

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 8

EPISODE 4

"Listen"

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 2)

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1 **EXT. SPACE - DAY**

1

A star field.

Panning up. Panning up past the TARDIS. It is turning gently in space.

The doors now visible, standing open. The warmth of the control room rotating past.

Panning up.

Sitting, cross-legged on the roof of the police box -

- THE DOCTOR! Eyes closed, as if in a trance, one finger held up, as if calling for silence. On his face, a ferocity of concentration!

Closer, his face rotates into a big close-up, his eyes snap open, fierce and blazing, right at us.

THE DOCTOR
Listen!

CUT TO:

2 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

2

The TARDIS, by candle-light! Every light is shut down, the machine is cold and silent.

But everywhere, candles flickering.

Cutting round eerie flickering details.

The mouths of the corridors, shadows flapping.

The candles, dripping wax, slow and eerie.

THE DOCTOR, sitting cross legged in his armchair. Again, his eye tight shut, his hand held, as if calling for silence. Concentrating, not even breathing.

...Finally, he exhales. A pistol shot of steamy breath into the freezing TARDIS air.

Frustration! He slams his fist onto the chair arm. *Damn it -*

THE DOCTOR
- *listen!!*

CUT TO:

3 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

3

Short while later. The lights are back on, THE DOCTOR is walking round the console room, extinguishing the candles.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
Question! Why do we talk out loud
when we know we're alone?
(A beat, looks around)
Conjecture: because we know we are
not.

Thoughtfully, he looks to one of his blackboards. He now plucks a stick of chalk from his pocket, tosses it in his hand.

JUMP CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR at one of the blackboards, his chalk pattering across. We pan down from the words he has already written...

EVOLUTION PERFECTS

...To the words he is just completing.

SURVIVAL SKILLS.

He steps back, contemplating these words, tapping the chalk against his lips.

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. THE AFRICAN VELDT - DAY** 4

(Stock footage) A lion pounding after an antelope. Now felling it.

CUT TO:

5 **INT. TARDIS - DAY** 5

THE DOCTOR, still writing. Under the previous words he has added.

1.) HUNTING.

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. THE AFRICAN VELDT - DAY** 6

On THE DOCTOR. He's sitting in a tree, watching the scene below through binoculars. *

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
There are perfect hunters.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. TARDIS - DAY** 7

THE DOCTOR's chalk pattering across the blackboard, adding:

(CONTINUED)

2.) DEFENCE.

CUT TO:

8 INT. DEEP UNDER WATER - DAY

8

(Stock footage) Tropical fish, in the deep ocean. A blowfish suddenly expands, all spikes. All the other fish flashing away.

We pan with them to see (comped in) the TARDIS parked on the seabed. Through the shimmer of the water, we see that the doors are open, and THE DOCTOR is leaning casually in the doorway, watching the fish (TARDIS force-field keeps out water).

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
There is perfect defence.

CUT TO:

9 INT. TARDIS - DAY

9

THE DOCTOR's chalk pattering across the word -

3.) HIDING.

Frowns at the word. Then adds a question mark.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
So, question. Why is there no such thing as perfect hiding?

CUT TO:

10 INT. TARDIS - DAY

10

THE DOCTOR, now strolling round the bookshelves on the upper walk way. Talking to himself. Toying with his stick of chalk.

THE DOCTOR
Answer! How would you know?

He's arrived at a table where some books are laid for his study. He lays down his stick of chalk in the central groove of an opened book.

He stands at the rail, looking out over the control room. Like he's giving a lecture.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Logically, if evolution were to perfect a creature whose primary skill was to hide from view at all times, how could you know it existed? How would you detect it? Even sense it?

(CONTINUED)

Then seems to shiver slightly. As if catching himself in a disturbing thought.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Except in those moments when, for no clear reason, you choose to speak aloud.

He looks round the TARDIS. The shelves, the shadows, mouths of the corridors.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
What would such a creature want?
What would it do?

Silence. Shadows. The humming and clicking and grinding of the machine in flight.

His eyes, raking the darkness. Now calls out, as if to someone hiding

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Well? What would you do?

Silence. The TARDIS groans through the centuries

THE DOCTOR smiles at himself. Silly? Perhaps! He reaches for the stick of chalk he left on the opened book -

- and it is gone!

He frowns in confusion -

- and then something rolls against his foot. He looks down. The stick of chalk, now lying next to his shoe.

Bends down, picks it up. How did it get there?

And now he's staring. At the opposite. Eyes widening, shock.

Because now chalked on the nearest blackboard, where there was nothing before, is one word.

The answer to his question.

LISTEN.

OPENING TITLES

Establisher.

CUT TO:

CLARA, coming through the door. She's dressed for going out, but she looks despondent.

(CONTINUED)

As the door slams behind her, she leans against it -

CUT TO:

13 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

13

FLASHBACK

A fairly posh, fairly pleasant restaurant.

DANNY is sitting nervously at a table.

On the doors, as CLARA comes through them, looking around (she's wearing the same clothes we just saw her in, this is earlier the same evening)

DANNY, sees her - gives her a little wave -

CUT TO:

14 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

14

- on CLARA.

Closes her eyes. A woman reflecting on disaster!

CUT TO:

15 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

15

CLARA, joining DANNY at the table. DANNY is fiddling with the slightly complicated array of cutlery.

CLARA
Hey!

DANNY
Hey!

CLARA
You work from outside in.

DANNY
Yeah, I know.

CLARA
Sorry, you were looking confused.

DANNY
No, I wasn't.

CLARA
I'm doing it again, I'm
embarrassing you.

DANNY
I'm not embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
I know you're not. Not even
blushing this time.

DANNY
Blushing?

CLARA
Or any time.

DANNY
I don't blush about cutlery.

CLARA
"Fear me, I am man!"

She's teasing, but his face is falling. *Oh God!*

CUT TO:

16

INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT

16

On CLARA - eyes still closed, cringing.

CUT TO:

17

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

17

Now across the table from each other.

Not going well.

CLARA
...So the famous drink at last.

DANNY
Yeah, sorry, took a bit of time -
family stuff - but here we are.

CLARA
Dinner, in fact.

DANNY
Yeah, straight to dinner.

CLARA
I like a man who moves fast.

DANNY
Yeah, I might skip straight to
extras.
(A beat)
Afters. *Dessert.*

CLARA
Yeah, I know, dessert.

DANNY
Straight to *dessert.*

(CONTINUED)

6.

CLARA
Gotcha.

Pained embarrassment. Struggling to recover.

DANNY
So. How was your day?

CLARA
Good, yeah, fine. Teaching, you know.

DANNY
Yep, teaching.

CLARA
Teaching, teaching.

DANNY
Totally.

CLARA
...We should stop talking about work.

DANNY
God, yes.

CLARA
Though, do you take Courtney for anything?

CUT TO: *

18

INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT

18

On CLARA, now kicking off her shoes.

*

CUT TO:

19

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

19

The two of them, laughing.

DANNY
Seriously?

CLARA
She couldn't concentrate on her work, because my face is too wide.

DANNY
Wide??

CLARA
She kept shaking her head at me. Every time I looked at her.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (cont'd)
 I asked her what was wrong, she
 said nothing, she was trying to see
 both my eyes at once!

DANNY now roaring.

CLARA (cont'd)
 (Still smiling, teasing)
 It's not that funny. It's *fairly*
 funny.

DANNY
 Is there a safe way through this
 for me?

CLARA
 Tricky, I've got my eye on you now.

DANNY
 Which eye?

CLARA
 Oh, he's got a sense of humour!

DANNY
 Which does not mean I find you
 funny in any way.

CLARA
 I blame Courtney.

DANNY
 I blame Courtney for everything.

CLARA
 I could kill that girl some days.

DANNY
 Me too.

CLARA
 And from you, that means something.

That impacts on DANNY. Temperature drops.

DANNY
 ...I'm sorry?

CUT TO:

CLARA in the kitchen now, making tea.

CUT TO:

Tension in progress!

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
I dug twenty-three wells.

CLARA
I'm sorry?

DANNY
Twenty-three wells - when I was a
soldier. *Twenty-three!*

CLARA
Okay. Good. Good wells.

DANNY
Yeah, they were good actually.

CLARA
I'm not doubting the quality of
your wells.

DANNY
Whole villages, saved. Actual
towns. Full of people. People I
didn't shoot. People I kept safe!

CLARA
Okay. Point taken. Seriously.

DANNY
So why doesn't that get mentioned?

CLARA
*I'm sorry I didn't mention your
twenty-three wells!*

She says this just as the WAITER arrives, slightly
disconcerted.

CLARA (cont'd)
Sorry.

WAITER
Do you want some water for the
table?

CLARA
Oh, don't you worry, he'll probably
dig for it.

The WAITER gets away fast as possible.

DANNY smiles, a little sheepish.

