

# **DOCTOR WHO**

**SERIES 9**

**EPISODE 10**

**"Trap Street"**

by

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## **SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 5)

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1

**INT. TARDIS - DAY**

1

The empty TARDIS. The console phone begins to ring.

And ring.

The doors crash open, letting in a distant, unholy noise - like a howler monkey crossed with a fire alarm.

Then - a joyful whoop from CLARA as she leaps in, high on adrenalin, covered from head to toe in strange alien pollen.

CLARA  
Told you it'd work!

THE DOCTOR staggers into the doorway, similarly covered.

THE DOCTOR  
It very nearly ate you for dinner.

\*

CLARA  
Admit it. I totally saved your life.

THE DOCTOR  
It wasn't going to eat *me*.

THE DOCTOR's trying to brush off the pollen before coming in.

CLARA  
Then I totally saved you from having to marry a giant sentient plant thing.

THE DOCTOR shuts the door, silencing the sound outside.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Oh come on! The bit where I jumped over the side? That was amazing!

THE DOCTOR can't fight a small smile. It *was* amazing.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Hah! I knew you were impressed!

THE DOCTOR  
We can never come back here now. The second most beautiful garden in all of time and space and you had to go and -

The TARDIS phone starts up again. They both stare at it, startled and wary. CLARA gestures - *are you going to?* THE DOCTOR, suspicious, waves for her to go right ahead.

\*  
\*  
\*

CLARA  
(the phone/cautious)  
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

She's getting pollen on the console. THE DOCTOR moves her away, brushing down the TARDIS protectively.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
(phone)  
Rigsy? Oh *Rigsy*! Hi! What's wrong?

CUT TO:

2 **INT. RIGSY'S FLAT. BATHROOM - DAY** 2

RIGSY is in front of the bathroom mirror, anxious.

RIGSY  
So I have this... it kind of looks like a tattoo.

CLARA (V.O.)  
Seriously? I gave you this number for emergencies.

RIGSY  
It's an emergency, trust me. Just come and look at it. Please?

CUT TO:

3 **INT. TARDIS - DAY** 3

THE DOCTOR  
Who said you could give out my number?

CLARA  
(phone)  
Look, I'm sorry, but no matter how dodgy it is, we can't take you back in your own timeline.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. RIGSY'S FLAT. BATHROOM - DAY** 4

RIGSY  
That's just it, I didn't get a tattoo. And it's counting down.

CLARA (V.O.)  
It's what??

RIGSY holds a small mirror to the back of his neck. Reflects the image into the big mirror.

RIGSY  
The tattoo - it's a number. It's  
counting down to zero.

We go close on the tattoo on RIGSY's neck. As we watch, the  
number shifts, like curling plumes of smoke, from 537 to 536. \*

CLARA (V.O.)  
Hang tight, okay? We're on our way.

RIGSY  
Hurry. Please.

CUT TO:

**TITLES**

5 **OMITTED** 5

6 **OMITTED** 6

7 **EXT. LONDON BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY** 7

The block of flats where RIGSY now lives.

CUT TO:

8 **INT. RIGSY'S FLAT. BABY'S ROOM - DAY** 8

RIGSY's burping a baby (LUCY) when the TARDIS materializes.  
He lays her down as THE DOCTOR emerges, clean and changed.

THE DOCTOR  
If it isn't Fluorescent Pudding  
Brain. What have you done this  
time?

RIGSY  
Nothing, I -  
(hang on)  
I didn't do anything last time!

THE DOCTOR  
Not true. Bristol. Two dimensional  
nasties. If I remember correctly,  
you saved the world.

RIGSY  
(chuffed)  
Oh. Yeah.

CLARA bursts out of the TARDIS, still pulling on a jacket.

CLARA

Rigsy!

She hugs RIGSY hello, fond. He grins, despite his worry.

RIGSY

We have to keep it down. My Mum'd  
freak about all this, and Jen's  
only just got to sleep.

CLARA

Jen?

RIGSY

My fiancée.

CLARA

You're engaged??

THE DOCTOR's been busy inspecting the room. He's at the cot.

THE DOCTOR

Did you make this human?

RIGSY

Lucy. Yeah, she's mine.

CLARA

Rigsy! She's gorgeous.

THE DOCTOR

She's better than that. She's  
brilliant. What are you doing  
running round getting tattoos when  
there's a brilliant new human?

RIGSY

I didn't get anything, I woke up  
this morning and it was there. Jen  
noticed it.

THE DOCTOR

Who?

RIGSY

My girlfriend.

THE DOCTOR

Girlfriend? What does your fiancée  
make of that then?

RIGSY

She - They're the same person. Jen.  
We're getting married when Lucy's  
old enough to be flower girl.

THE DOCTOR  
And you're quite sure they're the  
same person?

RIGSY looks to CLARA for help.

CLARA  
Humour him or he'll keep talking.

RIGSY  
I'm certain.

THE DOCTOR  
Hmm. Time will tell I suppose. Now,  
show me this tattoo you didn't get.

THE DOCTOR turns RIGSY around and inspects the back of his  
neck. The tattoo is static, but it now reads 534. \*

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
It's a tattoo. A boring one.

RIGSY  
Wait. Just watch.

CLARA  
What were you doing last night?

RIGSY  
That's just it - yesterday's a  
total blank. Jen said I left the  
house before dawn, I missed work,  
and I didn't get back till after  
midnight. No one saw me all day.

The tattoo shifts: 533. THE DOCTOR perks up. \*

THE DOCTOR  
That's not boring. That's very not  
boring.

THE DOCTOR puts the sonic glasses on. Frowns. *That can't be  
right.* He circles RIGSY, frowning some more.

CLARA  
What? What is it?

THE DOCTOR  
Local Knowledge, you're coming with  
us. Bring the new human. No! Leave  
the new human, I'll only get  
distracted.

THE DOCTOR disappears inside the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

9                    **INT. RIGSY'S FLAT. BEDROOM - DAY**                    9

JEN, 20, is in bed, sleeping the sleep of a new mum who's been awake all night. RIGSY fixes the covers, leaves a note.

At the door, CLARA smiles at RIGSY's besotted expression.

CLARA  
She know what happened in Bristol?

RIGSY  
She knows everything about everything.

Once RIGSY moves off, we see the note left on the pillow:

*WITH CLARA AND THE DOCTOR. LUCY WITH MUM. SLEEP!!! x*

CUT TO:

10                    **INT. TARDIS - DAY**                    10

RIGSY peers around, in awe, as a thin beam of light scans him up and down. THE DOCTOR is busy at the console.

THE DOCTOR  
If you want your extremities to remain attached, stand absolutely still. If not, we can provide you with a small bag, you can take them home at the end.

RIGSY looks to CLARA for help.

CLARA  
He's joking. Probably.

CLARA taps away at a screen of her own, where RIGSY's mobile is slotted into the console. The phone screen is cracked.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
You're right - it's like someone's wiped it, but only the last day. No location data, no texts, nothing. And you're sure the screen wasn't cracked before yesterday?

Trying not to move, RIGSY makes a "mmhmm" noise - *he's sure*.

The scanner starts spewing out results. THE DOCTOR frowns.

THE DOCTOR  
Okay, that means... Good. Weird. Weird and good.

RIGSY  
CamImoob?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes, yes. First off: in the past 24 hours, you've had significant contact with alien life-forms.

RIGSY

Wait, you mean I got -

CLARA

Don't say it!

RIGSY

- abducted??

CLARA cringes. He said it.

THE DOCTOR

*Abducted?* Why do humans always suppose we want to abduct you? Do you think you're that irresistible?

CLARA

Doctor. You said "first off". What's the "second off"?

THE DOCTOR

Second off. Oh! Second off! Second off, you didn't leave Earth. You didn't even leave central London.

RIGSY

Okay. So why can't I remember?

THE DOCTOR

You've been Retconned.

RIGSY

Huh?

CLARA

What-conned?

THE DOCTOR

Amnesia drug. Your pre-frontal cortex is marinating in it. And there's something else, something...

THE DOCTOR taps away, bringing up more data. Oh. Oh no.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Not good. Weird and not good.

THE DOCTOR dashes around behind RIGSY, checks his neck: 526. \*

He understands now. Grim. *How to break the news?* He looks to CLARA. She's no help. He reaches in his pocket for the cards.

CLARA's heart breaks. No. Not the cards. *Not Rigsy.*



RIGSY  
What? Tell me.

\*

THE DOCTOR  
Your tattoo. It's called a  
chronolock and it's linked to a...  
well, a kind of...

THE DOCTOR cycles through the cards, trying to find an  
appropriate one. *No. No. Maybe? No. Definitely not that one.*

RIGSY  
What's he doing?

CLARA  
The cards are... He's making an  
effort to be nice.

\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR  
(to Clara)  
These are hopelessly inadequate.  
There's no nice way to say "I'm  
afraid you're going to die."

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RIGSY  
What??

\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR  
Rigsy, I'm - [afraid you're]

\*

RIGSY  
No. Don't call me that. Call me  
Pudding Brain, call me Local  
Knowledge, whatever. Don't call me  
Rigsy. I'm not going to... [die]  
You're gonna save me. You're a  
doctor. That's what you do.

\*  
\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR looks to CLARA. Her eyes are a plea: *at least try.*

\*

RIGSY (CONT'D)  
Please? Lucy's only... I can't  
leave her. I can't die.

