

THE BRIDGE
Christmas Special 2023

by

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TAN REVISIONS

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SOUNDTRACK:
Carol of the Bells.
Home Alone soundtrack by John Williams.
Sc.18 & 19, Prince Ali, from Aladdin.

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EXT. THE CHURCH ON RUBY ROAD - NIGHT

1

NARRATOR

Once upon a time. Late, on
Christmas Eve. A woman came to the
church on Ruby Road.

WINTER. SNOW. Heavy flakes in the yellow glow of a
streetlight or two. Houses far-off in the background.

And a WOMAN.

She's wrapped up against the cold, carrying a BUNDLE. She
walks towards THE CHURCH. It's a beautiful, simple, classic
church, WINDOWS glowing with LIGHT. A TALL SPIRE with a
CROSS on top. A village church, a small CEMETERY.

From inside: CHORALS, Carol of the Bells, that haunting song.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She carried in her arms, the most
precious gift of all. A newborn
child. A baby girl. At five
minutes to midnight, she left her
daughter on the steps of the
church.

She lays down, THE BABY. Wrapped in a blanket.

Then the woman hurries away.

CU CHURCH CLOCK, in the snow. The minute hand goes to 12.

The CHIMES OF MIDNIGHT sound, as...

Shaft of LIGHT as the CHURCH DOOR OPENS, the CHOIR reaching a
crescendo. The VICAR looks out, sees the child.

Picks her up. Looks out into the night. No one to be seen.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The child was taken in, and they
named her Ruby, after the place
where she was found.

He takes her inside.

Out on Ruby Road, the WOMAN walks away. Never looks back.

She walks towards the houses. Not noticing a POLICE BOX.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As for the woman, she was never
seen again. No one ever knew her
name.

WIDE SHOT: the woman, walking away, the snow falling, heavier
than ever, as the DOOR of the Police Box OPENS, light
spilling out. And THE DOCTOR watches her walk away.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Until the day the Doctor came.

CU on the Doctor. His face catches the light. He's crying.

CUT TO TITLES

CUT TO:

2

INT. CLASSY LONDON BAR - DAY

2

CAPTION: December 1, 2023.

RUBY

And that's my name. Ruby, named
after Ruby Road. That's where I
was found. Almost 19 years ago.

RUBY SUNDAY is 18; Manchester-born, bright, smart, sharp.
Full of potential, and yet all of it unrealised. So far.

The BAR is posh, smart, city-centre, cool marble, great VIEW.
Drinks would cost a fortune. But it's CLOSED FOR BUSINESS.
A FILM CREW's in here. Expensive set-up, proper lighting,
tall FLOOR-LAMPS, TWO CAMERAS, sound equipment. Ruby sits on
a tall STOOL. Facing DAVINA McCALL, being interviewed.

DAVINA

So you were a foundling. And you
were fostered by Carla, who then
adopted you, is that right?

RUBY

Yeah, she's amazing. I mean, she's
nuts! But she's the best mum I
could ever have, yeah.

DAVINA

Life's been good, would you say?

RUBY

Well! Not bad. I mean, we've all
had a mad time, we had the pandemic
and the recession and the giggle.

(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)

And my A-Levels weren't the best,
cos we had to leave Manchester and
move down here, we came down to
look after my Gran, she wouldn't go
north, not in a million years! And
we couldn't pay for care. So
that's been tricky. And expensive.

DAVINA

I bet, no one moves to London!

RUBY

I know, it's left me a bit
stranded, really. I think I'm
still waiting for my life to begin.

The SOUND RECORDIST, DENZEL, 30, isn't happy.

DENZEL

Sorry, can we stop? Is there a
radio, or something? I'm getting a
noise, is there a door open?

DAVINA

What sort of noise?

DENZEL

Like a voice. Like a whisper.
Sounds like kids.

He REPLAYS his recording. EARPHONES: Ruby's voice, but under
that - he brings up the BASS, makes it louder - a whisper, a
strange chatter, *snicker-snacker-ticker-tacker-shuka-shaka...*

Davina covering the pause, to Ruby:

DAVINA

Won't take long. You don't mind me
using the word foundling, do you?
Some people think it sounds a bit
old-fashioned. Like a fairytale.

RUBY

No, I don't mind, it's what I am,
I was found. I was foundled!

DAVINA

I like that! Foundled.

DENZEL

Okay, seems to have gone. Sorry
about that. Sound speed.

DAVINA

Let's pick it up at... So! Ruby!
The whole point of this show is to
see if we can help.* In the old
days, foundlings were left without
a trace, and there was nothing we
could do. But now we can work
magic with DNA. We've taken your
swabs, and we can start the search,
we can trace your genetic heritage,
and try to match you. Maybe with
your mum, or your dad, or maybe
with someone in the family line.
We can't promise miracles. And
even if we do make contact, they
might not want to be found. And we
have to respect that.

*DURING THIS: the MAKE-UP WOMAN stands in the background, by
a COUNTER. She's got a TAKEAWAY COFFEE CUP. Puts it down.
And she's watching the interview, doesn't see...

A HAND. A very small, thin, grey HAND creeps up from behind
the counter. MOVING towards the coffee, a whispered *snicker-
snacker-ticker-tacker...*

CUT TO the Make-Up Woman watching Davina, while, bottom of
frame, the TOP TWO-THIRDS of the COFFEE CUP is visible as it
gently SLIDES a few inches to the side... *Snicker-snacker...*

Denzel frowning. Just on the edge of his hearing.

A PLUG, in the wall. A TINY HAND creeps towards it...

WIPE FRAME, as a RUNNER steps past, and as the wipe clears,
the PLUG is now OUT OF THE SOCKET, the hand GONE.

BASE of a FLOOR-LAMP. A HAND creeps in towards the CABLE...

CUT TO the Make-Up Woman's FEET, as the SAME CABLE pulls TAUT
in front of her, lifting off the floor a couple of inches...

All unseen. Like these things have a talent to not be seen,
creeping round the edges of the world, with only a whisper.

Back to Ruby & Davina:

DAVINA (CONT'D)

Can I ask. If we find someone.
What are you hoping for?

RUBY

Just the truth. I mean, I don't
think I'm from royalty!
(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)

I just think, if I'm waiting for my
life to begin, then knowing where I
came from is a good place to start.

The MAKE-UP WOMAN reaches for her coffee. Oh! It's moved.

She steps forward, to get it.

Her FOOT catches in the TAUT CABLE.

The cable PULLS.

And it's wrapped around one, two, three TALL FLOOR LAMPS.

Which FALL - !

One, SMASH!, two SMASH!, right between DAVINA and RUBY -

DAVINA

Look out!

Ruby LEAPS UP, as FLOOR LAMP 3 falls, SMASH, hits her stool!

Davina on her feet. Everyone shocked.

DAVINA (CONT'D)

Oh my God, are you okay?

RUBY

I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, it's
okay, it missed. I'm fine.

DAVINA

That was lucky!

But it's NOT OVER - LAMP 3 has STRETCHED ITS CABLE as TAUT as
it can go, pulling at that PLUG in the wall, and - POP!

It FLIES OUT, like a WHIPLASH -

WHACKS Davina in the back of the head!

DAVINA (CONT'D)

Ow!!

CUT TO:

CHRISTMAS, busy. PUB with a STAGE where RUBY & BAND perform. Only 4 of them; Ruby on KEYBOARD; TRUDY, 20, trans, SINGING; dopey long-haired CLARK, 19, on GUITAR, BIG JIM on DRUMS.

Small gig, a few quid, Trudy singing Winter Wonderland. It's packed with PUNTERS mostly ignoring them. But hey, it's fun.

But in a dark corner...

Snicker-snacker-chitter-chatter, and a LITTLE GREY HAND reaches out, for the PLUG...

The SOUND SYSTEM & MIC STOP. All four, oh, damn!

TRUDY
Oh, sorry everyone. Sorry!
(to Ruby)
What's happened?

RUBY
I don't know! It's dead!

A WOMAN in the CROWD - a woman we've seen as Mrs Merridew in Special 2, a woman we'll see a lot more of - YELLS:

WOMAN
Give it some welly!

TRUDY
All right, I said sorry! Okay?!

WOMAN
Give's a bit of Steeleye Span! Can you do Gaudete?

At the back of the CROWD, watching, unnoticed: THE DOCTOR.

CUT TO:

4 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

4

CAPTION: December 23, 2023.

CHRISTMAS heats up. A DANCE FLOOR that's like a bear-pit, 200 PEOPLE in a crush, dancing, drunk, happy, holiday-time.

RUBY sits watching. Nearby, TRUDY, CLARK and BIG JIM, but Ruby feels alone. Nursing one G&T to last her the night. She puts her drink down on a TABLE next to her, and unseen, a HAND creeps in, moving towards the drink. *Snicker-snacker...*

Ruby's out of it, and dispirited, until she sees...

A MAN, dancing like crazy, middle of the floor. And there's just something about him. Joy. Happiness.

Life.

She smiles.

But DURING THIS...

Ruby reaches for her drink -

- knocks it over -

- and it's CAUGHT! By the MAN. He hands it back.

THE DOCTOR

Careful.

RUBY

Thank you. But. You were just over there.

He shows her the PSYCHIC PAPER.

THE DOCTOR

Health and Safety, gin and tonic division. Can I ask, d'you get that a lot? Knocking things over?

RUBY

All the time. I'm just clumsy.

THE DOCTOR

No, you're not. It's worse than that. Merry Christmas.

And he walks away. Ruby puzzled. What did he mean..? But he's lost in the CROWD, gone. Ruby puts her G&T down -

- but the TABLE'S MOVED, the glass misses, FALLS, SMASH! Oh!

CUT TO:

4A EXT. LONDON CITY STREET - NIGHT

4A

Creaking.

A SNOWMAN.

The GIANT SNOWMAN is creaking. Tied to a BUILDING.

It's a HUGE CHRISTMAS DECORATION, bolted to the side of Henrik's Department store, as if it's climbing the building.

(It's like Manchester Town Hall's Santa, see accompanying photos.) It's 100ft high, looks like an inflatable, though in truth, it's more sturdy, made out of WIRE and PLASTIC.

A WIND picks up. It jostles. It creaks. Ominously.

CU taut STEEL CABLES attaching it to the building. Big, thick cables, fixed to big, thick industrial SCREWS.

Pulling tight. Creeeeeak.

SOUND OF LAUGHTER down the street. In the distance...

A GANG OF GIRLS getting into a BLACK CAB. A bit merry, but not drunk, just BEST FRIENDS. RUBY, with TRUDY and their mates SHOBNA and SULEEN. No boys! All hooting!

CLOSER on them:

TRUDY

Honestly, Rubes, it's like you've got a curse!

RUBY

I know! And then I lost that twenty quid! I swear, it's like the past three weeks, bad luck keeps on following me around! I broke that thing. I lost that job. My heel broke, and I fell over in front of that hot dentist...

As they get into INT TAXI...

TRUDY

And just to make it worse, Bobby McGeeever asked you out!

RUBY

I know! I'm telling you, there's this whirlwind of bad luck, and who's right at the centre? Me!

CUT TO the SNOWMAN: a creak, and...

LITTLE GREY HANDS creep in. With a low giggle. *Snicker-snacker, he-he-he...* And they start to UNSCREW the CABLES.

The taxi pulls out into the road.

And standing there, between the taxi and Henrik's...

The MAN. The STRANGER. THE DOCTOR.

