

# **DOCTOR WHO**

**SERIES 9**

**EPISODE 11**

**"Heaven Sent"**

by

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## **BLUE AMENDMENTS**

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 6)

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1 **INT. THE CASTLE - DAY**

1

Spires and towers, an ancient sprawling castle.

Now a familiar voice:

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
As you come into this world,  
something else is also born.

Pulling back -

We are looking at the sunrise through a row of windows in an ancient, stone wall.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
You begin your life and it begins a  
journey - towards you.

Time lapse photography: as the sun moves in the sky, the sunbeams sweep round the room like searchlights...

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
It moves slowly, but it never  
stops.

Now: cutting round various different locations in this sprawling castle world... Colonnades, and chambers, and fountains, and libraries ... All in dusty ancient stone.

Moving closer over details: in every room, mounted somewhere on the wall is a Cog Unit - a mechanical fixture that looks like it could move the whole wall.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
Wherever you go, whatever path you  
take, it will follow; never faster,  
never slower, always coming.

Now, tracking along a floor. Sprinkles of blood, streaks of it, like someone, terribly injured has been hauling themselves along.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
You will run - it will walk. You  
will rest - it will not.

Now travelling along those corridors, picking out details.

Every now and then, incongruously, there is a television monitor wired into the wall. Each of these is currently snowed with interference.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
One day you will linger in the same  
place too long.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You will sit too still or sleep too deep - and when, too late, you rise to go, you will notice a second shadow next to yours. Your life will then be over.

Now on close on a section of wall. On closer inspection, a door.

A crunching, grinding sound - and the wall section slides away revealing -

CUT TO:

**INT. TELEPORT CHAMBER/CASTLE - DAY**

A circular chamber of ancient, but active, technology. Brass and glass. Intricate mechanisms, spinning and ticking and glittering everywhere. Again, dotted around the walls and equipment, cogs, this time in gleaming brass.

Closer on:

The ceiling spirals down in towards the centre of the room, like a funnel. Beneath the base of the funnel, a circular glass cabinet, just big enough for a man to stand in. It looks like what it is: a teleporter.

On the teleporter controls.

The hunched shadow falls over it -

- a trembling, bloodied hand reaches for a lever -

The room shakes, shudders!

On the wall - the brass cogs start glowing.

The bloodied hand slams the lever and the hunched figure falls, crashing to the floor.

In the glass cabinet, a glow is starting up - exactly like the glow we saw as the Doctor dematerialised at the end of Trap Street.

On the walls - the cogs turning.

The floor - the bloodied hand, shaking with effort, is writing letters in the dust.

**B**

Now cutting round various walls of the castle -

- the cogs turning and turning -

- faster and faster -

Back to the bloodied hand, writing in the dust -

(CONTINUED)

**BIR**

The glow in the cabinet, stronger and stronger. Starting to take familiar shape -

The cogs - faster and faster.

On the bloodied hand still writing - we see curves and lines but not the finished word.

The hand starts to glow. Spasms in pain - steaming now. In a moment the hand crumbles to the barest outline of ash.

On the brass cogs. They all slam to a halt.

Cutting to the stone cogs on all the walls - also slamming to a halt.

Now on the glass cabinet at the centre of the chamber.

The golden glow is resolving, refining -

- now clearly, this is the Doctor.

He is frozen for a moment -

- then convulses into life. Choking, spluttering. Slams against the glass of the cabinet, starts to register where he is.

A moment to recover.

Now he's opening the door of the cabinet, stepping into the gleaming brass and glass room. Looking around.

A haunted look crosses his face. A memory impacting, sickeningly.

**FLASHBACK: Clara's death from Trap Street.**

The Doctor: she's dead, she's gone. Nothing he can do.

So. To business.

He glances round. A studied show of indifference to his surroundings.

Straightens his coat. Composes himself. If anyone is observing, he's telling them he means business and he is not afraid.

Finally, he speaks.

THE DOCTOR

If you think, because she's dead, I am weak, you understand very little. If you were any part of killing her, and you are not afraid, you understand nothing at all. So for your own sake, understand this. I'm the Doctor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I am coming to find you. And I will  
never, ever stop.

He moves to the door - stops. What's he walking in? He kneels. The floor seems covered in some strange ashy substance - almost as if the floor itself were made of a compacted version of it. It clearly piles up in the corners. He runs the dust through his fingers. What is that? Doesn't matter. He dusts it from his hands, steps to the door. It grinds open.

He steps out into:

CUT TO:

3 **INT. CIRCULAR CORRIDOR - DAY**

3

A corridor encircles the circular chamber. Four corridors, at regular intervals, give off radially from this circle. They are labeled North, South, East and West. There are windows too. He's clearly in a tower.

The Doctor steps to one of the windows.

A very high tower - and encircled by another, much larger building. Fifty feet away, a rearing gray cliff face of windows. There are walkways connecting this tower to the surrounding castle - these are the corridors we already saw.

He looks down. This building is huge, falls away into mist.

He looks up. The sky above is coppery - like a sunset.

THE DOCTOR

The equipment in that room is consistent with an augmented, ultra long range teleport. So I am not more than a single light year from where I was and I am in the same time zone.

(Looks out the window)

When the sun sets I'll be able to establish an exact position by the stars. Then you'll have a choice. Come out and show yourself. Or keep hiding. Clara said I shouldn't take revenge. You should know, I don't always listen.

He notices something. Propped against the wall, a perfectly ordinary garden spade. On the blade of it, there are traces of fresh soil. He rubs the soil between his fingers.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh, are you gardeners? Never liked gardening. What sort of person has a power complex about flowers - it's dictatorship for inadequates. Or to put it another way - it's dictatorship.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(Tosses the spade, looks  
around)  
Well come on! Chop, chop!  
(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The Doctor will see you now! Show me what you've got! I just watched my best friend die in agony - my day can't get any worse. Let's see what we can do about yours.

Nothing silence.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh, don't try to be mysterious, not with me. I don't even have a name, I'm automatically ahead.

As he turns, he notices something.

Words inscribed on the wall behind him. Almost filling it, like a page of writing.

The Doctor's POV.

Panning along the words, the first line reads:

**As you come into this world**

On the Doctor, reading those words, frowning. Behind him we see one of the TV monitors flare into life.

The picture resolves into a POV shot of a corridor similar to the one we are in.

Now panning down the next line of words.

**something else is also born.**

On the screen: the POV changing. As if standing up from a chair, now moving along the corridor ...

Panning down the next line of words.

**You begin your life and it begins a journey.**

On the screen: the POV has moved towards one of the windows, now looking out of it. Through the window we can see another wing of the same building, more windows.

Panning down the next line:

**Towards you.**

On the screen: a sudden, shaky zoom in on one of the windows. *And we see the Doctor as he is right now!* He's caught in profile, reading the words on the wall.

Some instinct makes the Doctor turn -

- and he sees his own image on the screen.

What??

He quickly calculates which window he's being filmed through, steps towards it.

(CONTINUED)

We hold on the screen as the Doctor now appears fully at the window, staring right at the camera.

The Doctor's POV.

At a window, directly opposite him, a slim, motionless white figure is staring back at him. At this distance, no details. But it seems slightly ghostly, flowing. As if veiled. (This figure we will come to know as Veil.)

The Doctor glances between the screen and Veil - clearly the monitor is showing the creature's POV.

- and now that POV shifts.

The Doctor looks back to the creature. It is gone from the window -

- but then is visibly walking slowly past the next window -

- the walk is odd. One lurching pace, a pause. Another pace, another pause. Like one foot strides out, and the other drags.

- now walking past the next window -

Where's it going?

The Doctor looks back to the words on the wall.

Panning down them:

**Wherever you go**

Veil passing another window.

**Whatever path you take**

Another window, another lurch and pause ...

**It will follow**

On the Doctor's face, looking back to Veil. It passes out of sight -

- and now starts along one of the walkway corridors leading to the circular chamber he is standing in.

The Doctor moves to the mouth of that corridor, looks along it -

- we let him go, panning to the monitor on the wall.

The screen still shows Veil's POV, now lurching and stopping down the long corridor leading to the circular chamber. At the end of the corridor we now see the Doctor come into view, a distant, staring figure.

We close on the screen - low res on the Doctor's face, slowly growing in size as the lurching thing approaches.

(CONTINUED)



Now, a fly crawling across the screen. Then another. Then another.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

4 **INT. CIRCULAR CORRIDOR - DAY**

4

Panning down the carved letter on the wall -

- reaching, at the foot:

**you will notice a second shadow next to yours. Your life will then be over.**

An approaching shadow now extends up over those words. The familiar lurch/pause (we still don't see the creature.) As it approaches we hear a droning hum, as if of millions of insects.

The shadow stops for a moment - as if uncertain what to do.

On the Doctor. He's round the other side of the circular corridor - the central hub, containing the teleport chamber, separates and conceals him from his pursuer.

His eyes are on:

The Doctor's POV. A monitor on the wall -

- Veil's POV, looking one way and the other. And now moving, round the hub, towards the Doctor.

Lurch-pause. Lurch-pause.

The Doctor, moving too. Keeping Veil on the opposite side of the hub.

Lurch-pause. Lurch-pause. The insect drone moving closer. The shadow coming visible.

