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1 EXT. SCOTTISH MOORLANDS - DAY 4 1600

1

Immense open space. Snow-topped mountains, deep valleys, the moan of the wind. In the distance, a tolling bell...

CUT TO a brotherhood of 8 MONKS, walking along a rough path. Robed, hooded, simple clothes; not a wealthy order. One monk constantly tolls a hand bell. All walk with long, straight sticks, their leader, FATHER ANGELO, at the front.

Behind them, one MONK riding a horse & cart. On the back, a box-shape, roughly 6ft x 6ft, covered with tarpaulins.

CUT TO:

2

2 CONTINUED:

2

FATHER ANGELO

Women will not be necessary. Only the house. If you won't stand aside, then we'll take it by force.

STEWARD

4 CONTINUED: 4

- and another -

- a young MAID goes to scream, a MONK clamps his hand
over her mouth -

CUT TO:

5 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE STAIRS - DAY 4 1636 5

8 CONTINUED: 8

ROSE
Going to a concert. Like a regular couple. Sheffield it is!

THE DOCTOR
Hold on tight - !

He pulls a big, hefty lever -

UT TO:

9 EXT. FX SHOT, TIME VORTEX 9

The TARDIS spins through the blue vortex, the song spiralling all around -

CUT TO:

10 INT. TARDIS - DAY 4 10

THE DOCTOR & ROSE clinging on, music still playing, the Doctor with a big wooden mallet, bashing the console -

THE DOCTOR
Brace yourself - Landiiiiing - !

Thump, lurch, the Tardis jolts to a stop, they're thrown forward. Music stops. A second to recover, on the Doctor - brrr!, shudder, like arriving in a new time is a cold shower (and let's always do that!). Then he's back to normal, heading down the ramp, Rose following -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
1979, hell of a year, China invades Vietnam, the Muppet Movie, love that film, Margaret Thatcher, Skylab falls to Earth, with a little bit of help from me, nearly took off my thumb, and I like my thumb -

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 4 1700 11

THE DOCTOR walks out of the TARDIS, ROSE right behind him -

THE DOCTOR
- I need my thumb, I'm very attached to... my thumb...

CUT TO CAPTAIN REYNOLDS on HORSEBACK, holding up a PISTOL -

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

On ground level, a SOLDIER, points his rifle, and ANOTHER, and ANOTHER, and ANOTHER -

The TARDIS is in the middle of an open road. Empty, stony countryside all around. Facing the Tardis: a small troop of SOLDIERS, all aiming at the Doctor, led by the smart, 30 y/o CAPTAIN. Further back: a CARRIAGE. Behind that, a sizeable open CART, from which the soldiers have dismounted.

The Doctor & Rose put hands up, as he realises -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
1879. Same difference.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

THE DOCTOR

(Scots again)

I'm Doctor James McCrimmon. From the township of... Balamory, I have my credentials, if I may..?

...lower my hands? The Captain nods, the Doctor & Rose do so, and he gets out his blank psychic paper, shows it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

As you can see. A doctorate from the University of Edinburgh, I trained under Dr Bell himself. And he taught me the skills of observation, I can't help but notice, you're very armed to the teeth, for such a quiet stretch of road, now why would that be? Who would the Scots Guard be protecting?

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

That's none of your business -

WOMAN'S VOICE

Let them approach.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

I don't think that's wise, ma'am -

WOMAN'S VOICE

Let them approach.

The Captain's annoyed, but submits.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

You will approach the carriage. And show all due deference.

The Doctor & Rose walk forward, towards the carriage - Rose puzzled, but loving it, the Doctor already guessing...

A FOOTMAN opens the carriage door. Inside -

QUEEN VICTORIA. Gazing down upon them. Sixty years old, in black, though nowhere near as dour as tradition would say; a glint in her eye, a keen intelligence.

THE DOCTOR

Rose, might I introduce... her Majesty

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

ROSE

Rose Tyler, ma'am. And my apologies.
For being so naked.

QUEEN VICTORIA

I've had five daughters, it's nothing to
me. But you, Doctor. A student of my
Dr Bell, it's claimed? Show me these
credentials.

He holds up the psychic paper, she looks at it.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

But why didn't you say so immediately?
It clearly states that you've been
appointed by the Lord Provost, as my
protector.

THE DOCTOR

Does it? Yes it does! Good! Then let
me ask, why's your Majesty travelling by
road, when there's a train all the way
to Aberdeen?

QUEEN VICTORIA

The train was halted. A tree across the
line.

THE DOCTOR

By accident?

QUEEN VICTORIA

I am the Queen of the United Kingdom of
Great Britain and Ireland. Everything
around me tends to be planned.

THE DOCTOR

Then someone wanted to stop you.

QUEEN VICTORIA

It's a possibility.

THE DOCTOR

An assassination attempt?

ROSE

What, seriously? There's people out to
kill you?

QUEEN VICTORIA

The Chartists, the Anarchists, the
Fenians, I'm quite used to staring down
the barrel of a gun.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

Captain Reynolds brings his horse round.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Sir Robert MacLeish lives but ten miles hence, we've sent word ahead. He'll give us shelter for tonight, then we can reach Balmoral tomorrow.

QUEEN VICTORIA

This Doctor and his timorous beastie will come with us.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Yes ma'am. We'd better get moving, it's nightfall soon.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Indeed. And there are stories of wolves in these parts.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

(laughs)

I don't think so, ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Fanciful tales, intended to scare the children. But good for the blood, I think. Drive on.

She abruptly turns to profile - audience over - and the footman closes the door on her.

12 CONTINUED:

12

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(leans in, a secret)
We just met Queen Victoria.

ROSE
I know!

Both giggling in secret, like kids.

THE DOCTOR
What a laugh!

ROSE
She was just sitting there!

THE DOCTOR
Like a stamp.

ROSE
I want her to say 'we are not amused.'
Bet you five quid I can make her say it.

THE DOCTOR
If I gambled on that, it would be an
abuse of my privilege as a traveller in
time.

ROSE
Ten quid.

THE DOCTOR
Done.

CUT TO:

13 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM/EXT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE 13 DAY
4 1800

14

14 CONTINUED:

14

QUEEN VICTORIA

It hardly matters.
 (to Sir Robert)
 Shall we proceed?

ROSE

(mutters)
 So close!

As Queen Victoria and Sir Robert head inside -

CUT TO CAPTAIN REYNOLDS on still horseback -

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Mackeson and Ramsay, you will escort the
 property, hurry up.

