



Series 8, Episode 1

"DEEP BREATH"

By

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DURATION: **79' 07"**

24FPS

UK TX SPOOL NO: **TBC**

PROG ID: **DRR B081E/01**

10:00:00 EXT. SKY - DAY

A beautiful blue sky - no clue where this is.

A huge, thunderous impact, earth-shaking - and now, swaying into view the head of a Tyrannosaurus Rex. It roars, it sways its mighty head -

And now another sound. The tolling of bell. The Tyrannosaurus, looking around. Now bending to investigate this strange noise. Panning down with the mighty to discover the clock tower of Big Ben.

Now there are the cries of terrified Londoners, screams and yells.

CUT TO:

10:00:21 EXT. BANKS OF THE THAMES - DAY

A row of terrified Victorian Bobbies, cordoning off gob-smacked members of the public.

The screams continue, and we see their view of the Tyrannosaur dwarfing Big Ben.

At the front is jaw-dropped Inspector Gregson, staring up at the impossible creature.

Pushing their way, through the garden, comes the Veiled Detective herself - Madame Vastra. Following, Jenny Flint and Strax.

10:00:37

INSPECTOR GREGSON

Madame Vastra, thank God. I'll wager
you've not seen anything like this
before!

Vastra steps forward, looking up at the bellowing creature -

VASTRA

Well -

She throws back her veil, revealing her green, reptile skin.

VASTRA (cont'd)

- not since I was a little girl.

Jenny and Strax, stepping forward to join her. The Paternoster Gang, sizing up their latest problem - business as usual.

JENNY

Big fella, isn't he?

VASTRA

Dinosaurs were mostly that size. And I do believe it's a 'she'.

JENNY

No they weren't, I've seen fossils.

VASTRA

I was *there*.

INSPECTOR GREGSON.

Well that's all well and good, but what's this dinosaur fellow doing in the Thames?

VASTRA (OS)

It must have time travelled. Jenny?

Jenny pulls back the sleeve of her coat, revealing her hi-tech gauntlet. She's now scanning the dinosaur.

INSPECTOR GREGSON

Time travelled??

On the dinosaur - swaying its head, and seemingly coughing.

VASTRA

Is it choking?

JENNY

There seems to be something lodged in its throat.

INSPECTOR GREGSON.

How could it time travel?

VASTRA

I don't know. Perhaps it was something it ate.

The creature, now bending over, coughing, retching - and now something flies out of its mouth, dislodged from its mighty throat.

10:01:30 It lands with a plop on the muddy banks of the Thames
-

- and there it is, covered in gunk, rocking slightly but more
or less upright -

- the TARDIS!

Jenny and Vastra and Strax staring in shock at this.

INSPECTOR GREGSON

Stand back. Stand back, stand back.
Well, it's just laid an egg.

VASTRA

It's dropped a blue box marked Police
out of its *mouth* - your grasp of biology
troubles me.

JENNY

It's the TARDIS.

VASTRA

It would seem so.

JENNY

We'll take care of this, Inspector.

INSPECTOR GREGSON

But what if that thing goes on the
rampage...

Vastra has taken the sack from Jenny, passes it to the Inspector.
She takes what looks like a high-tech lantern from the sack -
we hear more clanking inside it.

VASTRA

Strax, place these lanterns on the
shore line and bridges, encircling the
creature - twenty foot intervals.

INSPECTOR GREGSON.

What will they do?

VASTRA

They will emit a signal that will
incline it to remain within their
circumference. Jenny, Strax...with me.

Jenny, Vastra and Strax now advancing down the muddy bank. They stop a few feet from the TARDIS, stare.

JENNY

So it's him then - the Doctor.

VASTRA

A giant dinosaur from the distant past has just vomited a blue box from outer space - this is not a day for jumping to conclusions. Strax, if you wouldn't mind?

Strax goes striding up the TARDIS, bangs his fist on the door.

STRAX

Hello?? Exit the box, and surrender to the glory of the Sontaran empire.

A moment -

- then the one of the doors is pulled open and the unfamiliar face of the new Doctor pops out for a moment -

THE DOCTOR

Shh!

- and slams back inside.

STRAX

Doctor?

The face pops out again.

THE DOCTOR

I was being chased by a giant dinosaur, but I think I managed to give it the slip.

Slams away again.

Strax looks to the others, but bewildered. *What??*

The doors open more slowly. The Doctor peering out at Strax - quizzical, like he's trying to place a memory. (He's clearly still dazed from his regeneration, and still dressed in the previous Doctor's clothes.)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Sleepy?

STRAX

Sir?

The Doctor, now advancing on Strax. Strax backing away, instinctively.

THE DOCTOR

Bashful? Sneezzy? Dopey?

(Got it)

Grumpy!!

Now notices Vastra and Jenny, staring at him, wide-eyed.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh, you two. The Green One and the Not Green One. Could be the other way round, I mustn't pre-judge.

A terrified Clara now emerging from the TARDIS. Clearly she's been through hell in the last minutes, with this mad man.

The Doctor notices her.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

And you remember - er - thingy. The er, the *not me* one. The *asking questions* one. Names - not my area.

CLARA

Clara!

THE DOCTOR

Might be Clara, might not be - it's a lottery.

CLARA

It *is* Clara.

THE DOCTOR

Well I'm not ruling it out!

A huge bellow from the dinosaur above.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Glances up at it)

Oi! Big man! Shut it!

(Double takes)

Oh! You've got a dinosaur too!

The Doctor runs around the TARDIS, address the dinosaur.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Up at the dinosaur)

Big woman - sorry.

Clara, now cautiously approaching the Doctor.

CLARA

Doctor, listen to me. You need to calm down.

THE DOCTOR

(Back to the dinosaur)

I'm not flirting, by the way.

CLARA

I think something's gone wrong -

THE DOCTOR

(To Clara)

Wrong? What's gone wrong? I remember you! You're Handles! You used to be a little, a little robot head, and now....

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

- you've really let yourself go.

(To Vastra)

Reduce - the - frequency.

VASTRA

I'm sorry?

THE DOCTOR

Your sonic lanterns, turn them down, you're giving her a headache.

JENNY

Giving who a headache?

THE DOCTOR

(Indicates dinosaur)

My lady friend.

(To dinosaur)

Just an expression, don't get any ideas.

STRAX

How do you know?

THE DOCTOR

Come on, Clara! You know that I speak dinosaur.

CLARA

He's not Clara. I'm Clara.

THE DOCTOR

Well you're very similar heights. Maybe you should wear labels.

(Staggers slightly)

Why, why are you all doing that, why are you all going dark. Wobbly, stop that.

CLARA

I don't think we are.

THE DOCTOR

Never mind! Everybody take five.

And he collapses, headlong, unconscious.

Clara, immediately to his side. Taking his hand. She looks up at them.

CLARA

... what do we do?

JENNY

What, I don't understand - who's this? Where's the Doctor?

CLARA

Right here. That's him. That's the Doctor.

Vastra, Jenny and Strax stare in astonishment.

VASTRA

Well then! Here we go again.

CUT TO:

10:06:15 OPENING TITLES IN

Written by **STEVEN MOFFAT**
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Directed by **BEN WHEATLEY**

CUT TO:

10:06:49 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING/ THE DOCTOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Clara and Jenny listen at a door.

THE DOCTOR (OS)
*It's simply a misunderstandable to
me... I don't know what it is.*

On a door as it is torn open!!

The New Doctor, now in a huge Victorian night shirt. He looks crazed indignant.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Who invented this room??

Clara guides him back into the room.

CLARA
Doctor, please, you have to lie down
--

THE DOCTOR
It doesn't make sense. It's only got
a bed in it. Why is there only a bed
it in??

He's flailing round the room, cross with it. Clara following, placatory.

CLARA

Because it's a bed-room, it's for sleeping in.

THE DOCTOR

Ok, what do you do if you're awake?

JENNY

You leave the room.

THE DOCTOR

So you've got a whole room for not being awake in?? But what's the point?? You're just *missing the room!!*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

And don't look in that mirror - it's *furious*.

CLARA

Doctor, please. You've got to lie down, you keep passing out -

THE DOCTOR

Of course I keep passing out, there's all these beds! Why do you talk like that - what's gone wrong with your accent?

JENNY

Nothing's gone wrong with her accent -

THE DOCTOR

You sound the same it's spreading. You all sound all *English*, now you've all developed a fault!

VASTRA

Doctor, I need your help with something.

THE DOCTOR

Finally someone who can talk properly.

VASTRA

- I am having difficulty sleeping.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, I wouldn't bother with that, I never
bother with sleep, I just do
standy-up-catnaps.

Vastra has taken the Doctor's hand, soothing. Now sitting him
down on the bed.

VASTRA

Oh really, how interesting - and when
do you do those?

She's now presses her fingers gently against his temples.

THE DOCTOR

Well, generally when anyone else
starts talking. I like to skip ahead
to my bits, it saves time.

VASTRA

Save *me* some time, Doctor - project an
image of perfect sleep into the centre
of my mind.

THE DOCTOR

You want a psychic link with *me*?? The
size of my brain, it would be like
dropping a piano on you.

VASTRA

Be gentle then.

THE DOCTOR

I'll try. Brace yourself! Piano!

The Doctor closes his eyes, and touches his hands to Vastra's
temples, mirroring her -

- the moment he contacts, he flops back unconscious on the bed.

VASTRA (OS)

I love monkeys - they're so funny!

Jenny and Vastra now expertly arranging the Doctor on the bed.

JENNY

Oh, I see! So people are monkeys now,
are they?

VASTRA

No, my dear, people are apes. Men are monkeys.

Together, they have quickly arranged the Doctor on the bed.

CLARA

So what now?

VASTRA

He needs rest.

CLARA

But what do we do? How do we fix him?

JENNY

Fix him??

CLARA

How do we change him back??

A silence. Jenny and Vastra exchange a look - oh dear!

On Vastra - a narrow look at Clara. Like she isn't pleased.

VASTRA

Jenny, I shall be in my chamber. Would you be kind enough to fetch my veil?

JENNY

Why? Are we expecting strangers?

VASTRA

It would seem -

(Turn a sharp look on Clara)

- there is already one here.

She holds her look for a moment, then sweeps out. On Clara. Slightly rocked.

She looks in bewilderment to Jenny, who just avoids her eye.

CLARA

What have I done wrong?

A beat on Jenny, not answering.

There is a terrible roar, distant, from the river. Jenny glances towards the window.

JENNY

The dinosaur doesn't seem very happy.

CLARA

What's wrong with it?

JENNY

I dunno. The Doctor's the one who speaks dinosaur. Excuse me ma'am - the wife doesn't like to be kept waiting.

She starts to go.

Clara, now alone with the strange man in the bed. The Doctor?

CLARA

Where did he get that face? Why's it got lines on it, it's brand new. How can his hair be all grey, he only just got it.

JENNY

It's still him, ma'am, you saw him change.

CLARA

I know. I do, I, I know that.

JENNY

Good.

CLARA

It's just -

JENNY

What?

CLARA

Nothing.

Jenny turns, goes. Clara has looked back to the Doctor.

CLARA (cont'd)

... if Vastra changed, if she was different, if she wasn't the person you ... liked ...

JENNY

I don't *like* her, ma'am, I love her.
And as to different well - she's a
lizard.

She goes.

Clara, alone with the Doctor. That strange, new face. Oh God!!

The mournful boom of the dinosaur, from the window. Clara crosses
to it, looks out.

Clara, almost saddened by the sound. And then, from behind her,
the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

I am alone.

She turns. The Doctor, stirring, in his sleep, but talking, quite
clearly.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The world which shook at my feet, and
the trees, and the sky, have gone, and
I am alone now, alone.

Clara, looking between the window - the dinosaur howling - and
the Doctor.

CLARA

Are you translating?