The Doctor eyes it, just a shade nervous -

- *and he deliberately comes to a halt!*

THE DOCTOR

Okay ... let's get a look at you!

His eyes flick to the nearest monitor. The POV: he can see his own shoulder and arm coming into view.

He swallows hard, visibly nervous. *More nervous than he expected to be!*

A few flies buzz about now. The Doctor swats at them, abstractedly.

(CONTINUED)

We still can't see the creature, but it's coming into view -  
- and the Doctor's nerve just goes! He starts backing away,  
keeping the creature out of view -

- matching pace, keeping the opposite side of the hub.

The Doctor moves more quickly now, circling round the hub,  
almost catching up with Veil - a quarter section still  
separates them. He comes to a halt there.

The Doctor eyes another of the monitors.

The creature has paused -

- and now swings round, starts moving the other way round the  
hub, towards the Doctor.

The Doctor now backing away, again keeping pace with the  
creature.

He touches the palms of his own hands. Bemused. He's scared,  
he's sweating. *What's the matter with him??*

Lurch-pause. Lurch-pause.

The flies, approaching shadow.

On the Doctor's face. It's really getting to him, we haven't  
seen him like this. It's like he doesn't even want to see the  
creature ...

The Doctor glances round - behind him the mouth of one of the  
corridors (not the one Veil came along.) It stretches away  
and there is a door at the far end.

The Doctor goes striding along the corridor, racing down it -

- glancing out the corridor windows as he runs -

- this whole weird structure, what is it, *what is it??*

Now at the door, yanking at the handle -

Won't budge. Jammed? Locked?

Whips out his sonic glasses, tries them.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I hate wood!

Tries again the door. Damn it, won't move!

New thought! He's trapped, he needs to get back out of here!!

Turns, starts to run back to the chamber -

- and there, moving into place at the end of the corridor:

(CONTINUED)

First proper view of the creature. Strange misshapen thing. White, veiled. Something unseen beneath the cowl. We see flies buzz in and out.

The sight of it impacts the Doctor. Seem to knock him back a step, transfixes him.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
... I know you.

Lurch-pause. Lurch-pause. Coming down the corridor.

The Doctor just staring. For a moment, a rabbit in headlights.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
What are you?? I've seen you before!

Back to business, looking for a way out!

The corridor is narrow. Too narrow for him to get past the creature.

Lurch-pause.

The windows!

No! Even if they opened - they don't seem to - he's hundreds of feet up.

Lurch-pause.

The door! Only choice!

Yanks at the handle. Locked! Damn it, *damn it!*

Lurch-pause. *Closer!*

Locked, still locked, *damn it!!*

Kneeling at the door, pressing his fingers against the surface. Over his shoulder, Veil - lurch-pause - closer, closer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Used to know a trick. Back when I was young and telepathic.

Lurch-pause. The Doctor closes his eyes, focuses...

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Now clearly you can't form an actual psychic link with a door, for one very obvious reason - they're notoriously *cross*.

Lurch-pause.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I mean imagine life as a door -  
people keep pushing you out of the  
way.

Lurch-pause.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Everybody knocks, but it's never  
for you.

Lurch-pause.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Locked up every night.  
(Frowns, concentrates)  
So if you're just a little bit nice  
...

A clicking from the door - starts to release.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
You see, Clara, still (got it!)

He breaks off. Clara's not there. Clara's not listening. He  
suppresses the pain in a moment -

Yanks open the door -

- to reveal a blank wall. Just stone-work.

Stares at it.

No way out. Trapped here.

Oh!

A shuffling from behind ...

... Veil stepping closer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Okay. Can't actually see a way out  
of this...

Lurch-pause.

More detail visible now. There is constant movement beneath  
shifting layers of veil, that dreadful insect drone.

He looks again at the blank stone wall, blocking him off.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Finally ran out of corridor -  
there's a life summed up.

Lurch-pause.

On the Doctor's face: a revelation - but not a good one.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Now this is new. I'm scared. Never realised that - I'm actually scared of dying.

And then -

*Clunk!*

Veil judders to a halt. A silence - the droning has stopped.

The Doctor staring. What? Now looking around.

Weird. Impossible. The flies - a moment ago, buzzing around him - have all frozen in mid-air.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Something I said? What did I say?

He looks at one of the flies, inches from his face. He flicks it with his finger. It simply drops to the floor.

Looks back to Veil.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Why did you stop?

The room shudders - there's a grinding of stone on stone.

On the walls - all the cogs are now turning. Grinding round and round.

The Doctor steps to a window, stares out at the castle.

Impossible. The whole building is moving! Different floors rotating at different speeds.

What? *What??*

An unexpected draft. He spins to look.

As the building moves, so the stone wall blocking his way is sliding away, a gap opening, a whole doorway!

The Doctor glances suspiciously at Veil -

- what's this? -

- then slips through the gap.

Into:

CUT TO:

5 **INT. THE DOCTOR'S BEDROOM - DAY**

5

A plain, bare bedroom. A bed. A writing desk. The inevitable TV monitor mounted on the wall - currently snowing. There's a vase of fresh cut flowers on the bedside table.

(CONTINUED)

He steps to the vase, pulls out one of the flowers, sniffs it, then he sees something else!

- the Doctor stares.

Over the fireplace an oil painting of Clara.

He steps closer, examining it. How the hell did that get there?

Touches the frame. Worn, flaked. Like this painting is very old.

The grinding noise stops. Behind him, through the window, we see all the other windows stop moving, as the rotating sections of building come to a halt.

The Doctor barely notices, absorbed in the painting. He's patting his pockets, looking for something -

- then notices something on the mantelpiece. A jeweller's eyeglass, just what he needs. He picks it up, screws it into his eye socket. As he does so, a single fly buzzes behind his head.

He now leans forward, examining the surface of the oil painting. As he bends forward to look at it, he clears frame -

- and we can see the wall-mounted monitor behind him. The snow has cleared. On the monitor, we can see a distant image of the Doctor as he is now, peering at the painting. The POV lurches forward - Veil is approaching again.

The Doctor's POV - through the lens. The surface of the painting - the glaze is a maze of tiny cracks.

The Doctor steps back from the painting - again, obscuring our view of the monitor. Eye glass, still in his eye.

THE DOCTOR  
Old. Very old. Possibly very, very old.

The Doctor's POV of Clara's face -

- as a fly lands on it.

The Doctor: galvanized! Spins.

Feet from him - lurch-pause.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
When I was very little, there was an old lady who died. They covered her in veils, but it was a hot day, and the flies came. Gave me nightmares for years. So who's been stealing my nightmares?

Lurch pause.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
What is this place?? What am I here  
for??

Lurch-pause.

The Doctor stares thoughtfully at Veil, eyeglass still in  
place.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(Points to the painting)  
You've been expecting me for a very  
long time. Right?

Lurch-pause.

The Doctor casually pulls a petal from the flower (still in  
his hand) tosses it to the floor. (This action, apparently  
casual, has later significance.)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
So this is a trap? No, worse. A  
prison. No, *no!* A torture chamber.  
Am I right?

Lurch-pause.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Oh, somebody should know better.  
Anyone who could set this all up,  
and steal my bad dreams, should  
know a *lot* better.

Lurch-pause.

The Doctor - with a raise of an eyebrow, causes his eye glass  
to pop out, fall to the floor with a clatter.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
The secrets I have - no chance. Not  
telling, not me.

Lurch-pause.

The Doctor grabs up a stool.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Told you I was scared of dying.  
Wasn't lying either. Advantage: me!

He hurls the stool at the window - it smashes through in an  
explosion of glass.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Because you won't see this coming.

And he turns and runs to the window!

And dives through it!

CUT TO:





THE DOCTOR

No, of *course* I had to jump! Rule one of being interrogated - you're the only irreplaceable person in the torture chamber. The room is *yours*. So work it. If they're threatening you with death, show them who's boss - die faster!

He looks across the room at someone.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

But then, you've seen me do that more often than most - isn't that, right?

No answer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Isn't that right, Clara?

The Doctor's POV.

And there she is, her back to us, her face unseen -

- exactly as he last saw her, before the raven took her!

She's standing at one of the blackboards, as if studying it intently. But weirdly still...

CUT TO:

12 **EXT. CASTLE - DAY**

12

The Doctor, falling, falling...

CUT TO:

13 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

13

Now, on the console monitor. A schematic of the castle - a dotted line indicating the Doctor's fall.

THE DOCTOR

Rule one of dying - don't.

He studies the schematic.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Rule two - slow down.

CUT TO:

14 **EXT. CASTLE - DAY**

14

The Doctor falling -

- slowing -

(CONTINUED)

- now moving into ultra-slow motion.

THE DOCTOR

(V.O.)

You've got the rest of your life.  
The faster you think, the slower it  
will pass.

Closer on the falling Doctor's eyes, staring at the ground  
far below.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(V.O.)

Concentrate! Focus! *Assume* you're  
going to survive. Always assume  
that.

The Doctor's eyes: a slow motion blink.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(V.O.)

Imagine you've *already* survived.

As the Doctor's eyes close -

CUT TO:

15 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

15

The Doctor, eyes opening from the same blink, but now in the  
TARDIS again.

