

DOCTOR WHO 3

Episode 2

By

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YELLOW REVISIONS

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3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

FX: spread out, face down, on the beamed ceiling -
BLOODTIDE - grinning evilly; the oldest, most vile of the
three. An edge of madness to her.

BLOODTIDE

A new plaything! A fresh, hot toy!

She cackles -

4 CONTINUED:

4

THE DOCTOR

Yes, and I failed - now then, make the most of it, I promised you one trip and one trip only -

He runs to the doors, tempting her.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Outside this door. Brave new world.

MARTHA

(excited)

Where are we?

THE DOCTOR

Take a look. After you!

On Martha. Scared, but loving it. She takes a deep breath, then runs down the ramp -

The Doctor opens the door and she runs out -

CUT TO:

5 OMITTED

5

AND

AND

6

6

7 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 2

7

... into an end-of-day bustling Tudor street. Pie sellers with trays, horse-drawn carts, children running about, a lively song coming from somewhere nearby.

MARTHA runs out, stops dead. Drinking it all in. THE DOCTOR coming from the Tardis, loving this. Awestruck:

MARTHA

Oh you're kidding. You're so kidding. Oh my God. We did it! We travelled in time. But... where are we? No, sorry, gotta get used to this, whole new language - *when* are we?

THE DOCTOR

Mind out!

He swerves Martha out of the way - as a torrent of scraps and waste splashes down, just missing her, thrown out by a WOMAN in a window up above.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Somewhere before the invention of the toilet, sorry about that.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MARTHA

I've seen worse, I've done the late night shift in A&E. But... are we safe, I mean, can we move about and stuff?

THE DOCTOR

Course we can, why'd you ask?

MARTHA

It's like in those films, you step on a butterfly, and you change the future of the human race.

THE DOCTOR

Tell you what then, don't step on a butterfly. What have butterflies ever done to you?

MARTHA

But what if, I dunno, what if I kill my grandfather?

THE DOCTOR

Are you planning to?

MARTHA

No.

THE DOCTOR

Well then.

Martha looks round, overwhelmed.

MARTHA

And this is London?

THE DOCTOR

Think so, round about, ooh, 1599.

MARTHA

But hold on, am I all right? I'm not gonna get carted off as a slave, am I?

THE DOCTOR

Why would they do that?

MARTHA

Um, not exactly white. In case you didn't notice.

THE DOCTOR

Well I'm not even Human, just walk about like you own the place, works for me. Besides, you'd be surprised -

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

MARTHA

Mr Smith, I will!

Martha takes his arm.

FX: Globe in distance, as they walk on, laughing -

THE DOCTOR

When you get home, you can tell everyone
you've seen Shakespeare!

MARTHA

And then I could get sectioned!

CUT TO:

8 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 2

8

Tight in on a section of a huge AUDIENCE - they're going wild, whistling, stamping, cheering. And in among them - THE DOCTOR and MARTHA.

MARTHA

That was amazing! Just amazing! It's
worth putting up with the smell!

On the stage, the cast of the Lord Chamberlain's Men are taking their bows.

In the company of thirteen men (and transvestite boys): DICK (late 30s, handsome, lead actor) and KEMPE (40s, a drinker going to seed, the comedian). Dick's King of Navarre, Kempe is Costard.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

And those are men dressed up as women,
yeah?

THE DOCTOR

London never changes.

MARTHA

Where's Shakespeare? I want to see
Shakespeare!

(calls out)

Author, author!

(to the Doctor)

Do they do that, do they shout 'author'?

PEOPLE either side take up the cry, 'Author!'

THE DOCTOR

They do now.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

The CAMERA moves across the crowd - they take up the chant.

AUDIENCE

Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Shakespeare!
Bring out Shakespeare!

A backstage door opens -

- a roar and rock-star screams from the AUDIENCE -

- as SHAKESPEARE walks on to the stage. He's 35; ear-ring, neat beard, well-dressed in dark clothes, relaxed, sexy.

The Doctor & Martha clapping like mad!

MARTHA

He's a bit different to his portraits!

POV from one of the boxes, looking down on Shakespeare.

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

(points to audience
member)

That's a wig!

Laughs from the audience.

In the box - Lilith brings out a crude doll. It's made of twisted, dirty straw. A lock of hair pinned to it.

She whispers, never taking her eyes off Shakespeare:

LILITH

'Wind the craft of ancient harm, the
time approaches for our charm.'

BACK to the Globe - Shakespeare in his element.

SHAKESPEARE

But I know what you're all saying,
Love's Labours Lost - that's a funny
ending, isn't it? It just stops! Will
the boys ever get the girls? Well,
don't get your hose in a tangle. You'll
find out soon!

AUDIENCE

When? When?

SHAKESPEARE

Yeah, all in good time, you don't rush a
genius -

Lilith gently kisses the head of the doll.

On stage, Shakespeare staggers back for a second - dazed,
blinking - then he grins broader than ever -

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

When? Tomorrow night!

On Dick & Kempe, not expecting that - *what???*

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

The premiere of my brand new play! A
sequel, no less! And I call it...
Love's Labours Won!

Big on the Doctor as the crowd cheers. Puzzled.

Up to Lilith. Smiling to herself.

CUT TO:

9 INT. THE GLOBE - LATER - NIGHT 2

9

The AUDIENCE is breaking up, chatting, pushing their way out, raucous. THE DOCTOR and MARTHA among them, this conversation played against all the elbowing and shoving.

MARTHA

I'm not an expert, but I've never even heard of Love's Labours Won.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly. The lost play. It doesn't exist, only in rumours. It's mentioned in lists of his plays, but it never, ever turns up. And nobody knows why.

