DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 9

EPI SODE 12

"Hell Bent"

by

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GREEN AMENDMENTS

17/08/2015

(SHOOTI NG BLOOK 8)

He's taken his shades of f, now tosses them on a table. Close on them, as they land - the slightest beep.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You're English.

CLARA

You're not.

THE DOCTOR

How did you get out here?

CLARA

Magic. Or maybe I went to an airport and caught a plane. You?

THE DOCTOR

Magi c.

He plays a few chords. The sound comes out of every speaker in the diner - the radio, the television, everywhere.

She looks round at this, amused.

CLARA

I believe you.

A tiny smile from the Doctor too. Pleased to impress. He pulls off his coat, tosses it over the back of a chair - so dusty. Clara notes this.

CLARA (cont'd)

You've been travelling.

THE DOCTOR

From time to time.

He sits now, starting to play.

We might recognise it as Clara's theme, from the show. A sad, slow version.

Clara: listening, moved.

CLARA

Is it a sad song?

THE DOCTOR

Nothing's sad till it's over. Then everything is.

CLARA

What's it called?

THE DOCTOR

I think it's called Clara.

Clara watches him play for a bit - this mysterious, dusty man who's walked out of the desert.

CLARA
Tell me about her.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

3 EXT. GALLIFREYAN DESERT/CITY - DAY

3

The horizon, almost lost in the heat shimmer.

Defocussed, a figure approaching, like a gunfighter coming in from the desert.

Resolving into focus. It's the Doctor. His coat slung over his shoulder, sweating slightly in the heat. (This shot should resemble the arrival of the John Hurt Doctor in The Day Of The Doctor.)

The Doctor's POV: shimmering in the heat, there it is. The barn (again, the one we saw in the 50th and Listen.)

The Doctor heads towards it. As he moves out of shot, he reveals, far behind him-

- distantly the city of Gallifrey, glittering under its mighty glass dome. The Doctor is heading from it.

We let him go, now closing on the distant city. We hear the tolling of what sounds a little like the cloister bell.

Now, closer on the city - the gleaming towers beneath the glass.

And now, more tolling, more bells - like many different cloister bells, all slightly different tones and registers. Like every bell in the city is tolling in the direst emergency.

Now closing in on one of the towers -

Homing in on a window, and we can just discern a robed figure staring out ...

CUT TO:

4 <u>INT. HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY</u>

4

A vast and fabulous room one that commands all Gallifrey. At the centre a conference table. The Time Lords in their robes and headdresses.

There is a vacated chair at the end of the table.

The recent occupant is staring out of the window, his back to us.

Si I ence.

The Time Lords glancing at one another, uneasy. Closer on one of them the General (as played by Ken Bones in The Day Of The Doctor.)

THE GENERAL Sir? Lord President?

The President turns. As when last seen, there is a metal gauntlet on his left hand.

THE PRESIDENT Are all the bells ringing? The whole cloister?

The General raises his wrist communicator, speaks into it.

THE GENERAL What's going on down there?

CUT TO:

4A INT. CLOISTERS - DAY

4A

The dark underbelly of the Time Lord capitol - the cloisters. Shadows and pillars, and thin layer of cold mist. A forest of marble columns and ancient metal struts. Rivets and gargoyles. It's like a huge crypt imagined by Terry Gilliam - and the very last place you would ever want to set foot.

(We now intercut between this and the High Council chamber, as required.)

Closer on:

Castron, a youngish, uniformed Callifreyan soldier. He is standing just inside a lift, set incongruously in one of the stone walls. He peers cautiously out of the lift doors - clearly this place frightens him -

GASTRON

The Sliders are everywhere, sir. Loads of the things.

THE GENERAL
(A slight twinge of impatience.)
Language, please, I'm with the President.

GASTRON

Sorry, sir. The Cloister Wraiths are active.

Gastron's POV. Distantly among the pillars and struts, there are ...

What are those?

At first glance, they seem like Time Lords, in their robes and headdresses.

But even in silhouette, they are weirdly tall, elongated. And they glide along the floor, like Daleks, or Colony Sarff. Not soundless - the air filled with what sounds like angry whispering. (At this stage we barely glimpse the Sliders - they just flicker among the pillars.)

Gastron's eyes move to where there are some tall, vacant alcoves carved into the walls - clearly where the Sliders emerged from

THE GENERAL
Do not approach them Don't even
enter the cloisters. Just tell me are all the bells ringing?

GASTRON

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

4B INT. HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

4B

The General turns to the President.

THE PRESIDENT So. We're facing great danger then.

THE GENERAL
The Cloister Wraiths seem to think so.

THE PRESIDENT
Then where is he? Where has the Doctor gone?

Fr om of f:

OHILA
Back to the beginning, I should think.

The President turns to look - as do they all.

5 INT. THE BARN - DAY

The same barn as we saw in Listen and The Day Of The Doctor. The door is swinging open.

The Doctor stepping through the doorway. Looking around.

The barn: a little dilapidated, probably unused. Probably untouched since the last time he stood here.

At the other end of the barn: the ladder to the upper floor section (as in Listen, but not in Day), the bed and the window visible just beyond.

The Doctor now climbing the ladder.

His shadow now falling over the child's bed. It's been made, tidied up. Like a shrine.

The Doctor bends, looks under the bed. Nothing there -

- and now the creak of an opening door. Now a woman's voice. She's prattling away, even as she enters.

THE WOMAN

(From off)
- why are they ringing all the bells, never heard so many? What's gone wrong this time, all the fuss they're always making.

The Doctor straightens up at the sound of this voice. Still with his back to her.

THE WOWAN (cont'd) You! You up there, you're not supposed to be there!

The Doctor turns, looks down at her.

The Woman - plump, elderly. Dressed in simple clothes, like she's from the Gallifreyan version of The Waltons.