He watches, alarmed, seeing...

The taxi brakes in front of a RED LIGHT.

The Doctor looks up.

And RIGHT ABOVE the taxi...

THE 30ft-DIAMETER HEAD of the SNOWMAN is beginning to TILT.

Little HANDS snap GUIDE-ROPES.

The HEAD lurches more, about to DETACH from the BODY.

The Doctor looks DOWN.

TAXI: a BOX OF NOISE, the girls roaring. DRIVER unaware.

INT BLACK CAB, Ruby in full swing:

RUBY (CONT'D)
...and he said, I've got two legs!

And they SCREAM with laughter!

ABOVE: the GIANT HEAD's held by one, last, stretching ROPE...

The Doctor holds up a DEVICE! It's a beautiful silver-and purple hand-shaped object, with LIGHTS, and it WHIRRS. And it clearly has POWER, as...

The RED LIGHT turns to GREEN.

The TAXI shoots off - a BEEP from a crossing car, clearly it wasn't meant to be on green, but off the taxi goes.

SNAP! The last ROPE BREAKS! SPARKS, flicker, FIZZ, and all the Snowman's LIGHTS, inside the BODY and the HEAD, go OUT.

The HUGE 30FT SNOWMAN'S HEAD begins to FALL!

It's HUGE, and LIGHT, it's a stately, deadly descent...

But when the Doctor looks DOWN -

There is a YOUNG WOMAN with a PRAM about to cross the street! Right under the FALLING HEAD.

He RUNS out INTO THE ROAD -

THE DOCTOR
Nooo - !

The woman & pram STOP DEAD.

Too late for the Doctor, middle of the road, LOOKS UP, GULP!

And WHUMPH!

THE GIANT SNOWMAN'S HEAD LANDS right on top of him, MASSIVE CAMERA SHAKE and an almighty CRUNCH!

The huge, broken, lolling Snowman's head SETTLES.

The Woman-with-pram STARES. Is the man dead..?

Then POP! The Snowman's entire MOUTH-SECTION POPS OUT, and the Doctor clammers out from inside. Unhurt! The head's OPEN NECK landed on him, so he survived, in true Harold Lloyd-fashion. Only his dignity bruised.

He LOOKS UP:

High up, little SHADOWS, a giggle, a FACE..? But then GONE.

WOMAN

You all right?

THE DOCTOR

A pram? At midnight?

WOMAN

It's my shopping!

And off she goes. But a YOUNG, WIDE-EYED POLICEMAN comes RUNNING UP, shocked, gabbling.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

Oh my God, sir, are you all right?
Are you okay? I'm so sorry!

THE DOCTOR

I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

I'll have to report this!

THE DOCTOR

Okay, my name is the Doctor,
occupation, not a Doctor, current
status, just passing by, employer,
myself, address, that blue box over
there.

And he indicates. A few yards away, a TALL BLUE WOODEN HUT.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And if you don't mind. I just got
snowmanned. I want to go home.

The Doctor walks over to the BOX. The Young Policeman follows, writing in his NOTEPAD.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Doctor what would that be?

THE DOCTOR
Just, the Doctor.
(pauses at the box)
She's going to say yes.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
...who is?

THE DOCTOR
Your girlfriend. When you ask her
to marry you on Christmas Day.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
How d'you know that?!

THE DOCTOR
My sonic screwdriver just went
ping.

And he holds up that silver & purple gadget.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
That's a screwdriver..?

THE DOCTOR
Which is sonic. And that precise
ping is detecting a 2 carat diamond
in your pocket, which says
engagement ring. And I'm guessing
she's a she because 91% of men
would not choose a diamond. And
Christmas Day, obvious.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
But how d'you know she'll say yes?

THE DOCTOR
Sales start on Tuesday, but you
couldn't wait. And that's why she
loves you. Merry Christmas!

The Doctor goes INSIDE, SLAM!

GRIND! ROAR! The LIGHTS of the BOX SHINE, and the policeman
boggles as the noise of ANCIENT ENGINES rises & falls and...

The BOX FADES AWAY.

The policeman stands there. Blinks. Thinks. Then:

YOUNG POLICEMAN
She says yes!

And he RIPS THE PAGE OUT of his notepad, WALKS AWAY, happy!

CUT TO:

5 EXT. STREET, NOTTING HILL - DAY 5

CAPTION: December 24, 2023.

RUBY - 19 today! - gets off the BUS. Laden with her BAG, plus SHOPPING. Household stuff, veg, foil, bin-bags, etc.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. RUBY'S STREET - DAY 6

Tall terraced townhouses, four storeys, converted into flats. RUBY & SHOPPING heading home, puzzled by two NEIGHBOURS arguing, both Londoners - ABDUL, 35, who lives nearby, and MRS FLOOD, 75, who lives in the BASEMENT FLAT. Ruby negotiating her way past; these two are always arguing.

ABDUL
Well it's not my fault!

MRS FLOOD
Listen sweetheart, I'm not what you'd call decrepit. I do my calisthenics, I keep myself fit and able, thank you very much, I did a Fun Run last Easter in 25 minutes flat, blisters the size of apples and I kept going, but all the same. How am I supposed to get round that great big thing of a morning?

IE, the POLICE BOX now parked on the middle of the PAVEMENT.

RUBY
Merry Christmas!

MRS FLOOD
Merry Christmas, Rubes, seen what he's done?! Putting that there!

ABDUL
What makes you think it was me?!

MRS FLOOD

Cos you've never liked me! I've
seen you, looking!

(to Ruby)

Isn't it your birthday, love?

Ruby, at her house, stops to look back.

DURING THIS: a HAND sneaks up, with a LONG NAIL, aims for the
bottom of one of Ruby's BROWN PAPER BAGS, *snicker-snacker...*

RUBY

It is, yeah, I was a Christmas Eve
baby. So what's that thing?

MRS FLOOD

Police box. I haven't seen one on
the streets of London for 50 years.
And I don't want to see one now!

RUBY

Well, season of goodwill and all
that. Try not to kill each other.

She turns to go - and RIP! The bottom of the PAPER CARRIER
BAG falls open, shopping falls on the floor. EGGS crack!

RUBY (CONT'D)

Oh I have had *enough!*

CUT TO:

7 INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

7

RUBY, huffing, CARRIER BAGS & NOW-LOOSE SHOPPING in her arms,
heading up. She lives right at the top. More bad luck!

CUT TO:

8 INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - DAY

8

RUBY arriving home, huffing - door, bags, shopping -

RUBY

It's me. I got most of it. Except
I dropped the eggs. Which is a
really big problem cos the shops
are closed for all of one day.

The FLAT is LONG. Maybe the attic of two houses. SLOPING
CEILINGS along one side.

LONG HALL running the entire length, with KITCHEN, LIVING ROOM, BATHROOM, RUBY'S ROOM, CHERRY'S ROOM, and CARLA'S BEDROOM. If the tall townhouses look posh, this isn't; it's all packed into a small space. But for all that, it's cosy. They've made it a home. This is Cherry's flat, but Carla and Ruby are redecorating; they've only got the Hall to finish, still half-painted, a STEP-LADDER standing there, with PAINT, still waiting. Kitchen fittings are old but colourful.

And there are CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS, plus BIRTHDAY CARDS.

Ruby's MUM, CARLA SUNDAY, in her BEDROOM DOORWAY. She's 45, vivid, bright headscarf. Good fun, and good in a fight.

CARLA

Guess what? We're having a baby!

RUBY

No way! You're kidding.

CARLA

Little girl!

RUBY

Seriously?

CARLA

Isn't it brilliant? All of a rush,
I couldn't say no.

Ruby struggling to the KITCHEN, dumps her stuff on the table, puts MILK in the FRIDGE - which is covered with PHOTOS OF CHILDREN - and keeps the long-distance conversation going:

RUBY

Hold on, d'you mean now?

CARLA

Today! Christmas Eve!

RUBY

That is amazing. How old?

CARLA

Newborn.

RUBY

No! That's a coincidence.

CARLA

That's what I said.

RUBY

Oh my God, are we ready? So how
come? What happened?

Ruby heading down the HALL, into CHERRY'S ROOM. Cherry is
75, in bed, cheeky. Bed-bound, but comfy, a little nest.
She's fierce, salty, rattles off patois with a grin. Ruby
gives her a MAGAZINE and a KISS, all nice and fast -

RUBY (CONT'D)

We're having a baby!

CHERRY

That's Christmas ruined. Sleepless
nights. Stinking nappies. Ruby,
baby, make me a cuppa tea.

RUBY

Hold on, two ticks -

- Ruby goes out, throws her JACKET & BAG into her BEDROOM - a
nicely-messy room, with a KEYBOARD - calling to Carla -

RUBY (CONT'D)

So what did they say?

- and Ruby goes into CARLA'S ROOM, where Carla's on the
floor, trying to put a simple old WOODEN COT together.

CARLA

She's coming round, with the baby,
right now, she's on her way!

(of the cot)

It's been years since we fostered
one this young. I can't remember
how to put this thing together.

Ruby kneels with her. Both quieter now:

RUBY

Funny, though. A baby on Christmas
Eve. Just like me.

CARLA

I got lucky. All those years ago.
If you ever find her, your other
mother, I'm gonna tell her...

(breaks off, tearful)

You were so small.

RUBY

Hey.

And they have a lovely little hug. Then, close, smiling:

RUBY (CONT'D)

I was lucky with my name, I bet
this one's all Christmassy. Like
Noele. Or Eve.

CARLA

Or Holly.

RUBY

Or Carol.

CUT TO:

9

INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - DAY

9

RUTH LYONS

She's called Lulubelle!

RUTH LYONS, 35, social worker, Londoner, fast, busy, carrying
BABY LULUBELLE in a CAR SEAT through the FRONT DOOR and
handing her over to CARLA, RUBY standing by. Ruth Lyons
laden with a BAG OF PROVISIONS and her own SHOULDER-BAG
packed with DOCUMENTS. All three cooing, delighted.

CARLA

Oh, what a terrible name.

RUBY

What an absolutely terrible name.

RUTH LYONS

Isn't it awful?

(papers to Ruby)

That's for the Safe Box - happy
birthday, Carla said, what a day -
(plus the bag)

- and I raided the provisions, but
the cupboard was bare.

As they head towards Carla's bedroom, now half-nursery -

RUTH LYONS (CONT'D)

So it's a Section 20, we'd have
kept little Lulubelle on the ward,
but we haven't got the staff.

CARLA

What's wrong with the mum?

RUTH LYONS

Just can't cope, and the family is
too complicated for words. But I'm
hopeful!

(MORE)

RUTH LYONS (CONT'D)

I think she'll be with you 5 or 6
days, till we can see what's what.
(of the stepladder)
Oh, you've been painting.

CARLA

Making the place our own. Cos we
are never going to move her!

- Carla goes ahead, Ruth pausing for a second as they pass
CHERRY'S ROOM, Cherry in her bed -

CHERRY

I am not going anywhere. Shackle
me to dis bed. And where's my cup
of tea?

RUTH LYONS

Merry Christmas, Cherry! We should
really get you a ground-floor flat.

CHERRY

Not moving!

- into the BEDROOM, where Carla's taking LULU out of the CAR-
SEAT and into the NOW-ASSEMBLED COT, with a little BLANKET.

CARLA

Here you are, Lulubelle, you're in
with me. It's a terrible name!

