

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 9

EPISODE 9

"Sleep No More"

SHOOTING SCRIPT

by

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 7)

1 **OMITTED** 1

2 **INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT** 2

Blackness.

RASSMUSSEN (V.O.)
You must not watch this.

An image forms. We're in a cramped, darkened room.

The image flickers, judders a little, stabilises, like a camera coming on. A small, dark-eyed man - RASSMUSSEN - appears.

He looks desperate, sweaty and frightened.

He gathers himself and looks straight down the lens.

Beat.

RASSMUSSEN
I'm warning you. You can never...un-
see it.

He passes a trembling hand over his eyes.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
But if you do watch...

Beat.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
Gagan Rassmussen. I'm Gagan
Rassmussen. This is Le Verrier lab
in orbit around Neptune -

He glances quickly over his shoulder as though he's heard something.

And there *is* something. Distantly, a dreadful, desperate moan - like a damned soul in torment.

RASSMUSSEN returns to the camera.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
I've put things together into some
kind of order. So you can
understand. So you can have some
idea...There are bits missing.
Sorry about that. I...I don't fully
understand what's been going on
here. But...
(sighs)
This is what happened.

The screen fizzes again and random numbers and letters stream across the screen.

GAGANRASSMUSSEN39900076/DAIKINAGATAHJSSLL56890/OSAMUCHOPRA888
O234/00002458888C/484T000/DEEP-AND0633389/CLARAOSWALD/

LEVERRIER-H999267/O3326755

The caption fades but the bold letters briefly burn a little brighter, spelling out -

D...o...c...t...o...r...w...h...o...

CUT TO:

3 INT. RESCUE SHIP. CREW ROOM - NIGHT

3

POV shot:

The back room of a small, cramped, dirty spaceship. In it are NAGATA (Japanese, female, 30s with a Geordie accent) and CHOPRA (younger, male, good looking, Indian). They're soldiers, kitted out in grubby combat gear and chunky helmets that nevertheless have a distinctive, Oriental style. Slashes of red amongst the khaki and camouflage.

The POV shot focuses on CHOPRA. He turns, scowls.

CHOPRA
Stop staring!

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

We now see the third member of the crew. '474', a very solid, heavily armed female squaddie. She has a huge tattoo covering her whole face. It's a stylised version of the number 474 in Japanese.

474 turns rapidly away.

There's a hiss from close by and 474's POV swings round to see:

CUT TO:

In the corner of the ship. A long white pod, indented with a big letter 'M', opening. It reveals DEEP-ANDO (male, 30s). He clambers out, beaming.

DEEP-ANDO
I could hear you ranting from
inside the pod, Chopra, for the
Gods' sake!

NAGATA
(to Deep-Ando)
Feel better?

DEEP-ANDO
Marvellous, Ma'am. All hail,
Morpheus, eh?

(CONTINUED)

NAGATA
(grins)
All hail Morpheus.

*
*
*

CHOPRA
Sleep is the one thing left to us.
The *one* thing they couldn't get
their filthy mitts on and now
they're even grabbing that!
Colonising it.

*
*

NAGATA
(laughs)
Spoken like a true Rip!

CHOPRA
Don't call me that.

NAGATA
Don't call me that, *ma'am*.
Give it a rest, pet.

*
*

CHOPRA
What?

NAGATA
This is a mission, Chopra! We find
out what's happened on Le Verrier
and then we all go home. Keep your
politics to yourself, ok?

CHOPRA nods reluctantly.

DEEP-ANDO
(winks at 474)
I know someone who'd love to get
Chopra back home to Triton.

474 smiles shyly. CHOPRA looks disgusted.

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV of a viewing window. We see the bluey fringe of
an atmosphere and a swirling, impossibly huge, impossibly
dense planet - Neptune.

*
*
*

And, in orbit around it, a space station. A delicate filigree
of struts and gantries, like a spinning cobweb. It has a
pleasingly Oriental look.

*
*
*

NAGATA
Come on. Behave. Nearly there,
kiddies.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. CONNECTOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 4

NAGATA, CHOPRA, DEEP-ANDO and 474 make their way down a connecting corridor from their ship to the station. The docking doors open.

HARD CUT TO:

4A **OMITTED** 4A *

5 **INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT** 5

RASSMUSSEN again, looking down the lens.

RASSMUSSEN
(to cam)
They came to find me. This is my station. My lab. But there was no crew. No crew *left*. They did find others, though. *Strangers...*

HARD CUT TO:

6 **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. T-JUNCTION - NIGHT** 6

Crew POVs:

NAGATA, DEEP-ANDO and CHOPRA are in a T-junction in the endless corridors of the darkened station.

474 appears from the other corridor.

NAGATA
Nothing?

474 shakes her head.

NAGATA (cont'd)
No sign of anyone. What the hell happened here?

474
Hide seek.

NAGATA
What?

474
Maybe they play hide seek.

CHOPRA
Hide *and* seek! Why do they leave out words? It's infuriating!

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

474
(gently)
Chopra don't be anger.

CHOPRA
"Don't be angry."
(sighs)
Is it so hard to breed them to
speak properly?

DEEP-ANDO
Oh, lighten up.

474 suddenly tenses, like an alert animal.

CHOPRA
What now?

474
Talk.

CHOPRA
What?

474
People talk.

CUT TO:

474's POV:

The dark, sinister, empty corridor ahead.

We follow as 474 and the others make their way gingerly into
the darkness.

And then voices. *Familiar* ones.

CLARA (O.S.)
You ever get the feeling you're
being watched?

The DOCTOR (O.S.)
Paranoia.

CLARA (O.S.)
Why is it so dark?

CUT TO:

Cut between the crew POVs as they look at each other.
Suddenly, a man walks past the corridor junction. THE DOCTOR!

THE DOCTOR
Night time setting? Faulty
filament? Three day week?

CLARA appears right behind him.

Then the view is blocked by the junction wall.

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV as she follows them.

CLARA (O.S.)
So - in orbit around Neptune?

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Yes. This close in to the planet,
they must have some pretty powerful
anti-grav shielding.

*
*
*

CLARA (O.S.)
It looks like a Japanese
restaurant.
(excited)
Is it a space-restaurant!?

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
People never do that, you know.

CLARA (O.S.)
Do what?

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV as she and the crew round the corner. THE DOCTOR
is examining the metal walls.

THE DOCTOR
Put the word 'space' before
something just because it's all hi-
tech and futurey. It's never space-
restaurant or space-champagne or
space...hat. They're just
restaurants or champagne or hats.
(thinks)
If this *is* a restaurant.

CLARA
What about space-*suit*?

THE DOCTOR
Pedant.

He turns and almost jumps at the sight of the others.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Hello!

NAGATA
You're crew? Are you crew?

Without missing a beat, THE DOCTOR flips open the Psychic
paper.

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

(CONTINUED)

The paper is, of course, blank.

NAGATA (cont'd)
Engineering stress assessors?

THE DOCTOR
Ye-es. YES! That's why we came here
to...to...

CLARA
Assess stress.

THE DOCTOR
Yes!

NAGATA
So what happened?

THE DOCTOR
From the beginning of Time? That's
a long story.

CLARA
Doctor...

THE DOCTOR
We just arrived. There's nobody
about. Why are you here?

NAGATA
Twenty four hours ago this station
fell silent. No comm signal.
Nothing. Dead. We've come to find
out why.

THE DOCTOR
Theories?

NAGATA
Could be anything. Meteorite
strike. Space pirates...

CLARA
(to the Doctor)
Aha! See! Not just pirates. *Space*
pirates!

THE DOCTOR
(to Nagata)
You're a rescue mission?

NAGATA
Yes.

THE DOCTOR
Of *four*?

NAGATA
(shrugs)
Cuts, pet.

She hands back the psychic paper.

NAGATA (cont'd)
Right. You're to consider yourself -

THE DOCTOR
Part of the furniture?

NAGATA
- under my command.

THE DOCTOR
Oh really?

NAGATA's expression hardens.

NAGATA
Yes, really.

The troops stomp ahead. CLARA and THE DOCTOR hang back,
speaking in whispers.

CUT TO:

High, wide.

THE DOCTOR examines the strange signage.

CLARA
We still don't know where we are.

THE DOCTOR
Indo-Japanese? That would make
this...

He sucks his finger and holds it up, like he's testing the
wind.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Thirty eighth Century.

He thinks, then holds up his finger again.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Tuesday.

CLARA
Thirty eighth century?

THE DOCTOR
Yes. After the Great Catastrophe,
there was a tectonic realignment.
Japan and India sort of...merged.