THE WOWAN (cont'd)
Only just put all that back. It's
for the boys, if any of them ever
want to come and -

She breaks off, staring at him Like she's starting to realise who this is.

Her eyes widen. An incredulous look. Her head cocks, like she's starting to ask but can't even form the words.

The Doct or: expressionless. He just inclines his head, the slight est nod. Yes.

She can't speak for a moment. Then:

(CONTINUED)

5

THE WOMAN (cont'd) They'll kill you!

He just stares at her.

CUT TO:

6 OMI TTED

7 <u>EXT. BARN - DAY</u>

7

6

A plate of soup being placed, reverently, on a table.

The Doctor sitting at a table, set up just outside the barn. He looks at the soup, then to the Woman who just placed it in front of him

She is standing back from the table, seemingly intent on just watching him eat.

The Doctor: momentarily disconcerted by this. Then what the hell.

Lifts his spoon and starts to eat.

Pulling back now.

Past a man of about the same age as the Woman, could well be her husband, also just watching.

Still pulling back: more and more people - adults and children, all simply dressed - just standing there, solemnly staring at him, like he's the most amazing sight ever.

Back and back, more and more.

Closer on the Doctor again: looking around them all. He toasts them all with a spoonful of soup, knocks it back.

As his spoon descends to the soup again -

- a rumble.

The surface of the soup ripples and quivers.

Wider: a massive shadow slides over the barn and the group standing outside it.

They all turn to look:

It hangs about twenty feet in the air, facing the Doctor over the heads of the assembled villagers. Massive and lumbering, like a giant mechanical mosquito. It's the size a troopcarrying helicopter, but bristles with sci-fi weaponry.

So many guns clicking and revolving into place. All centering on the Doctor. This is a Sky Tank.

GASTRON

(V. O.) Attention! Would all non-military personnel step away from the Doctor.

CUT TO:

7A INT. SKY TANK - DAY

7A

A tight shot, on Gastron's face, piloting the craft (all we need to see of the interior.)

GASTRON

(V. Q.) I repeat, all non-military personnel, please step away from the Doctor.

CUT TO.

7B EXT. BARN - DAY

7B

So many blankly defiant faces. Nobody moves. The Doctor keeps eating his soup. Nobody budges an inch. Soup is eaten, a little noisily. (We now intercut with Gastron as required.)

GASTRON

At least move the children away!

On the kids. Nope! Not one of them makes any move to leave.

And

The Doctor has banged down his spoon in his bowl. Everyone spins to look at him

He pushes back his chair, stands.

Every movement is stared at. Heads turn as he walks round the table. The crowd parts as he walks calmly, towards the Sky Tank, as it hangs impossibly up there.

GASTRON (cont'd)
Doctor, you will lay down any
weapons on your person and
accompany us to the capitol.

But the Doct or says not hing, just keeps approaching. In danger of passing under the Sky Tank -

- and so forcing the tank to move back slightly, just to keep him in view.

GASTRON (cont'd)
Doctor, you will accompany us to the capitol.

The Doct or glances over.

The Woman points to the door ... something's out there.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. BARN - DAY

10

The Doctor steps out of the barn.

All the people have gone, but standing in front of him, some little distance away, is a row of Gallifreyan soldiers. They stand respectfully behind the line in the sand.

At their head, is The General, Gastron standing at his shoulder.

THE GENERAL

Welcome home, sir. As the commander of the armed forces of Gallifrey, I bring the greetings of the High Council -

The door slams. The Doctor is back inside.

CUT TO:

11 OMI TTED 11

12 OMI TTED 12

13 OMI TTED 13

14 EXT. BARN - DAY

14

Close on the General's wrist strap communicator. We can see a "Facetime" image of the President on it.

THE PRESIDENT

(On screen)

Who the hell does he think he is??

THE GENERAL

The man who won the Time War, sir. I think this is going to take more than soldiers.

CUT TO:

15 INT. THE BARN - DAY

15

The Doctor is checking himself out in the mirror. He's changed - now wearing the same farmhand garb as everyone else (as close to Shane as we dare.)

Glances round. The Woman at the door - seriously awestruck this time. She points a trembling arm at the door.

CUT TO.

16 EXT. THE BARN - DAY

16

The whole High Council, in their robes and headdresses, are now lined up outside the barn, just beyond the Doctor's line in the sand. Only the President is missing.

The Doctor, now stepping out the door.

They all bow.

The Doct or glances round them turns, goes back in. The door bangs.

CUT TO:

17 <u>INT. HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER</u> - DAY

17

Almost empty now - just the President and Chila, with her flanking sisters.

The President pacing, Chila seated and amused.

THE PRESIDENT

What's he want? Revenge?

CHI LA

The Doctor does not blame Gallifrey for the horrors of the Time War.

THE PRESIDENT

I should hope not.

CHI LA

He just blames you.

CUT TO:

18 INT. THE BARN - DAY

18

The Doctor is lying on his little bed, brooding over something.

Closer: in his hand, glittering ...

... the confession dial.

The Doctor's face. Grim, tight-jawed. No forgiveness there, anywhere. He spins the dial in his hands. The reflected light flickers across his face - for a moment he's almost demonic.

A sound from below, he looks round.

The Woman has entered again, and is staring up at him This

And he strides over to the Doctor - crossing the fabled line - and stands next to him

The Doctor Looks at him

GASTRON (cont'd) I was at Skull Moon, sir.

The Doctor gives him the tiniest nod - but the look on his face. These men are bonded by memory.

And

Another weapon hits the sand. Another of the soldiers is walking to join the Doctor.

On the President - speechless in horror.

CUT TO:

22 INT. DINER - DAY

22

The Doctor and Clara, now with their lemonades.

CLARA

Is this a story or did it really happen?

THE DOCTOR

Every story ever told really happened.