Two SOLDIERS - MACKESON & RAMSAY - are already by Queen
 Victoria's carriage. Mackeson is lifting out a SMALL
 JEWELLERY CASE, shaped like a treasure chest. He carries
 it reverentially, Ramsay as his escort.

The Doctor & Rose watching, fascinated.

THE DOCTOR

What's in there, then?

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Property of the Crown, you will dismiss
 any further thoughts, sir.

(to the cart)

The rest of you, go to the rear of the
 house. Assume the designated positions.

The open cart carries the SOLDIERS off -

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, COURTYARD - DAY 4 1820

15

SOLDIERS leap off the open cart, scatter, on duty,
 commands being called out.

LOW ANGLE, soldiers' feet running through frame, track in
 to a floor-level cellar window...

CUT TO:

16 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - DAY 4 1820

16

Daylight shining through the high-up windows, the noise
 of the courtyard, the soldiers, outside.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

The STAFF and LADY ISOBEL are still huddled against one wall. Terrified, silent.

CU Lady Isobel looking up, to the light. Then across. To the cage. And she's literally shaking with fear.

TRACK IN TO THE CAGE. THE HOST sits centre. A man in rags, legs crossed like Buddha, his eyes closed.

But it's as though he can still sense them. Keeping his eyes shut, he lifts a bony finger to his lips, miming an exaggerated sssh.

CUT TO:

17 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - DAY 4 1825

17

A plain room (the interior of Sir Robert's house is not lavish, but stark & cold; rough plaster, all browns, blacks, whites; the wind howls through, all day, all night).

CU the JEWELLERY CASE being placed on a shelf, inside a

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

THE DOCTOR

But it's pretty! It's very pretty.

QUEEN VICTORIA

And the sheer imagination of it should be applauded.

ROSE

I thought you might disapprove, your Majesty. Star gazing. Isn't that a bit fanciful? You could easily... not be amused, or something. Nope?

QUEEN VICTORIA

This device surveys the infinite work of God, what could be finer? Sir Robert's father was an example to us all, a polymath, steeped in astronomy and the sciences, yet equally well versed in fairytales and folklore.

THE DOCTOR

Stars and magic. I like him more and more.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Oh, my late husband enjoyed his company. Prince Albert himself was acquainted with many rural superstitions, coming as he did from Saxe Coburg.

THE DOCTOR

(aside, to Rose)

That's Bavaria.

QUEEN VICTORIA

The German forests are rife with stories, creatures of the night, and so forth. When Albert was told of your local wolf, he was transported.

THE DOCTOR

What is this wolf, then?

Sir Robert so careful, so aware of Father Angelo.

SIR ROBERT

It's... just a story.

THE DOCTOR

Then tell it.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

SIR ROBERT

It's said that -

FATHER ANGELO

- excuse me, sir, perhaps her Majesty's party can repair to their rooms. It's almost dark.

SIR ROBERT

Of course. Yes, of course.

QUEEN VICTORIA

And then supper. In the absence of your cook, there's a hamper in my possession, a cold collation from the train. And do find some clothes for Miss Tyler, I'm tired of nakedness.

ROSE

It's not amusing, is it?

QUEEN VICTORIA

(a glance, but she ignores her)

Sir Robert, your wife must have left some clothes, see to it. We shall dine at seven, and perhaps talk some more of this wolf. After all, it's a full moon tonight.

SIR ROBERT

So it is, ma'am.

And he's fearful as he bows, on her exit.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. SKY - EVENING 4 1840

19

The sun lowering. A blood red sky.

CUT TO:

20 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING 4 1840

20

A wide, spartan, flagstoned room. A MONK/FOOTMAN brings in a cloth sack, empties out its contents -

Mistletoe. Other MONK/FOOTMEN grab branches -

CUT TO the monks tying mistletoe into wreaths and garlands, big enough to wear around their necks. Intense work.

(CONTINUED)

- 20 CONTINUED: 20
- With this going on in b/g, another monk turns from the stove, where he's been brewing a pan of coffee-coloured liquid. He ladles it into a number of simple cups...
- CUT TO:
- 21 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 1842 21
- ROSE, with a wardrobe open, taking out a heavy, formal dress. Not happy, not her thing.
- CUT TO:
- 22 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1843 22
- A MONK/FOOTMAN carries the cups on a tray. SOLDIERS are stationed along the hallway.
- But they smile, relax, at the offer of a hot cup. They take one, knock it back, as the monk/footman moves on...
- CUT TO:
- 23 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 1844 23
- ROSE finding and holding up a huge pair of BLOOMERS. Laughing. Maybe not!
- CUT TO:
- 24 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT 4 1845 24
- The MONK/FOOTMAN, with his tray, offers MACKESON & RAMSAY a cup. They relax, down arms, take a cup.
- CU on Blake, a good swig...
- CUT TO:
- 25 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 1847 25
- ROSE in a full-length mirror, still in her modern clothes, but holding a dress against herself - a better dress, bit sexier, could work...
- CUT TO:
- 26 EXT. FRONT OF SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 1847 26
- Two SOLDIERS on duty. With the front door open, the MONK/FOOTMAN offers them a cup each.

(CONTINUED)

- 26 CONTINUED: 26
- The soldiers take one each, drink deep...
- CUT TO:
- 27 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 1848 27
- ROSE goes to a second wardrobe, opens it...
- And there's FLORA. A 15 y/o maid, wide-eyed, crying in silence, terrified, literally shaking.
- CUT TO:
- 28 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1848 28
- The SOLDIERS, still with cups in hand, slump to the floor, drugged, unconscious -
- CUT TO:
- 29 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT 4 1848 29
- MACKESON & RAMSAY fall to the floor, unconscious -
- CUT TO:
- 30 INT. FRONT OF SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 1848 30
- The SOLDIERS fall unconscious, topple like nine-pins.
- Four MONK/FOOTMEN run to the bodies - take the rifles -
- CUT TO:
- 30A INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT 4 1848 30A
- Two MONK/FOOTMEN grab the rifles from the unconscious MACKESON & RAMSAY -
- CUT TO:
- 30B INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1848 30B
- Two MONK/FOOTMEN grab the rifles from the fallen SOLDIERS -
- CUT TO:
- 31 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 1849 31
- ROSE sitting on the bed, with FLORA, trembling, hushed.