DANNY
Sorry.

CLARA
It's okay.

DANNY
Sensitive subject.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
Yep. Can slightly see that.

DANNY
Sometimes people like you get the wrong end of the stick.

CLARA
...People like me???

CUT TO:

22 INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT

22

CLARA sipping her tea. Miserable.

CUT TO:

23 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

23

Tension be damned, it's a row now.

DANNY
I wasn't making assumptions about you.

CLARA
That really is exactly what you were doing.

DANNY
You made assumptions about me!

CLARA
I made a joke.

DANNY
A not-funny joke.

CLARA
Well do you know what I'm making now?

DANNY
A fuss?

CLARA
An exit!

She stands.

DANNY
Okay. Listen -

CLARA
Bye!

*

(CONTINUED)

10.

And off she storms.

CUT TO:

24

INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT

24

CLARA bangs down her mug of tea. Well *that* was a disaster!

With a sigh she heads for her bedroom. As she opens the door, it only opens a tiny way, and clunks against something. Tries again. What?

THE DOCTOR (O.C.)
You just have to squeeze through.

CUT TO:

25

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

25

The TARDIS is parked just the other side of the door, stopping it opening properly.

As CLARA peers through, she sees THE DOCTOR - he's sitting at the her make up table, studying his face in the triptych of mirrors.

CLARA
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
Why do you have three mirrors? Why don't you just turn your head?

CLARA
What are you doing in my bedroom?

THE DOCTOR
You said you had a date - I thought I'd better hide in the bedroom in case you brought him home. Bit early, aren't you? Did it go wrong, or is this good by your standards? *

CLARA
It was a disaster and I am extremely upset about it, since you didn't ask.

THE DOCTOR
Fine, I need you for a thing! *

CLARA
I can't!

THE DOCTOR
Of course you can, you're free. More than usually free, in fact.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
 I might...
 (Hesitates)
 ...it's just possible I might get a
 phone call.

THE DOCTOR
 What, from the date person. Too
 late now, you've taken your make up
 off.

CLARA
 No, I haven't.

THE DOCTOR
 Oh, well you probably just missed a
 bit. Come on.

He's already bounding through the doors of the TARDIS. CLARA following.

CUT TO:

26

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

26

THE DOCTOR is already leaping to the controls.

CLARA
 I haven't actually said yes.

THE DOCTOR
 Yes, but you know sometimes when
 you talk to yourself? What if
 you're not?

CLARA
 Not what?

THE DOCTOR
 What if it's not you you're talking
 to? Proposition: what if no one is
 ever really alone? What if every
 single living being has a...
 companion. A silent passenger. A
 shadow. What if the prickle on the
 back of your neck, is the breath of
 something close behind you?

CLARA
 How long have you been travelling
 alone?

THE DOCTOR
 Perhaps I never have.

*
 *
 *
 *

*
 *

*
 *
 *
 *

*

*

CUT TO:

27

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

27

A few minutes later. Closer on the word 'LISTEN' chalked on the black board.

Clara and the Doctor are now on the upper walk-way, inspecting the blackboard.

CLARA
It looks like your handwriting.

THE DOCTOR
Well I couldn't have written it and forgotten, could I?? *

CLARA
Have you met *you*?
(Looking at all the spread out books)
What's all this?

THE DOCTOR
Dreams. Accounts of dreams, by different people, all through history. I have a theory. *

CLARA
I'll bet you have. What theory? *

THE DOCTOR
I think everybody, at some point in their lives, has the exact same nightmare. *

CUT TO:

28

INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT

28

Semi-darkness. Close on small BOY, about twelve, sleeping.

A creaking, his eyes flick open.

Wider. He looks around the room - what details we can make out suggest the 1940's, war time.

He starts to sit up -

- cutting closer, but it is -

CUT TO:

29

INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT

29

- a little girl who is now sitting up. Again, about 12. She is looking round the room. What we see in the dimness is clearly Roman. Through the window, stars.

She too is looking nervously round. She reaches for something on her bedside table -

(CONTINUED)

Cutting closer on her hand, but now it is -

CUT TO:

30 **INT. BEDROOM 3 (MODERN DAY) - NIGHT**

30

- an old lady's hand, reaching for a table light. She clicks it on.

A modern-day room. A little old lady sitting bolt upright in bed. She's heard something (The room around her - painfully plain and small, an old folk's home).

She looks frightened, alone, timid.

Something is in this room with her ...

She starts to throw back the covers -

- on the move we -

CUT TO:

31 **INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT**

31

The little BOY, now throwing back the covers, swinging his feet on to floor -

- and as he does so, we cut closer on his feet as they set down.

Something moves in the shadows under the bed ...

... And a hand slips out the dark and simply clasps around his ankle.

CUT TO:

32 **INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT**

32

Close on the little girl, startling.

The same hand now clasping round her ankle. She looks down in shock -

CUT TO:

33 **INT. BEDROOM 3 (MODERN DAY) - NIGHT**

33

- the same hand, clasped around the old lady's ankle.

A moment on the hand - small, like a child's.

CUT TO:

34

INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT

34

The little BOY, frozen, trembling, terrified.

Then the little BOY speaks - a whisper, barely audible.

LITTLE BOY
I'm dreaming.

CUT TO:

35

INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT

35

The little girl, terrified.

LITTLE GIRL
Just a dream.

CUT TO:

36

INT. BEDROOM 3 (MODERN DAY) - NIGHT

36

The old lady, shaking, tears streaming.

OLD LADY
It's a *dream*.

CUT TO:

37

INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT

37

The little BOY.

LITTLE BOY
I'm going back to sleep, it won't
be there.

CUT TO:

38

INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT

38

The little girl.

LITTLE GIRL
Just a dream.

Now cutting round a whole succession of faces - all people, sitting on the edges of their beds. Mostly children, some old people.

VARIOUS PEOPLE
Just a dream ... It's a dream ...
I'm dreaming, it's just a dream ...
Just a dream ... Just dream ...

CUT TO:

39

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

39

THE DOCTOR pacing round the walkway. CLARA is sitting with one of the books.

THE DOCTOR

There are accounts of that dream throughout human history. Time and time again, the same dream. There's an obvious question I'm about to ask you. Do you know what it is?

*
*

CLARA

Have you had that dream?

THE DOCTOR

Exactly.

CLARA

No - that was me asking you. Have you had that dream?

THE DOCTOR

I asked first.

CLARA

No, I did.

THE DOCTOR

You really didn't.

On CLARA: hesitating.

*
*
*
*
*

CLARA

... Okay, yeah, probably. Yes. But everyone dreams about something under the bed!

THE DOCTOR

Why?

*

CUT TO:

40

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

40

THE DOCTOR and CLARA in the TARDIS. THE DOCTOR is placing CLARA's hand into the organic section of the console.

THE DOCTOR

Just hold on tight. If anything bites, let it.

CLARA

What is it?

THE DOCTOR

TARDIS telepathic interface. You're in mental contact with the TARDIS. So don't think anything rude.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
Why not?

THE DOCTOR
There's just a chance it will appear on all the screens. The TARDIS is extrapolating your entire time line, from the moment of your birth, to the moment of your death.

CLARA
Which I do *not* need a preview of.

THE DOCTOR
Switching off the navigation and the safe-guards. Slaving the TARDIS to you.

CLARA
Why?

THE DOCTOR
Now focus on the dream! Focus on the details, picture them, *feel* them - the TARDIS will track on your subconscious, extract the relevant information. Should be able to home in on the moment in your time-line when you first had that dream. Then we'll see.

CLARA
(Unnerved)
What will we see?

THE DOCTOR
What's under your bed. Now don't get distracted, that's very important. You're flying a time machine!

The ship in flight now. CLARA closes her eyes, concentrates. And -

- CLARA's phone rings. Her eyes fly open at the sound.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
No, don't, ignore it.

He's already grabbed the phone from her jacket, tosses it away.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(Checking the instruments)
Okay, good. That worked, we're here.

CLARA
Sorry - I thought I got distracted.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
 (Checking instruments)
 No, we're fine - the date's about
 right. Come on!

*

He's already heading to the doors.

CLARA
 Come on where?

*

THE DOCTOR
 Your childhood!

He's through the doors and out. CLARA - unnerved, cautious - follows.

CUT TO:

41

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT

41

A dull, bleak, old building. Rows of windows, mostly dark. One window, near the top, alight.

THE DOCTOR is standing looking at it, as CLARA joins him.

THE DOCTOR
 Gloucester by the ozone level and
 the drains. Mid-nineties.

*

*

*

CLARA
 Why are we here?

*

*

*

THE DOCTOR
 You must have been here when you
 had the dream.

*

*

*

CLARA
 Never been in Gloucester in my
 life!