(He looks at her - on his face, such sadness)
Stories are where memories go when they're forgotten.

CUT TO.

23 EXT. BARN - DUSK

23

The sun is starting to set -

- and another weapon hits the sand.

Wider: another of the soldiers is striding across to join the Doctor. That makes five now. Equally balanced.

The President, raises his gauntleted hand, aims it at the soldiers.

THE PRESIDENT

Not one other of you moves. That is an order. That is the direct order of your

The General: saturnine, watching. It's unbearable: the President in meltdown, the Doctor winning.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd) You I eave me no choice, Doctor.

And he aims the gauntlet at the Doctor.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)
How many regenerations did we grant
you? Because I've got all night.

On the Doctor: that saturnine face, immobile - except for the tiniest flick on his eyes. Just the tiniest glance at the horizon behind the President.

The President: what's behind him? He turns to look.

The President's POV: in the darkening sky over the domed city, many lights are ascending. We hear the distant drone of more Sky Tanks, approaching.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd) (To The General)
Excellent - you sent for reinforcements.

THE DOCTOR

No, he didn't.

The President whirls on the Doctor -

- who is slipping on his sonic glasses (we hear them beeping very slightly)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I di d.

The President, staring at the Doctor - The drone of the Skytanks, building, building.

He raises his gauntlet again, pointing it right at the Doctor's face -

THE PRESIDENT
I am Rassilon the redeemer.
Rassilon the resurrected. Gallifrey is

- but then suddenly the General is standing in front of him, interposing himself. He puts out his hand, gently but firmly lowers the President's gauntleted arm. The President, incredulous, barely seems to resist.

The General removes his own sidearm, throws it aside.

THE GENERAL

Lord President ...

And he goes to stand by the others, on the other side of the line.

24A

On one of the alcoves. We can just see, in the misty dimness, that it is occupied now. A tall, elongated figure, in Time Lord Headdress, almost lost in the shadow.

Now, stepping out of the lift, the Doctor. He takes only a couple of paces from the lift, peers into the dimess of the cloisters. Cautious, curious.

A voice from off:

OHILA (From off) Old times?

Ohila emerging from the shadows near the lift (not the cloister area itself.)

THE DOCTOR

You're a long way from Karn.

CHI LA

At the end of everything, you must expect the company of immortals.

THE DOCTOR

Do you know what they did to me?

The Doctor pulls the confession dial from his coat, holds it up.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
A Confession Dial is a ritual act
of purification. It allows a dying
Time Lord to face his demons, and
make his peace, before his mind is
uploaded to the matrix.

(Now, roaring out of him)

His voice echoes round cloisters - the sound of his rage. The echoes die.

OHI LA

Rassilon grew . . . concerned.

THE DOCTOR

Af rai d!

CHI LA

He believed the Hybrid was the last remaining threat to the security of Callifrey -

THE DOCTOR

To

OHI LA

- and that it was a secret known only to you. You were entrapped and imprisoned at his command.

Let me be brave, let me brave, let

Behind her a door-sized rectangle still gives on to Trap Street, frozen in the moment. The rectangle seems to be hanging in the air.

Clara, dazed, disorient at ed, I ooking around. Time Lord technicians working at various consoles.

The stern figure of the General, observing from the background.

Clara, staring at the Doctor, who's standing right in front of her.

What?

CLARA

Doct or?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah.

CLARA

Where am I?

THE DOCTOR

It's a long story, but basically ... my place.

CLARA

I was ... I was going to die, I should be dead -

THE DOCTOR

Forget about that. Doesn't matter.

CLARA

... your place?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah.

CLARA

... what do you mean, place?T

CLARA

He's still not looking at her.

THE GENERAL

We have extracted you at the very end of your time stream to request your help. Whatever you decide, once we're finished here, you will be returned to your final moments. Your death is an established historical event and cannot be altered. I'm sorry.

CLARA

The Doctor: devastated. Finally he turns to her. He puts a hand to her face, strokes it.

THE DOCTOR

I'll try not to break your jaw.

CLARA

... my j aw?

THE DOCTOR

I wasn't talking to you.

And he turns and punches the General so hard in the face. The General spins, flailing.

In the same motion - so expert - the Doctor snatches the gun from the falling General. Now levels it at him (This action should be swift and scarily efficient - a tiny, disconcerting glimpse of the War Doctor, and what he was once like.)

The room freezing.

The General, staring up in horror at the Doctor.

THE GENERAL

... Doct or ... you can't do this. You you can't.

THE DOCTOR

General, I really don't know that at all.

(to the technicians)
You lot, behave! Nobody talk,
nobody move - on pain of death,
nobody take a selfie.

THE GENERAL

These people are technicians, they're unarmed ...

The Doctor levels the gun at the General.

THE DOCTOR

So are you.

The General Looks coldly at the weapon in the Doctor's hand -

- then, very deliberately, moves to stand in front of the door.

THE GENERAL

Sidearm of the President's personal security - there isn't a stun setting. If you fire, it's fatal.

CLARA

He won't. He would never do that.

THE GENERAL

You think you know him But I've seen him fight. Haven't I, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

I will not let Clara die.

THE GENERAL

She's been dead for half the lifetime of the universe. If you attempt to change that, you could fracture time itself. Doctor ... Lord President ... are you really going to take that risk?

Clara, now taking the Doctor's free hand.

CLARA

Doctor ... stop this. I don't want this, put that thing down.

A silence. When the Doctor finally speaks, it's to the General.

THE DOCTOR

Regener at i on?

THE GENERAL

Tent h.

And the Doctor raises up the gun, aims it right at the General.

THE DOCTOR

Good I uck.

THE GENERAL

And to you, sir.

Horrifying moment:

The General, caught in a moment of flame, spasms, drops to the floor, dead.