THE DOCTOR  
You're right. Denial can be almost  
as useful as hope when the odds are  
this long. Okay, let's do this.  
Five hundred and twenty-six  
minutes. I don't know who did this  
to you, Local Knowledge. Or why.  
But I almost, very nearly  
certainly, know how to find them.

\*

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. LONDON ALLEY - DAY**

11

The TARDIS materializes in an out-of-the-way corner.

CUT TO:

12      INT. GREAT BRITISH LIBRARY - DAY

12

THE DOCTOR sweeps in, CLARA and RIGSY at his heels.

THE DOCTOR

There have always been rumours. Stories passed from traveller to traveller, mutterings about hidden streets, secret pockets of alien life right here on Earth. Used by thieves, scavengers, scoundrels. Places where the scum of the universe can hide from The Shadow Proclamation, avoid UNIT, stash their ill-gotten gains. Like a smuggler's cove, only not a cove, because it's right here. Right in the centre of the capital.

RIGSY

The hidden places are in the Great British Library?

## THE DOCTOR

No. The maps are.

THE DOCTOR sails through a door marked MAPS - READING ROOM.

\*

CUT TO:

13 INT. GREAT BRITISH LIBRARY. MAP ROOM - DAY

13

An old map of early modern London is projected onto a wall. *Civitas Londinum*. As THE DOCTOR talks, he sorts modern paper maps, comparing them to each other and to the projection.

THE DOCTOR

I never put stock in it. London streets that suddenly disappeared from human sight? No. You lot are always overlooking things, but whole streets? That'd be careless, even for you. If the stories are true, though, there should be a street on one of these old maps that no longer exists in the real world...

CLARA

Like a trap street, only not.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR  
(astounded)  
What did you say?

CLARA  
A trap street. You know, when  
someone making a map - a  
cartographer - to stop people  
copying their work, they throw a  
fake street into the mix, name it  
after one of their kids or  
whatever. Then, if the fake street -  
the *trap street* - ever shows up on  
someone else's map, they know their  
work's been stolen. Clever right?

THE DOCTOR  
My God. A whole London street just  
up and disappeared and you lot  
assumed it was a copyright  
infringement.

RIGSY  
So we're looking for a trap street?

THE DOCTOR looks up at the map. Enjoying himself now.

THE DOCTOR  
We're looking for a trap street.

CUT TO:

14 **EXT. TARDIS. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY**

14

A birds-eye view of London.

The TARDIS hovers high in the sky, doors open, buffeted by  
the wind. CLARA lies face-down in the doorway, head over the  
edge, wearing the sonic glasses. Having a brilliant time.

THE DOCTOR (O.C.)  
The glasses are tracking your eye  
movements. Just look straight down  
and -

CLARA  
I know, I know - focus only on the  
buildings directly below me.

CUT TO:

15 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

15

RIGSY concentrates on staying upright while THE DOCTOR both  
analyses the incoming data and pilots the shaky TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR

How do you hide a great big alien  
something smack-bang in the middle  
of London?

RIGSY

(dry)

Disguise it as an old police box?

THE DOCTOR

Full marks! But if there was  
another active Chameleon Circuit on  
Earth I'd have found it already.  
No, they haven't *transformed* the  
street, they're just preventing us  
from noticing it's there. Let's  
call it a Misdirection Circuit.  
They're somehow making our eyes  
skate right over it.

The TARDIS rocks violently.

CUT TO:

16

**EXT. TARDIS - DAY**

16

The TARDIS tips over, door first. CLARA falls! She grabs hold  
of the doorway, half hanging out of the TARDIS, laughing.

RIGSY (O.C.)

Clara!

The TARDIS is righted again. CLARA scrambles back inside.

CLARA

We're good! It's all good!

CUT TO:

17

**EXT. TARDIS. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY**

17

RIGSY looks horrified as CLARA gets back into place, unfazed.  
THE DOCTOR frowns as he watches her, concerned.

RIGSY

She enjoyed that way too much.

THE DOCTOR

It's an ongoing problem.

(a worry for another time)

Take this. I'll keep us steady.

RIGSY takes over one of the controls, daunted. THE DOCTOR  
indicates a modern-day map/grid on the console screen -

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
See that? Just move us slowly over  
the grid. When we're done, we'll  
have a map that -

CUT TO:

18 **EXT. LONDON CITY STREET - DAY**

18

THE DOCTOR  
- shows us exactly which areas of  
the grid Clara couldn't focus on.

THE DOCTOR holds up a big print-out of the map. Four small  
patches of the city are washed out, grey and vague-looking.

CLARA  
That's where I almost fell out.  
(the other 3 vague spots)  
Which means the trap street must be  
under one of these bits.

THE DOCTOR checks RIGSY's neck: 217. He and CLARA exchange a  
worried look.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
That took way too long.

THE DOCTOR  
We split up. One area each.

CUT TO:

19 **EXT. LONDON CITY STREETS - DAY**

19

CLARA walks down one of her allocated streets, eyes peeled.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
If you see something unusual or  
notable, dismiss it. Keep walking.

CUT TO:

RIGSY, eyeing his street, on high alert.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
But if there's a bit of London so  
unremarkable that you don't even  
think about it? *Stop.*

RIGSY stops, considers a very ordinary-looking office block.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR stalks up a busy street, bodily moving people  
aside, stepping over a dog leash, ducking a selfie-stick.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
You could very well be standing  
right outside a trap street.

THE DOCTOR eyes a dreary-looking building site... Then shakes  
his head. *No. Still too interesting.* He moves on.

CUT TO:

People scramble out of CLARA's way as she ploughs through  
them, head down, counting her steps out loud.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
Count what you see. Doors.  
Satellite dishes. Windows. Even  
your own footsteps.

CUT TO:

RIGSY walks on, counting bollards.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
When you hit the area around a trap  
street, it's very likely you'll  
lose count.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR is counting doors. As he overtakes a dawdling BOY,  
7ish, he notices the kid's shoelaces are undone. *Annoying.*  
THE DOCTOR stops. Turns back. Glares. The boy pulls up short.

THE DOCTOR  
Remember: eighty-two.

BOY  
Huh?

THE DOCTOR  
Eighty-two!

THE DOCTOR ties the BOY's lace. The boy's MOTHER hurries back  
and grabs her son's hand, shooting THE DOCTOR a dark look.

BOY  
Eighty-two!

THE DOCTOR  
Thank you.

THE DOCTOR moves on to the next door.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Eighty-three...

CUT TO:

20                    **EXT. STREET (THE STREET TRAP STREET RUNS OFF) - DAY**                    20

CLARA loses count of her steps. Slows to a stop, uncertain.

                         THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
You'll lose count because the  
misdirection circuit is creating  
confusion in your mind.

CLARA starts counting windows instead. One, two, three...

                         THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
Details won't add up. Reality will  
have glitches in it.

CLARA loses count, bemused. She starts again. One, two...

                         THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
Like when you read a perfectly  
simple sentence three times over  
and the meaning just won't sink in.

CLARA loses her place again. She breaks into a grin.

                         CLARA  
Gotcha.

CUT TO:

21                    **EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY**                    21

RIGSY and THE DOCTOR approach CLARA from two directions.

                         CLARA  
It's off this street, I'm certain.

                         RIGSY  
Which one?

CLARA turns to point but then she realises they're on a corner. Her face falls. They're too similar. She's forgotten.

                         THE DOCTOR  
This is it! This is exactly how it  
works. We're close.

CUT TO:

22                    **EXT. STREET (THE STREET TRAP STREET RUNS OFF) - DAY**                    22

CLARA and RIGSY follow THE DOCTOR, sonic glasses on, as he checks every building and wall, looking for hidden entrances.

                         RIGSY  
If it is misdirection, can't we  
just... out-misdirect it?  
                         (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RIGSY (CONT'D)

Get help from an expert? Someone  
who knows illusions maybe. Someone  
like -

CLARA

Don't say it!

RIGSY

Derren Brown?

He said it. THE DOCTOR grimaces, dark. Carries on searching.

CLARA

(quietly warning Rigsy)  
We don't talk about that person  
with that name.

RIGSY

Why not? Is he an alien or  
something?

CLARA

(serious)  
Why? Is that what you've heard? Is  
that what people are saying?

THE DOCTOR stops short. He has an idea.

THE DOCTOR

Sensory deprivation! We cut off all  
senses but touch. Clara -  
blindfolds, nose plugs, music.  
Something loud, bombastic,  
something really bloody annoying.

CLARA

So pretty much anything from your  
collection then.

CUT TO:

23

**INT. TARDIS - DAY**

23

CLARA's arms are full of the stuff they need. She's dashing  
back to the door when she clocks RIGSY's phone in the  
console. The screen above reads: *DATA RECOVERED*

CUT TO:

24

**EXT. STREET (THE STREET TRAP STREET RUNS OFF) - DUSK**

24

\*

CLARA rushes up to RIGSY, his mobile in hand. (The street on  
either side is boring/ordinary. No glimpse of a side street,  
even though it will turn out to be right behind them.)

(CONTINUED)



THE DOCTOR  
Where are all the -- [things I]

CLARA  
(holding up the phone)  
Someone called you at 6am  
yesterday. Blocked number. What if  
they lured you here deliberately?

RIGSY frowns at the call record: the "No Caller ID" call  
lasted over a minute. Something nags at the corner of his  
mind. He reaches for the phone but they fumble and it drops - \*

CU: the already-cracked phone smashes to the pavement.

