DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 9

EPI SODE 1

"The Magician's Apprentice"

BLUE SCRIPT

by

STEVEN MOFFAT

(SHOOTI NG BLOCK 2)

No Man's land. Mud, craters, barbed wire, drifting hellish fog.

The dull stomp and crump of distant explosions. The rattle of qunfire.

Raising up now. The drone of engines. A flying formation, heading towards us. Now energy beams blasting down at the battlefield below -

- it's a strafing run!

Now, as they zoom overhead, we see these are not X-wing fighters, they're biplanes! Biplanes firing lasers!

Now, below we see a troop of SOLDIERS - muddied uniforms, gas masks - scattering as the energy beams zap down among them

On one of the SOLDIERS (KANZO) as he does a commando roll, scrambles to his feet again, weapon levelled at the biplanes as they drone away -

- and we see his weapon is a bow and arrow!

He relaxes, doesn't fire, no point.

As he turns to rejoin the others - also scrambling to their feet - he sees something racing through the fog. Another SOLDIER joins him

SQLDI ER

What's wrong?

KANZO Was that a child?

CUT TO:

2 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

2

POV of someone running - desperate, panting, terrified. Now skidding, slipping in the mud, and 703f Lhy wters! 353.52 Tm - 0.1980eOoT

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2 CONTI NUED:

KANZO (cont'd)

It's okay. Not going to hurt you. Just don't run.

The other SOLDIER's voice, calling from the fog.

SOLDI ER

Kanzo?

KANZO

I'll cat ch up!

SOLDI ER

There are clam drones two miles away -

KANZO

I know, I'll be fine - just go.

Reluctantly, the SOLDIER disappears into the fog. KANZO turns back to the BOY.

KANZO (cont'd) What are you doing out here? Did you get lost?

The BOY: fearful, nods -

- and as he does so, the mud beneath them seems to ripple, move. Like there's something underneath.

KANZO (cont'd)

Stay still, stay absolutely still!

KANZO has pulled a little gadget from his jacket - like a fairly primitive meter.

KANZO (cont'd)

I'm just scanning the ground, I think we've got company. Do you know what hand mines are?

The BOY nods.

KANZO (cont'd)

Well in that case you know you've got to stand absolutely still, right?

Nods.

KANZO (cont'd)

Ever seen a hand mine?

Nods.

KANZO (cont'd)

Where?

A beat - and the BOY just points -

(CONTINUED)

- at KANZO's foot.

KANZO looks down. In horror.

Reaching up from the mud, and almost the same colour as it, is what looks like a human hand. The fingers are wrapped around his boot.

He takes a breath. Calms himself. Got to ride this out, play it calm -

And With shocking suddenness, KANZO is just sucked down into the mud, gone in a terrifying fraction of a moment. The mud slaps together over his head, and writhes briefly, like there's a terrible struggle below.

The BOY: staggers back a step in shock, breathing hard, horrified -

-

All around, little patches of mud twitch and quiver -

- and then, slowly rising up, fingers ...

A little forest of muddied hands are slowly growing around him fingers sluggishly flexing.

On one of the hands, as it turns towards us -

- in the centre of the palm is a single, unblinking eye.

All the hands, revolving now, like radar masts, as if trying to detect something. On each palm, that staring eye ...

The little BOY - so still, so terrified.

One of the hands, seems to fix its gaze on the BOY. The palm tilts back as if looking him up and down.

Another hand stops to survey him, again as if locking on to a target.

Another! Two more!!

The BOY, terrified, calling now.

BOY

Help me! Please, help me!

As he looks round in despair, he sees something arcing through the air towards him, glittering and spinning.

It slaps into the mud, right at his feet.

He stares at it.

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2 CONTI NUED:

The sonic screwdriver.

A moment -

- and now THE DOCTOR's voice. It sounds like he's standing right next to us, but we can't see him anywhere.

THE DOCTOR

(V. O.)

Your chances of survival are about one in a thousand - so here's what you do. Forget about the thousand. Concentrate on the one.

The BOY, looking around. Who's talking?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Pick it up.

The BOY, I ooking round - who spoke?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I said, pick it up.

Nervously, the BOY picks up the screwdriver.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(V.O.)
I'm straight ahead of you. About fifty feet. Can you see me?

The BOY, squinting now.

Through the fog, he can just make out the dimfigure of THE DOCTOR, and the TARDIS a few feet behind him The sky flares, explosions boom, machine guns chatter - but THE DOCTOR speaks quite calmly.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
The device in your hand is creating an acoustic corridor so we can talk. Do you understand?

BOY ... who are you?

THE DOCTOR

Just a passer-by. I was looking for a bookshop. How do you think I'm doing?

BOY

This isn't a bookshop.

THE DOCTOR

No, this is a war. A very old one, going by the mix of technology. Which war is it? I get them all muddled up.

(CONTINUED)

BOY Just ... the war.

THE DOCTOR Where am I? What planet is this?

BOY

I don't under st and.

THE DOCTOR

Me neither. I try never to understand, it's called an open m nd.

BOY

... what are you doing here?

THE DOCTOR Saving your life.

BOY

Why?

THE DOCTOR Because I like you.

BOY

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2 CONTI NUED:

The BOY Looks round the hands. So scared.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Come on. Faith in the future!
Introduce yourself! Tell me the
name of the boy who isn't going to
die today.

On the BOY - he makes a decision. Controls his breathing. Steals himself.

BOY

Davros. My name is Davros.

We stay on him as there is silence. Nothing from THE DOCTOR.

BOY (cont'd) Hello? Are you still there?

Now, tracking fast through the fog, on the distant figure of THE DOCTOR.

BOY (cont'd) Please, you've got to help me.

Right on to THE DOCTOR's face -

Horrified.

That information still impacting.

BOY (cont'd)
You said I could survive, you said
you were going to help me!

THE DOCTOR's face, filling the screen. What the hell does he do now??

BOY (cont'd)

OPENING TITLES

CUT TO:

3

2

3 <u>EXT. SPACE PORT - NI GHT</u>

Superficially (or even actually) this resembles Dorium Maldovar's outpost in The Pandorica Opens. Shuttles and spaceships are buzzing around.

Over this, the words:

The Mal dovari um.

An alley - along it moves a robed, hooded figure. A strange motion.

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3 CONTI NUED:

3

There is no apparent movement from under the robe, the figure just slides along, almost Dalek-like. This is COLONY SARFF.

CUT TO:

4 INT. DIVE - NIGHT

4

The lowest, scummiest dive of a dock-side space-pub ever. Shadowed and grimy with a grille round the bar. Creatures (from our back catalogue) lurk and quiver in every corner.