*

*

*

THE DOCTOR
 (Heading towards the home)
 Oh, you probably just don't
 remember - have you seen the size
 of human brains, they're hilarious.
 Little you must be in there
 somewhere, with your little brain.

*

*

CLARA
 Isn't it bad if I meet myself?

*

THE DOCTOR
 Potentially catastrophic.

*

CLARA
 So why did you bring me out here?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
I was still talking, I needed
someone to nod. Probably best if
you wait in the TARDIS.

*
*

CLARA is about to fire a retort, as he strides off to the doors when something catches her eye, as she looks up. Frowning now.

CLARA
Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR
See you in a moment.

*
*

CLARA
If I *had* been distracted, what would have happened?

*
*

THE DOCTOR
(At the door)
We'd have gone to the wrong place.
Don't think we have, the time zone is about right. I won't be long.

*
*
*

He heads in -

*

- but CLARA is staring up at the window.

*

A little BOY is looking out, staring down at her. And he looks exactly like a junior version of DANNY!

*

On CLARA, staring. *No! No!!*

And at that exact moment, the little BOY looks down at her.

CLARA transfixated by the little BOY's stare. *Ohh!*

And the little BOY waves at her!

Flashback: DANNY, in the restaurant, waves at her.

Same nervous smile, same wave - same BOY??

With a slightly sickly smile, CLARA returns the wave.

And then -

- without any clear plan, she steps out of sight behind a tree.

*

On the BOY, frowning. Where did she go? Cranes to look. Gives up, goes.

On CLARA: *what a mess, what does she do???*

CLARA
Most screwed up. Date. *Ever!*

Even as she finishes, a thought impacts.

(CONTINUED)

19.

FLASHBACK: THE DOCTOR, solemnly asking ...

THE DOCTOR
**...When you talk to yourself ...
 What if it's not you you're talking
 to?**

Neck-prickling moment for CLARA. Looks round now. Is there something the other side of the tree?

She takes a step, moving round the trunk, trying to see if there's someone the other side.

And when she stops moving -

- for the tiniest moment, you think you can hear something moving the other side of the tree, a rustling. Instantly stopping, almost perfectly in sync -

- CLARA, alert now, so alert, takes another step round the tree, stops -

- the same rustling, the beat-later silence -

Could be anything. An animal in the undergrowth?

CLARA: her eyes flicking to the shadow of the tree, cast by the street lamps. For a moment - so fleetingly you can't be sure, there might just be a shadow of someone on the other side -

- and the shadow flickers away.

CLARA: freaked.

CUT TO:

42

INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. ENTRANCE DOORS - NIGHT

42

A tall, wide, silent corridor, institutional green. And the creepiest children's home you ever saw.

Stepping through the doors, THE DOCTOR.

Looking round: the lofty corridor, the tiled floor, the wide stone stairs rising into the shadows. All the creaks and sighs of a sleeping building, and -

Laughter!

Tinny laughter from a television. He looks round:

A little reception area - a wooden counter, beyond it an office area, closed in by frosted glass panels. Through the glass, the blue flicker of a television.

And now a security man - REG - comes out of the office, looking in surprise.

*

(CONTINUED)

REG
How did you get in?

THE DOCTOR
(Pocketing his
screwdriver)
Your door must be faulty.

CUT TO:

43

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT

43

CLARA, moving round the tree, looking. No one there - but from the shadows, rustling. Nothing, probably ...

BOY
What are you looking for?

*
*

She looks up. The BOY is leaning out of the window, looking directly at her.

CLARA - caught out, not sure what to do.

*

CLARA
Nothing. I just ...
(Curiosity getting the
better of her)
What's your name?

BOY
Rupert.

Visible relief from CLARA.

CLARA
Okay. Hello, Rupert.

BOY
Rupert Pink.

CLARA's face falls, slightly.

BOY (cont'd)
It's a stupid name.

CLARA
No it isn't. I know someone called
Pink.

BOY
I meant Rupert. I'm going to change
it.

On CLARA: is it him. Is this possible?

CLARA
...Why are you awake?

The BOY doesn't reply. Looks uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (cont'd)
Are you scared?

CUT TO:

44

INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. ENTRANCE DOORS - NIGHT

44

REG is solemnly inspecting the entirely blank psychic paper.

REG
An inspection? It's two in the morning.

THE DOCTOR
When better? Do you always work here nights?

REG
Most nights, yes.

THE DOCTOR
...Ever end up talking to yourself?

REG
All the time - this place, you can't help it.

THE DOCTOR
What about your coffee? *

Beyond THE DOCTOR - unseen by him or REG - CLARA has snuck through the door. She glances at THE DOCTOR's back.

REG
My coffee? *

Beyond them, CLARA darts up the stairs.

THE DOCTOR nods at REG's coffee mug, now sitting on the counter

THE DOCTOR
Sometimes do you put it down, and look round and it's not there?

REG
Everybody does that. *

THE DOCTOR
Yes. Everybody.

THE DOCTOR, holding his gaze, sombre.

A silence, REG haunted, this strange man, so compelling -
- and the television laughter cuts dead. *

REG almost startles, looks round.

(CONTINUED)

The blue light of the television gone now. The sudden stillness.

REG
It does that, it goes off.

Silence from THE DOCTOR. He looks back to him -
- and THE DOCTOR has gone.

REG: thrown for a moment. Looking around. The lofty, darkened corridor. So silent now.

He reaches for his Coffee -
- and it's gone. Just the ring where it stood.

REG stares -
- and a burst of tinny laughter. The television has snapped back on, the blue light flickering behind him.

CUT TO:

45

INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

45

THE DOCTOR, stalking along the shadowed corridor, sipping from REG's coffee mug ...

CUT TO:

46

INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. STAIRS - NIGHT

46

On CLARA, cautiously climbing the stairs. A long landing. Rows of doors. All that soft breathing, a whole building asleep. The faint eerie cries of children having nightmares. Which way to go?

CUT TO:

47

INT. RUPERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

47

The BOY - we'll call him RUPERT now - is sitting, crouched in the corner of his plain little room.

The room: institutional, the bare minimum of homely touches. A little bookcase, a cupboard. A single bed, iron bedhead, like an old hospital bed. A ragged old, red bedspread - and under the bed just enough shadow that something might be there.

RUPERT startles -

- because someone is standing at the opened door of his room. CLARA.

CLARA
Hello.

(CONTINUED)

RUPERT just stares at her for a moment.

RUPERT
...Hello.

He doesn't move, just stares up at her, wide-eyed. Doesn't return her smile. A solemn, frightened child.

CLARA, now moving into the room.

CLARA
Nice room.

RUPERT
No it isn't.

CLARA
No, you're right, it isn't. Why don't you have a nicer room?

RUPERT
Cos I don't have a Mum and Dad.

On CLARA, as that impacts - didn't expect such a complete answer.

CLARA
I didn't know that.
(Catches herself)
Of course, why would I know that?

RUPERT
Because I'm in a home.

CLARA
Fair point. I'm very clever.

CLARA pulls the chair over closer to RUPERT, sits on it.

CLARA (cont'd)
You should always have more than one chair. What do you do when people come round?

RUPERT
Sit on the bed.

CLARA
Why aren't you sitting on it then?

RUPERT glances briefly at the bed, doesn't reply. Dark thoughts.

CLARA, looking thoughtfully at the bed. Just enough shadow underneath.

CLARA (cont'd)
Do you think there's something under it?

(CONTINUED)

RUPERT - that fierce frown, when you're trying to stop from crying. Shakes his head.

CLARA (cont'd)
No, it's okay, you can tell me. Do you think there's something under your bed?

No answer, for a moment.

Finally: a slow, uncertain nod.

CLARA (cont'd)
Everybody thinks that, sometimes. That's just how people think at night. Did you have a dream. A hand, grabbing your foot?

*
*
*

His eyes widen. How can she know that?

CLARA (cont'd)
You have, haven't you? You've had that exact dream.

RUPERT
How did you know?

CLARA
Do you know why dreams are called dreams?

*

RUPERT
Why?

CLARA
Because they're not real. If they were real, they wouldn't need a name.

She stands, goes to the bed ...

RUPERT
What are you doing?

She squats down, looks under the bed. Glances mischievously at RUPERT.

*

CLARA
Do you know what's under there?

RUPERT
What?

CLARA
Me!

And she scoots herself under the bed, disappearing completely.

RUPERT leaps to his feet, alarmed.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (cont'd)
 (From under)
 Want to come see?

RUPERT: hesitates.

CLARA (cont'd)
 Come on! It's perfectly safe - and
 there's room.

RUPERT, now scrambling under the bed - a little cautious, but he does it.

On CLARA and RUPERT, lying side by side, under the bed.

CLARA (cont'd)
 See? Nothing here. Except us.

RUPERT
 Sometimes I hear noises.

CLARA
 It's a house full of people, of
 course you hear noises.