MARTHA

You got a minidisc or something? We can tape it! We can flog it when we get home, make a mint.

THE DOCTOR

No.

MARTHA

That would be bad?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

MARTHA

But how come it disappeared in the first place?

THE DOCTOR

Well, I was just gonna give you a quick little trip in the Tardis, but... I suppose we could stay a bit longer...

CUT TO:

10 EXT. OUTSIDE ELEPHANT INN - NIGHT 2

10

Exterior of the pub/lodgings house, the ELEPHANT INN sign swinging in the breeze.

CUT TO:

11 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - NIGHT 2

11

DOLLY BAILEY - ale wife of the inn, 30ish, buxom, full of life - pushes into the room, carrying a tray of tankards.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DOLLY

Here you are, Will! Drink up! There's
enough beer in this lodgings-house to
sink the Spanish!

Finding SHAKESPEARE sitting with DICK and KEMPE. This
room's large, crammed with books and personal stuff, a
candle stuck in a memento mori skull. In b/g, a MAID
cleaning the room, back to camera, ignored.

SHAKESPEARE

Dolly Bailey, you've saved my life!

DOLLY

I'll do more than that, later tonight!
And you girl, hurry up with your tasks,
the talk of gentlemen is best not
overheard!

The maid turns round - it's LILITH. Acting meek.

LILITH

Yes, ma'am, sorry ma'am.

Though she stays in b/g, pretending to clean. As Dolly

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

No autographs, no you can't have yourself sketched with me, and please don't ask me 'where'd you get your ideas from?', thanks for the interest but now be a good boy and shove off -

He sees - and appreciates - Martha.

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

(Leslie Phillips)

Hey nonny nonny...

(to the Doctor)

Sit right down here next to me - you two, get sewing on those costumes, off you go.

DOLLY

Come on lads, I think our William's found his new muse.

As the Doctor and Martha sit, Dick, Kempe & Dolly leave. Lilith still cleaning, ignored.

SHAKESPEARE

Sweet lady, hello. Such unusual clothes, so... fitted.

MARTHA

Um. Verily, forsooth. Egads.

THE DOCTOR

No, don't do that, don't.

He shows Shakespeare the psychic paper.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm Sir Doctor of Tardis, and this is my companion, Miss Martha Jones.

Shakespeare looks at the paper, shrewd.

SHAKESPEARE

Interesting. That bit of paper, it's blank.

THE DOCTOR

Oh. That's... very clever. That proves it. Absolute genius.

Martha takes hold of the paper, puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

Lilith watching. Intercut with her reactions throughout.

LYNLEY

Excuse me! Hold hard a moment!

SHAKESPEARE

By all the stars, it's like a public house in here!

LYNLEY

This behaviour is abominable, a new play, with no warning! I demand to see the script, Mr Shakespeare. As Master of the Revels, every new script must be registered at my Office and examined by me, before it can be performed!

SHAKESPEARE

Tomorrow morning, first thing, I'll send it round -

Lynley slams his fist hard on the table.

LYNLEY

I don't work to your schedule, you work to mine! The script, now!

SHAKESPEARE

I can't!

LYNLEY

Then tomorrow's performance is cancelled.

CUT TO Lilith, alarmed. She hurries out -

MARTHA

It's all go around here, isn't it?

THE DOCTOR

Do I detect a bit of bad blood?

SHAKESPEARE

Not at all, I just happened to...trip, one night, and fell against Mr Lynley's wife.

THE DOCTOR

Well, that's an accident.

SHAKESPEARE

I sort of... fell onto her lips.

(CONTINUED)

15 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - NIGHT 2 15

MARTHA taking a sip of beer from a tankard.

MARTHA

Well then, mystery solved, that's Love's
Labours Won over and done with. Thought
it might be something more, you know,
more mysterious -

- and then - a scream! A terrible cry from outside -

THE DOCTOR, Martha & SHAKESPEARE leap up and rush out -

CUT TO:

15A INT. LANDING - NIGHT 2 15A

THE DOCTOR, MARTHA, SHAKESPEARE rush out -

Simply running past LILITH, the maid, ignoring her, as
she sits on the stairs. Her hand holding the doll
underwater.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. OUTSIDE ELEPHANT INN -- CONTINUOUS 16

THE DOCTOR, MARTHA, SHAKESPEARE, DOLLY & a few late-night
DRINKERS rush out into the street -

LYNLEY is staggering towards them, down the street.
Though at first they can't see anything wrong -

MARTHA

It's that Lynley bloke.

THE DOCTOR

What's wrong with him..?

SHAKESPEARE

Oh, these amateur dramatics.

But as Lynley staggers forward into the overspill of
light from nearby buildings -

All shocked -

LYNLEY stands there, desper r Tf6scTm ddrowning on dry

16 CONTINUED:

16

THE DOCTOR
Leave it to me, I'm a doctor.

MARTHA
So am I, near enough.

Shakespeare is startled by what she just said -

CUT TO:

17 INT. LANDING INTERCUT WITH CROOKED HOUSE - NIGHT 2

17

LILITH takes the doll from the water. She produces a bodkin with a sharp, glinting needle.

LILITH/BLOODTIDE/DOOMFINGER
"Now to halt the vital part, Stab the
flesh and stop the heart!"

- and she stabs the doll in the heart.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. OUTSIDE ELEPHANT INN -- CONTINUOUS

18

LYNLEY reels back - stabbed invisibly, clutches his heart -
And he crashes to the ground.

MARTHA examines him. Quick, urgent. SHAKESPEARE
watching her like a hawk.

