

# **THE SARAH JANE ADVENTURES**

**Episode 7  
By**

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**Shooting Script  
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1 EXT. CITY PARK -- DAY 1

1

*Smack* - a skateboard zooming along -

We pull up to show CLYDE skating about a concrete area. LUKE's with him, watching.

LUKE

But what's the point of skateboarding?

CLYDE

With you, there's always gotta be a point! It's skateboarding, it's fun, it just *is*!

He zooms down a high, tight curve - and we see SARAH JANE, MARIA standing off.

SARAH JANE

Careful!

MARIA

So - Clyde fights Slitheen and Gorgons, and that's ok with you, but a bit of a wall, whoa.

ALAN wanders over to join them.

SARAH JANE

(laughs at herself)

I know! Shame on me. I've changed, since I met you lot, I've gone all mumsy.

ALAN

Change for the better, if you don't mind me saying. Remember that day we first moved in? Talk about frosty!

SARAH JANE

(laughing)

I was not!

MARIA

(laughing)

Oh yes you were!

All smiling, but they turn and look as Clyde falls off, with an 'ouch!'

ALAN

No, you're doing it wrong, look...

Alan goes over to the boys.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You've got to bend your knees. Really bend your knees. That's how you get the biggest pop.

CLYDE

Ok, and you would know exactly what?

ALAN

We-e-ell, as a matter of fact...

MARIA

(a bit embarrassed)

Oh no, here we go ...

- and Alan slips on to the board, where he executes the same turn perfectly.

Clyde's gobsmacked.

Alan whizzes around the concrete area like a pro -

ALAN

King of the Concrete, Romford 1992.

He does something very impressive - without even having to try.

ALAN (CONT'D)

And he's still got it!

Maria and Sarah Jane laugh, clap. Clyde amazed.

CLYDE

But you're old! You're ancient!

MARIA

(to Clyde)

Actually, your face is worth the shame.  
Gotta get some photos of this. Come on!  
Everyone get in!

Maria gets out her digital camera and we go into a quick MONTAGE of shots, click, click, click -

Alan, Luke, Clyde and Sarah Jane frozen, in a variety of poses. Having a laugh, good times.

Then - quickly OUT of the montage as Sarah Jane - lined up in the frame of Maria's camera - shivers.

Maria lowers her camera.

MARIA (CONT'D)

What's up?

Sarah Jane turns -

Her POV as a cold wind blows through the park -  
scattering leaves and litter -

Sarah Jane lost in thought, chilled.

SARAH JANE  
Somebody just walked over my grave.  
(shrugs it off)  
Come on, let's go home.

As they all walk off...

In the distance - maybe shrouded in dark trees, or in the shadow of a building, - a HOODED FIGURE watches, its face in darkness. This is THE TRICKSTER.

CUT TO:

## **TITLES**

2 EXT. BANNERMAN ROAD -- DAY 1

2

SARAH JANE, MARIA, CLYDE, LUKE and ALAN are heading down Bannerman Road. Clyde's talking to Alan.

CLYDE  
So why d'you give it up?

ALAN  
Can't make a living out of a skateboard.

MARIA  
Mum said.

ALAN  
Yeah - now she's gone I'll get my board down ...

MARIA  
(cringing)  
Please say you're joking.

ALAN  
I'm good, why can't I?

CLYDE  
Even if you're good, Mr Jackson, you're still too old for a skateboard, sorry!  
See ya!

And Clyde zooms off on his skateboard.

ALAN  
(calling)  
Bend those knees!

He turns to Maria.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Ok, let's get some tea on ...

MARIA  
(bluffing)  
I'll just be a minute, Luke borrowed one  
of my text books, I need it back ...

ALAN  
I dunno, what goes on over there?

MARIA  
What d'you mean? Nothing.

ALAN  
I think you're having secret parties  
without me. Hurry up then!

Maria smiles, follows Sarah Jane and Luke into Number 21.

CUT TO:

2A INT. SARAH JANE'S ATTIC -- DAY 1

2A

SARAH JANE, MARIA and LUKE stand before Mr SMITH's  
alcove.

SARAH JANE  
Mr Smith, I need you.

MR SMITH emerges from the wall in all his glory.

MR SMITH  
Good evening Sarah Jane.

SARAH JANE  
Report the position of Meteor K67  
please.

Mr Smith's screen flashes with non-specific graphics.

MR SMITH  
Meteor K69 ascension of 18 hours, 13  
minutes and 42 seconds. Declination of  
minus 22 degrees, a V Magnitude  
brightening from 11 to 3.3 with a sky  
motion of 11.3 degrees.

LUKE

It's heading straight for the Earth.  
And the authorities can't see it cos  
it's coming right through a radar blind  
spot.

Maria looks at Luke in amazement. What?

MARIA

Of course, why didn't I realise that.

SARAH JANE

If it hits us, bang, end of the world.

MARIA

You're being a bit calm!

SARAH JANE

No need to worry. When it's in range,  
Mr Smith will create a magnetic pulse,  
and bounce the meteor back out into  
space. All in a day's work.

MARIA

You're gonna save the world, and no one  
even knows about it.

SARAH JANE

Oh, I like it better that way.

LUKE

Mr Smith, how long have we got?