Panning round this to:

The big, bad door.

The door flies open, and SARFF comes sliding into the room

The whole place convulses, tables knocked over, weapons seized -

- then a terrible hissing voice -

SARFF

We are Colony Sarff. We bring harm

SARFF now raises his head, peering out of the hood. A human appearance, and yet -

The face: a sickly white, like the belly of a reptile, the faintest suggestion of scales, there are four heavily indented lines slicing horizontally across the face, evenly spaced, the flesh bulging out between them, as if his head were wound in twine, like a stringed joint of meat. The effect is a little as if his head were built out of stacked rings of flesh.

SARFF (cont'd) Where isss the Doctor?

Si I ence.

SARFF glides a couple of feet forward. The whole place takes a pace back.

SNAKE

Where isss the Doctor?

Again, silence.

SARFF looks glassily round the room -

- now cutting to SARFF's POV, as he seems to rear up over the others with a terrible .

SARFF Where isss the Doctor??

A sideways wipe (Star Wars style) taking us to:

CUT TO:

5 <u>EXT. SPACE</u>

5

A space station, sprawling over a system of asteroids (as seen in The Stolen Earth.)

Words overlay on this:

CUT TO:

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6 CONTI NUED:

SARFF

The Doct or is required.

SHADOW ARCHI TECT

Why? For what?

Silence. The SHADOW ARCHITECT steps forward, grave and troubled.

SHADOW ARCHITECT (cont'd) Colony Sarff, you need to tell me-what does Davros want with the Doctor??

Another sideways wipe.

CUT TO:

7 <u>OMI TTED</u>

8 <u>EXT. SPACE</u>

8

7

6

A red and stormy planet, hanging in the void. Over this:

CUT TO:

9 EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

9

A rocky landscape, illuminated by flashes of lightning.

Closer on: among the rocks and boulders, COLONY SARFF makes his eerie way.

Suddenly, fiery light is flaring up around him The SISTERHOOD OF KARN - red-robed women, carrying flaming torches - are stepping from among the rocks. They block his path. A voice rings out, but none of the sisters appears to be talking...

CHI LA

(From off)
Welcome, Colony Sarff. We are the Sisterhood of Karn. If you do not leave our world immediately, we will take your skin.

SARFF

Where is the Doctor?

SARFF is looking round now, trying to tell which of the SISTERHOOD is talking.

CHILA (From off) Where he always is. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BBC 2015 PRI VATE AND CONFI DENTI AL

OHILA (cont'd)

Right behind you, and one step ahead. Tread carefully when you seek the Doctor, Colony Sarff...

And she steps form the shadows, suddenly right in front of SARFF. OHLA, from Night Of The Doctor.

CHILA (cont'd)

- or he will be the last thing you find.

SARFF

Davros ... creator of the Daleks, dark Lord of Skaro ...

CHI LA

What of him?

SARFF

Davros is dying.

OHI LA

Davros is ancient. He should have been dust centuries ago.

SARFF

He has a message for the Doctor.

CHI LA

Then you will give it to me.

SARFF looks at her, impassive. Although his mouth doesn't move, there is a terrible hissing. Something seems to shift beneath his robes, as if his body was changing shape.

OHILA, dismisses this with a wave of her hand

OHILA (cont'd)

Your powers mean not hing here. Give me the message and I eave.

SARFF: a moment. Then the hissing stops.

SARFF

Tell the Doctor - Davros knows. Davros remembers.

And now SARFF simply backs away, sliding backwards into the night, letting the darkness swallow him

SARFF (cont'd)

Tell him, he must face Davros one last time.

SARFF is gone.

OHILA stares into the gloom, so grave. Frowns.

(CONTINUED)

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9 CONTI NUED:

OHI LA

What does Davros remember?
(Turns to look off)
Doctor?

Pulling back:

- standing in the shadow of a rock, his back to us, the familiar outline of THE DOCTOR.

OHILA (cont'd) What have you done?

On THE DOCTOR's shadowed face. His head is bowed as if penitent.

DI SSOLVE TO.

9A <u>EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE - NI GHT</u>

9A

9

A few minutes later. OHILA and THE DOCTOR, talking - the rest of the Sisterhood are gone.

THE DOCTOR is pacing, agit at ed. OHILA, patient, observing him

OHILA Will you go?

Now, clearer on the other figure - THE DOCTOR. Troubled and grave.

THE DOCTOR

No.

CHILA

Why do you always lie?

THE DOCTOR

Why do you always I'm lying?

OHI LA

It saves time. The truth - will you go?

THE DOCTOR

CHI LA

When?

THE DOCTOR

Soon.

CHI LA

Why? Did something happen?

THE DOCTOR

No.

CHI LA

Was it recent?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

OHI LA

What ever it was, you owe Davros not hi ng.

THE DOCTOR

Davros and I have known each other a long time.

CHI LA

You've been enemies for all of it.

THE DOCTOR

An enemy is just a friend you don't really know yet. Sorry, was that cynical?

CHI LA

Aren't we friends, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR That's different, I don't like you.

CHI LA

Which means you can trust me.

THE DOCTOR

Exact I y.

He tosses her something - a gold disk. OHILA looks at it in

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With that, he heads away. OHILA, staring after him Calls out.

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CHI LA

Anyone can hide from an enemy, Doctor - no one from a friend.

And then, in a whisper, the familiar voice of ...

DAVROS

(V. O.) Doct or . . .

DI SSOLVE TO.

10 EXT. SPACE

10

An ancient space ship. Rusting, dark, clustered with spires and towers - like Mordor hanging in space.

Closing in on this ...

DAVROS

(V. O.) Doct or . . .

DI SSOLVE TO.

11 INT. DAVROS HOSPITAL SHIP

11

A rusting, ancient iron corridor - bottle green gloom, like a long abandoned battle ship.

We creep along it.

DAVROS

(V. O.) Doct or . . .

DI SSOLVE TO.

12 <u>INT. THE SICK ROOM</u>

12

Close on what is clearly medical equipment - scanners etc. A heart beat is being monitored - as it flashes we hear that strange pulsing Dalek beat (see any Dalek story.)

Tracking now. A huge circular chamber, darkened.

A hanging forest of drip feeds, all lead, in a baroque tangle to a central point in the chamber, obscuring the patient at the very centre.

All we can see is a hunched figure, and single, glowing blue flickering in the darkness. This is, of course:

DAVROS

Doct or ...

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12 CONTI NUED:

A figure passes through the foreground - the now familiar figure of COLONY SARFF.

SARFF

You are dreaming, Lord Davros.

He kneels.

DAVROS remains a flickering blue eye, among the mass of cables keeping him alive.

DAVROS

No. I am anticipating.