THE DOCTOR

There's a storm room in your mind -  
lock the door and *think!*

CUT TO:

16 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

16

The Doctor, studying the schematic on the screen. He now  
looks over at the eerily motionless Clara, still standing  
facing the blackboard.

THE DOCTOR

I always imagine I'm back in my  
TARDIS. Showing off.  
(Approaching Clara, who  
remains eerily still)  
Telling you how I escaped. Making  
you laugh.

Clara doesn't move or turn. Silence, stillness.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

That's what I'm doing right now.  
I'm falling, Clara. I'm dying.

CUT TO:



- now there's water indicated at the base.

CUT TO:

21 **EXT. CASTLE - DAY**

21

The Doctor, diving. Faster, faster.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

22

The Doctor tapping away, faster, faster. The room buffets and vibrates, like the TARDIS is falling in sympathy.

THE DOCTOR

Diving into water from a great height is not a guarantee of survival. I need to know exactly how far I'm going to fall, and how fast.

(Shoots a look at Clara,  
smiles)

Why do you think I threw the stool?

**FLASHBACK: The shattered window - distantly we hear a splash. A super-fast zoom-out and turn to a close-up of the Doctor's ear.**

The Doctor, tapping away at inhuman speed.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Okay, the wind resistance of the stool -

**FLASHBACK: Tiniest beat of the Doctor grabbing the stool, freeze-framing on the move -**

A schematic of the exact same stool, now revolving on the Doctor's screen.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

- the atmospheric density -

**FLASHBACK: tiniest beat of the Doctor tossing the petal, freeze-framing on the action -**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

- the strength of the local gravity

-

**FLASHBACK: the tiniest beat of the eyeglass clunking to the floor, freeze-framing on the bounce -**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Glances across at Clara)

Am I spoiling the magic? I work at this stuff, you know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(Back to the monitor)  
- I should hit the water in about -

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. CASTLE - DAY**

23

The Doctor, twisting round, getting in position for a perfect dive.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

24

The Doctor, typing frantically, calculations now flowing across the schematic.

THE DOCTOR  
- point 02 seconds.

CUT TO:

25 **EXT. CASTLE - DAY**

25

The Doctor's POV as he falls -  
- and the water-filled area between the tower and encircling castle, rushing up to meet him.

CUT TO:

26 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

26

The Doctor, clinging to the console, as if bracing for impact.

THE DOCTOR  
The chances of remaining conscious  
are -

CUT TO:

27 **EXT. CASTLE - DAY**

27

The water, racing up, sickeningly fast.

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. TOWER MOAT - DAY**

28

The slim, plunging figure flashes down through the frame. A mighty splash explodes upwards.

The screen cuts to black.

(CONTINUED)

We hold on the black.

CUT TO:

29 **EXT. UNDER THE WATER - DAY**

29

Murky, filthy water.

Suspended upside down in it, the Doctor - slowly turning, clearly stunned into unconsciousness.

Closer on his face as it revolves past us, through the murk.

CUT TO:

30 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

30

Dark and still, the lights are all out.

Then, flickering, one roundel illuminates.

Then another.

Then another.

The Doctor, motionless at the console, eyes closed. He is illumined faintly by the flickering roundels. A little brighter as each one flickers on...

CUT TO:

31 **EXT. UNDER THE WATER - DAY**

31

The Doctor drifts down, down, down ...

CUT TO:

32 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

32

On the Doctor's face -

- more lights flicker on, but he remains impassive -

- then -

- a pattering sound, like a chalk on a board.

The Doctor stirs, frowns. His eyes slit open. He looks round.

The blackboard where Clara stood - she's gone now, but there are words chalked on the board.

***Question 1***

***What is this place?***

(CONTINUED)

The Doctor sighs.

THE DOCTOR  
Can't I just sleep?

CUT TO:

33 **EXT. UNDER THE WATER - DAY**

33

The Doctor drifts down and down through the murk ...  
- now the pattering of chalk on a board again.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

34

On one of the blackboards on the upper walkway -

***Question 2***

***What did you say  
that made the  
creature stop?***

THE DOCTOR  
Do I have to know *everything??*

Patter, patter -

The Doctor looks round -

- another blackboard! This time we see a figure (Clara)  
flitting away in front of it, and only the first few words of  
what's written

***Question 3***

***How are you  
going to***

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Clara, I don't always have to -

Panning down to the last word, underlined several times:

**WIN??**

The Doctor staring at that word. Damn it. *Damn it!!*

The call to arms.

He lets his eyes flicker shut --

CUT TO:

35 **EXT. UNDER THE WATER - DAY**

35

-- The Doctor's eyes flicker open.

He starts to twist round, to swim up through the murky water -  
- but then looks down again, peering at something through the  
filthy water -

Now, panning down from the Doctor, suspended in the swirling,  
filthy water -

- to the sea bed, a few yards below.

*The sea bed is covered in human skulls!*

As far as he can see in the filthy, sickly gloom, skulls.  
Dark, empty sockets are staring up at him. Skull, after  
skull, after skull...

The Doctor stares a moment -

- then twists, and kicks, and starts swimming away from us,  
to the surface.

CUT TO:

36 **EXT. CASTLE - DAY**

36

The Doctor standing in an open doorway, soaking wet.

Wider. He's standing by a wide ring of water, encircling the  
tower, and itself encircled by the larger building.

He now stands in an open doorway belonging to the larger  
building, which forms a "wheel" round the tower.

What the hell is this place?

He turns and heads into the building.

CUT TO:

37 **INT. SMALL CHAMBER - DAY**

37

A small stone chamber. A few rudimentary items of furniture.

A fireplace, with a fire blazing in it.

And draped over a stand, just in front of the fire, is a set  
of clothes, drying.

He stares.

No, hang on, that can't be right.

He steps closer. The clothes are identical to the ones he's  
wearing. They're *his* clothes.

(CONTINUED)



What?

*What??*

THE DOCTOR

Oh, Clara. What's going on? What is this??

**FLASHBACK: the blackboard, with the words.**

***How are you  
going to  
WIN??***

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Yes, yes, don't nag!

He moves to the other door, leading to the rest of the building -

- then registers, for a moment, his soaking clothes.

Oh, why not?

He starts to strip off his soaking coat -

CUT TO:

38 **INT. SMALL CHAMBER - DAY**

38

A few minutes later: the Doctor, now pulling on the dry clothes.

He looks at the wet pile at his feet. Considers. Might as well.

He picks up the clothes, and arranges them on the drying stand in front of the fire, just like the ones he found.

As he leaves, we hold for a moment on the soaking clothes hanging there.

CUT TO:

39 **INT. GIANT KITCHEN - DAY**

39

The Doctor finds himself in a large kitchen. There is a long wooden table on a stone-flagged floor, a huge range, many cupboards.

He glances down, seeing something.

One of the larger flat stones making up the floor, has been removed.

And more interesting -

- on the four neighbouring tiles, arrows have been scraped, pointing at the missing one. Like it's important.

(CONTINUED)

The Doctor touches his hand to the missing space. Frowns.  
What could this mean?

Looks up:

A single chair at the far end of the table.

- and sees the shot of the TV monitor on the wall.

As ever, we see Veil's POV. Currently descending a staircase.

THE DOCTOR  
It keeps coming, Clara. Wherever I  
go, it follows. Why? Why does it do  
that?

**FLASH: the blackboard, words chalked on it.**

**Wrong question!**

The Doctor blinks, like that flash had physical impact.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Oh! Always the teacher! What's the  
*right* question then?

**FLASH: The blackboard -**

**Not why.**

**What?**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
It's following me. Wherever I go,  
it's tracking me. Slowly though.  
Scary lurching.  
(The word hits him -  
troubling.)  
Scary.

He steps closer to the monitor, watching the pausing,  
lurching POV.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
These screens, everywhere. It's  
showing me exactly where it is, all  
the time. How far it's got. How  
*near*.  
(Revelation)  
Because it's trying to scare me!  
Putting its breath on my neck.  
That's the point, that's what it's  
doing. This is theatre - it's all  
about fear.

He takes a proper look round the room. Steps towards one of  
the cog units, examines it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Working hypothesis. I'm in a fully  
automated haunted house. A  
mechanical maze.

Something clatters behind him - he startles, spins -  
- a row of hanging pans, possibly moving in a draught. He  
goes to them, touches them.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
It's a killer puzzle box, designed  
to scare me to death, and I'm  
trapped inside it.  
(Grins)  
Must be Christmas!

He glances round. There is a corridor leading off the  
kitchen, deeper into the building. It turns a corner, and  
spilling round the corner is ... a faint mist.

Where's that coming from?

He heads down the corridor, turns the corner.

There is a row of heavily barred windows along one side of  
the hallway. These don't overlook the water, but some  
interior courtyard.

An atrium. There are trees growing here.

He steps to the window. In the atrium, there is a small,  
abandoned garden. Overgrown, misty, creepy.

The Doctor, staring now.

There is a small patch of soil, and clearly it has been  
recently dug.

**FLASHBACK: the soil encrusted spade the Doctor discovered  
when he first arrived.**

He looks quickly round. There is a sturdy, iron door to this  
little garden. He goes quickly to it.

We pan off him, to another of the monitors set high on the  
wall.

The POV is still descending the stairs ...

