

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 8

EPISODE 9

"Flatline"

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 5)

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1 **EXT. ABBOT ESTATE - DAY**

1

FX: A wide shot establishing a monolithic looking council estate. *

Track across home made posters of people marked MISSING, poems, flowers, condolence cards. An urban shrine to the disappeared.

We move down an outer corridor toward a flat's front door.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. ABBOT ESTATE. ROSCOE'S FLAT - DAY**

2

Furniture has been wedged under the door handle, a barricade.

ROSCOE (SOTTO O.S.)
Police, please.

Clothing, crockery, piles of newspapers, a huge yucca plant. A forty something in sweat pants and stained T-shirt called ROSCOE has a wall mounted phone to his ear. He's bearded with long hair. He's also sweating and shaking, eyes darting around.

ROSCOE (cont'd)
(sotto)
Hello? Yes. I know who did it. Who did it all. I figured it out. No. No I can't speak up. They might hear me.

A liquid slithering noise we will come to know as the BONELESS.

ROSCOE (cont'd)
Oh no. Oh no. Listen, listen: they're everywhere. All around. We've been so blind. They - (live in the walls)

ROSCOE yelps as his legs are yanked from under him. He is pulled out of shot. The phone receiver is left swinging. We hear a crunching of bone as ROSCOE screams. A beat, then:

PHONE
Hello? Sir? Are you in a safe place?
Are you being held against your will?
Sir?

Our point of view swings around to view the apposing wall. We slowly zoom in. Initially it seems our focus is the yucca plant, but we soon move past it to the wall behind. In plain view all along, a horizontal stripe in the centre of the wall, like a black bar laced with the odd white or beige stripe.

FX: Our point of view moves closer to the wall and tilts to an angle, until the optical illusion is revealed: the bar is actually an incredibly stretched image of ROSCOE's head, his terrified features barely protruding from his hair (a la Holbein's skull). *

TITLES

3 OMITTED

3

4 EXT. ABBOT ESTATE. GRAFFITI WALL - DAY

4

FX: Establish the estate once more, then move down to a close up of a large mural of highly skilled urban graffiti. Pull back to reveal the backs of five men in fluorescent jackets and hard hats viewing the work. They have trolleys of painting equipment with them. They all have 'COMMUNITY PAYBACK' on the back of their jackets, apart from FENTON, their leader (50) a sour stickler.

FENTON

Well? Don't you want to sign it?

Reveal RIGSY (18). He looks angry but holding it in.

RIGSY

Already did.

And sure enough, the words RIGSY are part of the mural.

*

FENTON

No. You need a bigger brush than that, surely?

FENTON takes a large brush and loads it with white paint.

AL

Come on. There's no need for this.

FENTON looks at AL, eyes dead. You really want to challenge me? AL looks away, backing down. FENTON holds out the brush to RIGSY. A beat, then RIGSY takes the brush and starts painting.

*

FENTON

There we go. Oh! I was thinking you were just going to sign the corner, but it's your painting: you want to paint over it, that's up to you.

*

FENTON gestures and the other painters start painting.

*

A commuter train whooshes by, feet from where they are working, and we realise this wall borders the train lines.

In the silence of it's passing, a familiar noise echoes in the distance: the sound of the TARDIS materialising. RIGSY pauses in his work and frowns but can't see the source.

CUT TO:

4A EXT. WASTEGROUND - DAY

4A

FX: We reveal the TARDIS landing a few hundred yards away on some waste ground. Behind it, the gaping maw of a derelict partially boarded up train tunnel.

*

CUT TO:

5 INT. TARDIS - DAY

5

Inside, THE DOCTOR is flicking switches on the console. CLARA is waiting near the exit with a large shoulder bag.

THE DOCTOR

You could leave all that stuff here you know. We have literally *acres* of room.

*

CLARA

Er, no. It's okay. Danny's got a little bit... territorial. The idea of me leaving so much as a *toothbrush* here - but he's still okay with us, doing this. Which I admit is a bit weird. Because you know: you'd think if he was going to have a problem with me leaving *stuff* in the TARDIS, he'd object to me *travelling* in the TARDIS. But he's not.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry. Stopped listening a while ago. Okay, so same time you left. Same place. (beat) Ish.

CLARA

'Ish'? Don't give me 'ish'.

THE DOCTOR

These are very... ishy readings.

CLARA moves to leave, but double takes. The two doors leading out of the TARDIS are now less than five feet tall.

CLARA

Er, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR approaches curiously, peers at the doors, experimentally hinges one open then closed, then dips his head and clammers outside.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. WASTEGROUND - DAY

6

FX: The TARDIS is where we saw it park earlier, but what we didn't realise at the time is that it is now only roughly five feet tall, the scale revealed when THE DOCTOR and CLARA awkwardly clamber out as if getting out of a wendy house.

*

They stand looking at it. THE DOCTOR looks suddenly energized and delighted. He sonics the TARDIS and checks the reading.

THE DOCTOR
Well I wonder what caused that? Hmm?
(sonicking CLARA) Or are we just
bigger? I don't think we're bigger.
Are we?

CLARA takes in a nearby rail sign: BRISTOL SIDING 344.

CLARA
Bristol!? Doctor, we're in Bristol!

THE DOCTOR
Ah. And a hundred and twenty miles
from where we should be. Impressive.

CLARA
No. Not impressive. Annoying.

THE DOCTOR
(points at TARDIS)
No. This is impressive. (points at
CLARA) *This* is annoying. The TARDIS
never does this. This is *huge*. Well
not literally huge - slightly...
smaller than usual. (beat) Which is
huge.

CLARA
Yes. I get it. You're excited. When
can I go home?

THE DOCTOR
Look, your house isn't going anywhere.
And neither is mine until I figure
this out. Could you just let me enjoy
this moment of not knowing something.
They come along so rarely.

CLARA moves to get back in but THE DOCTOR blocks her.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I don't *think* it's dangerous. But I
wouldn't want you to get accidentally
squished, so...

CLARA
Fine. I'll take in the local... *
scenery.

FX: THE DOCTOR grins, ducks and clammers back into the TARDIS. *
A big wide on CLARA as she looks around at the desolate
landscape. On the horizon, the estate seen pre-credits. A wind
whips up the dirt. CLARA sighs, kicks the ground, bored, then
trudges toward the estate.

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. ABBOT ESTATE. SUBWAY - DAY**

7

CLARA steps over a broken fence. Before her, a subway which leads under a road to the estate. Bunches of flowers indicate a tragedy. CLARA crouches to read some of the tags.

STAN (O.S.)
Cheer up, love. Might never happen.

CLARA stands to discover the CLEANERS sitting on a brick wall eating sandwiches. GEORGE slaps STAN's arm, chiding him.

GEORGE
Have some respect. She's grieving.

STAN
Oh. (louder) Sorry, love. Didn't mean nothing by it.

CLARA doesn't respond. She notices that an odd mural is painted on either side of the subway walls, composed of a long line of realistically painted people, all standing side by side as if in a Usual Suspects line-up, but with their backs to the viewer. Five on each side. Odd and creepy. CLARA begins to walk down the subway. A beat, then:

RIGSY (O.S.)
Sorry about them. They're idiots.

CLARA turns to find RIGSY standing in the subway entrance looking awkward, sandwich in hand.

CLARA
That's okay. I've heard worse.

RIGSY walks part way into the subway and points at one of the figures, a grey haired old lady with her back to us.

RIGSY
I've lost someone, too. My Auntie Karina. Deaf as a post. Didn't really know her that well. But she's still gone. Is your... one... in the mural?

CLARA
No. I haven't actually - (lost anyone)

RIGSY
I'm sure they'll get round to adding them soon. (beat) I'm not really with that lot out there. I just have to do this community service thing. I just did graffiti. Not anything... murdery.

CLARA
So what's all this about? What's happened to all these people?

RIGSY
You mean you don't know?

CUT TO:

8 INT. TARDIS - DAY

8

THE DOCTOR has a console panel off and is leaning into it brandishing his sonic. On his head, an adapted pair of opticians testing glasses, with a selection of slot-in lenses. The TARDIS groans, grinds and lurches. An alarm sounds. THE DOCTOR takes some readings from the console. He looks wary.

THE DOCTOR
Now that wasn't me... was it?

He hurries over to the exit then stops. We don't see the doors, seeing THE DOCTOR from their point of view. He's suddenly transfixed, staring at them, tilting his head.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Oh that can't be good.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. WASTEGROUND / INT. TARDIS - DAY

9

CLARA has her phone to her ear and is walking back toward the TARDIS, but there's no sign of it.

CLARA
- missing people all over the estate.
Do you think there's a connection? And
where are you?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is rooting around in a box of junk. He locates what he's looking for: a tiny earpiece.

THE DOCTOR
Exactly where I was.

CLARA is looking around.

CLARA
No. You're not. I'm *there* and I can't
see - oh.

CLARA notices something at her feet.

THE DOCTOR
Yes. Oh.

We reveal the TARDIS. It's now around eight inches tall. CLARA crouches down beside it, grinning.