Outting closer - in DAVROS's metal hand is gripped -

- the sonic screwdriver.

SARFF

He cannot be found.

DAVROS

Of course he can. He has a weakness. If you seek the Doctor, first seek his friends...

On DAVROS's blue eye, we fade to back. In the blackness we hear:

CLARA

(V. O.)

Take the gum out of your mouth and put it in the bin.

CUT TO.

13 <u>INT. CLARA'S CLASSROOM - DAY</u>

13

12

RYAN, a sulky thirteen-year-old, is on his feet at his desk.

CLARA is holding a wastepaper bin sternly in front of him

RYAN dutifully spits his guminto the waste bin. It splats among several others.

RYAN

Will I get it back at the end of school?

CLARA

How will you know which one's yours?

He just shrugs.

CLARA (cont'd)

Fine then.

(Turns, heading back to her desk)

(MORE)

The window slams into the place -

- bringing the circle CLARA drewinto place over the distantly seen plane.

CLARA (cont'd) - the planes have stopped.

And now we see what she has seen. The plane, seen through the circle, is entirely stationary. Just hanging there, impossibly motionless, in the sky.

Now, a blizzard of cuts, fast, choppy. News reports - various NEWSREADERS with pictures and footage of weirdly halted planes behind them

BBC NEWSREADER

Reports are coming in of planes hanging apparently motionless in the sky -

I phone footage: a beach somewhere. Everyone stands and stares at a plane frozen right above them as it comes in to land (Maho beach, St. Maarten - the real footage is terrifying.)

AMERICAN NEWSREADER
- footage of passenger jets, which
have seemingly come to a complete
stand-still in midair -

14

MR. DUNLOP

Mss Oswald - there's a call at the office -

CLARA

Yeah, that would probably be UNIT.

MR. DUNLOP

They're telling me you're needed. They were going to put me through to the Prime Minister.

CLARA

(Grabbing her jacket)
Sorry, Mr. Dunlop, I have to take the rest of the day off owing to a personal crisis.

And she races off, pulling on her jacket.

Mr. DUNLOP looks in bewilderment at the class -

- who look in bewilderment at him

CUT TO:

15 EXT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - DAY

15

CLARA comes racing out the doors, heading to the car park, phone at her ear.

CLARA

Yes, yes, I'm coming!

Now racing along the line of cars -

CLARA (cont'd)

No, send a helicopter - think it through!

- till she comes to -
- her motorbike (as seen in The Bells Of Saint John and The Day Of The Doctor.) She leaps on, revs up the bike.

CUT TO:

16 <u>INT. CLARA'S CLASSROOM - DAY / EXT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - DAY</u> 16

Mr. DUNLOP, in front of the KIDS, slightly flustered.

MR. DUNLOP

Well. As you can see, there is something of a very minor crisis going on, but I'm sure the authorities have got their very best people -

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15 18.

16 CONTINUED:

16

Beeping from out si de.

Mr. DUNLOP steps to the window, shoves it open.

CLARA, on her motorbike, down below.

CLARA

Homework - page 27 to 30. Due in tomorrow.

She roars off.

Mr. DUNLOP turns to the class.

MR. DUNLOP

Um Miss Oswald -

A beat. Thinks. A helpless little laugh.

MR. DUNLOP (cont'd)

Is awesome.

The roar of the motorbike. Now we can see CLARA belting along past the school fence.

MR. DUNLOP (cont'd) Mss Oswald is awesome.

CUT TO:

17 <u>EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY</u>

17

Now on CLARA from above, racing along.

We cut higher as she races along - we can see the shadow of a frozen plane spread motionless across the streets.

CLARA screeches to halt at the very edge of the shadow, looks up at the halted plane, hanging eerily above.

Two school KIDS, on the pavement, also staring up - a GIRL and a BOY, clearly bunking of ${\bf f}$.

CLARA

Exciting, isn't it?

GI RL

I'm fright ened.

CLARA

Same thing. Different word.
(Shoots them a look)
Shouldn't you two be at school?

And off she roars.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - DAY

18

CLARA, on her motorbike, zooming through the entrance.

CUT TO:

19 INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

19

High tech and sleek - like the Incident Room in The West Wing. Screens, maps, consoles. Images and schematics of all the planes in flight all over world.

KATE STEVART moving from console to console (a slight parallel with Clara moving among her desks) phone at her ear. Conspicuously, she's wearing gardening clothes. Even a pair of grubby rubber gloves.

KATE

- the planes are not responding, none of them radio silence -

Gances over -

- at the back of the room, CLARA is arriving, setting down her motorbike helmet, looking around.

KATE (cont'd)

Got ta go.

(Ḥangi ng up)

Clar à!

CLARA

How's the garden?

KATE

(Notices her gloves, starts pulling them off) Missing me, I hope. He's not answering his phone, have you tried?

CLARA

We don't know enough yet, he doesn't appreciate gossip.

KATE

CLARA moves into the room, KATE follows.

We hold briefly on a heating grille in the wall -

- and there's a hiss, like a snake...

CLARA

How many planes?

JAC, sitting at one of the consoles. Md-fifties, slightly grumpy. Functionally, she's Osgood's replacement. There's a huge glass display in front of her.

JAC

Counting everything, 4,145 aircraft currently airborne.

KATE

That's a lot of passengers.

CLARA

It's a lot of

KATE

... oh dear God, yes it is.

CLARA

So what could you do with four thousand flying bombs?

JAC is already typing. On the glass display, various locations start flashing.

JAC

439 nuclear power stations currently active -

KATE

What else?

CLARA

I dunno, fault lines. Could they trigger an earthquake, a tsunam?

JAC

Running simulations now ...

KATE

So this is an attack?

CLARA

What kind of an attack

??

KATE

Okay, so we need the Doctor.

CLARA

We can't phone the Doctor and just
- he'll go Scottish. Come on,
what have we got, what do we know?
It's not an attack, it's not an
invasion - because those don't come
with fair warning. Somebody wants
our attention. Somebody who needs
to put a gun to our heads to make
us listen (New thought!!)
- oh!

KATE

Ch?

One of the staff - MKE - turning from a console.

M KE

We've got a message. The Doctor channel.

CLARA and KATE, now hurrying over.

CLARA

The

KATE

He never uses it - I doubt he remembers it exists -

CLARA

Then who's this?

M KE

Decrypting - we're getting text through, I think.

CLARA

Texting - definitely not the Doctor.

On the screen, now three words:

YOU SO FINE.

They all blink, stare.

KATE

Is there more?

M KE

Com ng.

The words clear, replaced by:

YOU BLOW MY M ND.

(CONTINUED)

Their faces:

Now text streaming across the screen.