CUT TO:

40 **EXT. THE ATRIUM GARDEN - DAY**

40

The Doctor stepping into the garden.

The atrium extends right to the top of the building - a patch  
of sky, way above.

*Clang!!*

(CONTINUED)

The Doctor, spins in fright -

- but it's just the iron door, swinging shut.

Calms himself. He's jumpier than he thought. Back to business.

The Doctor moves quickly through the garden, to the small patch of turned earth. Prods it with his fingers.

Interesting. Like something was buried here - and recently.

He starts pulling at the earth with his hands, then notices -  
- a spade is leaning against the wall opposite him.

He stares at the spade.

THE DOCTOR  
Well, Clara, what do you think?  
Like someone's giving me a hint?  
What would you do?

**FLASH: The blackboard in the TARDIS. The words -  
Same as you.**

The Doctor nods, thoughtfully.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Yes. Yes, you would.

He goes to the spade, picks it up, hefts it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Which, lets be honest, is what  
killed you. So! Someone is trying  
to tell me there's something  
important buried in this garden.  
That's almost the first thing they  
tried to tell me. Could be a trick,  
could be a trap. Could be one of my  
predecessors? Because I'm not the  
first prisoner here, am I? All  
those skulls in the water ...  
Wonder where they all went wrong?

He goes to the windows looking on to the corridor. He's peering through at the monitor. The creature's POV.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Building this height, creature that  
slow... what, an hour?

He strides to the turned patch of earth - but we are holding on the monitor. Slams the spade into the ground.

CUT TO:

A little while later. The Doctor digging. He's cleared about a foot deep of earth.

Pulling back from him, through the window.

Now panning round to a shot of the monitor...

The shaking, lurching point of view -

(CONTINUED)

- and now a fly settles on the monitor.

CUT TO:

Viewed through the window: the Doctor now knee deep in the hole he's dug.

Again panning, to the monitor -

- now three flies crawling on its surface.

The image on the screen -

- we are lurching and pausing round a corner. And now we can see *the kitchen we just left*.

Lurch pause towards the corridor with the windows ...

The insect drone building ...

Another fly lands on the monitor.

CUT TO:

41 **EXT. ATRIUM GARDEN - DAY**

41

The Doctor, digging. He pauses for a moment, idly bats away a fly -

- then freezes, realising what that means.

And now he's scrambling out of the hole.

Still clutching the spade, he races over to the row of barred windows.

Nothing there, not yet - just a few flies, buzzing.

Close then?

He squints through at the monitor. The POV appears to be stationary, staring at a wall.

He looks round the garden. No other exit.

He steps quickly to the iron door, pulls it open -

- *and Veil is standing right there, reaching for him.* (NB. The wall it was staring at was the other side of the door.)

- the Doctor slams the door shut again, trapping Veil's arm, which prevents it closing fully.

Close on Veil's arm - the hand flexes, we get a glimpse of dreadful, silvery, skeletal fingers -

- *and the door starts to creak open again, Veil pushing from the other side.*

(CONTINUED)

The Doctor's feet, skidding and scrabbling the ground, as he tries to find purchase, to push back -

- the door opening, opening -

- the Doctor releases pressure for a moment, causing the door to open a couple more inches -

- *and with all his strength, slams the door on Veil's arm!*

Veil's arm spasms, snakes back out of sight.

The door slams shut.

Fast as lightening, the Doctor grabs the spade, jams it under the door handle, slams it hard into place, wedging the door shut.

Steps back.

An impact on the door.

The spade holds.

Tries again, again.

The spade holds.

THE DOCTOR  
Don't think so. Physics of a  
triangle - you lose.

Again. Holds. Again. Holds.

Then we hear the Veil moving.

Lurch-pause.

He's visibly passing the windows now.

Lurch-pause.

Heading away somewhere else.

On the Doctor. Slowly regaining his breath. Summoning his resolve.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
So. It can set traps. That's okay,  
I'm good at traps.

Veil out of sight now. The Doctor steps to the windows, peers through at the monitor on the wall.

The POV - moving away through the kitchen.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Okay. So where are you off to now?

The Doctor looks round the garden.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

One way in. Or out.  
(Looks back to the  
monitor)  
So where are you going?

He moves over to the dug hole, looks down into it.

He'd barely got started. But he needs to know what's down there ...

He looks to the spade wedged under the handle.

Awkward. His only way of digging.

He returns to the window, looks at the monitor.

The POV. Heading along some corridor somewhere. Where to? Where's it going?

He looks thoughtfully at the spade again.

Dare he?

Keeping his eyes on the monitor, he reaches carefully for the spade, places his hand on it -

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Well ... seeing as you're going ...

- and now pulls at it, removing it from under the door handle.

Looks to the monitor.

The POV, seemingly in response, comes to a dead halt.

The Doctor tenses.

He moves to shove the spade back in place -

- but then the POV starts lurching/pausing again. Still heading wherever it was going.

The Doctor. Okay ....

Looks back to the hole.

CUT TO:

The spade slams into the dirt again. The Doctor digging.

DISSOLVE TO:

A shot of the sky. Night is falling. Stars coming out.

The Doctor, digging. Up to his waist now. The trench is starting to look like a grave.

Takes a breather. Glances over at the monitor, visible through the barred windows.

(CONTINUED)



The screen is black now.

He frowns, scrambles out the hole, races over to the windows.

Yep, the screen is black.

The Doctor, taken back. Didn't see that coming.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
What, is it asleep? Do monsters  
sleep nowadays, that's very modern.

The monitor is resolutely dark.

He shrugs, heads back to the hole.

We hold on the black monitor...

DISSOLVE TO:

42

**EXT. ATRIUM GARDEN - NIGHT**

42

The distant sky. Black, blazing with stars now.

The hole is six feet deep now, a proper grave. The Doctor,  
still digging.

He leans on his spade for a moment - tired, another breather.

He looks up at the stars -

- and frowns.

Squints at them, frowns deeper.

THE DOCTOR  
No. No, that can't be right.

Shakes his head.

Foot pressed on the spade again, and -

*Chunk!*

Finally, he's hit something.

Stone?

Sounds like it.

He kneels, starts clearing the last layer of soil away with  
his hands, revealing ...

Yep, a stone slab.

**Flashback: the missing flat stone from the kitchen floor.**

So! This is where the stone turned up. That's what has been  
buried here.

But more than that. There are words scratched deep into the  
stone ...

... someone has spent a *long* time on this. This is an important message.

He clears more of the soil away.

The words revealed.

**I AM**

More words below, he frantically clears more of the soil, starting to reveal them ...

We crane up and back from him, floating above him for a moment -

- and huge in the foreground, a fly drones lazily past us.

Back on the Doctor, clearing more words ...

**I AM**

**IN**

What? What??

He clears the remainder of the soil.

**I AM**

**IN**

**12.**

He stares at those words. Touches his fingers to them. What does that mean.

Who wrote that?

As he stares at the word *12*, a fly delicately alights on it.

A freezing moment.

It's here, it's back.

He stands, ready to climb out, to run.

But then -

The earthen wall of the hole trembles slightly -

- and then, blasting through the soil caked mud -

- *an out-stretched skeletal hand!*

The Doctor stumbling back in terror, his feet slipping on the mud.

Horror shot. Veil comes through the now cascading soil, just driving the mud and dirt, looming over the Doctor.

The Doctor on his back, helpless.

(CONTINUED)

Now two silver skeletal hands, reaching down for him...

CUT TO:

43 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

43

Exactly as before, the Doctor comes bounding through the door of the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR

Well that was another close one!

He heads over to the console, cheerfully flicking switches, messing about with the controls.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Or it will have been when I've been  
and gone and got myself out of it.  
So how am I going to do that?

He looks over at:

Clara, at the blackboard. As before, her back to him (exactly as she died in Trap Street.)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Come on teacher, ask me questions!

He swings the monitor round, to look at it -

- on it, his real life POV. The frozen skeletal hands, reaching for him.

And now we hear the patter of chalk on the board.

He spins to look -

- as before, Clara's back, slipping from view -

- revealing, chalked on the board:

***Tell no lies.***

He stares, frowning at that. What does it mean?

**Flashback: The Doctor's first encounter with Veil, in the corridor, his moment of revelation.**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

**Now this is new. I'm scared. Never  
realised that - I'm actually scared  
of dying.**

**Veil stops.**

On the Doctor. He looks up at:

One of the blackboards on the upper walkway. As before, the chalked words are:

**Question 2**

**What did you say  
that made the  
creature stop?**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
The truth, yes. Couldn't just be any old truth, though, Clara. This whole place is designed to terrify me. Imagine a world where something is always coming. Every second, something deadly is always closer, with every breath you take. You can't sleep, you can't sit still, every moment you're looking over your shoulder. How long before you're out of your mind? Before you'd say anything. Give up anyone. I'm being interrogated. So it's not just truth it wants, that's not enough - it's *confession*.

He looks to the monitor again, those outstretched skeletal hands ...

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I have to tell truths I've never told before. That's the only thing that stops it.

The Doctor - so haunted now. This is so bad.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Trouble is, Clara ... there are truths I can't ever tell ...

His eyes go to the skeletal hands on the screen.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Not for anything ...