THE DOCTOR

The wind bites now, and the world is
grey, and I am alone. Can't see me.
Doesn't see me.

She steps closer. The single tear is leaking from the Doctor's
eye - but he remains impassive.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Can't. See me.

She looks to the window again.

CLARA

Who can't see it? I think all of London
can see it.

STRAX (OS)

Boy? Madame Vastra is waiting.

Strax is in the doorway, now in his butler uniform.

Clara: wearied - what now? Sighs.

CLARA

... okay, whatever.

STRAX

I will convey you to her chamber. May I take your coat?

CLARA

Not wearing a coat.

STRAX

What's all that?

CLARA

Clothes.

STRAX

May I take your clothes?

CLARA

Probably not.

They head away.

Holding on the Doctor, as Clara and Strax head away. Framing now with the dinosaur's bellowing in the back of shot.

STRAX

(From off)

Are you wearing a hat?

CLARA

(From off)

It's hair.

STRAX

(From off)

No, I think it's a hat, would you like me to check?

CUT TO:

10:12:13 EXT. PATERNOSTER ROW - NIGHT

A lamplighter lights the gas lamps.

At all the windows, people also staring. Little knots of people on street corners, pointing, staring. Afraid.

Closer on a couple. Alf, is holding forth knowledgeably to his wife, Elsie.

ALF (OS)

It's not real, of course.

ELSIE (OS)

What is it then?

ALF

The government.

ELSIE

The government?

ALF

Yeah, up to their usual tricks.

ELSIE

It's a dinosaur, Alf. A real dinosaur.

ALF

I wouldn't put it past them.

ELSIE

(Starting to head off)

You don't half talk a lot of rubbish, Alfie. See you don't stay out too late now.

ALF

(Still staring up at the dinosaur)

You know me.

ELSIE

Yes, I do!

She heads off -

- leaving us with a shot of a man standing a little way behind Alf, also looking up at the dinosaur.

Holding on to this man, losing Alf. Tall, thin, motionless. Eerily motionless, and so deep in the shadows, he is almost one of them.

Beyond him, the lamplighter is lighting the nearest street lamp. As it flares into life, an impossible thing.

Silhouetted against the flame, the man's head is only half there. One half is a normal face, torn raggedly down the centre. The other half is a lattice-work of steel and bone and wire - you can see directly through it, like a bird cage - and there appears to be a real eye, mounted in this grotesque structure.

This is only seen for a moment -

- the Man steps forward, moving to stand next to Alf, who is still gawping at the dinosaur. We home in on Alf, losing the man next to him.

Alf, sensing a new audience, continues to prattle.

ALF

It's the neck, that's what's wrong with it. It's just not realistic.

The voice, when it replies, is rusty, rumbling, almost mechanical.

HALF-FACE MAN

You have good eyes.

Alf glances at the HALF-FACE MAN. He sees only the human profile.

ALF

I do, as it happens. Very good eyes. They are my greatest gift.

HALF-FACE MAN

I accept.

The Half-Face Man has taken a small glass jar from his coat, and has unscrewed the top. He takes a pair of tweezers from inside it.

ALF

... what's that for?

HALF-FACE MAN

Your gift.

And the Half-Face Man turns to face Alf.

HALF-FACE MAN (cont'd)

I have bad eyes.

On Alf's face, seeing the terrible truth. He starts to scream!!

CUT TO:

10:13:16 INT. VASTRA'S ORCHID ROOM - NIGHT

Vastra sitting in her cane chair. Her veil is on. Jenny stands at her shoulder.

Sitting opposite is Clara - just as her Victorian incarnation once sat there.

VASTRA

And then?

CLARA

Why are you wearing your veil?

Vastra's fingers, tapping.

VASTRA

And then?

CLARA

And then we got swallowed by a big dinosaur. You probably noticed.

JENNY

How did it happen?

CLARA

I don't know, I don't know, we were crashing about everywhere. The Doctor was gone, the TARDIS went haywire -

JENNY

He's not gone. He's upstairs.

CLARA
Okay, he changed.

VASTRA
He regenerated. Renewed himself.

CLARA
Renewed, fine.

VASTRA
Such a cynical smile.

CLARA
I'm not smiling.

VASTRA
Not outwardly. But I am accustomed to seeing through a veil. How have I amused you?

CLARA
... You said renewed. He doesn't *look* renewed, he looks ... older.

VASTRA
You thought he was young?

CLARA
He *looked* young.

VASTRA
He looked like your dashing young gentleman friend. Your lover, even.

CLARA
Shut up!

VASTRA
But he is the Doctor. He has walked this universe for centuries untold, he has seen stars fall to dust. You might as well flirt with a mountain range.

CLARA
I did not flirt with him.

VASTRA
He flirted with you.

CLARA

How?

VASTRA

He looked *young*. Who do you think that was for?

CLARA

Me?

VASTRA

Everyone. I wear a veil as he wore a face - for the same reason.

CLARA

What reason?

VASTRA

The oldest reason there is for anything. To be accepted.

CUT TO:

10:14:58 INT. THE DOCTOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Doctor, fast asleep. Stirs, mutters. His nose twitches. Sniff.

And he's now bolt awake, sitting up. Nose twitches again, big sniff. Looks round the room. Trying to locate the source of the smell.

Throwing back the bedclothes now.

On all fours on the floor, looking around. Big sniff.

Scrabble over to the dresser, reaches underneath, pulls something out. Holds it up in delight.

A stick of chalk!!

Grins.

CUT TO:

10:15:38 INT. VASTRA'S ORCHID ROOM - NIGHT

Jenny, now pouring tea for Clara and Vastra.

VASTRA

Jenny and I are married - yet for appearance's sake, we maintain a pretence, in public, that she is my maid.

JENNY

Doesn't exactly explain why I'm pouring tea in *private*.

VASTRA

Hush now.

JENNY

Good pretence, isn't it?

VASTRA

I wear a veil to keep from view what many are pleased to call my disfigurement. I do not wear it as a courtesy to such people, but as a judgment on the quality of their hearts.

Clara: it takes her a moment.

CLARA

Are you judging me?

VASTRA

The Doctor regenerated in your presence. The young man disappeared, the veil lifted. He trusted you. Are *you* judging *him*?

A beat on Clara: something changes. On her feet now, angry.

CLARA

How dare you! How dare you!

CUT TO:

10:16:36 INT. THE DOCTOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Doctor, crouched on the wooden floor, now covered in chalk markings - abstruse calculations, mathematics swarming all over the surface.

A distant bellow from outside - the dinosaur. He looks up hearing it.

As the Doctor stands, we see the walls are covered too, every inch.

The chalk in the Doctor's hand, now worn to a stub.

The Doctor races to the door, tears it open -

- hesitates -

THE DOCTOR
Door! Boring! Not me!

Slams the door, now races to the window, looks out.

He's on the top floor over-looking a giddy, three storey drop. There's a rickety looking drainpipe right next to him, leading up the roof.

Leaning out of the window he grins.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Me!

He start clambering out the window.

CUT TO:

10:17:06 INT. VASTRA'S ORCHID ROOM - NIGHT

On Clara on her feet, angry. (We don't particularly note it, but Vastra is no longer wearing her veil.)

CLARA
Marcus Aurelius, Roman Emperor, last
of the five goodens, stoic philosopher
-

VASTRA

Superlative bass guitarist - the Doctor really knows how to put a band together.

CLARA

And the only pin up on my wall when I was fifteen. Only one I ever had. I am not sure who you think you're talking to right now, Madam Vastra but I never had the slightest interest in pretty young men. And for the record..

CLARA (CONT'D)

...if there ever was anybody who could flirt with a mountain range, she's probably standing in front of you right now! Just because my pretty face has turned your head, don't assume that I am so easily distracted!

Jenny gives a whoop and claps.

JENNY

Sorry!

VASTRA

Well, goodness me! The lake is ruffled at last. I have often wondered what you'd be like when you lost your temper.

Jenny cuffs her lightly round the head.

JENNY

Oi! Married.

Vastra, on her feet now.

VASTRA

The Doctor needs us - you more than anyone. He is lost in the ruin of himself, and we must bring him home.

CLARA

...when did you stop wearing your veil?

VASTRA

When you stopped seeing it.

CUT TO:

10:18:16 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The Doctor - a mad figure in his nightshirt - is clambering up the peak of the roof.

He stares out over London to the moonlit dinosaur. It gives a big, sobbing moan.

THE DOCTOR

Oi! Oi! Hey, big sexy woman!

The dinosaur just booms.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Sorry. Sorry, it's all my fault, sorry. My time machine got stuck in your throat, it happens. I brought you along by accident - that's how I mostly meet girls.

The dinosaur has turned to look at him. Can it see him?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

But don't worry, I promise I will get you home. I swear, whatever it takes, I will keep you safe you will be home again.

A silence - almost like the dinosaur has been calmed. And then a terrible, fiery crackling.

The Doctor, frowning. What is this?

Flames now licking round the dinosaur as it bellows in terrible pain. Now it's glowing with a fiercely, unearthly light, thrashing about in agony.

The Doctor - horrified, helpless.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Stop that. Who's doing that, no, don't do that.

The dinosaur, ablaze now, roaring pain - now crashing down out of sight, beyond the rooftops.

CUT TO:

10:19:06 INT. VASTRA'S ORCHID ROOM - NIGHT

Vastra, Jenny, and Strax.

VASTRA
That came from the river!

JENNY
The dinosaur!

VASTRA
(Yelling)
Strax!! Bring the carriage, now!!

CUT TO:

10:19:15 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The Doctor - action stations - he's now racing down the steeply sloping roof at suicidal speed -

- now leaping into the night -

- and disappears into the huge tree just in front of Vastra's house.

We hear him crashing down through the tree -

- Ow! Ow! Ow! -

- then pan down to a single horse-drawn hansom cab trotting along below.

THE DOCTOR (OS)
(From inside tree)
Halt!!

The hansom cab comes to an instant halt, to the confusion of its driver -

- and then the Doctor suddenly appears, hanging upside down from the tree.

The cabbie stares in astonishment - what??

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Sorry, I'm going to have to relieve you of your pet!

CABBIE

You're what?

THE DOCTOR

Shut up, I'm talking to the horse!

And the Doctor somersaults down, and lands neatly on the horse's back.

The Doctor sonics the reins, the horse is freed from the shafts.

CABBIE

What are you doing??

THE DOCTOR

Forwards!! Save that dinosaur!

The horse instantly obeys, galloping forwards. The Doctor, in a nightshirt, riding bare back through London!

The Cabbie - abandoned, horse-less - just stares -

- and then, racing round it comes, Vastra's carriage, with Strax cracking the whip!

STRAX

Out of the way, human filth.
Jurassic emergency!!

CUT TO:

10:20:04 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

The Doctor on horse back, galloping crazily along.

THE DOCTOR

Left!! No, go right, right, right, right!

They disappear off to the left.

They come galloping back across the screen.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Sorry, it's my new hands, I can't tell
them apart.
Cut to:

10:20:20 INT. VASTRA'S CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Vastra, Jenny and Clara, inside the carriage.

JENNY
What do you think's happened?

VASTRA
I don't know, but I fear devilment!

CLARA
Should we not have told the Doctor?

JENNY
He's not ready to leave his bed.

CUT TO:

10:20:29 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

The Doctor on horse back, galloping still.

THE DOCTOR
Watch it on the corners, it's a bit
slippery up here!

CUT TO:

10:20:35 INT. VASTRA'S CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Vastra, Jenny and Clara, inside the carriage.

VASTRA
Strax, come on Strax!

Strax (OS)
Ma'am.

We hear the crack of the whip, and the carriage speed up.

VASTRA (cont'd)
That's better!

CUT TO:

10:20:40 EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Doctor on horseback - galloping past, now rearing to a halt.
He swings off the horse, goes to the bridge wall, looking down at the terrible wreckage.