HEY MISSY YOU SO FINE YOU SO FINE YOU BLOW MY MIND HEY

All the text disappears to be replaced by

MI SSY!!!

KATE and CLARA, horrified.

CLARA, for the first time thrown. Knocked back a step.

A familiar voice, as the screen clears to reveal, smiling angelically:

M SSY
Today, I shall be talking to you out of -

Shock moment: M SSY's face explodes out the monitor, as if the screen itself has extruded into a ballooning monster, now rearing up over the terrified KATE!

M SSY (cont'd)

There is barely a second for the room to convulse -

- and the monster M SSY disappears, snapping back to just an image on a screen.

M SSY splutters, pats her chest.

M SSY (cont'd)

I'min a lovely little square in, I don't know, one of your hot countries. There's a light breeze from the east, this coffee is a buzz-monster in my brain, and I'm going to need eight snipers.

A silence. Exchange of glances.

KATE ?

Ei ght

M SSY

Three for each heart, and two for my brain stem - you'll have to switch me off fast, before I can regenerate. How fast can you get here? Ch I better arrange you a flight corridor.

She picks up her little gadget (similar to the one she had in Dark Water, scrolls on the screen.)

KATE

Why do you need snipers?

M SSY

CONTI NTm - 0o50. 48 Tm - 0. 194 Tcec ()) c 0ad, I expect . oh2f 20. 194 Tcec

- three laser sights, settling into the correct position over each heart.

She smiles.

M SSY

Saucy!

She pulls a little make-up mirror out, checks behind her. Two more laser sights flare in the reflection.

Spl endi d!

She hears vehicles drawing up, glances over.

A couple of limos, drawing up on the far side of the square.

SECURITY MEN, in suits and shades already scrambling out, all with guns trained on MISSY -

- who just smiles.

One of the SECURITY MEN opens the rear door of one of limos.

Now climbing out:

CLARA.

She looks coldly across the square at:

M SSY. Who just toasts her with her espresso -

- and gestures her to the chair opposite.

A SECURITY MAN whispers in CLARA's ear, a last minute briefing. She nods - $\,$

- and starts towards M SSY.

On M SSY, smirking as CLARA approaches.

On CLARA, walking on, grim

CLARA now stands a few feet from where M SSY is sitting - it's a Spaghetti Western confrontation!

M SSY gestures to the other chair, across the little table from her.

As cold as ice, CLARA sits.

M SSY (cont'd)
How's your boyfriend? Still
tremendously dead, I expect.

CLARA

Still dead, yes. So how come you're alive?

M SSY

Death is for other people. Would you prefer to sit in the shade? I know how you humans burn.

She picks up her little device - similar to the one from Dark Water/Death In Heaven, and scrolls down the screen with her finger.

The distant whine of an aircraft briefly from above -

- a shadow of a plane wing slides over them, and stops there.

M SSY (cont'd)

Better?

CLARA's face: resolutely unimpressed, giving her nothing.

M SSY (cont'd)
I expect you've tried to contact him by now. You should know, I can't find him either. No one can.

CLARA

That happens now and then.

M SSY

Not like this.

She reaches inside her jacket, tosses something on to the table.

An huge, brass coin clatters there, spins, topples. CLARA just looks at it. Isn't going to ask.

M SSY (cont'd) It's a Confession Dial.

Close on the dial - it appears to be opening, very slowly. One thin triangle of the interior workings is exposed.

CLARA

A what?

M SSY

In your terms, a will. The last Will and Testament of the Time Lord known as the Doctor, to be delivered, according to ancient tradition, to his closest friend on the eve of his final day.

On CLARA, stares at the coin. Now looks coldly at MISSY.

CLARA

Why would the Doctor make a will?

(CONTINUED)

M SSY Why would anyone? Wherever he is, what ever he's doing, the Doctor clearly believe he's about to die.

20

CLARA Looks at the coin. Takes a breath. Okay, Let's do this. She reaches for the coin -

- and it sparks at her hand. She snatches her hand away.

M SSY (cont'd)

What are you

CLARA

You said - I thought -

M SSY

No, no, no! It was delivered to

CLARA

You??

M SSY

Of course, me. What have got to do with it? his friend - you're just -

CLARA

I'm j ust

M SSY

You see that couple over there?

She points to an elderly couple pottering round the edge of the square, walking a bouncy little puppy.

M SSY (cont'd)

You're the puppy.

A cold look from CLARA: so not rising to it.

CLARA

So. The Doctor gave you this?

M SSY

Of course not. He isn't vulgar. The sisterhood of Karn were his chosen messengers. If he's relying on that demented knitting circle, he's in a lot of trouble.

CLARA

Since when do you care about the Doctor?

M SSY

Since always. Since the Academy, since the Cloister Wars! Since the night he stole the moon and the President's wife. Since he was a little girl.

(Smirks)

One of those was a lie - can you guess which?

20

CLARA
You're not his friend - you keep
trying to kill him

M SSY
He keeps trying to kill me - it's sort of our texting. We've been at it for ages.

CLARA Ch, it must be love.

M SSY
Don't be disgusting - we're Time
Lords, not animals! Try, nanobrain, to rise above the
reproductive frenzy of your noisy
little food chain, and contemplate
. A friendship older than
your civilisation and infinitely
more complex.

CLARA
Ckay. So the Doctor's your bessie mate and I'm supposed to believe you've turned good?

M SSY Good? Language!

Casually, M SSY raises her little gadget and shoots the nearest SECURITY MAN dead, blasting him into nothingness.

CLARA, stumbling to her feet.

CLARA No, don't, why did you - !!

CUT TO:

 21
 OMI TTED
 21

 22
 OMI TTED
 22

23 <u>INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY</u> 23

KATE and the others, watching this on the big screens. KATE has lunged forward to the console.

KATE
Don't shoot her. Do not shoot her!!

CUT TO:

24 EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY

24

M SSY is giving a little cat-like stretch - she enjoys a little murder.

M SSY

By the ring on his finger, he was married, and I think I detected a trace of baby I eakage on his jacket, so he had a family. No, I haven't turned good.

M SSY raises her little gadget and blasts one of the SECURITY MEN ringing the square.

M SSY (cont'd) I'm on a roll, thanks for bringing spares.

CUT TO:

25 INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

25

KATE, again yelling:

KATE

Don't fire!

CUT TO:

26 <u>EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY</u>

26

CLARA, frantically trying to placate M SSY -

CLARA

Stop it - just stop it. Don't shoot, anybody else.

M SSY

(Calling over to another security man)
Sweaty one, on your knees, take a goodbye selfie for your kids -

CLARA

M SSY

CLARA

M SSY

I'll kill everyone in this square.