CLARA
Oh that's *adorable*. Are you in there?

THE DOCTOR (ON PHONE)
Yes I am. And no it's not... Adorable.
I mean. It's very serious.

CLARA
So is this more shrink ray stuff? Are
you tiny in there?

Inside, THE DOCTOR strides across to the exit. We reveal that what is usually the exit is now mostly blank metal with two tiny doors at about head height.

THE DOCTOR
No, I am *exactly* the same size. It's merely the exterior dimensions that have changed.

THE DOCTOR opens both tiny doors and puts his face to them.

FX: From CLARA's point of view, the tiny TARDIS doors open and the DOCTOR's annoyed full-sized face appears just inside. She's fighting giggles.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Stop laughing. This is serious.

CLARA
Well you're not helping. With your big face. How are you going to get out?

THE DOCTOR
Well plainly I can't. Something nearby is leeching the external dimensions.

CLARA
Aliens?

THE DOCTOR
Possibly. Oh who am I kidding: probably. Sensors are down and I can't risk taking off with it in this state. I need you to pick up the TARDIS. Carefully. It should be possible. I've adjusted the relative gravity - (so that you can)

CLARA carefully picks up the TARDIS.

CLARA
You mean you've made it lighter.

THE DOCTOR
Clara, it's *always* lighter. If the TARDIS ever landed with its true weight - (it would sink)

CLARA
Maybe a story for another time. What now?

THE DOCTOR
I've managed to get a rough fix on the
source of the dimensional leeching.
Roughly North West. That way.

FX: THE DOCTOR thrusts his arm out of the TARDIS. CLARA has to
duck aside. He points at the estate. *

CLARA
Please don't do that. That's - just
wrong.

FX: THE DOCTOR thrusts out the sonic screwdriver and psychic
paper. *

THE DOCTOR
And you're going to need these.

CLARA
Wow. This is an honour. Does this mean
I'm you now?

CLARA is lowering the TARDIS into her bag.

THE DOCTOR
No. It does not. And stick this in
your ear.

FX: THE DOCTOR thrusts out the earpiece. She puts it in her
ear. *

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Can you hear me?

CLARA
Yes. (winces) Ow. What just happened?

THE DOCTOR
Nanotech. Hacked your optic nerve.

CLARA
What does that mean?

The monitor in the TARDIS now shows CLARA's point of view.

THE DOCTOR
I see what you see.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. ABBOT ESTATE. SUBWAY / INT. TARDIS - DAY

10

CLARA is slowly spinning surrounded by tower blocks, sonic
screwdriver out. Close by, a bizarre mural of huge footprints,
handprints and tire treads. She eventually stops spinning. *

CLARA
Anything?

THE DOCTOR is in the TARDIS viewing her POV on a monitor and studying a connected read-out.

THE DOCTOR
Yes. I'm dizzy. But nothing useful.

RIGSY
(on monitor)
Never did tell me your name.

On the monitor CLARA turns to find RIGSY approaching. Bashful.

THE DOCTOR
No time to fraternize. Get rid of him.

Outside, CLARA looks annoyed, then grins mischievously.

CLARA
I'm... the Doctor.

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
Don't you *dare*.

Back with CLARA and RIGSY as they awkwardly shake hands.

CLARA
Doctor Oswald. But you can call me
Clara.

RIGSY
I'm Rigsy. So what are you a Doctor
of?

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Of lies.

CLARA
Well I'm usually quite vague about
that. I think I just picked the title
because it makes me sound important.

RIGSY
O-kay.

In the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
Why Doctor Oswald, you're *hilarious*.
Could we get back to work, do you
think?

Outside with CLARA and RIGSY, who nods at the sonic.

RIGSY
So what are you, exactly? You don't
smell like police.
(MORE)

RIGSY (cont'd)
But that's some cool gear you got
there. Are you like a spy or
something?

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Oh he's a bright one, hang on to him.

CUT TO:

11 **INT. ABBOT ESTATE. ROSCOE'S FLAT / INT. TARDIS - DAY**

11

The flat we saw pre-titles. Much as before, but for signs of police: fingerprint powder, masking tape L shapes. The wall bearing the black smeared bar of Mr Roscoe behind the yucca plant is not immediately shown. Is it still there? A broken front door creaks open revealing a criss-cross of 'POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS' tape across the doorway. RIGSY breaks it and steps in, closely followed by CLARA. *

RIGSY
- and when he disappeared all the doors and windows were locked from the inside.

CLARA takes out the sonic and begins scanning as she walks around the flat. It's badly lit. Eerie.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is peering closely at the screen.

THE DOCTOR
Now we're talking. I love a good locked room mystery.

Outside with CLARA and RIGSY.

CLARA
Well doesn't everyone?

RIGSY
What?

CLARA
(taps earpiece)
Sorry. I'm talking to somebody else.
He's listening in. Doctor, Rigsy,
Rigsy, the Doctor.

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR waves.

THE DOCTOR
Hello barely sentient local.

RIGSY
(on screen)
Another Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
How do you sleep at night? *

Outside, RIGSY begins to search the flat. *

RIGSY
I think it's great someone's finally
looking into this. Police weren't
doing anything. Never do on this
estate. (beat) People were feeling
like no-one was listening. That no-one
cared. (beat) So yeah. This is great.
What you're doing. *

In the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR. *

THE DOCTOR
Look, Clara, I think we can manage on
our own from here.

CLARA
(sotto on monitor)
Well I think he could still be useful. *

THE DOCTOR
He's a *pudding* head. No, worse - he's
a *fluorescent* pudding head.

CLARA
(sotto on monitor)
Fine. So all the other missing people.
I suppose you know where they all
lived?

THE DOCTOR suddenly looks annoyed. Of course, he doesn't know.

Outside, RIGSY is across the room.

RIGSY
He could still be in the room.

CLARA
Sorry, what?

RIGSY
Nothing. Just thinking out loud. It's
like one of those locked room things.
You get in books. It's always
something weird, like he's still in
the room or something. Do you want to
check out another flat? There's a good
one over the road.

CLARA is standing in front of a mirror. She pulls a 'well?' face in reaction to RIGSY's insight.

Cut to THE DOCTOR viewing CLARA in the mirror on a monitor.

THE DOCTOR
Do you know I think you were wrong
about this lad.
(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I think he could be very useful. With
vital local knowledge.

CLARA
Oh really?

THE DOCTOR
Yes. So try not to scare him off.

CLARA
(sotto on monitor)
How would I scare him - (off)

Outside a thought strikes her. She is facing the yukka plant
and is looking past it, head cocked with a frown at the wall
last seen bearing the dark stretched bar of Mr Roscoe. Is she
looking at it? Has she figured it out? *

CLARA (cont'd)
Are we missing the obvious here?
Locked room - missing man - shrink
ray?

We reveal the wall. It's hasn't got the dark bar any more. It
shows what looks like a mural of a cracked barren desert.

RIGSY
Sorry. Did you say - shrink ray?

CLARA
Yes. What if he's still in the room
like you said - but tiny? Under the
sofa or something.

CLARA crouches and begins squinting at the carpet, sonic out.
RIGSY is looking at her as if she's mad.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Yeah. This is that 'scaring him off'
we talked about.

RIGSY starts backing away, pantomime checking his watch and
thumbing over his shoulder.

RIGSY
Okay. So, my lunch break's nearly up.
This has been... interesting.

THE DOCTOR
Clara. Our local knowledge is leaving.
Do something!

CLARA thinks, then takes the TARDIS out of her bag and places
it on a table.

CLARA
Rigsy - one second. Doctor - open the
doors.

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
I didn't mean *that*.

CLARA
You want him to stay or not?

THE DOCTOR thinks, then grudgingly pulls a lever.

THE DOCTOR
You really do throw your companions in
at the deep end, don't you?

Outside, the two tiny doors open inwards. Light beams out.
CLARA gestures between RIGSY and the TARDIS as if introducing.

CLARA
Rigsy: meet the Doctor.

CLARA goes back to the sonic and addresses THE DOCTOR.

CLARA (cont'd)
So. My tiny man idea?

RIGSY's curiosity wins. He gingerly approaches the TARDIS and peers inside. We see RIGSY's POV looking into the console room. THE DOCTOR is not even looking, busy on the console.

THE DOCTOR
It's a lovely thought. Which is why I set the sonic to scan for that as soon as we entered. (waves at RIGSY)
Pleased to meet you.

RIGSY backs away in shock, trying to process.

CLARA
And you didn't think to tell me?

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Of course he might have already been squashed under a policeman's shoe.

CLARA looks alarmed and stands up onto tiptoes.

RIGSY
It's bigger. On the inside.

Inside, THE DOCTOR muses.

THE DOCTOR
Do you know, I don't think that statement's ever been truer.

Outside with CLARA and RIGSY.

RIGSY
So are you... aliens?

CLARA
No. Well, he is.

We see the scene from a new point of view, low down near the floor. Something moving closer - the view of the BONELESS.

The slithering noise of the BONELESS echoes through the flat. RIGSY and CLARA spin round - nothing to be seen. CLARA sonics.

