

DOCTOR WHO

'The Hider in the House'

by

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Shooting Script

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1 **EXT. YORKSHIRE MOORS - NIGHT**

1

A moonless winter night. A desolate, windswept moor.

On which CALIBURN HOUSE stands alone. Long forsaken.

2 **INT. CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT**

2

Tracking along endless, creepy hallways. Through the ABANDONED DRAWING ROOM. Then the KITCHEN. The empty library. The MUSIC ROOM. And finally -

3 **INT. CALIBURN HOUSE - GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS**

3

- the Great Hall.

In the vast, echoing hollowness of which stands EMMA GRAYLING. She's 35. Graceful. Kindhearted. A little reserved.

Her clothes and haircut date her to the early 1970s.

So does the VINTAGE RECORDING EQUIPMENT: reel-to-reel tapes, voltage meters, microphones, parabolic reflectors, Super 8 cameras, stills cameras, monitor screens. All contentedly beeping and whirring.

Behind the ranked equipment stands PROFESSOR ALEC PALMER. He's in his early 50s; tall, lean, ascetically handsome. Wouldn't thank you for saying so.

He looks up from the equipment only when a POWERFUL GUST OF WIND strikes the house. And moans like a lost soul.

Candles flicker. Moth-eaten drapes shift and stir.

His eyes lock with Emma's. And a POWERFUL, ETERNALLY UNEXPRESSED LOVE passes between them.

Then they make busy conversation to mask their awkwardness.

EMMA
How are we looking?

PALMER
(threads tape into a reel-to-reel)
About ready, I think.

EMMA
Any, um, thoughts on the interference?

PALMER
A stray FM broadcast, possibly? I've fitted some ferrite suppressors. Some RF chokes. Just in case.

EMMA
But you don't really think it was FM
interference.

PALMER
No. No, I don't think it was that.
(then)
Are you sure you want to go through
with this? The last time was very -

EMMA
But she's so lonely.

A creepy moment.

PALMER
Excellent, then. Excellent.

Somewhat reluctant at first, Palmer flicks switches; taps dials. Winds the 35 MM CAMERA he wears slung round his neck. Addresses a condenser microphone.

PALMER (cont'd)
Caliburn House. Night Four. November
twenty fifth, nineteen seventy four.
Eleven oh four p.m.

He watches Emma. Defenceless in that vast darkness.

Their eyes lock once more. Then Emma turns to the darkness.

Her voice suddenly loud. Assured and compassionate.

EMMA
I'm talking to the spirit that
inhabits this house. Are you there?

Palmer glances at dials and readouts. Takes a notebook from his pocket.

There's silence, but for the buffeting storm.

EMMA (cont'd)
I'm speaking to the lost soul that
abides in this place.

A dial quivers. Palmer scrawls a hasty note. Then turns to a
Distant, muffled BOOM.

It seems to have originated at the far end of the long hallway:
deep in the heart of the house.

EMMA (cont'd)
Come to me. Speak to me. Let me help
you.

BOOM

That was closer. And a lot more powerful.

EMMA (cont'd)
Let me show you the way home.

BOOM!

Closer still.

Palmer's readouts and dials going crazy -

BOOM!!!

Closer still. Unnervingly close. Dials quiver into the red.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The huge, echoing noises rush down the empty hallway - as if a great fist were smashing into the very fabric of the building.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!!

Louder and louder. Closer and closer. Until it's surrounding them: deafening, reverberating. Coming from all directions at once.

They stand within it. Terrified.

Which is when Palmer lifts the camera, expertly frames Emma and rapidly shoots a number of frames. The FLASH STROBES.

With each flash we catch a subliminal glimpse of... what?

A human form? A hate-filled face?

Until the dreadful commotion falls ABRUPTLY SILENT.

Leaving Palmer and Emma breathless.

PALMER
Emma?

She's whispering. Forming words we can see but can't hear.

EMMA
She's so -

PALMER
So what?

EMMA
Dead.

Emma faces Palmer; tears streaking her face. Practically begging to be embraced... comforted.

Palmer thinks: perhaps *this is it*. This is the moment.

He takes a hesitant step. Then suddenly turns to confront -

A DREADFUL HAMMERING -

- on the STUDDED WOODEN DOOR. Like a fist. Like an entity, demanding access.

BAM BAM BAM! BAM BAM BAM!

BAM BAM BAM! BAM BAM BAM! BAM BAM BAM!

Long, creepy beat. Then Palmer walks to the door. Step by agonised step.

He falters. Steels himself. Reaches out. Opens the door. Revealing --

THE DOCTOR

Soaking wet. Hair plastered to his head. Grinning.

A LIGHTNING FLASH reveals CLARA in the rain behind him. Grinning sheepishly, excited...

CLARA

Hello!

THE DOCTOR

We're looking for a ghost.

PALMER

And you are?

CLARA

Ghostbusters.

A MIGHTY RUMBLE OF THUNDER transitions to

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

4 **INT. CALIBURN HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT** 4

The Doctor barges in - Clara a beat behind.

THE DOCTOR

(re: psychic paper)

I'm the Doctor.

PALMER

Doctor what?

THE DOCTOR

If you like. And this is Clara.

A moment. The Doctor appearing to assess Palmer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 But you! Oh, that's very different.
 You're Major Alec Palmer. Member of
 the Baker Street Irregulars, the
 Ministry of Ungentlemanly Warfare.
 Specialised in espionage, sabotage and
 reconnaissance behind enemy lines.
 You're a talented watercolorist.
 Professor of psychology. And - ghost
 hunter!

The Doctor vigorously shakes his hand.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Total pleasure. Massive.

EMMA
 Actually - you're wrong. Professor
 Palmer spent most of the war as a POW.

*

THE DOCTOR
 Actually - that's a lie told by a very
 brave man involved in very secret
 operations. The kind of man who keeps
 a Victoria Cross in a box in the
 attic.

(beat)
 But you know that! Because you're Emma
 Grayling! The Professor's companion -

EMMA
 (embarrassed)
 Assistant.

THE DOCTOR
 Of course! It's nineteen seventy four!
 You're the *assistant*... and "non
 objective equipment."
 (aside, to Clara)
 Meaning "psychic".

CLARA
 Yep, getting that.

*

A worried Emma - wondering what's going on here.

PALMER
 Relax, Emma. He's Military
 Intelligence.
 (to the Doctor)
 So what's all this in aid of?

THE DOCTOR
 Health and Safety... The Ministry got
 wind of what's going on here. Sent me
 to check that everything's in order.

PALMER
They don't have the right.

THE DOCTOR
Not to worry, Guv. I'll be out your
hair in five minutes.

Checking out the reel-to-reels.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Oh, look. Lovely. The ACR 99821. Nice
action on the toggle switches. I do
like a toggle switch.
(toggles switches)
Actually, I like the word "toggle".
Nice noun. Excellent verb.

Clara wanders over. Examines the equipment. Loves it.

CLARA
That is just... totally... choice.

She flicks a switch. The Doctor removes her hand.

THE DOCTOR
Don't mess with the settings.

He wanders off. Sonics the darkness.

PALMER
(re: sonic)
What's that?

THE DOCTOR
Gadget. Health and safety.

PALMER
May I - ?

THE DOCTOR
Classified, I'm afraid. While the back
room boffins work out a few kinks.

EMMA
What's it telling you?

THE DOCTOR
That you haven't been exposed to any
life-threatening transmundane
emanations.
(beat)
So where's the ghost? Show me the
ghost.

The WIND HOWLS.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Come on. It's ghost time.

Palmer approaches the Doctor. Low, controlled and angry.

PALMER

I won't have this stolen out from under me, do you understand?

THE DOCTOR

Um - sorry. Not really.

PALMER

I won't have my work stolen, then be fobbed off with a pat on the back and a letter from the Queen. Never again. This is my house, "Doctor". It belongs to me.

Beat.

CLARA

This is actually your house?

PALMER

It is.

CLARA

As in, you actually *bought* it?

PALMER

I did.

CLARA

With money?

PALMER

Yes.

CLARA

Actual money.

PALMER

Actual money.

CLARA

Sorry. You went to the bank and said: "You know that gigantic old haunted house on the moors? The one the dossers are too scared to doss in? The one the teenagers are too scared to break in to for cider and snogging sessions? The one *the birds are too scared to fly over?*"

(beat)

And then you said, "I'd like to buy it please. With my money."

PALMER

Well, words to that approximate effect. Yes I did. Absolutely.

CLARA
That's incredibly ... brave.

*

Then her admiring grin falls - and suddenly, she glances over her shoulder. Into the shadows. To see -

Nothing.