RUTH LYONS

I call her Lulu, that's not too
bad, now we're all off till the
27th but maybe, as a rough plan,
you could bring her to the hospital
on Thursday? The 28th? Maybe 10
o'clock? I'll text you, just for a
meeting with mum, start bonding.

Ruby's been looking in the BAG OF PROVISIONS:

RUBY

We need to go shopping first, these
nappies are for six months old.

RUTH LYONS

Oh I'm an idiot.

CARLA

Shops are still open, hold on...

And she's dug out a POLAROID CAMERA.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I like to take a snap. Every
little blessing.

RUTH LYONS
Can you still get film for those?

CARLA
You wait long enough, they're
fashionable again. Smile!

She takes a photo of Lulu, SNAP! Photo peels out, *tccch*.

CUT TO:

10

INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - DAY

10

KITCHEN, 10 MINUTES LATER, CARLA blu-tacks the POLAROID of Lulubelle to the FRIDGE, along with all those OTHER PHOTOS; some Polaroids, some ordinary snaps, babies, kids, teenagers, some babies next to their now-adult photos. Lots of smiles.

CARLA
There you go, welcome to the
family, Lulu. Lulu sounds nice!

Behind her: RUTH LYONS standing in the FRONT DOOR, and RUBY walks in, shucking on her JACKET again, about to go out.

RUBY
Okay, I won't be long, I can get
some more eggs. Anything else?

But Carla grabs her COAT, BAG & KEYS.

CARLA
I'll go, I'll walk to Portobello
Road and have a proper shop.

RUBY
I can do it.

CARLA
No, but I can buy something for
Lulu. Christmas and birthday.

RUBY
(smiling)
You soft thing. She might only be
with us a couple of days.

CARLA
 She's family.
 (turns to go)
 I'm leaving you in charge. Rule
 number one, don't lose the baby!

RUBY
 I'll try my best.

CARLA
 (calls out)
 I'm off, mum, I'll just be an hour.

CHERRY OOV
 Where is my blasted tea?!

Heading out with Ruth:

RUTH LYONS
 How much are these flats underneath
 you, what do they go for?

CARLA
 Oh, don't ask. I dread to think.
 We're the last little pocket of
 fixed rent, up here, that's why mum
 won't move! I've begged her!

Slam! They're gone.

CUT TO:

11 INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS 11

Still in the KITCHEN, with Carla and Ruth Lyons gone, RUBY
 turns round, as her PHONE RINGS.

UNKNOWN NUMBER, but Ruby answers -

RUBY
 (at the phone)
 No, hush, don't wake the baby -
 (on the phone)
 Hello?

CUT TO:

12 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, RECEPTION - DAY 12

DAVINA McCALL on her mobile. Shot tight, LOCATION UNCLEAR.

DAVINA
Hi, is that Ruby? It's Davina
here, Davina McCall.

Sc.11, KITCHEN, and Sc.12, PRIVATE HOSPITAL, INTERCUT.

RUBY
Oh my God. Hello! Um. Merry
Christmas. Nice to hear from you.

DAVINA
Look, it's not the best timing.
And it's not good news, I'm sorry,
I know it's your birthday, but...
there's no trace of your mum or
dad. I'm really sorry, we did warn
you, it happens sometimes.

RUBY
No, that's fine. Thanks. But.
Can you keep looking?

Ruby turns on the BABY MONITOR. But then turns away from it,
staying on the phone. Being polite. As her heart quietly
breaks. But unnoticed, in the BACKGROUND...

The Monitor's LIGHTS blink. A noise? A... *snicker-snacker*?

DAVINA
There's nothing more we can do. If
your parents aren't on any sort of
database... We can't find them.

RUBY
Okay. But. Isn't that unusual,
though? Not a single trace
anywhere? In the whole wide world?
Like, my mother's never left a
blood sample or anything?

DAVINA
I'm sorry.

RUBY
Okay. Okay! Sorry. I get it.
I'm sorry. And it's really very
kind of you to phone me yourself.

DAVINA
(getting to the point)
Yeah, there's something else I
wanted to ask. Ruby. Have you
been having bad luck recently?

WIDER on DAVINA: she's in a WHEELCHAIR with her LEG IN PLASTER, and ONE ARM in a SLING.

She's in RECEPTION of a smart PRIVATE HOSPITAL, NURSES coolly gliding in b/g. Behind Davina, a huge 12ft CHRISTMAS TREE. It has a big, heavy, sharp GOLD STAR on top.

RUBY

What d'you mean?

DAVINA

Bad. Luck.

(a bit manic)

Cos ever since that day. It's never stopped. I've been hit. I've been thrown. I've been bumped. I fell off a boat. On dry land. I've had accidents and collisions and I got trampled by a moose.

And DURING THIS, right behind Davina...

A small, grey HAND creeps in, at the BASE OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE, which is held up by a HEFTY four-legged METAL BASE. The hand reaching for a big BOLT. *Snicker-snacker...*

DAVINA (CONT'D)

And I can't help thinking. It all comes back to when I met you.

RUBY

I suppose... Funny thing is. I have been having bad luck. Like, I keep dropping things.

DAVINA

I knew it!

RUBY

But they're just accidents.

DAVINA

How do we stop them? Cos I'm begging you. Tell me how to make it stop. Because I'm terrified. Sooner or later, there's going to be an accident I can't avoid. And next time. It might be -

And with a creaaak...

The CHRISTMAS TREE FALLS!!

The big, heavy, sharp gold STAR falling like an AXE - !

DAVINA looks UP - she SCREAMS!!

KITCHEN: PHONE cuts DEAD. Ruby puzzled.

RUBY
Hello? Davina? Hello?

Strange. But, oh well. Ruby puts the phone down.

A moment. Upset.

Damn.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Ohh.

And she has a little cry. All those hopes and dreams. At Christmas, too, on her birthday. Talk about bad luck.

Pulls herself together:

RUBY (CONT'D)
Okay.

But then Ruby hears, in the distance...

Snap! *Tccccch*. Eh..? She just wonders vaguely but then...

Snicker-snacker-hahaha. The BABY MONITOR LIGHTS UP.

Strange, but... No, nothing. Ruby goes to the monitor, gives it a shake. Puts it down.

But then CLEARLY: *snicker-snacker-ticker-tacker-shika-shaka*.

RUBY (CONT'D)
What..?

She looks back down the hall, to Carla's bedroom.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Hello?

Over the monitor: *hicka-hacka-ha-ha-ha-happy-birthday*.

...what?!?

And RUBY RUNS!!

Down the HALL, past CHERRY'S ROOM, into CARLA'S ROOM, and -
THE BABY IS GONE.

Whaaat??

But, but, but... it can't be. Remembers Carla's words:

RUBY (CONT'D)
Don't lose the baby!

Even though it's ridiculous, impossible, insane, she looks round, then UNDER Carla's bed. No, nothing, except...

There's the POLAROID CAMERA on the floor. And a PHOTO.

A photo of... a terrible EYE? Grey skin? A... creature?

And then...

A cry. A baby's cry. In the distance. *Outside?!*

So Ruby looks UP. At the SKYLIGHT. Lulu's BLANKET is hanging over the edge, into the room. What?! But..?!

And as she looks, the blanket is WHIPPED AWAY! From outside!

No time to think, Ruby RUNS to the HALL, grabs the STEP-LADDER, back to the BEDROOM, puts it UNDER THE SKYLIGHT -

- fast, panicky, oh God, Ruby CLIMBS UP -
- to the SKYLIGHT, and she LOOKS UP, OUT -

CUT TO:

13

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

13

RUBY head POPS UP, to look OUT OF THE SKYLIGHT, and...

In that moment, after a 30 seconds which has already been terrifying enough, Ruby's world - her perception of what the world is and how it works - CHANGES FOREVER, as she sees...

BABY LULU.

Being held.

By TWO GOBLINS.

They're CLOSE BY. LITTLE, maybe 2ft tall, GREY, spindly ARMS & LEGS; ROUND FACES, almost OVALS, noseless, big pointed EARS, gold EARRINGS, and little BABY HORNS.

MOUTHS of thin, jagged TEETH. Their clothes are sea-faring, piratical, though also fun; the lead GOBLIN wears a SANTA HAT.

And they're putting LULU, now wrapped in a hessian GOBLIN BLANKET, into a wicker-knotted GOBLIN BASKET (the original BABY BLANKET at their feet, they didn't need it).

RUBY
What the hell..?

And the Santa-hat Goblin HISSES at her!

But after the maddest time ever, Ruby had had ENOUGH. And she HAULS herself out of the SKYLIGHT, furious!

RUBY (CONT'D)
Did you just hiss at me? Was that
a hiss? Cos let me tell you.
(realises)
Oh my God, I'm on the roof.
(cross again)
But let me say. I'm not being
hissed at, mate. And one more
thing. *Give me back my baby!*

But the Goblin CALLS TO THE SKY!

GOBLIN
Snicker-snacker-kika-kaka-CROOOON!

And a ROPE with a HOOK, plus a ROPE-LADDER fall down.

Ropes from the SKY?!

Ruby looks up. And the CLOUDS ABOVE are noticeably DARKER NOW - concentrated, as though focused around Ruby's flat, the rest of the sky falling away into a rosy December. The rope & rope-ladder extend up, up, up, VANISHING into the CLOUD.

And the Goblins have looped the ROPE & HOOK ROPE to the BASKET, *snicker-snacker*, then LEAP on to the rope-ladder.

The ROPE lifts UP, carrying the hooked BASKET up, up, up.

The Goblins are FAST, nimble, they CLIMB UP! Racing up the rope-ladder at the same speed as the ascending basket.

Ruby's got no choice, GRABS HOLD of the rope-ladder. Is she really going to do this?! But she MUST.

She pulls herself UP.

It's harder than it looks. The rope-ladder is hand-made, all twisted, KNOTTED ROPE, with struts of DRIFTWOOD as RUNGS. And to climb, in mid-air, is HARD. But she HAULS HERSELF UP. One step. Two. One more. And another. Struggling.

And now it gets WORSE, as the ROPE-LADDER MOVES!

Whatever's above, whatever the rope-ladder is ATTACHED TO, must be MOVING, as Ruby & ladder begin to sail over the ROWS OF TOWNHOUSES BELOW. The drop below! The street!

RUBY

No, no, no...

She's holding on, terrified. The ROPE is rough, it BURNS - she hoicks one ELBOW through the ladder to WRAP HERSELF in.

And then...

THE DOCTOR

What the hell are you doing?!

What?! There's that MAN. From the NIGHTCLUB.

And he is RUNNING ALONG THE ROOFTOP below, towards her.

RUBY

I'm. Just. There's.

THE DOCTOR

But what did you do that for? Who sees a ladder and just pops on?! A ladder in the sky and you thought, yeah, I'll give that a go, love?!

RUBY

They've got the baby!

THE DOCTOR

Well I haven't got any choice now!

And he JUMPS!

On to the LADDER!

He's below her. CLIMBS UP.

Reaches her. BIG SMILE, and -

CUT TO:

13A EXT. SKY - DAY

13A

THE DOCTOR and RUBY on the ROPE-LADDER, flying above Notting Hill, and beyond, over the City of London, below.

Both exhilarated, and scared, CLINGING ON like crazy. And he looks right at her, as though willing her fear away.

THE DOCTOR
What's your name?

RUBY
Ruby. Ruby Sunday.

THE DOCTOR
Hello, Ruby Sunday. And it's Sunday right now, that's a coincidence, I'm the Doctor. Hi!