On the Doctor's face. Something weakens.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
But I'm scared, Clara. I'm alone and I'm very, very scared.

Very deliberately, he lets his eyes flicker shut...

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. ATRIUM GARDEN - NIGHT**

44

The Doctor's eyes spring open -

- the silver, skeletal hands at his throat, Veil looming over  
-

THE DOCTOR

I didn't leave Gallifrey because I was bored. That was a lie, and it's always been a lie.

The hands -

- stop.

Veil freezes. It cocks its head, as if considering.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Not enough? You want more?

Silence.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I was scared. I ran because I was *scared*.

Silence.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Is that what you want me to say??  
Is that *true* enough for you??

Silence.

And Veil stands.

Steps back from the Doctor.

The Doctor, now clambering to his feet.

From above, a great grinding of stone on stone.

The Doctor, now scrambling out of the hole, looking up.

As the last time, all the floors of the building are revolving at different speeds - like a complex interlocking puzzle box, solving itself.

He heads out through the iron door, into the corridor.

We hold on his face as he walks. He looks sick at himself. Like he's done the worst thing he could have.

Around him the cogs and stones of the giant castle continue to grind, and thunder, and shift.

CUT TO:

45

**EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT**

45

The Doctor looks out of the open doorway, to the wide ring of water - this is the doorway he came through, a few hours ago.

The castle is still shifting, and moving. The water is turbulent.

(CONTINUED)

Now, bobbing momentarily to the surface, a few of the skulls, clearly disturbed by the movement.

The Doctor stares at them, bleakly, as they sink back down.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, Clara. It's hard to be brave  
... when there's no one to pretend  
to.

We hold on one of the skulls, as it slips back under the water ...

CUT TO:

46 **INT. UNDER WATER - NIGHT**

46

Eerie, moonlit, slow, the skull spirals slowly down through the murk -

- to land with all the others. All those sockets staring blankly up at us -

We hold on one of the skulls.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
There are two events in everybody's  
life that nobody remembers.

DISSOLVE TO:

47 **INT. CASTLE STAIRS - NIGHT**

47

The Doctor, heading up stone steps. He stops a moment, glances out of the window.

The Doctor's POV: moonlight glitters on the water far below.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
Two moments experienced by every  
living thing ...

He resumes his climb.

He glances briefly at a monitor on the wall -

- it shows a POV of someone climbing the stairs, far below him.

DISSOLVE TO:

48 **INT. CASTLE/CURVING CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

48

The Doctor walking purposefully along.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
... yet no one remembers them at  
all.

He turns a corner, heading along one of the corridors, to the central tower.

We let him go, holding on:

The monitor: the POV, still climbing the stairs.

CUT TO:

49 **INT. TELEPORT CHAMBER - NIGHT**

49

The Doctor moving round the chamber, examining the equipment - then stopping short, as he sees something.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
Nobody remembers being born ...

On the floor, the body of the man we saw earlier. Burned to a crisp, barely an ashy outline. Only the skull has survived. Why?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
... and nobody remembers dying.

The Doctor kneels by the body. Stares at the skull. There is a wire attached to each temple by little "sci fi" suction cups at each end. These wires lead back to the console. It's like someone tried to wire their own head into the machinery.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
Is that why we always stare into  
the eye sockets of a skull? Because  
we're asking - what was it like?  
Does it hurt?

Delicately, he lifts the skull up, freeing it from the attached wires. Stares into those eerie, empty sockets.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
Are you still scared?

Then he notices it.

The last message from his dying predecessor.

Scrawled in the dust, just the word

**BIRD.**

(CONTINUED)



THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Bird? What's bird got to do with  
it? Are there birds here?

His eyes flick to:

Oh!

Something he hadn't noticed before.

There's a little spiral staircase at the back of the room,  
leading up somewhere.

Interesting!

CUT TO:

50 **EXT. TOP OF THE TOWER - NIGHT**

50

A night sky blazing with stars.

Panning down to -

- the flat roof of the central tower. A trap door has been  
flung back, and the Doctor is now climbing up through it, his  
feet clanging on the iron steps. He's still holding the skull  
in one hand.

He goes to the low wall, ringing the tower, looks out. The  
tower stands taller than the rest of the encircling building.

He sets the skull down on the wall, delicately - like he's  
giving it a better view.

Then he looks up at the stars.

Scanning round, turning, casting a professional eye. Frowning  
at them, like something's wrong.

On the stars, we

DISSOLVE TO:

50A **INT. THE DOCTOR'S BEDROOM - DAY**

50A

Early morning light at the window. The Doctor slumped in his  
chair, one hand rests on the desk next to him, tapping his  
finger, rhythmically - one beat per second. He looks like  
he's been sitting there a long time, looking at

- the portrait of Clara.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
It's funny. The day you lose  
someone isn't the worst - at least  
you've got something to do. It's  
all the days they stay dead.

(CONTINUED)

One of the doors starts to open.

The Doctor stops tapping his finger, stands.

The shadow of Veil falls through the opening door - lurch-pause. (The Doctor now speaks live, as opposed to V.O.)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(To Veil)  
57 minutes. New record.

He walks calmly out the other door.

CUT TO:

51 **INT. A HUGE CORRIDOR - DAY/NIGHT**

51

The Doctor, wandering along a corridor.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
This building, Clara. My castle.  
It's very me.

He opens every door he passes, looks in.

The first door is marked with the number 105. He looks in.

A ballroom.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
It's complicated.

Steps to the next door, which is marked 207. A massive library.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
It goes on and on.

CUT TO:

52 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

52

Sea, stretching blue to the horizon.

The reverse: the Doctor is standing at an open door, but this one opens from the outer rim of the larger building.

Very fast we pull out and up -

- to reveal that the whole, vast circular castle is planted in the middle of a vast ocean.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
It's alone.

CUT TO:

53 **INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

53

On the number 46 as it slams into close-up.

Wider: the Doctor is exiting a room, closing a door marked 46.

He moves to the immediately adjacent door, which is marked 7.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
The numbering is a bit confused.

He opens his note book, makes a note.

Close on the notebook - a beautifully intricate map of this floor of the castle. He's adding the numbers 46 and 7.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
As if the rooms are all jumbled up.

The Doctor's eyes flick to one of the cog units on the wall. He steps closer to it, examines it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
Maybe they move around sometimes. I saw the whole castle move, when ...  
(He's now frowning as he examines the cogs)  
... when I made the creature stop.

On his notebook. Flicks a page - we see a perfect copy of the words on the buried flagstone, like he's drawn it. "I am in 12."

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
I'm supposed to find room 12. The castle wants me to. It's luring me.

He glances up -

- one of the monitors. The lurching, pausing POV of Veil. The Doctor himself is just coming into view round the corner.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
Oh, but Clara. I just want to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

The Doctor heads off, quickly.

CUT TO:

53A **INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

53A

(This could be any convenient set/location.) The Doctor stands at a window, sombre, staring out. He is tapping the window frame, one tap per second.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
If I draw the creature to one  
extreme of the castle -

Staying on the Doctor, we hear a door creak open and the slither-thump of Veil approaching.

The Doctor turns - and *runs*.

CUT TO:

53B **INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY**

53B

The Doctor runs along the corridor.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
- and I run to the other extreme -

CUT TO:

54 **OMITTED**

54

55 **OMITTED**

55

56 **INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT**

56

The Doctor slams through the door, leans against it, puffed.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
I can earn myself a maximum of 82  
minutes.

CUT TO:

The Doctor, slumped asleep in a big armchair in the library. We pan down him to see his finger tapping on the arm of the armchair, even as he seems to sleep.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
Light doze only. Full alert.

But now the tap is slowing. Stopping.

(CONTINUED)

From off -

- slither-thump!

Slither-thump!

Slither-thump!

The shadow of Veil is growing over the Doctor.

Slither-thump!

Closer, closer.

Slither-thump!

The skeletal hand is reaching for his throat -

- and he startles awake!

Now lunging free of Veil's grip, racing for the exit.

CUT TO:

57 **INT. THE DOCTOR'S BEDROOM - DAY**

57

A different day. Daylight streaming through a window. The Doctor now standing at the window - the same window he smashed earlier. He puts his hand to the unbroken pane.

THE DOCTOR

(V.O.)

One good thing about it. It tidies up after itself.

He crosses to the vase of flowers -

- touches the very petal he plucked off before. Then he looks to -

- the stool, the one he threw out the window. It's back in position, exactly as it was.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(V.O.)

Automated room service. It tidies itself up.

CUT TO:

58 **EXT. THE ATRIUM GARDEN - DAY**

58

The patch of turned earth, where the Doctor dug the hole - it's now filled in again.

Pan to the Doctor, who is looking at -

- the spade, back where it started, propped against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

(V.O.)

Every room, if I leave it long enough, reverts to its condition at the moment I arrived. Like a hotel. I hate hotels.

He goes to the spade, hefts it on his hand.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(V.O.)

I think this whole place is inside a closed energy loop. Constantly recycling.

CUT TO:

59 **INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

59

The Doctor opening a door -

The Doctor's POV. A fully stocked larder.

THE DOCTOR

(V.O.)

Potentially, it could go on forever.