RUPERT
 They're all asleep.

CLARA
 They're all dreaming.

RUPERT
 Can you hear dreams?

CLARA
 If you're clever enough. But they
 can't harm you. We always think
 there's something behind us - and
 the space under your bed is what's
 behind you at night. Simple as
 that. There's nothing to be afraid -

*
 *
 *

Creak!

The bedsprings creaking. The bed above them, bulging down slightly towards them, as if someone is now sitting on it.

They stare. *Who's up there???*

CLARA and RUPERT, now in whispers. Staring fixedly at the bed above.

CLARA (cont'd)
 Who else is in this room?

RUPERT
 Nobody.

CLARA
 Someone must have come in.

(CONTINUED)

RUPERT
Nobody came in.

CLARA thinking, resolving.

CLARA
...Stay here.

CLARA slides out from under the bed, stands. Sees:

Now, there is a lump under the bedspread. Enough, say, to indicate a smallish child squatting beneath it - but absolutely still.

Eerily, utterly still. We can see the outline of a little head, narrow shoulders.

CLARA, staring, keep it together.

CLARA (cont'd)
Hello?

Nothing.

She takes a step to the side, to get a better look -

- and the head turns under the bedspread, following her move. Like it can see through the bedspread.

Now, climbing out from the bed, RUPERT. He darts to CLARA's side, grabbing her hand.

CLARA (cont'd)
Who's this? One of your friends,
playing a game?

RUPERT: staring, shaking his head. Nope.

CLARA (cont'd)
(to the draped figure)
Playing a trick, are you? A little
trick on Rupert here?

And now the FIGURE starts to rise -

- as if the whoever is beneath the sheet is getting to their feet.

But the motion is eerily smooth. A perfect ascent.

Now the shrouded, child-sized creature, just standing there on the bed.

CLARA (cont'd)
It's not funny this, you know!

And a familiar voice, from off:

THE DOCTOR
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CLARA and RUPERT spin - because suddenly, impossibly, THE DOCTOR is just there. Sitting on the chair CLARA just vacated, flipping through a book. Seemingly not a care in the world.

CLARA
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
(Still examining book)
I can't find him. Can you find him?

CLARA
...Find who?

He holds up the book, which is clearly a history of steam trains.

THE DOCTOR
Wally.

CLARA
Wally???

THE DOCTOR
He's nowhere in this book

RUPERT
It's not a 'Where's Wally' one.

THE DOCTOR looks at RUPERT - the BOY's engaging, what he needs.

THE DOCTOR
How do you know? Maybe you just haven't found him yet.

RUPERT
He's not in every book.

THE DOCTOR
Well that's a few years of my life
I'll be needing back. Are you scared?

RUPERT: staring at this strange man, not sure what to say.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
The thing on the bed. Whatever it is. Look at it. Does it scare you?

RUPERT looks. The solemn, silent, motionless FIGURE, draped in the bedspread.

RUPERT
Yes.

THE DOCTOR
That's good. Do you know why it's good?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR has stood now, comes round in front of RUPERT, between him and the draped FIGURE. Hunkers down, takes RUPERT's hands (RUPERT can still see the draped FIGURE over THE DOCTOR's shoulder - looming, still).

RUPERT
Why?

THE DOCTOR
Let me tell you about scared. Your heart is beating so hard I can feel it through your hands. Your lungs are going like jet engines. There's so much blood and oxygen pumping through your brain it's like rocket fuel. Right now you can run faster and fight harder and jump higher than ever in your life, and you're so alert it's like you can slow down time. What's wrong with scared - scared is a super power. Your super power. There is danger in this room and guess what - it's you. Do you feel it?

RUPERT - nods.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Do you think he feels it?
(Jerks his head at the creature behind him)
Do you think he's scared? *

RUPERT shakes his head.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Loser! Turn your back on him.

RUPERT
...What?

THE DOCTOR
Turn your back on him, come on. You too, Clara.

THE DOCTOR, now strolls to the window, looking out over the grounds.

CLARA, uncertain. Looks at RUPERT, still transfixed by the draped FIGURE.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Clara. Your back, now.

CLARA, considers. An encouraging nod to the terrified RUPERT - *do it, listen to him* - and she goes to stand next to THE DOCTOR. Just enough space between for RUPERT to stand there.

But RUPERT - still staring, still in shock.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Just do it. Do it now. Turn your back.

And slowly, an effort of will, RUPERT turns his back.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Lovely view out this window.

CLARA
Yeah. Come and see all the dark.

THE DOCTOR
Yes, the deep and lovely dark. We'd never see the stars without it.

And RUPERT - slowly, breathing hard, joins them.

(NB. For as long as they're all looking away, we never see the draped FIGURE. Just shadow, or the reflection in the window - at most a defocussed shape over someone's shoulder.)

The three of them, looking out.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Now. There are two possibilities.
Possibility one: it's just one of your friends standing there, and he's playing a joke on you.
Possibility two: it isn't.

CLARA
So - plan? Plans are good.

THE DOCTOR
You on the bed, I'm talking to you now. Go in peace. We won't look.
Just go.

Silence.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
If all you have to do is stay hidden, it's okay. Just leave.

A sound - a movement from behind. Bedsprings creaking, a foot on the floor.

On RUPERT's face - staring, so panicked.

Distorted in the window reflection - something slipping through the room. He can't see properly for his own reflection - just something moving and flapping behind his head and shoulders.

Then silence. Nothing.

CLARA
Is it gone?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
Don't look round. Not yet.

RUPERT
I can't hear anything.

THE DOCTOR
Don't look round -

But RUPERT turns -

- and the draped *FIGURE* is standing directly behind him!!!

RUPERT stumbles back against the window, speechless with fright!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Look away! Look away now!!!

The bedspread, now sliding over the *FIGURE*, starting to fall from it -

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Don't look at it!

RUPERT snaps his head to the front again -

- close on the bedspread as it hits the floor.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Don't look round.

Now on RUPERT's face, as he sees it reflected in the glass. He can just see someone behind him, almost completely obscured by his own body. Smallish, child-sized - could be human, might not be.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Don't look round - don't look at the reflection.

RUPERT
What is it?

THE DOCTOR
Imagine a thing that must never be seen. What would it do if you saw it?

RUPERT
I don't know.

THE DOCTOR
Neither do I. Close your eyes.

RUPERT
What?

THE DOCTOR
You too, Clara. Close them now. Give it what it wants.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR closes his eyes. So does CLARA. With a visible effort, so does RUPERT.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Prove to it you're never going to
look. Make a promise - promise
never to look at it.

RUPERT
... I promise ... Never to look ...

On the back of RUPERT's neck. The shadow of the creature behind (still unseen) as it steps even closer.

The sound of an exhaling breath.

Zooming super closer on the back of RUPERT's neck -
- we can see the tiny hairs stirring.

THE DOCTOR
The breath on the back of your neck
... Like your hairs standing on end
... That means, *don't look round!!*

On RUPERT's face, eyes tight shut. Straining, terrified!
Don't ... Look ... *Round!!*

And we hear the door closing.

All three spin.

The room, empty now. Even the bedspread is gone!

CLARA
Gone?

THE DOCTOR
Gone!

RUPERT
He took my bedspread.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, the human race - you're never
happy, are you???

CUT TO:

INT. RUPERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later. RUPERT sitting in the middle of the bed. THE DOCTOR sitting in the chair now, toying with his sonic screwdriver, bored now the crisis is over. CLARA is rooting through a cupboard next to him.

RUPERT
Am I safe now?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
 Oh, no, nobody's safe. Especially
 not at night in the dark, anything
 can get you. And you're up here all
 alone -

*
*

Barely looking round - like she's used to it - CLARA lightly cuffs THE DOCTOR round the head.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 What was that for?

CLARA
 Shut up and leave this to me.

*
*

She's pulled a shoebox from the cupboard - it's full of toy soldiers.

CLARA (cont'd)
 (To Rupert)
 These yours?

RUPERT
 They're the home's.

CLARA
 They're yours now.

THE DOCTOR
 People don't need to be lied to.

*

CLARA
 People don't need to be scared by a
 gray-haired stick insect, but here
 you are. Sit down, shut up.
 (to Rupert)
 See what I'm doing?

She's arranging the toy soldiers round the bed. The little plastic men are all pointing their guns at the underneath area.

CLARA (cont'd)
 This is your team. Your army.

THE DOCTOR
 Plastic army.

CLARA
 Sit down! And they're going to
 guard under your bed.

Grumpily, THE DOCTOR sits on the chair. Folds his arms,
 sulkily.

*
*

CLARA (cont'd)
 (Holds up one of the
 plastic soldiers - a
 broken one)
 This one is the boss soldier. The
 Colonel. He'll keep a special eye
 out -

(CONTINUED)

RUPERT
It's broken, that one. It doesn't have a gun.