RUBY
I met you before.

THE DOCTOR
Yup!

RUBY
There. Are. Creatures.

THE DOCTOR
Goblins.

RUBY
Goblins.

THE DOCTOR
They're Goblins.

RUBY
Okay. I can't hold on!

She's struggling, clinging to the rope; it's even trickier because the ladder is half-scaled down to Goblin size.

THE DOCTOR
Oh right right right, wait! Wait!
(digging in pockets)
Cos I spend a lot of time hanging off things. So I invented these.

He gets out, GLOVES.

RUBY
Gloves?

THE DOCTOR
Intelligent gloves!

And he gets out TWO BIG GLOVES, black, with a fine gold-wire-skeleton. Gives one to Ruby, puts one on himself.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
One each! Should work. Put it on!
(as they put them on)
Cos I thought what's the problem
with hanging on? The weight and
the friction and the burn. So I
got rid of 'em! The glove's a kind
of super-kinetic-transfer of
mass... well, look, it's like this.

He's got his glove on - there's a faint, subtle SHINE along
the GOLD WIRES - and he holds the ladder-rung ABOVE. Smiles.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
That's better.

And suddenly, he's all relaxed. Holds on like it's easy,
holds his other arm out, into the air, happily, all fine.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You see? The glove takes all the
weight. All my weight is in the
glove. Nothing hurts, nothing
pulls, nothing burns, ta-daaa!

She's got her GLOVE on now, holding the RUNG ABOVE. And the
effort goes, the panic. Easy to talk, now. She beams!

RUBY
It's. I'm. Lightweight!

THE DOCTOR
All the mass and density and mavity
exist in the glove, not in you!

RUBY
Super-gloves.

And YANK! They BOTH SHOOT UP, out of frame, woah!

WIDER. The entire ROPE-LADDER pulling UP, into the CLOUD.

THE DOCTOR
They're pulling us in.

RUBY
But where? What's up there?

THE DOCTOR

The Goblins. And d'you know why
they're called Goblins? Cos they
gobble you up. This lot want to
start gobbling the baby!

And they rise up, up, up, into CLOUD. All MISTY.

CLOSE on Ruby and the Doctor, RISING, both in a HAZE.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And this. Is where they feast.

RISING ABOVE the CLOUD, the Doctor LOOKING UP, in awe...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Goblin ships.

And there it is.

Like a PIRATE SHIP. A round, bloated WOODEN TUB of a BOAT -
gnarled and knotted, timbers held together with ROPE AND
COBWEBS. Instead of oars, it has wide, creaking WOODEN
WINGS, laced with LEATHER, GAUZE & STRING, stretching out
either side. ABOVE, TALL MASTS, HUGE SAILS of GOSSAMER &
WHISPERS billow in the breeze. Sailing above the CLOUDBANKS.

RUBY and the Doctor lifting up, up, up.

POV from BELOW THEM: on the BOTTOM of the HULL between the
TIMBERS, there's a rough-hewn PORTHOLE. IE, the ROPE-LADDER
rises up into the ABSOLUTE CENTRE OF THE SHIP, not the sides.

RUBY

That's impossible.

THE DOCTOR

It's beautiful.

And they're rising up, up, up, to that PORTHOLE.

RUBY

And what will they do to us?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, they'll eat us too.

And they rise through the PORTHOLE.

CUT TO:

14 INT. HULL, GOBLIN SHIP - DAY 14

A LOW SPACE - the GOBLINS are only 2ft tall - all WOOD & ROPE WALLS, FLOOR, CEILING, with DAYLIGHT shining through the slats. The ROPE-LADDER comes up through the PORTHOLE in the FLOOR, up to the CEILING, where a GIANT WINCH winds it in.

And as the DOCTOR & RUBY'S HEADS rise up, into the ship...

Gulp. 100 GOBLINS. Ready for their tea.

THE DOCTOR

Hiya.

They all HISS!

CUT TO:

15 INT. THE BRIG, GOBLIN SHIP - DAY 15

The GOBLIN'S PRISON CELL. Again, LOW, but maybe 5ft high, to allow room for THE DOCTOR & RUBY, sitting, tied by the wrists against a TIMBER, back-to-back. Again, a TIMBERED ROOM, DAYLIGHT showing through the GAPS, everything bound with ROPE and COBWEBS; that's their concrete & bricks.

RUBY

I can't believe this. I can't believe a single thing that's happening! And it's my birthday!

THE DOCTOR

It's your what-now?

RUBY

Never mind me, they're going to eat Lulubelle! What time's dinner?

She's pulling at the ROPES. No good. But throughout, the Doctor's busy with his KNOTS, knowing what he's doing.

THE DOCTOR

No, but it's Lulubelle's birthday - that is a brilliant name, I wish I was called Lulubelle - and it's your birthday on the same day?

RUBY

Yes. But. It doesn't mean anything, it's just a coincidence.

THE DOCTOR

Learn the language! Coincidence is what makes the baby tasty! That's how the Goblins work, chance and coincidence and luck, that's how I spotted you, you've been having lots of bad luck, yes?

RUBY

Yeah, but that goes way back. Lulu only arrived today. I started having accidents weeks ago.

THE DOCTOR

That was paving the way. These Goblins are Time Riders. They can surf the waves of Time. They saw the chance of coincidence, so they went back, and wove you in.

RUBY

So they... caused my accidents? Were they trying to kill me?

THE DOCTOR

No, it's more like... if you walk through a day without any bad luck, then fine, that day's nothing. But if you have lots of accidents, that stitches you in, it weaves you into the day, you become all complicated and knotted and vivid. All of it leading to a baby on Christmas Eve, same birthday as you, with a bedroom that's high in the sky, all convenient for a Goblin Ship, it's like a tapestry, it's gorgeous!

RUBY

How do you know all this?

THE DOCTOR

I don't! This is a whole new science for me, I love it, the language of luck. Cos what's a coincidence, but a form of accident? Two things bumping together. Unexpectedly.

(beat)

Like you and me.

A little smile between them. More intimate:

RUBY

But who are you? How come you're
an expert? In time-travelling
Goblins?

THE DOCTOR

(offended)

Oh! Cha. Puh. Tss. Hoo.
They're not time travellers!
Excuse me! Time travellers are...
great! Like. The best. Like.
Wow. This lot just... bimble.

RUBY

Okay. But if they're bimbaling.
Why did they pick on Davina McCall?

THE DOCTOR

Oh that's just fun.

And he's free! Pulls his wrists out of the ROPE.

RUBY

How did you do that?!

THE DOCTOR

I spent a long, hot summer with
Harry Houdini. Now then -

He pulls at a KNOT in Ruby's ropes, UNDOES THEM. She rubs
her wrists, ouch, as he RUNS to the DOOR, PULLS at it - it's
stronger than it looks, won't move - so he UNFOLDS his SONIC
SCREWDRIVER, whirrs at the door. Nothing. At the sonic:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Wrong world.

RUBY

Why, what's that thing?

THE DOCTOR

Sonic screwdriver. But a
screwdriver needs screws, this lot
bind everything with knots.

Pockets it. And now he FOLLOWS THE ROPES in the LOW CEILING -
ropes and knots wrapped around timbers, lacing to and fro.
He's working out how this world is constructed, as he follows
the ropes to the OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROOM - while Ruby goes
to the DOOR, heaves at it, again and again, DURING:

RUBY

We've got to get out! They could
be eating the baby right now.

THE DOCTOR

What time were you born?

RUBY

I don't know, they kind of guessed,
around 2 o'clock. 2 pm.

THE DOCTOR

Right, so, language, tapestry
coincidence, that's the time for
the feast. What time is it now?

RUBY

Five to two.

The Doctor looks through GAPS in the PLANKS of the HULL.

BELOW: CLOUDS parting, AERIAL VIEW, Notting Hill below.

THE DOCTOR

And we're circling back to your
flat, the pattern is closing.
Better hurry up.

Ruby still HEAVING at the door.

RUBY

Well if you'd give me a hand!

THE DOCTOR

I am learning. The vocabulary of
rope. This stuff is their version
of wires and electricity, so if we
trip the right switch...

He PULLS LOOSE a KNOT above his HEAD.

Released, set free like ELASTIC, the ROPE WHIPS THROUGH
timbers, whup, whup, whup, ACROSS THE BRIG to the DOOR -

Which now OPENS. Ruby delighted:

RUBY

You can speak rope!

CUT TO:

16

INT. CORRIDOR, GOBLIN SHIP - DAY

16

RUBY and THE DOCTOR head out of the BRIG. A short, tight,
internal CORRIDOR - again, WOOD, ROPE, COBWEBS. And already,
this is LOWER than the Brig, they have to DUCK and STUMBLE.

RUBY

We can't exactly sneak around.
We're like giants in this place.

THE DOCTOR

I think. Even a leaky old Goblin
Ship has got the equivalent of...

He PULLS LOOSE a KNOT.

A TRAPDOOR in the CEILING ABOVE them slams down, CLUNK! It
makes a SLOPE UP into a LOW, DARK WOODEN CRAWLSPACE above.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

...ventilation shafts.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CRAWLSPACE, GOBLIN SHIP - DAY

17

A VERY LOW, FLAT SPACE, all DARK WOOD, cramped, THE DOCTOR
LYING FLAT-OUT to SHUFFLE ALONG, RUBY shuffling behind him.
He's using the SONIC SCREWDRIVER as a TORCH.

GAPS in the WOODEN TIMBERS of the FLOOR, LIGHT from below, so
they can see the WOODEN CORRIDOR below them.

They hear a DRUM. A BEAT, thump-thump-thump, below, close.

THE DOCTOR

I think that's the dinner gong.
What's the time?

RUBY

Three minutes to. Is that a song?!

The thump-thump-thump GROWING, SWELLING into a TUNE. With
VOCALS from a GOBLIN VOICE. Like a CEREMONY is up ahead...

They SHUFFLE ALONG FASTER, reaching, BELOW THEM...

THE DOCTOR

Oh my.

CUT TO:

18 INT. DINING HALL, GOBLIN SHIP - DAY

18

INTERCUT with Sc.17 CRAWLSPACE, THE DOCTOR and RUBY above,
looking down through CRACKS in the PLANKS at...

THE DINING HALL. A good height, at last, so the Doctor & Ruby are high-up. This is a LONG room. The FLOOR ALL GOBLINS, 100s, PACKED IN around, at the CENTRE OF THE ROOM...

A CONVEYOR BELT running along the length of the room, elevated on wooden struts, just above the Goblins' heads. Made of WOOD & LEATHER (nothing's metal, except EARRINGS). Little wooden WHEELS turn the LEATHER BELT, though it's stationary at the moment - the FAR END disappears into DRAPED, HEAVY CANVAS CURTAINS, and at THIS END, the end which the Doctor & Ruby are up above...

BABY LULUBELLE. On the CONVEYOR BELT. She's in a Goblin-made WOOD & ROPE BASKET. Gurgling. Unaware of her fate.

As the SONG rises from LOW-LEVEL to FILL THE ROOM...

Sung by the GOBLIN BAND!

At Lulu's end, opposite the DRAPES, a little elevated STAGE. Its own set of CURTAINS pull back to REVEAL the BAND...

A GOBLIN DRUMMER beats out a tune on TREE STUMPS, a GOBLIN MARIMBA-player beating out a tune, GOBLIN GUITARIST on STRING & BRANCH GUITAR. GOBLIN SINGER centre-stage, mic made out of a little BEEHIVE, hair pulled into a BLONDE TOPKNOT.