In the TARDIS, lights flicker and go out. A klaxon sounds. THE DOCTOR checks readings and pulls a lever to close the doors.

CLARA (cont'd)
(sotto o.s.)
Doctor, did you hear that?

THE DOCTOR
Yes. And whatever it was, it just drained a massive amount of energy from *inside* the TARDIS.

Outside, CLARA is sweeping the room with the sonic, worried.

CLARA
(sotto)
What was it?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is frantically manipulating the console. Error noises. Lights dimming. The monitor flickering.

THE DOCTOR
I have no idea. Right now I've got bigger problems. Just *get us out of there*.

Outside, CLARA snatches up the TARDIS and beckons to RIGSY.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR sags with relief as the monitor shows them leaving. The console lights up a little, recovering. *

FADE TO:

12 **EXT. PALMERSTON DRIVE - DAY**

12

Establishing shot of a bay window fronted house.

PC FORREST (O.S.)
MI5?

CUT TO:

13 **INT. PALMERSTON DRIVE. LOUNGE / INT. TARDIS - DAY**

13

A large lounge with a sixties designer theme; high ceilings, picture rails, an Eames chair and a chrome framed leather sofa. Also on one wall, what appears to be a trompe l'oeil picture of an occasional table bearing a vase of flowers.

Leading CLARA and RIGSY into the room is PC FORREST. She's peering at the psychic paper and viewing RIGSY suspiciously.

CLARA
Yes. This case has got... our attention.

PC FORREST finally concedes, handing back the psychic paper.

PC FORREST
Well you've come to the right place, Ma'am. First reported disappearance, a Mr Heath. It's not on the estate, but it's exactly the same MO as the rest.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR paces before a blackboard now filled with Gallifreyan symbols and formulas, chalk in hand.

THE DOCTOR
(to himself)
I mean this is just embarrassing. I'm from the race that built the TARDIS. Dimensions are kind of our thing. So why can't I understand this?

A thought strikes THE DOCTOR. He moves across the console room and opens a chest.

We move back outside to CLARA, RIGSY and PC FORREST.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
At any rate: Clara, I think your shrink ray theory was wrong.

Outside CLARA moves out of PC FORREST's hearing. *

CLARA
(sotto)
My shrink ray theory? Weren't you already scanning - (for that) *

CLARA jumps at an almighty crash from inside the TARDIS.

CLARA (cont'd)
Doctor? What are you doing?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is rummaging in a chest of tools.

THE DOCTOR
It just struck me. Locked room mysteries. Classic solution number one: they're still in the room. Classic solution number two -

THE DOCTOR hefts up a long handled lump hammer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
- they're in the walls.

Outside with CLARA.

*

CLARA
What do you mean, 'they're in the-'

FX: Then she jumps as her bag erupts with the head of the lump hammer, protruding impossibly from her hip, the long handle following, like a Tommy Cooper gag. RIGSY helps feed it out at the same time hiding it from PC FORREST, who is across the room, back to them, oblivious.

*

It's just finished emerging when PC FORREST turns and looks at them with confusion, the lump hammer held between them.

CLARA (cont'd)
Apparently they're in the walls.

JUMP CUT TO:

The head of the hammer smacking into plaster. Clouds of dust rise. A wider shot reveals RIGSY smacking the hammer into a wall. Bang. Bang. Bang. CLARA, RIGSY and PC FORREST are all covered in dust and judging by the state of the wall it looks like they've been at it a while. CLARA silently holds out her hand. RIGSY hands her the hammer and steps aside. CLARA's shift begins. PC FORREST's mobile rings. She moves into another room as she answers it.

PC FORREST
PC Forrest. (beat) Yes, sir. MI5, sir.

RIGSY
So. You and that bloke. In the box.
You do this sort of stuff a lot?

CLARA
Well he's usually *out* of the box. But yes.

RIGSY
So how'd you get that gig? You like study science or aliens or something?

CLARA
Ha. No. It's more of a case of right place right time. (sours) Or wrong place wrong time... depending on how he's behaving.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
I'm right here.

CUT TO:

14 INT. PALMERSTON DRIVE. FRONT ROOM - DAY

14

PC FORREST is on her mobile. Also in the room, bookcases crammed with books, paintings leaning against one wall, tables and a chaise longue.

Crucially, a bubble chair on a chain hangs from the ceiling in front of a large bay window. The banging of the lump hammer sounds distant.

PC FORREST
(into phone)
I don't know. Maybe they thought we
weren't doing enough 'Sir'.

FX: Behind her, we see a section of the wallpaper shimmer and shift. The slithering noise of the BONELESS. PC FORREST turns with a frown. A beat. *

PC FORREST (cont'd)
(into phone)
Can I call you back?

PC FORREST hangs up and produces a small torch. She crouches and points the torch beam under a table. Nothing. We switch to the point of view of the BONELESS watching her from behind, low down near the floor. It's moving closer.

Then we switch to finally actually seeing the BONELESS. It appears as a nightmare flood of churning fingers, utterly flat against the floor. It reaches PC FORREST's foot.

FX: Close on her head and shoulders. There is a sickening crunch of crushed bone, and she lurches and drops to one side, then looks down in shock. She screams. From the side, it looks as if she has simply stepped into a hole. But drawing closer, we reveal that her foot has been somehow turned into a flat image on the floor, surrounded by the churning fingers of the BONELESS. She's frantically pulling at her leg as if trying to pull it free. She screams again. *

CUT TO:

15	<u>OMITTED</u>	15
16	<u>OMITTED</u>	16
17	<u>INT. PALMERSTON DRIVE. LOUNGE - DAY</u>	17

The scream is almost drowned out by the hammering. But CLARA frowns. Did she hear it? She stops hammering and holds up a hand. RIGSY assumes it's a handover and pulls the hammer from her, but she motions him to stop. There is another echoing scream. RIGSY and CLARA meet each others eyes then begin to run. CLARA snatches up the TARDIS bag as they run toward the screams. RIGSY leaves the lump hammer behind.

CUT TO:

18	<u>INT. PALMERSTON DRIVE. FRONT ROOM - DAY</u>	18
FX: PC FORREST is flattened up to her knees. Another crunch as she is 'sucked' into the floor up to her waist.		

Seemingly a split second later, CLARA and RIGSY burst into the room, CLARA has the sonic out. Close on the torch, still on, lying on the floor. There's no sign of PC FORREST. CLARA picks up the torch.

CLARA
PC Forrest? Hello?

No answer. They tentatively creep around the room. One wall now bears an odd wallpaper which looks like a red forest.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is checking readings.

THE DOCTOR
What am I missing? The TARDIS should be able to detect anything in the known universe but somehow... anything in the known universe. *This* universe.
Wait. Go back. That mural.

*
*

CLARA and RIGSY approach the red forest mural. She sonics it.

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR studies the readings then looks sombre.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I believe we've found PC Forrest. Part of her anyway. This is a nervous system. Scaled up and flattened.

CLARA steps back.

CLARA
Her nervous system?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR conjures up another image on the screen. It's of the cracked desert mural in Mr Roscoe's flat.

THE DOCTOR
And that mural in the flat? It wasn't a desert at all. It's a microscopic blow up of human skin.

*

CLARA
What? Why?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is pacing, thinking.

THE DOCTOR
Whatever they are, they're experimenting. Testing. Dissecting. Trying to understand us. Trying to understand... three dimensions?

The slithering noise of the BONELESS sounds. The door from the room slams shut. RIGSY runs to open the door and pulls back his hand as if stung.

RIGSY
The handle.

CLARA peers.

FX: Close on the handle. It's been replaced with the flat image of a handle.

CLARA
Doctor. They've flattened the handle.

THE DOCTOR views this on a monitor, entranced.

THE DOCTOR
They've removed a dimension.
Fascinating.

FX: Various patches of wallpaper begin to move, revealing themselves as BONELESS. They slide down the wall and across the carpet toward them. They flicker from various wallpaper camouflage to carpet. Rolodexing through options, before settling on the distorted swarm of fingers seen earlier.

RIGSY
What are they?

THE DOCTOR is peering at the monitor.

THE DOCTOR
They're chameleons. Two dimensional.
But beyond that...

Outside CLARA and RIGSY's route to the window is cut off.

FX: As the BONELESS touch pieces of furniture, they rob them of dimension; chairs and tables. They all creak and buckle before flattening with a crack. Some flatten to the wall or floor, becoming like the trompe l'oeil already seen.

RIGSY
What happens if they touch us?

CLARA
I really don't want to find out.

RIGSY and CLARA are forced to awkwardly clamber onto the swinging bubble chair. They are soon both standing on it, gently swinging, the chain creaking.

FX: The BONELESS are by now totally covering the carpet, slithering beneath them. A beat.

RIGSY
They can't jump can they?

A beat. Then a jolly phone ring tone sounds. CLARA and RIGSY look at one another for a second, then CLARA reaches into her pocket and takes out her phone. She looks at the name on it, winces, then answers.

CLARA
Hey you.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. PARK / INT. PALMERSTON DRIVE - DAY

19

DANNY is sitting on a park bench, phone to his ear, carrier bag full of sandwiches beside him.