The Doctor approaches Palmer. Hands in pockets. He rolls on the balls of his feet. A chap.

THE DOCTOR
Listen. Major. We just need to know what's going on here.

PALMER
For the Ministry.

THE DOCTOR
You know I can't answer that.

Palmer considers them. Then nods.

PALMER
Very well. Follow me.

CUT TO:

5 **INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

5

It's very large. Crumbling. There's a table. A LARGE CORK-BOARD pinned to the wall.

It's lit by candles in ornate candlesticks. They cast flittering, troubling shadows as Palmer patiently pins a NUMBER OF PHOTOS to the pin-board.

Outside, the wind howls. Trees scratch at windows.

CUT TO:

6 **INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

6

The Doctor, Clara and Emma wait.

Camping equipment is stacked in the far corner: Primus stove, kettle, milk bottles. Mugs.

There's a long oak table, strewn with paperwork; academic journals, dusty tomes on psychic phenomena.

The Doctor flicks through a copy of "The Journal For The Society Of Psychical Research".

Emma passes Clara a towel. She dries her hair with it.

CLARA
How long have you known the Professor?

EMMA

Seven years? Eight? He was running a parapsychology department in York. I was a research subject.

THE DOCTOR

The most powerful empathic psychic he ever met.

Beat.

EMMA

How do you - ?

CLARA

Oh, he knows everything. But his heart's in the right place. Well one of them is.

Emma gives her a look. Totally bewildered.

CLARA (cont'd)

So what's an empathic psychic?

EMMA

Sometimes I... sense feelings. The way a telepath can sense thoughts. Sometimes, though. Not always.

THE DOCTOR

The most compassionate people you'll ever meet, empathics. And the loneliest. Exposing themselves to all those hidden feelings; all that guilt and pain and sorrow and -

CLARA

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

What?

CLARA

Shhh.

He looks at her, not getting it. Then Palmer enters, rescuing him.

PALMER

If you'd like to join me?

CUT TO:

7 INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

7

The wind batters and howls.

The Doctor, Clara and Emma stand back. As Palmer approaches a large sheet he's pinned to the wall.

PALMER

Caliburn House is over four hundred years old.

He pulls down the sheet. Revealing -

THE GHOST WALL

It's covered in photographs. A hundred, maybe more.

Some of Victorian vintage. Others date to World War I; still others to the 1930s; to World War II. There are Polaroids. There are yellowing, scallop-edged snapshots.

They've been taken at different times of day and night: all over the house, all over the grounds beyond.

THE GHOST IS VISIBLE IN EVERY SINGLE PICTURE.

A beautiful woman. Screaming in terror. Reaching out.

Sometimes she's blurred almost to the point of invisibility. Sometimes she's in shadow. Sometimes she's an incomplete figure, fading at the extremities. Sometimes she's distant. Sometime she's close.

But she's always there. She's in the music room. She's a distant figure under an ancient yew tree. Never changing. Screaming. Reaching out.

PALMER (cont'd)

But she's been here even longer. The Caliburn Ghast. She's mentioned in local Saxon poetry. Parish folk tales.

(admiring)

The Wraith of the Lady. The Maiden in the Dark. The Witch of the Well.

Clara approaches the ghost wall.

CLARA

Is she real? As in, actually real? Or is she just a -

THE DOCTOR

- what?

CLARA

I don't know. I've run out of words. Give me a word.

PALMER

Oh, she's real.

Spooky beat.

PALMER (cont'd)
 In the seventeenth century, a local clergyman saw her. He wrote that her presence was accompanied by a "dredfulle knocking, as if the Deville himself demanded entry."

TRACKING OVER THE CREEPY PHOTOS.

PALMER (cont'd)
 During the war, American airmen stationed here left offerings of tinned Spam. The tins were found in nineteen sixty five. Bricked up in the servants' pantry - along with a number of handwritten notes. Appeals to the ghast.

(beat)
 "For the love of God, stop screaming."

CLARA
 She never changes. The angle's different. The framing. But she's always in exactly the same position.
 Why is that?

PALMER
 We don't know.

Emma is drawn to the photos. Her fingers brush an image of the ghast.

The Doctor sees this.

PALMER (cont'd)
 She's an objective phenomenon. But objective recording equipment can't detect her -

THE DOCTOR
 - without the presence of a powerful psychic.

PALMER
 Absolutely. Very well done.

Pause.

EMMA
 She knows I'm here. I can *feel* her.
 Calling out to me.

CLARA
 What's she saying?

EMMA
 "Help me."

They jump at A SUDDEN, SOFT NOISE BEHIND THEM. Like a low keening. Clara whirls to see --

NOTHING.

The four of them exchange a spooked glance.

Then the Doctor steps up to consider the ghost wall. If he had a magnifying glass, he'd be using it.

THE DOCTOR

"The Witch of the Well". So where's the well?

Palmer goes to the desk. Produces a rolled-up plan of the property. Spreads it on the table.

PALMER

A copy of the oldest plan we were able to find. There's no well on the property. None that we can find, anyway.

EMMA

But that's what happened: she tumbled down a well. Or was thrown... she doesn't want to be there. Dead. Deep at the bottom of the well. She wants to come home. Back to the living.

A horribly creepy beat.

Then the Doctor GRABS A CANDLESTICK - and grins at Clara.

THE DOCTOR

Coming?

CLARA

Where?

THE DOCTOR

To find the ghost.

CLARA

Why would I want to do that?

THE DOCTOR

Because you want to.

CLARA

Well, I dispute that assertion.

THE DOCTOR

But it's on your list of things to see.

(counts on fingers)

The ice fountains of Enceladus.

A robot with a big, square head. A talking cat. An actual ghost...

CLARA

Well... if I did say that, I probably didn't mean it. I was just - saying words.

THE DOCTOR

I'm giving you a look. Can you see me? Look at my face... looking.

She peers anxiously into the darkness.

CLARA

Fine. Dare me.

THE DOCTOR

I dare you. No taksie backsies.

Challenge accepted. Clara grabs the candlestick from his hand. Strides into the dark. A beat later, the Doctor follows.

Behind them, Emma calls out -

EMMA

The Music Room is the heart of the house.

CUT TO:

8 INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

8

Clara, holds aloft the flickering candle. It casts eerie shadows.

They speak in nervous, excited whispers.

CLARA

Say we actually find her. What do we say?

THE DOCTOR

We ask how she came to be... whatever she is.

CLARA

Why?

THE DOCTOR

Because I don't know. And ignorance is - what's the opposite of bliss?

CLARA

Carlisle.

THE DOCTOR

Yes. Ignorance is Carlisle.

They press on.

CUT TO:

9 **INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

9

Emma stands at Palmer's shoulder.

EMMA

Is he really from the Ministry?

PALMER

I don't know. He's certainly got the right demeanour. Capricious. Brilliant.

EMMA

Deceitful.

PALMER

Yes, he's a liar. But that's often the way it is -- when someone's seen a thing or two. Experience makes liars of us all. We lie about who we are; what we've done -

EMMA

- and how we feel?

A moment.

PALMER

Yes. Always that.

Agonizingly tentative, she reaches out a hand - but fumbles it.

Because Palmer doesn't notice. Not until it's too late. He's staring into the darkness. And when he *does* notice -

- the moment has passed.

PALMER (cont'd)

Well - I suppose I'd better be getting on with it. The, um, equipment and so forth.

EMMA

Of course.

He lingers. Damn fool. Then heads back to the Great Hall.

CUT TO:

10 **INT. CALIBURN HOUSE - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT**

10

In eldritch candlelight, The Doctor and Clara explore the SERVANT'S STAIRWELL: the DESERTED KITCHEN: the STUDY.

CUT TO:

11 **INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT**

11

Palmer enters. Sees DIALS FLICKER on the recording equipment.

CUT TO:

12 **INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT**

12

The storm rages. Lightning flashes. The Doctor and Clara enter.

THE DOCTOR

The Music Room. The heart of the house. Do you feel anything?

CLARA

No.

THE DOCTOR

Your. Pants. Are. So. On. Fire.

He walks to the centre of the room. Raises the sonic.

And nothing happens.

He taps the sonic. Polishes it. Tries again. Nothing.

Hmmmm.

They stand very still. For a very long time.

Then CLARA WHIRLS to LOOK OVER HER SHOULDER. The candles WHOOOSSSSSSSH in a fiery arc, revealing -

NOTHING.

She glances sharply into deep shadow.

CLARA

Do you feel like you're being watched?

THE DOCTOR

What does being watched feel like...
Is it that funny tickly feeling on
your neck?

CLARA

That's the chap.

THE DOCTOR

Then yes. A bit. Well, quite a *big*
bit.