And this is their SONG. It's like the rowing DRUMBEAT on a ROMAN GALLEY, or SOLDIERS going to war. ALL GOBLINS sway their arms from side to side, filled with the RHYTHM.

GOBLIN SINGER

We've got a baby, we can feast!
We can dine three days at least.
Baby blood and baby bones,
Baby butter for the baby scones.

PEDANTIC GOBLIN

(an aside, spoken)
That's *sconns*.

GOBLIN SINGER

Little baby feet, little baby toes,
Ev'ry one of us wants the nose!
Baby's had such very bad luck,
Now into baby, we will tuck!
Eat the baby, add some salt!
Bayleaves, barley, powdered malt!

Goblins reach up, scatter LEAVES, WHEAT, POWDERED MALT. Lulubelle chuckling, as much as one-day-old baby can chuckle.

UP ABOVE. The Doctor shuffling forward so Ruby can see down:

RUBY
They're seasoning her.

THE DOCTOR
Amazing.

RUBY
No it's not! What do we do?!

BELOW: A GOBLIN begins to TURN A WOODEN WINCH.

GOBLIN SINGER
Now baby's salted, she's a treat,
Her destiny, it's time to meet!

The CONVEYOR BELT clanks into ACTION! Slowly. WHEELS turning, LEATHER BELT moving, LULU & BASKET beginning to trundle across the room, towards the DRAPES.

All GOBLINS watch, as she passes by, ADORING HER, and they SING! Wave hands! A HUGE CHORUS of happy, hungry VOICES.

ALL THE GOBLINS
Baby we need!
Baby we feed!
Eat with our teeth!
Better than beef!
Baby so soft!
Carried aloft!
Big blue eyes!
Caramelise!

The Doctor & Ruby horrified, SHUFFLING TO FOLLOW LULU below, along the LONG ROOM. Lulu looks up at them, happy. But the Doctor looks ahead, to the CANVAS CURTAINS, realising...

THE DOCTOR
Oh no.

RUBY
What?!

THE DOCTOR
I wonder whose ship this is.

And GOBLINS at the side pull on ROPES.

The ROPES pull up the HEAVY CANVAS DRAPES.

LULU on the creaking, clanking CONVEYOR BELT heading for...

THE GOBLIN KING.

RUBY

Oh. My. God.

A HUGE, FLESHY CREATURE, Jabba-like, but bigger, all EXPANDING SKIN, like he's GROWN INTO the far end of the room and melded into it, flesh knotted in with the ROPES and COBWEBS. In the MIDDLE, a GHASTLY, GRINNING noseless FACE. A HUGE, TOOTHY MOUTH waiting at the end of the conveyor belt.

The GOBLIN BAND goes wild! The song becomes a brassy BIG-BAND NUMBER. There's now a GOBLIN TRUMPETER playing a huge CONCH-SHELL. The GOBLIN SINGER'S TOPKNOT comes undone, falls into BLONDE HAIR like Janice from the Muppets. Janice ROCKS!

All GOBLINS dance and sing! They love a sing-song! CHORUS:

GOBLIN SINGER

He's the Goblin King, yes the
Goblin King,
He's not a myth, he's an actual
thing!
Here's the King!
Here's the King!
Here's the King, it's the King
Goblin!
We love the king, we sing ding-a-
ling,
And we love his chin, when it's
wobbling!
He likes to dine, on coincidence,
It fills him, builds him up, and
hence!
He! Can! Eat -

GOBLIN 1

500 puppies with golden fur!

SCOUSE GOBLIN

Orphan boys with jet-black hurr!

GOBLIN 2

Circus clowns with a red balloon!

CAMP GOBLIN

(spoken)

He can eat me, he makes me swoon!

(calls off)

Can we get wardrobe over here?

But this is also TERRIFYING.

The song so wild, so happy, it's a HORROR, as Lulu cranks closer, closer to the GIANT MOUTH. REPEAT CHORUS DURING:

Ruby, IN THE ROOF, trapped in a MADHOUSE. This is INSANE.
She HAMMERS on the FLOORBOARDS, anything to STOP THE FEAST.

RUBY

Leave her alone! *Leave her alone!*

She can't be heard above the song. Or they don't care!

Lulu, closer, closer, closer...

The KING'S MOUTH WIDENS. A huge, SLOBBERING MAW.

And even the Doctor's SCARED now, PIVOTS on to HIS BACK -

THE DOCTOR

What do I do, what do I do?!?

He's untying KNOTS in the CRAWLSPACE CEILING like CRAZY!
ROPES whup, whip, snap - he RIPS OUT a TIMBER, finds -

ONE BIG KNOT!

BELOW, LULU nearing the EDGE, the KING, the MOUTH.

The REPEAT CHORUS CLIMAXING:

GOBLIN SINGER

A banquet for our King on high,
Oh little baby,
Oh little baby,
Say goodbyyyyyyye!

In THE CEILING:

THE DOCTOR

Hold on!

He PULLS THE KNOT FREE!

- ROPES SET FREE, go whip, whip, whip, through the TIMBERS -

- and the CRAWLSPACE FLOOR COLLAPSES! FLOORBOARDS fall -

- the Doctor and Ruby WAIL as they TUMBLE DOWN - !

WHUMP! On to the CONVEYOR BELT.

ABSOLUTE SILENCE.

All the Goblins STARE.

The King FROWNS.

The BELT has STOPPED DEAD. The Doctor & Ruby get to their feet - it wasn't that much of a drop, they're okay. The Doctor smiles at his Goblin audience - GRABBING LULU'S BASKET as he does so, passing it over to Ruby, so the baby's safe -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Right. So. Tough crowd. Your
majesty. Hello. Curtsey. I'm the
Doctor. This is my friend, Ruby
Sunday. I'd just like to say...

And oh! He has an idea...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Why stop singing?

He starts to click his fingers. Clicks AT them.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You like song. I saw you. Who
doesn't like a song? Giving a
rhythm. To the world. Yes?

And the GOBLINS start to click their little thin FINGERS.
The KING gurgles too, GRINS, amused by the funny man.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
That's it. That's it. You've got
it, that's it, how about this?

He starts to clap. The RHYTHM of the SONG.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
D'you get it, yeah? You and me,
Goblins! Come on! Everyone!

The GOBLINS are ENTRANCED by him, his nerve! Start to clap!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
And you, Ruby! You're in a band!

RUBY
How d'you know that?!

But she trusts him, and starts to CLAP THE RHYTHM. And now
the WHOLE ROOM is CLAPPING, volume building.

THE DOCTOR
Rock it, Janice!

And the BAND starts to PLAY, slams back into the GOBLIN KING
CHORUS, but this time THE DOCTOR SINGS. And he loves it, he
plays to the crowd like he's been doing this all his life!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Cos the Goblin King, oh the Goblin King,
It's so good to meet, you great big thing,
I can see you're having a fun day,
Meet my friend, she's Ruby Sunday!

Ruby, gulp! But to hell with it, she launches into the SONG -

RUBY

It's good to meet you, good to greet you,
Good to say how diddly-deet you,
It's my birthday, my oh my,
I'm 50 miles up in the sky,
But Goblins, you can go to hell,
Cos you're not eating Lulubelle!

And she HIGH-FIVES the Doctor, passing the song back to him -

THE DOCTOR

Me and Rubes, we got just one hope,
If I have understood that rope,
Cos stuck up there, when things got hot,
I think I found the Master Knot.
The Master Knot has been undone,
That's when we start having fun!

And he looks up -

CEILING: that whup, whip, snap of ROPES hasn't stopped, and now they're UNRAVELLING LIKE MAD - through all the TIMBERS -

The Doctor, Ruby, Goblins, look up, amazed, watching -

Ping-ping-ping, FASTER AND FASTER, ROPE breaking free, as tight as ELASTIC being RELEASED, and then -

- ping!, a GREAT BIG ROPE drops down in front of the Doctor!
It HANGS DOWN, suspended from the ceiling. The Doctor reaches up, GRABS HOLD in his GLOVED HAND -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Hold on tight!

RUBY

What are you..?!

But she trusts him immediately - LULUBELLE's BASKET hooked round one arm, she grabs hold of the Doctor, wraps herself around him, holding on to him with her own GLOVE -

THE DOCTOR
If you reverse an intelligent
glove. You get heavy!

And the Doctor and Ruby, with Lulubelle's basket, JUMP OFF
THE CONVEYOR BELT - plunge DOWN -

- and they SMASH THROUGH THE FLOOR!

CUT TO:

18A OMITTED 18A

18B EXT. SKY & GOBLIN SHIP - DAY 18B

SMASH! THE DOCTOR and RUBY - holding LULUBELLE'S GOBLIN
BASKET, LULU inside - smash through the HULL and plummet
down, down, down, holding on to the ROPE!

CUT TO:

19 OMITTED 19

20 INT. DINING HALL, GOBLIN SHIP - DAY 20

GOBLINS screaming, the GOBLIN KING roaring, as -

Ping-ping-ping, the ROPE PULLS OUT of the CEILING, fast,
fast, fast, POPPING OUT of the BEAMS, pulling DOWN, TAUT -

CUT TO:

21 EXT. SKY - DAY 21

THE DOCTOR and RUBY now BELOW CLOUD LEVEL, whizzing DOWN ON
THE ROPE! As it extends, extends, down, down, down -

CU the Doctor's GLOVE on the ROPE - that GOLDEN GLOW along
the WIRES, cancelling out friction and burn and pain -

- as they PLUNGE DOWN!

LONDON shooting up to meet them!

Yelling:

RUBY
How do we stop?!

THE DOCTOR
Love the glove, Ruby!

CU the GLOVE as the WIRES SHINE BRIGHTER.

The Doctor and Ruby start to SLOW...

...now gently GLIDING down...

...to stop...

CUT TO:

21A EXT. ROOFTOP ABOVE KITCHEN - DAY

21A

...THE DOCTOR & RUBY, 2 FEET above the LEDGE on Ruby's ROOF.

And they JUMP DOWN, plonk on to the ROOF, careful of LULU in her BASKET. Back in the real world.

The ROPE suddenly WHIPS UP - spiralling into the SKY -

The Doctor and Ruby look up. Then at each other. Dazed.

THE DOCTOR
Well.

RUBY
Yeah.

THE DOCTOR
So.

RUBY
Wow.

Then, still holding on to Lulu, they start to LAUGH, go into a lovely HUG! Oh my God. How impossible was that?!? And then they laugh MORE! Exhilarated! They survived!

CUT TO:

22 INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - DAY

22

RUBY - jacket off, now - holding LULUBELLE, back in an ordinary BLANKET, with THE DOCTOR popping into CHERRY'S DOORWAY like a normal day - still with one glove each, and the Doctor just putting the STEPLADDER back in the HALL.

RUBY
I'm back. Sorry! Got distracted.

CHERRY

I've given up on that cuppa and
opted for a life of abstinence!
And who's this young man when he's
at home?

As Ruby takes Lulubelle back into CARLA'S ROOM:

THE DOCTOR

Hi there. I'm the Doctor.

CHERRY

The last doctor I saw tried to
murder me. So you stay away!

The Doctor glancing at a PHOTO on the wall, in an ordinary
clip-frame: Ruby, Carla and Cherry, all three laughing.

THE DOCTOR

Oh you don't need me, you've got
your family looking after you.

