

Doctor Who
Series 15, Episode X
Boom
by
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INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

Darkness. Then the Doctor's voice - hoarse, strained, urgent.
And crackling, as through a radio.

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.; distort)
Ruby!!

Now a pulse of red, fiery light and the distant boom of an explosion -

- and the pulse of light illumines -

- *the TARDIS control room.*

It's dormant, lit only by the distant explosion, listing sickeningly to one side.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(V.O.; distort)
Ruby, it's the Doctor. Can you hear me?

Panning now - the Time Rotor is dark, motionless.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(V.O.; distort)
Ruby, can you hear me? Signal if you can hear me - press a button, hit any switch, do *anything*.

The pulse of light fades, then another closer boom. This time the crackle of flames - firelight fills the TARDIS. Not just a pulse this time, a sustained, flickering, hellish light.

Still panning: the wall are mud splattered, charred in places.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(V.O.; distort)
Ruby, you need to stay in the TARDIS. I need you stay put, okay?
Okay??

The shot lowering now, the lower half of the room rising into view -

- *and it's flooded with mud!* Four of five feet deep - the lower part of the console is consumed in muck and gravel.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(V.O.; distort)

Please, if there's any way you can signal me, just me know you can hear me. Just hit the console, give it a whack. Swear at it, it's sensitive.

Circling now, seeing more and more of the swamped control room -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(V.O.; distort)

Okay. Ruby. Most important thing. Thing One. Don't leave the TARDIS. Do. Not. Leave. The. TARDIS. Don't even open the doors.

Still circling: the police box doors revolving into frame. They are wide open and river of mud has blasted through them.

Beyond, through the doors, a wilderness of cratered mud and fog; distant fires, blooming explosions. A battlefield.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(V.O.; distort)

Got myself kind of ... well kind of stuck. And I'm gonna need you, but not yet, not right now. Do you hear me, Ruby?

Now, coming into a view, a hand and arm thrust of the of the mud: the hand might have been reaching once but now hangs slack. Motionless.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(V.O.; distort)

Ruby?

Closing on the motionless hand ...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(V.O.; distort)

Ruby??

CUT TO:

THE OPENING TITLES

EXT. BATTLEFIELD/ENCAMPMENT/CRASHED SHIP - NIGHT

An infernal sky, lit by flashes and fires and fighter ships
droning through -

- panning down to -

- a crashed space ship. It's big: as if the Enterprise had
smashed into the middle of World War 1. Half destroyed, half
buried: it looms like giant, rotting whale carcass. The hull
is rent open exposing the endless decks stacked on top of
each other; the pipes and engineering in between; open
doorways fifty feet above the ground, like in a bombed
apartment block.

This isn't recent: maybe been there a couple of days. The
fires have burnt out, the whole mass of technology is already
sinking into the churned and blasted landscape.

Now homing on the lowest part of the wreckage. An encampment,
nestling below the wreckage. Survivors. About twenty - some
in military uniform (like the Cleric/soldiers in The Time Of
Angels) some are clearly civilians. There are tents, a few
fires burning, look-outs patrolling the rough perimeter. The
crashed ship looms above like a ruined castle.

Closer on a detail. Three of the Clerics are grouped around a
table, discussing a map; pointing, arguing.

At this distance, their conversation isn't audible -

- but someone else (young, female) is doing their voices.

As one of the Clerics points to an area on the map...

MUNDER

(V.O.; high voice)

Ooh, this is my favourite bit. *Love*
the colours.

Another Cleric, arguing, points to another section of the
map.

MUNDER (CONT'D)

(V.O.; lower voice)

No, I like this bit. It looks a
like a monkey's bottom.

A childish giggle at this. The first Cleric is arguing.

MUNDER (CONT'D)

(V.O.; high voice)

Looks like *your* bottom, you mean.

The second Cleric has now pulled out a hand computer, is showing it to the other two, explaining something.

MUNDER (CONT'D)

(V.O.; lower voice)

No, as you can see here, monkey bottoms are very different from my bottom, which is shown here on the right.

Now on: MUNDER and SPLICE. Munder - who's been doing the voices - is a girl of about eighteen; sharp, funny, fierce. She's in uniform: a cleric.

SPLICE is a little girl of about eight; sweet, frightened, eager.

They are sitting together, backs against a wall, watching the planning meeting. Splice is giggling at all the silly things Munder has been saying. Splice is clutching a little dolly.

SPLICE

No, what are they *really* saying.

MUNDER

I'm telling you.

SPLICE

You're making it up. You're making it *silly*.

MUNDER

I'm lip reading.

SPLICE

No you're not.

MUNDER

Totally lip-reading. You don't make Junior Verger without lip-reading, kiddo.

SPLICE

You can't see his lips.

MUNDER

So?

SPLICE

You can't lip-read if you can't see his lips.

MUNDER

Course I can.

SPLICE

How?

MUNDER

He's got a loud voice.

Splice erupts into giggles -

- as MUNDER notices that the meeting has broken up. One of the Clerics - SUNDERLAND - is heading vaguely in their direction, a pre-occupied look on his face.

MUNDER instantly springs up.

SPLICE, anxious.

SPLICE

Where are you going?

MUNDER

You stay right there. No wandering off this time, okay?

SPLICE

Are you coming back?

MUNDER

Course I'm coming back. And you're staying right here, yeah?
(Addresses Splice's dolly)
Ruby, I'm giving you an order, okay. You keep Splice right on this spot, you got me?

Munder starts to dash off towards Sunderland.

SPLICE

(Calling after)
She said no.

MUNDER

She said yes and she prefers me as a person.

Splice giggles as Munder dashes off to intercept Sunderland.

She watches as Munder races round in front of Sunderland - clearly to his irritation.

They start talking - Munder insistent, Sunderland embarrassed and trying to get away.

Splice strains to hear their voices - but clearly can't hear anything among the chatter of the encampment.

And then: a more distant voice. A voice carried on the wind.

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.; distant, shouting)
Ruby!

Splice frowns: what?

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
Ruby??

Splice looks at her Dolly. *What??*