A creepy moment.

CLARA
I think she's here -

The Doctor exhales A CLOUD OF CONDENSED BREATH. And squints, as it's the most interesting thing he's ever seen. He steps to the left.

Exhales. Nothing.

Steps to the right. Exhales a cloud of steam.

THE DOCTOR
Cold spot. Spooky.

He digs a STICK OF CHALK from his pocket and edges around the cold spot, feeling out its shape -

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Cold. Warm. Warm. Cold.

- which he chalks onto the stone floor. Then he stands, looking down on a CHALK CIRCLE. About the circumference of a well.

All the while, Clara is glancing nervously over her shoulder. Into the dark corners.

CLARA
Doctor.

The Doctor sonics the cold spot. The sonic pulses weakly. He shakes it. Sonics the cold spot again. Same thing.

CLARA (cont'd)
Doctor!

He walks away from the cold spot: the sonic is fine.

THE DOCTOR
What?

CLARA
I'm not happy.

The Doctor stands there. Deep in shadow.

THE DOCTOR
No.

He glances over his shoulder. Then strides away.

CLARA
Hey!

She follows - a beat faster than she'd care to admit.

She pauses in the doorway. Looks over her shoulder. Then exits.

A long moment. Just the empty room. The storm.

Then - a FLASH OF LIGHTNING. And

THE SUGGESTION OF A FIGURE. Almost too quick to see.

Almost.

CUT TO:

13 INT. GREAT HALL - SAME TIME

13

Palmer's attention is caught by the dials and readouts: they're going mad.

CUT TO:

14 INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

14

A vaporous haze rises from within the chalk circle.

CUT TO:

15 INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

15

The Doctor and Clara make their way down the creepy hallway until... they stop at a faint BOOMING NOISE behind them.

Emanating from the music room.

CLARA

What was that?

BOOM. Coming closer.

Their breath condenses in the sudden cold.

The CANDLE FLAMES LEAP TO THE CEILING. Then die. Plunging them into darkness.

CUT TO:

16 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

16

Palmer checks his many readouts. Emma stares into the dark. Her breath steams.

PALMER

It seems much colder.

He rushes to a thermometer. Watches it drop below zero.

PALMER (cont'd)

It is. It's much colder.

Frost spreads on the windows.

EMMA
She's coming.

PALMER
Doctor!

CUT TO:

17 **INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT**

17

The Doctor and Clara watch, fascinated, as a lace of frost spreads across the floor. Then their clothes. Their hair.

It climbs the walls. Spreads across the ceiling.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

CLARA
Okay, what *is* that?

THE DOCTOR
It's a very loud noise. It's a very loud, very angry noise.

CLARA
But what's making it?

THE DOCTOR
I don't know. Are you making it?

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Close on their faces. Scared and childishly exhilarated.

CLARA
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
Yes?

CLARA
I may be a teeny, tiny bit terrified -

THE DOCTOR
Yes - ?

CLARA
- but I'm still a grown-up.

THE DOCTOR
Mainly, yes. And?

CLARA
There's no need to actually hold my hand.

A long, queasy beat.

THE DOCTOR
Clara?

CLARA
Yes?

THE DOCTOR
I'm not holding your hand.

Clara SCREAMS AND WHIRLS - LOOKING FOR WHATEVER MIGHT BE THERE -
- but there's nothing. Just darkness.

And suddenly, in the terrified silence: THAT NOISE. Rushing down the hall towards them: *BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!*

They run. Just ahead of it: pell mell through the dark, freezing house. Slipping and sliding on the frosty floor.

Until they reach the --

18 **INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT**

18

Just in time to see --

AN OBSIDIAN DISC FORMING IN MID-AIR, several metres from Emma's terrified eyes.

The disc is flat. Perfectly two-dimensional. Utterly sinister. It gleams with a glossy light. A black mirror.

THE DOCTOR
(sonics it; the sonic fails)
Has this happened before?

PALMER
Never!

THE DOCTOR
(clicks fingers)
Camera!

Palmer throws the Doctor the camera. He makes like David Bailey -

- as the DISC BEGINS TO ROTATE with a grinding noise: like the TARDIS slowed down twenty times.

Then A LOUD CRACK - and LIQUID AMBER FISSURES radiate from THE DISC'S CENTRE.

CLARA
Doctor?!

The Doctor looks up from the camera - to see that Emma is surrounded by THE HAZY SUGGESTION OF WINTRY TREES. And in the trees: THE WITCH OF THE WELL.

EMMA
I can't. I -

Palmer runs. Grabs Emma as she collapses.

The obsidian disc fades away. And they're left in the breathless silence.

CLARA
Doctor -

He turns to her. She swallows. Nods at the window.

Words have been etched into the frost, as if by a spectral finger.

HELP ME

FADE TO:

19 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

19

Clara pours Emma a glass of whisky. Emma takes a sip. Ugh.

EMMA
I'd rather have a nice cup of tea.

CLARA
Me, too. Whisky's the eleventh most disgusting thing ever invented.

She finds the kettle. Puts it on the Primus stove.

CLARA (cont'd)
So. You and Professor Palmer. Have you ever - y'know? Had a little snog or anything?

EMMA
No.

CLARA
Why not? You do know how he feels about you, right? You of all people?

EMMA
(looks into the whisky,
blushing)
I don't know. People like me, sometimes we get our signals mixed up. We think other people are feeling what we want them to feel.

When they're - y'know. Special to us.
But really, there's nothing there.

CLARA
Oh, this is there. It's there like a
bear in swimwear.

EMMA
How do you know?

CLARA
Because it's obvious. It sticks out
like - a big chin.

Emma looks away. Reserved.

EMMA
What about you and the Doctor?

CLARA
Oh, I don't think so.

EMMA
Good.

Long beat.

CLARA
Sorry?

EMMA
Don't trust him. There's a sliver of
ice in his heart.

CLARA
Hearts.

But she's not joking.

CUT TO:

20 INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

20

In eerie red light, the Doctor helps Palmer develop his
photographs.

THE DOCTOR
I've had a little peek at your
records. Back at the Ministry. You've
seen a thing or two in your time:
Disrupting U-Boat operations across
the North Sea. Sabotaging railway
lines across Europe. Operation Gibbon -
the one with the carrier pigeons.
Brilliant. I do like a carrier pigeon.

Photo paper goes into developing fluid

*
*
*

*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

But how does that man - that war hero -
end up here? In an empty old house,
looking for ghosts?

*

PALMER

(matter of fact; one chap to
another)

Because I sent excellent young men and
women to their deaths. But here I am;
still alive. And it does tend to haunt
you; living. After so much of... the
other thing.

*

*

Photos begin to develop. Ghostly at first.

PALMER (cont'd)

Funny thing is, I didn't mind dying;
not for that cause. Defeating the
Nazis. But I lived, and they didn't.
It always seemed - inequitable to me.

*

*

*

*

A figure that is faintly, recognizably Emma begins to develop.

PALMER (cont'd)

It would be wonderful, don't you
think? If I could contact them
somehow? All those gallant men and
women.

*

*

THE DOCTOR

And if you could contact them, what
would you say?

A moment.

PALMER

Well, I would very much like to thank
them.

*

Moved, the Doctor is about to speak... when his attention is
caught by the developing photograph.

He holds it up, still wet.

Then glances over his shoulder - as if SHE might still be
there, in the red darkness.

Back to the photo of Emma. She seems to be surrounded by ill-
defined trees. And by DOZENS OF IDENTICAL COPIES OF THE WITCH
OF THE WELL. Her silent screaming. Time and time again.

PALMER (cont'd)

What do you think she is?

*

*

THE DOCTOR

Not what I thought she'd be.

PALMER
What did you think she'd be?

THE DOCTOR
Fun. Do you mind if I borrow your camera?

CUT TO:

21 EXT. CALIBURN HOUSE - GARDENS - NIGHT

21

The wind howls, the rain blows. The Doctor and Clara step out of the house, huddled under an umbrella.

They jog down the gravel path, through the creepy gardens.

CLARA
(stops; looks ahead)
I've got this weird feeling it's looking at me.

ANGLE ON: THE TARDIS

Waiting beneath a ancient tree. A welcome sight. But faintly sinister in the rain.

CLARA (cont'd)
It doesn't like me.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, the TARDIS is like a cat. A bit slow to trust. You'll be fine.

Clara stares at the TARDIS as the Doctor strides forth, forgetting about the umbrella.

Then she glances back at Caliburn House: an even worse option.

She hurries after the Doctor.

CUT TO:

22 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

22

The Doctor enters, throws the sopping quiff from his eyes, approaches the console.