Clara, staring in utter shock -

The Doctor has turned to the technicians, calls out.

THE DOCTOR

I want a Neuro-Block - human compatible, now!

The technician tosses something to the Doctor - about the size of an iPod. He jams it in his pocket, and is already grabbing Clara's hand, racing for the door.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Come on, now,

- and they're racing together out of the room

CUT TO:

28 <u>INT. DINER - DAY</u>

28

The Doctor, strumming. Clara listening, fascinated.

CLARA

This Clara person - you must really like her.

THE DOCTOR

Why do you say that?

CLARA

You killed a man. You don't seem the type.

CUT TO:

29 <u>INT. GALLIFREY CORRIDOR - DAY</u>

29

The Doctor and Clara, racing along - alarms sounding behind them The Doctor slams a panel on the wall, lift doors whoosh open

- but as he tries to pull her inside, she's fighting back, so horrified.

CLARA

You killed that man - you shot him, he's dead.

THE DOCTOR

It was him or you.

CLARA

I don't care.

THE DOCTOR

The difference is, when you die you stay dead.

CLARA

So does he.

We're on

CUT TO:

30 OMITTED

30

31 INT. EXTRACTION CHAMBER - DAY

31

All the technicians, shielding their eyes from a terrible golden glow in the centre of the room - a fountain of regeneration energy! Dashing through the door, Gastron - sees this.

GASTRON

(Into communicator)
Med team to sector 52, Extraction
Chamber Seven. Regeneration in
progress.

The golden glow snaps of $f,\ a$ figure on the floor now struggling to sit up.

GASTRON (cont'd)
Are you all right, sir.
(Blinks at what he sees)
Sorry,

The General, sitting up, is now a rather younger woman. She's a little groggy.

THE FEMALE GENERAL
Ch - back to normal, am I? Only
time I've been a man, that last
body. Dear Lord, how do you cope
with all the ego?

GASTRON
Ma'am - where's the Doctor?

CHI LA

THE DOCTOR

M ssed both his hearts and his brain stem - he'll be up and about in no time.

CLARA

Is that what you're telling yourself?

THE DOCTOR

It's what's true. Death is Time Lord for man-flu.

CLARA

It's not funny!

THE DOCTOR

It's a little bit funny -

CLARA

THE DOCTOR

That was a long time ago.

CLARA

Was it? How long?

On the Doctor: doesn't want to get into that. He tosses his gun into the shadows.

THE DOCTOR

Happy?

CLARA

No. Tell me what a Neural Block is.

THE DOCTOR

Never mind, this way.

CLARA

What did you mean, human compatible?

The Doctor isn't listening - dragging Clara by the hand, deeper and deeper into the cloisters.

CUT TO:

33 INT. DINER - DAY

33

Clara's refilling the Doctor's lemonade.

CLARA

So what was it - the thing you took.

. . .

On the Dalek. It is bound round and around by a eerie twisting of dark and clammy vines, clamping it against the wall. The Dalek itself is so decaying and ancient, it seems to be rusting into the brickwork. The gun stick is drooping, clearly damaged beyond repair.

DALEK ... me. Exterminate ... me

CLARA Is it trapped?

THE DOCTOR

Those aren't vines. In your terms, they're fibre-optic cables, except they're alive and growing. We're inside the biggest database in history - sometimes people are stupid enough to break in.

Clara, comes to a halt noticing -

- and with savage suddenness, a steel hand erupts from the foliage, grasping horribly at $\mbox{\it Cl}$ ara!

The Doctor grabs her away.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Projections from inside the matrix itself - the dead, manning the battlements.

CLARA

... was I supposed to understand any of that?

THE DOCTOR

The Time Lords have a big computer made of ghosts, in a crypt, guarded by more ghosts.

CLARA

Didn't hurt, did it?

THE DOCTOR

Tiny bit.

CLARA

Why does a computer need to protect itself from the people who made it?

THE DOCTOR

All computers do that in the endyou wait till the internet starts. Oh, that was a war!

Something clicks beneath his hands - ah! He's getting somewhere.

CUT TO:

37 INT. EXTRACTION CHAMBER - DAY

37

The Female General, Gastron, Chila, still gather round the screen, with the schematic.

GASTRON

They don't seem to be moving.

THE FEMALE GENERAL

And they're by lift shaft seven.

The Female General starts striding for the door, gesturing two soldiers to follow.

THE FEMALE GENERAL (cont'd)

Keep monitoring.

She heads out. A beat - and Chila follows.

CUT TO:

38 INT. CLOISTERS - DAY

38

The Doctor, working at the mural. Clara kneeling by him watching - the two of them close, intimate.

THE DOCTOR

Long time ago, there was a student at the Academy - only person to survive the cloisters.

(MORE)

He raises his eyes again. She looks into them, and what she sees chills her to the bone.

THE DOCTOR

What? What is it, what?

CLARA

... how long has it been - for you - since you last saw me?

THE DOCTOR

... I'm not sure.

CLARA

How I ong?

THE DOCTOR

I was stuck. In a place. They were -

CLARA

They were what? Who are we talking about?

THE DOCTOR

... they wanted something from me. Information - it doesn't matter.

Busies himself, working at the mural. Clara, studying him

CLARA

What happened to your coat? Your velvety coat - I like that one, it was very Doctory.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, changed it.

CLARA

Why?

THE DOCTOR

Can't always be the Doctor. I think I'm nearly through, I think I've got it ...

He glances up at her as he says this - and she is studying him so intently.

CLARA

Tell me what they did to you... What happened to the Doctor?

The Doctor, looking back at her again, at his most haunted...

DI SSOLVE TO:

39 INT. EXTRACTION CHAMBER - DAY

39

The two stationary lights, on the schematic.

Wider: Gastron, monitoring. He now speaks into his communicator.