DANNY
I got our bench. You get held up?

Back with CLARA.

CLARA
Just a little. Sorry, Danny. I think lunch is a bust.

Back with DANNY happily watching the world go by.

DANNY
Oh hon. You are missing some classic park action. We've got old people. Ducks. An overflowing bin.

RIGSY (O.S.)
Look!

RIGSY points.

FX: The BONELESS are swarming up the wall.

CLARA looks up to the bracket holding the chair to the ceiling. How long until they reach it?

Back with DANNY, curious.

DANNY
Who was that?

CLARA
Oh it's a... guy on community support.
And I'm helping him... find his aunty.

*
*

In the TARDIS, the DOCTOR is peering at the monitor.

THE DOCTOR
Nice. Not technically lying. Clara:
The window!

CLARA gets it. She begins to rock back and forth. The chair begins to sway. CLARA points at the window. RIGSY joins in with the swinging.

Back with DANNY who looks withering. He's guessed.

DANNY

Really? So you're not late for any other reason. Like, say, someone of our mutual acquaintance who looks a bit like an... owl fighting with a whippet?

CLARA

(o.s. out of breath)
What? No! How can you say that?

DANNY

Aaand you're out of breath. Classic.
Running for your life, are you?

Back with CLARA and RIGSY. The chair now swinging in a long arc, almost reaching the window.

CLARA

I swear to you I am definitely not running. For my life or anything else.

DANNY sighs. He kind of expected this.

DANNY

Clara, if you're back with the Doctor, it's okay. You don't have to lie to me.

FX: RIGSY points. CLARA looks. The BONELESS are almost at the chain. In addition, the bracket holding the chair to the ceiling is starting to come loose. *

CLARA points the sonic at the window. A high pitched squeal. The glass vibrates.

Back with DANNY who recoils at the sound of breaking glass. He looks concerned.

DANNY (cont'd)
Clara? Clara?

CUT TO:

20 EXT. PALMERSTON DRIVE - DAY

20

Continuous. Reveal CLARA's phone lying amidst broken glass. Pull back to reveal RIGSY, CLARA and the chair in the garden outside, surrounded by broken glass. They stumble to their feet. CLARA snatches up the phone.

CLARA (INTO PHONE)
Danny? Danny?

But he's gone. CLARA and RIGSY run for it.

CUT TO:

21 **EXT. ABBOT ESTATE. SUBWAY / INT. TARDIS - DAY**

21

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is energised, pacing. Making notes on the blackboard.

THE DOCTOR

Weren't they amazing? This explains everything. The readings that didn't make *sense*, the dimensional *leeching*. They're from a universe with only two dimensions. And yes, that is a thing. It's long been theorized. Of course, no-one could ever prove it or go there without a heck of a diet. Not only that but you are an *excellent* liar.

Outside, CLARA looks shocked and stops.

CLARA

Sorry, what?

THE DOCTOR in the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR

I thought Danny was okay with you travelling with me and he thought you'd stopped. Two whoppers, expertly delivered. Either that or my observational skills are shot, but I'd rather compliment you than insult myself, so well done.

Outside, CLARA and RIGSY have almost reached the subway tunnel bearing the mural. The CLEANERS are setting up their equipment at the other end and getting ready to paint over the mural. RIGSY spots this.

RIGSY

Hey! They can't do that. Hey!

RIGSY runs into the subway. CLARA is still talking to THE DOCTOR.

CLARA

You're not... upset?

THE DOCTOR is peering at her view on the monitor.

THE DOCTOR

Deception is a very useful survival skill. One that I feel you're going to need very shortly when you persuade those painters to leave the tunnel.

A beat. CLARA looks uneasy. She stops walking.

CLARA

Why? What's wrong with the tunnel?

Track along the spooky mural as RIGSY reaches the CLEANERS.

RIGGY
What are you doing?

FENTON
Er, our job. You're on report by the
way. Late back from lunch.

RIGSY who blocks STAN from painting.

RIGGSY
This isn't graffiti. It's a memorial.

FENTON
Council didn't approve it, it's
graffiti. Stan?

STAN moves to paint again. RIGSY snatches the brush out of his hand and throws it out of the subway. STAN sighs and walks over to pick it up. CLARA reaches the CLEANERS. She puts her arm around RIGSY's shoulders and attempts to lead him out of the subway, but RIGSY pulls free, determined to stay and fight.

CLARA
They're very realistic. Who painted them?

RIGSY
I don't know. A local artist. Probably
a grieving relative.

CLARA

A beat. RIGSY gets it. He begins to back out of the subway.

FENTON
And who are you when you're at home,
love?

CLARA hands over the psychic paper.

CLARA
Health and safety. This whole tunnel
is unsafe. Everyone needs to leave.
Right now.

FENTON looks at the psychic paper and hands it back.

FENTON
This is blank. Try again, sweetheart.

CLARA is shocked. As is THE DOCTOR in her ear.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) CLARA
What? What?

FENTON
Stan. Do your job.

STAN shrugs and moves his brush to the wall.

CLARA
No!

There is a sickening crunch of bone and STAN is pulled forward. He blinks in shock, then begins to scream.

FX: We reveal that the brush and his hand up to the elbow are now flat. Part of the mural. Another crunch of bone and he is 'sucked' into the wall up to his shoulder. He's still screaming.

FX: The images of the missing are shimmering. Stirring. RIGSY drags a stunned FENTON out of the subway. The other CLEANERS are in shock.

FX: The BONELESS MISSING turn, revealing distorted melting faces, Bacon's Screaming Pope, or Carpenter's 'The Thing'. *

AL
What is this? What are they?

CLARA
We need to move. Now.

FX: The BONELESS MISSING slide down the wall and onto the floor, a flat churning mass of limbs and grasping fingers.

FX: They advance like a flood across the floor and out of the subway. The distorted stretched image of STAN is now one of them. The GROUP run. The BONELESS surge, but then pause as if thinking.

CUT TO:

22 **EXT. TRAIN STORAGE SHED - DAY**

22

The GROUP are running over the wasteground bordering a train storage shed. The GROUP are swallowed up by the shed.

FADE TO:

23 **INT. TRAIN STORAGE SHED / INT. TARDIS - DAY**

23

Our GROUP enter cautiously, lead by CLARA. The CLEANERS have small torches. CLARA sonics the room. She still has PC FORREST's torch.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
It's clear.

GEORGE
Did they follow us? I didn't see them follow us. Are we safe?

AL
Are we really hiding from killer
graffiti? This is insane.

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
I agree. We've got to think of a
better name for it than that.

Outside, FENTON has a phone to his ear. GEORGE looks in shock.

FENTON
I can't get a signal. Can anyone get a
signal?

GEORGE
And Stan was one of them...
flattened.. dead. But coming after us.

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
(to himself)
I don't think so. I think they're more
like chameleons. Killing then copying.
Wearing our skins as disguise.
(louder) Now Clara, this is a vital
stage. This little group is currently
confused and disorientated, but pretty
soon a leader will emerge. You need to
make sure that that leader... is you.

CLARA approaches one of the cleaners, GEORGE.

CLARA
(sotto)
I'm on it. (louder) George, isn't it?
Can you watch that area? Anything
moves, you hear anything, you shout,
okay?

FENTON moves between them.

FENTON
He's not doing any such thing until I
get some answers. Who are you? That's
what I want to know. Impersonating a
government official. Trespassing on
council - (property)

CLARA stands up to FENTON.

CLARA
Seriously? Okay, I'll tell you who I
am: I'm the one chance you've got of
staying alive. That's who I am.

CLARA looks at GEORGE, fire in her eyes. GEORGE looks between CLARA and FENTON. He makes his choice and moves to watch the area they've just passed through. FENTON looks angry at this but, impotent as CLARA moves away, the victor.

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR looks impressed.

THE DOCTOR
Well done. He's quite a rigid thinker, isn't he? Takes quite a lack of imagination to beat psychic paper. Right, next you need to scout out - (the exits)

Outside, CLARA talks over him.

CLARA
Rigsy? How well do you know this area? You know where that door leads?

GEORGE
The old Brunswick line. It's not safe.

AL
Yeah. Well there's safe then there's safe.

RIGSY
I know it. Used to go down there all the time.

FENTON
Yeah, I'll bet you did. Painting your filth.

CLARA stands up to FENTON.

CLARA
You may be glad he did. Those things come in here, that's our only way out.

FENTON looks about to retort, but backs down breaking eye contact. CLARA moves away.

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is looking impressed.

THE DOCTOR
Looks like I'm surplus to requirements. Shall I go put the kettle on?

CLARA
(sotto on monitor)
Just hope I can keep them all alive.

THE DOCTOR
Ah, welcome to my world. So what's next... 'Doctor' Clara?

CLARA
(sotto on monitor)
Lie to them.

THE DOCTOR looks surprised.

THE DOCTOR
What?

We rejoin CLARA outside.

CLARA
(sotto)
Lie to them. Tell them they're all
going to be fine. Give them hope.
Isn't that what you would do?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR considers.