MARTHA
Get the heart going... Mr Lynley, come
on, can you hear me, you're gonna be all
right...

But then, as she goes to administer CPR -

Water pours from his mouth, bubbling up (not projecting,
just flowing over his face from his mouth).

MARTHA (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?!

CUT TO:

18A INT. LANDING - NIGHT 2

18A

LILITH, sly, snaps the head of the doll.

(CONTINUED)

18A CONTINUED:

18A

LILITH
Eternal sleep is thine.

CUT TO:

18B INT. OUTSIDE ELEPHANT INN - NIGHT 2

18B

THE DOCTOR & MARTHA kneel over the body, giving up, though keeping their conversation hushed:

THE DOCTOR
I've never seen a death like it. Lungs are full of water, he drowned. Then... I dunno, like a blow to the heart? An invisible blow.

The Doctor gets up and calls to Dolly:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Good mistress, this poor fellow has died from a sudden imbalance of the humours. A natural, if unfortunate demise. Call a constable, have him taken away.

DOLLY
Yes, sir.

LILITH
I'll do it, ma'am.

LILITH has just stepped out of the Elephant, and now runs away, down the street.

And once her back is turned, she's laughing as she runs.

Shakespeare still watching, studying the Doctor & Martha.

The Doctor goes back to Martha, kneeling by the body, secretive:

MARTHA
And why are you telling them that?

THE DOCTOR
This lot have still got one foot in the dark ages. If I tell them the truth they'll panic, and think it was witchcraft.

MARTHA
Okay, what was it then?

CLOSE on the Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MARTHA

Where a woman can do what she likes.

Shakespeare throws a casual bomb at the Doctor.

SHAKESPEARE

And you, Sir Doctor. How can a man so young have eyes so old?

THE DOCTOR

I do a lot of reading.

SHAKESPEARE

A trite reply, yeah, that's what I do. But I know the sort of man you are.

(stares deep)

A man that talks and talks and talks and talks, and behind the mouth he thinks and thinks and thinks and thinks. And you -

(to Martha)

You look at him like you're surprised he exists. He's as much of a puzzle to you as he is to me.

MARTHA

Think we'd better say goodnight.

Martha leaves, but the Doctor lingers.

SHAKESPEARE

I must to work, I have a play to complete. But I'll get my answers tomorrow, Doctor, I'll discover more about you, and why this constant performance of yours.

THE DOCTOR

All the world's a stage.

SHAKESPEARE

Hm. I might use that. Good night, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Nighty night, Shakespeare.

The Doctor leaves -

CUT TO:

22

INT. DOCTOR AND MARTHA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 2

22

THE DOCTOR enters, to find MARTHA looking round - there's a rough wooden bed with tattered sheets. Not much bigger than a single. A small table on one side, where Martha sets down her candle.

MARTHA

Not exactly five star, is it?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, it'll do, I've seen worse.

MARTHA

I haven't even got a toothbrush.

The Doctor reaches into his pocket, gets out an ordinary-looking white toothbrush, throws it to her.

THE DOCTOR

Contains Venusian spearmint.

MARTHA

So... who's going where? I mean, there's only one bed.

THE DOCTOR

We'll manage! Come on -

During the following, the Doctor takes his jacket and tie off, hops onto the bed, completely unselfconscious. Martha stays where she is, not sure what to do.

MARTHA

So, um. Magic and stuff, that's a surprise. It's all a bit Harry Potter.

THE DOCTOR

Wait till you read book seven. Oh, I cried.

MARTHA

But is it real, though? I mean, witches? Black magic and all that, it's real?

THE DOCTOR

Of course it isn't.

MARTHA

Well how am I supposed to know? I've only just started believing in time travel, give me a break.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

THE DOCTOR

It looks like witchcraft. But it isn't,
it can't be... Are you gonna stand
there all night?

Martha gets onto the bed.

MARTHA

Budge up a bit then. Sorry.
(as she lies back)
Not much room. Us two here. Same bed.
Tongues will wag.

THE DOCTOR

(world of his own)

There's such a thing as psychic energy,
okay, but a human couldn't channel it
like that, not without a generator the
size of Taunton, and I think we'd have
spotted that.

The Doctor lies back. Both close, heads on the thin
pillows. Lying there together, intimate.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There's something I'm missing, Martha.
Something really close, staring me right
in the face, and I can't see it.

He turns his head to look at her. So close. Hold the
moment. Martha wondering... And then:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Rose would know. That friend of mine,
Rose, right now, she'd say exactly the
right thing. Still, can't be helped,
you're a novice. Never mind! I'll take
you back home tomorrow.

MARTHA

Great.

Martha aggressively blows the candle out.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. ELEPHANT INN - NIGHT 2

23

Time lapse. A bell, far-off, tolling midnight.

Still a light up at an open top floor window. LILITH
stands below, looking up.

CUT TO:

29 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - NIGHT 2 29

LILITH moves the puppet, and SHAKESPEARE's puppet-writing
nears its end. He writes the last line - "FINIS"

Then tumbles forward, face on his finished play.

LILITH smiles - and strokes Shakespeare's hair fondly.

Suddenly, the door opens -

DOLLY BAILEY (O.S.)

Will! I've finished cleaning, just in
time for your special treat -

DOLLY enters, carrying a broom - sees Lilith, turned
away.

DOLLY BAILEY (CONT'D)

Oh aye. I'm not the first then!

Lilith turns - her witch form - baring her terrible
teeth!

She snatches the broom off Dolly -

LILITH

I'll take that, to aid my flight/And you
shall speak no more, this night -

CU, Dolly screams!