THE DOCTOR
Sorry, sorry, I'm sorry, *sorry, sorry*.

Vastra's carriage now arriving behind him, the others climbing out. On Clara, seeing the tall figure in the flapping nightshirt standing on the wall, silhouetted against the pall of smoke and flame.

CLARA
The Doctor! What's he doing here?

Vastra pulls the hat-pin from her hat, raises it in the air, presses a button. The carriage behind them chirps like a car alarm, and the door slams shut of its own accord.

VASTRA
There is trouble - where else would he be?

Now, in the terrible fire-light, the four of them make their way to join the Doctor. He remains standing on the wall, they stand below.

The Doctor doesn't look round, but clearly knows they are there.

After a moment:

THE DOCTOR

Shewas scared. Shewas scared and alone.
I brought her here and look what they
did.

On the Doctor's face. Tears streaming.

Vastra, stepping forward.

VASTRA

Who or what could have done this thing?

THE DOCTOR

No.

VASTRA

I'm sorry?

THE DOCTOR

No, that is not the question, that is
not where we start.

STRAX

The question is, how? The flesh itself
has been combusted...

THE DOCTOR

No, no, shut up! What do you all have
for brains?? Pudding?? Look at you -
why can't I get a decent species??
Planet of the pudding-brains!

Clara, approaching him now, careful, tactful.

CLARA

Doctor ... I know you're upset. But you
need to calm down and talk to us. What
is the question?

The Doctor: silent for a moment. Then:

THE DOCTOR

A dinosaur is burning in the heart of
London. Nothing left but smoke and
flame. The question is ...

He turns. Looks down at Vastra.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
... have there been any similar
murders?

For a moment they nearly laugh. But then Vastra is frowning, in growing realisation.

VASTRA
Yes! Yes, by the Goddess, there have!

The Doctor has raised his eyes, looking along the banks and the other bridges.

THE DOCTOR
Look at them all. Gawking!

The Doctor's POV. Along the banks of the Thames, we see various people along the river, pointing, staring.

The Doctor, DMP of the Houses of Parliament behind him.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Question two. If all the
pudding-brains are gawking -
(Throws out an arm, points)
- *then what is he??*

The Doctor's POV. Striding through the gaslight, in the opposite direction from everybody - the thin, tall man we saw earlier. Again, the shadows swallow him up.

Vastra, frowning, watching him go.

VASTRA
He does seem remarkably unmoved by the
available spectacle.

CLARA
Do you think that's whoever -

As she speaks, Clara has turned to look at the Doctor -

- and breaks off as she sees that he's gone!! There is a loud splash from below.

Clara throws herself at the wall, looks down -

CLARA (cont'd)
What he's doing?? He'll drown!

VASTRA
I very much doubt it.

CLARA
Why?

On Vastra - a smile, understanding.

VASTRA
Because there has been a murder - and
the Doctor has taken the case.
(Now striding towards her
carriage)
If we are to see him again, we must do
the same.

Clara doesn't follow straight away. She looks down at the water.
Where's he gone? What's he doing?

CUT TO:

10:23:14 INT. VASTRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Water being poured into a wash bowl.

Wider: Clara, in her assigned bedroom in Vastra's house. She's
wearing a nightdress, morning light streaming in the windows.

Looking at herself in mirror - troubled and tousled.

Now there's a noise from outside. Shouts and grunts, and the
clattering of hooves.

STRAX (OS)
Come on, Earthling scum! Position it here.

She steps to the window ...

STRAX (OS)
That's it. Careful...

CUT TO:

10:23:27 EXT. YARD BEHIND VASTRA'S HOUSE - DAY

As Clara pops her head out the window, she sees -

There's a horse and cart parked in the back yard - the TARDIS sits in the cart. A few workmen are manhandling the big blue box on to the cobbles. Strax supervises.

STRAX (OS)

... Don't get it scratched or you and all your bloodline will be obliterated from time and space.

CLARA

(Calling)

Strax?

Strax looks up.

STRAX

Morning, Miss Clara. You're awake at last.

CLARA

You got the TARDIS then?

STRAX

Military tactics. The Doctor is still missing, but he will always come looking for his box. By bringing it here, he will be lured from the dangers of London to this place of safety, and we will melt him with acid.

CLARA

... okay, that last part?

STRAX

And we will *not* melt him with acid. Old habits.

He pulls a rolled up paper from under his arm.

STRAX (cont'd)

The Times. Shall I send it up?

CLARA (OS)

Yeah, why not?

The rolled up paper hits her in the face.

CUT TO:

10:24:08 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Clara, now in full Victorian gear, is descending the stairs. She's holding the newspaper. Looks around.

Jenny comes hurrying through, heading past her up the stairs.

CLARA

Jenny!

JENNY

'morning, Clara.

CLARA

Morrning. So, what are we going to do?
Are we looking for the Doctor?

JENNY

We've got the Paternoster irregulars
out in force. If anyone can find him,
they can. Meanwhile, Madame Vastra is
slightly occupied by the
Conk-Singleton forgery case, and is
having the Camberwell child-poisoner
for dinner.

CLARA

For dinner.

JENNY

As soon as she's finished
interrogating him.

(Heading up the stairs
again)

Probably best to stay out the larder.
It'll get a bit noisy in there later.

And she's gone.

Clara, looking round. What to do? Where to go?

CUT TO:

10:24:54 INT. BACK HALL - DAY

Clara, passing through the hall on her way to the kitchen.

Strax is there, with mop and bucket, cleaning the floor.

STRAX

Ah, Miss Clara! You look better now
you're up.

CLARA

Thank you, Strax!

STRAX

No, sorry, trick of the light. You still
look terrible. Can I get you anything?

Clara is now seating herself at the table.

CLARA

Er, no, thanks. Maybe just some water.

STRAX

Of course.

And Strax picks up his bucket and places it on the table in front
of her.

STRAX (cont'd)

Well don't hold back, I've nearly
finished anyway.

CLARA

(Looks at the water,
dubiously)

Um ...

STRAX

It's perfectly all right. I washed in
it myself.

CLARA

All of a sudden, I'm not very thirsty.

STRAX

Really? Perhaps it is time, then -

He has yanked open a kitchen drawer and pulled out, a hi-tech
multifunction lorgnette device (Blue Peter).

STRAX (cont'd)
- for your mandatory medical
examination!

Clara now seated, with Strax seated opposite, up close, examining her through one of the lenses of the lorgnette.

STRAX (cont'd)
Say Ah.

CLARA
Ah.

STRAX
You didn't move your lips.

CLARA
You're looking at my eye.

STRAX
Oh, yes, there we go, easy mistake. Now that's interesting.

CLARA
What, what's interesting?

STRAX
Deflected narcissism, traces of passive aggressive, and a lot of muscular young men doing sport.

CLARA
What are you looking at?

STRAX
Your subconscious. Is that sport? It *could* be sport.

CLARA
Well, *stop* looking.

He switches lenses on the lorgnette.

STRAX
Ah, excellent. Envious spleen, well done. 27 years old, with a projected life-span of exactly -

CLARA
Stop right there!

STRAX
Oh, you're going to do quite well. But watch out for fluid retention later, it's going to be spectacular. Put your clothes back on.

CLARA
They are on!

STRAX
(Looks over his lorgnette)
Oh, so they are.

She plucks the lorgnette from his hand, slams it on the table.

CLARA
Why are you doing this?

STRAX
If we are to serve together, I need you at peak physical prowess.

Strax playfully punched Clara on the arm.

CLARA
Ow! Why would we be serving together. The Doctor will come back, won't he?

STRAX
It is to be hoped.

CLARA
He's not just going to abandon me here.

STRAX
You must stop worrying about him, my boy, by now he's...

CUT TO:

10:27:14 EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

The Doctor rummaging through debris in the alley.

STRAX (OS)

... almost certainly had his throat cut
by the violent poor.

Barney - an ageing tramp - shambling along. A clattering attracts
his attention. He looks round.

Some bins. One of them, opened. A nightshirted figure is bent
over at the bin, the top half of his body inside it. A few items
are tossed out.

Barney shambles over, looks at this odd figure.

And now the Doctor pulls himself out of the bin, looks at him
- those blazing eyes.

THE DOCTOR

Bitey.

BARNEY

Bitey?

THE DOCTOR

The air, it's bitey. Wet and bitey.

BARNEY

It's cold!

THE DOCTOR

That's right. It's cold! It's cold, I
knew it was a thing. I need ... *clothes*,
that's what I need. And a big, long scarf.
No, no, move on from that, looked
stupid.

(Rounds on Barney, points at
his own face)

Have you seen this face before?

BARNEY

No.

THE DOCTOR

Are you sure?

Barney peers close.

BARNEY

Sir, I have never seen that face.

THE DOCTOR

It's funny, because, I'm sure that I have. You know I never know where they come from, the faces. They just pop up, zap, faces like this one. Come on look at it, have a look, come on, look, look, look.

He wanders over to where an old, broken mirror is propped against the wall, among all the other rubbish.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Look, it's covered in lines, look at it - but I didn't do the frowning. Who frowned me this face?

Barney, bemused, joins the Doctor at the mirror.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Do you ever look at yourself in the mirror and think, I've seen that face before?

BARNEY

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

Really? When?

BARNEY

Every time I look in the mirror.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, fair enough, good point.

(Back looking at himself)

My face is fresh on though. Why *this* one. Why did I choose *this* face. It's like I'm trying to tell myself something. Like I'm trying to make a point. But what is so important I can't just tell myself what I'm thinking?

He looks piercingly at Barney.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I'm not just being rhetorical, you can join in.

BARNEY

... I don't like it.

THE DOCTOR

What?

BARNEY

Your face.

THE DOCTOR

Well, I don't like it either. Well, it's all right up till the eyebrows, and then it just goes haywire. Look at the eyebrows! They're *attack* eyebrows. You could take bottle tops off with these!

BARNEY

They are mighty eyebrows indeed, sir.

THE DOCTOR

They're cross! They're crosser than the rest of my face. They're *independently* cross. They probably want to cede from the rest of my face and set up their own independent state of eyebrows -

(Realises)

Oh, that's Scots...I'm Scot's...I've gone a bit Scottish, haven't I?

BARNEY

Yes, you are. You are definitely Scots, sir. I, I 'ear it in your voice.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, that's good. It'd good I'm Scottish, I'm Scottish. I can complain about things, I can really *complain* about things now. Give me your coat?

BARNEY

No.

THE DOCTOR

I'm cold.

BARNEY

I'm cold.

THE DOCTOR

I'm cold. Well there's no point in us both being cold, give me your coat. Give me your coat. No, wait!!

But the Doctor is spinning round now, remembering something.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Shut up, shut up! I missed something, It was here, it was here. What was it I saw, what did I see?? I was investigating, I was cold, then I saw -

He races over to the bin, scrabbles through it, pulls out a scrap of newspaper.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

That's what I saw!

A fragment of a newspaper - we can see the headline: "Fourth case of spontaneous combustion."

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Spontaneous combustion!

BARNEY

What devilry is this, sir?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. But I probably blame the English.

CUT TO:

10:31:11 INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY

(Logically, this should be a day later - so both Clara or the Doctor would have had time to place the ad.)

The attic room, with a spectacular sky light. It is clearly the art room. Paintings and easels everywhere.

Standing in the centre, is Jenny, barely dressed, her modesty protected only by a strategically draped white cloth - she is posing elegantly like classical nymph in a painting.

Vastra is working at her easel, clearly painting her.

VASTRA

Spontaneous combustion!

JENNY

Is that like love at first sight?

VASTRA

A little. It is the theory that human beings can, with little or no inducement, simply explode.

JENNY

You don't need to flirt with me, we're already married.

VASTRA

It's scientific nonsense, of course -

JENNY

Marriage??