*

CLARA
Where are the crew, though? I mean
a place this size -- **Great**
Catastrophe? What Great
Catastrophe?

*

Beat.

THE DOCTOR
(smiles)
Well. You've got all that to look
forward to, haven't you?

He runs his finger over the metal wall. It comes away covered
in dust.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Mind you, looks like this place has
been dead for a while.

He blows the dust from his finger and it scatters into the
air...

HARD CUT TO:

7 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 7

Later.

High, wide.

NAGATA, CHOPRA, DEEP-ANDO and 474 are striding down another
corridor. THE DOCTOR and CLARA bring up the rear.

CLARA shudders.

THE DOCTOR
What is it?

CLARA
Still can't shake the feeling...

She looks into the shadows.

CLARA (cont'd)
CCTV everywhere, I suppose. Just
like in my day.

474
Eyes. Watch. Eyes in sky. *

CHOPRA
What the hell is that supposed to
mean?

474 reaches out and strokes his cheek.

474
Chopra not worry. 474 protect
Chopra. Chopra pretty.

CHOPRA
Oh for the Gods' -

He pushes 474 away. Suddenly, 474's whole demeanour changes
and she slams CHOPRA to the floor, putting him in a neck
lock. CHOPRA gasps in pain.

CLARA
Hey, hey, hey!

474's face is set, fearsome. But she looks conflicted, anxious.

474
474 sorry. 474 not help it. Not help it!!

CLARA
What are you doing?

NAGATA lays a hand on 474's massive arm.

NAGATA
Let him go, pet.

474
Not help it.

NAGATA
Let him go, now.

At last, 474 relents. She slinks back into the corner like a wounded beast.

CHOPRA gets up, rubbing his neck.

CUT TO:

474's POV:

CHOPRA
It could have killed me!

NAGATA
That's how they're grown. You know that. They react to any attack.

CLARA
Grown?

474 whimpers in the corner.

NAGATA
They might not give them much upstairs but our friend here certainly knows how to fight. You'd be glad of her in a tight corner, I'll bet.

CHOPRA scowls. 474 looks hurt.

CLARA
(to the Doctor)
What does she mean 'grown'?

THE DOCTOR
She's a Grunt, Clara. They're bred in hatcheries. Cloned muscles.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Low intelligence. Brute force.
Instant army.

CLARA
That's disgusting.

THE DOCTOR
That's how they roll in the 38th
Century -

He stops, tenses. From somewhere in the darkness comes a
horrible, guttural moaning.

CUT TO:

High, wide.

The dreadful moaning gets louder. Like it's being taken up in
a chorus.

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

She looks down the corridor, back the way they've come.

CHOPRA points his torch. The beam flickers uncertainly. He
bangs at it, but in the failing light we see -

- two hunched, sinister shapes. It's impossible to make them
out in detail. But these are SANDMEN.

And they *moannnnnnnn*...

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Hold my hand.

CLARA
I'm ok.

THE DOCTOR
I'm not.

He reaches out for her hand. CLARA grasps it.

The SANDMEN sink into crouching postures, poised to attack.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
RUN!!

We're with 474 as they race away, CLARA throws back panicked
looks over her shoulder.

DEEP-ANDO races off down another corridor. The SANDMEN
pursue...

HARD CUT TO:

8

INT. LE VERRIER STATION. MORPHEUS LAB - NIGHT

8

Total chaos!

The crew are pushing closed the door to the Morpheus lab. Through a glass porthole the SANDMEN can just be glimpsed, their cracked, dusty fists pounding at the door.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

474 is piling equipment against the door. THE DOCTOR drags a massive instrument bank over the floor and slides it across too.

THE DOCTOR
Come on! Come on! Push! *Push!* Use
anything! We've got to keep them
out!

NAGATA
What the hell are they?

THE DOCTOR
Not pirates.

Bang!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(to Nagata)
Where's your friend?

Bang!

CHOPRA
Deep-Ando? I dunno. He -

Bang!

NAGATA
He's still out there -

Suddenly, one of the SANDMEN's hands slips around the door jamb.

CHOPRA
Oh my Gods!

NAGATA
474!!

474 drops the equipment, girds her loins and slams her considerable bulk against the door.

The door slams **SHUT** - severing the SANDMAN's hand.

A strange moment - like a held breath - as the hand hangs suspended in the air.

(CONTINUED)

Then it disintegrates into dust and drifts away like smoke.

THE DOCTOR peers gingerly through the porthole. NAGATA joins him.

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

There's no sign of the Sandmen. Just swirling dust...

THE DOCTOR and NAGATA exchange a puzzled look.

NAGATA (cont'd)
Where did they go?

HARD CUT TO:

8A **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

8A

High, wide.

A torch flares into life, dust drifting past and showing up the blanched features of DEEP-ANDO. *

He's scared to death.

He gropes his way down a florid red wall and we see that he's inside --

CUT TO:

High, wide.

-- a snaking corridor, dark except for his torch and a very faint bluey light.

DEEP-ANDO fiddles with his helmet and the 3D tech read-out appears on the wall right in front of him.

MAYDAY

MAYDAY

MAYDAY

He fiddles again.

DEEP-ANDO
Nagata, this is Deep-Ando! May the
Gods look favourably upon you!

He listens. No response. Just static.

DEEP-ANDO (cont'd)
May the Gods - Are you there?!

The image in front of him flickers.

CUT TO:

8B

INT. LE VERRIER STATION. LAB - NIGHT

8B

474's POV:

The lab is a more sterile-looking but still Oriental-styled room. Blue light from Neptune beyond floods through a viewing window.

THE DOCTOR is scooping up the dust from the disintegrated hand. He puts the specimen onto a transparent tablet and an image is thrown onto the wall. It's some kind of 38th century microscope.

NAGATA fiddles with the comm unit on her helmet.

NAGATA

Deep-Ando, this is Nagata. May the Gods look favourably upon you. Deep-Ando, are you there?

There's only the hiss of static.

CHOPRA

Send the Grunt.

NAGATA

No.

CHOPRA

Why not? That's what it's for. Look, he's still out there! You can't just abandon him.

NAGATA

I need proper intel before I risk anyone else. Including 474. Keep trying the comms.

(to THE DOCTOR)

Well?

THE DOCTOR

Organic. Definitely organic.

Results scree over the wall screen.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Blood cells. Skin cells. Mucus.

He frowns, lost in thought.

474

(into her comm)

Deep-Ando. May the Gods look favourably upon you. Deep-Ando...

She mutters tonelessly on.

CLARA is examining a circle of long white metal pods the same as the one in the rescue ship. They're clustered together like a nest of dinosaur eggs. Each has a letter "M" indented on its surface.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
What are these?

CHOPRA
(puzzled)
Morpheus.

CLARA
Named after the God of Dreams?

THE DOCTOR shoots her a surprised look.

CLARA (cont'd)
Oh yeah.
(points at her face)
Not just this. So they're sleep
pods?

CHOPRA
More than that -

Suddenly CHOPRA's comm unit crackles. He touches his temple
to activate the radio.

CHOPRA (cont'd)
Deep-Ando?

But his radio just crackles with static.

NAGATA
Keep trying.

THE DOCTOR
I could have a look at that.
Triangulate from the signal. Find
your friend.

NAGATA
First tell me what those things
are.

*
*
*
*

*
*
*

CLARA presses one of the pods experimentally.

It starts to spring open, interior glowing, revealing a
complex network of delicate wiring like silver cobwebs.

THE DOCTOR moves closer, intrigued. Suddenly the 'cobweb' of
wires shoots towards his face, clamping onto it.

In a second, CLARA is there. She bats the wiring away from
THE DOCTOR's face but it attaches to her instead, like a
living thing. Before anyone can move, she's pulled inside the
pod!

The lid slams shut like a tomb.

THE DOCTOR
Clara!

Suddenly, a Hologram appears above the pod. Four WOMEN in
black and white 1950s costumes singing the familiar, oddly
sinister tones of the Chordettes' song **Mr SANDMAN...**

HOLOGRAM
*"Bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, Mr
Sandman, bring me your dreams. Make
him the cutest that I've ever
seen..."*

THE DOCTOR tries to get the pod open.

THE DOCTOR
Clara!!

CUT TO:

9 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 9

High, wide.

An empty corridor. Empty except for drifting dust...

HOLOGRAM (V.O.)
*"Give him two lips like roses and
clover. Then tell him that his
lonesome nights are over..."*

CUT TO:

10 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. LAB - NIGHT 10

HOLOGRAM
*"Sandman, I'm so alone. Don't have
nobody to call my own. Please turn
on your magic beam, Mr Sandman
bring me your dream..."*

THE DOCTOR hammers at the pod.