CUT TO:

30 INT. DOCTOR AND MARTHA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 30

THE DOCTOR springs out of the bed -

MARTHA jolted out of sleep, a second behind him -

CUT TO:

31 OMITTED 31

32 INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS 32

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA race across the landing -

CUT TO:

33 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 33

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA burst in -

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

On the floor - DOLLY BAILEY - dead.

- the window banging shut -

SHAKESPEARE just waking, dazed...

SHAKESPEARE

...what, what was that..?

The Doctor kneels over Dolly, Martha runs to the window -

FX: And out there, for a second, clear in the light of the full moon, the silhouette of LILITH flying off into the night, cackling, riding Dolly's broomstick.

THE DOCTOR

Her heart gave out. She died of fright.

MARTHA

Doctor...

He looks up. Martha is staring out of the window.

THE DOCTOR

What did you see?

MARTHA

A witch.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - NIGHT 2

34

DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE gaze expectantly at their window -

FX: the witch-form LILITH flies in, majestic.

LILITH

How they love to kiss and frolic! The
ale house wife had such a feeble heart!

BLOODTIDE

But was the play written?

LILITH

Peace, the charm's wound up! Today the
sun rises for the last time! The very
last day of humankind!

CUT TO:

34A EXT. TUDOR LONDON - DAY 3

34A

FX: the sc.1 view, but now with dawn rising over the city.

CUT TO:

35 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - MORNING - DAY 3

35

Empty, daylight flooding on. Sombre atmosphere, as SHAKESPEARE sits down with THE DOCTOR & MARTHA, slams

35 CONTINUED:

35

MARTHA

Who's Peter Streete?

SHAKESPEARE

Our builder. He sketched out the plans
for the Globe.

THE DOCTOR

(to Martha)

The architect.

And something clicks -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Hold on, architect, architect!

(to Martha)

The Globe, come on!

Shakespeare grabs his pages of script, follows them -

CUT TO:

36 OMITTED

36

37 INT. THE GLOBE - DAY 3

37

SHAKESPEARE and MARTHA following THE DOCTOR, who's manic,
racing about the empty Globe, taking in the design.

THE DOCTOR

The columns there, right, and fourteen
sides, I've always wondered but never
asked - tell me Will, why fourteen
sides?

SHAKESPEARE

It was the shape Peter Streete thought
best, that's all. He said it carried
the sound well.

THE DOCTOR

But fourteen..? Why does that ring a
bell, fourteen?

MARTHA

There's fourteen lines in a sonnet.

THE DOCTOR

So there is. Good point! Words, and
shapes, following the same design...
Fourteen sides, fourteen lines, fourteen
facets, oh my head!, tetradecagon!,
think think think, words, letters,
numbers, lines -

(CONTINUED)

SHAKESPEARE

But this is just a theatre.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, but a theatre's magic, isn't it?
You should know! Stand on this stage.
Say the right words, with the right
emphasis, at the right time, oh, you can
make men weep. Or cry with joy. Change
them, you can change people's minds,
just with words, in this place! And if
you exaggerate that...

MARTHA

Like your police box. Square little
wooden box, but with all that power
inside.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, Martha Jones, I like you! Tell you
what, Peter Streete would know, can I
talk to him?

SHAKESPEARE

You won't get an answer. A month ago,
when this place was finished, he lost
his mind.

MARTHA

Why, what happened?

SHAKESPEARE

He started raving about witches, hearing
voices, babbling. His mind was addled.

THE DOCTOR

So where is he now?

SHAKESPEARE

Bedlam.

MARTHA

What's Bedlam?

SHAKESPEARE

Bethlem Hospital, the madhouse.

THE DOCTOR

We've gotta go there, right now, come
on!

In b/g, a couple of the junior ACTORS have trailed in.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

And he runs on -

CUT TO:

39 INT. THE GLOBE - DAY 3 39

The ACTORS have gathered in the Globe for their final rehearsal. DICK's leant against a pillar, looking at his new script. KEMPE walks up, frowning.

DICK

Love's Labours Won. I don't think much of sequels, they're never as good as the original.

KEMPE

Seen the very last bit? He must've been dozing off when he wrote that. I don't even know what it means.

DICK

Well, that goes for most of his stuff. But at least it's my speech! I get centre stage!

Dick stands centre, reads it out.

DICK (CONT'D)

The light of Shadmoch's hollow moon/Doth shine on to a point in space/Betwixt Dravidian shores...

A winds blows up. As though the whole Globe shudders.

KEMPE

What was that..?

DICK

Dravidian shores, and linear five/Nine three oh one six...

More wind, more shuddering, the actors alarmed...

CUT TO:

40 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY 3 40

FX: a glow from the cauldron, the SISTERS alerted.

DOOMFINGER

A spirit stirs the ether! Too soon!

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

LILITH

Naught to fear, my Mothers, it's merely
a rehearsal for what's to come.

CUT TO:

41 INT. THE GLOBE - DAY 3 41

DICK still reading, though scared - a wind blowing
through the Globe, the noise of distant rustling -

DICK

And strikes the fulsome grove of Rexel
four...

KEMPE

By all the saints!

He points, terrified -

FX: Half-materialised, in the middle of the theatre, an
unearthly shape, A CARRIONITE -

KEMPE (CONT'D)

A spirit! A vile shade...

He walks forward, scared, but as though entranced -

FX: the Carrionite fades away. Wind stops.

DICK

What was it..?

KEMPE

I think.... I think we should never
speak of this again. Or we'll end up in
Bedlam ourselves.