FLORA
They came through the house.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

FLORA (CONT'D)

In silence. Like death itself. Took the steward, and the master, and my lady.

ROSE

But who did, who were they?

FLORA

The monks. The Brethren. Did they attack you, Miss? Did they steal your clothes?

ROSE

No, but listen, I've got a friend, he's called the Doctor, he'll know what to do, you've got to come with me.

FLORA

Oh but I can't, Miss.

ROSE

What's your name?

FLORA

Flora.

ROSE

Flora, we'll be safe, there's more people arrived downstairs, soldiers and everything, they can help us. I promise. Come on.

CUT TO:

32 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS CORRIDORS - NIGHT 4 1852

ROSE pokes her head out, around the door -

No one around. She brings FLORA out, holds her hand. They hurry down the corridor, nervous - round the corner -

Two SOLDIERS unconscious on the floor. Rose runs to them -

FLORA

Oh Miss, I did warn you!

ROSE

They're not dead. I don't think. Must be drugged, or...

But she looks up, sharp -

MONK/FOOTMEN, running towards her, absolutely silent -

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

Rose turns -

Another MONK/FOOTMAN has grabbed Flora, a hand around her mouth - pulls her away -

- as Rose goes to yell, the monks reach her - a hand clamped around her mouth -

CUT TO:

33 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1855 33

CORRIDOR: an unconscious SOLDIER is being dragged away by a MONK/FOOTMAN. FATHER ANGELO steps over him, like it's normal, carrying a decanter to the dining room, and he steps inside just as the soldier's legs disappear b/g -

Into the DINING ROOM.

QUEEN VICTORIA, THE DOCTOR, SIR ROBERT (ever mindful of Father Angelo) and CAPTAIN REYNOLDS around the table. This room's a little smarter, though still austere.

FATHER ANGELO

Your companion begs an apology, Doctor.
She finds the clothing not quite correct.

THE DOCTOR

That's all right, save her a bit of ham.

QUEEN VICTORIA

The feral child could probably eat it raw.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

(laughs!)
Oh very wise, ma'am! Very witty!

QUEEN VICTORIA

Slightly witty, perhaps. I know you rarely get the chance to dine with me, Captain, but don't get too excited. I shall contain my wit in case I do you further injury.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Yes ma'am, sorry ma'am.

THE DOCTOR

Besides, we're all waiting on Sir Robert. Come, sir. You promised us a tale of nightmares.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

QUEEN VICTORIA

Indeed. Since my husband's death, I find myself with more of a taste for supernatural fiction.

THE DOCTOR

You must miss him.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Very much. Oh, completely. And that's the charm of a ghost story, isn't it? Not the scares and the chills, that's just for children; but the hope of contact with the great beyond.

(quiet; in mourning)

We all want some message from that place, some word from our beloved. Which never comes. It's the Creator's greatest mystery, that we're allowed no such consolation. The dead stay silent. And we must wait.

Pause; then she gathers herself.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

But come, begin your tale, Sir Robert. There's a chill in the air. The wind is howling through the eaves. Tell us of monsters.

CUT TO:

34 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT 4 1900

34

THE HOST IN THE CAGE has got his head down, eyes closed, though awake; he snickers to himself, like an awful child.

CUT TO LADY ISOBEL, quiet, terrified, ROSE and FLORA now chained up with her, sitting on the floor with the STEWARD, COOK, STAFF, etc, all terrified. Quiet, trembling:

LADY ISOBEL

Don't make a sound. They said, if we shout or scream, then he will slaughter us.

ROSE

But... he's in a cage. He's a prisoner, he's the same as us.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

THE DOCTOR
A werewolf..?

CUT TO:

36 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT 4 1901

36

PRISONERS scared, but ROSE sits forward, to ask the HOST:

ROSE
...who are you?

LADY ISOBEL
Don't, child.

STEWARD
Don't enrage him.

ROSE
But where are you from?

FLORA
Oh Miss, please don't.

ROSE
I know what I'm doing.
(to the man)
You're not from Earth. What planet did
you come from?

And the Host grins; a childlike voice, with a slight
unnatural reverb (neutral, English accent).

THE HOST
Ohhh, intelligence.

The prisoners terrified! A moan, a whimper -

ROSE
It's all right, trust me -
(to the man)
Where were you born?

THE HOST
This body? Ten miles away. A weakling,
heartsick boy. Stolen away, at night,
by the Brethren, for my cultivation. I
carved out his soul and sat in his
heart.

ROSE
All right, the body's human. But what
about you? The thing inside..?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

THE HOST

So far from home.

ROSE

I can help you.

STEWARD

This is the Devil's talk -

ROSE

Oy, shush! I'm serious. If you want to go back home, we can help.

THE HOST

Why would I leave this place? An empire of smoke and iron is being forged, to the south. A world of industry, of workforce, and warfare. I could turn it to such purpose.

ROSE

How would you do that?

THE HOST

This body is only a host, I would migrate to the holy monarch.

ROSE

You mean Queen Victoria?

THE HOST

With one bite, I would pass into her blood. And then it begins. The Empire of the Wolf.

He tilts his head, studies her, curious.

THE HOST (CONT'D)

So many questions. And yet...

Suddenly, he darts forward, right at the bars - even Rose can't help shrinking back - the shine of his black eyes -

THE HOST (CONT'D)

Look! Inside your eyes. You've seen it too.

ROSE

...seen what?

THE HOST

The wolf. There is something of the wolf about you.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

ROSE

...I don't know what you mean.

THE HOST

Ohh, you burnt like the sun. But all I require is the moon.

CUT TO:

37 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1903

37

THE DOCTOR, QUEEN VICTORIA, REYNOLDS fixed on SIR ROBERT.

SIR ROBERT

My father didn't treat it as a story. He said it was fact. He even claimed to have communed with the beast, to have learnt its purpose. I should have listened!

B/G, FATHER ANGELO walks around the room, crossing to the windows; there's a desk in front of the window, so that with his back to the room, he might simply be busy with something domestic. And this allows Sir Robert to push it, to clearly glance at Father Angelo - which the Doctor registers - as Sir Robert becomes more intense:

SIR ROBERT (CONT'D)

But his work was hindered. He made enemies. There's a monastery, in the Glen of St Catherine, and the Brethren opposed my father's investigations. They'd forbid the village to talk to him, they'd denounce his theories, and demand that he stop.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Perhaps they found his work ungodly.