THE DOCTOR
In a... *manner* of speaking. It is true
people with hope tend to run faster.
Whereas people who think they're
doomed -

CLARA
Dawdle. And end up dead.

CLARA is brisk. Business like. A little scary.

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is looking a little taken aback.

THE DOCTOR
(to himself)
So *that's* what I sound like.

GFX: THE DOCTOR calls up an earlier screen-grab from CLARA's eye, the tyre tread/fingerprints/footprints graffiti.

*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Well here's something that might help
you. Do you remember the graffiti from
the estate? Footprints, tyre treads?

CLARA
Vaguely.

THE DOCTOR
Well I don't think it was graffiti at
all. I think it is how these creatures
saw us. At least at the start. The
impressions we make in two dimensional
space. That was them reaching out.
Attempting to talk.

Outside, CLARA thinks.

CLARA
Ignored as graffiti.

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

*

THE DOCTOR
At which point they moved into flattening and dissection. Trying to understand. Trying to emulate. But here's the big question: do they know they're hurting us?

Outside, CLARA looks shocked.

CLARA
What? You think this is all one big misunderstanding?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR smiles enigmatically.

THE DOCTOR
That's a very good question. Why don't we ask them?

Outside, CLARA reacts.

FADE TO:

24 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

24

A few shots of various dusty tannoy speakers dotted around the tunnel complex. We hear the slithering of the BONELESS. They're close. Close on a speaker. It suddenly whines with feedback.

CUT TO:

25 INT. TRAIN STORAGE SHED / INT. TARDIS - DAY

25

We reveal a similar speaker in the train storage shed. CLARA is pointing the sonic at it. The sonic is pulsing oddly.

The rest of the GROUP is gathered around, tense, apart from GEORGE who is still watching the area they've come through.

*

CLARA
Why can't the TARDIS just translate?

Close on THE DOCTOR in the TARDIS, manipulating the console.

THE DOCTOR
Because their idea of language is just as bizarre as their idea of space.
Frankly the TARDIS is confused.

Outside with CLARA and the CLEANERS.

FENTON
This is a bad idea. What makes this
'colleague' of yours think those
monsters even want to talk?

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
I know of a race made of sentient gas
who throw fireballs as a friendly
wave. I know of *another* race with
sixty four stomachs who talk by
disembowelling.

Outside with CLARA, translating.

CLARA
He's got a hunch.

Back with THE DOCTOR in the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR
My point being: in a universe as
immense and bizarre as this one, you
cannot be too quick to judge. These
creatures may not even understand that
we need three dimensions to live. May
not even know they're hurting us.

CLARA
(on monitor)
Do you really believe that?

THE DOCTOR
No. I really *hope* that. It would make
a nice change, wouldn't it? Okay. Here
we go. (begins typing) Let's start
with Pi. Even in a flat world they
would have circles. (beat)
I don't mean edible pie, I mean
circular pi. (beat) Which I realise
could *also* mean edible pie. Anyway.

*

*

*

Outside, the sonic pulses.

CUT TO:

26 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

26

Close on one of the speakers in the tunnels. It is clicking as
if in Morse code. A long beat of silence.

*

CUT TO:

27 INT. TARDIS - DAY

27 *

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is grinning.

THE DOCTOR
They're responding.

CUT TO:

28 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

28

FX: Reveal a speaker in the tunnel, utterly covered in writhing BONELESS. A rhythmic organic sounding pulse.

CUT TO:

29 INT. TRAIN STORAGE SHED / INT. TARDIS - DAY

29

Back to CLARA and the GROUP. She touches her earpiece.

CLARA
Fifty five. What does that mean?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR begins to pace.

THE DOCTOR
Fifty five: tenth Fibonacci number.
Atomic number of caesium.

Outside with CLARA and the CLEANERS.

RIGSY
I know what it means. (a beat, then points to his lapel) We all have numbers on our jackets. Have to sign them out. That was the number on Stan's jacket. The man they flattened in the subway.

FENTON
They're gloating.

*

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR looks annoyed.

THE DOCTOR
We don't know that.

Outside, CLARA addresses the CLEANERS.

CLARA
It could be an apology for all we know.

AL
Really? That's nice of them.

FENTON
An apology? Are you seriously -
(suggesting) -

*

CLARA
Wait. (listening) Twenty two.

*

*

RIGSY
That's George.

GEORGE is still on guard. He thumbs the number on his coat.

*

FENTON
Looks like your number's up, George.

*

GEORGE
What did I ever do to them?

FENTON
Now they're *threatening*.

*

CLARA
Maybe. Or maybe they're just showing us they can read.

FENTON
Oh grow up. They are *picking targets*.

RIGSY
Of course *you'd* see it that way.

FENTON
What do you mean by that?

*

But CLARA narrows her eyes, suddenly watching GEORGE. Something feels wrong. The others are too busy arguing to notice.

CLARA
George?

No response. CLARA slowly approaches.

*

RIGSY
Everyone's out to get you aren't they?

FENTON
Well in this case, they *kind of* are.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is watching CLARA's POV.

*

THE DOCTOR
Clara. Be careful.

CLARA is almost upon him before she realises that -

FX: GEORGE has been replaced by the flat image of him upon the wall.

FX: The image of GEORGE suddenly melts down the wall and begins sliding across the floor toward the GROUP. BONELESS begin pouring in through the door.

CLARA
The tunnels!

RIGSY wrenches open the door and the GROUP pour through. *

FADE TO:

30 OMITTED 30
31 OMITTED 31
32 INT. DERELICT TUNNEL / INT. TARDIS - DAY 32

FX: Close on a flat 2D door handle on a sturdy metal door. Lit with emergency lighting.

Reveal our GROUP peering at it from about fifty feet away. CLARA is pointing the sonic at the door. Checks readings. *

CLARA
(sotto)
They were here. Not now.

The GROUP moves in and exhales, sitting down, exhausted. *

AL
That's three exits. All blocked by
that flat death.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR considers.

THE DOCTOR
'The Flat Death'. *

THE DOCTOR winces, dismissing the name. He's at a workbench screwing together a fistful of components; from hereon known as 'The Toodis'. *

Outside with CLARA and the GROUP.

CLARA
(to RIGSY)
So where's the next one?

RIGSY
The only other one I can think of is
where the old line joins the new. But
it's a fair walk. Getting through that
door would be quicker.

FENTON
But we can't, can we?

RIGSY
Just saying.

CLARA
Okay. We'll take five then start
walking.

The DOCTOR in the TARDIS, working on the Toodis.

CLARA (cont'd)
(sotto on monitor)
You tried to talk to them. And
that's... admirable.

THE DOCTOR
It was naive. And the 'accidental
flattening' defence is wearing a
little thin. Pardon the pun. I think
they know exactly what they're doing.

Outside, AL draws closer to CLARA, awkward.

AL
(sotto)
Sorry. This bloke you're talking to.
Outside. Can he get a message... to my
wife?

CLARA
He's not exactly... *outside*. He's...

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR presses a couple of buttons.

THE DOCTOR
Clara. I've fixed your mobile. And
boosted it. Let him call her.

Outside, CLARA looks chilled. She turns away from AL.

CLARA
(sotto)
Are we really at that stage?

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
You might want to ring Danny, too.

CLARA is suddenly defiant. Angry.

CLARA
(sotto)
No. I've already spoken to Danny. *We
are going to live.* (hands phone to AL)
Call your wife. Tell her you'll see
her soon.

AL gratefully takes the phone and dials. CLARA looks angry.

A clatter from the corner. Everyone jumps. RIGSY is holding
bulging carrier bags filled with rusting spray cans.

RIGSY
Sorry. My old stash. Still here.

On one wall, a surreal photorealistic mural, covered with dust.
RIGSY approaches it and wipes it with one hand. He looks
bashful. Hopeful. He catches CLARA's eye.

RIGSY (cont'd)
It's one of mine. Do you like it?

CLARA shrugs. Now really isn't the time.

CLARA
Not bad.

RIGSY looks gutted. Obviously hoping for more. FENTON catches this exchange and catches RIGSY's eye. FENTON does a mocking theatrical mime of rubbing his eyes as if crying. RIGSY just glares at him.

AL is just finishing his call on CLARA's phone.

AL
(sotto)
I love you, too.

AL hangs up, wiping tears from his eyes. He holds out CLARA's phone to FENTON, who frowns at it, not accepting it. A beat.

AL (cont'd)
No-one you want to ring?

FENTON numbly accepts the phone and stares at it in his hand. He looks tormented. An untold story.

Reveal RIGSY half watching FENTON. FENTON catches him looking and looks suddenly angry. He strides over and thrusts out the phone.

FENTON
Here. Make your call.

RIGSY
No-one I wanna call. Least no-one who
won't just hang up.

*

FENTON thinks, then withdraws the phone. He looks sneering initially, as if about to mock. Then his expression softens.

FENTON
I could ring them.

RIGSY
What?

FENTON
Whoever would... hang up on you. I
could ring them for you. Say whatever
you want me to say.