CLARA
That's why he's boss. A soldier who's so brave he doesn't need a gun ... can keep the whole world safe. What shall we call him? *

RUPERT
Dan!

CLARA
(Impacts on her)
... I'm sorry?

RUPERT
Dan, the soldier man. That's what I'll call him.

He's reached and taken the plastic soldier.

CLARA
Yeah, okay. Good name.

RUPERT
Yeah.

On CLARA - a bit thrown. Is she creating his future.

RUPERT (cont'd)
Would you read me a story? It'll help me get to sleep.

CLARA
Sure.

THE DOCTOR reaches over, presses his fingers against RUPERT's temples.

THE DOCTOR
Once upon a time -
(Rupert goes limp)
The End.

He lays back on the bed. THE DOCTOR smiles at CLARA.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Dad skills.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR at the controls, CLARA thoughtful.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
So is it possible we just saved
that kid from another kid in a
bedspread.

THE DOCTOR
Entirely possible, yes. Bigger
question - why did we end up with
him, and not you?

CLARA
I got distracted.

THE DOCTOR
But why that particular boy? You
don't have any kind of connection
with him, do you?

CLARA
No, course not. Why do you ask?

THE DOCTOR
The TARDIS was slaved to your time
line - in theory, there should be
some connection.

CLARA
Will he... remember any of that?

THE DOCTOR
Scrambled his memory, shouldn't
think so. Gave him a big old dream
about being Dan the soldier man.

CLARA: closing her eyes in despair. This is so screwed up.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
You okay?

CLARA
Doctor ... I'm sorry to ask. And I
realise this is probably against
the laws of time, or something ...
But could you do me a favour?

CUT TO:

- rejoining the scene, where CLARA stormed out the
restaurant. She strides out the doors -

CUT TO:

CLARA storms away down the street -

(CONTINUED)

- oblivious to the fact that she's just walked past the TARDIS, which is parked in a side-alley.

We hold on the TARDIS as the current version of CLARA pops her head out, watches herself storm away. THE DOCTOR has popped his head out too.

CLARA
Is that what I look like from the back?

THE DOCTOR
It's fine.

CLARA
I was thinking it was good.

THE DOCTOR
Really?

CUT TO:

52

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

52

DANNY, at the table, his evening in ruins, when -

- CLARA (the current version) slips back into the seat opposite. An apologetic smile.

CLARA
Sorry!

DANNY
Oh! Hello.

With mock formality she puts out her hand to shake his.

CLARA
Hello. I am Clara Oswald. I'm a bit tricky, sometimes a bit up myself, and I don't like my surname, but I think that's basically everything you need to worry about.

DANNY thrown for a moment. But then relieved. Shakes her hand, the same mock formality.

DANNY
I'm - I'm sorry, I'm really -

CLARA
Also, I mouth off when I'm nervous. And I've got a mouth on me. Seriously, it's got a mind of its own. I'm worried it wants to go solo.

DANNY
...I don't know what to say.

*

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
Don't say anything. Or just say something nice.

DANNY
...I like your surname.

CLARA
It's a start.

DANNY
Oswald. It suits you.

CLARA
Drifting now.

DANNY
Better than Pink.

CLARA
Pink is nice. I like pink.

DANNY
You can have it.

CLARA
A bold offer, Mr. Pink.

DANNY
(Fluttering)
No, sorry, I didn't mean -

CLARA
It's okay, I know.

DANNY
Why can't I talk this evening? *

CLARA
It's that foot you keep in your mouth. *

DANNY
Is that where I put it? *

CLARA
Anyway. Clara Pink - too much.

DANNY
Yeah, that is too much - *

CLARA
Mind you - *Rupert* Pink! *

On DANNY - wha - ?

DANNY
...I'm sorry?

CLARA
Um. *Rupert*. Also - not good. *

(CONTINUED)

37.

DANNY
Rupert.

CLARA faltering - how she's supposed to know that. Trying to be casual now.

CLARA
That was your name, yeah?

DANNY
Who told you that

CLARA
Um ... someone. At the school.

DANNY
(Frowning now, troubled)
No. I haven't been called that in
years.

CLARA
I can't remember who it was -

DANNY
Are you making fun of me?

CLARA
No! No way!

DANNY
Is this a joke?

CLARA
Nothing about any of this is any
kind of joke!

And right on cue, a door in the wall behind DANNY opens and for a moment, we see a SPACEMAN! A figure in a red space suit (as in Hide) with a silver visor. The SPACEMAN looks briefly round the restaurant, then steps back and closes the door

CLARA shocked, having seen this.

DANNY - the door behind him - oblivious.

DANNY
What happened to your coat?

CLARA
My what?

DANNY
You put on your coat when you left.
When you came back through the
door, a few seconds later, you
weren't wearing it.

CLARA
I must have... left it.

*
*

*

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
In the street?

CLARA: this is getting so out of control.

CLARA
...Danny. I'm sorry. There's
something I should probably be
honest about.

DANNY
How about everything? *

CLARA
Everything, in my case, is really
quite a lot. *

DANNY
Well that sounds... weird.

CLARA
No, it's not weird, not really -
where are you going?

She asks this, because DANNY has got to his feet.

DANNY
Weird isn't something I do.

CLARA
Danny, no please -

DANNY
I'm going.

CLARA
Don't go.

DANNY
Then do something for me. Tell me
the truth. Because I know when
people are lying to me - I was a
soldier, I'm a teacher, I really do
know. So whatever weird thing it
is, just tell me the truth!

CLARA
It's not weird!

Over DANNY's shoulder: the door flies open again, this time
all the way. The SPACEMAN points at CLARA, jerks a thumb over
his shoulder at the TARDIS which is parked in the corridor
behind, and slams back out again.

CLARA (cont'd)
...Exactly.

That face-falling moment is enough for DANNY.

DANNY
Excuse me!

(CONTINUED)

And this time it's DANNY who goes striding out of the restaurant.

CLARA: so despairing, so pissed off.

A venomous look at the door! *Damn it!!!* She goes battering through the door.

CUT TO:

53

INT. RESTAURANT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

53

A side corridor in the restaurant - the TARDIS practically filling it.

CLARA goes striding through the police box doors -

CUT TO:

54

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

54

CLARA comes crashing through the doors, indignation levels at critical. She goes storming over to the SPACEMAN standing by the console.

CLARA
 I am trying to have a date. A real life, inter-human, actual date!
 It's a normal, nice, every day meeting-up-sort-of thing, and I just want to know, do you have any other way to make this any more surreal than it is already?

For answer, the SPACEMAN presses a button in the side of his helmet, and pulls it off.

- to reveal the face of DANNY. There are flecks of grey in his hair, he looks a few years older -

- but no question, it's him!

DANNY
 Hello.

CLARA just stares in a world of spinning shock!!! *

And now THE DOCTOR, in his normal clothes is coming up the stairs.

THE DOCTOR
 Ah, Clara!
 (To Danny)
 Well done, you found her.

She stares at him. What, what, what???

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Do you know, this is a bit strange.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
Danny?

CLARA, looking between the two men. *What???* *What???*

THE DOCTOR
What's gone wrong with your face?
It's all eyes! Why are you all
eyes? Get them under control.

DANNY
Who's Danny?

CLARA: wha-

THE DOCTOR
This is Colonel Orson Pink. From
about a hundred years in your
future. *

CLARA
Orson Pink?? *

THE DOCTOR
Yes, I laughed, too.
(To Orson)
Sorry!
(To Clara)
Do you have any connection with
him?

CLARA
Connection?

THE DOCTOR
Maybe he's a descendant of yours or
something?

On CLARA: that thought impacting! *Oh my God!*

CLARA
How would I know?

THE DOCTOR
(To Orson)
Any old family photographs of her?
Except really old? Possibly very
fat?

ORSON
Well. I don't -

CLARA
How did you find him?

THE DOCTOR
You left a trace in the TARDIS
telepathic circuits. I fired them
up again and the TARDIS brought me
straight to him. So he's *something*
to do with your time line.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA and ORSON, nervously eyeing each other.

CLARA
Okay ...

THE DOCTOR
And you'll never guess where I
found him!

CUT TO:

55 EXT. A WILDERNESS PLANET - SUNSET 55

Tracking over a craggy, moon-like wilderness.

A sun is setting over mountains - a blood red sunset.

The sky above, darkening. A few pin-prick stars.

Now discovering a smallish, crashed ship. It has been
converted into a primitive encampment -

Closer on one of the tiny windows in one of the domes.
CLARA's face appears at it, peering round at the desolation.

CUT TO:

56 INT. ORSON'S BASE - EVENING 56

A rough and ready place. Originally the command deck of a
ship, but customised as a living space - the space age meets
Robinson Crusoe. There is a huge round hatch in one wall -
the exit - and the TARDIS is parked in the corner. An
outpost, for one man, living alone. The doomy, red glow
through the windows lights the scene.