SIR ROBERT

I thought that. For so many years. But now, I wonder -

(more urgent)

What if they had different reasons, for wanting the story kept quiet?

(right at the Doctor)

What if, they changed their allegiance, long ago? What of that, Doctor? What if they turned from God and worshipped the wolf?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

THE DOCTOR

...and what if they were with us, right now..?

Grim, he looks across the room -

Sir Robert, Queen Victoria, Captain Reynolds look across -

TRACK ACROSS TO FATHER ANGELO, all pretence abandoned, lost in prayer. Entranced, staring out of the window, bright, mad eyes. And he is muttering, intoning, repeating:

FATHER ANGELO

And out of the window, shining down, as though summoned -

CUT TO:

38 EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT 4 1905

38

Clouds scud past and reveal the FULL MOON.

CUT TO:

39 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT 4 1905

39

The cellar-ramp doors are flung open, by MONK/FOOTMEN up above. And shining through:

(FX?) The moon, its light slanting across the floor, on to -

THE HOST

Moonlight...

He's ecstatic, pulls off his rags, so he's naked, holds out his arms, joyous -

He starts to glow. Light filling him.

CU his smiling face. Suffused with cold light. A powerful noise, like the sound of light.

CUT TO the PRISONERS. Terrified! (And from now on, the action ramps into something more kinetic, wild, blistering; so much noise; light and dark; human terror; visceral! And music should be wild, clever, a bit Tarantino - not period, maybe wild electric guitars...)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ROSE looks at the chains: everyone wears a handcuff on each wrist, each cuff linked by a small chain to a single, big, thick chain, which runs across all the prisoners - so all the prisoners are linked together - each end of the big chain then attached to the stone wall by a huge, old, rusting bolt.

ROSE

All of you, stop looking at him, Flora, don't look, listen to me - grab hold of the chain, and pull! Come on! With me! Pull!

She starts to yank on the big chain -

FX: the light-filled Host is starting to grow...

CUT TO the prisoners, LADY ISOBEL just whimpering.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I said pull! Stop whining and listen to me! All of you! And that means you, your ladyship, come on! Pull!

CUT TO:

40 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1906

40

FATHER ANGELO intoning his chant, THE DOCTOR, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT, CAPTAIN REYNOLDS now standing, alarmed, the Captain aiming his pistol at the Father - panic rising, all these voices overlapping -

(And from now on, the Doctor drops his Scots accent.)

QUEEN VICTORIA

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

What's the meaning of this? What's happening?

SIR ROBERT

I'm sorry, your Majesty, they've got my wife -

THE DOCTOR

Rose, where's Rose, where is she? Sir Robert! Come on - !

41 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT 4 1907+ 41

FX: the light-filled HOST is glowing, and starting to change shape, growing, bones cracking -

FX: his face starts to elongate - ripping into a maw -

CUT TO the PRISONERS, all whimpering, but listening to ROSE, who's magnificent - and bossy! - yelling -

ROSE

One, two, three, PULL!

They've become a tug o'war, sitting, heaving at the chain, yanking it on her command -

- on the wall-bolt, chips of stone loosen, fall away -

ROSE (CONT'D)

One, two, three, PULL!

One, two, three,

CUT TO:

42 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1907 42

FATHER ANGELO still chanting, entranced, staring up, as CAPTAIN REYNOLDS faces him, levels his pistol at his head -

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Tell me, sir! I demand
to know your intention,
what is it that you
want?

FATHER ANGELO

And it's a shock when the Father whips round -

FATHER ANGELO (CONT'D)

The throne.

- then a blur - knocking the pistol aside with ease -

- and Captain Reynolds slams to the floor, our cold.

QUEEN VICTORIA stands defenceless.

CUT TO:

43 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BELOW STAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 4 4B908

THE DOCTOR & SIR ROBERT belt along -

CUT TO:

44 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT 4 1909

44

FX: that classic shot of the half-wolf HOST, holding up his hand, watching it stretch, crack, and claw...

ROSE yelling at the PRISONER tug o'war team -

ROSE

One! Two! Three!

And they yank -

- the bolt pulls free of the wall -

FX: the light-filled Host is now twisting, eight feet tall, curled up in his cage, trying to stand -

- the PRISONERS all get to their feet, frantic -

- as the door's kicked in - it's THE DOCTOR & SIR ROBERT -

ROSE (CONT'D)

Where the hell have you been?!

THE DOCTOR

(admiring)

Ohh, that's beautiful...

FX: CU the Host, his face now that of the WOLF, still light-filled, baring his teeth, with an awful growl -

SIR ROBERT

Isobel, get out, all of you -

A mad scramble for the door -

THE DOCTOR

Out! Out! Out!

He keeps yelling - all of this is at fever pitch, now! - people running past him, fast, out -

Rose is last out - the Doctor grabs the door, goes to swing it shut, takes one last look -

FX: the CAGE splinters apart - the roof flies back, bars fall, as the WOLF, still filled with light, bursts free -

The Doctor slams the door, whirrs at it with the sonic -

CUT TO:

45 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1910 45

FATHER ANGELO faces QUEEN VICTORIA.

QUEEN VICTORIA

I take it, sir, that you halted my
train, to bring me here.

FATHER ANGELO

We've waited so long, for one of your
journeys to coincide with the moon.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Then you've waited in vain. After six
attempts on my life, I'm hardly
unprepared.

From her purse, she takes out a small, delicate revolver.
Though she's shaking a little as she holds it up.

And for the first time, the Father smiles.

FATHER ANGELO

Oh, I don't think so, woman.

QUEEN VICTORIA

The correct form of address is, your
Majesty.

And she fires!

CUT TO:

46 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BELOW STAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 4 1910

The cellar door, seen from outside in the corridor, under
assault from inside,
Splintering -

CUT TO:

47 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, SERVANTS' HALLWAY - NIGHT 4 1910

An intersection of corridors, dark, cramped - the
carries over -

- the STEWARD at an armoury/cupboard, grabbing rifles,
throwing them to the FOOTMEN - all frantic, yelling -

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

STEWARD
Lady Isobel, take the
girls! Get them out
through the kitchen -
Clive, at arms, and
you, Jackson, and you,
lad -

LADY ISOBEL
Robert, I can't leave you,
what will you do -?

SIR ROBERT
I must defend her Majesty,
now stop it, don't think of
me, just go -

LADY ISOBEL gives him a sudden, desperate kiss - then
grabs a whimpering FLORA, runs, other MAIDS following -

LADY ISOBEL
All of you! At my side! Come on!