MR SMITH

The meteor will be in range of the  
magnetic pulse at 3 pm tomorrow. All  
systems are prepared.

LUKE

(to Maria)

You see? No worries.

MARIA

I know, but you can't help thinking. If  
it wasn't for Sarah Jane, we'd all be  
dead!

SARAH JANE

Tell you what, Luke, go and put the  
kettle on, I'm parched. I'll be down in  
a sec.

LUKE

Sure. See you later, Maria.

Luke exits.

Sarah Jane waits until he's gone. Then -

SARAH JANE  
Just wanted a word in private...

She takes something from a cupboard and hands it to Maria.

SARAH JANE (CONT'D)  
This is for you.

It's an ornately detailed silver box, decorated with alien symbols, the size of a Rubik's Cube.

MARIA  
Wow. It's beautiful. Where'd you get it?

SARAH JANE  
Remember that Verron soothsayer we helped to fly home the other week? It's from him.

MARIA  
What's it for?

SARAH JANE  
I don't know. He said, 'Remember.' Just, 'Remember.' Whatever that means. That's soothsayers for you.

MARIA  
So why are you giving it to me?

SARAH JANE  
He said one more thing. 'Give it to the person you trust the most.'

That's big for Maria.

SARAH JANE (CONT'D)  
And that's you.  
(softly)  
Probably best not to tell Luke that bit.

MARIA  
What's in it?

SARAH JANE  
Have a look.

Maria tries to open the box - the sides slide and change like a Chinese puzzle box. But nothing gives.

MARIA  
How d'you get it open, it's impossible.  
(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)  
(looks at Sarah,  
smiles)  
Which you knew.

SARAH JANE  
I tried. Mr Smith says there's nothing  
in it. Just a puzzle box. I forgot  
about it 'til this afternoon. That  
shiver, it felt strange... Probably  
nothing, but ...there, it's yours.

A warm moment between them.

MARIA  
Thanks.

SARAH JANE  
Pop over tomorrow, let me know how you  
get on.

MARIA  
Plus we can bash that meteor!

SARAH JANE  
Should be fun!

Maria heads out, taking the box with her.

CUT TO:

3 INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 1

3

Later. MARIA's at the desk in her bedroom, still trying  
to open the box. The tv's on with the sound down in the  
background.

She thinks she's getting somewhere at last -

MARIA  
Yes! That must be it -

She twists it but nothing happens.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
What? No!

Maria gives a loud frustrated snort; it's driving her  
mad.

ALAN (V.O.)  
Maria! Turn that telly off, time you  
were in bed!

Maria gets up and turns the telly off. The box still in her hand.

CUT TO:

4 OMITTED

4

5 EXT. BANNERMAN ROAD -- NIGHT 1

5

NIGHT SOUNDS: A distant police siren.

We see a figure in the street - THE TRICKSTER - very tall, covered in a dark hooded cloak, the hood pulled forward. There is no face - only darkness.

The Trickster looks towards Sarah Jane's house.

The lights are on inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 1

The bedside light still on. MARIA's still working on the box, but yawning her head off.

Suddenly - it *clicks* - and opens!

MARIA

Yes ...

(looks at the box)

Is that it, then?

The box does nothing. She sighs, turns off the light, snuggles down, closes her eyes.

The box still in her hand.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. BANNERMAN ROAD -- NIGHT 1

7

THE TRICKSTER advances on Sarah Jane's house, holds out one hand, as though summoning a spell...

FX SHOT: Sarah Jane's car shimmers and vanishes ...

There's a roaring, rushing, tearing noise building up ...

CUT TO:

8 INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 1

8

MARIA's still asleep - when suddenly the open box in her hand activates, its surfaces glinting with warm PRAC lights.

A warm, harmonious sound ...

The PRAC lights illuminate Maria's sleeping face.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANNERMAN ROAD -- NIGHT 1

The TRICKSTER holds his hand towards Sarah Jane's house.

The roaring noise builds up, up -

It's weird, subjective - half heard whispers, snatches of strange sounds, this shouldn't feel technological -

As it reaches a crescendo, a warped, weird snatch of 'You Really Got Me' by the Kinks -

Building to a SMASH -

The lights in Sarah Jane's house snap off.

Sudden silence -

CUT TO:

9A INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 1

9A

The PRAC lights around the open box stop.

And MARIA sits bolt upright; wide awake in sudden silence -

Knocking the open box off the bed on to the floor.

MARIA

Dad!

CUT TO:

9B EXT. BANNERMAN ROAD -- NIGHT 1

9B

The TRICKSTER steps back from Sarah Jane's house ...

FX SHOT: The TRICKSTER disappears.

CUT TO:

10 INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 1

10

ALAN's at the door of MARIA's room. Maria's half out of bed and then shakes herself - there's nothing wrong.

ALAN

What's the matter?

MARIA

I'm fine.

ALAN

You sure?

MARIA

Yeah, just a bad dream.

Alan exits - Maria slips back into the sheets.

As she does, her foot knocks the inactive open box back under the bed.

It gives a final glow of PRAC light, then fades and dies.

CUT TO:

11 INT. JACKSONS' KITCHEN -- DAY 2

11

MARIA's dressed, eating cereal. Early morning, everything seems ordinary.