CLARA

Start with me. Then what? You came here for my help.

M SSY

Because the Doctor is in danger.

CLARA

Make me believe you.

M SSY

How?

CLARA

Release the planes.

M SSY

The planes are keeping me alive. There are eight snipers ready to kill me.

CLARA

Yeah. On my command.

(Raises her hand, as if to give a signal)

Your best friend is in danger show me how you care. Make me believe.

On MISSY. Regards CLARA, coolly. She lowers the weapon -

- then with a quick movement, she scrolls on the screen. A whine of aircraft engines from above and the plane shadow slips away!

CUT TO.

She's leaning back, spreading her arms, as if providing a better target.

M SSY, head thrown back, eyes waiting for the end. Point made.

CLARA ... What does it say?

M SSY What does what say?

CLARA His confession.

M SSY It will only open when he's dead.

A click from the dial. The opened wedge has just widened a fraction.

They both look to the dial, then to each other.

CLARA
Then it won't open. Will it?

M SSY I eans forward, I evels her gaze at CLARA. All business now. A look held between the two of them A decision now made.

M SSY
Question: if the Doctor had one
last night to live - if he knew for
certain he was facing the end of
his life ... where, in all of space
and time, would he go?

CLARA

Here.

And on that, a sudden roar of many voices, like at a football match, and a great almighty

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

CUT TO:

31 <u>EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NI GH</u>T

31

On a row of hands on one synchronised

Wider: the courtyard is being used like an arena. The audience looks 12th Century, and they're swaying like they're at a rock concert.

CUT TO:

32 <u>EXT. SQUARE - DAY</u>

32

CLARA, now tapping away at the computer.

CLARA

How I ong do we have?

M SSY

No idea.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT

KATE, the room buzzing around her.

Panning, we see CLARA on the screen, Skyping from the lapt op in the square.

KATE
We're starting the algorithm, but this may take a while.

CUT TO.

36 <u>EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY / INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM -</u> 36 <u>DAY</u>

CLARA, on the laptop (we now intercut as required.)

KATE

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15 33.

38 CONTI NUED:

38

JAC
The algorithm generates
probabilities, based on crisis
points, anomalies, anachronisms,
keywords - blue box, Doctor ...

CUT TO.

39 <u>EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY</u>

39

It's a and a now!

BORS swinging his axe.

BORS Face me, Magician.

The doors, standing open.

CUT TO:

40 <u>INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY / EXT. THE SQUARE -</u> 40 DAY

KATE, still studying the display on the screen. More and more dots appearing.

JAC San Martino, Troy, multiples for New York, three possible versions of Atlantis -

CUT TO:

40A <u>EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NI GHT</u>

40A

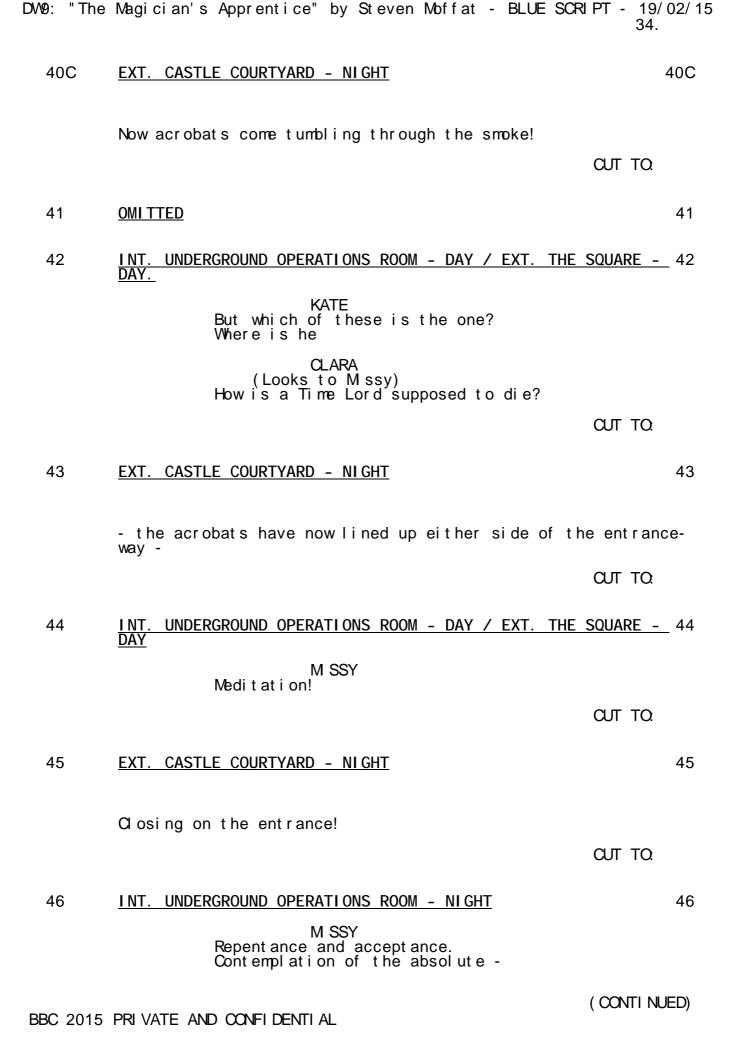
Dry ice is now pouring through.

CUT TO:

40B <u>INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY / EXT. THE SQUARE - 4</u>0B <u>DAY</u>

JAC It's easier than you'd think. He makes a lot of noise. And he loves to make an entrance.

CUT TO:



CLARA

Great, thanks. (to Jac)

Change the algorithm Eliminate crisis points. Where's the Doctor making the most noise, but there isn't any crisis?

(Shoots a look at Mssy) We're looking for a party!

JAC, rattling away at the keyboard.

On the screen, all THE DOCTOR moments are disappearing, winking out in rapid succession - leaving one flashing alone.

CLARA (cont'd)
There he is. Look at him "Do not go gentle into that good night."

M SSY You go, girl!

Apparently, congratulating her she put her hand over CLARA's - but in fact she's slapped a leather wrist band on to her. A vortex manipulator.

CLARA
What - what is that?

M SSY

Say

She operates the vortex manipulator on her own wrist and -

CUT TO:

47 OMI TTED 47

48 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NI GHT 48

We're behind the top row of the audience, as M SSY and CLARA crash down through the frame, landing with a Just out of frame.

M SSY shoots up instantly, reeling, clutching her head.

M SSY Wowzah!! Murmy, do it again!

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15 37.

48 CONTI NUED: 48

BORS, standing, slack-jawed. He points a little feebly at the guitar.