CUT TO:

42 OMITTED 42

43 EXT. OUTSIDE BEDLAM - DAY 3 43

FX: Bedlam - a large, forbidding stone block of a
building.

THE DOCTOR, MARTHA & SHAKESPEARE enter.

CUT TO:

44 CONTINUED:

44

MARTHA

I didn't know, I'm sorry.

SHAKESPEARE

It made me question everything. The futility of this fleeting existence. To be or not to be... Ooh, that's quite good.

THE DOCTOR

You should write that down.

SHAKESPEARE

Maybe not. Bit pretentious.

- interrupted by the Jailer re-emerging.

JAILER

This way my lord.

CUT TO:

45 INT. BEDLAM STREETE'S CELL - DAY 3

45

Up close at a barred window facing another corridor. The JAILER has led THE DOCTOR, MARTHA and SHAKESPEARE down this corridor to the door of a cell. The Jailer opens the door and ushers them forward.

JAILER

They can be dangerous, my lord. Don't know their own strength.

THE DOCTOR

I think it helps if you don't whip them, now get out.

He shoos the Jailer out and closes the door after him.

The cell's a tiny, dark room with a straw-covered bed.

Sat cross-legged on his bed, head down, is a wizened stick of a man in filthy rags. Shaven-headed. PETER STREETE.

The Doctor edges forward.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Peter. Peter Streete?

SHAKESPEARE

He's the same as he was. You'll get nothing out of him.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

The Doctor puts a hand gently on Peter's shoulder.

THE DOCTOR

Peter.

Shlum! Streete's head jerks up - he's unshaven, bones sticking through his skin, bruises and fleabites.

CLOSE on his eyes - blank.

CUT TO:

46 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY 3

46

The face of LILITH - troubled - hands to her temple ...

LILITH

What is this? I must see!

FX: She runs to the cauldron and looks into its depths ... she sees out from Peter Streete's eyes ... the concerned face of THE DOCTOR.

LILITH (CONT'D)

That stranger! He was at the inn with Shakespeare. I thought then, he smelt of something new.

BLOODTIDE

Now he visits the madhouse, the architect!

CUT TO:

47 INT. BEDLAM STREETE'S CELL - DAY 3

47

THE DOCTOR holds his fingers at PETER STREETE's temples. MARTHA and SHAKESPEARE watching in the background.

*

47 CONTINUED:

47

SHAKESPEARE
You've healed him!

THE DOCTOR
Nowhere near. Hush now...

The Doctor leans in close to Peter.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Everything that happened in this year
since, happened to somebody else. It
was just a story. A winter's tale.

SHAKESPEARE
Hm, I like that...

THE DOCTOR
Not now!
(to Peter)
Let go, that's it, just let go...

And he lowers Peter down, so he's lying on his filthy
staw mattress. The Doctor crouching beside him, kind,
pulling the thin blanket over Peter.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Tell me the story, Peter. Tell me about
the witches...

CUT TO:

48 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY 3

48

LILITH looks up from the cauldron - furious!

LILITH
Who is this Doctor? Why does he come
now, at the time of our glory?

She turns to DOOMFINGER.

LILITH (CONT'D)
Doomfinger! Transport yourself! Doom
the Doctor, doom his hide!

CUT TO:

49 INT. BEDLAM STREETE'S CELL - DAY 3

49

As before, PETER lying down, staring up...

PETER
The witches spoke to Peter.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

PETER (CONT'D)

In the night, they whispered... Got Peter to build the Globe to their design... The fourteen walls, always fourteen... When the work was done, they snapped poor Peter's wits...

THE DOCTOR

But where did Peter see the witches?
Where in the city?

Peter in pain, can't say it -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Peter. Tell me. You've got to tell me,
where were they?

PETER

Allhallows Street -

On a CU of the Doctor, and then, with no warning,
crouched right next to him, looking down at Peter -

DOOMFINGER

Too many words.

The Doctor shocked - but Doomfinger shoves him aside -

The Doctor goes sprawling - Martha & Shakespeare
terrified -

MARTHA

What the hell - ?!

DOOMFINGER

Just one touch of the heart.

And she simply puts her finger to Peter Streete's heart.
He cries out in terror, and dies.

Doomfinger whirls round to the others, pointing her
finger.

SHAKESPEARE

A witch... I'm seeing a witch!

Doomfinger stretches out its arm -

DOOMFINGER

Who would be next? Just. One.
Touch...

CUT TO:

50 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY 3

50

LILITH shrieks:

LILITH
Doom them! Doom them all!

CUT TO:

51 INT. BEDLAM STREETE'S CELL - DAY 3

51

DOOMFINGER faces THE DOCTOR & SHAKESPEARE - MARTHA heaving on the door - enjoying her power, witch-like hand extended.

DOOMFINGER
I'll stop your frantic hearts. Poor fragile mortals.

Martha hammering on the door -

MARTHA
Let us out! Let us out!

THE DOCTOR
That's not gonna work, the whole building's shouting that!

DOOMFINGER
Who would die first?

THE DOCTOR
Well, if you're looking for volunteers...

The Doctor steps forward.

MARTHA
Don't!

SHAKESPEARE
Doctor, can you stop her?

DOOMFINGER

51 CONTINUED:

51

THE DOCTOR

Then it's a good thing I'm here. Now think think think, humanoid, female, uses shapes and words to channel energy... Oh! Fourteen! That's it, fourteen, the fourteen stars of the Rexel Planetary Configuration -
(immense authority)
Creature. I *name* you. Carrionite!

And Doomfinger screams -

FX: Doomfinger vanishes, folding in on herself.

Silence, all shattered.