Behind him, Clara enters - carrying the wet umbrella.

CLARA
You need a place to keep this.

THE DOCTOR
I've got one. Or I had one. I think I had one. Look around. See if you find it. Did I have one? Am I going mad?

Clara shakes out the umbrella.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Not in here!
 (beat)
 Really. How do you expect her to like
 you?
 (and)
 She's all wet. It's a health and
 safety nightmare.

CLARA

Sorry.

The TARDIS silently disapproves.

CLARA (cont'd)

So. Where we going?

THE DOCTOR

Nowhere. We're staying right here.
 Right here, on this exact spot. If I
 can work out how to do it.

CLARA

(thinks it through)
 So when are we going?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, that's good. That's top-notch.

CLARA

And the answer is - ?

THE DOCTOR

We're going always.

He sets Palmer's camera down on the console. Exits to an ante-room.

CLARA

We're going "always."

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Totally!

CLARA

That's not actually a sentence.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Well, it's got a verb in it.

The Doctor emerges carrying an orange spacesuit. Models it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

What do you think?

CLARA

The colour's a bit boisterous.

*

THE DOCTOR
It makes my eye pop.

CLARA
It makes my eyes hurt.

He lays the spacesuit down. Approaches the console. Plays it like Mozart.

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT**

23

The TARDIS dematerialises.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. CALIBURN HOUSE - GREAT HALL - NIGHT**

24

Palmer and Emma with noses pressed to the window. They squint through the storm.

PALMER
Where did he go? I can hear an engine, I think. But I can't see any lights.

Emma just stares into the darkness. Through the storm.

CUT TO:

25 **EXT. CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT**

25

Their silhouettes at the window. A flash of lightning reveals --

A THIRD FIGURE - STANDING BEHIND THEM!

Just for a second.

FADE TO:

26 **EXT. PRIMORDIAL EARTH - DAY**

26

Boiling magma. Spewing volcanos. And the TARDIS MATERIALISING.

The Doctor emerges, wearing the Orange Spacesuit.

Stands near the boiling pits. All we hear is BREATHING as he uses the sonic and a compass to orientate himself.

Then he lifts the camera. Takes a snapshot. Lumbers back to the TARDIS.

Clara's peeking out the door. Shielding her eyes from the intense furnace glow.

27 **INT. TARDIS - CONTINUOUS**

27

The Doctor steps inside. He's smoking.

THE DOCTOR
Back off! Hot suit! Hot hot hot!

CLARA
When are we?

THE DOCTOR
Six billion years ago. A Tuesday, I think.

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. TARDIS - MESOZOIC JUNGLE - MORNING**

28

The Doctor and Clara in lush primordial jungle. AN IMMENSE DRAGONFLY buzzes past overhead. Clara ducks, laughing.

As the Doctor orientates himself. And takes a photo.

CUT TO:

29 **EXT. TARDIS - CALIBURN HOUSE (1860S)- DAY**

29

The Doctor and Clara stare at Caliburn House in its heyday.

He takes a picture. Lopes back to the Tardis.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. SNOWFIELD - FUTURE ICE AGE - DAY**

30

The Doctor and Clara, wrapped in vast parkas and goggles.

The Doctor orientates himself. Takes a photo. As Clara blinks at the vista before her. Moved. As we reveal:

Caliburn House is a RUIN IN THE MIDST OF A VAST, DEAD CITY.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

31

Back in the spacesuit, the Doctor hesitates in the doorway.

THE DOCTOR
Back in a mo.
(then)
Are you all right?

CLARA
Totally. Peachy keen.

THE DOCTOR
Okay then. Don't press any buttons. Or pull any levers. Or make any funny faces. Actually, don't move. Stand completely still. Don't breathe. Well, you can breathe. But shallow breaths -

He exits.

Clara's smile falters. She watches on a monitor as -

CUT TO:

32 **EXT. DYING EARTH - DAY**

32

- the Doctor steps onto a volcanic plain. The sun a VAST RED GIANT in the sky. He orientates himself. Takes a photograph.

CUT TO:

33 **INT. TARDIS - MOMENTS LATER**

33

Then steps back inside. Smoking.

Clara has her gaze fixed on the monitor. Tears in her eyes.

The Doctor removes the helmet.

THE DOCTOR

What's wrong? Did the TARDIS say something?
(to TARDIS)
Are you being mean?

CLARA

No. It's not that.

The Doctor waits.

CLARA (cont'd)

Have we just watched the entire life cycle of the Earth? Birth to death?

THE DOCTOR

Yes!

CLARA

And you're okay with that?

THE DOCTOR

(less certain)
Yes... ?

CLARA

How can you be?

THE DOCTOR

The TARDIS. She's... time... we... wibbly. Vortex. And so on.

CLARA

That's not what I mean.

THE DOCTOR
Some help? Context? Cheat sheet?
Something?

CLARA
I mean, one minute you're in nineteen
seventy four, looking for ghosts. But
all you have to do is open your eyes
and talk to whoever's standing there.
To you, I haven't been born yet. And
to you, I've been dead a hundred
billion years.

(then)
Is my body out there somewhere? In the
ground?

THE DOCTOR
I suppose it must be. Yes.

CLARA
But here we are, talking. So I *am* a
ghost. To you, I'm a ghost. We're all
ghosts to you. We must be nothing.

A long, long beat.

THE DOCTOR
No, you're not that.

CLARA
Then what are we? What can we possibly
be?

THE DOCTOR
The only mystery worth solving.

FADE TO:

34 EXT. CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT

34

The TARDIS materialises. Back into the stormy night.

CUT TO:

35 OMITTED

35 *

36 OMITTED

36 *

37 OMITTED

37 *

38 INT. DRAWING ROOM - LATER

38

The Doctor sits at a long table, patiently inserting slides
into the projector.

Palmer is with him, passing slides.

*
*

*

Emma and Clara pause in the act of erecting a screen. Instead, Clara stares at THE GHOST WALL.

EMMA

What's wrong?

CLARA

I just saw something I wish I hadn't.

EMMA

What did you see?

CLARA

That everything ends.

Beat. On Emma. Her compassion.

EMMA

No. Not everything. Not love. Not always.

The moment between them broken - as the Doctor stands, claps his hands.

THE DOCTOR

Okay! Roll up! Gather round!

Clara, Palmer and Emma gather - and watch, bemused, as the Doctor stands back and, with a flourish of the sonic, operates the projector.

ON SCREEN:

He flicks through a selection of ghost photos.

BACK TO SCENE

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The Ghast of Caliburn House. Never changing. Trapped in a moment of fear and torment.

Spooked, they glance into the darkness.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

But what if she's not? What if she's just trapped somewhere that time runs more slowly than it does here? What if a second to her was a hundred thousand years to us?

(beat)

And what if somebody had a magic box, a blue box probably? What if they could take a snapshot of her every few million years? What would happen then?

They gape at him, as if he's insane. He grins at them, as if confirming it.

Then aims the sonic. The projector clicks back several places.

ON SCREEN:

There she is. The screaming woman. Except she's *different*. Her legs. Her arms. Her expression.

BACK TO SCENE

PALMER

Where did you get this?

THE DOCTOR

That's classified, I'm afraid.

The Doctor grins and flourishes the sonic again. *

ON SCREEN:

The projector clicks through five or six frames a second, creating -

A CREEPY, JERKY, STOP-MOTION SEQUENCE,

which reveals the woman is RUNNING THROUGH A GHOSTLY FOREST.

Her mouth is forming words.

Help... Me...

BACK TO SCENE

As they react.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

She's not a ghost - but she's definitely a lost soul. Her name's Hila Tacorian. She's a pioneer. A time traveller. Or she will be - in about three hundred years.

A wave of the sonic and

ON SCREEN:

An image of HILA TACORIAN (30s). Posing for the camera. Smiling. Wearing a white jump suit. Holding a space helmet in the crook of her arm.

She stands before a primitive time-travel capsule: a WHITE BATHYSHERE, arrayed in a tangle of cables and conduits.

BACK TO SCENE

Emma is greatly moved, to see Hila there. Smiling.

PALMER

Time travel's not possible. The paradoxes -

THE DOCTOR

Resolve themselves. By and large.

EMMA

How long has she been alone?

THE DOCTOR

Well, time's a funny old thing. From her perspective, she only crash landed a few minutes ago.

EMMA

Crash landed where?

THE DOCTOR

The Hex.

The Doctor reaches into a pocket. Produces TWO BALLOONS: one red, one green. Inflates them. Holds them out.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(re: green balloon)

Our universe.

(re: red balloon)

Hila Tacorian's here. The Hex.