RIGSY
Why would you do that for me?

*

FENTON

Because then you could ring the one...
who would hang up... on me. And say
what I tell you to say.

RIGSY considers. Then he holds out his hand for the phone.

RIGSY

I'll ring yours. But mine? I don't
have anything to say... I haven't
already said.

FENTON nods and hands over the phone. We reveal CLARA watching.

*

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
It's finished, by the way.

CLARA looks down into her bag to see the Toodis, being held out
in THE DOCTOR's hand. CLARA takes it out and peers at it.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
You see what I've called it?

Close on the Toodis. Written on the side in tippex: '2Dis'.

CLARA

(sotto)
Two Dee Iz?

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

*

THE DOCTOR
No. *Toodis*. It's called the *Toodis*.
(to himself) I don't know why I
bother. Well give it a go.

CLARA moves over to the door with the flat handle. FENTON and
RIGSY are curious.

CLARA
My friend's been... working on
something.

FENTON and AL look confused. Exactly where is this 'friend'?
CLARA tentatively points the Toodis at the flat door handle and
switches it on. The Toodis whines and vibrates, pitch rising.

FX: A light wave beams from the Toodis to the handle.

The moment hangs, then the Toodis sparks and dies, smoking. A
beat of silence. Shared looks.

CLARA (cont'd)
Long way round it is.

(Crucially from hereon, RIGSY has his bag of spray cans with him.)

FADE TO:

FENTON is walking with RIGSY, who has CLARA's phone to his ear and is reading from a scrap of paper. FENTON is looking stressed, listening in, holding a torch to illuminate the note.

RIGSY

(sotto)

He says he's sorry. For the things he said. He hopes you and little Stacy are doing well. He says he loves you both. And you're in his will. So if he doesn't (make it) -

Half way through this, FENTON sags. He finally interrupts.

FENTON

It's okay. You don't have to - I know she hung up.

A beat, then RIGSY slowly lowers the phone from his ear.

In the TARDIS, a sudden alarm sound on the console. Lights flicker and dim. Power draining once more.

THE DOCTOR

Clara. I don't know how, but they're doing it again. Leeching the TARDIS.

Outside, CLARA scans around with the sonic.

CLARA (O.S.)

How? Your doors are closed.

We look up past the GROUP at the ceiling.

FX: Unnoticed BONELESS are gathering.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

I don't know. They've changed frequency. This is different.

FENTON snatches the phone from RIGSY, suddenly angry.

*

FENTON

Stupid idea. Stupid! Dunno what I was thinking.

*

RIGSY

Hey, you tried. That's - (admirable)

*

FENTON suddenly squares up to him. Intimidating.

*

FENTON
That's what? What do you know about it: *nothing*. You think we're the same? You think I'm *anything* like you? A failed artist on a chain gang? Whose own family's disowned him.

RIGSY's face falls. These words are hitting home. *

FX: Above them, unseen, part of the ceiling is bulging down. The bulge becomes fingers. A huge hand with brick patterning.

CLARA
Listen, everyone! The Doctor thinks - (we might be in trouble)

FX: The hand lashes out like a snake, grabbing AL's head.

RIGSY
Al!

AL is yanked up into the ceiling, bones cracking as he is flattened. The GROUP, now just CLARA, RIGSY and FENTON, panic and run at full pelt.

FX: Behind them, the BONELESS slide down the wall to the floor, then a lump begins to rise up. It's soon a writhing column, roughly the size and shape of a human. It gradually attempts to consolidate it's shape. A liquid terminator made of sliding flesh.

FX: Other lumps are rising. From hereon known as the WALKING BONELESS. Their surfaces are still formed of distorted human forms. Several of them have taken twisted forms of previous victims. They begin to follow, distorting and glitching as they come.

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR. *

THE DOCTOR
Of course. The next stage: 3D. *

The GROUP have reached a metal airtight pressure door with a wheel at it's centre. Unfortunately the wheel has been flattened, presumably by the BONELESS.

CLARA
Doctor? The door?

THE DOCTOR snatches up the Toodis and runs to the doors.

THE DOCTOR
Here!

CLARA takes the Toodis from her bag and turns it on.

CLARA
And it'll work this time?

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR looks unsure.

THE DOCTOR
Absolutely.

Outside, CLARA points the Toodis at the wheel on the door.

FX: The Toodis whines and vibrates, pitch rising, light beaming out.

FX: THE WALKING BONELESS almost upon them. The moment hangs - will it fail again?

FX: Then the wheel cracks back into 3D.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR breathes out.

RIGSY spins it and heaves the door open. The GROUP pour through.

CUT TO:

33 INT. SERVICE TUNNELS / INT. TARDIS - DAY

33

RIGSY slams the door shut and spins the wheel to lock it.

The GROUP is now in a tunnel bordered with rows of old brick archways. They create ledges which lead to sheer drops into voids. RIGSY sticks his head over the edge to look down.

Fifty feet below, the noise and light of a passing train in the darkness. RIGSY gestures to the end of their tunnel.

RIGSY
There's a ladder at the end of this.
We get down into that tunnel, we can
get out into daylight.

The GROUP start to run on, but CLARA stops, hand to her earpiece, listening.

CLARA
Hang on, hang on!

The GROUP pause. CLARA returns to the door, lifts the Toodis and points it at the wheel handle.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR manipulates the console.

FX: Outside, the Toodis takes on a new tone as light beams out. A beat of tension and the wheel flattens once more.

FENTON
We're safe now, aren't we? That door's airtight.

RIGSY
They can't get through. Can they?

CLARA
Wait!

*

CLARA is staring at the handle. The GROUP join her.

We move to seeing the WALKING BONELESS paused on the other side of the door. They seem to be stumped. Then they raise misshapen arms. We see light passing from their 'arms' and the flattened wheel.

FX: Slow zoom in on the flattened wheel on the other side of the door. The GROUP staring at it, hardly breathing.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is also watching on his screen...

FX: The wheel pops back into 3D. It's spinning almost immediately. The GROUP turn and run.

*

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR on his blackboard.

*

THE DOCTOR
(to himself)
They have a new ability. Of course they have. Now they're 3D they can restore dimensions. (to CLARA) Okay, do you want the good news or the bad news?

CLARA
(on monitor)
We're in the bad news. I'm living the bad news.

THE DOCTOR
The good news is, I've come up with a theoretical way to send them back to their own dimension.

CLARA
(on monitor)
Then do it! Now!

THE DOCTOR
And that's the bad news. The TARDIS hasn't got enough dimensional energy left to pull it off.

CLARA
(on monitor)
Great. What do you want me to do about it?

THE DOCTOR
Well. These things can now apparently pump it out just as fast as they can steal it.

Outside with CLARA.

*

CLARA
Yeah. Well maybe if I ask them really nicely, they can fill you up ... What are you doing?

This is because FENTON was in the act of reaching into her bag. And he's not stopping, trying to get the Toodis. CLARA tries to pull away.

FENTON
That machine. Hand it over.

RIGSY realises what's happening and comes to her aid, wrestling with FENTON. In the process, CLARA's bag is knocked from her shoulder. In slow mo we see the TARDIS fall out of her bag, bouncing across the floor. CLARA lunges, but she's too late. The TARDIS falls into one of the chasms bordering the tunnel. We follows the TARDIS as it falls, bouncing off the walls. *

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is thrown reeling, alarms sounding.

CLARA
Doctor? Doctor!?

No answer. FENTON and RIGSY are facing off. CLARA points behind them.

CLARA (cont'd)
Can we deal with this later? Because we need to move.

FX: The WALKING BONELESS are gaining. The GROUP run on.

CUT TO:

34 INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL / INT. TARDIS - DAY

34

Inside the TARDIS, we're down to emergency lights again. THE DOCTOR pulls himself to his feet. The view on the monitor is cutting out, as are CLARA's words.

CLARA (O.S.)
Doctor?... (static)... dropped...
(static)...down a hole.
Where... (static)... you?

THE DOCTOR begins running to the doors.

THE DOCTOR
I don't know. But my shields have gone. Structural integrity is failing. Another blow like that (and I've had it) -

THE DOCTOR opens the tiny doors and peers through. He looks aghast.

FX: Outside, we pull back from his worried face looking out of the doors and reveal the tiny TARDIS lying on it's side between the rails in a train tunnel. It's resting on a raised section of wooden boards, like a level crossing.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I'm on the train lines -

We hear the echoing sound of a train horn. A distant train, coming down the tunnel.

Quick close up of the train, a monster of sound and fury.

Back to THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
- and there's a train coming. Of course there is. (to himself) Short range rematerialisation? Not enough power. Teleport? Not enough power. Reroute the heart of the TARDIS through - Not enough power! Not enough power!

THE DOCTOR sags. Out of options.

CLARA (O.S.)
What? Can't... (static) ... move the TARDIS?

THE DOCTOR
Clara. *There's no power.* The TARDIS couldn't boil an egg at the moment. Listen, do what you can to get those people out of there. You're stronger than you know...

CUT TO:

35 INT. SERVICE TUNNELS - DAY

35

Back to the GROUP who have reached a metal ladder leading down.