FOREGROUND, THE DOCTOR whirring the sonic screwdriver at
at ROSE's handcuffs, which fall off, as he mutters, fast -

THE DOCTOR
- could be any form of light-modulating
species, triggered by specific
wavelengths, did it say what it wanted?

48 CONTINUED: 48

- the Doctor runs back -

CUT TO:

49 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, SERVANTS' HALLWAY - NIGHT 4 - 49
CONTINUOUS

THE DOCTOR runs through - grabs ROSE's hand, runs with her - past the line of armed FOOTMEN, towards SIR ROBERT -

FX: in the corridor entrance behind him - the WEREWOLF!
And it ROARS, teeth, saliva -

STEWARD

The STEWARD, the FOOTMEN fire - blast after blast -

- flashes of light in the dark - a howl -

- and they keep firing, shot after shot after shot - on the men's faces, they're as savage as the beast -

And then silence. A stunning absence of sound. The wolf has gone. The men lower their guns, stunned. The Doctor & Rose, a glance, wary.

The Steward steps forward, to look down the corridor...

THE DOCTOR

All right, you men, we should retreat upstairs, come with me.

STEWARD

I'll not retreat, sir, the battle's done. No creature on God's earth could survive such an assault.

THE DOCTOR

I'm telling you, come upstairs.

STEWARD

And I'm telling you, sir, I'll sleep soundly tonight, with that thing's hide upon my wall.

He looks round the corner, down the corridor...

Empty.

He turns back, more confident.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

STEWARD (CONT'D)

It must have crawled away to die -

- and the Steward is literally pulled out of frame, super-fast, vertically, up into the rafters of the ceiling -

The footmen leap to their feet - run to the corridor entrance - aim up at the ceiling, fire - the howl - flashes of light -

THE DOCTOR

There's nothing we can do -

- and they're running -

CU footmen firing, yelling with anger -

WOLF POV, plummeting down, as though pouncing from the

50 CONTINUED:

50

FLORA
Did they kill it?

LADY ISOBEL
Hush. Come close...

Terrified but brave, Lady Isobel holds Flora, gestures to the other maids to come to her, in silence - they scurry to her, all retreat into a corner, sink to the floor, huddle together, still scared...

And they can hear a low purring... the scrape of claws on flagstone... something approaching, slowly...

They huddle tight, shivering, cringing, eyes closed...

But Lady Isobel can't help it. She has to look.

FX: the WEREWOLF. Filling the doorway. Just breathing; terrifyingly calm. Staring at her.

She closes her eyes, desperate, and waits to die...

And waits...

Then she opens her eyes again...

The creature has gone.

CUT TO:

51 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT 4 1913

51

QUEEN VICTORIA, hands trembling - the shock of it hitting her, now - fumbles with the key to the cabinet.
(MACKESON & RAMSAY unconscious at her feet.)

It unlocks, the door opens, she grabs the small treasure chest, opens the clasp, lifts the lid -

Inside: the most wonderful DIAMOND, glinting in the light; this is the fabled KOH-I-NOOR.

She puts the diamond in her purse, hurries away -

CUT TO:

52 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1914

52

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, SIR ROBERT burst into the hall -

SIR ROBERT
Your Majesty? Your Majesty - ?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

QUEEN VICTORIA appears at the top of the stairs, hurries down. (At the same time, the Doctor slams the door behind him shut - a big, thick, heavy door, the access to the servants' quarters - and he sonics it, while Rose runs to the front door, heaves at it -)

QUEEN VICTORIA

I'm here, don't worry, Sir Robert, what's happening? I heard such terrible noises -

SIR ROBERT

It's worse than I feared, ma'am, and I apologise for my part in this, but we've got to get out -

ROSE

Door won't open!

THE DOCTOR

Hold on - !

He runs across, heaves, then sonics -

SIR ROBERT

What of Father Angelo, ma'am, the leader of the Brethren, what happened to him, is he still here?

QUEEN VICTORIA

Captain Reynolds disposed of him.

THE DOCTOR

It's boarded shut! They must've nailed it up - c'mon - pardon me, your Majesty, you'll have to leg it out of a window -

And they're running, into -

CUT TO:

53 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 - CONTINUOUS

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT run in - the Doctor lifts up a sash window, but Sir Robert steps forward -

SIR ROBERT

Excuse my manners, ma'am, but I shall go first. The better to assist her Majesty's egress.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

QUEEN VICTORIA
A noble sentiment, my Francis Drake.

THE DOCTOR
Any chance you could hurry up?!

Sir Robert goes to climb out -

- gunshot, , a bullet ricochets off the
windowframe - a second, a third, splintering the wood -

- Sir Robert staggers back, the Doctor looks out -

OUTSIDE: the MONKS, glaring in, frozen in ready-to-attack
positions, pointing their stolen rifles at the window.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

54 CONTINUED:

54

THE DOCTOR
Got any silver bullets?

ROSE
Not on me, no.

THE DOCTOR
There we are, then. We run. Your
Majesty, as a Doctor, I recommend a
vigorous jog, good for the health -

And he takes the Queen's hand - runs up the stairs -

The door's shuddering,

CUT TO:

55 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STAIRS - NIGHT 4 1916 55

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT run up, up -

CUT TO:

56 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1916 56

WOLF POV from behind the door - as the door falls -

CUT TO:

57 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS CORRIDORS - NIGHT 4 1917

(This looks and feels like the longest set of corridors
in the world, now, rushing past us, all fast & wild now) -

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT, running -

The Doctor looks back -

Far down the corridor, a silhouette -

FX: the WEREWOLF - a second's pause, then it gives chase -

WEREWOLF POV hurtling down the corridor -

The Doctor running, Rose, the Queen, Robert, so scared,
they belt round a corner -

- CU Doctor, running for his life -

- CU Rose, running -

- CU the Queen, running -

- round another corner -

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

FX: the WEREWOLF rounds the first corner -

- the Doctor, Rose, Queen, Sir, run run run RUN -

FX: fast, profile shot of the WEREWOLF, tracking with it as it races along -

WEREWOLF POV, faster, faster -

CUT TO the Doctor & the others reaching the end of the corridor, another corner, but then - SHOCK - !

- CAPTAIN REYNOLDS appears in front of them!

He's dazed, injured, but raises his pistol - fires a volley!