RIGSY gasps as a memory rushes back -

CUT TO:

25 **EXT. TRAP STREET ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING**

25

CU: Rigsy's phone, the screen still intact, falls in slow mo.  
A vague memory, from RIGSY's POV.

The screen smashes as it clatters to the cobbles, next to -

The body of an unconscious woman, ANAH, 40s. (She's in alien  
form but the back of her head is to the ground, unseen.)

RIGSY's knees hit the cobbles to next ANAH and he gets down  
for a closer look at her. She has a nasty wound on her head,  
messy with blood. \*

KABEL (O.C.)  
It's got someone!

The POV looks up: a small, panicked, insect-faced alien,  
KABEL, skids to a stop at a safe distance, scared of us. A  
wolf-like alien with a scarred face, RUMP, races right up to  
check on ANAH, protective. He growls at us.

RUMP  
Get away from her!

RIGSY's POV pulls back hastily as RUMP checks for life-signs.

RUMP (CONT'D)  
(to Kabel)  
She... She's dead.

CUT TO:

26 **EXT. STREET (THE STREET TRAP STREET RUNS OFF) - DUSK**

26

\*

CLARA and THE DOCTOR watch RIGSY. He looks deeply disturbed.

THE DOCTOR

What? Do you remember how to reveal  
the street? It's a password, isn't  
it? I knew it. One of the classics?  
Open Sesame? Swordfish? Geronimo?

RIGSY shakes his head, emotional. But when he looks up, he  
suddenly spots something behind CLARA. Blinks in surprise.

RIGSY

I don't think we need a password.

CLARA and THE DOCTOR turn to look! But there's nothing here.

CLARA

What? What is it?

RIGSY

You can't see it? *There*. The narrow  
passageway, right between the  
buildings...

We're with CLARA and THE DOCTOR, and their POV. RIGSY moves  
them slightly, pointing. Suddenly brought into perspective:  
the entrance to a dark, narrow passageway!

CLARA

I see it! You?

THE DOCTOR nods. Excited. But now they have to be careful.

THE DOCTOR

Fifty minutes left. Hoody up, Local  
Knowledge. Let's keep you anonymous  
as long as we possibly can.

\*

RIGSY pulls up his hoody as THE DOCTOR leads the way...

CONTINUOUS TO:

27

**EXT. TRAP STREET ENTRANCE - DUSK**

27 \*

They move gingerly out of the passageway, onto the  
cobblestones of the street itself. There, they pause.

16th century architecture, old and weathered. No cars, power  
lines, or modern signage. They're alone, but strange light  
and distant noise spill around the corner up ahead. Weird-  
sounding music and the muted hubbub of a crowd.

Much closer, there's a bundle of clothes outside a doorway.

RIGSY

(quiet)

How come I could see it when you  
couldn't?

THE DOCTOR

You were upset. Something slipped  
through the Retcon, didn't it? A  
memory.

RIGSY looks troubled. He really hopes it wasn't a memory...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Your mind was consumed by something  
else - something juicy. The  
misdirection circuit lost its power  
over you.

CLARA

Wouldn't that mean distracted  
people wander in all the time?  
People on their phones or whatever?

THE DOCTOR

Perhaps they do. Haven't you ever  
walked a familiar way home and  
suddenly found yourself in an odd  
part of town? A street you've never  
seen before? I bet you just turned  
around and went - [on your way]

RIGSY silences him - shhh!

Up the street, two WOMEN round the corner, chatting. They  
spot the newcomers and freeze, alarmed. A worried glance  
between them, then they turn heel and hastily move off.

RIGSY

Were they aliens? They didn't look  
like aliens.

THE DOCTOR

Could be the misdirection circuit.  
I wonder if we're seeing anything  
here quite as it really is.

\*

THE DOCTOR takes a step forward, and -

\*

An alarm goes off! The cobblestones beneath their feet light  
up in red with alien-looking computer circuitry.

\*

\*

THE DOCTOR tries to step back but can't lift his feet. CLARA  
and RIGSY are likewise stuck to the cobbles. Trapped.

\*

THE DOCTOR opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out.  
CLARA tries talking too. Nothing.

RIGSY points madly to the pile of clothes - it's moving! It's  
a man in a big grey tramp's coat. He wakes from a nap,  
growling as he eyes the intruders. This is the wolf-alien we  
saw earlier, RUMP, only now he's a battle-weary human, 40ish,  
with all the same scars, his movements primal and dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

He presses a cobblestone with his foot. The alarm stops. \*

Movement to their left! A grate in the street opens and a human version of KABEL scampers out, a wooden box under his arm. KABEL moves like an ant: nervous and twitchy. \*

KABEL

Three at once. That's new. And so soon after...

(Anah's murder)

You know. \*

RIGSY's POV as he keeps his head down and his hoody up: KABEL opens up the wooden box for RUMP, keeping a safe distance from the intruders. RUMP takes out an alien-looking syringe.

RIGSY flinches, afraid. His fear transforms his POV, the scene before him changing in a blink -

RUMP looks like a wolf-man again, furry and grey, while KABEL is insect-like once more, with hard, shiny skin and antennae.

A blink, and RIGSY's POV flicks back. They're human again.

RUMP is about to inject helpless CLARA... when he stops, and starts sniffing the air around THE DOCTOR, like a dog.

RUMP

Hang about. This one don't smell human.

KABEL

Hmm. Come to think of it, doesn't look human either. Too... spidery.

RUMP

Maybe they're *not* human.

KABEL

(hugely relieved)

For goodness sake! Why didn't they use the protocol?

RUMP presses a cobble, and the circuitry in the ground changes colour from red to amber. The intruders still can't move, but they can speak. \*

KABEL (CONT'D)

(to the Doctor)

Name, species and case for asylum. Quick as you like.

THE DOCTOR

Asylum?

KABEL

The reason you're here. The reason you need sanctuary.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR and CLARA exchange a look. *Sanctuary?* \*

RIGSY tugs on CLARA's sleeve, drawing her back to talk privately. Meanwhile, KABEL babbles on, oblivious. \*

RIGSY	KABEL (CONT'D)	
(whispers)	(background)	
I saw through the circuit	Honestly, sometimes I wonder	
again - I saw them. They're	how they even made it this	*
definitely not human.	far.	

RUMP  
(to the Doctor) \*

You do know this is a refugee camp?

THE DOCTOR \*

Of course we do. \*

ASHILDR (O.C.) \*

Of course he does!

Everyone turns to look -

ASHILDR (CONT'D) \*

(teasing) \*

Now that you've told him. \*

CLARA

Ashildr?!

ASHILDR seems surprised but delighted to see them, shadowed by two huge PRIVATE SECURITY GUARDS. She hasn't aged, but there's something relaxed and effortlessly commanding about her now. (NB. A scarf conceals her neck.)

KABEL and RUMP make way for their leader, respectful.

RUMP	KABEL
Good morning, Mayor.	Madam Mayor.

ASHILDR

Stand down, gentleman. They're friends.

THE DOCTOR last saw Ashildr 364 years ago in her timeline. He watches, curious and cautious, as she takes CLARA's hands. \*

ASHILDR (CONT'D) \*

Clara. Look at you, you're--

CLARA

Me? Look at you. Oh my god, you were in here! That's why he lost track of you! \*

(the Doctor's surprise) \*

Oh please. \*

(to Ashildr) \*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (CONT'D)

It's cute he thinks I didn't know.  
He has this secret whole room in  
the TARDIS where he collects  
mentions of you - old photos,  
identities, war records. They dried  
up in the early 1800s and I worried  
you were, you know... [dead]

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ASHILDR looks over at THE DOCTOR, fond.

\*

ASHILDR

I made sure he knew I was okay.

\*

THE DOCTOR is relieved. *That's* what the photo was about.

\*

THE DOCTOR

We need your help, Ashildr. Someone  
in this place has control of a  
Quantum Shade.

ASHILDR's smile fades. KABEL and RUMP exchange a look.

ASHILDR

Oh?

THE DOCTOR gives RIGSY a nod. He looks up, removes his hood.

KABEL squeaks in fright, hiding behind RUMP. RUMP growls out  
a threat. Even the huge GUARDS look nervous. ASHILDR's warmth  
has vanished; she eyes THE DOCTOR with anger and suspicion.

\*  
\*

CLARA

Ashildr? What's going on?

In answer, ASHILDR pulls the scarf off, revealing a striking  
tattoo: whorls of black ink around her neck and collarbone.  
THE DOCTOR knows exactly what it means.

\*

THE DOCTOR

(stunned)

You?

ASHILDR

How do you know him? Tell me you  
didn't send him in here in the  
first place.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR

*Send* him? I barely had a clue this  
street even existed!

\*  
\*  
\*

CLARA

(horrified)

Wait. You did this to Rigsy?

RIGSY looks from ASHILDR to THE DOCTOR, nervous. They're  
eyeing each other stonily, both on guard now.

THE DOCTOR

What have you done, Ashildr?

ASHILDR

This man committed a crime, I sentenced him.

CLARA

*Sentenced* him?

ASHILDR

I also gave him enough time to return home to his family.

THE DOCTOR

You flooded his brain with Retcon! Till we showed up, he had no idea he had to say goodbye to them.

ASHILDR

I'm afraid no intruder leaves this street without a memory wipe. With respect, that will include you.

CLARA

The hell it will.

THE DOCTOR

Okay, let's all calm down. Ashildr, given we we're going to forget this conversation anyway, perhaps you could tell us what happened here yesterday to necessitate a death sentence?