VASTRA

Hush! But there have been nine reported incidents of people apparently exploding in the last month.

JENNY

And you think they weren't spontaneous.

VASTRA

I think whoever killed the dinosaur had at least nine previous victims.

She swings the easel round to reveal, not a painting, but an incident board. Press cuttings and photographs, connected by string.

VASTRA (cont'd)

All these people perished in the same spectacular fashion -

JENNY

I thought you were painting me!!

VASTRA

I was working.

JENNY

Why am I posing then??

VASTRA

You brighten the room tremendously -
chin up a little.

JENNY

(Complies)

I don't understand why I'm doing this!

VASTRA

Art. Now why destroy the victims so
completely? It's difficult, it draws
attention - what advantage is gained?

JENNY

Well tell us, then.

VASTRA

Concealment perhaps.

JENNY

Concealment?

VASTRA

It is a fanciful theory, but it fits
the facts. By destroying the body so
completely, you conceal what is
missing from it.

JENNY

Missing from the *body*?

The door flies open, Clara comes dashing in - she is clutching
a newspaper.

CLARA

Madame Vastra -

VASTRA

Ah, Clara, excellent. Pop your clothes
on that chair there -

CLARA

Look!

She spreads the newspaper before Vastra and Jenny.

VASTRA

Advertisements, yes - so many, it is
a distressing modern trend.

CLARA

No, *look!*

She's pointing to a particular one -

- and they all stare. In a box, the words:

IMPOSSIBLE GIRL

Lunch on the other side?

On Vastra, fascinated.

Jenny, noticing her look, smiles.

JENNY

Ma'am?

Vastra is already striding for the bell rope. She pulls it.

A hero push-in on her.

VASTRA

The game is afoot. We're going to need
a *lot* of tea!

CUT TO:

10:33:05 INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY

A little while later. Strax is now serving tea to them all. The girls now in work mode, Jenny back in her clothes. Vastra is studying the paper. Clara is pacing.

VASTRA

There is nothing of significance in the rest of the paper - not even in the agony column.

JENNY

We can't know it's from the Doctor.

CLARA

Of course it's from the Doctor. The Impossible Girl, that's what he calls me!

VASTRA

He says lunch - but not where or when?

JENNY

On the other side? The other side of London? Bit vague.

VASTRA

The other side of regeneration, perhaps. Once he's recovered?

CLARA

So what am I supposed to do?? Guess where we're meeting.

VASTRA

Perhaps that's the point. Perhaps you're supposed to prove you still know him. Think what that means to a man who now barely knows himself.

CLARA

It doesn't make sense, though, he doesn't do puzzles. He's not *complicated*, he doesn't have the attention span -

But she's breaking off. Staring, getting it.

CLARA (cont'd)

So...keeping it dead simple.

She pulls the sheet free of the paper, holds up to the light. Shining through, on the other side of the paper.

There's an advert the other side of the paper, now showing through.

She spins the paper round. A little restaurant advert.

MANCINI's family restaurant.

On this.

DISSOLVE TO:

10:34:11 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY

A pleasant, middle-sized restaurant. Passers-by, a busy street.

Heading along the street, Clara - now dressed in Victorian clothes. Comes to a halt. Okay, this is it.

Peers inside, through the windows. Blurry through the glass, solemn Victorian diners.

She peers closer? The Doctor? Is he there yet? Can't see him. She pushes open the door.

Holding on the door, as it swings shut again -

CUT TO:

10:34:29 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Clara now seated in a booth at the rear of the restaurant, inspecting the menu.

Suddenly she sits bolt upright. And sniffs. Bad smell! Very bad smell.

Now someone is moving round the table, sitting opposite her.

The Doctor!

Still wearing his nightshirt, but now there is a filthy great coat over it, and a pair of battered old boots on his feet.

He looks at her.

Clara coughs, wafts her nose.

THE DOCTOR
What's wrong?

CLARA

I dunno! Maybe the *smell*?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, I know, it's everywhere.

CLARA

Where did you get that coat?

THE DOCTOR

I, I bought it.

CLARA

From where?

THE DOCTOR

A shop.

CLARA

No.

THE DOCTOR

Might have been a tramp.

CLARA

You don't have money.

THE DOCTOR

I had a watch.

CLARA

No, that watch was *beautiful*.

THE DOCTOR

It was my favourite.

CLARA

You swapped your favourite watch for that coat?? That's maybe not a good deal?

THE DOCTOR

Well, I was in a hurry, there was a terrible smell.

CLARA

Okay.

A silence. The Doctor attempts a slightly weak smile.

CLARA (cont'd)

No, no. Don't, don't, don't smile. I'll smile first, then you know it's safe to smile.

THE DOCTOR

Are you cross with me?

CLARA

I'm not cross. But if I was cross it would be your fault. And, yes I am cross.

THE DOCTOR

I guessed that.

CLARA

I am *extremely* cross.

THE DOCTOR

Would you be cross if I hadn't changed my face.

CLARA

I'd be cross if I wasn't cross!

THE DOCTOR

Why?

CLARA

An ordinary person, wants to meet someone they know very well for lunch, what do they do?

THE DOCTOR

Probably get in touch and suggest lunch.

CLARA

Okay, so what sort of person would drop a cryptic note in a newspaper advert?

THE DOCTOR

Well wouldn't like to say.

CLARA

Oh, go on, do, say.

THE DOCTOR

Well. I'd say that person would be an egomaniac, needy, game-player sort of person.

CLARA

Thank you. Well at least *that* hasn't changed.

THE DOCTOR

And I don't suppose it ever will.

CLARA

No, I don't suppose it will either.

He reaches across, places a filthy hand on Clara's.

THE DOCTOR

But Clara, honestly - I don't *want* you to change.

On Clara - what?? Sorry, what? Sorry, *what???*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

It was no bother really. I saw your advert, I figured it out - happy to play your game -

CLARA

No, no - I didn't place the ad. *You* placed that advert.

THE DOCTOR

No, I didn't.

CLARA

You placed the ad, *I* figured it out!

She pulls the paper out, slams it on the table.

CLARA (cont'd)

See, look - impossible girl: lunch.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly. A message from the Impossible Girl.

CLARA

For the impossible girl.

They stare at each other.

THE DOCTOR

Oh!

CLARA

Oh!

THE DOCTOR

... if neither of us placed that ad
who placed that ad ...

CLARA

... hang on. Egomaniac, needy,
game-player??

THE DOCTOR

This could be a trap.

CLARA

That was *me*??

THE DOCTOR

Never mind that!

CLARA

Yes, I *am* minding that.

THE DOCTOR

Clara....

CLARA

You were talking about *me*??

THE DOCTOR

Clara, what is happening right now, in
this restaurant, to you and me, is more
important than your egomania.

CLARA

*Nothing is more important than my
egomania!!*

THE DOCTOR

... Right, you actually said that.

CLARA

You never mention it again!

THE DOCTOR

It's, it's a vanity trap. You're so busy congratulating yourself on solving the puzzle, you don't notice you're sticking your head in a noose.

The Doctor has plucked a hair from his own head. Examines it.

CLARA

What are you doing?

He's examining the single hair now.

CLARA (cont'd)

That's not the only grey one, if you're having a cull.

THE DOCTOR

Do you have a problem with the grey ones?

The Doctor now holds up the single hair, and lets it drop to the floor, watching as it fall.

CLARA

If I got new hair, and it was grey, I'd have a problem.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, I bet you would.

CLARA

Meaning?

THE DOCTOR

Too short.

He reaches over and yanks a hair from Clara's head.

CLARA

Ow!

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, it was the only one out of place, I'm sure you'd have wanted it killed.

CLARA

...ooo, are you trying to tell me something??

He drops Clara's hair strand, watches it fall.

THE DOCTOR

I'm trying to measure the air disturbance in the room.

CLARA

Right, moments when you know you're boring...

He watches Clara's hair fall.

The Doctor now speaks very quietly to Clara - leaning into her, the rest of this conversation in low, urgent whispers.

THE DOCTOR

There is something extremely wrong with everybody else in this room.

CLARA

Basically, don't you always think that?

THE DOCTOR

Look at them!

She turns to look.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Don't look!

CLARA

You just said to look!

THE DOCTOR

Look without looking!

She looks just with her eyes, scanning.

CLARA

(Glances round)

They look fine to me. They're just eating.

THE DOCTOR

Are they?

Clara looking round now. Oh!

The knives and forks are clattering away - but no food is being raised to the mouths.

Clara: freaked now, but fighting it.

CLARA

Okay, no. They're not eating.

THE DOCTOR

Something else they're not doing.

He plucks another hair from Clara's head, tosses it to watch it fall.

A close shot, beautiful slow motion, as the strand of hair twists and falls.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Breathing!

Clara looks in alarm round the room.

CLARA

.... What do we do?

THE DOCTOR

You don't want to eat, no?

CLARA

Slightly lost my appetite. How long before they notice that we're ... different.

THE DOCTOR

Not long.

CLARA

Anything we can do?

THE DOCTOR

How long can you hold your breath?

CLARA

We could casually stroll out of here.
Like we changed our minds.

THE DOCTOR

Happens all the time.

CLARA

Ha, course it does.

And very casually, they push back their chairs, stand -

- and almost immediately, a heartbeat later, all the chairs in the room are scraping back. All the diners now standing, as if in exact imitation of them.

None of the diners turn to look at them. They're just standing staring directly ahead, blank, unseeing.

Cutting round them now. They're all pale, lifeless. Dead-eyed, Victorian zombies.

The Doctor and Clara, looking at each other.

Clara raises her eyebrows.

The Doctor shrugs.

They both take a step to the door -

- and *stamp!*

Every diner room takes a simultaneous step towards the Doctor and Clara.

The Doctor and Clara, frozen in their tracks, looking round at them all.

None of the diners looking at them. All solemn, staring off, abstracted - and now motionless.

The Doctor and Clara exchange another look. *What do you think?*

CLARA (cont'd)

... We could take another look at the menu.

They take their chairs again.

All the chairs in the restaurant scrape the floor, as all the diners sit again.

The Doctor and Clara, now pretending to look at their menus.

CLARA (cont'd)

What are they?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. Don't worry, though, because that's not the question. The question is, what is this restaurant?

CLARA

Okay, what is this restaurant?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know.

Now approaching the table - the Waiter. He moves with the same stiff gait as the others.

He now looms over the table.

Just stands there. Blank, cadaverous face swinging between them.

The Doctor: puts a great show of nonchalance. Flicking through the menu with disdain.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Er, erm. No sausages. And no pictures. Do you have a children's menu?

Silence. The Waiter takes his pen. Points it at the Doctor. It emits a sickly green light. He scans the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Any specials?

When the Waiter speaks, it's a grating, mechanical sound.

THE WAITER

Liver.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, I hate liver.

THE WAITER

Spleen. Brain stem. Eyes.

CLARA

... is there a lot of demand for those?

THE DOCTOR

I don't think that's what's on the menu
- I think we *are* the menu.

The Waiter turns to Clara.

THE WAITER

Lungs. Skin.

The Waiter has turned to look at Clara -

- the Doctor now studies the side of the Waiter's head. There is a seam in the flesh, running up the side, from neck to hairline, lined with what look like pop studs.

THE DOCTOR

Excuse me.

The Doctor reaches over, grabs the Waiter's jewel, and simply rips the face from the front of his head.

FX SHOT: Revealed, the lattice-work face - our first good look at it. It's not new, it's old - verging on rusty. The metal work frame looks beaten and dull - as if it was forged in a blacksmith's rather than made on a space ship.

In the centre of this hollow head, a flame. A simple flame, like from a bunsen burner. (The back of the head, and the hair is still in place, so the flame is burning in a hollowed out space.)

The Waiter turns calmly to "look" at the Doctor.

CLARA

... okay. Robot in a mask.