FX: WEREWOLF howls, in pain, throws itself back -

The Captain then runs round the corner to the others, reloading his pistol - a brief pause, all fast, frantic -

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

I'll take this position and hold it, you keep moving, for God's sake - but your Majesty, I went to look for the property, and it was taken, the chest was empty -

QUEEN VICTORIA

I have it, it's safe -

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Then remove yourself, ma'am - Doctor, you stand as Her Majesty's protector. And you, Sir Robert. You're a traitor to the Crown.

Still in pain, he makes to go back round the corner -

THE DOCTOR

Bullets can't stop it -

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

They'll buy you time, now run!

And he steps into the corridor, fires -

The Doctor & others run on -

WOLF POV - races, terrifying speed, towards Captain Reynolds - his pistol empty, he draws his sword in fury -

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

FX: fast images - glint of teeth - slash of claws -

The Doctor & others run, hearing the terrible screams -

Rose looks back -

FX: WEREWOLF bounding towards them -

SIR ROBERT

In here - !

And they take a sudden swerve left -

CUT TO:

58 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, LIBRARY - NIGHT 4 1918

58

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT run inside -
the hefty door shut behind them -

It's a tall, dusty room, lined floor-to-ceiling with
books, shelves both on the walls and free-standing book
cases.

SIR ROBERT

58 CONTINUED:

58

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

...it's gone.

ROSE

Listen!

They all hush. Listen hard. The scatter of claws. The Wolf's going around the outside of the room...

They follow it round...

THE DOCTOR

(whispers)

This the only door?

SIR ROBERT

Yes.

(beat)

No!

And he runs - they all run - !

To a door on the far side - The Doctor grabs another bench, Sir Robert a chair, they shove them up as a barricade. But Rose walks away from the door, listening:

ROSE

Sssssh!

They all listen... listen... listen... as the wolf-claws seem to scratch around outside, going round the library walls... As though testing every part of the room...

A sudden scrabble, at a mid-point, raking at plaster, an attack, the sound of claws digging deep, they freeze...

Then it stops. A growl, the claws skitter, receding away...

And then nothing. All holding their breaths. But it seems to have retreated. Still quiet:

ROSE (CONT'D)

I don't understand. It could get through those doors, no trouble, what's stopping it..?

THE DOCTOR

Something inside this room. What is it? Why can't it get in..?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

QUEEN VICTORIA

What, exactly, I pray, someone, please, tell me, what, exactly, is that creature?

THE DOCTOR

You'd call it a werewolf, but technically, it's more of a lupine-wavelength-haemovariform -

QUEEN VICTORIA

(fierce)

And should I trust you, sir? When you change your voice so easily? What happened to your accent?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, right, sorry, that was -

QUEEN VICTORIA

I'll not have it. No sir, not you, not that thing, none of it. This is not my world.

And she's shaking, fighting back tears. Raw. Silence. No one knows how to comfort her. Victoria, alone.

CUT TO:

59 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/EXT COURTYARD - NIGHT 45P920

EXT, the MONKS on their silent, unmoving vigil.

This is the POV of LADY ISOBEL, at the window, realising...

LADY ISOBEL

Mistletoe...

She turns round, inspired, to FLORA (other MAIDS still cowering in the corner).

LADY ISOBEL (CONT'D)

They're all garlanded with mistletoe... and the wolf doesn't attack them. Who brought this into the kitchen..?

She grabs: bunches of mistletoe, still on the table.

FLORA

Must have been the Brethren.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

LADY ISOBEL

Gather it up, quickly. Every last scrap. Quick now!

CUT TO:

60 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, LIBRARY - NIGHT 4 1920

60

THE DOCTOR studying the door. It has a central wooden relief carving - a circle of mistletoe, like a wreath. The Doctor getting more excited, more sparky, in control - being trapped brings out the best in him; ROSE & SIR ROBERT listening, but QUEEN VICTORIA's still withdrawn.

THE DOCTOR

Mistletoe... Sir Robert, did your father put that there - ?

SIR ROBERT

I don't know, I suppose -

The Doctor look across at the second door, which has got the same mistletoe carving.

THE DOCTOR

- on the other door too, though a carving's not enough, I wonder -

And he licks the door.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

. The oil of the mistletoe, it's been worked into the wood, like a varnish, how clever was your dad? I love him! Powerful stuff, mistletoe, bursting with lectins and viscotoxins -

ROSE

And the wolf's allergic to it?

THE DOCTOR

Or it thinks it is. The monky-monk-monks need a way of controlling the wolf, maybe they trained it to react against certain things.

SIR ROBERT

Nevertheless, that creature won't give up, Doctor. And we still don't possess an actual weapon.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

THE DOCTOR

Oh your father got all the brains,
didn't he?

ROSE

Being rude again.

THE DOCTOR

Good, I meant that one. You want
weapons? We're in a library. Books!
Best weapons in the world -

Big moment: he puts his glasses on!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

This room's the greatest arsenal we
could have. Arm yourself!
(chucks Rose a book)
Page one!

CUT TO:

61 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 4 1925

61

All busy, fast - LADY ISOBEL boiling water, ripping up
mistletoe, shoving it into the pan - FLORA helping her -

FLORA

There's no sound of the wolf, my lady,
perhaps it's gone -

LADY ISOBEL

And perhaps it's toying with us. But my
husband's up there, and if there's any
chance he's still alive then by God,
I'll assist him -

CUT TO:

62

62 CONTINUED:

62

ROSE

We need a book on magic.

SIR ROBERT

The Control and Application of
Gunpowder! If we could build some form
of explosive -

THE DOCTOR

That's the sort of thing - oh, look what
your old dad found -

They gather round, quickly. An old book open at a line-
drawing of a SHOOTING STAR, falling to Earth.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Something fell to Earth.

ROSE

Spaceship?

SIR ROBERT

A shooting star. "In the year of our
Lord 1540, under the reign of King James
the Fifth... An almighty fire did burn
in the pit." That's the Glen of Saint
Catherine, just by the monastery.

ROSE

But that's over three hundred years ago,
what's it been waiting for?

THE DOCTOR

Maybe just a single cell survived. A
spore. A virus. A thought. Started
growing, adapting, evolving, slowly,
down the generations, it survived,
through the humans, host after host
after host.

ROSE

But in its real form, it's a wolf?

THE DOCTOR

Maybe it just adopted that. Mapped
itself on to local mythology.

SIR ROBERT

But why does it want the throne?