\*  
\*

She considers him, still wary. Finally -

ASHILDR

Fine, I'll show you. Mr Kabel, Mr Rump. Permit them entry.

KABEL's horrified. RUMP hesitates, eyeing RIGSY warily.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)

His friends will be responsible for his good behaviour.

(to the Doctor)

Won't they?

THE DOCTOR nods. ASHILDR gives RUMP a reassuring look, and he grudgingly presses on a cobblestone. The circuitry goes dark.

As they enter the street, RUMP growls under his breath -

RUMP

*Murderer.*

CLARA  
What did you say?  
(to Rigsy)  
What did he say?

RIGSY heard just fine. We cut to his POV as he reels - a blink - and we once more see the aliens as they really are: wolf-man, insect guy, and - flanking ASHILDR - two JUDOON.

RIGSY  
Murderer. He called me a murderer.

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

28 \*

ASHILDR and THE DOCTOR lead the way further into the street. The GUARDS bring up the rear, keeping a close eye on RIGSY.

RIGSY and CLARA are in awe of their surroundings, which only get weirder the further they go on. The 1500s buildings have been repaired and renovated many times over with a mishmash of alien tech. The place is run-down and grungy but still highly functional: spaceship parts piggy-back off tree-house extensions and alien inventions.

They look up and see more: inside each old street lamp is a plump glow-worm, lighting up the street.

\*

High above their heads, bizarre plants grow in window boxes.

\*

Through a window, we see a warmly-lit scene of a FAMILY, eating around a simple table.

Next, they pass a huge old, rusted bird cage, hanging from the second-floor of a building that extends out over the street. There's a raven inside.

It croaks out a creepy call, eyeing RIGSY as he passes. CLARA looks back at it, curious.

Residents of the street go about their business, trading goods at stalls, greeting each other, etc. They all appear human, but in some cases they move or behave oddly. They stop for a sticky-beak of the newcomers, intrigued...

But when they spot RIGSY, looks turn frightened or hostile. An ELDERLY WOMAN pulls a CHILD behind her to safety, eyeing RIGSY like she wants to rip his throat out. A MAN selects a makeshift weapon from his market stall, wary. Poor RIGSY looks gutted.

\*

Over this, they walk and talk:

THE DOCTOR  
How long have you been here?

(CONTINUED)



ASHILDR  
Since Waterloo.

THE DOCTOR  
The Battle?

ASHILDR  
No, the station. Really, Doctor. I  
heard stories of an alien foxhole  
in the middle of London, so I found  
it, took over, cleaned it up.

THE DOCTOR  
And turned it into an alien refugee  
camp.

ASHILDR  
Earth was in need of one.

CLARA  
Fascinating. Now can we skip to the  
part where you want Rigsy dead for  
some reason?

ASHILDR  
It's best we get him inside first.

She's got a point. The crowd's hostility at RIGSY's presence  
is palpable. RIGSY and CLARA share an uneasy look.

RIGSY  
They look like they want to kill me  
themselves.

ASHILDR  
Like I said. Best we get inside.

RIGSY keeps his eyes down, keeps walking.

THE DOCTOR  
Why meddle with aliens again,  
Ashildr? What are you playing at?

ASHILDR  
Playing at?

She glances over at THE DOCTOR and it only just seems to dawn  
on her - he's trying to match her with the Ashildr of 1651.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)  
Of course. When you last saw me...

The business with Leandro. Of course he doesn't trust her.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)  
I'm "meddling" because these  
creatures have lost everything. To  
war, to genocide, to famine.  
(MORE)

ASHILDR (CONT'D)

They are without hope, without home. My peculiar existence - my permanence - is useful to them.

THE DOCTOR is taken aback. This has the ring of the truth.

CLARA

So this is, what? Charity?

ASHILDR

I don't pretend it's selfless. Being useful to them is useful to me. I need an anchor. A purpose. I think the Doctor might understand a little about that.

When CLARA looks at THE DOCTOR, he's watching ASHILDR with soft, sad eyes. Her words have got to him.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)

(to the Doctor)

It took me a long time to accept it. But you and I? We're the same.

ASHILDR walks on. THE DOCTOR follows.

RIGSY (O.C.)

Clara. Look.

CLARA turns. Stood in a doorway is ANAHSON, a boy of 14, his eyes red from crying. He watches THE DOCTOR pass, eyes locked on him, intense with curiosity.

ANAHSON senses the attention and turns. He and CLARA lock eyes - the boy too stunned by her for a moment to react. Then, he quickly turns to disappear inside the house. That's when we see it - a second face on the back of his head! RIGSY and CLARA exchange an astonished look.

CUT TO:

29

**EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

29 \*

THE DOCTOR and ASHILDR round a bend in the street. He clocks a tall woman, crouching down to whisper to a dog at her feet.

THE DOCTOR

This misdirection circuit of yours is remarkable.

She shoots him a puzzled look. *My what?*

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

The cloaking device - to hide the street, to make everyone look human.

(CONTINUED)

ASHILDR  
That's no device. It's the  
Lurkworms.

She indicates one of the fat glow-worms as they pass a lamp.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)  
Quite something, aren't they? You  
can bypass them -

ASHILDR pinches THE DOCTOR. Hard.

THE DOCTOR  
Ow!

In the brief moment of pain, THE DOCTOR's POV is transformed:  
the HABBRIAN WOMAN is blue-skinned, with sharp, prominent  
teeth. The dog... still looks like a dog.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
That can't be a purebred Habbrian??  
(off Ashildr's look)  
But she's talking to a Minnar!

ASHILDR  
I brokered a truce. We've strict  
rules against violence here. Rules  
every creature must abide if they  
wish to remain on the street.

THE DOCTOR marvels, impressed.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)  
You're not angry.

THE DOCTOR  
Angry? Why would I be angry?

ASHILDR  
Doctor. Half these creatures are  
your mortal enemies.

ASHILDR nods towards a mechanic's workshop, noisy with the  
sounds of work. It *looks* like a woman is doing first-aid on a  
SOLDIER's head, but then Doctor pinches himself and -

Sparks are flying. An OOD is angle-grinding the head of a  
broken CYBERMAN! It turns to watch them as they pass.

\*

ASHILDR (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. We're perfectly safe.

THE DOCTOR  
A phrase I find is usually followed  
by a lot of screaming and running  
and bleeding.

ASHILDR

What's better? That they're in here  
with me, peaceful and cooperative?  
Or out there on Earth, like the  
Zygons?

THE DOCTOR frowns. She has him there.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

30 \*

ASHILDR leads THE DOCTOR inside. CLARA and RIGSY follow them  
in, the guards taking up sentry at the door.

ASHILDR

We haven't had an act of violence  
on the street in a hundred years.  
Until yesterday, when your friend  
here attacked one of our most  
vulnerable residents.

CLARA

How did Rigsy even get in?

CUT TO:

31 **INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

31 \*

The infirmary: 16th century furnishings meet a hodge-podge of  
alien medical tech.

CLARA

We barely managed it, and we knew  
what we were...

CLARA falters as a standing chamber of glowing green light  
comes into view. Suspended inside: the woman from RIGSY's  
memory, eyes closed in death, her head injury visible.

\*

CLARA (CONT'D)

...looking for.

THE DOCTOR is fascinated by the chamber, almost but not-quite  
touching the glowing light around ANAH as he inspects it.

ASHILDR

We found her at the entrance of the  
street. No weapon on the scene, but  
cause of death was likely the head  
wound. Seems she was knocked to the  
cobblestones.

CLARA  
"Seems"? You don't know exactly  
what happened but you sentenced  
Rigsy to death??"

RIGSY looks ill as he remembers...

INSERT FLASHBACK  
TO SC 25:

RIGSY on the cobblestones, knelt over the body -

CUT TO:

ASHILDR  
He was found over the body. My  
people were angry. Frightened. I  
had to act.

CLARA  
This is ridiculous, this is -

RIGSY  
(to Ashildr)  
What was her name?

RIGSY isn't outraged like CLARA - he looks sick with guilt.

ASHILDR  
Anah. We're keeping her here until  
someone can take her home for  
burial.  
(beat)  
Something wrong, Doctor?

ASHILDR has been closely watching THE DOCTOR at the chamber.

THE DOCTOR  
What kind of tech is this?

ASHILDR  
It was here when I took the street.  
Scavenged or stolen a very long  
time ago, I imagine. Why? Do you  
recognise it?

THE DOCTOR considers. Something's nagging at him...

THE DOCTOR  
No. No, I don't think so.

For a moment, it seems that's not the answer ASHILDR wants.

THE DOCTOR rounds the back of the chamber... Where we see  
that ANAH has a second face on the back of her head.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
She's a Janus!

ASHILDR

She escaped slavery, fled here with her child.

(guilt-ridden)

I promised her she'd be safe.

THE DOCTOR

The child. A girl?

ASHILDR

No. A boy.

THE DOCTOR looks disappointed.

CLARA

Is that bad?

THE DOCTOR

Not bad, just unhelpful. A daughter might've been able to see who killed her mother.

(off Clara's look)

The female Janus are psychic. One face sees into the future, the other behind her, into the past.

ASHILDR

It's why they're so often enslaved to other species. How better to win a war or amass a fortune than with your very own crystal ball?

CLARA

It's obvious then, isn't it? Anah saw something she shouldn't have - someone's secret. So they killed her.

RIGSY

Clara, what if I did do it? I wouldn't have meant to hurt her, but if I wandered in here and I saw what she really looked like... What if I freaked?