MARTHA

What did you do?

THE DOCTOR

I named her. The power of a name, that's old magic.

MARTHA

But there's no such thing as magic!

THE DOCTOR

It's just a different sort of science. You lot, you chose Mathematics - given the right string of numbers, the right equation, you can split the atom. But the Carrionites use words instead.

SHAKESPEARE

Use them for what?

THE DOCTOR

The end of the world.

CUT TO:

52 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY 3

52

DOOMFINGER shuddering in pain, back with LILITH & BLOODTIDE.

DOOMFINGER

He knows us! He spoke our name!

LILITH

Oh, then he will know Death! He will perish at my hand!

A bell tolls outside.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

LILITH (CONT'D)

My Mothers - the time approaches, you must away to the Globe, go! I will join you, as soon as this Doctor screams his last!

CUT TO:

53 OMITTED

53

AND

AND

54

54

55 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - DAY 3

55

SHAKESPEARE washing his face in a bowl of water, shaken, MARTHA with THE DOCTOR as his mind races -

THE DOCTOR

The Carrionites disappeared, way back at the dawn of the universe. Nobody was sure if they were real or legend.

SHAKESPEARE

I'm going for real.

MARTHA

But what do they want?

THE DOCTOR

A new empire. On Earth. A world of bones and blood and witchcraft.

MARTHA

But how?

THE DOCTOR

I'm looking at the man with the words.

SHAKESPEARE

Me? But... I've done nothing.

MARTHA

Hold on though... what were you doing, last night, when that Carrionite was in the room?

SHAKESPEARE

Finishing the play.

THE DOCTOR

What happens on the last page?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

SHAKESPEARE

Boys get their girls, they have a bit of a dance, it's all as funny and thought-provoking as usual. Except... those last lines... Funny thing is, I don't

58 CONTINUED:

58

SHAKESPEARE

I'll do it!

Energised, grinning, he shakes the Doctor's hand -

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

All these years I've been the cleverest man about. Next to you, I know nothing!

MARTHA

Well don't complain!

SHAKESPEARE

I'm not, it's marvellous! Good luck, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

Good luck, Shakespeare! Once more unto the breach!

SHAKESPEARE

Hm, I like that... No, wait a minute, that's one of mine!

THE DOCTOR

Oh just shift!

And they run off -

CUT TO:

59 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

59

DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE in the box, as Bloodtide takes from her cloak: a CRYSTAL BALL.

BLOODTIDE

Patience, my Sister, patience...

FX: INSIDE THE CRYSTAL BALL, a swirl of CARRIONITE SHAPES, trapped, a distant, violent screeching.

CUT TO the stage, DICK now joined by KEMPE.

DICK

The eye should have contentment where it rests. This spun-out year I watch on groaning sick/and mewling poor, drooped men in stench-ed beds ...

But from the back of the stage, SHAKESPEARE bursts in.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

SHAKESPEARE

Stop the play! I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen, but stop! This performance must end, immediately -

DICK

Oh, everyone's a critic.

Up in their box, Doomfinger and Bloodtide look round -

BLOODTIDE

The wordsmith!

DOOMFINGER

Fear not! I have the doll!

She brings out the doll of Shakespeare -

Shakespeare now centre stage, calling out:

SHAKESPEARE

I'm sorry, you'll have a refund, but this play must not be performed -

Doomfinger flicks the doll's head, hard -

Shakespeare's head jerks to one side, swatted by something invisible, and he collapses to the floor, unconscious.

KEMPE

Is he drunk or what?

DICK

Get him out of the way!

ACTORS haul up Shakespeare and take him backstage, as Kempe turns to the audience, improvises:

KEMPE

You must forgive, our irksome Will/He's been on the beer, and... feeling ill.

Laughter, claps, jeers, the audience enjoying it.

CUT TO the box.

DOOMFINGER

There is naught can stop us now!

CUT TO:

60 EXT. ALLHALLOWS STREET - NIGHT 3

60

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA have arrived in Allhallows Street.

THE DOCTOR
Allhallows Street. But which house?

MARTHA
Thing is though, am I missing something here? The world didn't end in 1599, it just didn't. Look at me, I'm living proof.

THE DOCTOR
Ohh, how to explain the mechanics of the Infinite Temporal Flux..? I know! Back to the Future! It's like Back to the Future!

MARTHA
What, the film?

THE DOCTOR
No, the novelisation, yes the film! Marty McFly goes back and changes history -

MARTHA
And he starts fading away! Oh my God, am I gonna fade?

THE DOCTOR
You, and the entire future of the Human Race - it ends, right now, in 1599, if we don't stop it, but which house?!

The door of the crooked house creaks open on its own.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Make that... *Witch* house.

CUT TO:

61 OMITTED

61

62 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - NIGHT 3

62

THE DOCTOR & MARTHA ease open the door...

And there stands LILITH, illuminated by the light of the cauldron, powerful, calm, expecting them.

THE DOCTOR
I take it we're expected..?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

LILITH

Oh, I think death has been waiting for you, a very long time.

Martha steps forward.

MARTHA

Right then! My turn, I know how to do this -

(points, strong)

I name thee, Carrionite!

Pause. Lilith just smiles.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

What did I do wrong, was it the finger?

LILITH

The power of a name works only once. Observe...

(points)

I gaze upon, this bag of bones/ And now I name thee -

(reverb)

Martha Jones!

Martha's eyes roll into her head, she collapses, unconscious. The Doctor runs to her -

THE DOCTOR

What have you done?!

LILITH

Only sleeping, alas - it's curious, the name has less impact, she's somehow out of her time. And as for you, Sir Doctor...