Of oser on the Doctor and Of ara as she turns to face him again. Now, quietly, a whisper ...

CLARA (cont'd)
Ckay. The Hybrid - what is it?
What's so important, you would
fight so long?

He shakes his head - she's not getting it.

THE DOCTOR
It doesn't matter what the Hybrid is. It only mattered that I convinced them that I knew.
Otherwise, they'd have kicked me out and I'd have nothing left to

bargain with.

CLARA ... what were you bargaining for?

The Doctor blinks. Surprise. Doesn't she know?

THE DOCTOR

What do you think? You. I had to find a way of saving you.

She stares at him Awe-struck. This was all about

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I knew it had to be the Time Lords.
They cost you your life on Trap
Street, Clara - and I was going to
make them bring you back. All I had
to do was hang in there for a bit.

CLARA

How I ong?

THE DOCTOR

Oh it was fine.

Clearly he's not going to tell her. She looks round to the little group of Time Lords.

CLARA

One question. And you will answer. How long was the Doctor trapped inside the confession dial?

CHI LA

We think ... four and a half billion years.

Clara just holds her look for a long moment. Just staring.

THE FEMALE GENERAL /eleft anv time he

He could've left any time he wanted. He just had to say what he knew, the dial would have released him

Clara gives her such a stare - turns back to the Doctor.

CLARA

(Turning to the Doctor)
Four and a half billion years...

THE DOCTOR

If she says so.

CLARA

Why would you even do that? I was dead already! I was dead and gone, Doctor, and you were in hell.

On the Doctor. He just looks faintly perplexed - a frown of almost childish puzzlement. Like he doesn't understand why anyone would ask that question.

THE DOCTOR

I had a duty of care.

On Clara's face: that's the moment that slays. Almost exhausts her. Just stares at him -

- as he goes back to work on the mural.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Right, I'm nearly through - I'm
pretty sure there's a service duct
under here, we can get to the old
workshops. They'll have TARDI Ses
there -

CLARA

Listen to me. I've got something to say -

THE DOCTOR

We don't have

CLARA

My time is up, Doctor. Between one heartbeat and the last, is all the time I have. People like you and me, there are things we should say to each other. And I'm going to say them now.

As she starts to talk (we don't hear) we start craning up from them, up and up, leaving them far below - two people, her talking, himlistening. Up and up.

DI SSOLVE TO:

41 EXT. GALLIFREY - EVENING

41

The shining, spectacular city beneath the dome. The sun is setting, the sky is copper, it's beautiful and breathtaking.

We spin round and round the extraordinary buildings. And somewhere far below, Clara Oswald is talking to the Doctor...

DI SSOLVE TO.

42 INT. CLOISTERS - NIGHT

42

On Chila's face, watching the conversation. Panning to the Female General, also wat ching.

Their POV: Clara, her back to us, talking. The Doctor, his head bowed, list ening.

Now: Clara is rising, to her feet. She turns, starts walking towards the Time Lords. Now she come to a halt at what seems to be the perimeter of the Cloisters. (We don't make a fuss, but she is now blocking their view of the Doctor.)

She looks at the Female General, for a moment. Such disdain.

CLARA

You are monsters.

Silence. No response.

CLARA (cont'd) Here you are - hi ding away at the end of time. Do you even know why? Because you are hat ed. You are . Bý everybody. And by nobody more than me.

CHI LA

What did you say to him?

CLARA

Not hing I'm sharing with you, or anyone else. Ever. Except, maybe this part. I said "Don't worry - they'll all be looking at me!"

It takes a moment for this to impact on the Female General, and the others -

- they look! The Doctor has gone! The central part of the mural has opened like a trapdoor.

THE FEMALE GENERAL Where is he? You need to tell us, what is the Doctor going to do now?

CLARA

Ch, you really are thick, aren't you? He's back on Gallifrey - took him four and half billion years to get here - what do you he's gonna do now?

A wind is whipping up around her. The grinding engines of a TARDIS. Now a silver cylinder (the basic form of a TARDIS) is materialising round her.

CLARA (cont'd)
He's stealing a TARDIS and running away.

She gives them all a cheery little wave, the Cylinder TARDIS forms solidly round her.

CUT TO:

43 INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY

43

- Clara, fading into view in the The Doctor is at the controls.

CLARA You were quick.

THE DOCTOR
Time machine - I backed up a bit.

A voice, now yelling from out side.

OHILA (From off) Doctor! Doctor, face me! Do you hear me? Get out of that TARDIS and face me, boy!

On Clara: boy??

CUT TO:

44 <u>INT. CLOISTERS - NIGHT</u>

44

The door of the Cylinder TARDIS cracks open, the Doctor Looks out.

Chila: so stern.

OHI LA

You have gone too far. You have broken every code you ever lived by.

THE DOCTOR

After all this time, Chila, after everything I've done - don't you think the universe owes me this?

OHI LA

Owes you All you're doing is giving her hope.

THE DOCTOR

Since when is hope a bad thing?

Then cocktails with Moses, and I'm going to invent a flying submarine. Why? Because no one ever has and it's annoying.

On Clara - laughing along, but clearly having difficulty finding her pulse.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Then we'd better use this TARDIS to find my proper one - I need a clean shirt.

He looks up, sees what she's doing - falters into silence. She looks at him - a flicker of fear in her eyes.

CLARA
Doct or ... I still don't have a pulse.

THE DOCTOR

THE DOCTOR

They're exaggerating. History will change a bit, time will heal - it always does.

CLARA

Al ways?

THE DOCTOR
It'll sort itself out, and then you'll have a heart beat.

CLARA

No. Not when you're shouting.

That halts him in tracks, stops him dead.

CLARA (cont'd) Where are we going?

THE DOCTOR

Nowhere in space, forward in time. We're going to the last few hours of the universe. Long past where the Time Lords were hiding - literally, the end. They won't be able to track us there. We just wait a minute, shake them of f, and run like hell. You'll be safe, I promise.