THE DOCTOR

Except you didn't *wander* anywhere. You came here after a 6am phone call from a mystery number.

ASHILDR reacts, surprised and concerned.

\*

CLARA

\*

Besides, I've seen you scared. You don't lash out, you get stupidly brave and self-sacrificing. There's no way you did this.

ASHILDR

What then? You think someone called  
him here? Set him up?

A knocking on the door. A strained voice calls for the Mayor.

CLARA

Obviously! Which means one of your  
pet aliens out there is the real  
killer.

The knocking stops and there's the sound of a struggle.

ASHILDR

(exiting)

Excuse me. I'm sorry.

THE DOCTOR

Of course. Go. It's not like we've  
got a ticking clock here or  
anything.

THE DOCTOR tugs down RIGSY's collar for a look. RIGSY has  
been keeping track with his watch.

RIGSY

Forty-one minutes, right?

THE DOCTOR nods, grim, pulling a fob watch from his pocket.  
It's 7.05pm. By 7.47, RIGSY will be dead.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

32

**EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

32 \*

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and RIGSY join a crowd of (human-looking)  
aliens, including RUMP and KABEL, all looking on grimly as a  
distressed man, CHRONOLOCK GUY, pleads with ASHILDR.

CHRONOLOCK GUY

Lock me up, throw us out, anything  
but this. Please. I only took it to  
save her.

The man's wife (ALIEN WOMAN), distraught, 60s, looks on.

ASHILDR

How many minutes left?

RUMP checks the man's neck. There's a tattoo, like RIGSY's.

RUMP

Two, Madam Mayor.

ASHILDR

I gave you a chronolock of three  
weeks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ASHILDR (CONT'D)

Three weeks to spend with your family, to put your affairs in order. Even to leave the planet.

(to the crowd)

This man stole medical rations. He broke a rule of the street and he stole from all of you.

Faces in the crowd hang on her words with awe and respect.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)

Yes, he stole for a good reason, and yes, I could remove the chronolock...

She touches her own tattoo. Hope blooms in the man's face.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)

But I won't. Our rules keep us safe. Here, no life is worth more than the street as a whole.

The alien woman pulls her husband close. All hope is lost; these are their final moments together.

ALIEN WOMAN

Give it to me.

(he shakes his head)

Please. Tell me I can have it. One word. Say it. Say yes.

CHRONOLOCK GUY

I did this to save you, you silly old thing. You really think I could lose you now?

THE DOCTOR, RIGSY and CLARA look on, emotional. Their POV transforms, briefly revealing the pair in their true form: an alien woman and a cyborg man.

On the back of the man's neck, his tattoo changes to 1.

\*

At that moment, ASHILDR feels a surge of energy as her contract with the Shade comes to fruition. Her tattoo comes to life, curling around itself before scorching out of her skin in a small plume of black smoke, leaving her neck bare.

CHRONOLOCK-GUY whimpers at the sight.

CUT TO:

The raven, in its cage. It dissolves into a black plume of smoke and curls out between the bars!

(CONTINUED)



Outside, it re-forms into a raven and takes to the air.

CUT TO:

34 **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

34 \*

The raven flies into view - the aliens scatter. It comes to land on a perch within view of CHRONOLOCK-GUY.

CHRONOLOCK-GUY turns to face the raven. Trembling.

The raven eyes its quarry, patient. It croaks - a chilling sound. But it can't take the man until his tattoo hits zero.

KABEL  
(under his breath)  
Don't run. Don't run. Stay with  
her.

But CHRONOLOCK-GUY panics, pulling away from ALIEN WOMAN, away from the raven. Desperate, she tries to hold onto him.

ALIEN WOMAN  
Don't go!

He's too scared to heed her. He breaks free, sprinting into the nearest house, and slamming the door behind him.

The raven lifts off its perch and swoops after him.

KABEL  
Why do they always run?

Just before the raven reaches the shut door, it bursts into a cloud of smoke - and goes *through* the solid wood!

35 **OMITTED**

35

36 **OMITTED**

36

37 **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

37 \*

The crowd is silent, united in anxiety at the distant sounds of the chase. ASHILDR is grim.

Away from the crowd, hanging back in the shadows... we find ANAHSON. He's watching CLARA and THE DOCTOR.

CLARA senses something and turns - but ANAHSON pulls back swiftly and CLARA only catches a glimpse of movement. *Odd*.

The moment is forgotten when CHRONOLOCK-GUY bursts out of a front door further down the street, and bolts away.

RIGSY

What happens when it catches him?

THE DOCTOR

It's called a Quantum Shade. A kind of spirit. Takes the form of something native to its surroundings. And on it's own, it's not dangerous.

(a glance at Ashildr)

But once a Shade is enslaved to a master, and that master binds it to a victim... You could flee across all of time and the universe and it would still find you.

RIGSY

And then? Then what?

THE DOCTOR demurs. It's too awful to spell out.

CUT TO:

38 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

38

CHRONOLOCK-GUY races up the street, panicked. The raven swoops after him.

CUT TO:

38a **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

38a

THE DOCTOR steps in close to ASHILDR. They keep this private:

THE DOCTOR

Tell me you're going to step in.

ASHILDR

You must be able to see how fragile this place is, Doctor. How precarious. When a rule gets broken, there have to be consequences. Without consequences, I can't keep anybody safe.

THE DOCTOR

At least give him a merciful death.

ASHILDR

Do you think a Cyberman fears a *merciful* death? Or a Habbrian? No. Death alone is not enough of a deterrent. The Shade is.

CUT TO:

38b      **EXT. TRAP STREET ENTRANCE - NIGHT**      38b      \*

CHRONOLOCK-GUY has almost reached the street entrance, when - \*

On the back of his neck, the tattoo changes to 0. It's time. \*

The raven dives and - WHOOMP! It punches straight through \*

into his back. His head snaps back - arms flung out - \*

He's frozen as a scream of pain rips through him - the sound \*

of decades of torture, crammed into one agonising moment.

CUT TO:

39      **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**      39      \*

People shrink at the sound. Some cover their ears.

Then, the cry cuts short. The ALIEN WOMAN closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

40      **EXT. TRAP STREET ENTRANCE - NIGHT**      40      \*

Black smoke bursts out of CHRONOLOCK-GUY's mouth and hovers \*

there a moment. The guy hovers too, frozen in agony.

Then his body drops to the cobblestones. Dead.

CUT TO:

41      **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**      41      \*

On RIGSY's horror as silence rings throughout the street.

ASHILDR's tattoo reappears, like smoke rising to the surface \*

of her skin. \*

As the crowd disperses, THE DOCTOR considers ASHILDR. There's \*

genuine sorrow in her eyes as she watches KABEL gently lead \*

ALIEN WOMAN away. She took no pleasure in the death. \*

ASHILDR      \*

I've no wish to harm your friend if      \*

he's innocent, Doctor. Question who      \*

you like.      \*

(a look to the infirmary)      \*

Examine the body. But it's not me      \*

you need to convince of Rigsy's      \*

innocence. It's *them*. Anah's death      \*

go unpunished? This place will      \*

riot. And trust me... No one wants      \*

that.      \*

(CONTINUED)

It's not a threat, it's a statement of fact. Grim, ASHILDR heads back into the infirmary. We stay on RIGSY, CLARA and THE DOCTOR as that sinks in.

\*

RIGSY

I'm just... I'm gonna call home.

CLARA and THE DOCTOR are pensive as he moves off.

\*

CLARA

We split up. Cover more ground. I'm good cop, you're bad cop.

THE DOCTOR

No, we don't need - Wait. Why can't I be good cop?

\*

CLARA

Doctor, your face. We've discussed this.

THE DOCTOR

Oh. Yes. But forget cops. Forget finding who the real killer is. You heard Ashildr - all we need to do is persuade these creatures it isn't Rigsy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(checks the time)

And fast.

She nods, and he sweeps off. CLARA watches RIGSY, head in his hands as he sits nearby, talking soothingly to his daughter.

RIGSY

Shh baby girl, shh. You be good for your mum, okay? I'm doing my best to get home to you guys.

(a beat/Jen comes back on)

Hey. -- Yeah, I know. She can probably tell you're upset.

CLARA's heart breaks as RIGSY struggles to hold it together. She has to do something. She clocks RUMP, and hurries over.

CLARA

Mr Rump? It's Rump, isn't it? That man's wife. She said something - "give it to me", "tell me I can have it". What did she mean?

RUMP

Two ways to survive a Quantum Shade. The Shade's master removes the chronolock, or you give it to someone else.

CLARA

Give it? You can just -

(CONTINUED)

RUMP

No, you can't push it on someone,  
not that simple. It has to be taken  
willingly. The death's already  
locked in. You can pass it on, but  
you can't cheat it.

CLARA's absorbing that, when she sees it - the face in the  
shadows. It's the boy, ANAHSON, looking right at her.

CLARA raises her hand to wave, but he's already darting away.

CUT TO:

42 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

42 \*

The raven in it's cage, blinking out calmly at the world.

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

43 \*

RIGSY stares at CLARA as if she's mad.

RIGSY

You're serious. You actually expect  
me to "give" you my death sentence.

CLARA

Go on, I've always wanted a tattoo.  
Something small. Discreet.

RIGSY

Clara. Cut it out.

CLARA

Don't you get it? It's not a death  
sentence, it's a *plan*. Ashildr's  
got no reason to kill me, right? So  
if we can't get the aliens on side  
in the next half an hour, I reveal  
I've got the chronolock, not you,  
and - boom! We've bought ourselves  
time to find the real killer.