CHERRY

We three queens of the sky, up here
in the attic.

THE DOCTOR

And your name's Cherry?

CHERRY

It is.

THE DOCTOR

Cherry Sunday?

CHERRY

(big smile)
Like a tasty treat!

THE DOCTOR

Nice to meet you, Cherry Sunday.

CHERRY

Lorks, what a way him nice.

He goes back into CARLA'S ROOM, where Ruby's put Lulubelle in
her COT. Hushed, still worried, as he goes to the WINDOW:

THE DOCTOR

Glove?

She gives the Doctor her glove, he shakes it. Bad news:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Only three per cent left.

And he shoves BOTH GLOVES in his POCKETS. Looks up. His POV, out of the WINDOW: DARK CLOUDS in the SKY ABOVE.

RUBY

Are we safe, though? What if that ship comes sailing down, what do we do? Can they get us?

THE DOCTOR

No, I don't think they invade. Their world is up there, and they creep into this one, on the edges.

He STEPS AWAY from the window - HIS FOOT CATCHES on a CABLE, it YANKS, and a TABLE LAMP goes FLYING, SMASH!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Accidents! That's how they get us.

RUBY

Do they cause *all* accidents?

THE DOCTOR

Maybe they do!
(he finds that amazing)
Wooh.

Then, fast, he's scuttling round, checking PLUGS, CABLES.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Check! Loose cables. Or glass. Or anything. Check the cot, check for splinters, or loose screws.

Ruby starts checking the cot. Both busy, busy, busy.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Trouble is. The coincidence has bound Lulu to Christmas Eve. I could take her out of the day, but she's too connected, I think that would actually cause her pain. So we're stuck, we've got to sit it out till midnight.

RUBY

What d'you mean, take her out of the day?

THE DOCTOR

Technical phrase.

RUBY

But what does 'take her out of the day' mean?

THE DOCTOR

Doesn't matter, cos I can't.

RUBY

But how would you take her out of the day?! Doctor, I still don't know who you are. When we first met, you said you were Health & Safety, is that true? And don't you dare say Elf and Safety.

THE DOCTOR

Ohh, I wish I had. But look...

He holds up the PSYCHIC PAPER. It's BLANK, but she reads...

RUBY

That's not what it said before.

THE DOCTOR

What does it say now?

RUBY

'I'm the Doctor. Trust me.'

THE DOCTOR

It's Psychic Paper.

RUBY

It's what?

THE DOCTOR

The paper is psychic. Shows you whatever I want you to see.

RUBY

What the hell does that mean?!

THE DOCTOR

Oh! Is there anything in the kitchen? Anything burning?

Oh! THEY BOTH RUN all the way down the long HALL -

- CHERRY watches them whizz past -

CHERRY

Ah wha de - ?!

- into the KITCHEN. All fine, but the Doctor goes along one wall, checking all the PLUGS and wires, kettle, etc.

THE DOCTOR
Death trap, check everything!
The wiring, and the plugs...

...and he sees the FRIDGE DOOR. Covered with all those PHOTOS of CHILDREN. And the Doctor stops, smiling.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Who are they..?

RUBY
That's the family. Mum's children.
They're all the kids she's fostered
over the years.

THE DOCTOR
Wow. So many.

RUBY
I know. Still in touch, some of
them, lots of them. She's amazing.

THE DOCTOR
You've got the biggest family in
the world.

RUBY
I have. What about you?

THE DOCTOR
I've got no one.
(back to action)
Make sure the oven's turned off!

And he's off again, going down the HALL, as busy can be, manic, checking PLUGS, HEATERS, DOORWAYS, PICTURE on the wall. Ruby busies herself, calling out from Kitchen to Hall:

RUBY
If you told me I'd spend my
birthday. Fighting magic.

THE DOCTOR
It's not magic! It's a language.
It's a different form of physics.

RUBY
Yes, like magic! But how? Where
do these things come from?

Hall: the Doctor to Ruby, in the Kitchen, and Cherry, in bed.

THE DOCTOR

There was. An incursion. Into this world. D'you know the giggle? When everyone went mad? That was caused by a Drastic Transgression known as the Toymaker. And he brought his legions with him. This is his legacy. Forces of nature, but forces of a different nature. Writing their own rules. And I'm out of my depth. Got no rules. I love, love, love the rules!

CHERRY

You're a crazy man.

THE DOCTOR

C'est moi, chérie.

Ruby's in the kitchen DOORWAY, cross:

RUBY

Don't leave the baby alone!

Oh! He runs into CARLA'S BEDROOM - Ruby runs down the HALL -

But Lulubelle's fine, awake now, happy in her COT.

THE DOCTOR

She's all right, she's all right, she's all right.

RUBY

Don't leave her!

THE DOCTOR

You did too!

RUBY

I know, well don't!

In the HALL, FRONT DOOR OPENS, CARLA arrives, with SHOPPING.

CARLA

Here come Santa, laden with presents! Who's your friend?

Ruby & the Doctor in Carla's bedroom doorway, all innocence.

RUBY

This is... the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Hiya!

CARLA

There's nothing wrong, is there?
Is she all right? The baby?

Carla worried, DUMPS her shopping, heads for them, fast.

RUBY

No, she's fine, she's fine -

CARLA

It's not mum, is it?

And she heads into CHERRY'S ROOM, all fine, gives her a quick kiss on the forehead, and a BAG OF HUMBUGS.

CARLA (CONT'D)

What's going on? Everything all right? Wah gwarn?

CHERRY

I cyaant get a cup of tea roun'
here fe love not money.

CARLA

Mi get yaah packet of humbugs.
Like Scrooge, 'tis the season.

Carla heads out, into HER ROOM, passing Ruby & the Doctor -

CARLA (CONT'D)

So why do we need a doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Routine visit, that's all.

RUBY

This is my mum, Carla.

Carla having a look at LULU.

CARLA

Ohh, look at her. Little chicken.
Hello Lulubelle. So she's been
okay? What's this..?

She picks up, from the floor: the GOBLIN'S POLAROID.

CARLA (CONT'D)

What's that supposed to be?

Ruby and the Doctor both a bit guilty.

RUBY

Um. Nothing, I don't know.

CARLA
Is that an eye?

RUBY
No.

THE DOCTOR
It's a toy. It's the eye of a toy.

CARLA
What toy?

RUBY
It's a toy that I... chucked out.

CARLA
She's too young for toys anyway,
where d'you get a toy from?

RUBY
Yes, it was just, it wasn't, I
didn't... Oh my God, mum.
(defences down, heartfelt)
Can we just stop? Can we just stop
all of this for a minute? Cos I've
had enough, this has been the worst
day ever. It's Christmas, and my
birthday, and it's a disaster.

The Doctor trying to cover - no need for Carla to know -

THE DOCTOR
No, but, there was a problem, but
it's gone now, don't you think? No
need to bother your mum!

CARLA
What sort of problem?

RUBY
I'm sorry. This thing happened.

THE DOCTOR
It was nothing! And it's gone,
it's really really gone, and before
it was gone, it didn't even matter!

But despite the whole, mad day, Ruby is actually thinking of:

RUBY
What I mean, is. They phoned, from
the TV show. This afternoon, when
you were out, just before...
(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)

It was Davina McCall, she said they couldn't find anything. My mum or dad. No sisters or brothers or cousins, there was nothing.

CARLA

Oh sweetheart.

THE DOCTOR

I didn't know.

CARLA

I'm sorry, darling. Come here.

RUBY

I'm okay.

CARLA

Come here.

Carla goes to her. And mother and daughter have a lovely hug & kiss. Carla with a big, beautiful heart.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I'm glad you didn't find her.
D'you hear me? Glad! Cos I don't know if I could make room, you're all mine, that's what you are.

(to the Doctor)

Isn't she gorgeous?

THE DOCTOR

Yes she is.

CARLA

I was counting. When I was out.
Lulubelle's the thirty-third child
I've fostered.

(holds up the Polaroid)

I've got photos, have a look on the fridge, they're all there. I had some of them for days. Some for weeks, some for years, but only one of them stayed.

(to Ruby)

And you made my life. You absolutely made my life. You can wonder about your parents, but I wonder who I'd be. Without you.

The Doctor's so moved, he surprises himself by saying:

THE DOCTOR

...I'm adopted.

RUBY

Are you?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah. Only found out recently.

CARLA

That's a coincidence.

RUBY

Oh don't say that!

RUMBLE OF THUNDER from OUTSIDE. The Doctor & Ruby tense up!
Carla clearly gesticulating with the GOBLIN POLAROID in hand.

CARLA

D'you know who your parents are?

He can't stop saying it, though he knows it's dangerous:

THE DOCTOR

No, I was abandoned.

CARLA

Oh you're a foundling, just like
Ruby. Even bigger coincidence!

MORE THUNDER! Ruby runs to the WINDOW.

Yikes. The CLOUDS are now LOWER, DARKER. Scared:

RUBY

Yeah, maybe we'd better not talk
about coincidence, okay?

THE DOCTOR

Could you maybe just put that photo
down..?

STILL holding up the photo:

CARLA

I took a photo of little lady Lu,
soon as she arrived. Look at her,
though. She's so gorgeous, don't
you just want to eat her up?

THE DOCTOR

(oh God)
And *that's* a coincidence.

A RUMBLE OF THUNDER and - CRACK!!

The WINDOW SMASHES! And a CRACK ZIG-ZAGS from the WINDOW, UP the WALL, across the CEILING - a VAST SPLITTING NOISE -

CARLA
What the hell?!

THE DOCTOR
Don't move don't move don't move -

RUBY
Mum, don't move!

And the CRACK ZIG-ZAGS out of the ROOM -

The Doctor runs after it -

The CRACK ZIG-ZAGS along the HALL CEILING - fast -

The Doctor runs, following it -

The CRACK splits the TOP of the KITCHEN DOORFRAME, ZIG ZAGS into the KITCHEN -

The Doctor runs it -

And the CRACK... SLOWS. Creaks towards the KITCHEN WINDOW. Leading the Doctor in that direction. Though it slows, thins, and then stops, just as it reaches the window.

Calm again. And the Doctor looks up.

SKY outside: the LOW, DARK CLOUDS are thinning away.

THE DOCTOR
Oof. Lucky. At last.

Happy, he runs down the hall, pops into Cherry's doorway.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
All good?

CHERRY
One cup of tea, lard a massi, just one.

THE DOCTOR
Thanks Cherry!

- and he goes back into CARLA'S BEDROOM. She's staring up at the CRACKED CEILING, as the Doctor goes to the BROKEN WINDOW - popping a look at LULUBELLE in her cot -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

All good, Lulubelle? Such a good name!

CARLA

But. What the hell was that? Look at the ceiling! And the window, I'm going to freeze! Who's going to fix that on Christmas Eve?

Doctor's POV of the SKY: the final CLOUDS roll away. GONE.

THE DOCTOR

Bye bye. Ta ra!

CARLA

Who are you talking to?!

THE DOCTOR

Nothing, no one, just...

And he picks up the GOBLIN POLAROID.

Which is now BLANK.

To Carla, big smile:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Absolutely nothing.

CARLA

But the whole flat just cracked in half! Now tell me, what the hell just happened?!

THE DOCTOR

Long story. D'you see, over there? Middle of the city?

He calls her over to the BROKEN WINDOW. A COLD WIND whipping in. From this height, they can see, over the ROOFTOPS...