ALAN enters, carrying something behind his back.

ALAN

Morning. You ok now?

MARIA

Yeah.

ALAN

Look what I got down from the loft.

He reveals his skateboard.

MARIA

Oh no. Dad!

ALAN

What, so I'm too old?

MARIA

Just don't use it anywhere near me.

Maria's noticed something else.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Where'd you get those plants from?

She points to a row of seedling pots on the window ledge.

ALAN

(confused - she should  
know that)Eh? From Andrea, housewarming present,  
don't you remember?(he remembers  
something)

Oh wait a minute, Andrea!

He gets a birthday card down from a shelf and puts it on  
the table before Maria.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Here we go. Don't forget to sign her  
birthday card.

MARIA

What d'you mean, who's Andrea?

ALAN

Don't be daft, just sign it.

MARIA

(as she does so)

Okay. If you say so. Right, I'm going  
over the road to see Luke.

ALAN

Luke?

MARIA

Yeah, Luke.

ALAN

(teasing her)

Oh yeah? And Luke's a lad from school  
is he?

MARIA

(thinks he's trying to  
wind her up)Shut up. What's wrong with you this  
morning?

Maria exits.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. BANNERMAN ROAD -- DAY 2

12

MARIA's heading to Number 21.

Instead of Sarah Jane's car there's a bashed up Vauxhall  
Cavalier in the drive.

Maria wonders about that as she rings the bell.

A couple of moments - and the door opens, revealing a woman of Sarah Jane's age; in her dressing gown, no make-up. This is ANDREA.

She's friendly, warm - a little surprised to see Maria at her door.

ANDREA

Oh. Hiya love, you're early. Where's my birthday card then?

She mistakes Maria's baffled expression.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Only joking.

MARIA

Sorry, is Sarah Jane there?

ANDREA

Say again?

MARIA

Sarah Jane.

ANDREA

One of your mates from school is that?

MARIA

No, Sarah Jane. This is her house.

ANDREA

Maria love, I like a laugh but it's half nine in the morning, I didn't stop working til gone three. If I start painting I can't stop. Try me again a bit later, we'll get things ready for the party eh, sandwiches won't butter themselves.

MARIA

Is Luke there?

ANDREA

(really baffled)

Who?

Maria, starting to worry, backs away down the path.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

You all right, love? Maria?

CUT TO:

13 INT. JACKSONS' KITCHEN -- DAY 2

13

MARIA enters the kitchen where ALAN's watering his plants.

MARIA

Dad, something really weird's going on.  
There's this woman over in Sarah Jane's house.

ALAN

Sorry?

MARIA

I knocked on the door, there's this woman stood there.

ALAN

Hold on. What door?

MARIA

Sarah Jane's house. Number 21!

ALAN

(confused)

Andrea's?

MARIA

What?

ALAN

Who's Sarah Jane?

MARIA

Right, ok, you can stop it now, it's freaking me out.

ALAN

I'm not getting you. Sarah Jane?

MARIA

Er, Sarah Jane Smith, our neighbour?

ALAN

There's no one on this road called Sarah Jane. Not that I've met, anyway.

MARIA

Course you have! Stop it! Look, she's in the photos -

Maria gets her camera, flicks through the shots -

CU the photos from the park. They're exactly the same as the ones we saw being taken in the earlier scene - of Maria, Clyde, Alan -

But there is no Luke.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
What, where's Luke? And who's ...?

In every one, Sarah Jane's place has been taken by Andrea.

And BAM! Maria's world turns upside down. She looks at Alan's concerned face.

ALAN  
Nope, don't know any Sarah Janes, don't know any Lukes ...

And she *knows* he means it.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

Maria's fighting down her confusion, still baffled ...

She exits the kitchen.

CUT TO:

14 INT. JACKSONS' LIVING ROOM -- DAY 2

14

MARIA scrolls down her phone. The names flash by.

No Sarah Jane, no Luke, no Clyde.

MARIA  
Where's her number? It's gone... No  
Luke, no Clyde...  
(trying to remember)  
Clyde ... 07700 900 792...

She taps it in. It rings a few times - and then picks up.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Clyde!

CUT TO:

15 INT. SUBURBAN STREET/ JACKSONS' LIVING ROOM -- DAY 2

15

CLYDE's walking down a street, opening his mobile.

INTERCUTTING with MARIA in the JACKSONS' LIVING ROOM.

CLYDE  
Hey, who's that?

MARIA

It's Maria.

CLYDE

Who?

MARIA

Me, Maria!

CLYDE

Maria Jackson?

MARIA

You've gotta get over here. Sarah Jane's vanished!

CLYDE

Maria Jackson from school?

MARIA

Yeah!

CLYDE

Er, why you phoning me? I never gave you my number, who gave you my number?

MARIA

Clyde. Tell me. Is Luke with you?

CLYDE

Luke?

MARIA

We were out yesterday, skateboarding.

CLYDE

Yeah, I bumped into you at the park. No one called Luke, though.

MARIA

Luke Smith. Please, tell me you're all having a joke. Was it Sarah Jane's idea?

CLYDE

Say again?

MARIA

(scared, slowly)

Do you know Sarah Jane?

CLYDE

Look, if you wanna ask me out, just ask me out, I can fit you in next week, Thursday ...?