CLARA is turning from the window.

CLARA
(Turning to THE DOCTOR)
Where are we?

THE DOCTOR, pottering at the controls.

THE DOCTOR
The end of the road?.. This is it,
the end of everything, the last
planet.

*

CLARA
...The end of the universe??

THE DOCTOR
The TARDIS isn't supposed to come
this far, but some idiot turned the
safeguards off. Listen!

CLARA
To what?

(CONTINUED)

42.

THE DOCTOR
 Nothing. There's nothing to hear, nothing anywhere. Not a breath, not a slither, not a click or a tick. All the clocks have stopped. This is the silence at the end of time.

On CLARA: struck, for a moment, at this thought. Then a crashing. Clara looks to:

At the other end of a connecting corridor, we can see DANNY (ORSON) - he seems to be frantically packing up his equipment (The crash was him dropping something). *

CLARA
 Then how did he get here? If he's from a hundred years in my future
 ...

THE DOCTOR
 Pioneer time traveller.

THE DOCTOR has strolled over to one of the consoles, sonics it. News footage on the screen, silent. We see ORSON smiling and waving for the camera, on the steps of his space ship. The scrolling banner reads "See you next week, says time traveller." *

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Rode the first of the great time shots. They were supposed to fire him into the middle of the next week.

CLARA
 What happened?

THE DOCTOR
 He went a bit far.

CLARA
 A bit?

THE DOCTOR
 A big bit.

The picture on the screen has changed - now footage of ORSON being interviewed.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Now look at him. Robinson Crusoe at the end of time itself. The last man standing in the universe. I always thought it would be me.

CLARA
 It's not a competition.

THE DOCTOR
 Of course it's not, I know it's not. There's still time though. *

(CONTINUED)

On CLARA, staring at the name on the screen - *Pink*.

CLARA - debating whether to tell him. Another crash.

CLARA
He looks like he's packing.

THE DOCTOR
Stranded for six months, just met a
time traveller. Of course he's
packing.

ORSON comes crashing into the room, stuffing things into a
backpack.

ORSON
You can do it then? You can get me
home?

THE DOCTOR
Just showed you, didn't I? Test
flight to a restaurant.

ORSON
But to my family, to my own time?

THE DOCTOR
Easy! I can do that, can't I,
Clara?

CLARA
He can, yes.

She's staring at ORSON, just a little freaked by him.

ORSON
(Picking up on the stare)
You okay?

CLARA
Yeah, fine. I'm fine.

ORSON
Do I know you?

CLARA
No, no.

THE DOCTOR
Is she doing the "all eyes" thing?
It's because her face is so wide.
She needs three mirrors!

CLARA
Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR
Can't leave immediately, though.
The TARDIS will need to recharge.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
Sorry, what?

THE DOCTOR
Over night, should do it. What do you think, Clara?

ORSON
(Paling)
Over night?

CLARA
Since when does the TARDIS need to recharge.

THE DOCTOR
Since now. Since I said so.
(To Orson)
One more night, that's not a problem, is it?

ORSON, now evasive, now avoiding his eye.

ORSON
No. No, not at all, not a problem.

THE DOCTOR: change of mood now. Colder more serious.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, that's a shame, isn't it?

ORSON
What's a shame?

THE DOCTOR
Only three people left in the universe. And you're lying to the other two.

ORSON, about to deny it. Falters.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
It's the first thing I noticed when I stepped in here. You must have seen it, Clara - you've got eyes out to here!

CLARA
Seen what?

THE DOCTOR, grave and sombre, turns to the big round door with a spinwheel in the centre.

THE DOCTOR
The universe is dead. Everything that ever was is dead and gone.
There is nothing beyond this door but nothingness forever ...
(turns to Orson)
So why's it locked?

*

*

(CONTINUED)

45.

He looks pleadingly up at THE DOCTOR.

ORSON
Please. Don't make me spend another night here.

THE DOCTOR
Afraid of the dark? The dark is empty now.

The room is turning redder, and redder. ORSON turns to look through the windows.

The sun disappearing behind the mountains, a last orange flash.

ORSON
...No. No, it isn't.

CUT TO:

57

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

57

ORSON stands, looking round the TARDIS. CLARA, next to him, helping him with his stuff.

CLARA
You'll be safe in here. Nothing gets through those doors, I promise.

ORSON
And you two are going to wait out there?

CLARA
That would seem to be the plan.
Wait for what exactly?

ORSON
...Why can't we just leave?

CLARA
Like he said - it's recharging.

ORSON
You didn't look like you believed him.

CLARA
That's just how my face looks when he's talking.

She now sets down the back pack she carried into the TARDIS.

*
*
*

As she does, it falls, and something skitters out of it.

On CLARA: *what???*

(CONTINUED)

46.

Lying on the floor, the exact broken toy soldier, from all those years ago.

Stares at it? *What???*

ORSON is picking it up now, registering CLARA's reaction.

ORSON
It's just a silly toy thing. Family heirloom. Supposed to bring good luck.

CLARA
Right. Yes.
(Forcing herself to keep it under control)
Didn't do a very good job, did it?

ORSON
Sure, it did. You're here, aren't you? What were the chances of you two finding me.

CLARA looks to the soldier. Astonished. Because in a way ...

CLARA
Take my advice, Orson. When you get home, stay away from time travel.

She turns to go.

ORSON
It runs in the family.

CLARA, turning back - *what??*

CLARA
What do you mean?? What are you talking about, runs in the family??

ORSON
Nothing. Nothing, sorry, just silly stories - one of my grandparents - well, great grandparents -

And he breaks off, staring at her.

CLARA
What, is it? What's wrong, tell me!

Still staring. Tiny shake of his head, like this is something too big to talk about.

CLARA (cont'd)
You asked if you knew me.

ORSON: still just staring. But like he's figured it out, but he's not telling. And now he's holding out the little plastic soldier. A gift.

CLARA looks at the toy, back to ORSON. She can't accept this.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (cont'd)
It's a family heirloom.

ORSON
Yes.

And she reaches to take the soldier, her fingers closing round it.

*

CUT TO:

58

INT. ORSON'S BASE - NIGHT

58

THE DOCTOR and CLARA, reclining next to each other on the command chairs, sipping cups of tea. They look like friends on adjacent sun loungers.

They've swivelled the chairs round to face the entrance hatch.

A silence. THE DOCTOR sips his tea. That fierce frown.

CLARA, looking at him. What's got into him today?

CLARA
...What are we doing?

THE DOCTOR
Waiting.

CLARA
For what? For who? If everyone in the universe is dead then there's nobody out there.

THE DOCTOR
That's one way of looking at it.

CLARA
What's the other?

Turns to look at her, sombre.

THE DOCTOR
That's a helluva lot of ghosts.

As if on cue, the lighting changes - suddenly a dim, eerie, purple.

CLARA
Do you have your own mood lighting now? Because frankly, the accent's enough.

As he speaks, they've both turned to look at the door - - and they break off staring.

Their POV. Glowing handwriting is now illuminated, scrawled across the door.

(CONTINUED)

48.

DON'T OPEN THE DOOR.

CLARA (cont'd)
...Where did that come from?

THE DOCTOR
It was always there. Only visible
in the night light.

CLARA
But who wrote it?

THE DOCTOR
Colonel Pink. Apparently, at night,
he needs a reminder. Six months
alone, I suppose it must be
tempting.

CLARA
What must?

THE DOCTOR
Company.

And from outside, there is a scuttling and a scratching, as
if at the hull.

CLARA, startles.

CLARA
What's that?

THE DOCTOR
What sort of explanation would you
like?

CLARA
A reassuring one.

THE DOCTOR
The systems are switching to low
power. There are temperature
differentials all over this ship.
Like pipes banging when the heating
goes off.

*
*
*

CLARA
Always thought there was something
in the pipes.

*
*
*

THE DOCTOR
Me too. Who were you having dinner
with?

CLARA
Are you making conversation?

THE DOCTOR
I thought I'd give it a try.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
A date. I told you.

THE DOCTOR
Serious?

CLARA
It's a date.

THE DOCTOR
A serious date?

CLARA
Do I have to bring him to you for
approval.

THE DOCTOR
I'll want to know about his
prospects. If you like, I can pop
ahead and check.

CLARA
Frankly, you've already done
enough..

THE DOCTOR, momentarily confused by that -

- then, seemingly from outside, a breathy hissing and
slithering.

They both tense.

THE DOCTOR
Atmospheric pressure equalising.

CLARA
Or?

THE DOCTOR
Company.

CLARA
Why are we doing this? Why don't we
just go.

THE DOCTOR
Because I need to know.

CLARA
About what?

THE DOCTOR
Suppose there were creatures, that
lived to hide - that only showed
themselves to the young, or the
very old, or the mad, or anyone who
wouldn't be believed ...