THE DOCTOR

It's a face.

CLARA

Yeah, it's very convincing -

THE DOCTOR

No, it's a *face*.

He holds the "mask" up to Clara -

- who suddenly realises what she's holding!

CLARA
(Throwing it aside.)

Ew!

THE WAITER
Yes.

THE DOCTOR
Yes, what?

THE WAITER
Yes, we have a children's menu.

The Waiter presses a button its pen. The pen chirps, flashes -
- and steel bands slam round the Doctor and Clara's chest, as
they sit there, clamping them to their chairs.

The Waiter presses a button on the pen. Chirps, flashes - *and
the whole booth starts descending through the floor.*

And down they plunge!!

CUT TO:

10:41:45 INT. SHAFT - DAY

The table, plunging down the shaft. The Doctor and Clara, staring
at each other.

THE DOCTOR
You've got to admire the efficiency.

CLARA
Is it okay if I don't?

CUT TO:

10:41:59 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

The booth and table, now descending through the ceiling of -
- the Doctor and Clara look round in astonishment. Wow!

Wider: a giant, circular, alien chamber. It looks a little like a space ship, but an ancient one. Corroded, dulled with age, deep water green. Cables and chains hang like vines. Hundreds of years old, possibly thousands.

There's a central dais, surmounted by what was once the Command Chair - a cross between a Captain Kirk's chair and a throne.

As the Doctor and Clara clank jerkily down through the room, they peer over at the chair.

A tall figure is seated in it. His back to them. A tall figure in a top hat. Clearly the one we saw earlier.

THE DOCTOR

Hello? Hello, are you the manager? I demand to speak to the manager.

The booth bumps to a halt on the floor.

They sit there.

CLARA

This is not a real restaurant, is it?

THE DOCTOR

Well, it's more a sort of automated organ collection station for the unwary diner. Sweeney Todd without the pies.

During the above, the Doctor has been twisting, and thrusting in his metal bonds as if trying to shake something loose from his coat. Clara doesn't react to this at all, like it's standard procedure.

CLARA

So, where are we now?

THE DOCTOR

Factually, an ancient space ship, probably buried for centuries. Functionally, a larder.

CLARA

Why hasn't someone come for us?

THE DOCTOR

We're alive.

CLARA

We're alive in a *larder*.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly. It's cheaper than freezing us.

CLARA

... okay.

One last twist -

- and the sonic screwdriver is hanging from the Doctor's inside pocket.

THE DOCTOR

Are you ready?

Clara shifting position - again this is like a routine they've been through before.

CLARA

Go for it.

THE DOCTOR

Don't let it roll away -

CLARA

I *know!*

THE DOCTOR

We've got one shot at this.

CLARA

Next time make one that doesn't roll.

THE DOCTOR

Go!

One last thrust and the screwdriver dislodges, falls to the floor

- starts rolling the wrong way -

Clara shoots out a foot, scrabbling after it -

- just manages to catch it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Got it?

CLARA

I can just about reach.

THE DOCTOR

It's at times like this I miss Amy.

CLARA

Who?

THE DOCTOR

Nothing.

With an effort, she flicks the screwdriver back towards her. Now catches it between her feet.

CLARA

Just...ah, ready?

THE DOCTOR

Don't miss.

She flicks up hard, throwing the screwdriver towards the Doctor's lap -

- and the Doctor doubles up with an agonised *oof!!*

CLARA

Sorry, did I hit ... something?

Recovering, the Doctor has retrieved the sonic from his lap.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, the symbolism!

He sonics - the steel bands snap back, they're free. Now scrambling out of the booth.

CLARA

You should make that thing
voice-activated.

The Doctor freezes, realisation impacting.

CLARA (cont'd)

Oh for God's sake. It *is*, isn't it?

THE DOCTOR

... I don't want to talk about it.

CLARA

Doctor!!

She's pointing to various alcoves, round the circular perimeter of the room. Various Victorian people standing motionless within them. By their slack, sightless faces they are disguised Droids.

THE DOCTOR

Dormant.

CLARA

How do you know?

THE DOCTOR

I don't, I'm just hoping.

CLARA

So is it these guys that killed the dinosaur?

THE DOCTOR

Well if they're harvesting organs, a dinosaur would have some great stuff.

CLARA

Why would robots steal organs? Burke and Hare from space?

THE DOCTOR

Maybe. That's a good theory -

(A thought hits him)

Droids harvesting spare parts. Rings a bell!

He's circling the central dais, looking up at the top-hatted, motionless figure in the big chair. Clara, cautiously following him.

Their POV. It's the Half-Face man - the one we saw stalking round the town.

A clearer view now. Half an ordinary face - square-jawed and handsome, like a Roman Emperor, greying hair. A ragged tear down the middle of the face, and then hollow cage structure. We can see a section of brain projecting from the human half, with wires trailing from it.

The Half-Face Man sits entirely motionless. Staring directly ahead.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Captain, my Captain.

CLARA
Can he see us?

THE DOCTOR
Dormant.

CLARA
Hoping?

THE DOCTOR
Yep.

The Doctor steps quickly up to the Half-Face Man in the chair, examines him.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Ah, look!

He points to where a cable emerges from under the Victorian clothing and is plugged into a socket on the chair.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Re-charging. He's asleep, doesn't even know we're here.

Takes a step closer to the grotesque, silent creature. Nervously, Clara follows.

CLARA
Are you sure?

THE DOCTOR
Sure, not sure - one or the other.

CLARA
So. Half man, half robot. A cyborg, yeah.

THE DOCTOR
Oh!

CLARA
Oh?

THE DOCTOR
(Looking closer)
Oh!!

CLARA
..... Oh?

THE DOCTOR
Look at the hands.

The Half-Face Man's hands lie inert on the arms of the chair.

CLARA
What about them?

THE DOCTOR
Look at them.

CLARA
I'm looking.

The Doctor picks up the inert hands, moves them together - they are clearly different sizes.

THE DOCTOR
They don't match. These hands don't belong to the same body.

CLARA
I don't understand.

THE DOCTOR
I don't blame you - see this. This is not your ordinary Cyborg. This isn't a man turning himself into a robot. It's a robot turning itself into a man-piece by piece.

He's looking at the Frankenstein style stitch marks round the wrists.

CLARA
That's what the restaurant's for??

THE DOCTOR

Well, it would need a constant supply
of fresh spare parts. You can tan skin,
but organs rot...

He sets the hands down, resting them in the creature's lap - now
examining the metal half of the head.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Some of that metal work looks Roman -
I wonder how long it's been around. How
much of the original is even left. The
eye balls look very fresh though ...

And then -

- an utterly chilling moment, all the more chilling for being
so casual -

- the Half-Face takes its hands from its lap simply places them
back on the arms of the chair.

It's the calmest, simplest move -

- but the effect on the Doctor and Clara is blood-freezing.

Both of them now slowly stepping back from the creature.

Ohh!

CLARA

(Whisper)

Is it ... awake?

The Doctor's eyes go to the charging cable. It is now glowing
rhythmically.

THE DOCTOR

Waking up, I think.

Close on the Half-Face creature's eyes - one embedded as normal
in the flesh half, the other suspended in the lattice work cage.
One eye is flickering open. On the other the pupil is dilating.

- and now the same lights flickering on behind the Victorian Droids
in the alcoves.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Okay, let's go.

He grabs Clara's hand, they start racing for the door -

- realise they don't know where the door is -

- flail, spin for a moment, looking round all the alcoves!

In the alcoves: the Victorian Droids slowly raising their heads, opening their sightless eyes. Sleepy, not quite active yet!

The Doctor points -

One of the alcoves isn't an alcove - it's the mouth of a corridor!

The go belting towards it -

- Clara ducking through, the Doctor about to follow -

- and he comes to a slamming halt. A thought, impacting.

He spins, looks round the room again.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I've seen this before. I'm missing something!

CLARA

(From the doorway)

Doctor!!

THE DOCTOR

(Thumping his head)

It's the brand new head, rebooting!

CLARA

Come on!!

THE DOCTOR (OS)

I've seen this before!

Clara has leapt back into the room, and physically bundles the Doctor out of it -

CLARA

Hurry up!! Get out.

- but the moment he's thrown out of the room, an iron door slams down, blocking her exit.

The Doctor on one side, Clara on the other.

There's a tiny grating in the door, Clara throws herself to it, looking through at the Doctor.

CLARA (cont'd)

Doctor!!

Other side of the door: a short, metal corridor. The Doctor at the grating - sonic-ing already.

The door starts juddering up but slow, too slow.

Clara, looking round -

- the Half-Face creature (his back is to Clara at this angle, hasn't see her yet) is starting to rise.

The Half-Face Man - now detaching itself from the cable.

CLARA (cont'd)

Quickly!

The Doctor: a quick little shake of his head.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, too slow. There's no point in them catching us both.

CLARA

Well gimme the screwdriver!

THE DOCTOR

I might need it.

He sonics the door again -

- and it slams shut again, trapping Clara!!

Without a backward glance, the Doctor simply turns and strides off down the corridor.

On Clara's face at the grille. What?? *What???*

And the Doctor is gone.

Clara: he wouldn't. Her Doctor, *he wouldn't do that!!*

But he's gone. Definitely gone.

CLARA

Doctor??

Inside the chamber. Clara turns.

Around the room, all the Droids have stepped forward slightly, now just proud of their alcoves.

Clara, looking around - what the hell does she do, there's nowhere to hide.

The nearest alcove to her, empty!

She steps over to it, stands just in front of it. Now - in her Victorian gear - she looks just like all the others.

She makes her face go blank, adopts that same zombie posture.

Her eyes flick to one side, watching the Half-Face Man.

He is descending from his dais. Crossing to where the now empty booth table is.

He stops, registering that today's catch has disappeared.

The Half-Face Man: examining the table. How has this happened??

On Clara: snaps her eyes to the front. Her only hope - to pass herself off as one of the Droids!!

Clara: risks a flick of the eyes, checking what's happening -

- and to her horror, the Victorian Droids in the other alcoves are slowly *turning to look at her!!* Not movement, no aggression. Just all looking directly at her. Like they're sensing something is wrong!!

The Half-Face Man. Now checking the released bands on the booth chairs - how did they escape?

Clara: all those zombie stares focussed right on her. The Half-Face Man will see that, any second now.

FLASHBACK:

THE DOCTOR (OS)
There's something else they're not
doing!

CUT TO:

10:48:05 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK - DAY

With The Doctor in the Restaurant.

The strand of Clara's hair falling in slow motion. We hear the Doctor's voice.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Breathing.

CUT TO:

10:48:07 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

On Clara - Oh God!! She realises the only thing she can do!
Half-Face, now turning from the booth and table -
- and seems to be looking directly at Clara.

Clara: oh God!!

And now Half-Face walking towards her. Slow, unhurried. Clara:
staying still. Not breathing, *not breathing!*

FLASHBACK:

CUT TO:

10:48:15 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK - DAY

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
How long can you hold your breath?

CUT TO:

10:48:17 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

Back on Clara, she takes a deep breath - *and holds it!*

Her face, so determined. Her eyes stare straight ahead.

Half-Face: cocks its head now. Something odd about this Droid? Super close on Clara's eyes. Wide-eyed, staring. The tiniest glint of a forming tear ... An age passes.

Sure enough, all the Victorian Droids slowly look away from her. No longer sensing her presence.

Half-Face turns away, proceeds unhurried to the next Droid.

Clara, still fighting not to breathe, not to give it away.

Her eyes flick rapidly round the room. The Droids are moving round. Proceeding unhurried round the room, attending to consoles, various pieces of ancient equipment.

No one paying any attention to her. What should she do?

One of the Droids presses a switch -

- and the door through which the Doctor left slides up again.

Is this her way out??

Dare she move??

No choice - she can't keep holding her breath. Gotta get out of here.