He pulls something from his coat. The iPod-like device he took from the Extraction Chamber.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I just need to - ...

(Breaks off - Christ, how does he put this?)
I need to make some adjustments.

CLARA

To what?

THE DOCTOR It's nothing, really.

Clara's eyes go to the little device.

CLARA

A neural block. Human compatible. That's what you said.

The Doctor, avoiding her eye. And The crunch of landing. The time rotor sighs to a halt.

The Doctor, of f round the console, checking his instruments.

THE DOCTOR

We won't have to stay long. Check your pulse again - your time line must have re-started by now.

Clara, checking her pulse.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You see - pulse.

Clara looks. Shakes her head.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You're doing it wrong, let mé see.

CLARA

I'm not doing it wrong -

But the Doctor has already grabbed her wrist, taken her pulse again. Nothing - we see it in his face.

THE DOCTOR

Okay, it work, it has to -

CLARA

What if one more heartbeat is all I've got? What if time isn't healing, what if the universe needs me to die?

THE DOCTOR

The universe is over. It doesn't have a say any more. We're standing on the last ember, the last tiny fragment of everything that ever was. As of this moment, I am answerable to

A terrible silence. Clara just staring at him - did he listen to what he just said??

The Doctor: his face falling slightly. Yeah, he listen to that.

And then, very lightly, there is a knock at the TARDIS door. Not loud and boom like in Listen - just a light tapping, like a neighbour popping round for sugar. Four taps.

They both stare at the doors. What?

CLARA

... How can there be anyone out there?

Again, four light taps.

THE DOCTOR

Four knocks. It's always four.

Instinctively, Clara makes to follow.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd) No, please. This one I do alone.

CLARA What's out there?

THE DOCTOR

Me.

Clara's face: what??

The Doctor is stepping out the doors. Clara, watching him go, reluctant -

- and her eyes go to the Neural Block sitting on the console. What that?

CUT TO:

46 <u>INT. CLOISTERS (ANCIENT) - NIGHT</u>

46

The Doct or steps from the Cylinder TARDIS. A huge, darkened chamber - vast, echoing. Just recognisable as the Cloisters, now ruined and impossibly ancient.

Silent.

One new addition. A little way from him, there is a wing armchair, set in the middle of the chamber, opposite a little coffee table and another identical armchair.

One armchair has its back to us.

On the Doctor's face: grim, resigned. What he expected. H 1 96 421.56 The control of the Doctor's face: grim, resigned.

ASHI LDR

You don't seem surprised to see me.

She gestures the Doctor to the other chair. He sits in it.

THE DOCTOR

At the end of everything, one must expect the company of immortals - so I'm told.

ASHI LDR

Even the other immortals are gone. It's just me.

THE DOCTOR

The one and only Me. Finally, you earn the title - sitting in a reality bubble at the end of time itself. How are you sustaining it, by the way?

ASHILDR

Brilliantly. I've been watching the stars die. It was beautiful.

THE DOCTOR

No. It was

ASHI LDR

No. It was . But that's not something you would understand, is it? You don't like endings.

Ashildr's glance round - in the ruins of the cloisters, we can see the Sliders flickering about.

ASHILDR (cont'd)

We're on the last fragment of Gallifrey. The Time Lord matrix is guttering, but the ghosts still walk. They tell me stories sometimes ...

(Looks to the Doctor)
... of the little boy who didn't know how to give up.

The Doctor, just looking stonily at her.

ASHILDR (cont'd)
She died, Doctor. Clara died,
billions of years ago.

THE DOCTOR

You killed her.

ASHI LDR

No.

THE DOCTOR

You let it happen.

ASHI LDR

No, I didn't, and neither did you. did. She died for who she was, and who she loved. She fell where she stood. It was sad, and it was beautiful, and it is over. We have no right to change who she was.

THE DOCTOR

Ashildr -

ASHI LDR

Мe.

THE DOCTOR

Me. Go to hell. (St ands)

By my calculations, you have about fíve minutes.

He starts striding for the Cylinder TARDIS.

ASHI LDR

Do you know why we run, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Because it's fun!

ASHI LDR

Because we know summer can't last f or ever.

THE DOCTOR

(Rounds on her)

Yeah, it can. Of course it can. You just have to steal a time machine.

His hand on the door, about to enter the TARDIS.

ASHILDR The Hybrid.

This freezes him Looks back at Ashildr.

ASHILDR (cont'd) Five minutes to hell. It's time to tell the truth.

CUT TO:

47 INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY

47

Clara, at the console. She's examining the buttons and switches. Tries a couple, glancing towards the monitor clearly she's trying to turn it on.

New thought! There's the Doctor's Sonic glasses. She pops them on, activates them

CLARA

Screen on.

The monitor flickers into life -

- fading up on an image of the Doctor and Ashildr talking.

ASHI LDR

(On monitor)

You were barely more than a child.

CUT TO:

48 INT. CLOISTERS (ANCIENT) - NIGHT

48

ASHI LDR

You broke in here, and the Waiths spoke to you. They told you about the Hybrid. Why did that story make you so scared?

THE DOCTOR I don't know. I don't remember it.

ASHI LDR

You do sometimes. Always the way with the things we'd rather forget. You remember , don't you?

On the Doctor's face. Saying nothing. Stony.

ASHILDR (cont'd)
Who is the Hybrid, Doctor? Who
threatens all of time and space?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, that's easy. That's very, very easy. It's you. The Hybrid is you.

CUT TO:

49 INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY 49

THE DOCTOR

No it isn't. The actual prophecy specifies only two warrior races. The Daleks and the Time Lords made assumptions, of course - but then, they would. Humans and the Mre, both warrior races, fits perfectly.