Big pull-focus ZOOM as Maria thinks of something else.

MARIA

Oh no ... Clyde. The meteor!

CLYDE

What?

MARIA

There's a huge meteor heading for Earth!

CLYDE

Is there now?

MARIA

Only Sarah Jane can stop it, and she's vanished!

CLYDE

What are you talking about, you nutter?  
Laters, I'm busy.

He cuts the call.

In the Jacksons', Maria closes her phone. CLOSE on her as she starts to accept something's very, very wrong ...

CUT TO:

16 OMITTED

16

17 EXT. BANNERMAN ROAD -- DAY 2

17

MARIA runs over the road ...

She rings the bell repeatedly.

ANDREA, now dressed, answers.

ANDREA

Hiya. Right, I've surfaced! Come on, there's tons to do -

MARIA

Whatever -

Maria pushes past Andrea.

CUT TO:

18 INT. SARAH JANE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY 2

18

MARIA bursts into the living room -

And everything's different. It's shabbily chic, the home of a disorganized person. Plants here and there.

An easel and some canvases.

And it's obviously been like this for years.

ANDREA comes in, puzzled.

MARIA

But it's... different.

ANDREA

All right, it's a bit of a mess, but I'm gonna clean up before people come round. Can't help it if I'm so popular, the birthday girl!

Maria slams out.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Maria?

Andrea follows her -

CUT TO:

19

INT. SARAH JANE'S STAIRS/TOP OF STAIRS -- DAY 2

19

ANDREA hears Maria (who is not in this scene) bolting up the stairs.

ANDREA follows - she's starting to get worried. (NB Not irritated, but concerned).

ANDREA

Hang on, love, where are you going?

ALAN sticks his head around the door.

ALAN

Hi, is Maria over here? She was a bit upset or something, thought she might have come over ...

Andrea gestures upstairs.

ANDREA

She's taken off up there.

ALAN

What?

(shouting up)

Maria!

He turns to Andrea.

ALAN (CONT'D)

D'you know what's going on?

ANDREA

Not a clue.

They head up the stairs -

CUT TO:

20 INT. ANDREA'S ATTIC -- DAY 2

20

CLOSE as MARIA pushes open the door to the attic -

PULL BACK to see it's an empty, dusty attic. The magic's gone.

Fixed to one wall is a big old gilt-edged mirror. There are a couple of old boxes and crates, but nothing else.

Maria looks round, dumbstruck, horrified.

ANDREA and ALAN enter.

Maria rounds on Andrea.

MARIA

Where is she?

ANDREA

I don't know who you're talking about  
love.

MARIA

Sarah Jane Smith!

A flicker of reaction from Andrea - she masks it quickly.

ANDREA

I've never heard of her.

ALAN

Maria, come on, I think you and me  
should just go back to the house -

Maria's POV of Alan and Andrea's faces - kind, concerned -

MARIA

But Sarah Jane lives here! In this  
house! With her son Luke! Where are  
they?

(calls to the wall)

Mr Smith! I need you!

But there's nothing, no computer.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Mr Smith! Mr Smith!!

ALAN

(gentle)

Sweetheart. There's no Mr Smith. No  
Sarah Jane. No Smiths at all.

MARIA

Oh Dad...

And she can't take any more of this - the sheer weirdness  
of it all breaks an emotional barrier and the tears come.

Alan holds her, kind, gentle.

ALAN

We're going home. Right now, come on.

(to Andrea)

Sorry 'bout this.

He leads Maria out of the attic.

The moment they've gone, Andrea stops and thinks. An old  
memory, making her shiver...

ANDREA

Sarah Jane Smith ...

CUT TO:

21

INT. JACKSONS' LIVING ROOM -- DAY 2

21

Later. MARIA's sat down with a cup of tea - ALAN brings  
CHRISSIE through; he stays in the doorway, listening.

CHRISSIE

Right, I've heard your dad's side -

MARIA

(amused)

What are you wearing?

Chrissie's in a supermarket tabard.

CHRISSIE

They're my work clothes.

MARIA

You've got a job? At the supermarket?  
But you wouldn't be seen dead working  
there, wearing that!

CHRISSIE

We've had all this out before. After I  
dumped Ivan, I needed a little bit of  
extra cash.

MARIA

You dumped Ivan?

CHRISSIE

How many times, sweetheart, after Andrea saw him snogging Lorraine Groom outside the Conservative Club. It was over.

I'm going out with Ricardo now, you've met him plenty of times, now don't pretend.

Chrissie sits next to her, kinder.

CHRISSIE (CONT'D)

What's going on, love?

(worried)

Are you feeling sick? Your dad says you had a bad night -

MARIA

No. Mum, you must remember something.

It can't just be me.

CHRISSIE

Tell me about this Sarah Jane girl.

It comes pouring out of Maria.

MARIA

She's not a girl. She's an adult, my friend, Luke's mum. She's a journalist, she always has been, she drives this little green car... And she's funny and clever and brave, and she never gives up. You know her, Mum, we all know her.

CHRISSIE

Well, sorry, but I don't.

MARIA

And there's something else. Something's gonna happen today, something terrible, only Sarah Jane can stop it.

ALAN

And what's that, then?

MARIA

There's a meteor. It's gonna destroy the world unless Sarah Jane can get rid of it!