\*

RIGSY

No way is the Doctor letting you do  
that.

CLARA

Course not, he'll flip. So we don't  
tell him - we keep his tantrum up  
our sleeve for when we confront  
Ashildr. She'll take the chronolock  
off me just to shut him up.

RIGSY  
No. No, it's too risky.

CLARA  
Christopher Riggins, don't make me  
use my teacher voice on you.

RIGSY stands a little straighter. Wow. Good teacher voice.

RIGSY  
How did - I didn't tell you my  
name, did I?

CLARA  
Please. Like I didn't look you up  
after Bristol, make sure you were  
okay.

RIGSY can't help a small smile at that.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Don't be a hero, Christopher  
Riggins. You've got a family to  
think about now.

RIGSY  
So do you. Don't you?

CLARA  
Not the way you do. You're  
someone's dad. What happens if you  
don't come home to Jen and Lucy  
tonight, huh? If you never come  
home? Do you really want your  
little girl growing up without a  
father just because you wouldn't  
take a risk?

RIGSY looks totally gutted by the thought.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
You trusted us to save you, so  
*trust us*. No one has to die today.

CLARA's never been more Doctor-y, equal parts stubbornness,  
adrenalin andchutzpah. Finally, RIGSY nods.

RIGSY  
How do we do this then?

CLARA  
I was kinda hoping that would be  
it. I say I want it, you say I can  
have it, done deal. Here, show me -

He turns and she pulls down his shirt. The second she touches  
his skin, RIGSY gasps. The tattoo scorches out of him in a  
small plume of black smoke, leaving his skin bare.

The smoke curls around to the back of CLARA's neck. She flinches at the sharp burst of pain as it hits her skin.

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

44 \*

The raven croaks, ruffling its feathers. There's been a change in its contract. A new life on the line.

CUT TO:

45 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

45 \*

Close on the tattoo on CLARA's nape: 33 minutes. She pulls her collar up to cover it.

RIGSY

So this is your life, huh? Bouncing round in time. Saving people.

CLARA

Not every day. Sometimes Jane Austen and I prank each other. She's the worst, I love her.

RIGSY shakes his head, in awe of her.

CUT TO:

46 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

46 \*

THE DOCTOR appeals to the ELDERLY WOMAN we saw earlier.

THE DOCTOR

Anah's abilities must've made people uncomfortable. Isn't it possible someone saw her as a threat?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Nope. It's the human what killed her.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

46a **INT. HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

46a \*

CLARA shows HABBRIAN WOMAN the call record on Rigsy's phone.

46a

CONTINUED:

46a

CLARA

But look - see? Someone lured him  
here. Set him up to take the fall.

\*

CUT TO:

46b

**EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

46b

\*

Back to THE DOCTOR and the ELDERLY WOMAN.

ELDERLY WOMAN

The residents of this street can  
resolve their problems peacefully.  
But that lot out there? Humanity?  
When they're not waging wars, they  
fight each other for sport. For  
*fun*.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

47

**INT. HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

47

\*

CLARA and the HABBRIAN WOMAN.

CLARA

Think about it, though - Rigsy had  
no motive to hurt Anah.

\*

\*

\*

HABBRIAN WOMAN

*Motive?* Humans are apex predators.  
Natural killers. Even the children  
can chew through animal flesh with  
their bare teeth.

\*

\*

CLARA

Well. Only if it's cooked.

HABBRIAN WOMAN

(horrified)

Cooked?? They *cook* animals?

Oops. This isn't going very well.

CUT TO:

47a

**EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

47a

\*

RIGSY's where we left him, anxious, looking at his watch.  
Twenty-six minutes left.

CUT TO:



47b **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

47b \*

CLARA shows KABEL a photo on Rigsy's phone: a selfie of Rigsy with Lucy.

CLARA  
See? He's not a monster, he's a dad. He's only just a kid himself.

KABEL  
Pfft. Humans reproduce all the time. I hear they enjoy it.

CLARA glances at her watch. Trying to keep her cool.

CUT TO:

48 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

48 \*

THE DOCTOR, with a quietly hostile RUMP.

RUMP  
I told you already. Wasn't anyone up that end of the street 'cept Anah and the human.

CUT TO:

49 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

49 \*

KABEL  
He claimed he didn't lay a finger on her. Said he found her like that. But they're natural liars, humans. All of them. I hear the ones who are especially good at it get to rule over the rest of them as leaders.

CLARA  
That is....actually not inaccurate.

Poor CLARA.

CUT TO:

50 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

50 \*

Back to THE DOCTOR with RUMP. He's losing patience.

THE DOCTOR  
I've identified twenty-nine species on this street so far, fifteen of them known for aggression.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Why is it so hard for you to believe one of them might be capable of murder?

RUMP

Capable of murder? Yes. Capable of killing Anah? No.

THE DOCTOR

Why not? Why was she so special?

CUT TO:

51 **INT. HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

51 \*

HABBRIAN WOMAN

It was the way she looked at you. Like she *understood*.

CUT TO:

52 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

52 \*

ELDERLY WOMAN

One glance into your past and she felt it all. Every battle, every loss.

CUT TO:

53 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

53 \*

KABEL

That's why it has to have been the human. No one in here who knew Anah could ever have hurt her.

CLARA's properly losing hope now.

CUT TO:

53a **EXT. ANAH'S HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

53a \*

Across the way, RIGSY spots CLARA moving from one house to the next. He gives her a hopeful look - *any luck?*

CLARA shakes her head, but forces a hopeful smile. Knocks on Anah's door.

RIGSY sees straight through the brave face. He checks his watch, grim: 14 minutes left.

CUT TO:

54      **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**      54      \*

THE DOCTOR's getting frustrated now. Angry.

THE DOCTOR  
You just want the human dead, is  
that it?

RUMP  
No. I've seen enough death to last  
a lifetime.

THE DOCTOR's surprised. A chink of hope at last.

THE DOCTOR  
Then buy me time with the others.  
Give me a proper chance to clear  
his name.

RUMP  
You don't get it, do you? You do  
that, and this place is done for.  
If the human didn't do it, that  
means one of us did. Which means  
folks start pointing fingers.  
Turning on each other. And once we  
turn on each other in here? That's  
it. I might as well be back in a  
war-zone.

THE DOCTOR  
So you'll just let Rigsy die?

RUMP looks torn. He's not proud of it.

RUMP  
To keep the peace? Yeah. I will.

On THE DOCTOR's dismay. That's that, then.      \*

55      **OMITTED**      55

56      **OMITTED**      56

57      **INT. ANAH'S HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**      57      \*

CLARA is sat opposite ANAHSON. He keeps his head down, his  
eyes away from her face. She treads gently.

CLARA  
Did your mother have any idea what  
was going to happen to her? Did she  
seem frightened of anyone?

ANAHSON

She couldn't see forward in her own timeline. Or mine. Not anyone close to her.

CLARA

I see. I'm sorry.

CLARA's heart goes out to this poor boy, all alone now.

CLARA (CONT'D)

She must've been very strong to escape what happened to her. To come all this way.

ANAHSON finally looks up. His gaze intense and fathomless.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I didn't think I'd ever be the same after losing my mum, and the truth is... I wasn't. I became more like her. More stubborn. More impulsive. If you're anything like your mum, I know you'll be okay.

CLARA realises that she's reached out for ANAHSON's arm. She pulls back with an apologetic smile but ANAHSON isn't fazed. Now that he's locked on her face, he can't seem to look away.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for your loss.

ANAHSON studies CLARA like she's a puzzle he can't solve.

CUT TO:

58

**EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

58 \*

CLARA slips out of Anah's house. She locks eyes with THE DOCTOR, further down the street. He's still quizzing KABEL.

CLARA catches his eye, then holds up ten fingers, then two.  
*Twelve minutes left.*

THE DOCTOR nods, anxious. He knows.

KABEL

He was thinking only of himself, your friend. Acting like he was all scared of us, asking for a doctor.

THE DOCTOR snaps to attention.

THE DOCTOR

He what?

KABEL

I know! The cheek of it! Humans can survive losing entire limbs and we're meant to believe he's -

THE DOCTOR

Shut up shut up - the other thing, the second thing - you said he was scared and...

KABEL

And he asked the Mayor to call him a doctor. Poor Anah, dead at his feet, and he's -

THE DOCTOR

Shhhh! He wanted "a doctor" or "the doctor"? This is very important.

KABEL

(thinks back)

The doctor. There was nothing wrong with him, mind. It was all -

But THE DOCTOR is already sprinting away. KABEL frowns.

KABEL (CONT'D)

- your standard human lies.

CUT TO:

59

**EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

59 \*

THE DOCTOR pulls CLARA and RIGSY into a nook for privacy.

THE DOCTOR

When we got here today, Ashildr was happy to see us.

(to Rigsy)

And you - she acted shocked when you revealed yourself. But she already *knew* we were connected. You told her yourself.

RIGSY

I did?

CLARA

(getting it)

In case of emergency!

THE DOCTOR

Exactly. Clara gave you my number for emergencies. You wake up with a weird tattoo and no memory of the last 24 hours? First thing you do? Call the Doctor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Find yourself accused of murder on  
a secret alien street in the middle  
of London?

RIGSY

Call the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Only they've taken your phone, so  
you beg the woman in charge to call  
me instead. She knew I was your  
friend. So why lie? Unless she had  
something to hide.