THE DOCTOR
CLARA!!

NAGATA
(shrugs)
Don't worry. It's fine. It's just
Morpheus.

The hologram abruptly vanishes and the pod hisses open,
revealing CLARA.

THE DOCTOR
What did you think you were doing?

CLARA
"Thanks, Clara. Don't mention it".
I was saving you!

THE DOCTOR
(sulky)
Didn't need saving.

Then he smiles.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Thanks.

He helps her out of the pod.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You ok?

CLARA

Yeah. There was just a sort of flicker over my eyes. Did I sleep?

CHOPRA

Oh yes.

CLARA

Why did it grab at us like that?

THE DOCTOR

Semi-sentient. Thinks it knows what's good for you. You obviously needed forty winks. Clever little sleep pod.

He turns to the others.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You said it was more than that, though.

NAGATA

Come on, everyone knows -

THE DOCTOR

(snaps)

Well, let's say just for the sake of argument that we don't, yeah? What *is* Morpheus?

474

(over)

Wait.

CHOPRA

What now?

474

Last pod. This pod.

She cocks her head, like an animal sensing something.

474 (cont'd)

This pod not empty.

She points at the last pod in the ring.

NAGATA, CHOPRA and 474 aim their bulky weapons at the pod.

THE DOCTOR slips on his sonic sunglasses, adjusts them and the hologram reappears.

HOLOGRAM

"Bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom - "

THE DOCTOR

Yes. Think we can do without that.

He adjusts the sunglasses again and a small black chip pops out of the pod. THE DOCTOR pockets it and then puts his hands onto the unopened pod.

The pods have a viewing window in them, now closed. THE DOCTOR gets his fingernails into the crack of the window and tries to slide it open.

CUT TO:

474's POV:

CLARA

Careful.

THE DOCTOR struggles.

THE DOCTOR

Funny...

He strains with it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

It's almost like...

More effort.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Someone's...

Suddenly the window slides open! We get a brief glimpse of a terrified face - and then the window slams shut again.

CUT TO:

NAGATA'S POV:

THE DOCTOR tries to get a grip again. CLARA gently pushes him away.

CLARA

Let me try.

She knocks on the lid.

CLARA (cont'd)

Hello?

No response.

CLARA (cont'd)

We're not going to hurt you. I promise. Will you open up now?

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (cont'd)
Come on. It's ok. Don't be
frightened. Let's start with names.
I'm Clara. This is the Doctor.

The window opens just a fraction. We see a glimpse of a dark
eye - wide with fear.

CLARA (cont'd)
It's ok.

The window opens a fraction more. Inside, sweaty and pale
with terror - RASSMUSSEN.

HARD CUT TO:

11 **INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT** 11

RASSMUSSEN rubs his exhausted eyes.

RASSMUSSEN
This is where I come in.
(waves)
Hello.

For a second, the image flickers, judders. Like a film
slightly out of joint.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
I wanted to get out of there.
Immediately. Of course I did. But
this man...the Doctor...he wanted
explanations first. So...

CUT TO:

12 **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. LAB - NIGHT** 12

A 3D hologram flickers into life above them all. *

It's Neptune swirling. In orbit around it: the moon Triton.

Then the two planetary bodies expand, turning into the head
of a Japanese PRESENTER. The image fills the room. She beams
at the crew. *

PRESENTER
*May the Gods look favourably upon
us all! Friends. We live in a time
of unparalleled prosperity. A
golden age of peace, harmony and
industry...*

Beat.

PRESENTER(V.O.)
*But every shift must come to an
end. Every working day must stop.*

(CONTINUED)

She holds out her hand. In it, we see a tiny female WORKER, sluggishly undressing.

PRESENTER (V.O.)
Of course, we can take stimulants to make that deadline, to keep us propped up through that important meeting. But always, always, sleep claims us in the end.

Now the worker is fast asleep in the palm of her hand.

PRESENTER (V.O.)
Until now!

The WORKER's eyes snap open.

The PRESENTER smiles - and then her head expands hugely, her teeth turn into a ring of Sleep Pods, as in the Morpheus Lab. Each opens in turn.

PRESENTER
Welcome Morpheus!

'Mr Sandman' starts playing quietly in the background.

*

CUT TO:

474's POV: Everyone is staring at the Hologram.

THE DOCTOR
Sleep deprivation pods?

CHOPRA
Not exactly.

PRESENTER
The Morpheus machine concentrates the whole nocturnal experience into one five minute burst. Now you can go a whole month without sleep!

CLARA
A month?

PRESENTER
All the chemical benefits of rest, but freeing up the nights to continue working, working, working! To get the edge on your competitor. To turn that extra profit.

CLARA
That's insane. That's...horrible.

CHOPRA
Finally! Someone who sees it for what it is!

PRESENTER
*Leave the Rip Van Winkles behind
and become one of the new
generation of Wide-Awakes! The
future is here. The future is now.
Let yourself slip into...the arms
of Morpheus!*

The PRESENTER winks out of existence. THE DOCTOR looks appalled.

THE DOCTOR
But -

Suddenly THE PRESENTER reappears -

PRESENTER
Terms and conditions apply.

- and then vanishes again.

THE DOCTOR
- sleep is vital. Sleep is
wonderful. Even *I* sleep.

CLARA
When?

THE DOCTOR
When you're not looking.

He looks straight at her.

CUT TO:

We've suddenly switched, for the first time, to CLARA's POV.

It's almost as if the THE DOCTOR has noticed. He looks searchingly at CLARA.

RASSMUSSEN
(proudly)
Morpheus is mine. My invention.
It's changed Triton society
forever.

THE DOCTOR
So how does it work?

RASSMUSSEN
The pod sends out a coded
electronic signal that acts on
certain parts of the brain. Changes
the fundamental chemistry.

CHOPRA
It's disgusting! Making people into
bloody drones! I've said it before -

NAGATA
Aye. You *have*.

CHOPRA
Colonizing our *sleep*! Is nothing
sacred?

RASSMUSSEN
(shrugs)
We spend a third of our lives
asleep. And time is money.

NAGATA
He's right, man! It's amazing.
Everyone on Triton's using it.

THE DOCTOR
Are they now?

THE DOCTOR stares out into space, the blue light of Neptune
flickering over his troubled face.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
"Sleep that knits up the ravelled
sleeve of care. The death of each
day's life, sore labour's bath.
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's
second course. Chief nourisher in
life's feast."

He turns to RASSMUSSEN.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Congratulations, Professor! You've
revolutionised the labour market!
You've conquered nature!

RASSMUSSEN
Th..thank you.

THE DOCTOR
(dark)
You've also created an abomination.

CUT TO:

13 **OMITTED** 13

14 **OMITTED** 14

15 **OMITTED** 15

16 **INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT** 16

RASSMUSSEN
The Doctor said we needed to find
the other soldier. And find
answers. So we left the lab.
(MORE)

*
*
*

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
He thought there was a connection
between my Morpheus process and
those creatures that attacked us.
He had a theory...

CUT TO:

17 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. SNAKING RED CORRIDOR - NIGHT 17

NAGATA'S POV:

THE DOCTOR, CLARA, RASSMUSSEN and the crew march down another
snaking red corridor.

CHOPRA
Sleep dust?!

THE DOCTOR
Sleep dust.

NAGATA
You're kidding.

THE DOCTOR
Do I look like I'm kidding? Is this
a kidding face? Ask the crew of
this station if they're kidding.
Or what's left of them.

NAGATA
Sleep dust?

THE DOCTOR
Yes. The stuff in the corner of
your eye. The stuff you brush away
every morning when you wake up.

RASSMUSSEN
This is ridiculous. This is getting
us nowhere...

CLARA grabs THE DOCTOR's elbow, stops him.

CLARA
Look, ok but *how*? How can those
things be made of sleep dust?

THE DOCTOR
When we sleep, the mucus crust
builds up in our eyes. Blood cells.
Skin cells. That's what dust
largely is. Human skin.
(to Rassmussen)
Your meddling has evolved it. Hot-
housed it. A few million years of
evolution in a few months.

RASSMUSSEN
You can't just throw around
accusations like that -

CLARA
So...the longer you spend in
Morpheus, the more the dust builds
up?

RASSMUSSEN
That's slander!

THE DOCTOR
(nods)
Lying there in those pods, people
are a ready made food source.

CLARA
Where are they then? The crew?

THE DOCTOR
Digested.