Alan and Chrissie react - she's worse than they thought...

CUT TO:

22 INT. JACKSONS' KITCHEN -- DAY 2

22

ALAN and CHRISSIE are talking.

CHRISSIE

You know what this is Alan? A cry for attention. She's had all these disruptions, bottling it up, now it all comes out. I knew it would happen, I was just waiting.

ALAN

So this Sarah Jane, she's just dreamt her up?

CHRISSIE

Imaginary friend. And 'Luke', he's like the brother she never had.

ALAN

What does that make Sarah Jane, then? The mother she never had?

Chrissie bristles.

CHRISSIE

Oh, that's right, have a pop at me! Here we go! Make it all about Alan, what Alan thinks. I'm not listening to this -

Chrissie heading out -

ALAN

Maria is in pieces -

CHRISSIE

Then you put them together again. If your theory's correct she won't want her real, terrible mother hanging about, will she?

Chrissie exits.

CUT TO:

23 INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM -- DAY 2

23

Later. MARIA's on her bed, flicking through the photos on her camera.

ALAN sits on the end of the bed, a photo album in his hand.

MARIA

(trying to keep calm)

OK. Yesterday evening, what did we do?

ALAN

I picked you up from school, we walked home. Went to the park.

MARIA

We went with Andrea?

ALAN

She was just passing by. And we bumped into a lad from your school, Clyde.

MARIA

Who I don't really know ...

ALAN

You said you knew him vaguely, he was in the same classes as you.

MARIA

(showing him a photo)

And you showed off your skateboarding to him?

ALAN

(lightly)

And you were cringing, thanks.

MARIA

So when did I meet Andrea?

ALAN

Look.

He opens the photo album.

ALAN (CONT'D)

That's us outside, the day we moved in - Andrea came over and gave us a hand -

The picture shows Alan, Maria and Andrea with boxes outside the house.

MARIA

But Sarah Jane was there, that's when we met her, and she was all frosty, you've got to remember that. You said so.

Frosty.

ALAN

No, just Andrea. And she was lovely. Invited us over, straight away.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

She's always having parties, lives life to the full, does Andrea, look, remember this one...?

He turns the page. There's a photo of Alan, Maria and Andrea in Andrea/Sarah Jane's Front Room, mugging at the camera. (NB, a few other PEOPLE in b/g.)

ALAN (CONT'D)

Her birthday, this time last year. Her ex husband was there, the second one, Bad Leg Barry from when she lived in the States. You know, 'first ex - bad eye Gordon, second ex - bad leg Barry'.

MARIA

I don't remember any of that.

ALAN

(concerned)

I think you should get some sleep. Nice little kip, then maybe you'll feel better, yeah?

MARIA

You want me to forget Sarah Jane.

ALAN

There is no Sarah Jane. I mean, come on, though, that meteor thing, destroying the Earth, that's just a bit... silly, isn't it?

Maria stands, to move away from him, troubled.

MARIA

But I can see it all so clearly ...Sarah Jane was so real to me ...the things we did, all the incredible things we saw... They've got to be real...

Then - suddenly -

SARAH JANE (V.O.)

Maria ...

Maria turns round -

In the mirror - is SARAH JANE! Reaching out...

MARIA

Sarah Jane!

SARAH JANE

Maria, help me ...

Maria whips round - but there's nobody there -

She turns back to the mirror - nothing.

MARIA

But - she's gone, she was...

ALAN

There's nobody there.

Maria turns to Alan, determined.

MARIA

Something happened last night, and Sarah Jane vanished. Nobody else remembers... But I do. Somehow, when everything changed, I got protected. And I'm telling you, dad, I'm right. And I'm gonna *show* you!

CUT TO:

24

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM -- DAY 2

24

A little later. MARIA's on her computer, ALAN watching over her shoulder as she types in *Sarah Jane Smith* into a Google-style search engine.

Maria reads from the results screen -

MARIA

Sarah Jane Smith, solicitor ...Sarah Jane Smith, Guernsey Womens' Football, Sarah Jane Smith Designs For Modern Living ... There must be something ...

ALAN

I don't think there will be.

MARIA

Hold on. 'My Poems' by Carla Morgan.  
'For Sarah Jane Smith.'

Maria clicks the link.

A site comes up; it's a standard home blog site, designed by someone without much flair for this sort of thing.

**CARLA MORGAN'S WEBSITE**

A picture of Carla Morgan, a woman of Sarah Jane's age, links to **My Family**, **My Cats**, **My Poems**, etc.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(reading from screen)

For Sarah Jane Smith, who left us 12th  
July 1964. "We were just thirteen and  
in our first bloom/But you had to leave  
us, go away so soon-"

ALAN

Not exactly Poet Laureate, is she?

MARIA

Ssh. "And though it's been such a long,  
long while/I'll always remember your  
lovely smile".

Maria clicks around the site.

MARIA (CONT'D)

The woman who wrote that, she's the same  
age as Sarah Jane.

ALAN

So?

Alan's very skeptical.

MARIA

(thinking)

1964... Have they got newspapers, in  
the library, old newspapers?

ALAN

Should do, yeah.

Maria grabs her coat.

MARIA

Come on then! Library!