A deep, threatening growl from behind them. They turn.

It's RUMP. Eyes narrowed.

RUMP

You plan on accusing the Mayor,  
you'd better have more evidence for  
us than that.

THE DOCTOR

Why? Because she sticks her Quantum  
Shade on anyone who threatens her?

RUMP

A creature like that at her  
command, she could rule this whole  
planet if she wanted. Instead, she  
stays here. She protects us. You  
really think she's up to something?  
Show us your proof.

On THE DOCTOR and CLARA. Stumped.

RUMP (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

He goes, leaving the three of them hopeless.

RIGSY

That's it then.  
(to Clara, re the tattoo)  
Time to tell him.

THE DOCTOR

Tell who what?

CLARA

There's nine minutes left. We're  
not giving up - [until]

RIGSY

Clara, even if one of them knows  
something, they're not gonna come  
forward. The way they look at me...

THE DOCTOR  
"Time to tell him" what?

CLARA  
Wait! The way they look at you...

She's frozen. Eyes wide. Sensing a penny is about to drop.

RIGSY  
What?

CLARA  
Something. Something. A feeling.

CLARA spins around to look at the spot where she saw ANAHSON hiding in the shadows earlier, watching them.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
He wasn't scared of me, he wasn't angry...

Got it! CLARA's eyes light up as the penny drops.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
If I'm right, we have our evidence.  
Evidence enough for every last  
alien on this street.

CUT TO:

60 **EXT. ANAH'S HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

60 \*

CLARA knocks on the door, RIGSY and THE DOCTOR behind her.

The door opens. ANAHSON is overwhelmed for a moment as his eyes go straight to THE DOCTOR's. CLARA tries to be gentle.

CLARA  
Everyone here is weird around us  
because of Rigsy. But not you. You  
look at me and the Doctor like  
you're confused. Like you're  
*curious*.

ANAHSON  
I - I don't -

CLARA  
I bet our timelines are a right  
mess. His especially. Past and  
future jumbled up a million  
different ways. Different faces,  
too.

ANAHSON  
I don't know what you mean.

But ANAHSON's eyes flash guiltily to RIGSY.

CLARA

You do. And you know Rigsy's  
innocent because you can look into  
his past and see it. Can't you?

ANAHSON looks cornered. CLARA's hunch was right.

CUT TO:

61

**INT. ANAH'S HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

61 \*

CLARA, RIGSY and THE DOCTOR are with a tense ANAHSON.

CLARA

She dressed you as a boy to protect  
you, but you're a girl. You have  
the gift.

ANAHSON

Our sight got us taken from our  
home, from my father and my  
brothers. It helped our captors win  
two wars. *It is no gift.*

CLARA

I'm sorry.

ANAHSON

I'm safe as a boy. This is the  
first place I've ever been safe,  
and you want me to throw it away.  
To admit what I am.

\*  
\*

CLARA

We can protect you.

ANAHSON

Like the Mayor protected my mother?

CLARA's rueful but THE DOCTOR remains focused.

THE DOCTOR

Did she kill her?

RIGSY

Doctor, leave it. She's just a kid.

THE DOCTOR

Why did she go to all this trouble?  
Ashldr could have had any old  
mayfly take the fall for her. Why  
someone I know? What does she want?



CLARA

Stop. Rigsy's right. We can't ask her to put herself in danger.

THE DOCTOR

We can if what Ashildr's up to puts everyone in danger.

ANAHSON is torn.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

It's nothing good, is it?

ANAHSON

I can't see everything but I - she thinks she's doing the right thing.

THE DOCTOR

They usually do. If what she has planned is harmless, we'll walk out that door. No one will know of your abilities. But if it's not...

ANAHSON

I don't know what she means to do.  
(off their disappointment)  
No, I'm trying! But I can't see it because it involves you. Clara's right. I can't tell your past from your future, and there's... there's so very much of both.

CLARA

Is the Doctor in danger? Does Ashildr want to hurt him?

ANAHSON's front eyes drop closed. At the back of her head, her eyes flicker open. Struggling to see into the past.

ANAHSON

It's more complicated than that...  
She couldn't just ask you here. She needed a mystery. You can never resist a mystery.  
(realises)  
She's afraid!

THE DOCTOR

Afraid of what? Of who?

ANAHSON

I... I can't see. I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

62        **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

62        \*

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and RIGSY race up the street. As they pass the cage, the raven croaks out a noise.

                 THE DOCTOR  
                 You. Hold your tongue. We've got  
                 five minutes left.

CUT TO:

63        **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

63        \*

As CLARA and THE DOCTOR race ahead, RIGSY hears footsteps behind him and turns. It's ANAHSON, following them.

She slows at the sight of the infirmary, uncertain.

                 RIGSY  
                 You don't have to. We'll keep you  
                 out of it.

ANAHSON summons her courage.

                 ANAHSON  
                 No. I want to. I want to know why  
                 she did it.

RIGSY recognises the stubborn look. He holds out his hand.

CUT TO:

64        **INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

64        \*

RIGSY and ANAHSON enter hand in hand - just as CLARA's on the way out again, urgent -

                 CLARA  
                 She's not here. She's playing us,  
                 waiting for the clock to run down.  
                 Doctor, come on!

But THE DOCTOR's stuck looking up at ANAH's body, suspended in the light. Something's dawning on him...

                 THE DOCTOR  
                 The Janus burn their dead.

                 CLARA  
                 What?

                 THE DOCTOR  
                 Ashildr said Anah would be taken  
                 home for burial. But the Janus burn  
                 their dead.

RIGSY  
(to Anahson)  
Is that true?

ANAHSON nods, unable to tear her eyes from her mother.

CLARA  
So? Ashildr got it wrong. Come on!

THE DOCTOR  
No. No, there's something about  
this tech...

RIGSY  
Doctor, we don't have time!

THE DOCTOR touches the green light and a small screen  
crackles to life. Delicate lines pulse across the screen,  
before settling into scrolling graphics and numbers.

\*  
\*

ANAHSON  
What is it?

THE DOCTOR  
It looks like... medical data.

ANAHSON  
But - it can't be. She's dead -  
she's not breathing.

THE DOCTOR touches the screen, interacting with the data.

THE DOCTOR  
This thing is a stasis pod. If  
you're dead, it's a very fancy  
refrigerator. But if you're  
alive...

THE DOCTOR brings up a new bit of data. It's a pulsing  
pattern, like a slow heartbeat. *Exactly* like a heartbeat.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
...it simply keeps you that way.

ANAHSON  
She's alive??

THE DOCTOR  
She's alive.

ANAHSON  
Get her out! Get her out of there!

THE DOCTOR's trying - madly typing into the small screen.

THE DOCTOR

There must be a way to unlock it -  
something obvious, something basic,  
something I'm missing -

RIGSY

A keyhole!

THE DOCTOR

Yes, thank you, a keyhole would be  
very helpful but -

RIGSY

No, a *keyhole*.

RIGSY indicates an opening - about half a foot deep - in the  
side of the chamber. At the end of the aperture is a keyhole.

ANAHSON

(dashing for the door)  
I'll find her. Get the key.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, tell her I -

The penny drops. Oh. Oh no. It all makes sense now.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Stay here, Anahson. There's a  
reason the Mayor's gone AWOL. She  
means for us to release your  
mother, but not with *her* key...

He takes the TARDIS key from his pocket.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

She wants mine.

CLARA

The TARDIS? *That's* what this is  
about?

THE DOCTOR examines the aperture and -

CLARA (CONT'D)

No don't!

- puts his hand inside, turning the key with a neat *click*.

The data on the screen goes wild. The machine starts to hum.  
All eyes fly to ANAH to see what will happen, when - CLUNK!

The chamber clamps around THE DOCTOR's wrist, trapping him.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR  
I... I can't...

He turns his hand clockwise. There's another neat *click* and he yanks free. Part of the machine comes away too. A complex-looking wrist-cuff, now fixed around THE DOCTOR's wrist.

CLARA  
What is it?

As THE DOCTOR tries in vain to pry the cuff off, RIGSY's the one who notices - THE DOCTOR's hand is empty!

RIGSY  
The key!

RIGSY checks: the aperture is sealed shut. The key lost.

ANAH's eyes flash open as she takes in a gasp of air!

ANAHSON  
Mum!

The light around ANAH starts to diminish and she begins to wilt, eyes closed, unconscious again, as she drops forward.

RIGSY rushes around and helps CLARA guide ANAH gently to the floor, into ANAHSON's arms.

ANAHSON (CONT'D)  
Mum? Mum, are you okay?

As the last of the chamber's green glow fades to nothing, the wound on ANAH's head vanishes too. ANAHSON gapes - the skin is unblemished! \*

ANAHSON (CONT'D)  
But how - ?

ASHILDR (O.C.)  
She'll be perfectly fine in a few minutes, I assure you.

Everyone spins to look as ASHILDR enters, quiet and rueful.

THE DOCTOR  
There are easier ways to steal a key, you know.

ASHILDR  
I don't want your TARDIS. That's not what this is about.  
(focused on Anahson)  
Anahson, I am truly sorry to have taken her from you, if only for a day. She saw the deal I made and I -

CLARA

What deal?

ASHILDR

I couldn't risk her interfering,  
but I promise, she was never in any  
danger, not for a moment. Rigsy,  
come here, I'll remove the  
chronolock.

RIGSY looks to CLARA but she's glued to THE DOCTOR. No matter  
how much he points his glasses at the cuff, it won't budge.