CLARA
Okay, suppose ...

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
 What might they do, those
 creatures, when everyone was gone
 ..? When there was only one man
 left in the universe ..?

And, from the door, a clang. *Someone is knocking!*

Clang! Clang! Clang!

CLARA
 ...What's that?

Clang! Clang! Clang! Each time, the clangs come in groups of three.

THE DOCTOR
 Potentially, the hull cooling.

CLARA
 Potentially?

THE DOCTOR
 Believably.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

CLARA
 It sounds like ...

She tails off.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

THE DOCTOR
 It sounds like someone knocking.
 Yes.

Both now sitting up. So tense. Breathing.

CLARA
 You don't actually believe it, do
 you? Hiding creatures. Things from
 under the bed.

THE DOCTOR is rising, now crosses to stand in front of the door.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

*

THE DOCTOR
 (Reciting)
 What's that in the mirror? And the
 corner of your eye?
 What's that footstep following, but
 never passing by?

Clang! Clang! Clang!

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
Did we come to the end of the
universe because of a nursery
rhyme???

THE DOCTOR - bracing himself. Taking the fateful decision.

THE DOCTOR
Get in the TARDIS.

He's drawn his sonic screwdriver.

CLARA
Why?

THE DOCTOR
I have to know.

He raises the screwdriver, sonics.

The word LOCKED blinks, changes to UNLOCKED.

CLARA
Doctor!!!

THE DOCTOR
The TARDIS, now!

And clunk! The wheel in the centre of the round hatch is
turning, in intermittent jerks. *Clunk! Clunk!*

CLARA: keeping it together, keeping calm. Got to get him out
of here.

CLARA
Okay. So there's something out
there, now we know. We can leave.

THE DOCTOR: tiny shake of his head. *Clunk! Clunk!*

CLARA (cont'd)
Doctor!!!

THE DOCTOR
It's a pressure lock - releasing it
could trip the opening mechanism.
Get in the TARDIS. Do it now!!

CLARA
Is there even an atmosphere out
there??

THE DOCTOR
There's an air-shell round the
ship, I'll be fine! Why are you
still here??

Clunk! Clunk!

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
I'm not going to leave you in
danger ...

THE DOCTOR
Then you will never travel with me
again, because that is the deal!
TARDIS, now, do as you're told!

Clunk! Clunk!

CLARA
You're an idiot.

THE DOCTOR
I know.

She goes, slamming the TARDIS door.

CUT TO:

59

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

59

CLARA comes slamming into the control room.
ORSON, looks at her, worried.

ORSON
What's happening?

She looks back at him. *Oh God!*

CLARA
He's opening the door!

CUT TO:

60

INT. ORSON'S BASE - NIGHT

60

Clunk! Clunk!

THE DOCTOR, staring at the door, transfixed.

THE DOCTOR
(Reciting)
Perhaps they're all just waiting,
perhaps when we're all dead
Out they'll come a-slithering from
underneath the bed.

Clunk! Hissssss ...

The door starts to heave open.

On THE DOCTOR's face. Fierce, fascinated. He's going to know,
he's going to know!!!

CUT TO:

61

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

61

CLARA, at the console.

She's switched the monitor on.

On the monitor, we can see THE DOCTOR standing there. From this angle we can see the door swing open, but not what's through it.

He stares -

- and the screen flickers!

CLARA
(Banging the screen)
No, not now, come on!!!

On the monitor: THE DOCTOR stepping slowly towards the open door. What can he see? Can he see anything??

The monitor flickers again, goes out!

CLARA (cont'd)
(Banging it harder)
Oh, it's always when it's
important!!!

And the TARDIS lurches - something's happening out there!!! They both grab on to the console.

CLARA (cont'd)
What's happening???

And now, an alarm sounding from outside the TARDIS.

CLARA (cont'd)
What's that?

ORSON
The alarm - the air shell's
breached! Stay here!!!

ORSON, now grabbing his space helmet from on top of his backpack -

- we whip pan to the monitor as it flares back into life -

- a hazy shot of THE DOCTOR, clinging to a console, as the air shrieks out of the room -

CUT TO:

62

INT. ORSON'S BASE - NIGHT

62

Closer on THE DOCTOR, for real now. He's bleeding down one side of his face, as if he's been hit, and he's clinging for dear life to the console. Debris is streaking past him as everything is sucked out the door.

(CONTINUED)

His grip slips, and slips -

- but suddenly a red gauntleted hand closes round his arm.

Wider: ORSON, fully suited up, clinging to the TARDIS with one hand, and THE DOCTOR with the other.

CUT TO:

63

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

63

Close on THE DOCTOR - slumped in his chair. Still bleeding from his temple, but now unconscious.

ORSON is examining him. CLARA, hovering.

CLARA
Is he okay?

ORSON
Out cold, but fine.

CLARA's eyes go to the cut in his forehead.

CLARA
Something hit him.

ORSON
Everything was flying out that door.

They look at each other, unsure.

CLARA
Could've been that.

ORSON
Yeah.

CLARA
What was out there? What were you afraid of?

ORSON
I was here a long time. My own shadow, probably.

CLARA
...Yeah.

A noise from outside. Like something buffeting against the doors.

They turn, stare.

ORSON
Probably just the rest of the air escaping.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
You say 'probably' a lot.

The doors seem to strain, as if under pressure.

The TARDIS lurches.

ORSON
Nothing can get in here, right?

CLARA
Probably.

Shakes, judders.

They both take an involuntary step back from the doors.

CLARA looks to THE DOCTOR - out cold, the bastard - then she's racing round the console.

ORSON
You got a plan?

She's gone to the squidgy area of the TARDIS console, where THE DOCTOR pressed her hand before.

CLARA
Telepathic circuits. I left a trace in them before -

ORSON
So?

CLARA
(Jamming her hand in again)
Apparently that can do a thing.

ORSON
That's your plan?

CLARA
It's not a plan. It's a thing.

The squidgy area now glowing, absorbing. We hear the engines stutter.

CLARA (cont'd)
Come on, you can do it!

The column flares, the lights flicker madly.

CLARA (cont'd)
Come on, come on!

As affected, THE DOCTOR stirs, mutters, grumbles. CLARA glances at him, anxiously.

CLARA (cont'd)
Sorry!

(CONTINUED)

And now the engines are roaring, the room tilting.

CLARA (cont'd)
Here we go!

ORSON and CLARA, clinging to the console. THE DOCTOR lolling in his chair -

- and *thump!*

Silence. The TARDIS engines power down.

ORSON
Is that it?

CLARA, looking at the instruments.

CLARA
I don't know. I think so.

ORSON
Where are we?

CLARA turns to look at the doors. Through the glass panes, there is darkness - not the purple light of before.

CLARA
Somewhere else. I hope.

She starts towards the door. ORSON makes to join her.

CLARA (cont'd)
No. Look after the Doctor.

ORSON
You can't go out there on your own.

CLARA
Thing is, my time line, it keeps -
(Gives up on the
explanation)
Orson, you don't want to meet
yourself. It's really embarrassing.

And with that, she's gone.

CUT TO:

A dilapidated barn. In almost total darkness. Hard to tell the period. There's a hole in the roof.

The TARDIS, now parked in the corner. CLARA stepping out of it, peering round.

Spooky. Silent. But safe enough. They made it, they got away.

She moves to re-enter the TARDIS, and then -

(CONTINUED)

A child crying. Just faintly, barely a sniffle. But close, very close.

She looks round - where is he?

A set of ladders, leading up to a hayloft. Another sniffle. Up there, definitely.

There's such a note of misery in that cry, she can't help herself. She moves towards the ladder. Now she's climbing.

The cramped hayloft. There's a tiny window - through it we can see stars.

Below the window, there's a miserable little bed. A child-sized bump under a scrap of blanket. A pile of books by the bed.

Tiny shaking shoulders.

That sobbing. So desolate, so sad.

CLARA: drawn by it, can't help it. A step forward. Another? Now she speaks, so softly.

CLARA
Rupert?

The little BOY stiffens. Doesn't turn.

CLARA (cont'd)
Orson?

Then a bang from off.

Someone is entering the barn below. Two voices, a man's and a woman's.

MAN (O.C.)
Why does he have to sleep out
here???

WOMAN (O.C.)
He doesn't want the others to hear
him crying.

MAN (O.C.)
Why does he have to cry all the
time?

WOMAN (O.C.)
You know why.

MAN (O.C.)
There'll be no crying in the army.

WOMAN (O.C.)
Hush!

The creak of the ladder. *They're coming up!*

(CONTINUED)

CLARA spins! Where to hide??

No choice! She drops to the floor, rolls under the bed.

Now with CLARA, under the bed - we see the rest of the scene from here. Two pairs of feet have arrived next to the bed - the MAN and WOMAN. Old shoes, seen better days. Again, the period is unclear.