RIGSY
Wonder how they are with ladders?

CLARA, RIGSY and FENTON begin swarming down the ladder.

CLARA
No, I mean *you* move the TARDIS. Like -

CUT TO:

36 INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL / INT. TARDIS - DAY

36

Back to THE DOCTOR, who can't hear all of CLARA's message.

CLARA (O.S.)
....(static) ... Addams Family.

The train is bearing down on the TARDIS. Less than 30 seconds away. THE DOCTOR looks resigned, then inspired, then he rolls his eyes at his own stupidity. Of course.

FX: THE DOCTOR runs to the tiny doors, thrusts his arm through and pulls at the wooden boards, dragging the TARDIS away from the rails. Two or three good thrusts and he's done it. He's now dragging it up a small hill of gravel beside the tracks. He's in the clear! *

FX: THE DOCTOR pulls his arm back inside and does a little victory dance. But the TARDIS is not on a level surface... the gravel is subsiding beneath it. It tilts backwards and is suddenly rolling back down the hill toward the tracks. *

FX: Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR reels, then is still. He approaches the door with trepidation. All he can see is darkness. The sound of the train getting louder. Light from the front of the train beaming in. *

FX: Pull back from his face to reveal the exterior of the TARDIS. Now on *IT'S BACK* and wedged next to the track. THE DOCTOR's hand emerges and attempts to right it. It waggles awkwardly, attempting to twist around, before withdrawing once more. The train is seconds away from slamming into the TARDIS. *

THE DOCTOR sprints to the console, skids under it, yanks off a panel and pulls down a lever decisively.

And the train hits our POV with a crash. The DOCTOR is thrown reeling, panels spark and blow out. Then the biggest drain of energy so far, almost plunging the TARDIS into darkness. The sound of buckling metal. Then stillness and silence. THE DOCTOR moves to the doors tentatively. He looks relieved. We reveal where the doors were. There's nothing but a wall of blank metal. No exit at all.

CUT TO:

37 INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL - DAY

37

Close on CLARA.

CLARA
(sotto)
Doctor? Doctor?

No answer. CLARA, RIGSY and FENTON are crouched at the bottom of the ladder. It borders the same tunnel containing the TARDIS. One direction of the tunnel definitely leads to daylight. RIGSY and FENTON are peering up to the top of the ladder. Waiting.

RIGSY
(sotto)
They're not coming. They'd be here if they were coming. Where have they gone?

CLARA
We should go.

The GROUP begin to walk toward daylight.

FENTON
There's no other way down. Right? Hey!
I'm talking to you.

*
*

RIGSY thinks. A loud rattle echoes through the tunnel, followed by an electric hum. Rhythmic clacking. Doom laden sounds. The GROUP freezes.

RIGSY
(sotto)
There is one. An old service elevator.
Near the mouth of the tunnel.

FENTON
Oh no.

The clatter of a shutter sliding open. Distorted shadows of the WALKING BONELESS flicker along the wall. The exit is blocked. The GROUP begin to back away, but wind is whipping up. Headlights in the darkness behind them.

FENTON (cont'd)
And there's another train coming.

CLARA sonics a nearby signal. It turns from green to red.

CUT TO:

38 INT. TRAIN / INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL - DAY

38

In the cab of the train, the driver, BILL (50s) peers with confusion as the green light turns red. He puts the brakes on and stops just in front of CLARA, RIGSY and FENTON. The train is seemingly empty. BILL jumps down from the cab, annoyed.

BILL
What's going on? Why the red light?

CLARA holds up the psychic paper.

CLARA
MI5. We've got a...

FENTON
Blockage. In the tunnel.

CLARA
(to FENTON)
Can we ram them with the train? Send it into them with no driver?

BILL
What? Who are we ramming?

FENTON
(shakes head)
You'd need someone to hold the dead
man's handle. Won't run without it.

*

BILL
So is this official? Because I've
always wanted to ram something.

CLARA
Is there any way we could rig it to
drive without that? A strap or -
(something)

No-one notices RIGSY climb up into the cab. There is a click
and the train begins to slowly move forward. CLARA reacts and
runs to climb up into the cab.

BILL
There goes my dream.

*

FENTON just looks at him.

CUT TO:

39 INT. TRAIN - DAY

39

RIGSY reacts to CLARA's appearance in the cab.

CLARA
Er, what are you doing?

RIGSY
I'm going to ram them. Buy you some
time.

CLARA
And die in the process?

RIGSY
You'd better jump out. But remember
me. Remember that I did this. To save
you all.

CLARA
Oh for God's - this isn't about saving
us, is it? This is just more graffiti.

RIGSY
What?

CLARA
Shouting 'I'm here! Look at me! I
matter!'

RIGSY
I'm saving your lives!

CLARA
No you're not. You're just trying to turn yourself into a legend. Trying to cast a big shadow, rather than actually doing anything real.

RIGSY
I'm killing myself. That's pretty real.

CLARA
No. You're just running away from life.

CLARA takes off her hairband, wraps it around the dead man's handle. Now it needs no driver.

CLARA (cont'd)
There. Now the hairband can be the hero. No reason for you to stay here. Unless you really do just want to die.

CLARA holds out her hand. RIGSY looks tormented, then grabs CLARA's hand. They both begin running toward the back of the train... *

FX: just as the train smacks into the first of the WALKING BONELESS. They finally emerge from the last door of the train and jump out - *

CUT TO:

40 INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL - DAY

40

- rolling onto the tracks. There is a squeal of tortured metal and a boom! A battered and bruised RIGSY and CLARA turn and stand panting for a second.

FX: We reveal the train is now a mural, flattened to the wall of the tunnel.

CLARA
I quite liked that hairband.

FX: The WALKING BONELESS stand backlit in a dust cloud. Still coming. CLARA and RIGSY start running back down the tunnel. CLARA double takes. She stops and crouches, picking something up.

RIGSY
What is it?

Close on a dull metal cube about the size of a Rubik's cube, the surface etched with Gallifreyan script.

CLARA
I think... think it's the TARDIS.

RIGSY pulls her arm and they run back the way they've come, into the darkness of the tunnel.

FADE TO:

41 INT. TARDIS - DAY

41

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR sits shivering, blanket around his shoulders. Very low light levels. Monitor showing only static.

THE DOCTOR

Don't know if you can still hear me out there.... but the TARDIS is now in 'Siege Mode'... no way in or out. Managed to turn it on... just before the train hit. But now haven't got enough power to turn it off. (beat) But I did finally settle on a name for them. These spineless things of nightmare. Not that anyone will ever hear it.

Then faintly on the monitor, a room begins to fade in. Echoes of voices. THE DOCTOR draws closer, squinting.

*

CUT TO:

42 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM / INT. TARDIS - DAY

42

Outside, another forgotten room, walled with piping. Grimy and greasy. In one corner, a toppling stack of old railway posters. Also on one wall, a dust covered map of the tunnels. RIGSY, BILL and FENTON sit in a corner. BILL being filled in.

*

BILL

Flat?... But then - how do they eat?
(beat) How do they go to the toilet?

*

*

Across the room, CLARA. She touches her ear.

CLARA

Doctor?

No reply. She raises the tiny metal TARDIS in her hand like the skull of Yorrack. She stares at it.

CLARA (cont'd)
What would you do now?

*

*

But there is no answer.

CLARA (cont'd)
No. What will I do now?

*

*

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR watches the flickering snowy view through CLARA's eye. He smiles.

THE DOCTOR
(to himself)
That's my girl.

CLARA stands and thinks, looking around the room.

CLARA
The last thing he said was that the
TARDIS needed energy. *

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR peers at the screen.

THE DOCTOR
The map. Come on, come on. The map. *

CLARA walks over to the map of the tunnels and wipes away a layer of dust. She peers at it.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR punches the air, then his face falls. CLARA has left the map and walked over to the posters. She experimentally unrolls part of one. Frowning. Thinking.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
No, no, no. What are you doing?

CLARA selects a poster, unrolls it on the floor, poster side down, giving her a blank canvas around six feet long. She secures the corners with nearby debris.

The OTHERS watch her curiously. RIGSY moves to approach. FENTON holds his arm. *

FENTON
Leave her. She's lost it. *

RIGSY pulls free and approaches CLARA. *

RIGSY
Are you okay?

CLARA moves to RIGSY's bag of spray cans and selects one.

CLARA
Are you?

RIGSY
I think... I will be. What's this?

CLARA
I've got a commission for you.

RIGSY
I'm flattered, but I don't think this
is exactly the time - (for this) *

CLARA
If you don't think you're up to it...

RIGSY takes the can and shakes it. *

RIGSY
What do you want, exactly?

Inside THE TARDIS, THE DOCTOR tilts his head, but we don't see the monitor. He squints, then the penny drops. He grins. *

THE DOCTOR
Oh, that is - brilliant.

Then the monitor dies, this time totally.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Good luck, Clara. Good luck. *

FADE TO:

43 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY

43

Close on the mystery poster, now rolled up under RIGSY's arm. His face is smudged with paint and he's walking down a corridor beside BILL. CLARA leads, sonic in one hand, map in the other.