And she's hurrying out, Alan following, with a sigh.

CUT TO:

25

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY 2

25

HIGH SHOT - a huge library. Like the newspaper library  
in Colindale, big ledgers, quiet bustle.

We pick out ALAN and MARIA at a desk. A CD-Rom sliding  
in to the disc drive of Alan's laptop.

Cutting to a few moments later - CLOSE on Maria as she  
reacts to the screen.

ALAN

What have you got?

We see the screen - the scanned-in article from a paper.  
(NB - old-fashioned type, no pictures.)

The headline reads **Girl dies in tragic accident on school trip**

Maria reads ...

MARIA

...schoolgirl Sarah Jane Smith, 13, died  
after falling from the edge of Colport  
Pier yesterday in a tragic accident ...

ALAN

It's just the same name.

MARIA

(reading on)

A second girl, Andrea Yates, is being  
treated for shock...

Alan's stunned.

ALAN

What? That's Andrea. Our Andrea,  
across the road, she's Andrea Yates.

Big moment - Alan struggles to understand.

MARIA

You see? I'm not lying, there's a  
connection!

Alan tries to rationalize it.

ALAN

Did Andrea tell you about this accident,  
is that where you've got the name from?

MARIA

Why would I do that? I'm telling the  
truth.

And Alan's almost believing her. As he leans back,  
thinking hard, Maria's still staring at the screen, when  
she hears a half whisper...

SARAH JANE (V.O.)

Maria ...

And on the screen, the names **Sarah Jane Smith** and **Andrea Yates** dissolve and reappear swapped around -

Maria blinks - and they've swapped back again -

MARIA

SARAH JANE (V.O.)

Dad, did you see that?  
The names swapped over!  
And that's her voice,  
Sarah Jane's voice, can  
you hear her?

Maria ... help me, Maria ...

Several READERS in the library turn round to stare at  
Maria.

ALAN

You can hear a voice?

MARIA

Dad, it was her.

ALAN

(quiet, very worried)  
Maria, you've got to calm down...

Maria indicates the screen.

MARIA

But you've seen the evidence!

ALAN

There is no evidence.

MARIA

I've worked it out. Andrea's done  
something, and Sarah Jane's gone, just  
as that meteor is about to smash into us -

Alan puts an arm round her.

ALAN

Sweetheart, that's enough. I think we  
should take you to see a doctor.

On Maria - oh no.

CUT TO:

25A EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY 1

25A

ALAN and MARIA are walking home a couple of minutes  
later. Alan is concerned.

ALAN

Maria, do you really, really believe  
what you've been saying today?  
Honestly.

Beat.

Then Maria stops, looks at him. Faking.

MARIA

Maybe Andrea did say something about the accident.

ALAN

(hopeful)

That must be it.

MARIA

And that nightmare, perhaps I've got it all mixed up ... I'm really sorry.

Alan is so relieved ...

MARIA (CONT'D)

(pretending to be upset)

Of course I know Andrea.

ALAN

Maria ...

They hug.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I was so worried.

Then as they separate, Maria's so convincing:

MARIA

I didn't hear a voice. I was making that up.

ALAN

But why sweetheart?

MARIA

I dunno, I think I just... I just wanted some attention.

ALAN

Is there something else wrong, something at school? Have I done something wrong?

MARIA

No... It's just me.

ALAN

If there's anything you want to talk about, I'll give you all the attention in the world.

MARIA

Thanks Dad.

They walk on.

MARIA (CONT'D)

But I should go and see Andrea. I  
should go and say sorry.

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED

26

27 INT. SARAH JANE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY 2

27

A bit later. MARIA's sitting down next to ANDREA on the  
big old settee, mid-conversation:

ANDREA

Ohh, that's all right love, no need to  
apologise. I remember when I was your  
age, the thoughts that used to come into  
my head sometimes.

MARIA

I don't know where I got that name.  
Sarah Jane Smith.

ANDREA

Means nothing to me, love.

MARIA

Positive?

ANDREA

Positive.

Maria hardens.

MARIA

But how could you forget? 1964. School  
trip. The pier. She fell. She died.  
And you were with her.

ANDREA

(horrified)

What..?

MARIA

You lived, and she died, and that wasn't  
meant to happen. The key moment, when  
everything in the world changed ...

INTERCUTTING during Maria's dialogue -

Andrea's haunted face -

And FLASHES of the FLASHBACK PIER SCENES from Ep 8  
Sc.11A;

The PIER: YOUNG ANDREA screams;

An awful remembrance descends on Andrea.

She stands, furious, grabs Maria.

ANDREA  
Get out of my house!

MARIA  
This isn't your house. This is some kind of time gone wrong, cause in my world, the way things should have been, you died -

ANDREA  
Get out! I'm calling your dad, I've had enough of this!

MARIA  
(ice cool)  
Just to let you know. I'm gonna sort things out, I'm gonna work out how time got changed. I'm gonna find Sarah Jane, and then, I'm gonna bring her back, and nothing is gonna stop me.

Maria exits.

Andrea, tearful, hears the front door slam -

ANDREA  
No... Ohh no...

And then rushes out -

CUT TO:

28 INT. SARAH JANE'S STAIRS/TOP OF STAIRS -- DAY 2

28

ANDREA hurries up the stairs ...