THE DOCTOR

Think what it could do!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

With its knowledge of the stars, added
to the might of Great Britain -

ROSE

That's what it wants, it said so. The
Empire of the Wolf.

THE DOCTOR

Imagine it. The Victorian age,
accelerated. Starships and missiles
fuelled by coal, and driven by steam.
Leaving history devastated in its wake.

QUEEN VICTORIA, still unnerved, is holding up her purse.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Sir Robert. If I am to die here -

SIR ROBERT

Don't say that, your Majesty -

QUEEN VICTORIA

I would destroy myself rather than let
that creature infect me. But that's no
matter. I ask only that you might find
some place of safe keeping, for
something far older and more precious
than myself.

THE DOCTOR

Hardly the time to worry about your
valuables.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Thank you for your opinion. But
nothing is more valuable than this.

She takes out: the Koh-i-Noor. Glinting in the light.

All stop, draw close, in awe.

THE DOCTOR

Is that..?

SIR ROBERT

Ohh, your Majesty.

ROSE

Is that the Koh-i-Noor..?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes. The greatest diamond in the world.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Given to me as the spoils of war. Perhaps its legend is coming true; it's said that whoever owns it, must surely die.

THE DOCTOR

Well, that's true of anything, if you wait long enough. Can I..?

She hands it to him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

That's so beautiful.

ROSE

How much is that worth?

THE DOCTOR

They say, the wages of the entire planet, for a whole week.

ROSE

Good thing my mum's not here, she'd be fighting off the wolf with her bare hands, for that thing.

THE DOCTOR

And she'd win.

SIR ROBERT

Where is the wolf? I don't trust this silence...

Sir Robert goes b/g, checking; others focus on the diamond.

THE DOCTOR

Why d'you travel with it..?

QUEEN VICTORIA

My annual pilgrimage. I'm taking it to Hellier and Carew, the Royal Jeweller's, in Hazlehead. The stone needs recutting.

ROSE

But it's perfect.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (4)

62

QUEEN VICTORIA

My late husband never thought so.

THE DOCTOR

Now there's a fact. Prince Albert kept on having the Koh-i-Noor cut down, it used to be forty per cent bigger than this. But he was never happy. Kept on cutting, and cutting...

QUEEN VICTORIA

He always said, the shine was not quite right. And he died with it still unfinished.

THE DOCTOR

Unfinished... But... Oh yes!

He's getting an idea. Blazing, so excited, he just tosses the diamond back to the Queen -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There's a lot of unfinished business in this house.

(to Sir Robert)

Your father's research. And your husband, ma'am, he came here. And he sought the perfect diamond, hold on, ohh, hold on, all these separate things, not separate at all, they're

62 CONTINUED: (5)

62

And on that, there's a tiny shower of dust, right in front of his face. A creak.

The Doctor slowly looks up...

Rose looks up, in dread...

Queen Victoria, Sir Robert look up...

High above them: the library has a beautiful glass roof. And crawling across the glass...

FX: THE WEREWOLF.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
...that wolf, there.

FX: the glass smashes and the werewolf plunges down -

The Doctor is HURLING the benches away from the barricade -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Out! Out! Out!

FX: the werewolf lands, surrounded by falling glass, going immediately into a crouching position -

The Doctor at the door, Queen Victoria & Sir Robert run through, into the corridor -

Rose throws a chair back into the room, heads out -

Rose whips past the Doctor, he goes to pull the door shut, to trap the wolf behind the mistletoe door - but the door stops, two inches from closing - the Doctor heaves - the roar of the Wolf as it holds on from the other side- he yells back -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
The observatory! We've got to get to
the observatory - !

- two inch gap, but widening, the wolf's stronger -

The Doctor lets go - whip pan with him, the sound of the OOV Wolf falling back - the Doctor joining Rose, Queen Victoria, Sir Robert - running -

CUT TO:

63

64 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STAIRS - NIGHT 4 1935

64

67 CONTINUED:

67

THE DOCTOR

The purpose it was designed for -

The Queen gives him the Koh-i-Noor, he runs on -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Rose -

- as he runs to the TELESCOPE, ROSE runs with him -

SIR ROBERT closes the doors, takes a cutlass off the wall. Breathing hard. Ready for what must come.

CUT TO Queen Victoria, left at the centre, between the closed doors and the telescope, looking from one to the other, scared, but brave (NB, a good distance separating doors - Queen Victoria - telescope).

CUT TO the Doctor at the base of the telescope, holding the turning-handle on the big-cog-wheel, Rose on the opposite side, holding another handle. Both turning the wheels. The mechanism's unused, stuff, they heeeave...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Lift it! Come on!

ROSE

Not the right time for...
(effort,
...stargazing...

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes it is - -

Ancient clockwork; gears grind; the creak of metal; the whole telescope starts to rise, slowly tilting up...

CUT TO the CORRIDOR. Sir Robert terrified, brave, facing...

FX: THE WEREWOLF. It studies him. Curious.

SIR ROBERT

I committed treason for you. But now my wife will remember me, with honour.

FX: WEREWOLF pounces - a flurry of teeth - claws -

INT OBSERVATORY, on Queen Victoria, hearing Sir Robert's scream, which abruptly cuts off. Facing the doors, she holds the crucifix round her neck. Kisses it.

The Doctor & Rose heeeave at the wheels -

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

The telescope tilts up, slowly, creaking, 70 degrees...

ROSE
(struggling)
Thought you said... this thing...
doesn't work...

THE DOCTOR
Doesn't work... as a telescope... cos
that's not what it is...

- the double doors under attack -

ROSE
Your Majesty, come back from there -

But Queen Victoria stands, brave.

QUEEN VICTORIA
I am the Defender of the Faith. And
that Faith shall defend me.

She mutters the Lord's Prayer -

Rose cranks the wheel - it's getting tougher -

ROSE
If it's not a telescope - owww! - what
is it then?

THE DOCTOR
His father was a genius... It's a light
chamber... it magnifies the light, like
a weapon... we've just got to power it
up...

ROSE
With what, there's no electricity...

She looks up. Realises!

ROSE (CONT'D)
Moonlight! But the wolf
moonlight, it's made by moonlight -

THE DOCTOR
You're 70% water and you can still
drown! Come on!

And they crank at the wheels with all their might.