They reach a junction of a few tunnels with a rusting door. CLARA consults the map and selects an area of wall. She pulls the metal cube of the TARDIS out of her bag, holds it up, kisses it and carefully rests it on a brick ledge half way up the wall. It feels like goodbye.

The GROUP move through a brick archway next to the shelf bearing the TARDIS.

FADE TO:

44 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY

44

BILL, FENTON and RIGSY stand close together, location uncertain. FENTON is beside CLARA, pouring poison in her ear. *

FENTON
You're going to get us killed. This plan is insane. *

CLARA
You want to walk? Walk. You want to stay? Then shush. *

BILL is keeping watch at a corner. *

BILL
They're coming! *

BILL hurries back round a corner.

FX: A few seconds later, the WALKING BONELESS round the corner. It leads to a dead end and a door with a flat handle that the GROUP have presumably passed through.

FX: The WALKING BONELESS paused at the door. They hold out their hands. We can see light waves, energy pouring from them, but the handle remains stubbornly flat.

CUT TO:

45 INT. TARDIS - DAY

45

In the TARDIS, close on a meter on the console indicating a level rising. THE DOCTOR is oblivious in the background, a feeling of signing off.

THE DOCTOR
Life support... failing. I don't know if you'll ever hear this Clara... I don't even know if you're still alive out there. But you were good... one of the best. And you made a mighty fine Doctor.

CUT TO:

46 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY

46

FX: The WALKING BONELESS continue pouring energy, but the door handle stays flat.

Our point-of-view slides up the wall to reveal the GROUP standing on a gantry looking down on the BONELESS, a ladder to one side. Terrified, holding their breath, backs to the wall. Close on the edge of the door. The corner is peeling off, revealing that the back is a transport poster. It isn't a door at all, it's a painting of a door, created by RIGSY.

FENTON
(sotto)
It's not working. You've killed us all.

*
*
*
*

BILL
(sotto)
Is it supposed to *drain* them?

*

CLARA
(sotto)
No. Not drain them. Charge the wall.

BILL
(sotto)
What's so special about the wall?

FX: We follow the light waves of energy pouring out of the BONELESS, passing through the painting of the door, through the wall...

On the other side of the wall we reveal the blank cube of the TARDIS sitting on it's brick shelf.

It's in roughly the same relative position as the door handle on the other side of the wall.

FX: The TARDIS is glowing and shuddering as it absorbs the energy.

*

CUT TO:

47 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

47

Inside the TARDIS, lights are coming on all over. The rising whine of machinery starting up. THE DOCTOR is oblivious at first, sitting slumped under his blanket. Then he opens one eye and stands like a spring. His hands are a blur on the console.

CUT TO:

48 **INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY**

48

Back with the GROUP there is a loose metal bolt resting on the gantry. FENTON accidentally kicks it.

FX: We follow it as it falls in slow motion down towards the BONELESS. It lands amongst them with a ringing report.

FX: The BONELESS look up and slowly raise their arms toward the GROUP.

FENTON starts to scream. Then a familiar noise intrudes. The noise of the TARDIS. CLARA smiles with relief.

*

CLARA
It worked. They charged the TARDIS.

FX: Back on the other side of the wall, the TARDIS is glowing with energy, shuddering and gradually expanding. It shimmers, then takes on the familiar police box exterior.

FX: Then it begins to move, spinning off the shelf and flying through the air, still only eight inches tall, but growing all the time. It bounces off the walls, now a foot tall, now two. Sparks fly as it careers through the tunnels.

FX: It finally hovers into view of the GROUP, barrelling down the corridor in mid air, finally landing amidst the BONELESS with an almighty boom.

FX: The shockwave of it's landing is a visible energy wave, utterly dissipating the nearby BONELESS, though some still remain hissing and snarling beyond a twenty feet boundary. The TARDIS stands there, crackling with energy.

The GROUP gingerly climb down the ladder from the gantry. Uncertain. Is this over?

Speakers around the complex feedback and then hum into life. The DOCTOR's voice echoes around the tunnels. The voice of God.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
I tried to talk. I want you to
remember that. I tried to reach out.
To understand you.

CUT TO:

49 INT. TARDIS - DAY

49

THE DOCTOR inside the TARDIS. He looks brooding.

THE DOCTOR
But I think you understand us
perfectly. I think you just don't
care. I don't know whether you are
here to invade, infiltrate or just
replace us. I don't suppose it really
matters now.

CUT TO:

50 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY

50

Outside, the GROUP have gathered around the TARDIS, facing the
BONELESS boundary line.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
You are monsters. That is the role you
seem determined to play. So it seems I
must play mine:

THE DOCTOR emerges from the TARDIS and stands facing the
BONELESS. Hero moment.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
- the man that stops the monsters.

FX: The BONELESS hiss and fizz as they bounce off the boundary
line. THE DOCTOR nods hello to CLARA. He holds out his hand.
She hands him the sonic. He crucially leaves the TARDIS door
open and walks right up to the boundary line, inches from
death.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I'm sending you back to your
dimension. Who knows: some of you may
even survive the journey. And if you
do, remember this: this plane is
protected. You are not welcome here.
I am the Doctor. (sudden venom) And I
name you 'The Boneless'. Now get out
of my dimension!

THE DOCTOR almost casually thumbs the sonic back over his
shoulder toward the open TARDIS door. We see a switch move on
the console.

FX: A shockwave spreads from the TARDIS, a larger version of it's landing shockwave. The BONELESS are blasted away in a wave of energy. A beat of silence and relief. THE DOCTOR turns with a smile.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Did I miss anything?

CLARA runs to hug him, grinning.

FADE TO:

51 EXT. WASTEGROUND - DAY

51

Daylight. The tunnel mouth where this all began. The TARDIS materializes with it's customary wheeze. CLARA and THE DOCTOR step out, closely followed by BILL, who kisses the ground, and FENTON, who sits down on a nearby wall and starts pulling off a boot to shake out a stone. CLARA is holding out her mobile. RIGSY emerges and takes it.

RIGSY
Thanks.

RIGSY moves off to one side, thinks for a beat then dials.
Barely holding back tears.

RIGSY (cont'd)
Hi mum. It's me.

BILL stands looking a little shellshocked.

CLARA
You alright?

BILL
I'm alive and I've been inside that.
(TARDIS) I think I'm up on the deal.

BILL nods goodbye. CLARA and THE DOCTOR watch him walk off.
CLARA brooding.

CLARA
Too many people died.

THE DOCTOR
You did save the world.

CLARA
It feels like a... hollow victory.
Those people trusted me. And I failed them.

THE DOCTOR
Now... you're the Doctor.

A chuckle from one side, popping the mood. FENTON, who is putting his boot back on.

FENTON

Heh. I wouldn't lose any sleep over
that lot, love. Community payback
scumbags? The main thing is, you got
me out of there. Way I see it - happy
ending all round.

And FENTON smiles a punchable smile and walks off. CLARA and
THE DOCTOR watch him go.

CLARA

And turns out the most annoying thing
about *being* the Doctor - sometimes the
wrong people survive. (beat) Although
I was apparently quite good at it.

THE DOCTOR

Oh you heard that, did you?

CLARA

Yes. The power was just coming back
on. But I suppose you were delirious.
Didn't know what you were saying.

THE DOCTOR

I meant every word of it.

Then the moment is broken as RIGSY approaches, wiping his eyes.
He hands CLARA her phone.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Ahhh! The fluorescent pudding brain
returns!

CLARA

You do realise he can hear you now?

THE DOCTOR

I know! (to RIGSY) Well your last
painting was so good it saved the
world. I can't wait to see what you'll
do next.

RIGSY smiles and snorts a laugh. His focus is on CLARA.

RIGSY

I had some thoughts about that.
Thought I might try living. (beat)
Thank you.

He shakes hands with CLARA, who pulls him into a hug. RIGSY
nods to them both and turns to leave. They watch him go. THE
DOCTOR moves to get back into the TARDIS. CLARA blocks him.

CLARA

So you're certain you got them all?

THE DOCTOR
Er, I'm the Doctor.

*

THE DOCTOR carefully removes her arm and goes into the TARDIS. Our point of view moves past the TARDIS into the darkness of the tunnel, but we continue to hear them bicker.

CLARA (O.S.)
I'm just saying: two dimensional chameleons. They don't exactly stick out.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
I think someone has let their *temporary role* go to their head.

We are passing crumbling brick, heading into the darkness.

CLARA (O.S.)
Well I'm seeing it as more of... an *audition*. Which I *think* I passed.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Oh really?

The voices of CLARA and THE DOCTOR are fading.

CLARA (O.S.)
So now, whenever you feel like a break: lend me the sonic, take the day off.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Suuuure. And come back to the universe all broken and on fire.

They are barely audible now. We are deep in the darkness of the tunnel viewing a barely lit piece of graffiti on a dingy wall. We cut to darkness and silence. And then hear the slithering sound of the BONELESS.

CREDITS