He turns to Emma. A good moment between them.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You're a lantern, shining across the dimensions. Guiding her home. Back to the land of the living.

Emma smiles, greatly moved.

CLARA

But what's she running from?

Beat.

THE DOCTOR

Well, that's the best bit. I haven't looked yet. Shall we see?

A nervy moment. Then Clara nods. The Doctor knots the balloons, lets them fall. Then sonics the projector:

ON SCREEN:

In jerky stop motion, Hila Tacorian runs through a spectral forest.

Pursued by the flickering suggestion of A HUMAN SILHOUETTE.

It runs on all fours, but in a series of jerks and stutters. Its limbs are distorted. Twisted.

BACK TO SCENE

The Doctor's face falls. He stands there. Sonic forgotten.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh.

The Doctor stares at it.

CLARA

What is that?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know.

A very long pause.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Still! Not to worry!

EMMA

So what do we do?

THE DOCTOR

Not "we". You. You save Hila Tacorian. Because you're Emma Grayling. You're the lantern. The rest of us are just along for the ride.

Emma smiles at him. It's beautiful

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

We need some sturdy rope.

(exits. Pauses in doorway)

And a blue crystal from Metabelis Three. Plus, some Kendal Mint Cake.

CUT TO:

39 **EXT. TARDIS - CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT**

39

The Doctor and Clara hurry through the rain to the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

40 **INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

40

Palmer and Emma are alone.

Palmer has something to say. He paces: can't say it.

Has to say it. Can't say it.

Says it.

PALMER
Don't do it.

EMMA
I'm sorry?

PALMER
Nobody asked her to risk her life.
This woman. She doesn't deserve -
(calms himself. Starts again)
Whoever she is. However brilliant.
However brave. She's not you. She's
not worth risking a single hair on
your head. Not to me.

Emma approaches him. Calm. Compassionate.

EMMA
Tell me what I'm thinking.

PALMER
I can't. I don't have your gift.

EMMA
You don't need it. Just look at me and
tell me.

He looks at her. Into her eyes. Then drops his gaze.

EMMA (cont'd)
There you are. You read my mind.

A moment. They lean in to kiss -

Then catch themselves. Break away. Embarrassed.

CUT TO:

41 INT. TARDIS - CONSOLE ROOM - NIGHT

41

Clara looks round the console, trails fingers over the
controls.

CLARA
Can't you just - y'know?

42 INT. TARDIS - ANTE-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

42

The Doctor is carrying a loop of rope, searching through
endless boxes, crates, filing cabinets.

THE DOCTOR
What?

INTER-CUT DOCTOR/CLARA

CLARA
Fly the TARDIS into the parallel
universe -

THE DOCTOR
It's not a parallel universe. It's a
pocket universe. Plus, it's
collapsing.

*
*

He finds a BLUE CRYSTAL. Aha! Pockets it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
The TARDIS could get *in* there, all
right. But entropy would bleed her
power sources, trap her there until
the entire universe decayed back into
the quantum foam.
(beat)
Which would be about three minutes,
give or take.

*

CUT TO:

43 EXT. TARDIS - CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT

43

A LONG, THICK CABLE has been hooked to a JUNCTION BOX in the
outside wall of the TARDIS.

It crosses the garden, passes through the door of Caliburn
House. Snakes through the hallways and finally into the -

CUT TO:

44 INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

44

- music room. Where it's hooked to what resembles a
bastardized, heavy-duty camera tripod.

Which in turn is hooked to a LARGE NUMBER OF CLOCKS. Clocks of
all vintage, of every design. All showing different times.

They form a BROAD CIRCLE in the room.

Within the circle of clocks are Palmer, Clara and Emma.

They're wearing COLD WEATHER PARKAS. Gloves. Boots with
crampons.

The Doctor, dressed as usual, is installing something on top of
the tripod.

It looks like a HEAVY GLASS PAPERWEIGHT. Within it pulses an
AMORPHOUS BLUE GLOBULE.

CLARA
What is that?

THE DOCTOR
A subset of the Eye of Harmony.

CLARA
I don't -

THE DOCTOR
Of course you don't. Be weird if you did. I barely do myself.

He places A CROWN on Emma's head. It's vaguely steam-punk. A bronze band, with two bands crossing the skull. At the front is fixed the BLUE CRYSTAL.

From the back of the crown, three cables of varying width are tethered to the tripod. Feeding into the Eye of Harmony Subset.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(taps crystal)
All the way from Metebelis Three.

EMMA
What does it do?

THE DOCTOR
Amplifies your natural abilities. Like a microphone. Or a pooper-scooper.

The Doctor steps back, admires his work: the tripod, the circle of clocks. Emma, Clara and Palmer in cold-weather gear.

PALMER
What exactly is this... arrangement?

THE DOCTOR
A psychochronograph.

PALMER
Isn't it all a bit, well - make-do and mend? *

The Doctor slips into an ancient leather climbing harness. Attaches a rope to it.

THE DOCTOR
Non-psychic technology's not going to work where I'm going. *

The rope on his harness feeds to an equally ancient TWIN-HANDED WINDLASS. It's been nailed to floor.

Clara stands at the windlass. Evidently worried. *

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Listen. All I have to do is dive into another dimension, find the time traveller, help her escape the monster, get home before the entire dimension collapses and Bob's your uncle.

EMMA
 Doctor?

He turns to her. The fear on her face.

EMMA (cont'd)
 Will it hurt?

THE DOCTOR
 No. Well, yes. Probably. A bit. Well, quite a lot. I don't know. It might be agony. To be perfectly honest, I'll be interested to find out.

Emma turns to Palmer. Their eyes lock.

EMMA
 Ready?

A long pause. Then Palmer nods.

They take their positions. Clara and Palmer at the windlass.

Emma in the centre of the clocks. Which tick in the heavy silence.

Tick. Tock. Tick.

The Doctor and the others wait.

Unbearable tension.

The blue crystal in Emma's crown gently glows. Her eyes close.

EMMA (cont'd)
 (long silence)
 I'm speaking to the Lost Soul that abides in this place. I'm speaking to *Hila Tacorian*. *

An exchange of looks: *is this going to work?*

Yes! Their breath is condensing!

HEAVY ICE forms on the floor and walls. Hangs in thick, twisted, Francis Bacon-esque stalactites from the ceiling.

Clara and Palmer dig in their crampons. Get ready.

A FLAT BLACK DISC forms in mid-air. Hangs there, like an obsidian mirror. A soft light shines behind it, creating a SPECTRAL CORONAL EFFECT.

The crystal glows brighter blue. Emma gasps in pain.

The obsidian disc makes a SLOW GRINDING NOISE. Begins to rotate. Then TELESCOPES BACK into another dimension. Forms a slow vortex.

EMMA (cont'd)

Come home!

*

Clocks begin to race. Other clocks slow. Still others race backwards.

The far end of the telescoping funnel OPENS: BRIGHT LIGHT floods the music room. And WHOOOOOOOOOSH! Air rushes from the room - down the funnel. Creating a wind-storm.

THE DOCTOR

(to Clara)

See! The Witch of the Well! It's a wormhole! A *reality well*!

(to Emma)

Ready?

EMMA

Ready!

CLARA

Wait! What if you get stuck there?

THE DOCTOR

The Hex will collapse. I stop existing.

CLARA

And what about me? I'll be stuck here, right? In nineteen seventy four?

THE DOCTOR

Not forever, no.

CLARA

No?! So what happens?

THE DOCTOR

Well. Nineteen seventy four becomes nineteen seventy five. Then nineteen seventy five becomes nineteen seventy six. The year of punk. That'll be interesting, I expect.

She gives him a look.

The Doctor tenses himself. Tests the rope then -

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Geronimo!

- he LEAPS INTO THE VOID.

Emma gulps in pain. The blue crystal glows EVEN BRIGHTER.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. HEX VORTEX - DAY

45

The Doctor tumbles down a whirling vortex -

CUT TO:

46 INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

46

Clara watches the WINDLASS FEED OUT metre upon metre of rope. So fast, it begins to SMOKE. Until it -

SUDDENLY STOPS. The rope taut. Feeding into the black disc.

CUT TO:

46A EXT. HEX - FOREST CLEARING - DAY

46A

The Doctor jerks to a halt, linked via the rope to a CIRCULAR BOILING POINT in mid-air: the base of the wormhole.

He's standing on a rise in a MISTY CLEARING, bordered by THICK FOREST.

He can hear a VAST, OMINOUS RUMBLE. Like Niagara.

He looks beyond the forest. Blinks in awe to see:

The misty forest and the clearing are but an ISLAND OF REALITY. Like a shrinking ice-floe in a raging sea.