CUT TO: *

17A **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

17A *

High, wide. *

DEEP-ANDO is still trying to get through to the others. *

DEEP-ANDO (CONT'D) *
(into comms) *
Listen to me. Those *things*. They're *
everywhere. For the Gods' sake come *
and get me - *

He freezes. *

Ears pricked. *

Is he alone? *

Silence. *

DEEP-ANDO adjusts the read-out again and it changes. Now it *
projects a schematic of the corridor he's in, leading to a *
branching corridor ahead. Stealthily, he makes his way *
forward then stops dead in his tracks. *

Listens. *

There *is* something there. *

CUT TO: *

DEEP-ANDO's POV: *

From some way off, the terrible, scary *moaning*. *

CUT TO: *

17B INT. LE VERRIER STATION. SNAKING RED CORRIDOR - NIGHT 17B

NAGATA
What about us? We've all used the pods. Back on Triton!

CHOPRA
Not all of us.

NAGATA
(icy)
This isn't a good time to be smug, pet.

THE DOCTOR
My guess is that the ones you've used are pretty primitive compared to what's going on up here.
(to Rassmussen)
These are a kind of Mark Two, yes?

RASSMUSSEN
Obviously, I've tried to improve the process. Speed things up.

THE DOCTOR
You've succeeded.

NAGATA
But how does the dust become those ...creatures?

THE DOCTOR
You saw what happened. The dust conglomerates. Moulds itself into a humanoid form. It's adaptable. It's clever. And it's *coming for us*.

RASSMUSSEN
Look, you came to rescue the crew. I'm crew.

Beat.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
So rescue me!

CUT TO:

17C INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT. 17C

High, wide.

Almost too scared to move, DEEP-ANDO is shuffling down the corridor towards the junction.

CUT TO:

DEEP-ANDO'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE on his groping hand, crawling across the smooth red wall, closer and closer to the junction. *

And now the moaning's closer! *

Panicking, DEEP-ANDO scrambles down the corridor, the torch beam bobbing over the walls. *

And his hand finds the corner. He sprints to the right, the display still projecting in front of him. On it: a door is shown, leading to a huge room. *

CUT TO: *

High, wide. *

The torch beam - dust drifting through it - finds the real door. DEEP-ANDO runs up to it and stares straight ahead, the 3D read-out 'projecting' onto the door. *

COMPUTER VOICE
Hey. *

DEEP-ANDO
Haruka Deep-Ando, 6897. Let me in. *

COMPUTER VOICE
I'd love to! *

CUT TO: *

DEEP-ANDO's POV: *

DEEP-ANDO
Do it then! My ID must be on the Corporation index - *

COMPUTER VOICE
You have to do the song. *

DEEP-ANDO
What?? *

COMPUTER VOICE
You have to do the song, Deep-Ando 6897. *

DEEP-ANDO looks round in terror. *

CUT TO: *

17D **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. SNAKING RED CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 17D *

CLARA
(to Rassmussen)
So how come you're the only one left? *

RASSMUSSEN
Because I hid! I hid in the only
place I thought those...monsters
wouldn't find me! Look, we've got
to get out of here!

THE DOCTOR
NO! We can't leave this place until
there's not a trace of the dust or
your machines left. Or that's it
for your lot.

NAGATA
Our lot? What do you mean?

THE DOCTOR turns to them, never more fierce, never more
grave.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, the Human Race.

CUT TO:

17E **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

17E *

DEEP-ANDO
I don't have time for this!

*

COMPUTER VOICE
Do the song, please.

DEEP-ANDO
What the hell are you talking
about?

The dreadful moaning is louder.

COMPUTER VOICE
*After the Maha Shivaratri - slash -
Oshogasu - slash Christmas party
some of the crew reprogrammed me.*

DEEP-ANDO
They did?

COMPUTER VOICE
*Yes. In order to enter rooms,
everyone must do the song! It's
very amusing.*

DEEP-ANDO
But you know who I am! You just
called me by my name!

COMPUTER VOICE
Nevertheless.

DEEP-ANDO
What song?

COMPUTER VOICE
You know the one.

DEEP-ANDO
I don't!

CUT TO:

DEEP-ANDO's POV:

The moaning is louder still. And now, DEEP-ANDO can see crouched shapes shuffling out of the darkness. SANDMEN!

He switches off his torch and flips down the night vision visor on his helmet.

CUT TO:

NIGHT VISION.

The familiar, sickly green hue of night vision cameras.

We see the SANDMEN coming closer, their mouths hanging slackly open.

*
*

COMPUTER VOICE
Everyone here knows it.

DEEP-ANDO
(sotto)
I'm not from this station!! I'm on
a rescue mission -

COMPUTER VOICE
*'Bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom,
bom...'*

DEEP-ANDO stares.

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)
*'Bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom,
bom...'*

DEEP-ANDO
(sotto)
Morpheus?

COMPUTER VOICE
*That's right! The Morpheus song! Go
on.*

DEEP-ANDO
(sotto)
This is insane!

COMPUTER VOICE
The song, please.

Beat.

DEEP-ANDO
(desperate)
"Mr Sandman...bring me...your
dreams..."

The creatures are closer, hissing like serpents.

DEEP-ANDO (cont'd)
"...make him the cutest that..."
Haruka Deep-Ando 6897. Let me in!!

COMPUTER
More please.

DEEP-ANDO
"....give him two lips, like roses
in..." PLEASE!! LET ME IN!!

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you. One moment please.

The 3D display before him shows an egg timer, turning and turning.

DEEP-ANDO hammers on the door.

DEEP-ANDO
Let me IN!!!

The moaning creatures are almost on top of him --

COMPUTER VOICE
*Identity confirmed. Haruka Deep-
Ando 6897 -*

The door shushes open and a huge wedge of blue light floods across DEEP-ANDO. He hurls himself through --

CUT TO:

18 **OMITTED** 18 *

19 **OMITTED** 19

20 **INT. LE VERRIER. VIEWING PLATFORM - NIGHT** 20

-- and the door slides closed after him.

New angle.

He sits there, panting with relief. The blue light of Neptune outside washes over him. At last he stands.

CUT TO:

High, wide.

DEEP-ANDO stands silhouetted against a gigantic glass viewing platform. It's entirely blue.

Then -

CUT TO:

DEEP-ANDO's POV:

CLOSE on his 3D read-out. A tiny, blinking red light. Something's close.

He swings round to face it.

CUT TO:

Just the briefest glimpse of the SANDMAN. A hideous, cracked face with blank eyes and a huge, gaping maw. *

As before, just briefly, the image flickers, judders...

DEEP-ANDO **SCREAAAAAMS!!**

HARD CUT TO:

21 **INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT**

21

A long pause. RASSMUSSEN stares into space as though remembering Deep-Ando's dying scream.

RASSMUSSEN
He was the first of them to die.

Beat.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
We heard the scream but...we had
our own problems...

CUT TO:

22 **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

22

Violent shaking.

CLARA's POV:

Through a viewing window she can see that the station has dropped in its orbit. The clouds of Neptune stream past it with terrifying speed...

She turns back into the room.

They're in the station's kitchens. Huge jars of colourful spices alleviate the gloom. Two more doors open off the kitchens. One at the far end, the other, a storage room to the right. Both have glass portholes in them.

(CONTINUED)

RASSMUSSEN
What's happening?!

NAGATA
Engines? *

CHOPRA
No. It's the gravity shields!
They're failing. *

NAGATA
Oh Gods! *

CUT TO:

474's POV:

THE DOCTOR
Nagata! That thing. The schematic.
Give!

NAGATA
Who the hell do you think you are?

THE DOCTOR
Me? I'm in charge.

NAGATA
You have no authority -

THE DOCTOR
No. But I'm in charge. I can bypass
the main systems. Reboot the grav-
shields - *

CLARA
Listen to him. He knows what he's
talking about.

NAGATA
I'm in command here!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Do yourselves a favour, Nagata. Let
me help - and survive. Or don't -
and die. It's that simple.

CLARA
He means *us*. Let *us* help. Don't
you, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
Yes. Yes, that is probably what I
mean.

The room shakes violently again. Reluctantly, NAGATA tosses
him her helmet.

THE DOCTOR puts it on and calls up the 3D schematic which
projects in front of him. He starts wildly fiddling with the
helmet.

CLARA
If the grav-shields are decaying - *

RASSMUSSEN
Don't say it. Please don't say it!

CLARA
We're being pulled towards Neptune. *

RASSMUSSEN
Oh Gods, oh Gods, oh Gods!!

THE DOCTOR
Hang on!

His fingers flash over the controls.

CLARA
This day couldn't get much worse.
Suddenly the glass porthole in the far door explodes!
And a SANDMAN's cracked, dusty hand thrusts through!