The Doctor stands, faces her. Lilith holds out her hand, as though probing him mentally -

LILITH (CONT'D)

Fascinating. There is no name. Why would a man hide his title in such despair? Oh! But look! There's still one word, with a power that aches...

THE DOCTOR

The Naming won't work on me.

LILITH

But your heart grows cold, the north wind blows/And carries down, the distant...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LILITH (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Rose.

The Doctor stands his ground. Struck to the core, but containing it. Furious.

THE DOCTOR

Big mistake. Cos that name keeps me fighting.

(draws his sword)

Now tell me. The Carrionites vanished, where did you go?

LILITH

The Eternals found the right word to banish us into Deep Darkness.

THE DOCTOR

Then how did you escape?

LILITH

New words, new and glittering. From a mind like no other.

THE DOCTOR

Shakespeare.

Lilith gestures towards the cauldron -

FX: an image of SHAKESPEARE (INT SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM), close on him, as he weeps, alone.

LILITH

His son perished! The grief of a genius, grief without measure, madness enough to allow us entrance.

THE DOCTOR

How many of you?

LILITH

Just the three. But the play tonight shall restore the rest. Then the Human Race will be purged, as pestilence, and from this world, we will lead the universe back into the old ways of blood and magic.

THE DOCTOR

Mm, busy schedule. But first, you've got to get past me.

Lilith walks towards him, seductive.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(she thumps again)
There we are! Lovely. Ba-da-boom!
Well what are you standing there for?
Come on, the Globe!

They race off.

CUT TO:

64 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

64

DICK on the stage. The audience still and attentive.

DICK
The ladies have prepared a show. Maria
means to present Isis descending from
the dewy orb of Heav'n. Ah. Here comes
Costard.

The door slams open and KEMPE jigs in.

KEMPE
Masters!

A round of applause, they love him!

CUT TO the box, DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE in their seats,
as witch-LILITH slips in behind them.

DOOMFINGER
The Doctor?

LILITH
Dead.

BLOODTIDE
The time's near come, Lilith! The orb
of power begs release!

Bloodtide holds up the glowing crystal ball (PRAC LIGHT?
The shapes inside only visible on CU?).

LILITH/BLOODTIDE/DOOMFINGER
"Numbers, shapes and words entwine, Old
ways that shaped this Globe's design!"

CUT TO:

65 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 3

65

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA pelting along -

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

MARTHA

We're going the wrong way!

THE DOCTOR

No we're not!

They race off screen.

A second later - they race back.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

We're going the wrong way!

CUT TO:

66 OMITTED

66

AND

AND

67

67

68 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

68

Up in the SISTERS' box - the globe in LILITH's hand, PRAC LIGHT shining bright.

On stage - INTERCUTTING -

DICK

Behold the swinish sight of womans' love! Pish, it's out of season to be heavy disposed ...

LILITH

It is now, my Mothers! The final words, to activate the tetradecagon!

DICK stands forward, centre stage -

DICK

The light of Shadmoch's hollow moon/Doth shine on to a point in space/Betwixt Dravidian shores and linear five/nine three oh one six seven point oh two/And strikes the fulsome grove of Rexel four/co-radiating crystal activate!

A wind blows up - DICK hurled back -

The AUDIENCE terrified -

FX: Lilith's crystal globe swirls with unnatural light-

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

LILITH
The portal opens! It begins!

CUT TO:

69 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 3 69

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA run to a halt, horrified:

FX: The globe in the distance, as a vivid red funnel begins to circle upwards, a twister spiralling into the sky...

The wind hits them -

Nearby, the PREACHER declaims happily.

PREACHER
I told thee so! I told thee!

THE DOCTOR
Stage door!

FX: they run on, towards the Globe and the tornado.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3 70

FX: TOP SHOT of the GLOBE, the massive red whirlwind roaring up into the sky ...

CUT TO:

71 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3 71

LILITH, DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE stand. Looking down on a scene of chaos. Cackling and cackling and cackling.

The AUDIENCE screaming, panicking - close in as a group run for a door - and it slams in their faces!

CUT TO:

71A INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT 3 71A

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA run in, to find SHAKESPEARE just getting up, rubbing his sore head.

THE DOCTOR
Stop the play! I think that was it,
yes, I said 'stop the play!'

(CONTINUED)

71A CONTINUED:

71A

SHAKESPEARE

I hit my head -

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, don't rub it, you'll go bald -

A blood-curdling scream from the auditorium -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I think that's my cue -

He runs towards the stage, Martha & Shakespeare following -

CUT TO:

71B INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

71B

LILITH, in witch form, exultant in the box. DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE standing behind her. They raise their hands -

LILITH/BLOODTIDE/DOOMFINGER

This was the last day of Man on Earth!
Now begins the Millennium of Blood!

The AUDIENCE screaming -

And then the Doctor, followed by Martha and Shakespeare, reach centre stage, battling the wind -

LILITH

The Doctor lives! Then watch this world
become a blasted heath!

She holds up the crystal ball -

LILITH (CONT'D)

They come! They come!

FX: dark shapes fly out of the ball, whipped along in the wind, spiralling up, up, up -

The Doctor, Martha, Shakespeare look up, in fear -

FX: their POV of the sky above the Globe, filled with the red twister, and now, the shapes from the crystal ball

becoming CARRIONITES - witch-like, streaming, screaming creatures, circling round and round, crying their rage -

CUT TO:

72 OMITTED 72
AND AND
73 73

74 EXT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3 74

FX: TOP SHOT of the Globe - the red twister now filled with HUNDREDS OF CARRIONITE shapes -

CUT TO:

75 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3 75

FX: a CARRIONITE SHAPE dives down into the auditorium, PEOPLE screaming, then swoops back up again -

SHAKESPEARE's retreating back, in horror, looking up, but THE DOCTOR pulls him back to centre stage -

THE DOCTOR
Come on, Will! History needs you!