Beyond... and all around... is an UNSPEAKABLY IMMENSE HURRICANE.

Except it's not a hurricane.

CAMERA ZOOMS UP. And up. And up and up. Gaining speed. Up it zooms. And up and up. Until we see:

THE HURRICANE IS INFINITE.

The island of reality on which the Doctor stands is a DIZZYINGLY TINY PINPRICK OF LIGHT at its rotating centre.

Tiny and shrinking. As the eye of the storm closes round it like a slow, inexorable fist. Annihilating all in its path.

This is Gotterdammerung. The end of an entire plane of existence.

CAMERA SWOOPS, ZOOOOOOOOOOOMS DOWN TO --

THE DOCTOR

Who watches GREAT CHUNKS OF LAND lazily break away from the raggedy edge of the remaining world and tumble into the chaos.

He swallows. Unhooks himself from the rope. Then hurries for the trees. Disappears into the fog.

CUT TO:

47	<u>SCENE OMITTED</u>	47
48	<u>SCENE OMITTED</u>	48
49	<u>SCENE OMITTED</u>	49
50	<u>INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT</u>	50

Clara, Palmer and Emma brace themselves against the wind raging through the wormhole.

CUT TO:

51	<u>EXT. HEX - FOREST - DAY</u>	51
The Doctor enters the forest, calling Hila's name.		
Fog renders it crepuscular and spooky: the trees skeletal. It's a landscape from a fairy tale. Dreams of pursuit by wolves.		

CUT TO:

52	<u>INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT</u>	52
The wind throws Clara to her knees. Palmer struggles over, helps her up. She braces herself.		

CUT TO:

53	<u>EXT. HEX - FOREST - DAY</u>	53
The Doctor races through the trees, still calling Hila's name.		
His voice muffled by the fog.		

THEN HE STOPS DEAD.

AND STANDS THERE. Listening hard. Alarmed by the growing sense that -

- SOMETHING is in the mist behind him.

He closes his eyes. Counts to three and

TURNS TO IT!

But nothing's there. He looks left, right. All around.

He's alone.

Uneasy, disturbed, he runs further into the woods. Glancing back every now and again - but calling Hila's name -

- until A GREY GHOST resolves through the fog, gathering detail. It's HILA TACORIAN. Sprinting. Desperate.

HILA
Help me! Help!

She stumbles - and the Doctor is there to catch her.

THE DOCTOR
Hila Tacorian, I presume.

She nods. Seeing him. Not quite believing it.

HILA
Who are you? *

THE DOCTOR
Collapsing universe. You, me - dead
two minutes. No time complete
sentences ... abandon planet - *

HILA
Wait!
(to his back)
There's something in the mist. *

The Doctor considers the silent fog; the trees. Their spindly, terrifying shadows.

THE DOCTOR
Then run. *

She nods her eager assent - and they RUN.

A THRILLING SPRINT through the misty forest, sometimes slipping and sliding - pursued by SOMETHING UNSEEN -

Until they reach the EDGE OF THE CLEARING -

53A **EXT. HEX - FOREST CLEARING - CONTINUOUS**

53A

- where they pause for a moment, as Hila takes it in: the vast oncoming apocalypse.

Behind them, the slowly swirling doomsday storm UPROOTS TREES that spin into the sky. Vaporize.

The Doctor hesitates. Spins around.

THE DOCTOR
Not... that way. Which means...
probably...

HILA
What's wrong?

THE DOCTOR
You know that exit I mentioned?

HILA
Yes?

THE DOCTOR
I seem to have misplaced it.

They can't see the WORMHOLE. It's obscured by the thick fog.

Then -

THE DOCTOR AND HILA FREEZE. *Knowing it's there.* SOMETHING TERRIBLE. In the fog.

Slowly, the Doctor turns 360 degrees - fear in his eyes.

The Doctor SPINS - and it's gone.

A long beat. Just the sound of their exerted breathing. A flex of concern between his eyes. Then - he commits!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
This way!

The Doctor and Hila run. They run and run. Into the fog.

CUT TO:

53B INT. CALIBURN HOUSE - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

53B

EMMA
Doctor, come home.

She raises a hand. It seems to weigh a thousand tons.

*

CUT TO:

54 EXT. HEX - FOREST CLEARING - DAY

54

The Doctor and Hila come to a halt.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, now. That's just - that's top
notch.

*

Hila follows his marvelling gaze - and gapes in wonder to see a SIMULACRUM OF CALIBURN HOUSE forming in the mist. Fading up like a ghost.

Behind them - A SHAPE RISES IN THE FOG.

Hila whirls - Just as the Doctor yanks open the door to Caliburn House - and DRAGS HER INSIDE. Slams the door -

55 **INT. HEX - CALIBURN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

55

- takes a CYCLE LOCK from his pocket. Locks the door with it.

They listen as SOMETHING OUTSIDE moves with dreadful, ungodly purpose. Scratching. Moaning.

THE DOCTOR
It's looking for a way in.

A beat. Then a MIGHTY, CRASHING BLOW on the door.

They exchange a glance. Then run!

Behind them, the door CRASHES OPEN.

CUT TO:

56 **SCENE OMITTED**

56

57 **SCENE OMITTED**

57

58 **INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT**

58

The wind screams down the wormhole. Clara and Palmer duck to avoid flying missiles.

EMMA
I'm not strong enough!

CLARA
Just a few more seconds!

CUT TO:

59 **INT. HEX - HALLWAYS - DAY**

59

The Doctor and Hila run. Finally, they burst into -

CUT TO:

59A **INT. HEX - MUSIC ROOM - DAY**

59A

- the music room. The end of the rope hanging there, from a boiling point in mid-air.

The Doctor slams the door - sonics it. But the sonic doesn't work!

SOMETHING hurls itself against the other side with a crushing impact.

Hila braces the door as the Doctor REMOVES HIS BOW-TIE - and ties the handles with it.

THE DOCTOR
Grab the rope - give it three tugs!
Quick as you like!

HILA
What about you!

THE DOCTOR
I'm next!

Hila struggles against the powerful wind.

She secures the climbing rope to a clip on her spacesuit.

Meets the Doctor's eyes. Then gives the rope three tugs.

CUT TO:

60 INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

60

Clara reacts to THREE TUGS ON THE ROPE. She and Palmer heave on the windlass.

CUT TO:

61 INT. HEX - MUSIC ROOM - DAY

61

As Hila is dragged through the portal, the thing pounds on the music room door. A familiar beat.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The walls reverberate with it. The Doctor looks round; scared, but grinning.

THE DOCTOR
Well, that explains that.

CUT TO:

62 INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

62

Emma and Palmer hoist the windlass. And finally, Hila Tacorian clammers through the mouth of the reality well -

- and stands in the music room. Stares at everyone, astonished.

Finally meets Emma's gaze.

Something passes between them. A deep recognition. Too deep for words.

Then Emma crumples to the floor. Causing the wormhole to immediately SLAM SHUT.

CUT TO:

63 **INT. HEX - MUSIC ROOM - DAY**

63

The maelstrom is cut off. Plunging the Hex version of the room into SUDDEN SILENCE.

Except it's not the music room any more. The phantom house has gone. It's just the Doctor. Alone in -

CUT TO:

64 **EXT. HEX - FOREST CLEARING - DAY**

64

- the foggy clearing. Which is FILLED WITH OMINOUS SHADOWS. And the monstrous storm encroaching on the near horizon.

THE DOCTOR

Oh dear.

He stoops to pick up his bow-tie, lying on the ground. Then turns to where wormhole was, moments before.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Hello? Anybody home? The Doctor here!
 Trapped in a melting universe.
 Terrifying monster in fog. Minutes to
 live. No?

He turns. Knowing he's being circled by it. Whatever it is.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

No?

CUT TO:

65 **INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT**

65

Clara runs to where the wormhole was, only moments ago.

CLARA

No!!

CUT TO:

66 **EXT. TARDIS - CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT**

66

The TARDIS stands alone in the rain. Its CLOISTER BELL RINGS. Low and sonorous.

CUT TO:

67 **INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT**

67

Clara turns to the sound. Knows this is not good.

CUT TO:

68 **INT. HEX - FOREST CLEARING - DAY**

68

Slowly, the Doctor backs away from OMINOUS MOVEMENT IN THE FOG. The stirring of terrifying shadows.

He's backing towards the edge of the planetary disc.

CUT TO:

69 **INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT**

69

Clara runs to the unconscious Emma.

CLARA

Wake up! Open the thing!

Palmer joins Clara at Emma's side. Emma is barely conscious.

*

EMMA

I'm sorry.