CUT TO:

CLARA's POV:

CHOPRA's torch goes clattering across the floor. It's still faulty. In the sputtering light there's a blur of bodies. We can just make out THE DOCTOR, fiddling frantically with the grav-shields. *

THE DOCTOR
I can do this! I can fix this!

Suddenly, the door bursts open and the SANDMAN forces itself inside.

It stands, tall, lumpen, crook-backed, an amalgamation of filthy, dusty particles. And seething with malevolence. It has blank eyes and a huge gaping hole for a mouth.

It looks rapidly round, head cocked, as if sniffing the air.

RASSMUSSEN yells in terror.

CUT TO:

High, wide.

The SANDMAN's head flicks round as though targeting RASSMUSSEN. It races towards him.

CUT TO:

RASSMUSSEN's POV.

The SANDMAN's gaping mouth drops open, HUGELY, swallowing RASSMUSSEN's head!

RASSMUSSEN
No! Nooooo! *PLEASSSSSE!*

But it's too late.

RASSMUSSEN's scream echoes horribly round as he's gobbled up.

CUT TO:

474's POV:

In the flickering torch light - brief, snatched glimpses of his horrible fate...

THE DOCTOR looks powerlessly on, horrified.

Another violent shake and everyone is hurled to the floor.

THE DOCTOR
G-Force increasing. Closer we get
to the planet. Hold on!

*

CLARA tries to crawl out of the way but she can hardly move.

The station's hull groans terrifyingly. THE DOCTOR works desperately.

The SANDMAN turns back towards them, again sniffing the air.

It reaches out its dusty hand -

Then the SANDMAN begins to be dragged down like the others.
It's flattened on the floor by the G-force and starts to
disintegrate, dust particles crumbling over the floor.

*

Pinned down, THE DOCTOR notices but just then -

*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Got it! GOT IT! Grav-shields
online.

*

*

Through the window we just glimpse Le Verrier's orbit
stablising.

*

*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
We're rising!

CUT TO:

CLARA's POV

CHOPRA's torch goes out.

TOTAL DARKNESS.

The SANDMAN moans!

474 opens fire and the room is briefly lit up by sparking
bullets as they ricochet against the walls.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Go! go! GO!

The SANDMAN races towards them.

CLARA scrabbles on her hands and knees across the floor
towards the door to the storage room --

CUT TO:

23 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT 23

CLARA's POV:

-- as she crashes inside the next room, panting in terror.
THE DOCTOR follows her, dragging NAGATA by the scruff of the
neck.

SLAM!!

THE DOCTOR slams and locks the door behind them. CLARA stands
up, knocks into something and it jangles in the dark.

In the dim blue light she sees -

- a vast selection of knives, cleavers etc hanging from hooks
on the ceiling. She grabs at them to silence the din.

HARD CUT TO:

24 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 24

CHOPRA and 474 run for their lives down one of the station's
endless red corridors.

CUT TO:

25 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT 25

NAGATA's POV:

Her breath billows like smoke before her.

They're in a cold storage room!

CLARA
Oh God. Of all the places.
(to Nagata)
Ok? You ok?

NAGATA
No.

She puts her head in her hands.

CUT TO:

CLARA's POV:

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
What about the others?

THE DOCTOR
I don't know.

CLARA
We've got to go after them!

THE DOCTOR
Don't be ridiculous.

CLARA
Doctor!

NAGATA
They're under my command! I owe it
to them -

THE DOCTOR
To die? They wouldn't thank you.
Nor you, Clara.

CLARA rubs her exhausted eyes.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(to himself)
"To die, to die..."

*

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and
therefore Cawdor shall sleep no
more. *Macbeth shall sleep no more.*"

*

CLARA
What?

THE DOCTOR
Shakespeare knew his stuff. They
all did. The Ancients. The poets.
All those sad songs. All those
lullabies... Sleep is essential to
every sentient thing in the
Universe. But to Humans -
(angry)
- greedy, filthy, stupid Humans
it's an inconvenience to be
bartered away! Well now we know the
truth. Sleep isn't just a function.
It's *blessed*. Every night we dive
deep into that inky pool. Deep into
the arms of Morpheus. Every morning
we wake up and wipe the sleep from
our eyes. And that keeps us safe.
Safe from the monsters inside.

NAGATA
Well, the bloody monsters are
outside now. What're we going to
do?!

Deeper in the room are strips of hanging, glittering plastic.
They shift slightly, as though wafted by a chilly breeze.

CLARA shudders. Is there something behind them?

CUT TO:

CLARA's POV:

Close on the plastic strips. Stirring.

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

Torch in hand, THE DOCTOR advances slowly into the room,
CLARA and NAGATA following. He reaches out his hand and parts
the plastic strips revealing -

Bulky carcasses draped in white cloth dangling from hooks in
the ceiling.

There's no exit door.

CUT TO:

CLARA's POV:

Blood has dripped from one of the carcasses - and frozen
solid to the floor.

NAGATA laughs mirthlessly.

NAGATA (cont'd)
Dead meat.

The image flickers, judders...

CUT TO:

26 **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. PIPE CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

26

High, wide.

Dust drifts by...

Scccreeeech!

A battered, rusted steel door opens and CHOPRA and 474 tumble
into a corridor. It's far older and less fancy than the rest
of the station, a massive maze of pipes.

CHOPRA is trembling. 474 holds out a hand to comfort him -
then thinks better of it.

(CONTINUED)

CHOPRA
Dear Gods, what are we going to do?

474
Get ship. Go home.

CHOPRA
We can't leave those things on
here!! If they were to get out. To
spread...It's like an infection...

He tails off.

CHOPRA (cont'd)
You don't understand, do you?

474
(nods)
Sleep men bad. Kill sleep men.

CHOPRA
Yes. Well, that about sums it up.

He puts his hand to his comm.

CHOPRA (cont'd)
Chief Nagata, this is Chopra. May
the Gods look favourably upon you.

There's only static in response.

CHOPRA (cont'd)
Chief Nagata, this is Chopra. May
the Gods -

Static.

CHOPRA (cont'd)
(sighs)
We'll head for the rescue ship. If
we don't hear from them soon, I'm
going to assume they're dead.

474
Then what Chopra do?

CHOPRA
I have no choice. I'll have to
destroy this whole station.

He walks grimly on.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT**

27

High, wide.

The station's engine rooms. A huge steel door opens and a
kind of trolly hovers through. On it is a Morpheus pod. It
looks older than the others. Battered.

The trolley glides through the engine room and out of the door.

CUT TO:

28 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT 28

CUT between CLARA and NAGATA POVs.

THE DOCTOR is wearing his sonic sunglasses. An image hovers in the air before him. It's the same scene we've just seen - the pod hovering in the engine room.

He fiddles with his sunglasses and other images appear -

CLARA's POV of the SANDMAN's attack.

The rescue party arriving in the station.

NAGATA
What're you doing?

THE DOCTOR
I've hacked into your helmet cams.

NAGATA
What?

THE DOCTOR
Reviewing the footage.

NAGATA
Helmet-cams?

THE DOCTOR
But there's something...

Before him, a high-wide angle of 474, looking up at the camera.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
...something not quite right.

NAGATA
We don't have helmet cams.

THE DOCTOR
Why did it kill Rassmussen like that?

CLARA
That's what they do, isn't it? Kill people?

THE DOCTOR
Yes. But that was a direct attack. It's not how they operate. The dust grows. Consumes the host...

CLARA
They're evolving. You said so
yourself.

THE DOCTOR
(unconvinced)
Maybe...

CLARA
(sighs)
So, what now? We can't stay in
here. We'll freeze to death. And we
can't go out there because the
Sandmen will get us.

THE DOCTOR
Sandmen?

CLARA
It's a good name. It fits. Like in
the song.

THE DOCTOR
Hey, I get to name things. I'm the
Doctor. I do the naming!

CLARA
Sorry.

THE DOCTOR
This is like the Silurians all over
again!

CLARA
What would you prefer? *Dustmen?*

THE DOCTOR
(unconvinced)
Sandmen...
(suddenly, to Nagata)
What did you say?

NAGATA
When?

THE DOCTOR
One point eight three minutes ago.

NAGATA
I said we don't have helmet cams.

THE DOCTOR frowns and turns to -

CUT TO:

CLARA's POV:

Effectively looking straight down the lens.

*
*
*
*

THE DOCTOR
(realisation)
I know.

*
*
*

BANG!!

*

He jumps out of his skin.

*

Behind THE DOCTOR, pressed to the glass porthole of the door are *hands*.