On the word "forever" we -

CUT HARD TO:

60 **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

60

The Doctor, eating a plate of soup at the table -

- and he practically drops the spoon, as if reacting to the word -

CUT HARD TO:

61 **INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT**

61

The Doctor, racing along darkened corridors.

CUT HARD TO:

62 **EXT. THE CASTLE/SEA - NIGHT**

62

The Doctor throws open the door we saw before (the one he looked at the sea from.)

This time the darkened sea stretches before him, on and on.

He pulls his sonic glasses from his jacket, slips them on. Looks down into the moonlit water.

(CONTINUED)

The Doctor's POV. The dark water.

He activates his glasses, zooms in on the water - we now see, deep down in the oily murk -

- all those skulls staring back. All those endless, empty sockets.

THE DOCTOR

(V.O.)

There's something I'm missing,  
Clara. And I think it's something  
terrible.

CUT TO:

63

**INT. DARKENED CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

63

The Doctor stepping back from the door, thoughtfully closing it. He's about to move on, when he notices something - clearly something he hasn't noticed before.

Next to him, a flight of steps leading down -

- and ending in a door.

He peers down at it.

It is marked 12.

On the Doctor's face: he's found it!

He moves quickly down the steps, pulls open the door, and -

Oh!

As before, the doorway is blocked by a stone wall. This time though, there is a narrow opening down one side - like the building has to move again, for it to be clear.

From beyond this wall, through the gap ...

... a faint glowing light.

The Doctor tries to peer through. Then calls out.

THE DOCTOR

Hello? Hello, is someone there?

Silence.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Hello? *Hello?*

Silence.

He steps back.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
It's a trap, Clara. A lure and a  
trap.

On the Doctor's face. His eyes become hollow sockets, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

64 **EXT. TOP OF THE TOWER - NIGHT**

64

- a shot of the skull, still sitting on the low wall where  
the Doctor placed it earlier.

Wider, the Doctor sitting on the wall, looking up at the  
stars.

He's chatting away - this is where he's been talking from all  
along.

THE DOCTOR  
I'm following breadcrumbs laid out  
for me. This is somebody's game and  
I can't stop playing it.  
(Looks to the skull)  
A game everybody else has lost.

He slips his sonic glasses on, looks down the ring of water  
far below.

Doctor's POV: we can see just all the white shapes of skulls,  
staring up.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I could kiss it to death!

A noise from below. The Doctor doesn't ever turn. We hear the  
slow, clanging steps of someone climbing the staircase.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I know how to move that wall,  
Clara.

Clang! Clang!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
So long as I don't run out of  
confessions ...

Clang! Clang!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
But what I really want to know is,  
who's been playing with the stars?  
They're all in the wrong places.  
For this time zone, anyway.

Clang! Clang! Flies buzzing round the Doctor. Still he  
doesn't turn.

(CONTINUED)



THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I know I didn't time travel to get  
here. I can *feel* time travel.

Slither-thump. Veil has clearly arrived on the platform. We stay on the Doctor, still looking up at the stars. Slither-thump.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
If I didn't know better I'd say  
I've travelled about seven thousand  
years into the future.

Slither-thump. Veil's shadow growing over the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
But I *do* know better. I didn't time  
travel. So who moved all the stars?

Slither-thump. The skeletal hand, reaching for the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(Without turning)  
The Hybrid.

The hand ... *stops!*

The Doctor looks at Veil. Totally cool, in command.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Long before the Time War, the Time  
Lords knew it was coming. Like a  
storm on the wind. There were many  
prophecies and stories. Legends  
before the fact. One of them was  
about a creature called the Hybrid.  
Half Dalek, half Time Lord. The  
ultimate warrior. But whose side  
would it be on? Would it bring  
peace or destruction? Was it real,  
or a fantasy? I confess: I know the  
Hybrid is real. I know where it is,  
and what it is. I confess: I am  
afraid.

He waits. Totally confident.

Veil lowers its hand. Takes a step back.

And now the grinding and the shaking.

The Doctor looks down at the castle. Again, all the floors are shifting and grinding around each other. The tower itself is revolving.

In water below, some of the skulls have floated briefly to the surface, in the turbulence.

On the skull sitting on the wall: it's shaking with the motion of the tower -

- and now is jostled off the wall.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

On the skull as it plunges down to the water below.

CUT TO:

65 **INT. UNDER WATER - NIGHT**

65

The skull sinks through the water, to join all the others.

CUT TO:

66 **EXT. TOP OF THE TOWER - NIGHT**

66

Finally the movement stops.

Veil jerks, coming back to life -

- but the Doctor is already heading to the stairs.

THE DOCTOR  
See you downstairs.

- and off he goes.

CUT TO:

67 **INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

67

The Doctor, hurrying down the stairs.

CUT TO:

68 **INT. DARKER CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

68

The Doctor, striding along - now breaking into a run!

Rounding a corner to:

The steps leading down to Room 12. He hurries down them, pulls open the door.

The wall is gone, stretching ahead of him -

- a very, very long, very narrow corridor. The walls are black. The only illumination is a faint glow in the far, far distance. Barely a point of light.

Tentatively, he steps into the corridor.

CUT TO:

69 **INT. BLACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

69

The Doctor, looking around. Touches his hand to the wall. Black and smooth. No purchase. No other exits.

(CONTINUED)

Okay ...

He starts moving along the corridor. As he moves we see him instinctively clicking his fingers, counting out the seconds. We let him go, panning up to a television monitor mounted over the door.

The POV is descending the stairs...

CUT TO:

The Doctor, making his way along the corridor. Scanning the walls with his sonic glasses - nothing useful... (Click, click, click.)

CUT TO:

70

**INT. EXIT CHAMBER - NIGHT**

70

The corridor leads into:

A huge cube of a room. Almost featureless. All the walls, floor and ceiling are in glossy black, everything gleaming and smooth and dark as night -

- except for the wall directly opposite him.

A wall of diamond! It blazes, translucent, glittering. To one side is one of the Cog Units, suggesting that this wall moves too.

And there is something carved into the wall. The Doctor steps closer to look.

We hold on his face, not yet seeing what he sees.

THE DOCTOR

Of course! The final square on the board. What else would it be?

The Doctor's POV. Carved in the centre of the diamond wall, a few feet above his head the word -

HOME

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The TARDIS.

He puts out his hand, touches the wall.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

One confession away.

He takes his glasses, scans the wall.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Azbantium. Four hundred times harder than diamond. Twenty feet thick.

(CONTINUED)

He pops his glasses back on, tries to peer through the translucent material - that shifting light beyond.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Beyond it ... what is that?  
Dimensional transfer junction,  
going by the luminescent  
dissonance. The way out?

**FLASHBACK: the word BIRD, written on the floor by the dead man in the teleport chamber.**

The memory impacts on the Doctor - almost physical.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Bird ...

As he says this, something changes in his face. A moment of realisation. Intense, room-shifting. Life-changing.

Oh God! Oh God, *no!*

He gets it now. He knows what he has to do. And whatever it is, it's a vision of utter hell -

- and the clicking fingers stop...

CUT TO:

71 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

71

The Doctor comes striding through.

But unlike before he's sombre, subdued. And under that, so, so angry.

Goes to the console. Leans on it, heavily.

THE DOCTOR  
That's when I remember. Always  
then. Always exactly then.

He looks up.

Clara, her back to him, standing at the blackboard.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Oh, Clara. I can't keep doing this.  
I can't. Why's it always me? Why is  
it never anybody else's turn??

Of course, there's no answer, no reaction.

He looks round -

- the blackboard on the upper walkway. It still reads:

**Question 3**

(CONTINUED)

**How are you  
going to  
WIN?**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Can't I just lose? Just this once?

CUT TO:

72 **INT. EXIT CHAMBER - NIGHT**

72

The Doctor now sits on the floor, his back against the diamond wall. He looks utterly defeated, like he's been there for a while.

CUT TO:

73 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

73

The Doctor, pacing round the console now ...

THE DOCTOR  
It would be so easy. Just tell  
them. Just tell whoever wants to  
know, all about the Hybrid.

CUT TO:

74 **INT. EXIT CHAMBER - NIGHT**

74

On the Doctor, sitting despairing against the wall.

On his eyes - dull, almost tearful - as they flick up. He's heard a noise.

The Doctor's POV: he's sitting directly opposite the long black corridor. Distantly, at the far end, we can just make out the door opening...

The Doctor just stares - not moving, not reacting. Barely seems interested.

CUT TO:

75 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

75

The Doctor striding round the console, increasingly agitated and angry.

THE DOCTOR  
I can't keep doing this. I can't  
always do this, it's not fair! Just  
this once, can't I give in? Can't I  
lose??

He spins round on Clara -

(CONTINUED)

- still standing with her back to him. But chalked on the blackboard in front of her, a single word:

**No!**

The Doctor, staring hopelessly at that word.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
But I can remember, Clara. You  
don't understand, I can remember it  
all. Every time!

Just the word **No!**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
And you're still gone. Whatever I  
do, you still won't be here.

The Doctor sags. Like that admission ripped the heart out of him.

And then, impossibly - her voice.

CLARA  
Doctor.

He startles, looks at her. What?

And magically, impossibly -

- she turns to face him. Clara Oswald, fixing him in the eye.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Stop it. Just stop.

He stares at her.

CLARA (cont'd)  
You're not the only person who ever  
lost someone. It's the story of  
everybody. Get over it. Beat it.  
Break free.

She steps towards him, puts a hand to his face.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Doctor, it's time. Get up off your  
arse ... and win!

CUT TO:

The Doctor snaps to attention! He's got his orders and he's back in the game!

He stands, straightens his clothes ready for the fray. Time to get his Doctor on!

(CONTINUED)

Veil, near the end of the corridor.

THE DOCTOR

Hello again. No more confessions,  
sorry. But I will tell you the  
truth.

He turns to the diamond wall, seems to square up to it. Then -  
methodically, with confidence, like this is something he does  
all the time - he winds back his arm and simply punches the  
wall, as hard as he can. Shakes his hand.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Ouch!

But he winds back his arm again and punches the wall again.  
He continues to talk - calm conversational - as he does this.  
(All the time Veil is getting closer.)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The Hybrid is a secret. It's a  
very, very dangerous secret and it  
needs to be kept.

(Punch!)

So I'm telling you nothing. Nothing  
at all. Instead, I'm going to do  
something far worse.

(Punch!)

I'm going to get out of here. I'm  
going to find who put me in here in  
the first place, and whatever  
they're trying to do, I'm going to  
stop it.

On Veil - lurching, pausing, *so close!!*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Punch!)

And then I'm going to come back to  
this place, and I'm going to rip it  
apart with my bare hands, and you  
with it.

(Punch!)

But it might take me a little  
while, so would you like me to tell  
you a story?

Veil, only a few feet away - stretching out its skeletal hand  
...

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Punch!)

The Brothers Grimm. Lovely fellas.  
They're on my darts team.

Veil's hand, closer and closer to the Doctor. As it nears  
him, it starts to glow.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Punch)

According to them, there's this Emperor who asks this shepherd's boy, "How many seconds in eternity?" And the shepherd's boy says -

And he breaks off in a *terrible scream!!*

Veil is gripping the Doctor, deadly tight. The Doctor's body is glowing, fierce and bright. He twists and screams like he's burning. It goes on and on, and then -

The Doctor slams, lifeless, to the floor. Dead as a doornail.

Veil steps back from the body, stands for a moment. Almost as if penitent. Then the faint glow of a teleport, and Veil fades away.

Now, cutting round the various monitors in the castle -

- they all cut to the snowing interference we saw at the very beginning.

Now, on the Doctor, limp and dead on the floor.

Close on his face. Was that a twitch of his mouth?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(V.O.)

People always get it wrong with Time Lords.

CUT TO:

77

**INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

77

As before, the roundels are flicking on, one at a time, slowly illuminating -

- the Doctor, standing silent at the console. He looks pale as death.

THE DOCTOR

We take forever to die.

He raises a hand, flicks a few switches. The console monitor flares on, showing a schematic of the Doctor's crumpled body.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Even if we're too injured to regenerate, every cell of our bodies keeps trying. Dying properly, can take days.

CUT TO:





82 CONTINUED:

82

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
The portrait of you ... the  
creature from my own nightmares ...

CUT TO:

83 **INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

83

The Doctor is resting for a moment. As we watch he heaves himself back to life, starts hauling his way along the corridor.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
This place is my own, bespoke  
torture chamber - intended for me,  
only. But all those skulls in the  
water? How could there have been  
other prisoners in my hell?

As the Doctor heaves himself along, we pan back to the blood stains he's leaving behind -

- exactly the same as the blood stains we saw at the top of the show.

CUT TO:

84 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

84

The Doctor watching his own POV on the monitor.

THE DOCTOR  
The answer, of course, is there  
never were any other prisoners.

CUT TO:

85 **INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - DAY**

85

The Doctor, heaving himself along one of the radial corridors, leading to the top of the central tower.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
And the stars. They weren't in the  
wrong place. And I haven't time  
travelled.

CUT TO:

86 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

86

The Doctor, so grim.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR  
I've just been here a very, very  
long time.

CUT TO:

87 **INT. CIRCULAR CORRIDOR - DAY**

87

The same shot as at the top of the show - the door to the teleport chamber as the shadow of a hunched and wheezing figure falls over them.

This time we see it is the Doctor himself, barely able to stand.

A crunching, grinding sound - the door slides away, revealing the teleport chamber itself. The Doctor staggers in.

CUT TO:

88 **INT. TELEPORT CHAMBER - DAY**

88

Desperately weak and dying, the Doctor staggers to the console.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
Every room resets - remember I told  
you that? Every room returns to its  
original condition..

He's now examining the controls.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Logically, that means the teleport  
should do the same.

CUT TO:

89 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

89

The Doctor, watching the monitor.

THE DOCTOR  
Teleporters. Fancy word. They're  
just like 3D printers, really.  
Except they break down living  
matter into information, and  
transmit it. All you have to do is  
add energy.

CUT TO:

90 **INT. TELEPORT CHAMBER - DAY**

90

The Doctor, studying the readouts on the console.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

(V.O.)

The room has reset. Returned to its original condition, when I arrived. That means there's a copy of me still in the hard drive. Me, exactly as I was when I first got here - seven thousand years ago.

The Doctor is picking up the wires he earlier removed from the skull. He attaches them to his own head, with the little "sci fi" suction cups at the end. The wires run into the depths of the console, so it's like he's wiring himself into the machinery.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(V.O.)

All I need to do is find some energy. And all you need for energy is something to burn.

He braces himself. This is going to be tough.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(V.O.)

How long can I keep doing this, Clara? Burning the old me to make a new one?

He steadies himself for the horror -

- then reaches his bloodied hand for the lever (the same shot as at the beginning.)

He slams the lever.

This time we see the Doctor spasm, energy arcing through him -

- then he goes crashing to the ground.

(The following is exactly as at the beginning ... )

In the glass cabinet, a glow is starting up - exactly like the glow we saw as the Doctor dematerialised at the end of Trap Street.

On the walls - the brass cogs, glowing brighter and brighter.

The floor - the Doctor's bloodied hand, shaking with effort, is writing letters in the dust.

Now cutting round various walls of the castle -

- the stone cogs turning and turning -

- faster and faster -

Back to the bloodied hand, writing in the dust -

**BIRD**

(CONTINUED)

The glow in the cabinet, stronger and stronger. Starting to take familiar shape -

The brass cogs - faster and faster.

The stone cogs - faster and faster. Now the cogs are glowing faintly. We pan down to the streaks of blood on the floor. They too glow, just like the cogs. Now they are evaporating. Puffing into steam.

On the bloodied hand still writing - we see curves and lines but not the finished word.

The hand starts to glow. Spasms in pain - steaming now. In a moment the hand crumbles to the barest outline of ash.

On the brass cogs. They all slam to a halt.

Cutting to the stone cogs on all the walls - also slamming to a halt.

Now on the glass cabinet at the centre of the chamber.

The golden glow is resolving, refining -

- now clearly, this is the Doctor.

He is frozen for a moment -

- then convulses into life. Choking, spluttering. Slams against the glass of cabinet, starts to register where he is.

A moment to recover.

Now he's opening the door of the cabinet, stepping into the gleaming brass and glass room. Looking around.

A haunted look crosses his face. A memory impacting, sickeningly. He's thinking about Clara's death.

The Doctor: she's dead, she's gone. Nothing he can do.

So. To business.

He glances round. A studied show of indifference to his surroundings.

Straightens his coat. Composes himself. If anyone is observing, he's telling them he means business and he is not afraid.

Finally, he speaks.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

If you think, because she's dead, I am weak, you understand very little. If you were any part of killing her, and you are not afraid, you understand nothing at all. So for your own sake, understand this.

(CONTINUED)

We now pan from the newly minted Doctor, down to see the crumbled remains of the old Doctor. The skull, the dust.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I'm the Doctor. I am coming to find  
you. And I will never, ever stop.

We hear the new Doctor move to the door. It grinds open, we hear him go out.

Silence. The skull staring at us.

CUT TO:

91

**MONTAGE SEQUENCE**

91

Now, a fast cutting version of the entire episode we've just seen (fast like a recap).

A1: The Doctor finding the spade outside.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, are you gardeners?

CUT TO:

B1: The Doctor moving round the central hum of the tower, keeping pace with Veil on the other side.

CUT TO:

C1: The Doctor racing along the corridor, away from Veil.

CUT TO:

D1: Yanking open the door, to reveal the wall.

CUT TO:

E1: Veil, in confrontation with the Doctor, the Doctor making his first confession.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I'm actually scared of dying.

CUT TO:

F1: The Doctor throwing the stool through the window.

CUT TO:

G1: The Doctor diving from the tower.

CUT TO:

H1: The Doctor underwater, seeing all the skulls looking up at him.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

I1: The Doctor, hauling himself out of the water.

CUT TO:

J1: The Doctor finding his own clothes drying in front of the fire, deciding to swap them for the soaking ones he's wearing.

CUT TO:

K1: The Doctor digging his hole.

CUT TO:

L1: The Doctor discovering the message:

**I AM**

**IN 12**

CUT TO:

M1: The Doctor discovering the skull in the teleport chamber, staring into its empty sockets.

CUT TO:

N1: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
If I didn't know better I'd say  
I've travelled about seven thousand  
years into the future.

CUT TO:

O1: The tower shaking, causing the skull to vibrate on the low wall.

CUT TO:

P1: Underwater, the skull drifts down to join all the others. All the other Doctors.

CUT TO:

Q1: The Doctor discovers the 12 door.

CUT TO:

R1: The Doctor punching the diamond wall, as Veil draws closer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(Punch)  
"How many seconds in eternity?" And  
the shepherd's boy says -

Veil grabs the Doctor, starts to kill him.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

S1: The door of the teleport chamber grinds open to admit the terrible injured Doctor.

CUT TO:

T1: Energy arcing through the Doctor as he powers the teleport - then crashes to the floor.

U1: And a new Doctor steps from the teleport booth.

**And now we do it all again, faster and sharper, speed ramps if they work. (This is truncated, with only minor - though important - changes.)**

CUT TO:

B2: The Doctor moving round the central hub of the tower, keeping pace with Veil on the other side.

CUT TO:

C2: The Doctor racing along the corridor, away from Veil.

CUT TO:

F2: The Doctor throwing the stool through the window.

CUT TO:

G2: The Doctor diving from the tower.

CUT TO:

H2: The Doctor underwater, seeing all the skulls looking up at him.

CUT TO:

J2: The Doctor finding his own clothes drying in front of the fire, deciding to swap them for the soaking ones he's wearing.

CUT TO:

M2: The Doctor discovering the skull in the teleport chamber, staring into its empty sockets.

CUT TO:

N2: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

(CONTINUED)



THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
If I didn't know better I'd say  
I've travelled about twelve  
thousand years into the future.

CUT TO:

P2: Underwater, the skull drifts down to join all the others.  
All the other Doctors.

CUT TO:

R2: The Doctor punching the diamond wall, as Veil draws  
closer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(Punch)  
"How many seconds in eternity?" And  
the shepherd's boy says -

Veil grabs the Doctor, starts to kill him.

CUT TO:

S2: The door of the teleport chamber grinds open to admit the  
terrible injured Doctor.

CUT TO:

T2: Energy arcing through the Doctor as he powers the  
teleport - then crashes to the floor.

U2: And a new Doctor steps from the teleport booth.

**And again, even faster.**

CUT TO:

F3: The Doctor throwing the stool through the window.

CUT TO:

G3: The Doctor diving from the tower.

CUT TO:

H3: The Doctor underwater, seeing all the skulls looking up  
at him.

CUT TO:

M3: The Doctor discovering the skull in the teleport chamber,  
staring into its empty sockets.

CUT TO:

N3: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
If I didn't know better I'd say  
I've travelled about six hundred  
thousand years into the future.

CUT TO:

P3: Underwater, the skull drifts down to join all the others.  
All the other Doctors

CUT TO:

R3: The Doctor punching the diamond wall, as Veil draws  
closer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(Punch)  
"How many seconds in eternity?" And  
the shepherd's boy says -

Veil grabs the Doctor, starts to kill him.

CUT TO:

T3: Energy arcing through the Doctor as he powers the  
teleport - then crashes to the floor.

U3: And a new Doctor steps from the teleport booth.

**Again, even faster, really accelerating now.**

CUT TO:

M4: The Doctor discovering the skull in the teleport chamber,  
staring into its empty sockets.

CUT TO:

N4: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
- about twelve hundred thousand  
years into the future.

CUT TO:

P4: Underwater, the skull drifts down to join all the others.  
All the other Doctors.

CUT TO:

R4: The Doctor punching the diamond wall, as Veil draws  
closer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(Punch)  
"How many seconds in eternity?" And  
the shepherd's boy says -

(CONTINUED)

Veil grabs the Doctor, starts to kill him.

CUT TO:

T4: Energy arcing through the Doctor as he powers the teleport - then crashes to the floor.

U4: And a new Doctor steps from the teleport booth.

**Now we go to a very brief cycle ...**

CUT TO:

N5: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
If I didn't know better I'd say  
I've travelled about two million  
years into the future.

CUT TO:

P5: Underwater, the skull drifts down to join all the others.  
All the other Doctors.

CUT TO:

R5: The Doctor punching the diamond wall, as Veil draws closer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(Punch)  
"How many seconds in eternity?" And  
the shepherd's boy says -

Veil grabs the Doctor, starts to kill him.

CUT TO:

T5: Energy arcing through the Doctor as powers the teleport - then crashes to the floor.

U5: And a new Doctor steps from the teleport booth.

**Again.**

N6: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
If I didn't know better I'd say  
I've travelled about twenty million  
years into the future.

CUT TO:

P6: Underwater, the skull drifts down to join all the others.  
All the other Doctors.

CUT TO:

R6: The Doctor punching the diamond wall, as Veil draws closer. But this time we see that over the millions of years the Doctor has worn his way into the wall of diamond - a few feet!! It takes Veil a little longer to reach him. So we hear a little more story.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Punch)

- the shepherd's boy says there's  
this mountain of pure diamond, and  
it takes an hour to climb it, and  
an hour to go around it ...

Veil grabs the Doctor, starts to kill him.

CUT TO:

U6: And a new Doctor steps from the teleport booth.

CUT TO:

N7: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

- 52 million years -

CUT TO:

P7: Underwater, the skull clunks down among all the others.

CUT TO:

R7: The Doctor punching the diamond wall, as Veil draws  
closer. He's now inside a tunnel of a few feet, punching  
away. Veil takes even longer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Punch)

Every hundred years a little bird  
comes and sharpens its beak on the  
diamond mountain ...

Veil grabs the Doctor -

CUT TO:

U7: And a new Doctor steps from the teleport booth.

CUT TO:

N8: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

- nearly a billion years -

CUT TO:

R8: The Doctor, punching his way through the diamond tunnel.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

... and when the entire mountain is  
chiseled away, the first second of  
eternity will have passed.

(CONTINUED)

Veil grabs him.

CUT TO:

U8: A new Doctor steps out of the teleport.

CUT TO:

N9: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
- well over a billion years -

CUT TO:

R9: The Doctor, in his diamond tunnel, Veil lurching after.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
You might think that's a hell of a  
long time.

Veil grabs him.

CUT TO:

U9: A new Doctor steps out the teleport.

CUT TO:

N10: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
- two billion years -

CUT TO:

R10: The Doctor in the diamond tunnel, punching, punching -

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Personally I think that's a hell of  
a -

Veil grabs him.

CUT TO:

U10: A new Doctor steps out the teleport.

CUT TO:

N11: The Doctor and Veil at the top of the tower.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
- over two billion years -

CUT TO:

R11: The Doctor punching his way through what is now almost  
twenty feet of diamond tunnel

And *smash!!!*

The Doctor stares in shock. Veil freezes. What. What???

The thin layer of diamond remaining in front of the Doctor now crazes with crack-lines.

And shatters!!

Blinding light from beyond!!

The Doctor shields his eyes in shock, looks away -

- to see Veil frozen.

Then Veil slowly collapses to the ground, disintegrating as it goes. A few cogs - like the ones on the walls - clatter and roll from its disintegrating form. Its finished, over.

On the Doctor, looking down at the shattered remnants, the light blazing behind him. Finally completes his story.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Personally, I think that's a hell  
of a bird.

The Doctor looks back to the blazing light.

And starts to walk into it -

CUT TO:

92

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

92

The Doctor, blinded by too much light, can hardly see.

He looks behind him to see where he came from -

- but there is just a jagged hole hanging in space, through which we can still see the darkened corridor.

But as he watches, the hole shrinks and disappears, like the picture dwindling to a dot on an old television -

- the dot falls to the ground, now a physical object, glittering in the sun.

The Doctor bends, picks it up -

Oh!

His own confession dial, now fully open.

He peers inside - revealed a tiny castle in the middle of an ocean. Where he's been all this time!

And the dial snaps shut.

He runs his fingers round it.

(CONTINUED)

Close on a detail of the dial - tiny little cogs (I know we're going to have to cheat that, but we never got a good look.)



He turns slowly, squints into the distance, shields his still-adjusting eyes.

We don't yet see what he sees - but it changes everything.

A noise makes him turn. Watching him nervously from the shadows, a little boy. The equivalent of a shepherd's boy. He's staring at the Doctor in astonishment - this man who came out of nowhere.

THE DOCTOR

Go to the city. Find somebody important, and tell them I'm back. Tell them I know what they did and I'm on my way.

The boy, confused, forming a question.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

If they ask you who I am, tell them I came the long way round.

The boy turns, and runs. The Doctor watches him go. His eyes raise to the boy's destination.

And we move round behind, and finally see what he can.

A few miles away looming out of the desert, a vast city under a huge gleaming dome. Gallifrey.

The Doctor takes a moment, staring at it, drinking it in.

He looks at the Confession Dial, still in his hand.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You can probably still hear me - so just between ourselves, you've got the prophecy wrong. The Hybrid isn't half Dalek. Nothing's half-Dalek - Daleks wouldn't allow it.

He pockets the dial, takes out his sonic glasses.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The Hybrid ... destined to conquer Gallifrey and stand in its ruins  
...

He slips on the glasses - we can see the domed city reflected in each lens.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

... is Me.

CUT TO:

End titles.