PALMER

Don't be sorry. Don't be. What you did, it -

CLARA

- wasn't enough.

Palmer shoots her an angry, accusing look.

CLARA (cont'd)

She needs to do it again.

PALMER

She can't. Look at her!

*

CLARA

She has to.

*

A moment between Clara and Palmer. Until Palmer reluctantly nods. And Clara exits at a run -

*

PALMER

I know you feel like you can't do this.

(re: Hila)

But look at that woman over there. You saved her. She's only here because of your strength. And so am I.

*

*

*

*

*

Shocked, Hila turns to look into his eyes.

*

PALMER (cont'd)

I was as lost as her. But being with
you... you give me a reason to be,
Emma. You brought me back from the
dead.

Tears in Emma's eyes. She caresses his face.

Then stands. Holds out her hands. This time, no-one misses it.

Palmer takes one hand. Hila the other. And the blue crystal
begins to glow.

70 OMITTED

70 *

71 EXT. TARDIS - CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT

71

Clara runs to the TARDIS. Pushes at the door. Which is locked.

CLARA

Oh come ON!
(pounds on TARDIS door)
Let me in, you grumpy old cow!

72 OMITTED

72 *

73 OMITTED

73 *

74 INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

74

Emma's breath condenses. A familiar disc glows obsidian black.

EMMA

Doctor?

CUT TO:

75 EXT. TARDIS - CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT

75

Clara leaps back, shocked... as the TARDIS suddenly PROJECTS AN
IMAGE OF HER!

CLARA

What's this now?

CLARA/VOICE VISUAL INTERFACE
The TARDIS Voice Visual Interface.

CLARA

You're the TARDIS?

CLARA/VOICE VISUAL INTERFACE
Voice Visual Interface. Would you like
me to say it again slowly?

CLARA

So why do you look like, well - ?

CLARA/VOICE VISUAL INTERFACE
 I'm programmed to select the image of
 a person you esteem. Of several
 billion such images in my databanks,
 this one best meets the criterion.

A moment.

CLARA
 Oh, you are a cow. I knew it.
 Whatever. You have to help the Doctor.

CLARA/VOICE VISUAL INTERFACE
 The Doctor is lost. I'm unable to
 detect him in M Space or any adjacent
 realities.

CLARA
 He's in the Hex. It's collapsing.

CLARA/VOICE VISUAL INTERFACE
 Then the Doctor is lost.

CLARA
 He is not. You can enter the Hex. I
 know you can. He told me.

CLARA/VOICE VISUAL INTERFACE
 The entropy would drain the energy
 from my heart. In four seconds, I'd be
 stranded. In ten, I'd be dead.

CLARA
 You're talking, but all I hear is *blah*
blah blah. Can you get into the Hex?

CLARA/VOICE VISUAL INTERFACE
 For four seconds.

CLARA
 Long enough.

*

The two Claras make long eye contact. Then look to Caliburn
 House. Its windows are glowing blue.

Then THE INTERFACE DISAPPEARS!

CLARA (cont'd)
 Hey! HEY! HEY!!

CUT TO:

76 INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

76

The BLUE CRYSTAL glows with an intense light.

EMMA
 Doctor? Can you hear me? DOCTOR?!

The crystal glows more brightly still.

*

CUT TO:

77 **EXT. TARDIS - CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT**

77

Clara pounds on the TARDIS door. Until IT SNICKS OPEN.

She takes a moment. Grins -

CLARA

Cow.

- and steps inside. At once, the TARDIS dematerializes.

CUT TO:

78 **INT. HEX - FOREST CLEARING - DAY**

78

The Doctor runs. Clammers over cracks and crevasses. Stops.

He can hear something. Something *close*. He WHIRLS - it's gone.

He stares hard into the fog.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on the Doctor's neck -- as GOOSEFLESH RISES.

The Doctor twirls - and IT'S GONE.

He's breathless and frightened. And lost.

CUT TO:

79 **EXT. TARDIS - TIME VORTEX - NOW**

79

THE TARDIS RACES THROUGH THE TIME VORTEX - faster than we've ever seen it move.

Whooooooooooooooooooooosh!

CUT TO:

80 **INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT**

80

The crystal surges with unimaginable power. Emma glows like a God. Transfigured.

EMMA

DOCTOR!

CUT TO:

81 **EXT. HEX - FOREST CLEARING - DAY**

81

The Doctor EXCLAIMS IN JOY to see:

a DISTANT IMAGE OF EMMA. Shining blue and glorious. Behind her is the OPEN PORTAL.

*

TRANSFIGURED EMMA
DOCTOR! COME HOME!

*

The only problem: the wormhole opens where the Hex version of Caliburn House USED TO BE.

Which is a long way away. And perilously close the whirling perimeter of the incoming storm.

TRANSFIGURED EMMA (cont'd)
Hurry!

THE DOCTOR
Oh dear.

He casts around, as if looking for another option. But there is none.

So he steels himself - and runs for it. He runs and runs. No tricks. No artifice. The Doctor runs like a man with the devil at his back.

It's at his shoulder. Coming closer and closer. A FLICKER OF SHADOW IN THE FOG.

The Doctor glances over his shoulder... and FALLS. Scrambles fearfully to his feet.

It's gone.

Breathless, he turns in a circle. Helpless. While all around him, a dying world crumbles away.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. TARDIS - TIME VORTEX - DAY

82

The TARDIS screams through the Time Vortex.

CUT TO:

83 INT. TARDIS - DAY

83

Clara, at the console. Holding on for dear life.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. HEX - FOREST CLEARING - DAY

84

The Doctor whirls again - dishevelled - disorientated - FLEET MOVEMENT behind him - a TWISTED SHADOW in the fog -

*

THE DOCTOR
WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

A sound. Almost too low to hear. Is it laughter?

It chills the Doctor to his marrow. A long, frozen moment.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 To frighten me, I suppose. Because
 that's what you do. You're the unseen
 presence in empty houses. The feeling
 of being watched. You're the bogeyman.
 Seeking whom you may devour.

He stares hard into the fog.

A FINGER GENTLY CARESSES THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

He CRIES OUT in terror - leaps away - and it's gone.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 You want me to be afraid. Then well
 done. I AM THE DOCTOR AND I AM AFRAID!

Hint of movement. At the very edge of conscious perception.

The Doctor backs away. Realizes that *he's backing towards the portal*. Always towards the portal.

AND SOMETHING RISES IN THE FOG BEHIND HIM. Twisted and
 indistinct.

We can see it. But the Doctor can't. His eyes are fearful, and
 wide - but looking in the wrong direction!

It steps in close - so close. Close enough to caress. To kiss.

Tilts its head like a lover. Breathes on the nape of the
 Doctor's neck and -

THE DOCTOR'S EYES WIDEN IN TERROR.

As he senses it. Very close. Very, very close. He freezes.

Looks with fierce longing at the portal... which has BEGUN TO
 SHRINK.

CUT TO:

85 **EXT. TARDIS - TIME VORTEX - DAY**

85

The zooming TARDIS blasts THROUGH THE VORTEX WALL.

CUT TO:

86 **EXT. HEX - FOREST CLEARING - DAY**

86

The Doctor stands rigid. The way you're supposed to when a
 dog's threatening to bite.

The thing appears to be sucking THE DOCTOR'S NECK, like a
 grotesque lamprey.

IN THE SKY -

The portal is slowly collapsing: rising towards the centre.

TRANSFIGURED EMMA
Doctor! Hurry!

*

BACK TO SCENE

The Doctor twists like a dancer - and it's gone

THE DOCTOR
So why am I still here? Why not eat
me? Because you need me! You need me
to piggyback you across -

*
*
*

A dry chuckle. Like wind through leaves. He whirls. It's gone.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
To which I say -

He looks up at the portal. He looks at the storm. And grins:
because fear has become certainty. And certainty becomes joy.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Come on then, big boy. Chase me.

THE DOCTOR RUNS AWAY FROM THE PORTAL.

Headlong. Sprinting. That glint in his eye. Foolhardy to the
point of madness.

He runs - STRAIGHT FOR THE EDGE OF THE WORLD!

THE HIDER BEHIND HIM. An ill-defined shadow in the fog.

The Doctor's getting close to the edge! He's seconds away!

Preparing to LEAP!

When suddenly --

THE HIDER APPEARS IN FRONT OF HIM! A crooked man. Twisted
limbs. Pure black. Spiderlike. Broken.

It throws the Doctor to the ground. Stands between him and the
edge of the world.

As it looms over him - EYES OPEN ON ITS CHEST.

The Doctor can only gaze in helpless terror until

HIS GAZE

shifts. It's his turn to look over the Hider's shoulder.