ASHI LDR

It's an interesting theory.

THE DOCTOR

Do you have a better one?

ASHI LDR

By your own reasoning, why couldn't the Hybrid be half Time Lord ... half human?

On the Doctor. Stiffens in his chair. A nerve, struck.

ASHILDR (cont'd)
Tell me, Doctor, I've always wanted to know - you're a Time Lord, you're a high born Gallifreyan. Why do you spend so much time on Earth?

On the Doctor: a pause. A long pause. Then he simply laughs.

THE DOCTOR

That's your best theory? Hybrid. I ran from Gallifrey bécause I was fright ened of That doesn't make any sense.

ASHI LDR

It makes perfect sense, and you knowit. Am I right? Is it true?

THE DOCTOR

Does it matter?

ASHI LDR

No. Because I have a better theory.

THE DOCTOR

Really?

ASHI LDR

What if the Hybrid isn't one person, but two.

THE DOCTOR

... t wo?

CUT TO:

51 <u>INT. CLASSIC TARDIS/INT. CLOISTERS (ANCIENT) - DAY/NIGHT</u> 51

Clara watching, increasingly involved. (Intercut with the TARDIS and the Ancient Cloisters, as required.)

ASHI LDR

A dangerous combination. A powerful and passionate Time Lord, and a young woman, so very like him Companions to push each other to dangerous extremes.

THE DOCTOR

She's my friend. That's all, my

ASHI LDR

How did you meet?

THE DOCTOR

We met, we just met, does it matter?

ASHI LDR

I heard she phoned the TARDIS. Who gave her the number?

THE DOCTOR

The woman in the shop.

ASHI LDR

The woman in the shop?

Now the same thought impacts on both the Doctor and Clara at the same time.

THE DOCTOR

CLARA

M ssy!

M ssy!

ASHI LDR

Mssy. The lover of chaos. Who wants you to love it too. She's quite a matchmaker.

THE DOCTOR

Clara is my

ASHI LDR

I know. And you're about to risk all of time and space, because you miss her. One wonders what the pair of you will get up to next? What chaos?

THE DOCTOR

Not hing. Not hing ever again.

On Ashildr - oh! That was a surprise!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd) I know I went too far. I get it. That's why I'm doing what I'm doing.

ASHI LDR

And what would that be?

Clara, listening in mounting alarm

THE DOCTOR

I'm going to put her back on Earth. Somewhere safe, out of the way. I'm going to wipe every last detail of me from her memory. It will be like our friendship never happened.

Clara eyes wide in shock. No.

ASHI LDR

That may not be what she wants.

THE DOCTOR

It's the safest way - I've done this before, it works. Usually, I'd do it telepathically, but I've got something better this time.

Clara's eyes go to the Neural Block on the console, snatches it up.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd) It will be quite painless.

ASHI LDR

He rises -

CUT TO:

52 OMI TTED

52

53 INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY

53

Watching him stand, Clara gives an almost guilty startle.

CLARA

Screen off!

The screen goes blank.

She looks at the Neural Block in her hand. What is she going to do?? Hide it? Destroy it? How?

New thought. She pops the sonic glasses back on, presses the button, while staring at the Neural Block. The sonic buzzes.

- just as the doors start to open. Quickly she puts the block and the glasses back on the console.

In comes the Doctor. He frowns at her - she's clearly flustered.

THE DOCTOR

You okay?

CLARA

Yes. Yes, of course. Just, you know, my pulse ...

THE DOCTOR

We'll fix that. Somehow. I promise. You remember Ashildr, of course.

CLARA

Yeah, sur e.

THE DOCTOR

Thought you'd be more surprised to see her.

CLARA

I was watching. On the monitor.

THE DOCTOR

You were watching?

CLARA

I couldn't hear anything.

ASHI LDR

Doctor. You have to tell her.

The Doctor: silent.

CLARA

Tell me what?

THE DOCTOR

I'll tell her, of course.

ASHI LDR

Doct or . . .

He's reached for the Neural Block -

CLARA

Doct or, no, don't - what ever you're going to do, don't do it!

THE DOCTOR

It won't hurt, it'll be nothing. You'll just pass out for a moment.

CLARA

And then?

THE DOCTOR

You'll wake up, you'll be fine.

CLARA

But?

THE DOCTOR

Clara, please, just let me -

CLARA

Say it! Tell me!

THE DOCTOR

When you wake up, you'll have for gotten me. You'll have for gotten we ever even met.

CLARA

And why would I want that?

THE DOCTOR
It's the only way. That stuff in your head, the image of me, they could use it to find you -

Clara has picked up the sonic glasses from the console, holds them up to the Doctor.

CLARA

I used these.

THE DOCTOR

On what?

CLARA

On that.

THE DOCTOR What did you do?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd) And it's better than flipping a coin.

CLARA

... Doct or?

THE DOCTOR

You and me together. Look how far I went, for fear of losing you. This has to stop. One of us has to go.

CLARA

(Eyes go to the block)
You really don't know... which of us...

THE DOCTOR

Let's find out. Let's do it like we've done everything else. Together.

A terrible moment -

- then she puts her hand to the block too. Both thumbs on the buttons.

She meets his eyes. Smiles.

CLARA

How about we just don't? Why don't we just fly away somewhere?

THE DOCTOR

Wouldn't that be great?

CLARA

God, yeah.

THE DOCTOR

Good Luck, Clara.

CLARA

Good Luck, Doctor.

And together they press. A bleeping - and nothing. They just stand there, staring at each other.

CLARA (cont'd)

What happens now?

THE DOCTOR

We wait a bit, I suppose.

CLARA

So one of us ... one of us is about to -

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

CLARA

(Eyes starting to fill)
I don't think I could ever forget you.

On the Doctor. A slight flicker, like he's registering something, a change - then the saddest smile ever.