CUT TO:

29 INT. ANDREA'S ATTIC -- DAY 2

29

ANDREA bursts into the attic -

ANDREA  
That day.... the pier...

She reaches in one of the crates and digs inside -

ANDREA (CONT'D)  
Oh Sarah, poor Sarah...

She finds something in the crate and unwraps it.

It's an alien BOX - identical to the one we saw earlier. In the corner of her eye she senses something. Slowly she turns towards the mirror, full of dread.

FX SHOT: In the mirror - behind Andrea's reflection - the TRICKSTER appears.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Who are you?

TRICKSTER

Remember ... remember.

His voice is polite, but deep, sepulchral. Beneath the hood, a mouth visible in the shadow; sharp grey teeth.  
(NB for the rest of the scene Andrea and the Trickster will be isolated as separate shots so that we don't see them in the same frame.)

And now Andrea remembers everything.

ANDREA

I forgot you. I forgot what I did. All these years, living this life...

TRICKSTER

You forgot me, Andrea Yates. But I never forgot you.

ANDREA

The day she died ... you gave me this box.

TRICKSTER

My gift. So why have you called me now?

ANDREA

Maria Jackson, over the road, all of a sudden, she keeps going on about Sarah Jane. She knows. She knows what I did that day! She's made me remember...

TRICKSTER

Do not fear. Nobody can hurt you while I walk alongside. And she's only a child, nobody will listen.

ANDREA

But I can't bear it ...

She looks at the BOX.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

How could I forget? What we did, what we agreed... Did you make me forget?

TRICKSTER

It made your life better, did it not?

ANDREA

...yeah.

TRICKSTER

Then what do you want now?

ANDREA

Change her back the way she was. That girl over the road, make her forget.

TRICKSTER

I can't. There is a barrier, she is protected, somehow. But I can remove her for you.

ANDREA

No! Not killing.

TRICKSTER

I cannot kill. But if I have your agreement, I can stop her ruining your life. Then one night's sleep and you'll forget her, forget me, forget everything, once more.

ANDREA

Remove her where?

TRICKSTER

That need not concern you. But I'll need your agreement. Do I have your agreement?

Andrea builds herself up to it ...

ANDREA

Yes.

TRICKSTER

It will be arranged. But first, Andrea Yates, you must separate the child from her father...

CUT TO:

OMITTED31 OMITTED

31

32 INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM -- DAY 2

32

MARIA's sitting on her bed, trying to think...

And then -

SARAH JANE (V.O.)  
Maria, please help me ...

Maria rushes to the mirror.

SARAH JANE is in the mirror -

MARIA  
What can I do? How do I start? The meteor, I can't do anything to stop it ... Why's it only me who remembers you?

SARAH JANE  
Maria, please ...

Maria looks over her shoulder -

But there is no Sarah Jane in the room -

And again, none in the mirror.

Maria sighs - at the limit. She slumps down on to her bed.

Her head falls, she's despairing - and then -

She sees something shiny - just visible on the floor, sticking out from under the bed -

She grabs it, holds it up - it's the open BOX!

MARIA  
Yes! I've been so thick ...

CUT TO:

32A EXT. JACKSONS' HOUSE -- DAY 2

32A

ALAN opens the door to ANDREA.

ALAN  
Hi! Maria's said sorry then?

Andrea's very distracted, urgent.

ANDREA  
Yeah, she was fine, it was something and nothing. Er, could you give us a hand, I've got this banner, for my birthday, I need to put it up over the door, need another pair of hands, d'you mind -

ALAN  
Sure, no problem, least I can do.

Andrea leads him over the road -

ALAN (CONT'D)

Maria came over then?

ANDREA

Yeah, it's all sorted.

ALAN

Dunno what got into her, I'm sorry.

ANDREA

(guilty)

Don't worry.

ALAN

How many people you expecting then?

ANDREA

Tons! It's the best day of the year.

She looks nervously over her shoulder at the Jacksons' house. -

They've reached Andrea's front door. She hands the banner to Alan.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Here we go.

ALAN

Oh, I should have brought my step ladder, I'll go back...

ANDREA

No, no, don't worry, I've got this, use this.

She puts a stool in front of him.

ALAN

Ok, that'll do.

He climbs onto the stool and starts fitting the banner.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I've never gone big on birthdays, hate being the centre of attention.

During this, Andrea's looking back at the Jacksons' house - she can't believe the enormity of what she's doing -

CUT TO:

33

INT. JACKSONS' LIVING ROOM -- DAY 2

33

MARIA bursts in - the Box in her hand -

MARIA

Dad, I've worked it out, it was this  
box, it protected me -

Suddenly - she can sense something's wrong ...

MARIA (CONT'D)

Dad?

There's a build-up of energy - pictures, glasses and the  
tv remote - rattling ...

A gradual, growing rumble -

MARIA (CONT'D)

Dad!

Maria turns to exit to the hallway - and -

FX SHOT: With a flash of blue light - a GRASKE appears!

The Graske is carrying a taser-style Snare Gun. (NB  
Woven into its clothing is a teleport button.)

A second as MARIA and the Graske lock eyes - it growls -

The Graske lunges with the Snare Gun -

Wires shoot out from the Gun towards Maria -

Maria ducks -

She drops the open box -

And dashes past the Graske, running for her life!