The Hider WHIRLS to follow the Doctor's gaze. Sees

A BLUE STREAK

Zooming through the fog. The TARDIS!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
HAH!

THE TARDIS SLAMS INTO THE HIDER.

Sends it flying into the fog.

The TARDIS lands for a split second - long enough for the Doctor to grab hold - and be WHISKED AWAY.

CUT TO:

87 INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

87

Emma screams in agony.

Palmer and Hila watch as the TARDIS whoooooshes through the wormhole. And comes to rest in the middle of the music room. Smoking.

Emma, Palmer and Hila gather round.

The Doctor steps down from the TARDIS. Bedraggled. Exhausted. Reeling.

Behind him, the REALITY WELL FINALLY SNAPS SHUT... and the music room falls SILENT AND STILL.

Clara steps out of the TARDIS.

The five of them look at each other. No one speaks.

The Doctor knots his bow-tie. Immediately feels a bit better.

And that's when he hears the BIRDSONG. And sees the sun is rising.

VERY SLOW FADE TO:

88 EXT. CALIBURN HOUSE - MORNING

88

A cloudless summer morning. A beautiful moor. On which Caliburn House stands.

Palmer, Clara and Hila Tacorian stand outside the TARDIS.

89 INT. CALIBURN HOUSE - GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

89

The Doctor waits at the window. Turns as Emma enters.

*

A moment. She's reading him. Knowing him.

EMMA
You didn't come here for the ghost,
did you.

THE DOCTOR
No.

EMMA
You came here for me.

THE DOCTOR
Yes.

EMMA
Why?

THE DOCTOR
I needed to ask you something.

EMMA
Then ask.

She joins him at the window.

THEIR POV.

They watch Clara, Hila and Palmer outside the TARDIS.

BACK TO SCENE

THE DOCTOR
Clara.

EMMA
Yes?

THE DOCTOR
What is she?

A long moment. Then Emma turns to him.

EMMA
She's a girl.

THE DOCTOR
Yes, but - what kind of girl?
Specifically.

EMMA
A perfectly ordinary girl. Very
pretty. Very clever. More scared than
she lets on.

THE DOCTOR
And - that's it, is it?

EMMA
Why? That's not enough?

The Doctor stands at the window. Watches Clara, out there in
the sunlight.

A moment of silence.

EMMA (cont'd)
Can you feel it?

THE DOCTOR
Feel what?

EMMA
We saved her. The lost soul. The Ghast
of Caliburn House. But that terrible
loneliness... it's still here.

A long beat. Then the Doctor GLANCES OVER HIS SHOULDER and we

FADE TO:

90 EXT. TARDIS - CALIBURN HOUSE - MORNING

90

The Doctor and Emma step outside, join the others. A glorious morning.

Hila joins Emma.

EMMA
Where will you go?

HILA
He can't take me home. History says I
went missing.

EMMA
He can change history.

THE DOCTOR
(intruding)
Not always. There are fixed points,
you see -

Clara grabs his elbow, leads him away.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
What?

Leaving Hila Tacorian and Emma Grayling.

HILA
He said he'll give me a list. A menu
of places and times he can safely take
me.

EMMA
That sounds so... lonely.

HILA
Not to someone who grew up with dreams
of travelling in time.

And he says he'll check in on me, now
and again. See how I'm getting on.

Emma nods. Smiles through tears.

HILA (cont'd)
I don't know what to say.

EMMA
You don't have to say anything. Not to
me.

HILA
I knew you were there. I could feel
you.

EMMA
I could feel you too.

HILA
I feel like -

EMMA
I know.

HILA
Have we -?

EMMA
We can't have. You haven't even been
born yet.

The Doctor pulls free of Clara's grip and approaches, grinning.

THE DOCTOR
No. You can't have met. But she *can* be
your great, great, great, great, great
granddaughter.
(turns to Palmer)
Yours too, of course. But you'd
guessed that already, hadn't you?

Long beat.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Oh. Apparently not.

PALMER
The paradoxes -

THE DOCTOR
Resolve themselves. By and large.

A moment in the sunlight. Emma and Palmer blinking in awe at
Hila.

Who smiles back. Seeing it now.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 That's why the psychic link was so
 powerful. Blood calling to blood. Out
 of time.
 (beat)
 Not everything ends. Not love. Not
 always.

Emma and Hila embrace. Hold each other. Tearful.

Then Emma and Palmer.

The Doctor ambles back to Emma and Palmer. Palmer shakes the Doctor's hand.

*

PALMER
 Total pleasure.

THE DOCTOR
 Massive.

Emma just gives him a smile. And that's enough.

PALMER
 And what about us? Emma and me.

THE DOCTOR
 What about you?

PALMER
 What's supposed to happen? What do we
 do now?

Beat.

THE DOCTOR
 Hold hands.

A tentative moment. And then they do. They hold hands.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 That's what's supposed to happen. Keep
 doing that. And don't let go. That's
 the secret.

He gives them a smile. Knowing. Roguish. Swaggering back to the TARDIS. Then STOPS. And

THE SMILE FALLS.

As something occurs to him. He stands there, working it through.

Then - one last time - he SPINS. To confront CALIBURN HOUSE.

ANGLE ON: A HIGH WINDOW

Where a LONELY SHADOW seems to watch - before darting away.

BACK TO SCENE

The Doctor laughs, delighted. Slaps his forehead.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I - AM - SO - SLOW!

CUT TO:

91 **INT. CALIBURN HOUSE - NIGHT**

91

RAPID FLASHBACKS: Clara glances over her shoulder: Emma looks over her shoulder: Palmer glances over his shoulder.

THE DOCTOR
- *I'm not holding your hand.*

BACK TO SCENE

CLARA
Doctor?

DOCTOR
How do sharks make babies?

CLARA
Carefully?

DOCTOR
No! No! Happily!

CLARA
Sharks don't actually smile. They're just, well - they've got lots and lots of teeth. Sharks are quite eaty.

DOCTOR
Exactly! But birds do it, bees do it... even educated fleas do it, apparently. Although where a flea should get an education I don't know... Where was I?

CLARA
Before flea university? Happy sharks.

He gives her a huge, sharky smile.

DOCTOR
It's a big, lonely cosmos. And terrifying monsters who need other terrifying monsters are the luckiest terrifying monsters in the world.

CLARA
Completely lost now. Feel weird.

Beat.

DOCTOR
Every lonely monster needs a companion.

Another beat. Clara seeing it.

CLARA
There's two of them?

DOCTOR
Oldest story in the universe - this one, or any other. Boy and girl fall in love. Get separated by events. War. Politics. Accidents in time. She's thrown out of the Hex... or he's thrown into it. Since when they've been yearning for each other across time and space. Across *dimensions*... This isn't a ghost story. It's a love story!

Clara opens her mouth to speak - but the Doctor's already running to Emma - grabbing her elbow, spinning her round giving her a great big, apologetic smile.

THE DOCTOR
Excuse me! Excuse me! Sorry to interrupt the rest of your life.
(beat)
So. Tiny favour...

And on Emma's expression we -

SMASH CUT TO:

92 **EXT. HEX - DAY**

92

The Hex is tiny now. The crumbling land mass reduced to a few metres.

In the violent sky... THE PORTAL SHINES.

And here's THE DOCTOR. Unhooking the rope from that ancient leather harness.

He seems to addresses the maelstrom - the epic ferocity of it.

THE DOCTOR
I'm sorry! I understand now!

He turns 360 degrees, peering through the fog - as the Hex collapses all around. Smaller and more perilous by the second.

SHADOWS IN THE FOG. Cautious. Predatory.

Or... *curious*?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(looks around, sees nothing)
I CAN TAKE YOU TO HER!

More shadowy movement. Eager, maybe even scared -

- like a dog in that first moment when it dares to believe it might be taken for a walk.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I can take you to a safe place! Far away! You can be together!

A shape in the fog. Edging closer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Well, get a move on! She's WAITING!

And there it is. The Hider. Silent. Lightning fast. Like a lamprey over his shoulder.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Hello again - you old Romeo, you.

The edges of the Hex crumble – and a CRACK zig-zags across what little remains.

But the Doctor's not scared. The Doctor is exhilarated.

He looks up to the SKY. And grins.

Because here comes the TARDIS!

93 INT. TARDIS - CONTINUOUS

93

Clara at the controls. *Woooo-hoooo!*

94 EXT. HEX - DAY

94

CLOSE ON THE DOCTOR, revelling in this moment of outrageous danger.

THE DOCTOR

He glances over his shoulder. Meets the Hider eye-to-eye.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Now. Get ready to jump.

END CREDITS