London SKYSCRAPERS, including the UNIT TOWER.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

The UNIT Tower. I've got friends in there. They can help with compensation. Ask for Shirley.

CARLA

But that's the Nitwit Tower, they're all outer-space nutters.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

Spending our bloody taxes on
monsters. We haven't got monsters,
we've got subsidence.

THE DOCTOR

Okay, maybe we should sit down and
tell you a Christmas story, what
d'you think, Ruby?

He calls that off, assuming she's in another room..?

No reply.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Ruby?

No reply. To Carla:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Where did she go?

- and he leaves the BEDROOM, pops into CHERRY'S ROOM -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Where's Ruby?

Cherry just stares at him.

He runs down the HALL -

KITCHEN. No Ruby.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Ruby? Where did you go?

Runs to the FRONT DOOR, runs out -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Ruby?!

CUT TO:

23

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

23

THE DOCTOR shouts down the STAIRS.

THE DOCTOR

Ruby, are you there?

Just the echo of his voice. He runs back in -

CUT TO:

24

INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - DAY

24

THE DOCTOR runs back in, manic.

CARLA walking down the hall, carrying LULUBELLE. But...

It's a SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT CARLA. No bright headscarf. A bit more drab. Not so much fun. A cynicism about her. NB, the CRACKED CEILING is still in place above her.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, but. Where's she gone?

CARLA

What are you on about?

THE DOCTOR

I'm looking for your daughter.

CARLA

Don't be daft, Lulu's not my daughter, I'm fostering her. Just for a couple of days.

THE DOCTOR

No, I mean your daughter, Ruby.

CARLA

Who's Ruby?

Oh.

Ohh.

THE DOCTOR

Your daughter.

CARLA

I told you. This is Lulu. And she's a right old pain on Christmas Eve, last thing I need.

THE DOCTOR

But...

He's horrified, runs down the hall, to RUBY'S BEDROOM - but it's bare, a STOREROOM, just a few CARDBOARD BOXES.

CARLA

What d'you want in the spare room?

His MIND WILD, PANICKING, he runs back down the HALL - he already knows what's happened, but he's fighting it -

He goes into CHERRY'S ROOM. A darker room, somehow. Cherry in bed. But grim, quiet, all the spark gone out of her.

THE DOCTOR

Ruby? Do you remember Ruby?

CHERRY

What are you talking about?

THE DOCTOR

Your granddaughter is called Ruby.

CHERRY

There no pickney inna dis home. We were never so blessed.

And Cherry just turns away, upset.

As the Doctor leaves Cherry's room, Carla's down the Hall, standing in the Kitchen doorway, calling out, puzzled -

CARLA

Sorry, I got a bit lost, who are you again?

THE DOCTOR

I'm the Doctor.

CARLA

The Doctor for what, for Lulu? Are you here to see Lulubelle?

THE DOCTOR

No, I was here with...

Oh no.

He turns, RUNS into Carla's bedroom -

CARLA'S BEDROOM is RESTORED. No crack in the roof. No broken window, nothing - no Polaroid, even, all as it was. Everything is mending around the Doctor. Sealing Ruby out.

He looks into the Hall - and the CEILING is now UNCRACKED.

Carla's now gone back in the Kitchen, and the Doctor RUNS down the Hall - desperate, trying to *will* the story back to the right path - into THE KITCHEN, also now UNCRACKED -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You had. Another child. Called Ruby.

CARLA

I've never had children, mate.

THE DOCTOR

You adopted her.

CARLA

I *foster*. Now don't be so stupid, I'm a foster-mother. I just do it now and then, that's all, I've had about five or six kids.

THE DOCTOR

No, but you've had -

He turns -

And the FRIDGE DOOR is BARE. No photos. Just a couple of Chinese menus and taxi firm cards. All the children, GONE.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

They've gone.

CARLA

Who has?

THE DOCTOR

Your children. All those lives. You fostered 33.

CARLA

Hah! How many?! Not me, darling! Don't be so stupid, that's too much like hard work. No way! I just put my name on the list when I need a bit of money.

THE DOCTOR

No you don't.

CARLA

800 quid per child.

THE DOCTOR

Don't say that.

The Doctor's reeling, staggered by her coldness. Carla almost talking to herself, bleak, cold, clipped:

CARLA

Think you've got me mixed up with someone else, cos there is no Ruby. There's just me. Stuck with my old mum. Up here in the attic.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

And I'm busy, I couldn't have a kid full-time, it would be a nightmare. This little brat arrives, ruining my holiday. I was looking forward to it. Christmas Day. Mum's asleep by three and I'll be all on my own. Why would I want a daughter? I'm happy as I am.

THE DOCTOR

Then why are you crying?

And she is.

CARLA

I don't know. Why are you?

And he is.

He's spinning with grief. Devastated. Time has been violated, and he feels it, he feels it in his heart and guts and soul. A more emotional Doctor than ever. Realising:

THE DOCTOR

They went back. They took the baby. The *other* baby.

He points at Carla. So fierce.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

They cracked the timeline. But I will fix this. *I will fix this.*

And he RUNS - !

CUT TO:

25

EXT. RUBY'S STREET - DAY

25

THE DOCTOR, so upset, runs out of RUBY'S HOUSE -

- heads for the POLICE BOX, runs inside, SLAM!

Old MRS FLOOD returning home with CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, as...

ANCIENT ENGINES GRIND, the LIGHT FLASHES, the Police Box...

FADES AWAY

Mrs Flood stops, blinks. Oh!

CUT TO:

25A OMITTED 25A

26 EXT. THE CHURCH ON RUBY ROAD - NIGHT 26

CLOSE on the DOCTOR as he OPENS THE POLICE BOX DOOR.

On to NIGHT and SNOW. As Sc.1, the Police Box is near the CHURCH ON RUBY ROAD. And it's 19 YEARS AGO.

The Doctor looks round. Light catches his face, his tears.

The WOMAN is walking away, into the snow and the dark.

The Carol of the Bells is carrying across the night, and now the Doctor looks round. At the CHURCH.

Not upset now. DETERMINED.

CUT TO THE CHURCH DOORWAY, in the SNOW, little BABY RUBY wrapped in her BLANKET. Carol of the Bells louder, here.

And little grey HANDS CREEP IN...

TWO GOBLINS! Gleeful. *Snicker-snacker*.

CUT TO THE DOCTOR running up the CHURCH PATH.

Reaches the DOORSTEP! No baby! ONLY the blanket! Looks UP.

There! HIGH ABOVE, through the SNOW, he can see TWO GOBLINS far up, climbing up the side of the CHURCH - carrying that GOBLIN-BASKET, a little wail from Baby Ruby.

The Doctor RUNS to the CHURCH -

- EASES the door open, carefully. Creak. He CAN'T BE SEEN -

CUT TO:

27 OMITTED 27

27A OMITTED 27A

28 EXT. CHURCH SPIRE, PARAPET - NIGHT 28

THE GOBLINS are on the PARAPET, with BABY RUBY in the GOBLIN-BASKET, wrapped up in that GOBLIN-BLANKET. The BASKET already hooked on to that single ROPE, with the ROPE-LADDER already hanging down, waiting for them.

Little Ruby blinking away, bemused.

The ROPE-HOOK-BASKET pulls up, lifting Baby Ruby up, up, up into the sky, and at the same time -

The Goblins HOP ON to the ROPE-LADDER! They SCAMPER UP.

The Goblins & basket disappearing UP, into the SNOW-CLOUDS.

CUT TO:

28A OMITTED 28A

29 OMITTED 29

30 INT. DINING HALL, GOBLIN SHIP - NIGHT 30

THE GOBLIN KING is triumphant at his far-end of the DINING HALL. 100s of GOBLINS back in place, to worship him.

And the KING GRINS.

At the FAR END of the CONVEYOR BELT, the TWO GOBLINS place BABY RUBY'S GOBLIN BASKET on the runway, *snicker-snacker*.

And the GOBLIN BAND starts up again. Not so much fun now, the Hall is vengeful and hungry, and the SONG is now more of a MARCHING BEAT. Which synchs in with Carol of the Bells.

ALL THE GOBLINS

Oh, now we feast!
Oh, eat the beast!
Oh, now we feast!
Oh, eat the beast!

And REPEAT, as the CONVEYOR BELT starts to MOVE!

CUT TO:

31 EXT. CHURCH SPIRE, PARAPET - NIGHT 31

DOOR OPENS, THE DOCTOR runs out onto the PARAPET.

Below him, Carol of the Bells. Above him, the Goblin Chant.

Snow and music all around, as he stands at the bottom of the ROPE-LADDER. So far up. What the hell can he do..?

CUT TO:

32 INT. DINING HALL, GOBLIN SHIP - NIGHT 32
 Poor BABY RUBY in her BASKET clanks along the CONVEYOR BELT.
 GOBLINS chant! 100s of nasty, angry GOBLIN FACES.
 And below...

CUT TO:

33 EXT. CHURCH SPIRE, PARAPET - NIGHT 33
 THE DOCTOR...
is NOT HELPLESS AT ALL.
 As he lifts up his HANDS.
 With...
 THE INTELLIGENT GLOVES!
 The SKELETON-WIRES GLOW.
 He GRABS HOLD of the ROPE-LADDER. And with all the might he
 can possess, he PULLS! He PULLS *DOWN!*
 The ROPE-LADDER goes TAUT.
 And he PULLS DOWN, grasping RUNG...
 After RUNG.
 He heaves DOWN, DOWN, DOWN.
 And the SKELETON-WIRES of the GLOVES glow BRIGHTER, GOLDEN,
 shining in the night, BRISTLING WITH POWER, as all the WEIGHT
 OF THE SHIP transfers into the GLOVES.
 And the Doctor HEAVES!
 Above him...
 He is physically PULLING the ENTIRE GOBLIN SHIP DOWN.
 It's LOWERING through the SNOW-CLOUDS, the WOODEN WINGS
 spreadeagled above. The ROPE-LADDER runs from the Doctor's
 hands, up, up, up, through the SHIP'S ABSOLUTE CENTRE so the
 entire thing is being HAULED DOWN, LOWER, LOWER, LOWER.

CUT TO:

34 INT. DINING HALL, GOBLIN SHIP - NIGHT 34

They're in a FEVER up here, GOBLINS CHANTING, oblivious!
BABY RUBY getting closer and closer.
The KING's MOUTH widening.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. CHURCH SPIRE, PARAPET - NIGHT 35

THE DOCTOR heaving - and this is TOUGH, he's feeling the
WEIGHT IN THE GLOVES, and now he BELLOWS with EVERY RUNG!
Gaaaah!
Down! Down!
Carol of the Bells SOARING TO impossible heights.
The SHIP LOWERING, down, down, down...
The GLOVES SPARK! Fritz! Ouch! But the Doctor KEEPS GOING.

CUT TO:

36 INT. DINING HALL, GOBLIN SHIP - NIGHT 36

BABY RUBY on the CONVEYOR BELT, inches away...
THE GOBLIN KING drooling.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. CHURCH SPIRE, PARAPET - NIGHT 37

The DOCTOR BELLOWS! HEAVES!
GLOVES SPARK, burst into little GOUTS of FLAME - the 3%
RUNNING OUT, but he won't let go, grits his teeth, STARES UP.
The Doctor's POV. Revealing his PLAN.
The GOBLIN SHIP LOWERING. And RIGHT UNDERNEATH it...
THE SPIRE.
And on top of the spire...
A sharp GOLDEN CROSS on top of the SPIRE.