BORS (cont'd)

What is

THE DOCTOR

You said you wanted an axe fight.

He looks round expectantly. Blank looks.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Yeah, in a few hundred years that
will be really funny. It's a slowbur ner.

BORS

A musical instrument is not an axe.

THE DOCTOR
And a daffodil is not a broadsword, but I still won the last round.
What do you think of my tank? Don't worry, it isn't loaded.

BORS

I don't like it.

THE DOCTOR

Neither do I, I bought it for my fish.

BORS

Your fish??

THE DOCTOR

I may have ordered online. (Looks around)
Fish, tank, honestly, this stuff will be hilarious in a very few hundred years, stick around.

On CLARA and M SSY.

CLARA

What's the matter with him - he's never like this.

M SSY

Oh, you really are new, aren't you?

On THE DOCTOR - he stiffens - almost as if he heard that.

CLARA

He didn't hear that, did he? He doesn't know we're here.

THE DOCTOR - very deliberately, he starts picking out Pretty Woman.

48

CLARA rolls her eyes - oh for God's sake.

- and THE DOCTOR is looking directly at her, over his shades.

Half pleased, half humiliated, CLARA starts making her way down through the crowd.

THE DOCTOR
(Still playing)
Now, you lot. I've been here all day, and it's been a great day -

BORS

You've been here three weeks!

THE DCCTOR
Three weeks?? It must be nearly bed time. We've partied. I've helped you dig a well, with a first class, child-friendly visitor's centre. I've given you some top notch maths tuition in a fun, but relevant way. I've introduced the word Dude several centuries early. Let me hear you!

They all roar

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
But tonight, I'm sorry, I have to I eave. Before I do, though, I'd like you to meet a couple of friends of mine.

On MISSY! Ch! Her too. She starts making her way down.

CLARA is now walking across the arena to THE DOCTOR.

CLARA

How did you know I was here? Did you see me?

THE DOCTOR

When do I see you?

CLARA

One face in all that crowd?

THE DOCTOR

Was there a crowd, too?

CLARA

Oh, we're doing charm now, are we? Which one of us dying?

And THE DOCTOR's smile drops a notch. CLARA: the same. Remember s.

And - unexpected - he throws his arms around her. What a hug. Catcalls and wolf-whistles from the crowd.

CLARA (cont'd

BCRS is clutching at his throat, now falling to his knees, his face turning red.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Bor s!

THE DOCTOR races to his side, starts trying to help him

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Is it a marble again? Did you
swallow one of the marbles I gave
you?? Don't swallow the marbles!

- but now he yanks something from around BORS's neck, and throws it to the ground.

A snake!!

It spasms on the ground for a moment, then shoots away, disappearing under the robe of -

COLONY SARFF.

He stands there, staring at THE DOCTOR.

SARFF Doctor. You are found. You will come.

THE DOCTOR, facing him, defiant.

THE DOCTOR Says you and whose army?

On SARFF's face. Now something horrific happens. The twined sections of his face start to move independently, his eyes rotating away, his mouth the same, all with a dreadful slithering sound -

- until we realise we are looking at the stacked coils of a giant snake!

The head of the snake - SARFF's real face - now rears up with a terrible hiss! The fangs!!

Now the robe falls from him and we see the terrible, disgusting truth - SARFF's body is a mass of interlocked, intertwined snakes, all sliding around one another.

A hundred, fanged snakeheads all snap and hiss at once.

The crowd screams - people start running. BORS backs away. THE DOCTOR, now stepping forward.

Furious. Blazing away.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd) Nobody dies here. Not one person, not one of my friends,

The snake lowers its swaying, gliding head to THE DOCTOR's eye-level.

SARFF

Davros, creator of the Daleks, dark lord of Skaro ... is dying.

THE DOCTOR

So I hear.

SARFF

He would speak with you again, on the last night of his life.

THE DOCTOR

Then you will harm nobody in this place. Not one person. Are we very, very clear?

A beat, a moment of stand-off.

Then, SARFF starts reassembling into humanoid shape.

SARFF

Are you so dangerous, little man?

THE DOCTOR

You want to know how dangerous I am? Davros sent you. You want to know how stupid you are? You came!

A huge hissing and rattling from beneath SARFF's robes.

SARFECCTOR (cont'd) 1 0 0 1 96 411.48S6 Tm - 0.19 T

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15 42.

48 CONTI NUED:

48

A silence: then -

... the sonic screwdriver. The one THE DOCTOR threw to the Boy in the first scene. It looks ancient, battered and corroded by the years.

CLARA

That's yours.

THE DOCTOR

It was.

CLARA

Was?

THE DOCTOR

I don't have a screwdriver any more.

And he kicks the screwdriver, pointedly, back to SARFF. But his eyes remained fixed on it, lying there in the dirt.

M SSY, wat ching him, fascinated.

M SSY

Ch! Never seen before. Doctor, the look on your face - what is that?

CLARA too has moved round so she can see THE DOCTOR's face.

CLARA

Shame. You're ashamed.

On THE DOCTOR: not meeting her eye. Still staring at the screwdriver, like it's everything bad in the world.

CLARA (cont'd)
Doct or? What have you done?

THE DOCTOR: still staring at the screwdriver ...

Then, a voice. The Boy's voice from the beginning ...

BOY

(V. O.)

Please, you've got to help me.

DI SSOLVE TO.

49 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

49

As at the beginning.

On the little BOY clutching the screwdriver, looking around, desperate.

BOY

You said I could survive, you said you were going to help me!

The Hand M nes - twitching, grasping, a few more pop up!

BOY (cont'd)

And then, distantly, a terrible sound.

A slammed door! The grind of ancient engines!

The BOY, peering through the mist -

- to see the police box shape of the TARDIS slowly fading away.

The BOY - tears standing in his eyes, all hope dying.

CUT TO:

50 <u>EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NI GHT</u>

50

On THE DOCTOR's face: lost in his memories, so troubled -

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15 44.

50 CONTI NUED:

50

CLARA steps forward.

CLARA

We're coming with him Both of us, her and me.

THE DOCTOR

No. No, under no circumstances!

Another great hissing from beneath SARFF's robe.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

What are you doing now??

SARFF

Voting. We are a democracy.

Suddenly, the dust around M SSY's and CLARA's feet kicks up for a moment, as if something has thrashed through, the dirt and then, with a hiss, their hands snap behind them (they've been cuffed by snakes, without CGI.)

SARFF (cont'd) (The hissing dies down) It is agreed.

THE DOCTOR

No! I forbid this, Both of you,

Too late - all four of them glow and sparkle - and with THE DOCTOR still protesting, they all fade away.

From the shadows, someone is watching - BORS.