THE DOCTOR

Clara. I don't think you're ever going to have to.

His legs seem to buckle. He staggers against the console, like he's passing out. The Neural Block slips from his nerveless fingers, clatters to the floor.

CLARA

Doctor! Oh God, please, I'm sorry, Doct or !

He looks at her - sudden, piercing!

THE DOCTOR

Run like hell!

CLARA ... what ?

THE DOCTOR

Run like hell, because you always need to. Laugh at everything, because it's always funny.

CLARA

No. You're saying goodbye, please stop it.

But he just keeps talking. Like nothing's happened.

THE DOCTOR

Never be cruel and never be cowardly, and if you ever are, al ways make amends -

CLARA

THE DOCTOR

Never eat pears. They're too squishy, and they always make your chin wet. That one's quite important, write it down.

He's practically on the floor now, she's helping him down.

CLARA

I didn't mean to do this. I just didn't want you to do it to me.

THE DOCTOR

It's okay. I went too far. Broke all my rules - became the Hybrid. This is right. I accept this.

CLARA

There must be something I can do.

THE DOCTOR

Smile for me. Go on, Clara Oswald - give me that smile, one last time.

Clara, tear-streaked, horrified.

CLARA

I can't. How could I smile??

THE DOCTOR

It's okay. Don't worry. I can remember it -

And he slumps back on the floor, passing out. His eyes fluttering shut.

The Doctor's POV of Clara - the screen burns out as she is erased from his memory \dots

DI SSOLVE TO.

54 EXT. DUSTY ROAD/AMERICAN DESERT - DAY

54

A blurry impression of a face, resolving into focus. A plump amiable American, looking down at us.

PLUMP MAN

Sir? Are you all right?

On the Doctor, lying by the road side, slowly coming to.

THE DOCTOR

Where am I? How did I get here?

Now springs up, fully awake.

PLUMP MAN

Clara said to look after you. She said you might be a bit upset.

THE DOCTOR

Clara?

PLUMP MAN

Yeah. She was right here, don't know where she went.

THE DOCTOR

Clara? Clara who?

On the Doctor's bemused face we -

DI SSOLVE TO.

55 <u>INT. DINER - EVENING</u>

55

The Doctor is coming to the end of his tale, still strumming away.

THE DOCTOR

When something goes missing, you can always recreate it by the hole it left. I know her name was Clara, I know we traveled together. I know there was an Ice Warrior on a submarine, and a murmy on the Orient Express. I know we sat together in the Cloisters and she told me something very important -but I have no idea what she said. Or what she looked like.

(MORE)

But as she is about to go, Clara's theme strikes up on the guitar again. She looks back at the Doctor, playing - listens a moment. So sad.

CLARA (cont'd) What Clara told you in the Cloisters ...

THE DOCTOR I don't remember a thing about it.

CLARA You said memories become stories And standing facing him - left behind by the parting TARDIS/Diner is the police box shape of his own TARDIS.

He stares. And stares and stares. Not just at the box, but at the mural still painted on it. He kneels by it, puts his hand to -

- the painted face of Clara.

Ch! It was

On Clara's face we -

DI SSOLVE TO.

57 INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY

57

On Clara's face. She's grinning, flying the TARDIS.

Ashildr is half-watching her, half-reading a book mounted on the console - comparing it with the controls. She's learning to fly a TARDIS.

ASHI LDR

(Looking at the controls)
I don't think I've got the
Chamel eon circuit working. The
outer shell might be stuck as an
American Diner.

CLARA

Awesome.

As she says this, she's taking her pulse. A faint frown of disappointment.

ASHI LDR

Still no pulse?

CLARA

Time isn't healing. I'm still frozen.

ASHI LDR

... you know what that means ...

CLARA

My death is a fixed event. The universe depends on it happening.

ASHI LDR

I'm sorry.

CLARA

Why? Why does everybody think I'm so scared? We all face the raven some day, that's the deal. If I go back to Gallifrey, they can put me right back where I was, yeah?

(MORE)

CLARA (cont'd)

On Trap Street, the moment they took me out?

ASHI LDR

Of course.

CLARA

M nd you, since I'm not actually ageing there's a tiny bit of wiggle room, isn't there.

ASHI LDR

Wiggle room?

CLARA

Yeah, wiggle room We could, you know, stop off on the way.

Clara now striding round the console, slamming controls, like she was born to it.

ASHI LDR

Where are we going?

CLARA

Gallifrey. Like I said, Gallifrey.

Then the wickedest grin. She slams the controls, the room lurches and spins.

CLARA (cont'd)

The long way round.

On Clara's face: grinning at the time rotor, as it rises and falls...

DI SSOLVI NG TO.

58 <u>EXT. TARDIS - DAY</u>

58

Back to Clara's face, painted on the TARDIS door -

- as the Doctor pushes the door open, into:

CUT TO:

59 INT. TARDIS - DAY

59

The TARDIS control room, in darkness - he hasn't stood here in a very long time.

Magically, the lights start coming on. Roundel after roundel flaring into action. The Time Rotor illuminates with a chime, like it's welcoming him home. The console now glittering and burbling with life.

More roundels flaring on, illuminating details:

At the top of the staircases, a coat stand - and hanging on it, what appears to be his velvet coat (or a close match.)

Panning to the blackboard next to it. Chalked on it, the familiar words:

RUN YOU CLEVER BOY.

Panning down to:

AND BE A DOCTOR.

The Doctor ascends the stairs to the blackboard. Looks at those words. Now he shucks of f his dusty coat, tosses it. Pulls on the velvet coat.

Adjusts it, pats it into place. Yep, that's him

Now a pneumatic hiss from the consol e. A bleeping. And something fires out of the consol e, and somer saults through the air to the Doctor.

He catches it in his hand. A brand new, restyled,