A CRACK of LIGHTNING streaks across the stormy sky, reflected in the cross, so it SHINES!

CUT TO:

37A OMITTED 37A

37B EXT. CHURCH SPIRE, PARAPET - CONTINUOUS 37B

THE DOCTOR hauling down the ROPE LADDER. RUNG after RUNG.

Down, down, down.

And then he RIPS OFF the lower LADDER, the section beneath his grip falling to his feet - and then, DEEP BREATH -

- still holding the ROPE-LADDER -

HE JUMPS OFF THE ROOF!

As he FALLS - the WEIGHT IN THE GLOVES pulls the ROPE-LADDER, which PULLS the GOBLIN SHIP DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, FASTER, FASTER, FASTER, as the Doctor PLUMMETS THROUGH THE AIR -

- he hurtles down the CHURCH -

- and the GOBLIN SHIP is PULLED DOWN -

ON

TO

THE

SPIRE!

THE SPIRE STABS THROUGH IT!! Like a stake through a vampire.

CUT TO:

37C OMITTED 37C

38 INT. DINING HALL, GOBLIN SHIP - NIGHT 38

THE CROSS has been SHORN of its CROSS-STRUT, now seen as a SPEAR, as the CHURCH SPIRE STABS UP, through the FLOOR, through the GOBLIN KING'S BODY! (NO BLOOD, no guts, it's like it's piling through a truckload of liver.)

The KING SCREAMS!

The WHOLE ROOM SHUDDERS, all the GOBLINS WAIL -

BABY RUBY'S BASKET slides off the side of the CONVEYOR BELT -

CUT TO:

38A OMITTED

38A

39 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

39

BABY RUBY in her BASKET plummeting DOWN through the sky!

BELOW, as the GOBLIN SHIP JAMS on to the SPIRE, it STOPS THE DESCENT of the ROPE-LADDER, and THE DOCTOR jerks to a HALT!

ONE FOOT off the ground!

Phew.

But he hasn't won yet, looks up -

TOP SHOT: there's BABY RUBY in her BASKET FALLING through the SKY. She PLUMMETS DOWN, DOWN, DOWN -

The Doctor readies himself...

...steadies himself...

...reaches out...

...and CATCHES HER!

Ruby safe in his arms.

He looks up...

The GOBLIN SHIP is IMPALED on the SPIRE, but it's starting to... CEASE TO EXIST. SNOW spirals around it, and a GREY, WINTRY SMOKE curls around the ship. As though pulling it back into another world.

The Goblins are now just SCREAMS and WAILS from ABOVE, echoing out into the NIGHT, fading, fading...

Beside the Doctor, the ROPE LADDER PULLS UP, whoosh, into the sky, gone, and the Doctor looks up to see the final moments.

The SHIP FADES INTO NOTHING. A huge swirl of SNOW and unearthly SMOKE, and its outline fades, fades...

GONE.

Just the Doctor and Baby Ruby. Snow still falling, but ordinary December snow, calmer, peaceful, Christmassy.

The pattern still needs to close, so THE DOCTOR places BABY RUBY back in the CHURCH DOORWAY, where she was always meant to be, and folds her original BLANKET around her.

He smiles at her. Gives her a little kiss.

THE DOCTOR
Happy birthday, Ruby.

Then he stands, and...

CU CHURCH CLOCK. The minute hand goes to TWELVE.

THE CHIMES OF MIDNIGHT sound.

The Doctor takes a deep breath.

Ohh.

HE FEELS TIME, clicking back into place.

CUT TO:

39A	OMITTED	39A
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39B	EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS	39B
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THE DOCTOR runs through the SNOW, away from the CHURCH.

Behind him, in the CHURCH DOORWAY... LIGHT falls across the baby. History falls back on to the right path, as the VICAR looks out and sees the child.

OUT ON RUBY ROAD, the Doctor pauses at the Police Box.

In the distance, at the CHURCH, he can see the LIGHT FROM THE DOOR, which then CLOSES, as the VICAR takes the BABY inside.

And then the Doctor turns to look the other way.

Far, far off, in the SNOW. Standing still.

A WOMAN. A silhouette.

Is that her?

The mother?

Is she watching? Did she see?

Should he go to her..?

Is she...

...is she looking at him?

But.

She left the child at the church. That was her choice.

So the Doctor turns and walks into the Police Box.

And the Police Box melts away from Ruby Road.

For now.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. RUBY'S STREET - DAY

40

Full of JOY, THE DOCTOR runs out of the POLICE BOX!

MRS FLOOD is very entertained by the comings-and-goings, and has parked herself on a LITTLE FOLDING STOOL by her BASEMENT STEPS, taking a swig from a HIP FLASK. She gives him a WAVE.

He waves back, uses his SONIC on the DOOR to run into Ruby's -

CUT TO:

41 INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

41

THE DOCTOR runs upstairs -

CUT TO:

42 INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - DAY

42

THE DOCTOR uses the SONIC to barge straight into the FLAT -

And there's RUBY! Halfway down the HALL with CARLA, now with LULU too. Ruby delighted to see him, and everything's back on the right path. Meaning, the CEILING is CRACKED again.

THE DOCTOR
There you are! Happy birthday!

RUBY

What happened?! I turned round,
you were gone, you were sort of...
(puzzled)
I don't know, cos I was here and
then... I got a bit lost, what
happened?

THE DOCTOR

Lots of things! Cos they went
back! You were gone! They took
you as a baby, so I went back, and -
(no!)
I forgot something!

And he RUNS OUT!

CUT TO:

43 EXT. RUBY'S STREET - DAY

43

THE DOCTOR RUNS out -

MRS FLOOD watching, happily.

- he RUNS into the POLICE BOX, SLAM!, and -

CUT TO:

44 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, RECEPTION - DAY

44

As Sc.13, the 12ft CHRISTMAS TREE FALLS - !

DAVINA McCALL in her wheelchair SCREAMS -!

- and WHAP! The Christmas tree is CAUGHT in one HAND. THE
DOCTOR holding the tree, standing above Davina, smiling.

She is in AWE.

DAVINA

You saved my life.

THE DOCTOR

Merry Christmas, Davina McCall.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. RUBY'S STREET - DAY

45

THE POLICE BOX door OPENS, and THE DOCTOR RUNS out. He heads for Ruby's front door, all smiles. But then... STOPS.

His smile falls. He wonders. Looks up at the flat.

MRS FLOOD still on her STOOL, with her HIP FLASK.

MRS FLOOD

Busy man, sweetheart. You and your box of tricks. You look like you've lost a pound and found a sixpence, what's wrong?

THE DOCTOR

I'm just wondering. Maybe I'm the bad luck.

CUT TO:

46 INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - DAY

46

CHERRY'S ROOM: CARLA hands CHERRY that longed-for CUP OF TEA.

CHERRY

Hallelujah, praise the lord. I thought the day would never come! Mi tea reach at last!

CARLA

You're the least of my problems -

- CARLA storming out into the HALL, where RUBY'S clearing up. (Lulu safe in her cot, now.) At Ruby:

CARLA (CONT'D)

- what do we do tonight? This crack, it's like a wind tunnel! What do we supposed to do on Christmas Day, sit here and freeze? And who is he anyway, that man, what's his name? Doctor what?

RUBY

What did he mean? He went back..?

CARLA

What sort of doctor, did he say? Who the hell is he?!

CUT TO:

47 EXT. RUBY'S STREET - DAY

47

And down below, THE DOCTOR looks up. He can almost guess what's being said, up above. And sadly...

He turns back. Goes to the POLICE BOX. To MRS FLOOD:

THE DOCTOR
Better go. Merry Christmas.

MRS FLOOD
Who are you, anyway?

THE DOCTOR
No one. I'm just passing by.

MRS FLOOD
Well, you take care.

CUT TO:

48 INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - DAY

48

Sc.46 CONT., CARLA in full-flight with RUBY.

CARLA
Where did he come from? Why was he here in the first place?

RUBY
I don't know, he kind of... popped up at the right moment, and then...
(uh oh)
He was gone. Like. Now.

And then. Ruby THINKS. She thinks and thinks and *thinks* and it's like a storm in her head, a cascade of thoughts, her whole day piecing together now as she begins to realise...

RUBY (CONT'D)
It's been so mad. I haven't had time to stop and think, but...
(mind whirring)
He said I was taken as a baby?
Isn't that what he said, just now?

CARLA
I don't know, he's crazy -

RUBY
No, hush hush hush hush hush.
Because. He went *back*?
(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)

He said he went back? What does he mean, he went back?! When was Houdini?

CARLA

What?

RUBY

When was Houdini? Houdini was like... 1900, 1920, how could he...
(oh my God)
He said he could take the baby out of the day. Out. Of the day. And he said about time travellers, he said... Oh!!!!

And Ruby grabs her JACKET, RUNS OUT!

CARLA

Where are you going now?!

CUT TO:

49 INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

49

RUBY runs down the STAIRS, shoving on her JACKET -

CUT TO:

50 EXT. RUBY'S STREET - DAY

50

RUBY runs out into the STREET. Looks right, looks left. No sign of him! She sees MRS FLOOD, still on her STOOL.

RUBY

Mrs Flood, did you see..? There was a man. About so high, and... amazing, in a big leather coat?

And Mrs Flood just nods.

At the POLICE BOX.

RUBY (CONT'D)

What d'you mean?

Mrs Flood nods again.

And the POLICE BOX DOOR... creaks OPEN.

Just a sliver. Light from inside..?

Ruby cautious. And, knowing something of the Doctor's life, a little scared. But she gets closer. Looks at Mrs Flood.

Mrs Flood just shrugs.

Ruby pushes open the POLICE BOX DOOR...

CUT TO:

51 OMITTED 51

52 EXT. RUBY'S STREET - CONTINUOUS 52

RUBY steps OUT.

Boggling. In shock. She looks at the WOODEN BULK of the POLICE BOX. Looks up, round. What?! She gives it a shove.

Then she WALKS AROUND IT.

Simply can't believe what she's seen.

She looks at Mrs Flood.

MRS FLOOD
Good luck, Ruby.

And that's what she needed to hear.

Ruby GOES BACK IN.

CUT TO:

53 INT. TARDIS 53

...and RUBY steps into this strange, vast CAVERN of a room.

THE DOCTOR is facing her, standing at the CENTRAL CONSOLE, supreme, like a MAGICIAN at the heart of his cave.

Ruby stays facing him, and carefully CLOSES the DOOR behind her. Then she stays by the doors. Taking her time.

She meets his stare. His equal.

First things first:

RUBY
Who are you?

On the Doctor.

CLIFFHANGER HOWL, and OUT.

RUN CREDITS.

Then, POST CREDITS:

CUT TO:

54

EXT. RUBY'S STREET - DAY

54

THE POLICE BOX LIGHT flashes, a WIND springs up, the NOISE of ANCIENT ENGINES grinding, rising, falling, as...

The Police Box FADES AWAY.

ABDUL comes running down the street, as MRS FLOOD stands, folds up her LITTLE STOOL, ready to go back inside.

ABDUL

But - ! Did you see that? Mrs Flood, did you see? The box thing! It just vanished! It was there, and then it wasn't! It just disappeared!

MRS FLOOD

Oh merry Christmas, Abdul, stop making such a fuss.

And she turns TO CAMERA.

MRS FLOOD (CONT'D)

Never seen a Tardis before?

And gives us a COLD, SLY WINK.

END OF EPISODE.