THE DOCTOR

What is this, Ashildr? You can't  
possibly think it's going to keep  
me here.

ASHILDR

It's not a restraint. It's a  
teleport bracelet.

CLARA

What??

ASHILDR

I'll give you time to say good-bye.  
Don't worry, no one will be hurt.

\*

THE DOCTOR

Where are you sending me?

ASHILDR

I made a deal to protect the  
street. They take you, I take the  
key so you can't be traced. I do as  
they tell me, and the street is  
safe.

THE DOCTOR

They? Who's "they"?

ASHILDR

Rigsy, your neck.

RIGSY

Clara, what are you playing at??  
The chronolock!

CLARA

Take that thing off him first!

ASHILDR turns RIGSY around, goes for his collar.

RIGSY

I don't have it, that's what I'm  
telling you - Clara does!

ASHILDR stares, disbelieving. Dawning horror.

ASHILDR  
No... No, you didn't.

THE DOCTOR pales, horrified, as CLARA displays her neck for ASHILDR. 2 minutes left.

CLARA  
Go on then. Take it off.

THE DOCTOR  
Clara, you *didn't*.

ASHILDR  
(to the Doctor, desperate)  
I had no idea she'd do something so stupid. I swear - I swear I never meant for *anyone* to get hurt.

RIGSY and CLARA exchange bewildered, frightened looks.

THE DOCTOR  
(to Clara)  
What were you thinking? Sacrificing yourself?? What on earth made you think that was a good idea?

CLARA  
I wasn't sacrificing anything! It was strategy! It was back-up, to buy us more time.

THE DOCTOR  
(to Rigsy)  
Who told you you could give it to her??

CLARA  
No one did! I did! Rump said -

THE DOCTOR  
What *exactly* did Rump say?

CLARA  
He said the death is locked in. You can pass it on, but...

The truth dawns as CLARA sees real fear in THE DOCTOR's eyes.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
But...

THE DOCTOR  
But *what*?

ASHILDR  
But you can't cheat it altogether.

CUT TO:

65 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

65 \*

The raven shakes out its feathers, restless. Almost time now.

CUT TO:

66 **INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

66 \*

RIGSY  
You didn't tell me that! Give it  
back to me. Now.

ASHILDR  
She can't.  
(emotional)  
Clara, I made a contract with the  
Shade when I put the chronolock on  
Rigsy. I promised it a soul and  
only I can break that contract.  
When you took it from him, you  
changed the terms. Look -

ASHILDR shows her tattoo. It remains dull and motionless.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)  
You cut me out of the deal.

CUT TO:

67 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

67 \*

The raven turns to smoke and curls out of its cage.

CUT TO:

68 **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

68 \*

CLARA turns to THE DOCTOR. Still hopeful.

CLARA  
But we can fix this. Can't we? We  
always fix it.

THE DOCTOR can't bear her faith in him. Not now.

THE DOCTOR  
No. No, Clara. My Clara. This is  
it. This is goodbye.

(CONTINUED)



CLARA

No. It's not. It can't be.

\*

But CLARA's floored by how utterly devastated he looks.

\*

THE DOCTOR

It's my fault. We were having so much fun and you got reckless.

CLARA

I got...? You're reckless all the bloody time! How come you're the only one who gets to be reckless? That's all you do, day in, day out - you run at danger and you save people and you save the world. Are you saying I'm not good enough to save the world? I'm not good enough to be reckless?

THE DOCTOR

No.

CLARA

You are. I'm not as good as you, that's what you're saying. That's why this is happening. That's why - [I'm going to die]

THE DOCTOR

Clara. I'm no better than you are, I'm just - I'm less breakable. I die? I get a ridiculous new face. You die and you...

(she's gone forever)

You're just as good as I am, Clara Oswald. Better. You're just more breakable and we should have remembered that. We should have been more careful.

And that's when CLARA truly believes it. She's going to die.

CUT TO:

69 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

69 \*

The bird swoops down the street. ALIENS watch it pass, grave.

CUT TO:

70 **INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

70 \*

CLARA looks around her in shock. There's ASHILDR, desperately sorry. ANAHSON, full of compassion, clutching ANAH.

(CONTINUED)

And RIGSY, utterly torn up with guilt.

RIGSY  
Clara, if I'd known -

CLARA  
Shut up.

RIGSY  
But -

CLARA  
Don't! So help me, if you feel  
guilty about this for even one  
minute, I --

\*

The croak of the raven, from outside.

*Oh god.* CLARA looks to the door, terrified.

CUT TO:

70a **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

70a

\*

The raven settles on a perch opposite the infirmary. Waiting  
patiently until it's time. It croaks out another call.

CUT TO:

70b **INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

70b

\*

CLARA tries to tamp down on her panic by staying in selfless,  
practical mode. Right. Focus. What's most important?

\*  
\*

CLARA  
(to the Doctor)  
You. Listen. You're going to be  
alone now and you're very bad at  
that. You're going to be furious  
and you're going to be sad, but  
listen to me. Don't let this change  
you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
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\*

(he sets his jaw)  
No, listen. I know what you're  
capable of but please... Whatever  
happens next? Wherever she's  
sending you? Don't be a warrior. *Be  
a Doctor.*

THE DOCTOR  
But... But I can't cure you.

CLARA  
I know. But I couldn't bear it if  
this turned you into a monster.  
Please. Promise me.

\*  
\*  
\*

Her very last wish. He can't say no to her.

THE DOCTOR  
I promise.

She throws herself at him. He hugs her close.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Clara. I'm so sorry.

CLARA  
Shut up shut up. You don't hug.

THE DOCTOR  
I do. I'm a hugger.

Another croak from outside. CLARA pulls back.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Don't run. Stay with me.

But CLARA knows she can't die here. She needs THE DOCTOR to remember her like this - shoulders squared, eyes shining. Proud and brave.

\*

CLARA  
(whispers)  
It's Rigsy, I... Keep him in here, okay? Stay here. Don't let him see it.

\*

The lie still on her lips, CLARA pulls away from him.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Goodbye, Doctor.

As she turns away, towards the door, we see the courage fall utterly from her face. She's terrified.

CUT TO:

70c **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

70c

\*

The raven croaks, lifting off its perch. It's time.

CLARA comes out the door, walking towards the raven.

THE DOCTOR rushes into the doorway. He can't see CLARA's face. Only her back.

But we see her face. Her terror as she faces death head on.

WHOOMPH! The raven punches into her chest. She cries out -

CUT TO:



THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

She died for him and he will want  
to remember that debt until his  
very last breath.

\*

RIGSY

Please? No one will hear about the  
street, I promise.

ASHILDR is torn. The street is everything.

THE DOCTOR

ASHILDR! You owe Clara, and you owe  
me. You owe me this much.

\*

ASHILDR is pinned by his fury and his grief. Finally, she  
nods. THE DOCTOR looks relieved.

\*

\*

ASHILDR presses one last thing on the chamber's screen, and  
THE DOCTOR's cuff starts to make an eerie, wailing sound.

\*

\*

ASHILDR

I'm sorry, Doctor. I truly am.

\*

\*

The teleport begins. THE DOCTOR's cuff hand vanishes first.  
The rest of his body swiftly follows suit, fading to nothing.

\*

\*

Then, the last trace of him vanishes altogether, leaving only  
the empty cuff behind, hanging in mid air...

\*

The cuff falls silent and clanks to the ground.

\*

The room is left dark and dull. ASHILDR looks gutted. No  
longer certain of herself at all.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)

It's done.

FADE TO:

75

**INT. RIGSY'S FLAT - NIGHT**

75

JEN is pacing, distraught, when she hears the door.

JEN

Babe?

RIGSY enters. Relief turns to worry the second she sees him.

JEN (CONT'D)

When you didn't call back I - What  
happened? Are you okay?

All RIGSY can do is shake his head. Numb.

She pulls him into her arms and he breaks down.

FADE TO:

76 **EXT. CEMETARY - DAY**

76

Open on Clara's gravestone: BELOVED DAUGHTER, FRIEND, TEACHER

Reveal RIGSY, reading the inscription. JEN's by his side, with the pram (baby unseen). RIGSY looks frustrated.

RIGSY  
It's not her. It's not enough.

CUT TO:

77 **EXT. LONDON ALLEY - DAY**

77

\*

Close on RIGSY, spray-painting something on a brick wall. We pull back enough to see that he's putting finishing touches on a detailed wall mural of... what? We can't quite see yet.

\*

\*

\*

We cut to -

\*

JEN, sat on an upturned crate nearby, holding LUCY. They're surrounded by paint and brushes and spray cans.

\*

\*

JEN  
See that? That's for your dad's friend. She brought him home to us.

We cut back to RIGSY and see he's doing more than just paint on a brick wall. His mural covers the entire bottom part of the TARDIS itself, as well as the pavement beneath it.

\*

\*

\*

It's a painting of a shrine, a big version of the one Clara knelt in front of in Flatline. The painting makes it look like there are flowers propped up and around the TARDIS. And like you might find in a real street shrine, there's a folded-over plastic pocket with a photo of a smiling CLARA inside. None of it's real - not the photo, nor the pocket - it was all painted by RIGSY, and it's not going anywhere.

JEN (CONT'D)  
He won't be mad you painted his TARDIS?

RIGSY  
I hope he is mad. I hope he comes back and properly goes off at me.

But RIGSY frowns. He isn't holding his breath.

We go out on the portrait of Clara among the bouquets.

END CREDITS