10:49:01 Forcing herself to be slow, to be calm ...

... she steps forward from the alcove. Another step. Another.

Slow, slow, *keep it slow. Mustn't breathe, mustn't breathe.*

Another step.

Clara's POV of the door way. Closer. A step closer.

Another step. Another. Don't breathe, don't run - *come on, you can breathe on the other side of the door - you can last till then!!*

The door two steps away now ...

... one step ...

... and through ...

10:49:23 The corridor -

- at first it is in darkness, as before -

- and then, as if triggered by Clara's arrival, the first section of the corridor illuminates, lights flickering on -

- *revealing walls lined by alcoves - more and more Victorian Droids, just standing, waiting.*

The next section illuminates. *More alcoves, more Droids.*

Section after section, the lights flickering on - *an endless corridor!!*

On Clara: oh God, how can she get to the end??

Walking again. Faster now, can't control that. Faster, faster, faster.

Her face a tortured grimace now.

Faster, faster!!

And then it happens, she can't stop it. Convulsed by need, she takes a huge, whooping breath - is jack-knifed by it.

On the floor now, on all fours, sobbing breath after breath, the drowning woman on the shore.

But oh God, oh God!

All the Victorian Droids, in all the alcoves, slowly turning to look at her. Those pale, lifeless, waxy faces, all staring.

No hope, nowhere to run, trapped.

- and now one of the Victorian Droids stepping from the shadows, grabbing Clara.

HALF-FACE MAN

Bring her.

She's yanked to her feet, and finds herself in the clammy grip, of a tall, cadaverous baldman, dressed like a Victorian Gentleman.

Half-Face stands framed in the doorway, staring at her.

Clara's vision is distorting, twisting, unreal - she's passing out.

DISSOLVE TO:

10:50:27 INT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

- the most terrifying sight in the universe! A laughing classroom full of teenage school kids. On their feet, practically throwing things (this is in the same twisting, distorted vision as before - Clara's POV).

DISSOLVE TO:

10:50:30 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

- on Clara, as she is dragged across the floor of the chamber
-
- we still hear the nightmare clamour of the classroom -

DISSOLVE TO:

10:50:32 INT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Now on Clara, desperate in front of the jeering, laughing class - her first day as a teacher, it's all gone madly out of control
-

She's yelling, losing it.

CLARA

Right, stop it. Stop all of you *now*.

No effect!

DISSOLVE TO:

10:50:37 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

The Victorian Gentleman Droid throws Clara down in front of the Half-Face Man's chair.

Panning up to the Half-Face Man, now seated there, looming over her -

- still the mocking laughter of the school kids -

DISSOLVE TO:

10:50:41 INT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Clara, still yelling at the kids.

CLARA

*If you don't stop it, I will have every
single one of you kicked out of this
school.*

The kids - falling silent, grinning at her, incredulous.

Clara looking nervously round. What's gone wrong.

Now, homing in on one schoolgirl (Courtney) - the toughest looking one: that mocking, insolent face.

COURTNEY

Go on then. Do it!

Clara just staring. Titters from the whole room. *What's she gonna do!*

CUT TO:

10:50:54 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

- Clara snaps awake. As she looks around the chamber, she still hears the mocking laughter of the classroom ...

... now her gaze settles on the Half-Face Man, enthroned.

HALF-FACE MAN

Where is the other one?

Clara: afraid, recovering.

The Half-Face Man turns his head to look at the booth.

HALF-FACE MAN (cont'd)

There was another. Where is he?

On Clara: fighting to control her terror, reign it in. Got to focus, got to keep it together.

HALF-FACE MAN (cont'd)

Where is the other?

Clara: still desperately trying to focus - the children's laughter still all around. She raises her fist, slams it on the floor. The laughter snaps off.

Focussing now, getting it together.

HALF-FACE MAN (cont'd)

You will tell us, or you will be destroyed.

Clara: blinking, thinking it through. Looks slowly up at him.

CLARA

... what did you say?

HALF-FACE MAN

You will tell us.

CLARA

Yeah, I know. Or what?

HALF-FACE MAN

You will die.

Clara looking round the room. Trapped. No hope. Talking for her life now.

She looks behind her, at the bald Victorian Gentleman Droid who dragged her here. Stares at him for a moment.

Then looks back at the Half-Face Man.

10:51:34 FLASHBACK:

COURTNEY (OS)

Go on then.

CUT TO:

10:51:36 INT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Do it.

CUT TO:

10:51:37 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

On Clara: considering: then -

CLARA

Go on then. Do it!

On the Half-Face Man - we hear the rusty cogs turning, considering that.

CLARA (cont'd)

I'm not going to answer any of your questions. So you have to do it, you have to kill me. Threats don't work unless you deliver.

HALF-FACE MAN

... You will tell us where the other one is -

CLARA

Nope.

HALF-FACE MAN

You will be destroyed.

CLARA

Destroy me then. And if you don't then, I not going to believe a single threat you make from now on.

The Half-Face Man: silent. Cogs turning.

CLARA (cont'd)

Of course, if, if I'm dead, then I can't tell you where the other one went then - you need to keep this place down here a secret, don't you?

The Half-Man Man: still silent, that baleful stare.

CLARA (cont'd)
Never start with your final sanction.
You've got nowhere to go but backwards.

Clara: breathing hard, but keeping it together, brinkmanship.

HALF-FACE MAN
... humans feel pain.

CLARA
Bigger threat to smaller threat - see
what I mean, backwards.

HALF-FACE MAN
The information can be extracted by
means of your suffering.

CLARA
Are you trying to scare me, because I'm
already bloody terrified - of *dying*.
And I will endure a lot of pain, for
a very long time, before I give up the
information that is keeping me alive.
How long have you got?

The Half-Face Man - cogs grinding a bit faster. Almost frustrated.

Rises to its feet. Looming over tiny Clara now.

Clara, holding her ground...

CLARA (cont'd)
All you can offer me is my life - what
you can't do is threaten it. You can
negotiate.

The Half-Face Man, reaches it's right hand to its left, grabbing
it round the wrist. He twists and the left hand simply detaches,
unleashing a fiery glow from inside the arm. It now simply hangs
the detached hand on his coat - the fingers, still active, grip
on by themselves.

On Clara: a sob rips from her, a tear rolls down her face. It's
like a break in the facade: he terror now visible, an involuntary
step back.

CLARA (cont'd)

Okay, okay, okay. Yes, yes, yes, I am crying. It's just because I'm very frightened of you. And if you know anything about human beings, you'll know that means you're in a lot of trouble.

The Half-Face Man raises its left arm - we see the fiery mouth of the revealed weapon.

HALF-FACE MAN

We will not negotiate.

CLARA

You don't have a choice. Tell you what, I'll answer your questions if you answer mine.

HALF-FACE MAN

We will not answer questions.

The Half-Face Man starts advancing on here.

CLARA

We'll take turns, I'll go first. Why did you kill the dinosaur?

HALF-FACE MAN

We will not answer -

CLARA

Why did you kill the dinosaur?

HALF-FACE MAN

WE WILL NOT ANSWER QUESTIONS!!

CLARA

Then you might as well kill me, because I'm not talking again till you do.

And clenches her fists, lowers her head. Not engaging, not talking, no way.

On the Half-Face Man's left wrist - the flames boil and surge as if in response to his rage.

Clara: scared, so scared, but even more determined. Any moment now they might just burn her, any second. Please let it work, *please let it work!*

And then The Half-Face Man lowers his arm, and speaks -

HALF-FACE MAN

... within the optic nerve of the dinosaur is material of use to our computer systems.

Clara, raising her head again. Thank God, oh thank God. But keeping calm, hiding the relief, staying in charge.

CLARA

You burned a whole dinosaur for a spare part? No, hang on, you *know* what's in a dinosaur's optic nerve, which means you've seen them before.

HALF-FACE MAN

Where is the other one?

CLARA

How long have you been rebuilding yourselves? Look at the state of you! Is there any of the real *you* left?? What's the point?

On the Half-Face Man. The reaction is surprising: it turns its head away slightly. As if in shame - or reflection.

HALF-FACE MAN

... We will reach the promised land.

CLARA

The what, the promised land? What's that?

Silence. The grotesque head turns towards her again.

HALF-FACE MAN

... where is the other one?

CLARA

... I don't know.

A silence. The Half-Face Man raises its arm ...

CLARA (cont'd)

But I know where he *will* be. Where he
will *always* be.

HALF-FACE MAN

Where is he?

On Clara: deep breath. Because this is the biggest gamble. Betting
on the completely unknowable.

CLARA

If the Doctor is still the Doctor ...
he will have my back.

And without even turning, she reaches behind her, extending her
hand to the Bald Victorian Gentleman Droid, as if to hold hands
with it.

Close on Clara. Shaking, hoping.

CLARA (cont'd)

I'm right, aren't I? Please, please God,
say I'm right.

And a miracle - the Victorian Gentleman Droid extends its hand
and takes Clara's.

With its free hand, now rips off its face -

- *to reveal the Doctor!!* He's already springing forward onto the
dais.

THE DOCTOR

Hello, hello - rubbish robots from the
dawn of time, thank-you for all the
gratuitous information. Five foot one
and crying - you never stood a chance.

The Half-Face has swung its arm round on the Doctor!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh, stop it!

The Doctor has gone straight to the power dock we saw earlier,
jammed his screwdriver into it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

This is your power source, and feeble though it is, I could use it to blow this whole room if I see one thing that I don't like - and that includes Karaoke and mime, so take no chances.

(Tosses his mask to Clara)

See, Clara - *that's* how you disguise yourself as a Droid.

CLARA

Didn't have a lot of time, I'd been *suddenly abandoned*.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry. Well, no, I'm not, you're brilliant on adrenalin.

(To Half-Face Man)

You were out of your depth Sir - never try to control a control freak.

CLARA

I am not a control freak!!

THE DOCTOR

Yes, ma'am.

The Half-Face Man speaks -

HALF-FACE MAN

Why are you here?

THE DOCTOR

Why did you invite us?

The Half-Face Man looks at him. Cocks its head, not understanding.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The message? In the paper - that was you, wasn't it?

The Half-Face man just cocks its head. Not understanding.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh! I hate being wrong in public, could everybody forget that happened? Clara, say the word.

CLARA

What word?

THE DOCTOR

They never sent you in here without a word.

A stony look - this man is insufferable.

She gives him a look - still so pissed off with him, but ... she reaches for her broach, touches it like a Star Trek pin.

Shoots him a look. Stubborn, pissed off.

CLARA

I don't want to say it.

THE DOCTOR

I've guessed already.

Bastard! She presses the broach, it illuminates, and the Doctor yells:

THE DOCTOR

Geronimo!!

CLARA

Geronimo!!

A bang, a flash, smoke -

- now, through the ceiling from which the booth and table descended, two spinning figures -

- each is grasping two hanging silk streamers, which they spin and fly around.

As they spring down to the floor, we recognise -

- Vastra and Jenny, in their leather catsuits, drawing their swords.

VASTRA

Remain still and lay down your weapons,
in the name of the British Empire!

For a moment it's wildly impressive -

- then long cry, and a dumpy figure goes crashing downwards through the frame behind. Two silk streamers drop delicately down on top.

A moment of weariness from Vastra.

VASTRA (cont'd)

Strax!

Strax pops up into shot between them, weapon at the ready - tiny bit embarrassed now.

STRAX

Sorry.

JENNY

Told you before - take the stairs.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, look. The cavalry.

The Half-Face Man turns on the Doctor. Raises its fiery arm, levelling it at him.

HALF-FACE MAN

I burned an ancient, beautiful creature for one inch of optic nerve. What do you think you can accomplish, little man?

THE DOCTOR

What do *you*? Vastra?

VASTRA

The establishment upstairs has been disabled with maximum prejudice, and the authorities summoned.