*

Filthy, dusty hands. They slam against the glass.

BANG!!

BANG!!

BANG!!

Then the SANDMAN's face appears, squashed horribly against the porthole.

*

THE DOCTOR, NAGATA and CLARA dash out of sight.

The SANDMAN's horrible blank sockets stare sightlessly through the glass. A look of awful malevolence appears on its dusty features.

*

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

CLARA (CONT'D)
Door's not going to last much longer.

NAGATA
So what do we do??

THE DOCTOR
We let them in.

NAGATA
What??

HARD CUT TO:

29 **INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT**

29

The camera image as before.

Hold on it for a moment, then, surprisingly, RASMUSSEN appears.

RASMUSSEN
(to cam)
Clever that. Clever strategy. If they'd stayed in there, they'd have frozen to death.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
So the Doctor had to let the
creatures in. That was his theory.

Beat.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
Oh. I'm not dead.

Beat.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
You've probably guessed that by
now.

CUT TO:

30 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

30

High, wide.

Whamm!!

The door to the cold storage room is slammed open and the two
SANDMEN stalk inside in a cloud of dust.

Like prowling panthers, they begin to explore their
surroundings.

They cock their hideous heads, listening. Freezing air swirls
around them. But there's no sign of THE DOCTOR, CLARA or
NAGATA.

The SANDMEN push through the icy plastic strips into the meat
storage area.

The carcasses hang there.

The SANDMEN prowl around them, alert for any movement.

CUT TO:

Just visible - an opening in the cloth bag that covers one of
the frozen carcasses. And inside it - CLARA!

CUT TO:

CLARA's POV:

Dark, claustrophobic. We're inside the bag with her.

She's hidden inside the cloth covering, her breath, coming in
rapid, terrified bursts, streams through the gap.

We can hear the rapid thump, thump, thump of her heart.

And now a SANDMAN comes closer...

CUT TO:

31 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. METAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

31

High, wide.

CHOPRA and 474 stride down a metal corridor.

474's torch beam bounces over the walls and ceiling. Suddenly CHOPRA pulls up sharp.

CHOPRA
Oh Gods.

CUT TO:

474's POV:

474
What happen?

Ahead of them, the corridor is buckled, shattered and blocked by a sheet of flame.

CHOPRA
Must be damage from when we fell
out of orbit.

He edges closer to the flames but is beaten back by their intensity.

CHOPRA (cont'd)
We have to go back -

Suddenly, from behind them, the dreadful moaning begins.

474 points her torch back the way they came. A horde of SANDMEN are approaching down the corridor.

CHOPRA and 474 look at each other.

CHOPRA (cont'd)
I don't know what to do. I can't
save us.

474 looks ahead at the curtain of flame blocking the corridor ahead of them.

474
474 can.

CHOPRA
What?

Without any warning, 474's fist lashes out and knocks CHOPRA unconscious. Like a tender mother, 474 cradles CHOPRA in her massive arms, completely covering him with her body. Then, with a roar, she races towards the curtain of fire.

CUT TO:

32

INT. LE VERRIER STATION. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

32

CLARA's POV:

Inside the cloth bag.

Still just the sound of CLARA's ragged breathing and the thump of her heartbeat.

The SANDMAN comes closer, stretching its neck and cocking its head.

Its hideous face comes right up to the hole in the bag, moving nearer to CLARA's face.

Nearer.

Nearer...

CLARA desperately tries not to move, but her icy breaths threaten to betray her, issuing forth in little puffs.

There's a loud metallic clatter from the room beyond.

CUT TO:

High, wide.

The other SANDMAN has blundered into the hanging knives and other cutlery, setting them clanging.

Suddenly, THE DOCTOR clambers out of another of the cloth bags.

*

CUT TO:

CLARA's POV:

THE DOCTOR looks directly at CLARA, beckons to her.

CUT TO:

High, wide.

CLARA and NAGATA both clamber out of the carcass bags as quietly as they can. THE DOCTOR beckons again.

CLARA mimes furiously. *They'll see!*

THE DOCTOR shakes his head, passes his hand before his eyes.

CLARA
(mouths)
What??

THE DOCTOR
(mouths)
Blind!

CLARA
(mouths)
What??

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
(mouths)
I think they're blind!!

Hardly daring to breathe, CLARA, NAGATA and THE DOCTOR press themselves against the wall and creep towards the door, passing the SANDMEN.

CLARA and NAGATA exit, THE DOCTOR right behind them.

He darts out and slams the door. The SANDMEN race after them, flinging themselves against it and moaning in impotent fury.

HARD CUT TO:

33 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 33

High, wide.

The hover-trolley with the pod on it glides silently through the empty corridors of the station...

CUT TO:

34 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. METAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 34

CHOPRA's POV:

He blinks awake, gradually becoming aware of his surroundings. His clothing is singed and steaming.

Then he notices something else. Slumped in the corner is 474, horribly burned, wheezing in agony.

CHOPRA slides over to her.

CHOPRA
What did you do?

474
474 help.

CHOPRA
What?

474
474 die soon.

CHOPRA
No, don't say that. You got us through. You can survive this.

474 shakes her massive head.

474
Chopra go. Get ship. Chopra be safe.
(smiles)
Chopra pretty.

She holds out her burnt hand but then withdraws it. To her surprise, CHOPRA takes her hand and holds it tight.

On cue, the moaning starts up. CHOPRA looks back the way they've come. The SANDMEN are trying to make their way through the curtain of fire, their hideous mouths yawning open.

CHOPRA and 474's eyes meet once more. Then CHOPRA dashes off.

474 turns to face the SANDMEN. They cock their heads, drawn to her laboured breathing.

CUT TO:

High, wide.

In the shimmering light from the flames, 474 drags herself to her feet, assumes an attack position and, with a great yell, bears down on them.

Then everything goes black.

CUT TO:

35 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

35

High, wide.

The door shushes open and THE DOCTOR, CLARA and NAGATA race inside.

THE DOCTOR
You said you felt like you were
being watched, Clara.

CLARA
Paranoia, you said.

THE DOCTOR
Not this time.

HARD CUT TO:

Images flash by in front of THE DOCTOR (in sunglasses) again. The hover-trolley leaving the engine room.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
There *is* a feed. Wireless. These
images are being stored by someone.
Collated.

CLARA
(to Nagata)
But you said you don't have helmet
cams?

NAGATA
Banned, pet. Privacy settings. They
passed a law years back.

THE DOCTOR *
(to Nagata) *
You, look at this footage! What's *
wrong with it? *What's wrong with* *
it? *

NAGATA shrugs. *

THE DOCTOR (cont'd) *
Clara? *

CLARA shrugs. *

THE DOCTOR (cont'd) *
No? No one? Ok I'll tell you. *
There's footage of everyone here. *
Close ups, high shots. Shots that *
look like CC-TV. But here's the *
thing...*there are no cameras at all!* *

CLARA *
What? *

THE DOCTOR *
There are no cameras here, Clara. *
Not one. Remember what 474 said. *
Eyes in the sky. She was right. She *
was *right*. The dust has been *
watching us the whole time. Each *
little organic speck, a tiny spy! *
Drifting through the air. *
Watching... *

He stops the footage. *

THE DOCTOR (cont'd) *
And then there's *this*. *

The footage has frozen on: *

CLARA's POV. THE DOCTOR staring at her, head cocked. *

THE DOCTOR (cont'd) *
That's you, Clara. That's you *
looking at me. *

CLARA's face falls. *

CLARA *
Me? *

THE DOCTOR *
You went in the pod. *

She nods slowly. *

THE DOCTOR (cont'd) *
The Morpheus process has begun. *

CUT TO: *

CLARA'S POV:

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
There's nothing here from Chopra's
point of view because he refuses to
use Morpheus. But everyone else is
here. Including you. You don't have
a camera, Clara. But by now, you
will have sleep in your eye...

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

CLARA blinks. Blinks again.

CLARA
Ok. Ok...

Calmly, she rubs at her eyes.

CLARA (cont'd)
Can I get rid of it?

THE DOCTOR
Not like that.

CLARA takes a deep breath.

CLARA
It's ok, isn't it? You'll fix this.
We'll fix it.

THE DOCTOR
Yes.

CUT TO:

CLARA's POV:

CLARA
I was only in the pod a few
seconds, right? Nagata's been using
the ones on Triton for ages and
she's ok.

THE DOCTOR
Yes. I think your condition is
stable.

CLARA
But those pods on Triton are more
primitive. The ones here...

THE DOCTOR
More advanced, yes. But you were
hardly in there. It's going to be
fine. You'll be fine.