It roars and races after her -

CUT TO:

34  
AND  
35OMITTED34  
AND  
35

36

INT. JACKSONS' KITCHEN -- DAY 2

36

Maria runs out through the kitchen, slamming open the  
back door -

The Graske snarls and runs after her -

CUT TO:

37 OMITTED

37

38 INT. JACKSONS' LIVING ROOM -- DAY 2

38

ALAN enters, having heard her -

ALAN

Maria? Are you OK?

Lying at his feet is the open BOX.

Alan picks it up. Not really registering it, more concerned for Maria.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Maria?

CUT TO:

39 EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS/ALLEY -- DAY 2

39

MARIA's running, running ...

The GRASKE only seconds behind ...

She dives into a side alley ...

Her POV: There's a high gate at the far end of the alley -

She runs down, rattles the gate -

It's locked.

No escape.

The GRASKE runs into the alley -

It corners Maria -

It fires the Snare Gun at her -

The wires attach to Maria's clothing - and instantly -

FX SHOT: The teleport glow surrounds Maria and the Graske and they blink out with a rush of wind, scattering the leaves and rubbish in the alley.

CUT TO:

40 INT. JACKSONS' LIVING ROOM -- DAY 2

40

ALAN's examining the open BOX. Still calling.

ALAN

Maria, this box thing, is it yours?

WHOOSH! The box gives out its PRAC glow, the light spilling on to Alan - the harmonious sound -

Alan staggers -

FX SHOT: the CAMERA rolls around Alan, who's in the eye of a storm - everything except him shudders and wobbles for a few moments like a bad tv picture - it's disorienting -flashing lights, discordant notes as before - 'You Really Got Me' by the Kinks -

Normal sounds are hollow, echoing - over them, a roaring, ripping noise -

Three photos of Maria on display in the room -

FX SHOT: They vanish in sequence - one, two, three -

Alan sinks to his knees, terrified, hand gripping the BOX -

CUT TO:

40A EXT. BANNERMAN ROAD -- DAY

40A

ANDREA's looking over at the Jacksons' house, shaking her head - (NB - all is calm here, though we can hear the sounds of the time ripple.)

ANDREA

I'm so, so sorry ...

She turns into her house.

CUT TO:

40B INT. JACKSONS' LIVING ROOM -- DAY

40B

ALAN blinks -

He realises - suddenly the storm is over.

The PRAC glow from the BOX fades - sound returns to normal -

And CRISSIE pops her head round the living room door. Dressed normally now.

CHRISSIE

Front door was open, you wanna be careful.

ALAN

What was that?

CHRISSIE

What was what? I'm a bit early for the party, I know. Shall we go over though, Andrea won't mind. Always a classic, her parties.

ALAN

What about Maria?

CHRISSIE

Who? Don't say you've got yourself a new woman at last.

ALAN

(confused)

Maria was in here, I think she's run off  
...

CHRISSIE

Already? Sensible woman, whoever she is, took me fourteen years.

ALAN

I mean Maria, our Maria!

CHRISSIE

How d'you mean ours?

ALAN

She's our daughter!

CHRISSIE

Now don't start messing about, Alan. I know you wanted kids, but I never did. As if I've got a maternal bone in my body!

ALAN

Chrissie, stop this now. Maria is our daughter!

CHRISSIE

There is no Maria. Maria doesn't exist!

On Alan - *what the hell ...?*

CUT TO:

41

FX. TIME CORRIDOR -- DAY 2

41

FX SHOT: CU ON MARIA and THE GRASKE, as they struggle - like they're in a wind tunnel, PRAC WIND blasting them - behind them, a roaring, rippling vortex -

CLOSE in as she tugs at the wires connecting her to the Snare Gun -

CLOSE as she detaches the wires -

FX SHOT: Instantly, Maria disappears -

CUT TO:

42 EXT. PIER HEAD -- DAY X

42

FX SHOT: A teleport glow - and CLOSE on MARIA as she falls from a few feet on to hard ground with a *thump*.

MARIA

What the -?

Maria stands up, gathers herself, looking about.

She's on a street by the entrance to a pier. Around her, PEOPLE in 1964 clothing.

A transistor radio somewhere is playing 'You Really Got Me' by the Kinks.

Maria turns - two girls her own age in old-fashioned school uniform have just turned a corner. Their hair in mid-60s style. The girls are YOUNG ANDREA and YOUNG SARAH JANE.

YOUNG ANDREA

Come on, it'll be a laugh, better than the crummy museum *again*.

YOUNG SARAH JANE

But it's dangerous, they told us not to.

YOUNG ANDREA

Ohh, you're no fun!

Maria walks up to them.

MARIA

Scuse me. I'm gonna sound mad, but where is this?

YOUNG ANDREA

You've got a nerve, going out dressed like that. Look at her!

YOUNG SARAH JANE

Oh, don't be so rude.

(to Maria)

Are you all right? You look a bit lost.

MARIA

I think I am. I was in London ... I'm Maria Jackson.

The second girl shakes her hand. Gives her a cheeky smile.

YOUNG SARAH JANE

Nice to meet you, Maria. I'm Sarah Jane Smith.

END OF EPISODE SEVEN