CLARA

Hang on, she called the *police*? We never do that, we should start.

THE DOCTOR

(To Half-Face)

You see? Destroy us if you will, they're still going to close your restaurant.

(A beat)

That was going to sound better.

Half-Face makes a signal with his other hand.

HALF-FACE MAN

Then we will destroy you.

Shunk!! Shunk!! Cutting round the Droids. Sword blades are shooting out from their sleeves. They rise, menacingly.

Vastra, Jenny and Strax, tensing for action.

THE DOCTOR

No, you won't.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You are logical. You have restraint. You kill to survive - you're not a murderer.

CLARA

He's not a *what??* This is a slaughterhouse.

THE DOCTOR

And how does that make it different from any other restaurant? You weren't vegetarian the last time I checked.

(To the Half-Face man)

This is over. Killing us won't change that. What would be the point?

The Half-Face Man answers -

HALF-FACE MAN

To find the promised land.

THE DOCTOR

You're millions of years old, it's time you knew. There isn't one.

HALF-FACE MAN

I am in search of paradise.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, well - me too. I'm not going to make it there either.

On Half-Face Man, the cogs chunking round.

HALF-FACE MAN

I will.

The Half-Face Man draws back his weapon arm, lashes it at the Doctor, thumping him hard ...

- the Doctor goes flying -

- Clara now dashing to his side -

CLARA

Doctor!!

FX SHOT: The Half-Face Man now striding towards the table and booth.

HALF-FACE MAN

I will leave in the escape capsule.
Destroy where necessary.

The Droids have turned on Vastra, Jenny and Strax, blades levelled.

VASTRA

What escape capsule? This ship is
millions of years old, it'll never fly.

HALF-FACE MAN

It has been repaired.

CLARA

What with?

HALF-FACE MAN

You.

He has taken position standing on the booth-and-table platform.
It starts to ascend.

HALF-FACE MAN (OS) (cont'd)

Your friend is intelligent. He will
know better than to follow me.

The platform ascends through the frame -

- *and we see the Doctor hanging from beneath it.* He gives Clara
a grin and a wave as he ascends with the platform.

CUT TO:

10:58:51 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY

Gregson flanked by two policemen approach the restaurant.

INSPECTOR GREGSON

Right, here we are, this is the place.

CUT TO:

10:59:00 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

On Clara, back to back with Strax.

Vastra, now looking round at the Droids.

VASTRA

It is our intent to leave. If it is your
intent to stop us, perhaps we should
get down to business.

Vastra raises her sword. The Droids respond in kind.

CUT TO:

10:59:07 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

We see the effect of Vastra & Jenny's visit. Scattered on the
floor, destroyed Droids, sputtering and sparking.

Coming through the door, Inspector Gregson and two policemen -
- they stare in astonishment at what they see.

INSPECTOR GREGSON.

Dear Lord. What has she landed us with
this time??

Clunk!!

They spin to see - the booth platform has ascended back into place.
The Half-Face Man stands. Looks balefully at the new arrivals
-

- who stare back in horror.

The Half-Face Man raises his fire-arm.

HALF-FACE MAN

The restaurant is closed.

- and the police turn and run for it -

CUT TO:

10:59:26 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY

- Gregson and the policemen stumbling out on to the pavement. The policemen look at Gregson, appalled and terrified. What to do?

POLICEMAN

What's wrong sir?

INSPECTOR GREGSON

Keep everyone out - no one goes in there!

CUT TO:

10:59:36 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

On the Half-Face Man at a panel on the wall, opens it.

Then, from behind him, improbably -

- the sound of a drink being poured.

The Half-Face Man turns.

The Doctor is at one of the tables by the window. He's pouring two glasses of whisky.

HALF-FACE MAN

What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR

I've got a horrible feeling I'm going to have to kill you. I thought you might appreciate a drink first. I know I would.

He holds a glass out to the Half-Face Man.

The Half-Face Man says nothing -

- then just yanks down a lever -
- a rumbling.

CUT TO:

11:00:08 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY

On Gregson and the policemen, hearing the same rumbling but louder.
Gregson looks up - *dear God!!* Debris flying out from the roof.

CUT TO:

11:00:12 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The Doctor has joined the Half-Face Man at the controls, examining with them interest.

THE DOCTOR
51st Century right? Time travelling
space ship, crashed in the past. You're
trying to get home the long way round.

HALF-FACE MAN
I go to the promised land.

THE DOCTOR
So you keep saying.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, so your restaurant is made out
of your old ship - but you're wasting
your time, it can't ever fly.

HALF-FACE MAN
The escape pod is viable.

THE DOCTOR
How? You can't patch up a space-ship
with human remains.
(Thought hits him)
You know, this really is ringing a bell.

- and the whole room lurches. The Doctor - what??

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Okay, that's clever. How are you
powering it.

The Half-Face Man turns its terrible face to look at him.

HALF-FACE MAN
Skin.

The Doctor: what??

CUT TO:

11:01:01 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY

As Gregson and his officers, staring, staring! *What the - ???*
- out of the opening roof, rising and bulging like baking bread
- *a giant inflating balloon!*

Cutting closer on it, as it swells and stretches. Flesh-coloured,
endless patches, stitched together - like Frankenstein skin!

GREGSON
(To one of his officers)
Get to the station! We need more men!

The policeman turns to go, turns back, hesitating.

POLICEMAN
What shall I tell them is happening?

Gregson looks at him - what the hell what would you say??

CUT TO:

11:01:21 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

Jenny, Vastra, Strax, fighting for their lives. They surround
the unarmed Clara, protecting her.

Strax is straight to Clara's side, handing her a hand weapon.

VASTRA

How many do you estimate, my dear?

JENNY

More than upstairs, about twenty,
thirty?

VASTRA

The ones upstairs were mere decoys -
these are battle-ready.

(Big grin)

I anticipate a challenge.

A blasted Droid is slowly getting to its feet.

STRAX

Don't worry my boy, we will die in glory!

10:59:10

STRAX' TALKING GUN:
Mass-kill activation. Melee mode
engaged.

CLARA

Okay...Good-o!

CUT TO:

11:01:40 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY

Now, lifting out of the top the building - the metal pod containing the interior structure of the restaurant! It is slung below the giant balloon, like the cabin of an airship. Rising, rising over London.

CUT TO:

11:01:46 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Close on the Doctor examining some data wafers he has extracted from the controls.

THE DOCTOR

SS Marie Antoinette. Out of control
repair Droids, cannibalizing human

beings. I know this is familiar, but
I just can't seem to place it.

The Half-Face Man responds -

HALF-FACE MAN
How would you kill me?

THE DOCTOR
Sister Ship of ...
(Squints closer, writing is
a bit faded)
... the Madame De Pompadour.
(Considers, reflects)
Nope, not getting it.

HALF-FACE MAN
How would you kill me?

The Doctor turns to look at him. Sad, but smiling.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, have a drink first. It's only human.

HALF-FACE MAN
I am not human.

THE DOCTOR
Neither am I.

CUT TO:

11:02:22 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

STRAX
Why can't you stay dead?? Coward!

Jenny and Vastra back to back, each fighting multiple Droids.

CUT TO:

11:02:32 EXT. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY

The balloon flies through the sky, past St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE DOCTOR (OS)
What do you think of the view?

CUT TO:

11:02:41 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The Doctor and the Half-Face Man. Now sitting at a table.

HALF-FACE MAN
I do not think of it.

THE DOCTOR
I *don't* think of it. I *don't*. Droids and apostrophes, I could write a book. Except you're barely a Droid any more. There's more human in you than machine. So tell me what you think of the view.

A silence.

HALF-FACE MAN
It is beautiful.

THE DOCTOR
No it isn't. It's just far away. Everything looks too small. I prefer it down there. Everything is huge. Everything is so important. Every detail, every moment. Every life clung to.

HALF-FACE MAN
... How could you kill me?

THE DOCTOR
For the same reason you're asking me that question. Because you don't really want to carry on.

The Doctor and the Half-Face Man, at the table.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

What happens to the other Droids, when you die? You're the control node, aren't you. Presumably they'll deactivate.

HALF-FACE MAN

I will not die. I will reach the promised land.

THE DOCTOR

There isn't any promised land. It's just, it's a superstition that you picked up from all the humanity you've stuffed inside yourself.

HALF-FACE MAN

I am not dead.

THE DOCTOR

You are a broom.

The Half-Face Man: cocks its head. What?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Question: if you take a broom and replace the handle, and then later replace the brush - and you do it over and over again - is it still the same broom. Answer: no, of course it isn't. But you can still sweep the floor. Which is not strictly relevant, skip that last part.

The Half-Face Man now rising from its chair moving away. Like it doesn't want to hear this.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You have replaced every piece of yourself, mechanical and organic, time and time again - there's not a trace of the original you left -

And the Doctor breaks off at this point, holding up a tray to the Half-Face Man - staring -

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You probably can't even remember where
you got that face from.

The Doctor now finds himself staring into the reflective surface - his unfamiliar new face. A plunging moment as he realises - everything he just said applies equally to him. Now he stares, haunted, into his own haunted face.

HALF-FACE MAN

It cannot end.

THE DOCTOR

It has to. You know it does.

The Doctor crosses to the door. He opens it, looks at London swaying far beneath his feet.

THE DOCTOR (OS) (CONT'D)

And there's only one way out.

HALF-FACE MAN (OS)

Self-destruction is against my basic
programming.

The Doctor staring sadly out the door - the Half-Face slowly approaching him. To push him out?

THE DOCTOR

Murder is against mine.

The Half-Face Man lashes out with his weapon arm, to throw the Doctor from the door -

- the Doctor spins, fast, catches the arm -

Now the two of them, braced in the swaying doorway, practically nose to nose.

CUT TO:

11:05:08 EXT. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY

The Doctor and Half-Faced man struggle in the doorway.

CUT TO:

11:05:11 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

Jenny being grabbed in the crowd by Droids.

Vastra and Jenny fighting a losing battle, the Droids pressing closer!

VASTRA

Jenny!

Vastra lunges after her -

CLARA

Hold your breath!! They're stupid,
everybody hold their breath.

And they all inhale.

Our four heroes, standing, breath held.

The Droids around them are turning, looking, detecting.

On Jenny. Clearly struggling.

JENNY (VO)

I can't do it. I can't.

VASTRA (VO)

Be brave my love. I can store oxygen in
my lungs. Share with me!

On Vastra. Looks at Jenny, so concerned. Nods, smiles as they pass a message between themselves with ESP.

On Clara. Moving, stepping so carefully round the Droids.

The Droids, moving, turning those blank faces. Where are they?
Where are they?

Clara, now bending to pick up the screwdriver...

On Jenny. She's shaking. This is hard, so hard.

Vastra extends her hand to hold Jenny's.

Vastra breaths air into Jenny.

Clara, screwdriver in hand, now moving towards the door. Slowly, slowly.

CUT TO:

11:05:57 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The Doctor and the Half-Face Man still braced in the doorway.

HALF-FACE MAN

You are stronger than you look.

THE DOCTOR

I'm hoping you are too...this is over, are you capable of admitting that?

HALF-FACE MAN

But do you have it in you to murder me?

THE DOCTOR

Those people down there. They are never small to me. Don't make assumptions about how far I will go to protect them, because I've already come a very long way. And unlike you I don't expect to reach the promised land.

The Half-faced man extinguishes his fire-arm.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You realise of course, one of us is lying about his basic programming.

HALF-FACE MAN

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

And I think we both know who that is.

CUT TO:

11:06:52 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

On Strax -

- and for the first time we see that the great warrior is in trouble. Eyes tight shut, teeth bared. Don't breath, *don't breath*.

Can't do it, *can't do it!!*

He is taking his blaster from his belt, turning it around to aim at himself ...