He steps into the light. For a moment he has a comically confused frown -

- then somehow, the comedy drops, his face turns cold. He turns and starts marching away, into the castle ...

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(V.O.)
Davros is the child of war.

CUT TO.

51 OMI TTED 51

52 INT. SARFF'S SPACE SHIP

52

Narrow, contained, grungy, there is something scaly about it all - and yet it barely seems larger than a camper van.

THE DOCTOR, MISSY and CLARA sit in the back, their hands still are now tied, too. From the way they are sitting relaxed, resigned - it might seem they've been here a while.

Beyond them we can see SARFF at the controls of the ship, flying it.

THE DOCTOR

A war that wouldn't end - a thousand years of fighting, till no one could remember why. So Davros created a new kind of warrior - one who would never bother with that question. A mutant in a tank that would never, ever stop. And they never, ever did.

CLARA

The Daleks.

THE DOCTOR

(Nods)

How scared do you have to be? To seal every one of your own kind inside a tank?

THE DOCTOR, frown, blinks - like a memory is impacting on him Hurting him

FLASHBACK: we see the little BOY in the battlefield:

BOY

You said I could survive, you said you were going to help me!

THE DOCTOR

Davros made the Daleks. But who made him?

A rushing sound. The ship shakes, the whine of the engines lowers...

M SSY

We're coming out of hyperspace.

They look to the screens in front of SARFF:

The picture is clearing - an image of the space station we saw DAVROS in before.

THE DOCTOR

So. That's where he ended up.

On the screen, the station growing closer and closer, filling the screen ...

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR

Who knows. Always the way, with hospitals.

M SSY

Tied up and locked in a cupboard. It's like your wedding all over agai n.

CLARA

Weddi ng?

THE DOCTOR

That wasn't my wedding. That was my stag night.

M SSY

No, hang on, wasn't it the faculty dance?

THE DOCTOR

No, that was the laser slugs.

M SSY

Of course, yes, the slugs.

THE DOCTOR

We were friends then. What happened?

M SSY

Not hi ng.

A hiss as the door opens, revealing SARFF.

SARFF

You will come.

THE DOCTOR moves towards the door, the others start scrambling to their feet.

SARFF (cont'd)

(To Clara and Mssy) You will stay.

CLARA and M SSY subside. THE DOCTOR looks to them

THE DOCTOR

Obviously this could be goodbye. Can't stand those.

CLARA

Doct or \dots you sent M ssy your confession dial.

THE DOCTOR

We've known each other a long time, she's one of my own people -

(CONTINUED)

55

CLARA

My point is, we both saw her die. On earth, ages ago. But obviously you knew it wasn't real. Or worse, you hoped it wasn't. I think, one way or another, you've been lying.

THE DOCTOR

... I'm sorry.

CLARA

Don't apologise - make it up to me. (Smiles) There - now you have to come back.

THE DOCTOR. A beat. A smile, a nod. Then he's following SARFF out. As the door hisses shut, he looks directly at M SSY.

THE DOCTOR

Gravity.

M SSY

I know.

The door clunks shut.

CLARA

Gravity?

M SSY bangs her heels on the floor

M SSY

You know what's wrong with the gravity in here?

CLARA

No.

M SSY

Nothing. It's perfect.

She's struggled to her feet, now jumping on the spot.

M SSY (cont'd)

But this is a space station, the gravity should be artificial - all coppery smelling round the edges, a tiny bit sexy. This feels Li ke a

CLARA

How can you and the Doctor be

M SSY

Exact I y.

CLARA You kill people.

M SSY So does he.

M SSY has strolled over to the

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15 50.

CONTI NUED: 55 55

CLARA What day?

M SSY

The day I kill you.

She starts working at the controls on the airlock - there are hisses and clunks.

CLARA

What are you doing?? Are you opening if?

M SSY

Of course I'm opening it.

CLARA

We'll get sucked out.

M SSY

You and me together, off we go! (Yanking round the wheel)

Hiss, clank, and the door starts to open --

CUT TO.

56 INT. DAVROS HOSPITAL STATION. CORRIDOR

56

SARFF and THE DOCTOR walking round the curved corridor. Now coming to the door to the sick room

SARFF passes his hand over a panel -

- and the door hisses open. SARFF leads the way in. THE DOCTOR follows.

CUT TO:

57 INT. SICK ROOM

57

The room as we saw it before -

- the hanging gardens of drip feed cables obscuring the room's one occupant, sitting on the central dais.

SARFF and THE DOCTOR stand before him

A moment. Then, that voice ...

DAVROS

... Doct or?

A whine of hydraulics -

- and all the cables rise into the ceiling, still attached but now unveiling ...

DAVROS!!

Still in his chair, much as we last saw him But now even more cadaverous and ancient. It's as if even raising his head is a pain and an effort.

DAVROS (cont'd)

Doct or !

THE DOCTOR

Davros!

DAVROS cocks his head, inspecting this new man.

DAVROS

I approve of your new face - so much more like mine.

DAVROS affects to notice that THE DOCTOR's hands are still tied.

DAVROS (cont'd)
Colony Sarff - untie our guest's hands.

SARFF steps behind THE DOCTOR - a hiss and his hands are r el eased.

THE DOCTOR rubs his wrists.

DAVROS (cont'd)

I trust you are undamaged.

THE DOCTOR

(Checking his hands)
One hand, two hands, yep. Look at that - four fingers and a thumb, but oh no, let's stick on a sucker instead. Be honest, was it really late on a Friday?

DAVROS

Sarff, you may leave us.

SARFF nods, glides out.

DAVROS (cont'd)

You came then?

THE DOCTOR

Clearly.

DAVROS

Did you suspect a trap?

THE DOCTOR

I still do.

DAVROS Then why are you here? Did you miss our conversations?

He flicks a switch. And we hear some of the old shows, the old Doctors arguing with DAVROS, all chattering together.

59

DAVROS

It survived the Time War, but it will end tonight. This is why you are here.

THE DOCTOR

If you're dying, it will end whether I'm here or not.

DAVROS

True. But I would appreciate your company.

THE DOCTOR

Why?

DAVROS

We do not choose the people who understand us, Doctor. We have been generals on the opposite sides of a war - we understand each other as no two others can.

A beeping. DAVROS swivels, snapping switches.

DAVROS (cont'd)

It seems your friends have gone exploring.

A screen, flickering into life on the wall ...

CUT TO.

60 EXT. STARFIELD

60

M SSY and CLARA, seemingly space-walking. CLARA's hands are free now and she's rubbing her wrists.

CLARA

This doesn't make any sense.

M SSY

Ch, but it does! The gravity - I said it was like a planet! We're on a planet! That's not a space station, it's a building - the rest of the planet, the whole thing, is

CLARA

That's ridiculous.