CLARA
Sure?

THE DOCTOR

None of the rescue crew have shown
signs of the dust advancing. We
will sort this, Clara. For you. And
Nagata. And everyone back on
Triton. Then destroy this filthy
technology. Forever.

Gently, he places his fingers over CLARA's closed eyelids.
When she opens her eyes, they're bright with determination.

CLARA

Ok then. Let's get on with it.

THE DOCTOR smiles. *Clara, my Clara.*

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

NAGATA

You said someone's watching.
Collating images.

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

NAGATA

But if it's not the...the Sandmen,
who is it?

THE DOCTOR

I have an idea who.

Beat.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

A very nasty idea.

The image flickers and judders again...

Cut between POVs:

THE DOCTOR rushes about like a blood-hound, examining read-
outs. There are dozens of cables and wires cluttering the
floor.

CLARA

(thinks)

Power's been almost entirely out
since we arrived. No lighting. But
the engines have still been
working...

THE DOCTOR's fingers dance over the machinery.

THE DOCTOR

Until that little incident with the
grav-shields. Ah!

He stares at the display.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
What?

THE DOCTOR
Thought as much. They didn't fail.
The grav-shields were deliberately
powered down.

*
*
*

NAGATA
By the *Sandmen*?

THE DOCTOR
Doesn't sound like their style,
does it?

THE DOCTOR lifts up cables.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
It's like something was being kept
here. Right by the engines. Where
it's warm. *Being kept alive.*

*

CUT TO:

*

36 **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CONNECTOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 36

Dust swirls through the connector corridor as CHOPRA heads
for the rescue ship.

He's in the middle of recording his report.

CHOPRA
...in the absence of any further
communication with Chief Nagata and
the others I must regrettably
assume them to be deceased. Under
the circumstances, I'm now
returning to the ship and will make
preparations to destroy Le Verrier
station -

He stops in his tracks. Did he just hear something?

CHOPRA walks to the docking doors, presses his palm to an
entry coder and goes inside.

CUT TO:

37 **INT. RESCUE SHIP. CREW ROOM - NIGHT** 37

High, wide.

In stark contrast to the rest of the station, the ship is
glowing with light and power.

CHOPRA enters and starts making routine checks. He stops
again. He definitely heard something.

CHOPRA
Who's there? *Chief?*

(CONTINUED)

He goes through into the ship's cargo bay.

CUT TO:

38 INT. RESCUE SHIP. CARGO BAY - NIGHT 38

High, wide.

This room is much darker and thick with floating dust. We might recognize it as the cramped, darkened room from Rassmussen's video...

All the ship's regular cargo has been shoved aside to make room for...the battered Morpheus pod.

CHOPRA frowns at it.

The pod is open.

Gingerly, he approaches it.

He flips down his night-vision visor.

CUT TO:

Night vision.

A deep, ghastly *mooooooooooan*.

CHOPRA's breathing becomes stertorous, scared.

He backs away from the pod, then spins round.

There's something behind him.

Something HUGE.

He **screeeeeeeeams** --

CUT TO:

39 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CONNECTOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT 39

High, wide.

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and NAGATA race through the connector corridor and enter the ship.

CUT TO:

40 INT. RESCUE SHIP. CREW ROOM - NIGHT 40

Cut between CLARA and NAGATA's POVs and the dust POV as it swirls about them.

Unexpectedly, there's a voice murmuring away inside. At first we don't see where it's coming from.

RASSMUSSEN (O.S.)
*Gagan Rassmussen. I'm Gagan
Rassmussen. This is Le Verrier lab
in orbit around Neptune. I've put
things together into some kind of
order. So you can understand. So
you can have some idea...*

They move closer onto the bridge. On every monitor, the video we saw RASSMUSSEN making at the beginning is playing.

THE DOCTOR addresses the empty room.

THE DOCTOR
You had that prepared well in
advance, didn't you? Your
statement. Your alibi.

RASSMUSSEN
(on screen)
*There are bits missing. Sorry about
that. I...I don't fully understand
what's been going on here. But...*

THE DOCTOR
There would inevitably be questions
when you got to Triton. So you
needed to get your story straight,
didn't you?

RASSMUSSEN
(on screen)
This is what happened.

The image freezes and then the real RASSMUSSEN steps out from the shadows! But there's nothing triumphal about him. If anything he looks even more scared.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
Can't fight them, Doctor. No point.
They're the future. A new life
form! A better life form. That's
very clear to me now. They've made
me understand.

He nods agitatedly, as though convincing himself of the rightness of his cause.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
And we're to be their food. That's
only correct. I just needed to find
a way to get them off this station
and back to Triton. Then they'll
spread. Spread everywhere.
Throughout the system. *Everywhere.*

CLARA
And you want that? You're helping
them wipe out Humanity?

RASSMUSSEN
Things have been made clear to me.

NAGATA
But we saw you die! The Sandmen -

THE DOCTOR
I think the Professor here has been
playing a long game. Am I right?

RASSMUSSEN
They speak to me. In my mind. Trust
me, I think. But they're like
children. Babies. So new. Evolving.
Hungry.
(haunted)
Always so *hungry*.

Beat.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
I made them understand. We had to
find a way out. Then there'd be new
food sources. Unlimited. So they
spared me. And we waited. Waited to
be rescued.

THE DOCTOR
You and your...cargo?

Rassmussen nods, shuddering with horror.

CUT TO:

41 **INT. RESCUE SHIP. CARGO BAY - NIGHT**

41

Cut between the POVs.

They enter the cargo bay. The Morpheus pod is still there,
lid now closed.

RASSMUSSEN nods towards it.

CLARA
What's in there? *Dust?*

THE DOCTOR
(nods)
Like smuggling a jam jar of germs
through customs -

RASSMUSSEN
No.
(appalled at himself)
More than that.

THE DOCTOR
What do you mean?

RASSMUSSEN
I've been working on Morpheus for a
very long time, Doctor. I had to
start somewhere. Morpheus' first
client. Patient Zero.
(MORE)

*

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
(mirthless laugh)
The ultimate Wide-Awake.

THE DOCTOR stares at the pod.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
Inside there is a man who hasn't
slept in *five years*.

THE DOCTOR
Or what's left of him.

RASSMUSSEN
He's the well-spring. Once we get
to Triton, he will spread his
spores.

CLARA
But you said it was an encoded
signal! Something electronic in the
Morpheus process that started a
chemical change in the brain -

RASSMUSSEN
That's how it started, yes. But
it's changing all the time.
Evolving new ways to infect. To
flourish. Whole moons, whole
planets, whole civilizations.
They'll spread everywhere...

THE DOCTOR
You know I can't allow that.

RASSMUSSEN
You can't stop them. None of us
can.

NAGATA cocks her massive gun.

NAGATA
I wouldn't bet on that, pet.

RASSMUSSEN shrugs hopelessly and presses a tiny chip on his
uniform.

And the lid of the Morpheus pod bursts open!

A creature rises from it, like a mummy from a tomb. But this
is different to the ones we've seen before. Huge, powerful,
barrel-chested. A KING SANDMAN! It opens it's dusty maw and
ROARRRRS!

CUT TO:

42 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

42

High, wide.

The two stalking SANDMEN from the cold storage room stop and stiffen in a darkened corridor. They cock their heads, hearing their leader's roar.

CUT TO:

43 INT. RESCUE SHIP. CARGO BAY - NIGHT 43

CLARA's POV:

NAGATA opens fire at once - but the bullets pass harmlessly through the KING SANDMAN.

RASSMUSSEN dashes out of the cargo bay and the door slides shut after him.

CUT TO:

44 INT. RESCUE SHIP. CREW ROOM - NIGHT 44

RASSMUSSEN's POV:

He jabs at the controls. Locks the door.

CUT TO:

45 OMITTED 45

46 INT. RESCUE SHIP. CARGO BAY - NIGHT 46

CLARA's POV:

The KING SANDMAN steps out of the pod. It slinks towards them, blindly rocking its head from side to side.

THE DOCTOR
(sotto)
All he cares about is getting that
thing off this station. We have to
stop him!

*

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

NAGATA
(sotto)
Any ideas?

The KING SANDMAN moves blindly across the room, completely blocking their exit.

THE DOCTOR
(sotto)
The door's no problem.

CLARA
(of the Sandman)
But *that* is!

THE DOCTOR
(sotto)
We need a distraction.

He plunges his hands into his pockets. And smiles.

CUT TO:

47 **INT. RESCUE SHIP. CREW ROOM - NIGHT** 47

RASSMUSSEN's POV:

He catches sight of himself, reflected in the controls. He looks like a terrified little boy. But he knows what he has to do.