11:06:56 STRAX'S TALKING GUN
Safe-guards disengaged. Self-immolation proceeding.

Vastra, sharing oxygen with Jenny, glances over Jenny's shoulder -

- sees what Strax is about to do -

VASTRA
Stop!!

And they're all whooping for breath -

- because the game is up!!

All the Droids turn to look at them.

Oh God!!

The Droids turning on our heroes. Detected!

Clara, still trying to sonic the door, the Droids closing round her, and -

Crack!

They all freeze. The Droids just *stop!* A few of them topple over.

The room, just silent now, except distantly we can hear Big Ben chiming.

CUT TO:

11:07:18 EXT. STREET BIG BEN - DAY

Close up of Big Ben's face - The Half-Faced Man's hat falls past the clock face.

CUT TO:

11:08:07 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

The Droids still frozen. A few of them topple over.

CUT TO:

11:07:24 EXT. STREET BIG BEN - DAY

Craning up Big Ben to see - the Half-Face Man lies on the roof, speared by the spire, clearly dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

11:07:31 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Close on the Doctor's face as he stares down, sombre. He lifts his eyes direct to camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

11:07:36 INT. VASTRA'S CARRIAGE - DAY

On Clara, she looks worried.

CUT TO:

11:07:41 EXT. YARD BEHIND VASTRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Strax is pulling up the carriage outside the great detective's house. Clara, Vastra and Jenny climbing out.

JENNY

You're sure he'd come back here?

VASTRA

There was no trace of him in the wreckage,
they searched all of Parliament Hill.
Where else would he go.

Where the TARDIS stood, now there is simply a square marked in
the dust.

VASTRA (cont'd)

I fear we have missed him.

Clara steps forward, goes to the square in the dust, stares down
at it.

Devastated.

DISSOLVE TO:

11:08:18 INT. VASTRA'S ORCHID ROOM - DAY

Vastra, sitting alone, contemplating, her fingers steeped in
the Sherlock Holmes manner.

A figure, moving among the plants. Clara, now back in her modern
day clothes. She hesitates nervously.

VASTRA

Please come in.

CLARA

I'm not interrupting?

VASTRA

I should be glad of your company.

Clara enters. Vastra opens her eyes, smiles at her.

VASTRA (cont'd)

What can I do for you?

CLARA

Exactly what I was going to ask. Seems
like I'm stuck here now. Got a vacancy?

VASTRA

You would be very welcome to join our little household. But I have it on the highest authority that the Doctor will be returning for you very soon.

CLARA

Whose authority?

VASTRA

The person who knows him best in all the universe.

CLARA

And who's that?

VASTRA

Miss Clara Oswald. Who, perhaps has, by instinct, already dressed to leave.

She indicates Clara's modern apparel.

CLARA

I just wanted a change of clothes. I don't think I know the Doctor at all any more.

And distantly, from behind the house, we hear the grind of the TARDIS engines.

Vastra smiles.

VASTRA

It would seem, my dear, that you are wrong about that.

Clara has shot to her feet, is already racing for the door.

VASTRA (cont'd)

Clara!

She turns.

VASTRA (cont'd)

Give him hell. He will always need it.

Clara grins. Races off.

CUT TO:

11:09:36 EXT. YARD BEHIND VASTRA'S HOUSE - DUSK 3

Clara comes racing out the back door -
- and there it is! The TARDIS!

CUT TO:

11:09:44 INT. TARDIS - DAY

Clara, stepping in, looking around. Oh!!

The 12th Doctor has clearly moved in. Crammed bookshelves now line the circular corridor above. There are blackboards covered in calculations, and the calculations spread over the walls too. There are tables, a desk, a pot of tea, a gramophone. A hat-stand crammed with coats.

And old wing armchair, with someone sitting it. The Doctor, angled away from her.

CLARA

You've redecorated.

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

CLARA

I don't like it.

THE DOCTOR

Not completely entirely convinced myself. I think there should be more round things on the walls. I used to have lots of round things; I wonder where I put them.

He stands - and there he is, in his new costume, looking great.

He goes to the console, slams the levers - take off. Turns to Clara. Oddly formal now.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I'm the Doctor. I have lived for over 2000 years and not all of them were good. I have made many mistakes, and it's about time I did something about that. Starting right now. Clara, I am not your boyfriend.

CLARA

I never thought you were.

THE DOCTOR

I never said it was your mistake.

A sad smile. That was almost a confession.

Now he spins, showing off his new clothes.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

What do you think?

Clara: suppressing a smile. The vanity, it's still there.

CLARA

Who put that advert in the paper?

THE DOCTOR

Who gave you my number?

Clara: what?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

A long time ago, remember. You were given the number of a computer helpline, but you ended up phoning the TARDIS. Who gave you that number?

CLARA

The woman. The woman in the shop.

THE DOCTOR

Then there is a woman out there who is very keen that we stay together.

The thump of the TARDIS landing.

Clara glances towards the doors. Where are they?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
How do you feel on the subject?

Clara glances towards the doors.

CLARA
Am I home?

THE DOCTOR
If you want to be.

She turns to look at the Doctor. Unsure.

CLARA
I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. But I don't
think I know who you are any more.

Her mobile phone is ringing.

THE DOCTOR
You'd better get that. Might be your
boyfriend.

CLARA
Shut up. I don't have a boyfriend.

She's stepping from the TARDIS to answer the phone.

CUT TO:

11:12:12 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Clara stepping from the TARDIS, answering the phone.

Clara - cross, pulling out her phone.

CLARA
Hello? Hello...

A familiar voice.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
... it's me.

CLARA
Yes, it's you, who's this??

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
It's me, Clara. The Doctor.

CLARA
... what do you mean ... the Doctor?

CUT TO:

11:12:35 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS

Now, the Eleventh Doctor revealed. He's just about to regenerate (Matt's side shot during Christmas.)

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR
I'm phoning you from Trenzalore.

CUT TO:

11:12:38 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CLARA
I don't...

CUT TO:

11:12:40 EXT. TRENZALORE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Clara noticing the hanging phone, from the TARDIS.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
I mean it's all still to happen for me,
it's coming. Oh, it's a coming...

CUT TO:

11:12:52 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS) (CONT'D)
Not long now.

CUT TO:

11:12:57 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I can feel it.

CUT TO:

11:13:01 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Clara: so upset, fighting the tears, clasps the phone to her chest.
That familiar voice, gone forever, and now speaking in her ear!

CLARA
Why? Why would you do this.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
Because I think it's going to be a
wopper.

CUT TO:

11:13:15 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR
And I think you might be scared.

CUT TO:

11:13:20 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
And however scared you are, Clara, the
man you are with right now ... the man
I *hope* you are...

CUT TO:

11:13:26 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR
...with believe me he is more scared than
anything you can imagine right now...

CUT TO:

11:13:33 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
...and he needs you.

THE DOCTOR
So who is it?

Clara glances round - to see the Twelfth Doctor, leaning out of
his TARDIS.

The Eleventh Doctor hears the other voice.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
Is that the Doctor?

THE TWELFTH DOCTOR
Is that the Doctor?

On Clara, caught between both of them. Has to answer.

CLARA
(To both of them)
Yes.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
He sounds old.

CUT TO:

11:13:51 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR
Please tell me I didn't get old?
Anything but old!

CUT TO:

11:13:54 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Clara laughing - good to hear him being silly.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
I was young.

CUT TO:

11:13:56 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR
Oh, is he grey?

CUT TO:

11:11:03 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Clara: silent, not sure what to say.

CLARA
Yes.

CUT TO:

11:14:03 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR
Clara please, 'ay - for me. Help him.

The Eleventh Doctor, too tired to talk now.

CUT TO:

11:14:12 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
Go on.

CUT TO:

11:14:15 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR
... and don't be afraid

CUT TO:

11:14:20 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)
He's alright.

The Doctor closes the TARDIS door and walks towards Clara.

CUT TO:

11:14:28 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR
Good-bye Clara. Miss ya.

CUT TO:

11:14:38 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Now with the Twelfth Doctor and Clara. He's looking at her, hard.

THE DOCTOR
Well?

CLARA
Well what?

THE DOCTOR
He asked you a question. Will you help
me?

CLARA
You shouldn't have been listening.

THE DOCTOR
I wasn't! I didn't need to! That was
me talking!

On Clara. That thought impacting. That strange thought!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You can't see me, can you? You look at me, and you can't see me. Have you any idea what that's like? I'm not on the phone, I'm right here. Standing in front of you. Please, just...see me!

On Clara, for a long moment -

- then -

- smiles.

CLARA

Thank you.

THE DOCTOR

For what?

CLARA

Phoning.

And she steps forward and hugs him so hard.

And that hug just goes on and on...

THE DOCTOR

I, I, I'm not sure I'm a hugging person now.

CLARA

I'm not sure you get a vote.

THE DOCTOR

Whatever you say.

CLARA

This isn't my home, by the way.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, I'm sorry about that, I missed.

They've parted now.

CLARA

Where are we?

THE DOCTOR
Glasgow, I think.

CLARA
You'll fit right in.

THE DOCTOR
Right, shall we er...do you want to go
and get some coffee or chips or
something. Or chips *and* coffee.

CLARA
Coffee, coffe would be great. You're
buying.

They start heading away together.

THE DOCTOR
I don't have any money.

CLARA
You're fetching then.

THE DOCTOR
I'm not sure I'm the fetching sort...

CLARA
Yeah, still not sure you get a vote.

And they're two old friends heading off into town together, and
all's well with the world...

FADE TO WHITE:

11:17:11 EXT. GARDEN - DAY.

FADE IN

On a familiar pair of eyes - one human, one implanted in machinery
- flickering open.

FX SHOT: Confused, dazed. The Half-Face man now clambering to
his feet, looking around.

A beautiful, garden. A truly perfect, golden day.

MISSY
(From
off)

Hello!

The HALF-FACE MAN looks round. MISSY - a woman, sitting by a fountain. Looking away from us. She's dressed a little like Mary Poppins.

MISSY (cont'd)
I'm Missy. Well done, you made it.
I hope my boyfriend wasn't too mean
to you.

HALF-FACE MAN
Boy ... friend ... ?

MISSY
Now did he push you out of that thing,
or did you fall? I couldn't really
tell. He can be very mean sometimes
- except to me, of course because he
loves me so much. I do like his new
accent, though - I think I might keep
it.

HALF-FACE MAN
Where ... am I?

MISSY
Where do you think? Look around you
- you made it. The promised land.
Paradise!

She springs up, spreads her arms joyfully.
We see her face for the first time, and she
gives him a smile of utter, utter madness.

MISSY (cont'd)
Welcome to heaven!!

CUT TO:

11:18:36 END CREDITS IN

The Doctor
PETER CAPALDI

Clara
JENNA COLEMAN

Inspector Gregson
PAUL HICKEY

Vastra
NEVE McINTOSH

Strax
DAN STARKEY

Jenny
CATRIN STEWART

Alf
TONY WAY

Elsie
MAGGIE SERVICE

Half-Face Man
PETER FERDINANDO

Courtney
ELLIS GEORGE

Policeman
PETER HANNAH

Missy
TBC

Cabbie
MARK KEMPNER

Waiter
GRAHAM DUFF

Footman
PAUL KASEY

Barney
BRIAN MILLER

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	Rob Jarman
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	Andy Gardiner
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	Mike Elkins
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Standby Rigger	Bryan Griffiths
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	Jamie Thomas
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Construction Chargehand	Dean Tucker
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Foley Editor	Jamie Talbutt
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Online Editor	Geraint Pari Huws
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Sontarans created by Robert Holmes
Silurians created by Malcolm Hulke

With Thanks to the BBC National Orchestra of Wales

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MIXED BY JAKE JACKSON
& RECORDED BY GERRY O RIORDAN

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MURRAY GOLD

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MMXIV

11:19:07 PROGRAMME ENDS