SHAKESPEARE
But what can I do?

THE DOCTOR
Reverse it!

SHAKESPEARE
How am I supposed to do that?

THE DOCTOR
The shape of the Globe gives words power - but you're the wordsmith, the one, true genius, you're the only man clever enough to do it -

SHAKESPEARE
But what words? I have none ready -

THE DOCTOR
You're William Shakespeare!

SHAKESPEARE
But these Carrionite phrases, they need such precision -

The Doctor close:

THE DOCTOR
Trust yourself. When you're locked away, in your room, the words just come, don't they? Like magic!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

THE DOCTOR

Good old J.K.!

The Sisters scream!

FX: above, the CARRIONITE SHAPES fly inwards towards the centre of the twister, as though yanked in, fast, into a central black huddle -

LILITH

The deep darkness ... they are consumed!

FX. The stage doors burst open - sheets of paper fly through the air, every copy of Love's Labours Won disappearing upwards -

FX: the papers fly up into the sky, joining the black mass of congealing Carrionite shapes -

THE DOCTOR

Love's Labours Won! There it goes!

The Sisters look up and screeeeeeeam -

FX: above, the funnel, the Carrionites and the papers close in on themselves, folding away into nothing, *schlupp* -

- revealing a clear starry sky.

A moment's silence.

Everybody shattered.

Hold the moment, dazed, and then...

One person in the audience begins to clap. Then another. Then a few more. And more. And it builds...

Martha & Shakespeare, recovering, begin to smile. Behind them, the Doctor runs off.

Clapping, cheering, the whole audience is going wild, now.

Martha smiling, to Shakespeare:

MARTHA

They think it was all special effects.

SHAKESPEARE

Your effect is special indeed.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (3)

75

MARTHA
Not your best line.

And he takes her hand, makes her take a bow with him.
And another. And another!

Shakespeare revelling in it, and Martha loving it too,
milking it, smiling, waving, bowing, applause all round.

CUT TO THE BOX. The Doctor enters, picks up the crystal
ball off the floor, looks into it, smiling.

FX: the SISTERS, trapped in the orb, screaming with rage.

CUT TO:

76 INT. THE GLOBE - DAY 4

76

REPEAT SC.34A, dawn over London, then:

Next morning. The Globe is empty - SHAKESPEARE and
MARTHA are sat next to each other on the edge of the
stage.

SHAKESPEARE
And I say - a heart for a hart, a dear
for a deer.

MARTHA
I don't get it.

SHAKESPEARE
Then give me a joke from Freedonia.

MARTHA
Okay. Shakespeare goes into a pub. And
the landlord says 'Oi, mate. You're
Bard.'

Shakespeare laughs, and uses that to shift closer.

SHAKESPEARE
Oh, that's brilliant! Doesn't make
sense, mind you, but never mind that,
come here...

He comes very close to Martha.

MARTHA
I've only just met you.

SHAKESPEARE
The Doctor might never kiss you. Why
not entertain a man who will?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

Face to face, their lips very close...

MARTHA

Don't know how to tell you this, oh great genius... but your breath doesn't half stink.

THE DOCTOR emerges from backstage. He's carrying a big wooden props box, sorting and laughing at various items. The Doctor picks out the jawbone of an ass from the box.

THE DOCTOR

Good props store, back there. Not sure about this, though. Reminds me of a Sycorax.

SHAKESPEARE

Sycorax? Nice word. I'll have that off you as well.

THE DOCTOR

I should be on ten per cent. How's your head?

SHAKESPEARE

Still aching.

THE DOCTOR

Here you go, I got you this -

And he puts a ruff around Shakespeare's neck, so he looks like the classic image.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There you go. Neck brace. Wear that for a few days, till it's better. Although, you might want to keep it, suits you.

MARTHA

What about the play?

THE DOCTOR

Gone. I looked all over, every single copy of Love's Labours Won went up in the sky.

SHAKESPEARE

My lost masterpiece.

MARTHA

You could write it up again.

(CONTINUED)

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

(big smile)

We must, what else are we fit for? But I don't need to travel. This is where I belong, this is the whole earth, the Globe. Give me a pen and ink, give me my mind's eye, I can go wherever I want.

(turns to -)

Martha. Let me say goodbye with a new verse. A sonnet, for my Dark Lady.

(thinks)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate -

KEMPE and DICK come rushing in from the auditorium.

KEMPE

Will! You won't believe it! She's here! She's turned up!

DICK

We're the talk of the town, she heard about last night, she wants us to perform it again!

MARTHA

Who?

DICK

Her Majesty! She's here - !

Suddenly - trumpets sound from off, QUEEN ELIZABETH I enters with a couple of GUARDS. (The QUEEN is very old and fragile - bald head, red wig and a ton of make-up.)

THE DOCTOR

Queen Elizabeth the First...

But the Queen sees the Doctor. And she's furious!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

What?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

My sworn enemy!

THE DOCTOR

What?!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Off with his head!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (4)

76

THE DOCTOR

What?!?

Martha grabs the Doctor's hand.

MARTHA

Never mind what, just run! See you,
Will! And thanks!

They run off through the back exit -

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Stop him! Stop that pernicious Doctor!
I'll have his head on a spike at
Traitor's Gate!

The guards give chase.