POV from INT TELESCOPE BARREL, the night sky. With the
MOON just rising into view as the barrel lifts -

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

at the doors -

The Doctor and Rose heeeeeeave -

Queen Victoria prays, though with eyes wide -

TELESCOPE POV - and now the moon fills the barrel -

The Doctor releases the wheel, Rose does the same -

The topmost barrel of the telescope, the barrel with the greatest diameter, powers up, filling with light inside, beams spilling out through the rivets and the soldering -

INT TELESCOPE - a Heath Robinson series of angled mirrors and lenses - FX light bouncing off them, in a complicated zig-zag, growing brighter and brighter -

The middle barrel of the telescope fills with light, beams spilling out of the gaps -

FX: - ! - the doors go flying - a blur as CU WEREWOLF bolts forward, baring its teeth -

CU Queen Victoria, flinching back, throwing her hands up in defence - has she been bitten - ?

The third barrel of the telescope, the lowest, illuminates -

The Doctor looks round -

FX: Queen Victoria standing there, THE WEREWOLF rising up to its full height in front of her, roaring with rage -

And the Doctor crouches down - aims -

Slides the Koh-i-Noor across the floor -

- it sliiiiides along -

- FX: as a ray of light, aiming down at the floor, beams out of the lowest barrel of the telescope -

- and the Koh-i-Noor slides right into the FX beam -

And stops dead, fixed by the FX beam -

FX LIGHT! Bursting from the Koh-i-Noor. The most beautiful light display in the world; a starburst, a rainbow, a fountain, the beams constantly moving,

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (4)

67

shifting, folding. After the grimness of the house and the night, there's now every colour in existence, radiating through the prisms of the diamond, refracting, filling the observatory.

The Doctor, Rose, dazzled, but smiling, in awe.

Queen Victoria steps back, looking up, amazed...

FX: THE WEREWOLF is suspended in light, writhing slowly.

FX; the light display scintillating all around, the shape of the WOLF shifts, fades... and there is THE HOST. He's crouching (he'd be naked). He looks up.

His eyes are normal. He's human. And he's smiling, gentle.

THE HOST

Make it brighter. Let me go.

The Doctor slides an iris-control on the telescope barrel.

FX: LIGHT gets even brighter -

FX: THE HOST becomes just a light-filled outline -

FX: which expands into an outline of the WOLF -

FX: which keeps expanding and thinning until... There's nothing left. Just the beautiful, shifting light display...

FX: which stops. The light folds and vanishes away.

The Doctor's picked up the Koh-i-Noor, closes it in his fist. The telescope back to normal. Rose exhausted; so strange, these moments of victory, at such cost; she sinks down, to sit on the platform. A good pause, then -

The Queen's shivering. Looks at the Doctor. And she's holding her wrist tight; a small smear of blood.

THE DOCTOR

Your Majesty. Did it bite you..?

QUEEN VICTORIA

No, it's a cut, that's all.

THE DOCTOR

If that thing bit you -

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (5)

67

QUEEN VICTORIA

It was a splinter of wood as the door came apart, it's nothing.

THE DOCTOR

Let me see -

QUEEN VICTORIA

It is nothing.

And she holds his stare, keeps her distance.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. SKY - DAY 4A 0600

68

The sun rising. Daylight, at last.

CUT TO:

68A EXT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, COURTYARD - DAY 4A 0730

68A

THE MONKS are now handcuffed - they're silent, defeated, heads bowed, ashamed, now sitting alongside each other -

On the open cart. The SOLDIERS are now revived, give a signal, and the cart trundles away with its prisoners.

CUT TO:

69 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - DAY 4A 0800

69

THE DOCTOR & ROSE stand together, formally. And then together, they kneel.

QUEEN VICTORIA stands above them. Her wrist bandaged. In b/g, the room is flanked by SOLDIERS, on duty. The Queen has a sword in her hand, and she touches it upon the Doctor's shoulders, in time-honoured fashion.

QUEEN VICTORIA

By the power invested in me, by the Church and the State, I dub thee, Sir Doctor of Tardis.

She turns to Rose, touches her shoulders with the sword.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

By the power invested in me, by the Church and the State, I dub thee, Dame Rose of the Powell Estate. You may stand.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

And they do so. Grinning! In b/g, the remainder of the HOUSEHOLD STAFF are lined up, formally, for the ceremony, including FLORA. Rose gives her a wink, she smiles.

THE DOCTOR

Many thanks, ma'am.

ROSE

Thank you. They're never gonna believe this, back at home.

THE DOCTOR

Your Majesty, you said last night, about receiving no message from the great beyond. But I think your husband cut that diamond to save your life. He's protecting you even now, ma'am, from beyond the grave.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Indeed. Then you might think on this, also: that I am not amused.

ROSE

Yes!

But Queen Victoria stares her down; Rose loses the smile, the Doctor too. The Queen revealing her true majesty. And behind her, LADY ISOBEL, wretched, dressed in black, a widow; a reminder of what happened.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Not remotely amused. And henceforth, I banish you.

THE DOCTOR

...I'm sorry?

QUEEN VICTORIA

I have rewarded you, Sir Doctor, and now, you are exiled from this Empire, never to return.

Moves closer, so that others can't hear.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I don't know what you are, the two of you, or where you're from. But I know that you consort with stars and magic. And think it fun. But your world is steeped in terror, and blasphemy, and death, and I will not allow it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)
You will leave these shores. And you
will reflect, I hope, on how you came to
stray so far from all that is good. And
how much longer you can survive this
terrible life.

She stands back.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Now leave my world. And never return.

CUT TO:

70

71 CONTINUED:

71

THE DOCTOR

Maybe haemophilia's just a Victorian euphemism.

ROSE

For werewolf?

THE DOCTOR

Could be.

ROSE

Queen Victoria's a werewolf?

THE DOCTOR

Could be. And her children had the Royal Disease, maybe she gave them a quick nip.

ROSE

So the Royal Family are werewolves?

THE DOCTOR

Well, maybe not yet, a single wolf cell can take a hundred years to mature. Might be ready by, ooh, early twenty first century.

ROSE

No, that's just ridiculous.
(beat)
Mind you. Princess Anne.

THE DOCTOR

I'll say no more.

ROSE

And if you think about it... They're very private. And they plan everything in advance, they could schedule themselves around the moon, we'd never know.

Laughing as they enter the Tardis, just voices now...

ROSE (CONT'D)

And they do like hunting. They like blood sports. Oh my God! They're werewolves!

FX: engines grind, the Tardis fades away, laughter fading with it, and it should feel like it's all over, when...

CUT TO:

