Would you like that?

Beat.

Then the door bangs once.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Thought you might. But you and me has got to come to an arrangement, savvy?

The door bangs again.

Jenny moves swiftly, taking out her skeleton keys again.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Now...you stand well back. Do you hear me? I don't mean no harm to you. But you try anything funny and I'll leave you here to rot. Is that understood?

Another bang.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Right.

She looks around quickly to make sure she's undisturbed, then sets to work on the lock.

After a frenzy of scratching and manipulation, the lock suddenly clicks and the green baize door *creeeeeeeks* open.

CUT TO:

24 INT. MILL. SHUTTERED ROOM. NIGHT.

24

JENNY stares into the dark space beyond. Then she takes out a box of matches and lights one.

In the sudden flare of light we see a bare, unpleasant room with straw on the floor. There's a clanking of chains and the match suddenly illumines a ragged, desperate-looking figure.

Jenny gawks.

JENNY

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR it is!

He cuts a terrifying figure. Like the Frankenstein Monster, he's shackled at the wrists and ankles and wears a massive, studded neck-brace, like a dog collar, around his neck. His skin is waxy and glowing red.

He opens his mouth in desperate, mute appeal!

CUT TO:

25 INT. MORGUE. SIDE ROOM. NIGHT.

25

A darkened room. AMOS the morgue attendant is grinning. VASTRA (veiled) is with him.

AMOS

You're in luck, flower. Most of them are six foot under now - or in the furnace. But I've kept, you know, a few bits and bobs for me collection.

VASTA

Collection?

He lights the gas and the room is suddenly revealed. It's packed full of specimen jars, each of them with something vaguely horribly floating about in formaldehyde. Six fingered hands, eyeballs, two-headed babies etc.

VASTRA

I see. Charming.

AMOS

Them new machines can do 'orrible things to a person. 'Orrible. I've pickled things in 'ere that'd fair turn your 'air white.

VASTRA

You know what I'm looking for.

AMOS

Aye. All the bits found in't canal. The Crimson Horror!

He opens a huge wooden chest of drawers and pulls out a big glass jar. It's glowing faintly red.

We don't see what's in it but Vastra bends down to peer inside. The red phosphorescence illuminates her face through the heavy veil.

VASTRA

It hardly seems possible...

AMOS

Eh?

VASTRA

I think...I think I've seen these symptoms before.

AMOS

Oh aye?

VASTRA

A long time ago.

AMOS

Oh aye?

She turns to him, eyes glittering.

VASTRA

In fact...about sixty five million years!

CUT TO:

26

INT. MILL. SHUTTERED ROOM. NIGHT.

26

THE DOCTOR opens his arms to Jenny. She is aghast.

JENNY

Doctor, what's happened to you?

The Doctor tries to move towards her but his chains prevent hi. His movements are stiff and inhuman.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 Can't you...can't you speak?

He doesn't reply. Jenny moves towards him, reaches out her fingers and touches his face. She shrinks back in horror but then, gathering her courage, tries again, this time tapping her fingers against his glowing red cheek.

Horribly, her fingertips make a hard, resonant sound. It's as the Doctor's been varnished!

He groans pitifully. Jenny snaps out of her reverie and rapidly un-picks the manacles which bind him to the wall.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 Right. We're getting out of here.

She pulls off the chains and drags the Doctor towards the door by his hand. He moves stiffly, like the Tin Man. He points feebly towards a pile of stuff in the corner. His jacket is there. Jenny hands it to him and he clutches it to his chest as if his life depends on it.

CUT TO:

27 INT. MILL. SPIRAL STAIRCASE. NIGHT. 27

Leading THE DOCTOR like a child, JENNY descends the spiral staircase.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MILL. TOP FLOOR. NIGHT. 28

They appear at the bottom of the stairs. JENNY drags THE DOCTOR towards the lift. But the sound of clanking gears means it's on its way back up - occupied!

Jenny looks desperately about. There are only two choices. Back up the stairs or through the door at the end of the corridor with the observation window in it.

JENNY
 Come on!

With agonizing slowness, the incapacitated Doctor shuffles after her down the corridor.

Just as the lift arrives, Jenny and the Doctor disappear through the door.

ADA, carrying a bowl of food, emerges from the lift and tap, tap, taps her white stick along the corridor till she reaches the bottom of the spiral stair.

CUT TO:

JENNY and THE DOCTOR find themselves in a huge, red-tinged chamber, full of steam. Inside is a vast cauldron. It resembles the phosphor-carrying ones we saw in the match factory but is far bigger and the stuff inside is a dilute, pinkish colour, steaming and giving off a faint luminescence.

Wooden walkways surround it and PILGRIMS are busy attending to the cauldron like worker bees.

Jenny pulls herself and the Doctor back against the wall so they're not seen.

Over the vat is a huge metal arm, like a crane. It's identical to the 'dipping' process we saw in the other match factory. But there's something else hanging from the arm. Jenny gasps.

Hanging by their arms from the crane are a dozen, unconscious YOUNG PEOPLE.

We see now that they're just like the wooden splints in the match factory. And, like the splints, they're going to be...*DIPPED!*

As Jenny and the Doctor watch, they are slowly lowered into the pinkish gloop, disappearing into it like toffee-apples!

Jenny looks to the Doctor.

JENNY

Oh my God.

The Doctor manages a slow nod. Jenny grabs his arm and tries to drag him back towards the door. But the Doctor shrugs her off. He points feebly towards a row of coffin-shaped metal cases with glass pipes projecting from them.

JENNY (CONT'D)

What is it? You want to go there?

The Doctor groans.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You want to go *in* there?

The Doctor staggers forward, clutching his jacket. Jenny looks furtively about but the steam conceals them from view. Quickly, she manages to haul open one of the 'coffins' and the Doctor tumbles inside. With great effort, he pulls the sonic screwdriver from his jacket and, as Jenny closes the lid of the case, it starts to glow.

Jenny steps back. Green light floods from the cracks in the coffin-like machine and the glass tubes are suddenly steaming and bubbling.

Two black-bonneted PILGRIMS glide by and Jenny ducks out of the way.

CUT TO:

30 INT. MILL. SPIRAL STAIR. NIGHT. 30

ADA reaches the top of the stair and moves towards the green baize door.

ADA
Did you think I'd forgotten you,
dear monster? Hm?

She reaches towards the door, touches it, finds it open and frowns. She taps her way inside.

CUT TO:

31 INT. MILL. SHUTTERED ROOM. NIGHT. 31

Her cane knocks against the abandoned manacles. ADA kneels down and gropes into the corner.

ADA
No....*Nooooo!* Where are you? *Where*
are you?

CUT TO:

32 INT. MILL. DIPPING VAT. NIGHT. 32

JENNY is still crouched down, shrouded in steam.

Suddenly -

BANG!!

The lid of the coffin-like machine bursts open and THE DOCTOR jumps out.

JENNY
Doctor!

THE DOCTOR
Missed me?

Beaming with delight, he's fully restored.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Jenny! *Jennyjennyjenny!*

He kisses her effusively.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 Just when you think your
 favourite lock-picking Victorian
 chambermaid will never turn up!

He stretches, slaps his own face.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 You've no idea how good that
 feels! Right! Mrs Gillyflower!
 We've got to stop her! And then
 there's Clara. Poor Clara.
 Where's Clara?

He dashes towards the door.

JENNY
 Doctor, wait -

THE DOCTOR
 Can't. Clara. Got to find.

JENNY
 What happened to you? How long
 have you been like that?

THE DOCTOR
 Days. Weeks. Dunno. Long story.

He stops, thinks.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 I'll keep it short.

And, like a super-condensed episode we whip pan to --

33

EXT. ALLEY. YORKSHIRE. DAY.

33

-- the glowing lamp of the TARDIS, standing in a filthy,
 smoky alleyway.

Caption: Three weeks earlier.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA are outside.

THE DOCTOR
 (frowns)
 Ok. Not London 1888. Yorkshire
 1888. Near enough.

CLARA
 Does this happen often? Going a
 bit...off-piste?

THE DOCTOR
 Not so much. In the old days,
 though -

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(pulls a face)

- *you have no idea*. I once spent a helluva long time trying to get a gobby Australian to Heathrow airport.

CLARA

What for?

THE DOCTOR

Search me. Anyway -

SCREEEEEEAM!

They exchange glances.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Brave heart, Clara!

Whip pan to --

34

EXT. YORKSHIRE. CANAL-SIDE. DAY.

34

The WOMAN who screamed being comforted by a cloth-capped MAN. A knot of GAWPERS close by, looking down at something floating in the canal.

A POLICEMAN is trying to restrain an excitable man - EDMUND!

EDMUND

It's another one, don't you see?
Another victim!

POLICEMAN

Now, get a hold of yourself, sir.
You'll do yourself a mischief.

EDMUND

Why won't any one of you listen?

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

We'll listen.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA standing at the edge of the crowd.

Whip pan to --

35

EXT. YORKSHIRE STREET. DAY.

35

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and EDMUND are walking over the cobbles.

EDMUND

Mrs Winifred Gillyflower. An
astonishing woman.

(MORE)

EDMUND (CONT'D)

A prize-winning chemist and engineer. So why...

THE DOCTOR

Why has she decided to open up a match factory in her old home town?

EDMUND

And there's something very odd about that place. A chimney that never blows smoke? A mill which never actually seems to produce anything?

Whip pan to:

36

INT. MORGUE. DAY.

36

Now they're in the morgue. AMOS stands to one side.

CLOSE on the body of a young woman. Her red skin is waxy and luminous.

EDMUND

Same as the rest. All dead from causes unknown and their flesh...glowing.

AMOS

Like something manky in a coal cellar. The Crimson Horror!

THE DOCTOR

Ooh. Good name. That's good, isn't it? The Crimson Horror! Cool!

(suddenly serious)

Wonder what it is?

He whips out a magnifying glass and peers into the dead woman's eyes. He lets out a low whistle.

CLARA

What is it?

THE DOCTOR

There's an old Romany superstition, Clara. That the eye of a dead person retains an image of the last thing it sees.

EDMUND

I've heard of such a thing. Tommy-rot, of course.

THE DOCTOR
Tommy-rot? Tommy-rot?? *Not.*

EDMUND
No?

THE DOCTOR
Not if the chemical composition
of the whole body has been
massively *corrupted.*

Edmund looks through the magnifying glass. There's an image scorched into the dead woman's eye! A black-bonneted woman, like some horrible ghoul.

The Doctor holds up his hand. Where it's touched the body, his fingers are glowing red.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
What is this stuff?

Whip pan to --

37

INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

37

A fabulously Jekyll and Hyde-like Victorian laboratory. THE DOCTOR is busy mixing chemicals and swilling a flask over a bunsen burner.

THE DOCTOR
Wow. Gosh. Wow! This is *nasty.* An
organic poison. A sort of venom.
And you think it's connected to
Sweetville?

Whip pan to --

38

EXT. YORKSHIRE. STREET. DAY.

38

Outside the gates of 'Sweetville'. THE DOCTOR, CLARA and EDMUND gaze up at the works.

EDMUND
I've a contact on the inside. A
Miss Effie Sykes. She got in
touch with my newspaper about her
suspicions. I am posing as her
husband.

THE DOCTOR
Good work, Edmund.

CLARA
So what now?

THE DOCTOR
We get inside. Find out what
they're up to.

EDMUND
How?

CUT TO:

39 INT. SWEETVILLE. OFFICE. DAY.

39

THE DOCTOR and CLARA stand opposite MRS GILLYFLOWER.

MRS GILLYFLOWER
Dr and Mrs Smith. Oh yes. I think
you'll do very nicely.

The Doctor beams.

THE DOCTOR
Grand. Smashing. The missus and I
couldn't be more chuffed, could
we love?

Clara rolls her eyes.

Whip pan to --

40 EXT. SWEETVILLE. STREET. DAY.

40

The broad, honey-coloured terraces of Sweetville.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA are walking arm in arm. MRS
GILLYFLOWER is giving them the full tour.

MRS GILLYFLOWER
Sweetville will provide you with
everything you need. You will
never have to worry about a
thing. Ever again.

CLARA
May I ask a question, Mrs
Gillyflower?

MRS GILLYFLOWER
Of course.

CLARA
The name. Sweetville.

MRS GILLYFLOWER
Yes?

CLARA
 Why not name it after yourself?
 After all, it's your creation.

THE DOCTOR
 Gillyflowertown?

Mrs Gillyflower laughs lightly.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 Gillyflowerland! You could have
 roller-coasters.

MRS GILLYFLOWER
 It is named in tribute to my
 partner.

THE DOCTOR
 Your late partner?

MRS GILLYFLOWER
 No. My...silent partner. Mr Sweet
 likes to keep himself to himself.
 Shall we press on?

She walks up to the door of one of the cottages.

THE DOCTOR
 Who lives here?

MRS GILLYFLOWER
 Oh, names don't matter here,
 Doctor. All you need to know is
 that we only recruit the
 brightest and the best.

She throws open the door.

Inside: An idealised Victorian family. Father, Mother,
 children. All stiff as mannequins, smiling, glowing waxily
 red and, like Mrs Gillyflower's stuffed birds -

-- they are under the huge glass dome of a bell jar!

The Doctor and Clara's faces fall.

From out of the shadows sweep half a dozen PILGRIMS!

Whip pan to --

41 INT. MILL. DIPPING VAT. NIGHT.

41

The vast, steaming cauldron on the top floor.

Unconscious and hanging by the arms, THE DOCTOR and CLARA
 swing from the arm of the 'crane' with about twelve other
 physically splendid YOUNG PEOPLE.

Machinery and gears clank and suddenly all of them are swung over the edge of the cauldron.

Around the vat, the PILGRIMS swarm. Chains grind and whir and slowly, slowly, the Doctor, Clara and the rest descend towards the steamy, sticky pinkish ooze in the cauldron.

They sink like a row of toy soldiers into the stuff. Then, just as they're about to submerge, the Doctor's eyes flick open. He opens his mouth to cry out -- but his head disappears beneath the gloop!

Whip pan to --

42

INT. MILL. DIPPING VAT. NIGHT. LATER.

42

Track past the row of YOUNG PEOPLE, all stiff as boards, stiff and immobile. CLARA is amongst them. THE DOCTOR is not.

MRS GILLYFLOWER and ADA stand before them. PILGRIMS mill in the background.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

The process improves with every attempt! Mr Sweet is such a clever old thing.

She glances into the corner.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

Dispose of the rejects, Ada.

ADA

Yes, Mama.

She sweeps off. Ada taps her way across the factory floor.

Before her: a hideous image. A pile of people, like broken toys, their skin glowing. On the ground at Ada's feet: the Doctor!

His mouth opens and shuts like that of a dummy. And he groans.

Ada's senses are immediately alert. She turns towards her departing mother -

ADA (CONT'D)

Mamma -

But she swallows her cry. She looks around quickly and furtively. The Pilgrims aren't watching. Mrs Gillyflower has gone. With unexpected strength, she starts to drag the Doctor away from the pile of corpses.

CUT TO:

43 INT. MILL. SHUTTERED ROOM. NIGHT.

43

ADA is chaining up the incapacitated DOCTOR. He's as weak as a kitten.

ADA
Sometimes the protection process goes wrong. Only Mr Sweet knows why. And only Mamma is allowed to talk to Mr Sweet.

The Doctor gazes into Ada's eyes.

ADA (CONT'D)
But if you're very good, you can stay here. You'll be my secret.

She puts a finger to his lips and smiles gently.

ADA (CONT'D)
My special monster.

She taps her way to the door.

The Doctor struggles to his feet, trying to come after her. He's seething with pain and frustration.

As Ada slams and locks the green baize door, his groans are abruptly cut off --

Whip pan to --

44 INT. MILL. SHUTTERED ROOM. DAY.

44

The door smashes open and EDMUND tumbles inside. He is drenched in steaming red goo, glowing and screaming in pain!

The chained DOCTOR gets to his feet and reaches out to him.

CLOSE on Edmund's eye. It's the last image he ever sees.

Whip pan to --

45 INT. MILL. LIFT. NIGHT.

45

The present. THE DOCTOR and JENNY are descending in the lift.

THE DOCTOR
He must have fallen into a vat of the pure stuff. The venom. Didn't stand a chance.

JENNY
What *is* it, though?

THE DOCTOR

No idea. But Mrs Gillyflower's dipping her Pilgrims in a dilute form to protect them. *Preserve* them. Process didn't work on me. Maybe because I'm not human. I ended up on the reject pile.

JENNY

Preserve them against what?

THE DOCTOR

Well, according to her, the coming Apocalypse! Now, gotta find Clara.

The lift arrives.

JENNY

Who's Clara?

The Doctor drags back the grille and dashes out.

CUT TO:

46

INT. MILL. SHUTTERED ROOM. NIGHT.

46

ADA is still sobbing over her lost Doctor.

Footsteps on the threshold. Ada looks up, her blind eyes wet with tears.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (O.S.)

What is this meaning of this?

ADA

Oh Mama...I have been foolish.

MRS GILLYFLOWER steps into the light.

ADA (CONT'D)

I formed a...a sentimental attachment.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

An attachment? To *whom*?

ADA

A man. Unlike the others, he survived rejection. He must be strong. Worthy of salvation -

Mrs Gillyflower lifts up the Doctor's abandoned manacles. Her face darkens.

MRS GILLYFLOWER
 Wrecker! *Beserker!* You have
 loosed a Reject onto the outside
 world?

ADA
 I have disappointed you, I know.
 But please say there will be room
 for me in your new Eden, Mama!
 Promise me that!

MRS GILLYFLOWER
 (ignoring her)
 My Pilgrims will deal with him.

She sweeps to the door.

ADA
 Promise me, Mama!

Mrs Gillyflower shakes her head pityingly.

MRS GILLYFLOWER
 Do you not yet understand that
 there can be no place for such as
 you? That only perfection is good
 enough for myself and Mr Sweet?

Beat.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)
 The bright day is done, child.
 And you are for the dark.

She stalks out.

Ada's wail of anguish continues over:

CUT TO:

47

EXT. SWEETVILLE. NIGHT.

47

THE DOCTOR and JENNY emerge from the mill and out into Sweetville itself. Just as in Mrs Gillyflower's drawing, there are rows and rows of pretty workers' cottages. It's a densely foggy night and lights glow cheerfully in their windows.

THE DOCTOR
 Couldn't see much from where I
 was but I think she survived the
 process. She must be here
 somewhere.

He dashes inside the nearest cottage, then comes racing back out. Tries another. No good again. The Doctor suddenly freezes.

There are PILGRIMS swarming through the fog down the neat streets of Sweetville! Like the others they are perfect specimens of male and female beauty.

They form a big semi-circle before the Doctor, Jenny and the immobile Clara.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh. Great. *Great*. Attack of the Supermodels.

MRS GILLYFLOWER appears from the shadows.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

You do seem to keep turning up, young man. Like a bad penny.

THE DOCTOR

Welcome to my world.

(smiles)

I'm the Doctor, you're nuts and I'm going to stop you.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

I'm afraid Mr Sweet and I cannot allow that.

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes. *Mr Sweet*. When do we get to meet this silent partner of yours? Why's he so shy?

Mrs Gillyflower smiles chillingly.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Mr Sweet is always with us.

(her face falls.)

The process failed to work on you, Doctor. Therefore you are a Reject. A dribbling, inconsequential *nothing*. And you must be eradicated. Like all who are unfit.

THE DOCTOR

Ooh nice. That's *nice*. The old favourite. I've heard it all before. Only the perfect can survive. Change the wax cylinder, love.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

You dare to mock me - !

THE DOCTOR

Everyone gorgeous and fit as a fiddle and probably blond and absolutely, exactly the same.

MRS GILLYFLOWER
Paradise.

THE DOCTOR
Hell.

Mrs Gillyflower nods her head towards them.

MRS GILLYFLOWER
Kill them! *Kill them! And then I shall boil the flesh from their bones!*

The Pilgrims swarm forward.

The Doctor takes a step forward but Jenny gently pushes him back.

JENNY
Na, Doctor. This one's on me.

In one bold move, she tears apart her prim, bustled dress revealing - a *leather cat-suit* (or the closest the Victorians could get!)

From behind her back she produces a Samurai sword!

The first (female) Pilgrim zooms towards her, hands reaching for Jenny's throat and - one! - two! - Jenny makes short work of her. The Pilgrim collapses in a heap of black silks. The Doctor is impressed!

Two male Pilgrims attack and Jenny lets fly with her feet, knocking them backwards like skittles. Before she can right herself, another Pilgrim is almost on top of her. Jenny swings round with her sword - the Doctor trips him up - and Jenny knocks the Pilgrim sideways.

Suddenly, cobblestones fly everywhere as red laser blasts slam into the street. Mrs Gillyflower ducks down as a carriage with four horses tears into view, scattering the Pilgrims! STRAX is driving, hollering a Sontaran war-cry!

The Pilgrims flee in terror. Mrs Gillyflower hitches up her skirts and darts back inside the Mill.

The door of the carriage flies open, revealing VASTRA.

VASTRA
Doctor! Jenny! Let's go!

THE DOCTOR
No! We're not escaping! We've got to find Clara!

VASTRA
Who's Clara?

THE DOCTOR
Long story.

VASTRA
What's going on?

THE DOCTOR
Haven't you heard? There's
trouble at t'mill!

CUT TO:

48 INT. SWEETVILLE .COTTAGE. NIGHT.

48

In another of the cottages, sits CLARA, looking splendid. Dressed to the nines, she's beaming with happiness and seated in a plump arm-chair, holding a tea-pot. Next to her is a very handsome young man in a frock coat. They're under a huge bell jar, waxy and glowing faintly red!

CUT TO:

49 INT. MILL. NIGHT.

49

THE DOCTOR, VASTRA, JENNY and STRAX move swiftly through the empty factory.

VASTRA
I knew that I recognised the
symptoms. The glowing red flesh.
It's unmistakable.

THE DOCTOR
It is?

VASTRA
My people once ruled this world,
Doctor as well you know.

JENNY
Yeah, yeah. Till the upstart
monkeys come and nicked it.

VASTRA
We did not rule it alone.

THE DOCTOR
What do you mean?

VASTRA
Just as Humanity fights a daily
battle against nature, so did we.
And the greatest plague, our most
virulent enemy was the repulsive
red leech.

THE DOCTOR

Ooh! The Repulsive Red Leech!

(thinks)

Nah. On balance, I think I prefer the Crimson Horror. What was it exactly?

VASTRA

A tiny parasite. It infected our drinking water. And once in our systems, it secreted a fatal poison. Perhaps it survived all these millions of years just as my people did.

THE DOCTOR

(thinks)

If it's been hanging around...lurking in the shadows, maybe it's evolved. Or maybe it's had *help*.

They've reached the lift. He claps his hands together.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So...what've we got? Yucky crimson parasite from the time of the dinosaurs pitches up in Victorian Yorkshire. Didn't see that one coming! But how's it connected to Mrs Gillyflower? What's she up to?

(new thought)

I know!

JENNY

What?

THE DOCTOR

We'll ask!

CUT TO:

50

INT. MRS GILLYFLOWER'S HOUSE. PARLOUR. NIGHT.

50

MRS GILLYFLOWER is at her pipe organ. She cracks her knuckles like a concert pianist and then -- pulls out all the stops!

With a great clanking of gears, the keyboard of the organ rotates and flips over revealing the brass levers, buttons and dials of a primitive computer!

CUT TO:

51

INT. MILL. SHUTTERED ROOM. NIGHT.

51

ADA is crouched, sobbing, just as we left her. THE DOCTOR and his party stride past the open door. He gestures to the others to stay where they are then walks quietly into the room. Ada looks up, trying to hide her tears.

ADA

Who's there? Who is it?

The Doctor doesn't answer. Instead, he kneels down at Ada's feet and takes hold of her hand. She flinches but then lets him move her hand to his face.

ADA (CONT'D)

You. It's you! My *monster*. You've come back! But you're -

THE DOCTOR

Alive. Thanks to you, Ada. You saved me from your mother's human rubbish tip. What's wrong? What is it?

Ada sobs.

ADA

She does not want me, monster! My imperfection is like the mark of Cain! Perhaps it is my own sin, the blackness in my heart, written on my flesh. As ye sow, so must ye reap.

THE DOCTOR

No. No! That's nonsense, Ada! Stupid, backwards nonsense and you know it!

He cradles her face in his hands and looks deep into her blind eyes. Frowns.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Time is against us. What exactly is your mother planning?

ADA

(sobs)

Oh, my own dear monster...

Beat.

THE DOCTOR

Tell me everything!

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR

Don't you think it's time you introduced me to Mr Sweet? Yours seems to be a very close relationship.

Mrs Gillyflower smiles chillingly.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Oh yes, Doctor. Very close.

She reaches for the high lace collar of her dress -

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

Symbiotic, you might say.

- and tears it off, revealing --

A vile creature, wrapped around her neck!!

Bristling with spindly legs it's leech-like but the size of a puppy. A sickly, glowing red it has a rudimentary face like an unformed baby and protruding, glassy eyes!

CUT TO:

55

INT. BRASS CONE. NIGHT.

55

Two strapping male PILGRIMS stand guard by the brass cone. Behind them, the sphere of red venom glows.

From out of the shadows, STRAX walks boldly towards them.

STRAX

Good evening. I was wondering if I could trouble you for a match?

The Pilgrims are momentarily stunned. Before they can react, VASTRA and JENNY come flying at them like Ninjas, knocking them out cold.

ADA taps her way through into the cone towards the sphere.

CUT TO:

56

INT. MRS GILLYFLOWER'S HOUSE. PARLOUR. NIGHT.

56

MRS GILLYFLOWER is feeding the creature a piece of meat. It gurgles contentedly.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Oh but he is such a *survivor*, Doctor! The industrial effluent of this city stagnates life everywhere but this...*this* creature, he thrives on it!

(MORE)

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

It has made Mr Sweet bigger.
Stronger. He has grown fat on the
filth Humanity has pumped into
the rivers. That's where I found
him.

THE DOCTOR

Very enterprising.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

His needs are simple. And in
return he gives me his...nectar.

THE DOCTOR

The venom?

MRS GILLYFLOWER

It has taken some little time but
now I have enough for my purpose.
My Pilgrims have not been idle.

A tinny chime. The Doctor takes out a tiny communicator
from his jacket.

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)

Jenny?

He smiles.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(to Mrs Gillyflower)

You have no idea what you're
dealing with. In the wrong hands
that venom could wipe out all
life on this planet!

Mrs Gillyflower laughs lightly.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Do you know what these are...?

She holds her palms outwards.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

The wrong hands!

She turns back to the organ and grabs a huge brass lever.

The Doctor doesn't try to stop her. She rams down the
lever.

The room begins to shake.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. SWEETVILLE. NIGHT.

57

The great mill trembles and suddenly bricks start to tumble from the huge chimney that dominates the works. On and on they fall until, revealed within the chimney is -

-- a rocket!

A huge brass and ivory machine, such as Jules Verne would have dreamt of. At its tip, a brass nose cone.

CUT TO:

58 INT. MRS GILLYFLOWER'S HOUSE. PARLOUR. NIGHT.

58

THE DOCTOR is at the window, looking out at the extraordinary sight.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

It will explode high in the atmosphere, raining down Mr Sweet's beneficence onto all Humanity.

THE DOCTOR

And wiping them out.

Mrs Gillyflower strokes 'Mr Sweet'. The creature gurgles, wrapping its legs tighter around her throat.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

This world is riddled with sin, Doctor! Now it will be cleansed. Then there will be a fresh start. A new Jerusalem!

THE DOCTOR

And what about you? You haven't been 'dipped' like the others. The venom will destroy you too.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

My attachment to Mr Sweet has given me immunity to the poison.

THE DOCTOR

Oh. How cosy.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Isn't it? His blood flows in my veins and mine in his. My pilgrims will sleep for but a few months before stepping out into a golden dawn.

THE DOCTOR

Well. You've thought it all out,
I'll give you that.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Aren't you going to try to stop
me? To make one last bold stand
for the pathetic, effete rejects
that you represent?

THE DOCTOR

Would there be any point?

Mrs Gillyflower laughs.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

None whatsoever.

She jabs at buttons on the organ and the room rocks again.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. SWEETVILLE. NIGHT.

59

In a blazing cloud of fire, the rocket begins to rise from
its launch pad. Within moments, it shrieks into the night
sky, leaving a magnesium-bright trail.

CUT TO:

60 INT. MRS GILLYFLOWER'S HOUSE. PARLOUR. NIGHT.

60

Content, MRS GILLYFLOWER pushes in the stops on the organ
and the keyboard flips back over. She starts playing and
singing with her customary vim.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

"I will not cease from mental
fight, nor will my sword sleep in
my hand! Till we have
built...Jerusalem...in England's
green and pleasant - "

She stops dead as she sees something in the mirror. Framed
in the doorway are VASTRA, JENNY, STRAX - and ADA.

Mrs Gillyflower's face falls.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

What is it? Something is...*What
have you done?*

ADA

What we had to do, *mother.*

Distantly, a huge explosion.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. SWEETVILLE. NIGHT. 61

The night sky is brilliantly illuminated as the rocket explodes.

CUT TO:

62 INT. MRS GILLYFLOWER'S PARLOUR. NIGHT. 62

THE DOCTOR

There goes your rocket, Mrs G.
Empty, I'm afraid.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Empty?

ADA

I showed them how to remove the
sphere of poison, Mama.

MRS GILLYFLOWER's eyes blaze with fury.

THE DOCTOR

Tell me about Ada, Mrs
Gillyflower.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

(distracted)

What?

THE DOCTOR

Tell me about your daughter.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

The child is of no consequence.

THE DOCTOR

I see. Is that why you
experimented on her?

Beat.

ADA

What are you talking about?

THE DOCTOR

I had a long time to study your
face, Ada. While you were caring
for me. All these years you
thought your father blinded you.

ADA

He came at me with a poker. The drink had sent him mad...

THE DOCTOR

No. No, I don't think so. The signs are all there. Pattern-scarring. Chemical burns.

(to Mrs Gillyflower)

You used her as a guinea pig, didn't you?

Mrs Gillyflower's face contorts with contempt.

ADA

Mama?

MRS GILLYFLOWER

(hissing)

It was *necessary!* I had to know how much of the venom would produce an anti-toxin. Don't you see? It was necessary!

Ada darts across the room, swinging her cane like a sword.

ADA

Witch! You *WITCH!* All these years I've helped you. Served you. Believed in you. Did I mean nothing to you? *Nothing?*

Mrs Gillyflower suddenly relents. Tears spring to her eyes.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Oh Ada, my child...*My child...*

She holds out her hands to embrace Ada.

Beat.

Then Ada allows herself to be enfolded in her mother's arms. Tears flow.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

You have always been...

ADA

Mama...Mama...

Mrs Gillyflower's face hardens.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

...so very *useful*.

Click.

Suddenly, she has a small pistol pressed to Ada's forehead.

THE DOCTOR

No!

Mrs Gillyflower swings round, holding her daughter tight.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Now, I'm afraid it's long past
Ada's bedtime and we must be
going!

ADA

Mama...mama, please. No more. *No
more.*

She tears herself away. Mrs Gillyflower aims the pistol at her.

ADA (CONT'D)

Shoot if you wish. It makes no
odds, Mama. You killed me a long
time ago.

Mrs Gillyflower glares at her. Her hand shakes as she tightens her finger on the trigger. The Doctor makes a move forward. Mrs Gillyflower turns the gun onto him -- and then round to cover Vastra, Jenny and Strax, her lip curling.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

You...you disgusting *freaks*. Get
out of my way!

Jenny looks to the Doctor. He nods. Reluctantly, they make way for Mrs Gillyflower.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

You may think you've succeeded,
Doctor but Mr Sweet and I shall
simply start again.

Then she darts out of the room, locking the door after her.

The Doctor dashes to Ada.

THE DOCTOR

Ada? Ada, are you alright?

She wipes the tears from her sightless eyes and composes herself.

ADA

Perfectly well, monster. Now.
Shall we get after her?

The Doctor smiles.

THE DOCTOR

Strax!

Strax knows just what to do. He aims his blaster - and blows the parlour door off its hinges!

CUT TO:

63 EXT. SWEETVILLE. GATES. NIGHT.

63

The gates of Sweetville are buckled and still smoking from the previous impact of Strax's blaster.

Suddenly, an elegant two-wheeled phaeton carriage comes tearing through them. At the reins, a wild-eyed MRS GILLYFLOWER!

A moment later, VASTRA's carriage follows in hot pursuit, its four horses powering over the cobbles, STRAX at the reins

CUT TO:

64 INT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

64

The carriage bucks and rattles. THE DOCTOR, VASTRA, JENNY and ADA are inside.

VASTRA
(calling)
Careful, Strax!

STRAX
She's fast, Ma'am! Very fast!

The Doctor peers through the window. Just visible ahead through the fog is the outline of Mrs Gillyflower's phaeton.

THE DOCTOR
We mustn't lose her Strax! She could still create havoc!

CUT TO:

65 EXT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

65

STRAX is excited by the chase.

STRAX
A simple matter of strategy, Doctor. I have done a thorough reconnaissance of the area and -

BANG! The foggy air lights up as a bullet screams past, knocking Strax's blaster from his hand.

STRAX (CONT'D)

Ah.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. MRS GILLYFLOWER'S CARRIAGE. NIGHT. 66

Pistol in hand, MRS GILLYFLOWER grins in satisfaction. The creature around her neck writhes in pleasure.

MRS GILLYFLOWER
Never fear, Mr Sweet. They shan't
take us.

She lashes at the horses.

CUT TO:

67 INT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT. 67

VASTRA, JENNY, ADA and THE DOCTOR are flung backwards as STRAX powers the carriage on.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. YORKSHIRE STREET. NIGHT. 68

MRS GILLYFLOWER's phaeton turns a sharp left and clatters out of shot.

STRAX follows in hot pursuit.

Mrs Gillyflower aims - and lets off another shot. Woodwork spews into the air as the bullet hits the side of Strax's carriage.

CUT TO:

69 INT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT. 69

VASTRA
I'm damned if I'm taking this
lying down!

She produces a pistol, pushes the Doctor aside, leans out of the window and fires.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. YORKSHIRE STREET. NIGHT.

70

MRS GILLYFLOWER ducks and raises her own pistol again just as STRAX's carriage careers over a cross-roads, almost colliding with a third cab. That one's horse rears up in terror and backs off just as the pursuing Mrs Gillyflower rattles past.

Street lamps blur past. VASTRA fires again.

Mrs Gillyflower returns - one - two - shots!

The carriage races towards the kerb - and smashes into it!

With a cry, Strax is pitched forward over the horses, vanishing into the fog!

CUT TO:

71 INT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

71

THE DOCTOR, VASTRA, JENNY and ADA fall to the floor of the carriage.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

72

The driverless carriage keeps going!

CUT TO:

73 INT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

73

THE DOCTOR
(calling)
Strax?

He peers out of the window and up to the driver's seat to see that Strax is gone.

Swinging open the door, he grabs the side of the cab and swings himself up into the driver's seat, trying to regain control of the horses.

MRS GILLYFLOWER's phaeton races ahead!

The two carriages rattle past blurred impressions of pubs and shops -

- and suddenly a YOUNG COUPLE are right in their path!

A flash of their terrified faces -

- the boy pulls his sweetheart out of the way -

- and some of the woodwork of the Doctor's carriage explodes into splinters as another of Mrs Gillyflower's bullet hits home.

The Doctor ducks.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. MRS GILLYFLOWER'S CARRIAGE. NIGHT. 74

MRS GILLYFLOWER peers ahead into the gloom.

Two fat Egyptian-style pillars are visible, flanking a huge, open gate!

She chivvies the horses and manages a fearfully dangerous left turn -

- through the gates -

CUT TO:

75 EXT. COBBLED STREET. YORKSHIRE. NIGHT. 75

- and beyond into a familiar cobbled street.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. YORKSHIRE STREET. NIGHT. 76

THE DOCTOR's pursuing carriage clatters past the open Egyptian gates. Mrs Gillyflower's given them the slip!

CUT TO:

77 EXT. COBBLED STREET. YORKSHIRE. NIGHT. 77

MRS GILLYFLOWER's phaeton thunders down the street. She turns in her seat. No sign of the Doctor. Grinning, she turns back -

- and suddenly, there's THE DOCTOR's carriage powering towards her down another of the cross-roads - dead ahead!

The two carriages scraaaaaaape past each other - the Doctor's into the fog and Mrs Gillyflower's -- oh dear!

Right ahead, at the confluence of four pathways is the statue of the Bringer of Light, flaming stone torch projecting into the air.

Desperately, Mrs Gillyflower wrenches on the reins but it's too late.

The horse veers right but the bodywork of the phaeton smashes into the statue.

Mrs Gillyflower is thrown from the carriage.

THE DOCTOR manages to wheel around his carriage, thundering back towards the accident.

He reins in the horses and jumps down. Everyone else gets out and follows.

MRS GILLYFLOWER has been impaled on the statue's outstretched arm, the flaming stone match sticking from her chest.

The Doctor looks on, helplessly.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

(feebly)

"I will not cease....from mental
fight....nor will my sword sleep
in my hand..."

She gasps in pain. And then the repulsive red leech begins to disentangle itself from her neck, its horrible legs wrenching themselves from her flesh.

MRS GILLYFLOWER (CONT'D)

No. No...Mr Sweet? Where are you
going? You can't leave me now, Mr
Sweet? *MR SWEET!*

Jenny looks on in disgust.

JENNY

What's it doing?

THE DOCTOR

It knows she's dying. She's no
longer of any use to it.

ADA taps her way towards her mother. Mrs Gillyflower reaches out a hand.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

Ada? Ada....forgive me. Forgive
me...

Ada moves nearer, so she can whisper in her mother's ear.

ADA

Never!

A small smile forms on Mrs Gillyflower's lips.

MRS GILLYFLOWER

That's my girl...

With a final sigh, she expires.

The leech is crawling away.

VASTRA
What will you do with it?

THE DOCTOR
(shrugs)
Take it back to the Jurassic era,
maybe. Out of harm's way.

Then the skittering of the leech's legs makes Ada look up. She turns her head and, lip curled in disgust, she raises her cane and brings it down repeatedly onto 'Mr Sweet', smashing it out of existence.

The Doctor flinches.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
On the other hand...

CUT TO:

78 EXT. YORKSHIRE STREET. NIGHT.

78

Dense fog.

STRAX appears, frowning.

STRAX
Lost. The shame of it! I ought to
submit myself for dissolution.

From behind him, a little URCHIN BOY appears.

BOY
Turn around when possible. Then,
at the end of the road, turn
right.

STRAX
Ah, boy. I wonder if you would be
so kind as to direct me towards
Faraday Street?

BOY
Bear left, then at the end of the
road, take the first right.

STRAX
Excellent. Delivered with
admirable concision. You are a
very useful child. What is your
name?

BOY

Thomas, sir. Thomas Thomas. My friends call me Tom Tom.

STRAX

Hm. You will do well, boy.

He turns around and they vanish into the fog.

CUT TO:

79

INT. MILL. DIPPING VAT. DAY.

79

THE DOCTOR is supervising the re-animation of all the 'dipped' YOUNG PEOPLE. The coffin-like machines are rattling and steaming.

CUT TO:

80

INT. TARDIS. NIGHT.

80

JENNY and VASTRA look on at CLARA, lying flat out on a couch with electrodes running from her face and hand to the TARDIS console. THE DOCTOR is busy at the controls.

THE DOCTOR

Shouldn't take long to warm her up again. In the meantime...

He flicks switches.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I know who you think she is. But she isn't. She can't be. It's probably best if she doesn't even see you, ok?

VASTRA

If that's what you want. But -

THE DOCTOR

Ah!

He makes a zipping gesture over his lips.

CUT TO:

81

EXT. SPACE.

81

The TARDIS hovers in space, the boiling, surging surface of the Sun close by.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. TARDIS.

82

The double doors of the TARDIS are open. THE DOCTOR has the sphere of glowing red venom in his hands. With a great grunt of effort he hurls it out of the ship and into space.

A tendril of solar energy strikes the sphere - and it shatters into a billion crystalline shards.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. SWEETVILLE. DAY.

83

Spring sunshine. The streets of Sweetville are just as Mrs Gillyflower's idealised picture painted them. A brass band is playing. Couples stroll arm in arm.

Outside the TARDIS, stand THE DOCTOR, JENNY a heavily veiled VASTRA - and ADA.

THE DOCTOR

I'd love to stay and clear up the mess but, you know -

ADA

I know, dear monster. You have things to do.

THE DOCTOR

And what about you?

ADA

Oh, there are many things a bright young lady can do to occupy her time.

She smiles and presses her hands over the Doctor's.

ADA (CONT'D)

It's time I stepped out of the darkness and into the light.

THE DOCTOR

Good luck. I think you'll be just...splendid.

He kisses her on the cheek.

The Doctor turns to Vastra and Jenny.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Well, thanks a million you two. As ever. See you around, I shouldn't wonder. Vastra -

He tosses her a small, silvery object.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 Portable perception filter. Stick
 it in your ear. Can't have you
 roaming around in a veil all your
 life.

VASTRA
 Oh, Doctor! I don't know what to
 say!

THE DOCTOR
 All part of the service.

He opens the TARDIS doors, waves and goes in.

CUT TO:

84 INT. TARDIS. DAY.

84

CLARA is still lying on the couch arrangement, festooned
 with wires.

THE DOCTOR comes over and checks the instruments. Clara's
 eyes flutter open.

THE DOCTOR
 Hello! HELLO! Back in the land of
 the living?

Clara frowns uncertainly and tries to sit up.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 No, no. Don't try to move just
 yet.

CLARA
 Um.

THE DOCTOR
 Um?

CLARA
 Can't believe I'm actually going
 to say this but...Where...where
 am I?

THE DOCTOR
 As it happens, Yorkshire!

He dashes to the console.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 And I don't know about you but I
 could murder an Eccles cake!

END