MAN
Don't pretend you're not awake.
We're not idiots.

WOMAN
Come and sleep in the house. You don't have to be alone!

Mutinous silence.

MAN
That's an *order*!

WOMAN
It's not an order.

MAN
You'll have to learn to obey orders if you're going to be a soldier!

WOMAN
If you can hear me, you're very welcome in the house, with the other boys. I'll leave the door on the latch. Come in, any time.

The feet, departing now. We hear the creak of the ladder.

*

MAN
He can't just run away crying all the time, if he wants to join the army.

*

*

*

WOMAN
He doesn't want to join the army. I keep telling you.

MAN
Well he's not going to the Academy, is he, that boy? He'll never make a Time Lord.

On CLARA: her eyes widen. Realisation, crashing in. No!! No!! The little BOY in the bed above - it can't be, *it can't be!!*

FLASHBACK - cutting fast round:

CLARA pressing her hand into the squidgy section of the console, glancing over at THE DOCTOR -

- THE DOCTOR stirring.

(CONTINUED)

- the squidgy section glowing round her hand -

CLARA, under the bed, as the terrible possibility dawns. *Is she in THE DOCTOR's childhood???* *

Now we hear the old couple below, creaking open the door again.

MAN (cont'd)
Why does he always come to this place?

WOMAN
I don't know. It's where he always hides when there's trouble.

And now CLARA, looking round the dimness. Now she, and we recognise it.

It's the barn from *The Day Of The Doctor!* (Flashbacks to illustrate - the three Doctors take the big decision!!)

A stirring from above. The BOY shifting about on the bed.

CLARA, panicking. Glances over at:

Even from up here, she can just see the TARDIS parked at the far end of the barn.

Oh, this is wrong! She can't let this happen!! He can't find the TARDIS now! *

Above, the little BOY shifts his weight again, clearly getting up -

- and a pair of little BOY feet plant themselves on the floor, inches from CLARA -

She doesn't even think about what she does next! She reaches out grasps the little BOY's ankle.

As the BOY freezes, this moment impacts on CLARA. *Oh my God!!! Is this where it all begins???*

What does she do? The BOY is terrified.

Calms herself. Knows what she has to do...

She now speaks, in a soothing whisper...

CLARA
It's okay. This is just a dream.
Lie back on the bed. Just lie down again. It will all be fine, if you just lie down and go to sleep.

The BOY's feet - not moving.

CLARA (cont'd)
Just do that for me. Just sleep.

(CONTINUED)

Nothing. Then the BOY's feet slowly rise. The bed creaks as he lies back.

CLARA, still for a moment. Has that worked? Well, the BOY isn't moving. She starts to ease herself out from under the bed. Slowly does it ...

Raises herself to her feet. Starts moving to the ladder -

- and it starts again. That sobbing. The saddest sound - a small BOY crying in the dark. CLARA looks between the TARDIS and the sobbing child. Can't do it. Can't leave him. Hesitates ...

She moves back to the bed. Kneels by it. The child (just a scrap of hair on the pillow, we never see the face) keeps crying.

CLARA puts a hand out, strokes his hair. The crying goes on.

Hesitates. Then speaks.

CLARA (cont'd)
Listen -

CUT TO:

65

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

65

Explosively, THE DOCTOR is awake. He leaps up from his chair.

THE DOCTOR
Sontarans! Perverting the course of
human history!!!

ORSON
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
(Spins on him)
Cleo! Take off that ridiculous
disguise, Queen of the Nile!!

ORSON
I'm sorry, I don't -

THE DOCTOR
No, shut up, you're confusing me.
(Looking around)
Where's Clara? Is Clara all right?

ORSON
She's fine.

THE DOCTOR
Where is she?

ORSON
What happened? What did you see?
What was out there?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR haunted now - but also unsure. Puts a hand to his wounded temple, looks at the blood on his fingers.

THE DOCTOR
...I'm not sure.

CLARA
(From off)
...What if there was nothing?

THE DOCTOR and ORSON spin.

There's CLARA, standing just inside the doors. She now closes them behind her.

CLARA (cont'd)
What if there never was anything?
Nothing under the bed, nothing at the door.
(Coming towards THE DOCTOR now)
What if the big bad Time Lord doesn't want to admit he's just afraid of the dark?

THE DOCTOR stares at her, almost affronted. *What???*

THE DOCTOR
Where are we? Have we moved - where have we landed?

CLARA neatly interposes herself between THE DOCTOR and his instruments.

CLARA
Don't look where we are. Take off, and promise me you'll never look where we've been.

THE DOCTOR
...Why?

CLARA
Just take off, and don't ask questions.

THE DOCTOR
I don't take *orders*, Clara!

CLARA
Do as you're told!

*

THE DOCTOR, frowning. What does she mean? What's out there?

CUT TO:

The TARDIS engines start up, the police box starts to fade away.

(CONTINUED)

We pan to the little BOY sitting up in bed, silhouetted against the stars in the window, hearing the noise.

Closer on that silhouetted face, as the noise from his distant future fades away.

CLARA (V.O.)
Listen.

CUT TO:

67

INT. BARN - NIGHT

67

We're back with CLARA and the BOY, as she strokes his hair and speaks to him.

CLARA
This is just a dream. But very clever people can hear dreams, so please just listen. I know you're afraid, but being afraid is all right. Because didn't anyone ever tell you - fear is a super power.

*

CUT TO:

68

INT. TARDIS - DAY

68

THE DOCTOR and CLARA have opened the TARDIS doors for ORSON. Outside, fields and sunshine. Clearly ORSON is home, because he's shaking THE DOCTOR's hand, and delightedly hugging CLARA! Over this we hear, CLARA talking in the barn.

CLARA
(V.O.)
Fear can make you faster, and cleverer, and stronger. Fear can bring you home.

*

CUT TO:

69

INT. BARN - NIGHT

69

CLARA and the BOY.

CLARA
And if you're very wise and very strong, fear doesn't have to make you cruel or cowardly.

CUT TO:

70

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

70

THE DOCTOR at the controls, CLARA watching from THE DOCTOR's chair. We continue to hear her voice from the other scene.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (V.O.)
Fear can make you *kind*.

THE DOCTOR looks up from the console. He's just landed the TARDIS. He gestures to the doors -

- and CLARA gets up, goes to him, and gives him such a hug.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, not the hugging! I'm against
the hugging ...

CUT TO:

71

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

71

CLARA stands, watching the TARDIS fade away. She turns to look at the house next to her.

CUT TO:

72

INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

72

DANNY, slumped in an armchair - the end of disaster date night - and the doorbell goes.

CUT TO:

DANNY pulls open the front door, to reveal CLARA. She smiles.

DANNY
I am *so* ...

CLARA
I know.

CUT TO:

73

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

73

THE DOCTOR back on the bookshelf walkway, back working. He looks up abruptly -

- at the word LISTEN chalked on the wall. Frowns.

CLARA (V.O.)
Listen!

CUT TO:

74

INT. BARN - NIGHT

74

CLARA and the BOY.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
It doesn't matter if there's nothing under the bed, or in the dark. So long as you know it's okay to be afraid of it.

CUT TO:

75 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

75

DANNY and CLARA on the sofa, with cups of tea.

DANNY
I just get nervous.

CLARA
Me too.

DANNY
I don't even know what I'm nervous of!

CLARA has set down her cup of tea on the table. She now takes DANNY's cup of tea from him.

CLARA
I'll show you.

CUT TO:

76 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

76

THE DOCTOR has crossed over the chalked word, staring at it, thoughtful.

CLARA (V.O.)
So listen. If you listen to nothing else, listen to this.

CUT TO:

77 INT. BARN - NIGHT

77

CLARA and the BOY.

CLARA
You're always going to be afraid, even if you learn to hide it. Fear is like a ... a companion. A constant companion, always there. But that's okay.

CUT TO:

78 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

78

DANNY and CLARA on the sofa - a tender kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (V.O.)
Because fear can bring us together.

CUT TO:

79

INT. BARN - NIGHT

79

CLARA and the BOY.

CLARA
Fear makes companions of us all.

CUT TO:

80

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

80

On THE DOCTOR, frowning. As if contemplating the words we've just heard. Then he smiles.

Takes a stick of chalk from his pocket -

- and with a great flourish, underlines the word LISTEN. We hold on the word, as we hear THE DOCTOR turn and walk away.

SLOW DISSOLVE
TO:

81

INT. BARN - NIGHT

81

The spooky barn, lit only by the starlight through the window.

Close on the little BOY's eye, as it flickers open -

- to see the stars at the window.

On the eyes. In the pupil we see all the stars reflected -

- as the eye closes again.

On the window -

- panning down now to a little gift CLARA has left him.

The little, unarmed plastic soldier, standing guard on the all the stars ...

END TITLES