M SSY

Well of course it is. How would you ever find your glasses? Or the little girl's room. What if you kissed an ugly??

M SSY breaks of $f\,,\,$ looking at her hand. There's a smear of sand now visible there.

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15 63 CONTI NUED: 63 CLARA What is it? Where are we? M SSY This is -CUT TO: 64 INT. SICK ROOM - DAY 64 THE DOCTOR, staring in horror, completes the sentence. THE DOCTOR - Skaro!! (Rounds on Davros) You're brought me to Skaro! **DAVROS** Where does an old man go to die, but with his children? CUT TO: 65 EXT. DESERT PLANET - DAY 65 M SSY and CLARA. CLARA What's Skaro? M SSY The beginning. Where it all st art ed. DALEK (From of f) Corrèct! M SSY and CLARA spin round. A row of DALEKS, their weapons levelled at them CUT TO: 66 INT. SICK ROOM - DAY 66 THE DOCTOR, watching, powerless. THE DOCTOR DAVROS

You cannot help her now!

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15 57.

66 CONTI NUED:

THE DOCTOR has raced to the door - won't open. Batters at it, nothing.

CUT TO.

67 <u>INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY</u>

67

66

A split-level riot of sixties TV21 glory. This is the central control room of the DALEK city, and it is glacial and gold and magnificent. Everywhere DALEKS glide and hum Screens glow, consoles flicker.

The SUPREME DALEK stands on a raised platform, facing -

The TARDIS! The big blue box has just been moved into position. Two Daleks glide back from it.

Now, stumbling through the door, prodding by a DALEK -

- M SSY and CLARA.

CLARA

The TARDIS! How did that get here?

SUPREME DALEK

It has been procured.

A massive, powerful looking probe now lowers from the ceiling, just above the TARDIS. It starts to glow.

CLARA

If you're trying to get inside, you can't. Nothing can enter the TARDIS.

SUPREME DALEK

The TARDIS will not be entered. The TARDIS will be destroyed.

CLARA

Yeah, well good luck, cos it's indestructible.

M SSY

Did the Doctor tell you that? Because you should never believe a man about a vehicle.

CUT TO:

68 <u>INT. SICK ROOM - DAY</u>

68

THE DOCTOR has given up his assault on the door, now staring at the screen, watching this play out.

THE DOCTOR

What are they going to do? Tell me, what?

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15

71 CONTI NUED:

71

A throbbing moment.

DALEK SUPREME Maxi mum ext er mi nat i on.

All the Daleks fire at once. And fire and fire.

M SSY twists and burns and screams, her skeleton burning through her flesh. She disintegrates.

Si I ence.

CUT TO:

72 INT. SICK ROOM - DAY

72

THE DOCTOR, horrified, lost. He turns to DAVROS.

THE DOCTOR

Please. Save Clara. I'm begging you.

DAVROS I ooks at him, cocks his head. A grotesque parody of sympathy.

DAVROS

I gave the Daleks life. But I do not control them

CUT TO:

73 INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY

73

The terrible silence continues.

CLARA, just standing there -

- as every DALEK eyestalk swivels to look at her.

On the silence goes. On and on. Unbearable.

CUT TO:

74 <u>INT. SICK ROOM - DAY / INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY</u> 74

THE DOCTOR, tears in his eye, staring. (We now intercut with above.)

THE DOCTOR Clara. Ch, my Clara.

DAVROS

See how they play with her. See how they toy!

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15 60.

74 CONTI NUED:

74

CLARA, rooted to the spot, terrified. Every DALEK eyestalking is swivelling to look at her. Guns clicking and twitching.

DAVROS (cont'd)
They want her to run. They her to run. Can you feel their need, Doctor?

The DALEK heart-beat, throbbing louder and . All those eyestalks fixed intently on CLARA ...

DAVROS (cont'd)
Their blood is screaming. Kill!
Kill! Kill! Hunter and prey, held
in the ecstasy of crisis.

CLARA, waiting, waiting.

The DALEK heart beat, louder, louder.

- and she breaks!!

She starts to run, racing for the door -

- and every DALEK gunstalk swivels and fires.

CLARA, caught in the beam, her skel et on blazing -

- di si nt egr at es.

CUT TO:

75 OMI TTED 75

76 INT. SICK ROOM - DAY

76

THE DOCTOR. Staring and staring. Tears streaking his face. He rounds on DAVROS.

THE DOCTOR
Why have I ever let you live??

DAVROS

Compassion, Doctor. It has always been your greatest indulgence. Let this be my final victory. Let me hear you say it, just once. Compassion ... is ...

CUT TO.

77 INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY

77

The SUPREME DALEK looks back to the TARDIS - the work in hand.

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15 61.

77 CONTI NUED: 77

DALEK SUPREME Destroy the TARDIS!

A beam shoots down from the ceiling probe -

- the TARDIS glows a fierce and terrible brightness.

CUT TO:

78 INT. TARDIS - DAY

78

The central column starts to glow with the same dreadful light. Brighter, brighter.

CUT TO:

79 INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY

79

The police box glowing brighter and brighter, staring to disintegrate.

DALEKS
Destroy! Destroy!!

The TARDIS explodes, in operatic slow motion.

Close on a detail - the door panel, the FREE FOR USE OF PUBLIC SIGN - as it is torn in two by the force of the blast.

DALEK

Destroy! Destroy!! Destroy!!

A slow fade to black...

In the blackness -

BOY

(V. Q.)
Please, you can't leave me, you promised, you did!

FADING IN ON:

80 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

80

The BOY, as we last saw him, pleading with the departed Doctor.

BOY

A movement from behind him - the scrape of a foot. He startles, spins, What??

And now he's staring up at someone ...

DW9: "The Magician's Apprentice" by Steven Moffat - BLUE SCRIPT - 19/02/15

80 CONTI NUED:

80

BOY (cont'd)

Who are you?

The BOY's POV.

THE DOCTOR!

He is bruised and battered, his clothing torn. He's been through a hell we haven't seen.

He looks at the BOY.

BOY (cont'd) I don't understand. How did you get there?

THE DOCTOR

From the future.

The BOY - just not understanding.

BOY

... are you going to save me?

THE DOCTOR. So grim

THE DOCTOR

I'm going to save my friend. The only way I can.

And THE DOCTOR draws something beneath his coat, a bulky apparatus. We now see that it is a Dalek gunstalk, clearly extracted from a Dalek unit.

He levels it (seemingly) at the BOY.

On THE DOCTOR's face! Grim, unreadable.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Ext er mi nat e!

END TITLES