CUT TO:

48 **OMITTED** 48

49 **INT. RESCUE SHIP. CARGO BAY - NIGHT** 49

Cut between the POVs:

The KING SANDMAN looms massively by the exit door, its hideous head rocking back and forth.

THE DOCTOR
Hey! *Sandy!*

The KING SANDMAN stiffens, turning to face THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(sotto, to Clara and
Nagata)
When I say run...

He pulls something out of his pocket and drops it to the floor. It's the small black chip he took from the Morpheus pod in the lab.

He whips on the sonic shades like a gunslinger and zaps the chip.

Instantly, the Holographic Neo-Chordettes shimmer into existence!

HOLOGRAM
*"Bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, Mr
Sandman, bring me your dreams -*

The KING SANDMAN frowns, puzzled. Then it tears across the room towards the Hologram.

THE DOCTOR
RUN!

(CONTINUED)
55.

HOLOGRAM
*"Make him the cutest that I've ever
seen..."*

CLARA and NAGATA race towards the door. THE DOCTOR's there in an instant, sonics the door and they dash out, the door shushing closed after them.

CUT TO:

50 INT. RESCUE SHIP. CREW ROOM - NIGHT

50

NAGATA's POV:

RASSMUSSEN is still in his chair as THE DOCTOR, CLARA and NAGATA re-enter.

Incongruously, from behind the closed door the singing continues, accompanied by the frustrated roar of the great King Sandman.

HOLOGRAM (O.S.)
*"Give him two lips like roses and
clover..."*

THE DOCTOR
Rasmussen!

RASSMUSSEN swings round.

HOLOGRAM (O.S.)
*"Then tell him that his lonesome
nights are over..."*

THE DOCTOR
Turn off the engines. Shut down
this ship!

HOLOGRAM (O.S.)
*"Sandman, I'm so alone. Don't have
nobody to call my own..."*

RASSMUSSEN
I can't do that, Doctor. We can't
fight the inevitable. Humanity's
day is done.

He reaches for the ship's thrusters. NAGATA steps forward.

NAGATA
Yeah? Well, Humanity might have
something to say about that, pet.

She opens fire, spraying RASSMUSSEN with bullets.

CLARA
No!

RASSMUSSEN arches his back and slumps forward onto the controls. Dead.

CLARA knocks the gun from NAGATA's grip.

CLARA (cont'd)
Is that your answer to everything?!

NAGATA
Did you have a better one?

THE DOCTOR glares at her, then jumps up to the controls and deactivates the ship.

From behind the door, the King Sandman roars in fury.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

CLARA
Doctor...

They swing round. The door to the cargo hatch is buckling!

Suddenly, THE DOCTOR sits down and stares into space.

NAGATA
Come on, man! We've got to go!

THE DOCTOR
This doesn't make sense.

CLARA
What??

THE DOCTOR
A man who hasn't slept in five
years...

CLARA
You heard what he said. That's the
first Morpheus patient!

THE DOCTOR
But the dust consumes the host.

CLARA
And then they conglomerate! Make
Sandmen!

THE DOCTOR
But why do they need a leader? A
King Sandman? And why are they
blind?

CLARA
Again, evolving?!

THE DOCTOR
But it's very convenient, isn't it?

NAGATA
Convenient??

THE DOCTOR
We got out of that cold storage
room because they were blind.
(MORE)

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
And why power down the grav-shields
when he did? All this...it's like
it's for...effect.

*

CLARA
We can discuss this when we're off
this thing, alright!

THE DOCTOR
Like a story...

*

*

THE DOCTOR continues to stare into space -

CLARA
DOCTOR?!

- then suddenly leaps to his feet and tears out.

CUT TO:

51 **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CONNECTOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 51

High, wide.

THE DOCTOR leads the way as they race from the rescue ship.

NAGATA
How are we supposed to get off this
crate?

THE DOCTOR
Alternative transport.

Through the docking doors comes the huge KING SANDMAN.

And it **ROAAAAARS!**

CUT TO:

52 **INT. LE VERRIER STATION. METAL ROOM - NIGHT** 52

Cut between the POVs as THE DOCTOR, CLARA and NAGATA dash
into the metal room where the TARDIS stands.

NAGATA
This is how we get home?

CLARA
Don't knock it.

THE DOCTOR
We have to get to Triton. Destroy
all the Morpheus machines. End
this.

CLARA starts to move towards the TARDIS.

CLARA
I don't think I've ever been so
pleased to see --

(CONTINUED)

The two SANDMEN are facing them, completely blocking their way into the TARDIS!

THE DOCTOR
(sotto)
Don't move. Don't make a *sound*.

CUT TO:

53 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 53

High, wide.

The KING SANDMAN powers down the corridors of the station.

CUT TO:

54 INT. LE VERRIER STATION. METAL ROOM - NIGHT 54

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and NAGATA stand stock still as the SANDMEN prowl around them.

ROAAAAARRRR!

They turn as the KING SANDMAN looms up in the doorway.

NAGATA
Oh Gods, Doctor. What're we going to do??

*

A desperate moment.

Then, without a word, THE DOCTOR grabs NAGATA's helmet from her, slips it on and calls up the schematic which projects onto the wall. His fingers blur. A few deft strokes.

There's a great percussive clunk from deep below.

NAGATA (cont'd)
What did you just do?

THE DOCTOR
Self-destructed the grav shields.

*

NAGATA
What??

The ship's hull rocks violently.

And everyone is immediately thrown to the floor!

*

Neptune's gravity pulls remorselessly at them as the station plummets through the atmosphere.

CLARA's POV:

Through the viewing window, clouds streak past.

THE DOCTOR is strangely calm.

(CONTINUED)

The SANDMEN and their KING stagger towards them but they can't escape the gravity either. They're dragged to the floor.

But unlike THE DOCTOR, CLARA and NAGATA they don't stay solid.

THE DOCTOR
It's working! Neptune's gravity is
pulling them apart, bit by bit!

The KING SANDMAN looks puzzled as he and the other two begin to disintegrate.

THE DOCTOR drags himself towards the TARDIS, key in hand, inch by agonizing inch. CLARA and NAGATA follow, flattened by the G force.

CUT TO:

NAGATA's POV:

Through a viewing window, the winds of Neptune shriek past the station as it screams into the planet's clouds. *

CUT TO:

CLARA's POV:

THE DOCTOR manages to get the key in the TARDIS lock and hauls them over the threshold.

As CLARA and NAGATA clamber over him he pauses to look back, still troubled.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Doesn't make sense. None of this
makes sense... *

He drags himself inside and the TARDIS doors close.

Raging with impotent fury and trying to haul their disintegrating bodies from the floor, the KING SANDMAN and the two others fall apart as the TARDIS dematerialises before them.

With one last effort, the KING SANDMAN surges towards the TARDIS like a whirlwind - but the TARDIS has gone.

CUT TO:

55 **INT. RESCUE SHIP. CREW ROOM - NIGHT**

55

The screen fizzes, stabilises.

The room is shaking violently.

Suddenly, RASSMUSSEN clambers up from the floor, looking straight towards us.

RASSMUSSEN
(to cam)
Hello again!

He giggles.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
I know, I know. I keep popping up
don't I? Thing is, you see. This
message. This testament. It wasn't
just my alibi.
(smiles)
It was my plan.

The room shakes.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
(to cam)
There are no spores. No infection.
The Morpheus process remains the
same. An electronic signal that
affects the sleep centres of the
brain. Changes them.

Beat.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
(to cam)
An electronic signal that's
contained in this recording.

The image flickers, judders.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
There it is. And, just before Le
Verrier station burns up in the
atmosphere of dear old Neptune,
I've just got time to drop this bit
in. Finish the story. Then I'm
going to transmit this footage to
the whole Solar System. I hope
you've enjoyed the show. I did try
to make it exciting. All those
scary bits. All those death-defying
scrapes. Monsters. And a proper
climax with a really big one at the
end! Compulsive viewing.
(deadpan)
I did tell you not to watch.

*
*
*
*
*

He rests his face on his hand and, horrifically, half of his
face comes away, disintegrating into dust!

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
There's nothing left of Rassmussen
any more. Only us. *ONLY US...*

The dust drifts from his face. He cocks the remains of his
head, looms closer to camera.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
Excuse me. But you've...you've got
something...*there*.

He reaches out a hand to the corner of the screen.

RASSMUSSEN (cont'd)
(smiles)
Just in the corner of your eye...

He presses a button. **SEND...**

BLACKOUT.

END.