



Series 8

**"LISTEN"**

By

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**DURATION: 47' 56"**

**25FPS**

**UK TX SPOOL NO: TBC**

**PROG ID: DRR B084L/01**

**10:00:00 EXT. SPACE - DAY**

A star field.

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

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

Tilting up.

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

- THE DOCTOR! Eyes closed, as if in a trance. On his face, a ferocity of concentration!

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

10:00:17

THE DOCTOR

Listen!

CUT TO:

**10:00:18 INT. TARDIS - DAY**

THE DOCTOR is walking round the console room, extinguishing the candles.

THE DOCTOR

Question! Why do we talk out loud when we know we're alone?

(A beat, looks around)

Conjecture: because we know we are not.

Thoughtfully, he fingers a piece of chalk.

JUMP CUT TO:

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

EVOLUTION PERFECTS

...To the words he is just completing.

10:00:40

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Evolution perfects survival skills.

CUT TO:

**10:00:48 EXT. THE AFRICAN VELDT - DAY**

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

THE DOCTOR (OS)  
There are perfect hunters.

CUT TO:

**10:00:50 EXT. THE AFRICAN VELDT - DAY**

As if through binoculars -

**VT:** A lion pounding after a buffalo. Now felling it.

CUT TO:

**10:00:54 INT. TARDIS - DAY**

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

1) HUNTING.

CUT TO:

**10:00:57 EXT. DEEP UNDER WATER/TARDIS - DAY**

Wipe of tropical fish, in the deep ocean.

The TARDIS parked on the seabed. Through the shimmer of the water, we see that the doors are open, and THE DOCTOR is in the doorway, watching the fish (TARDIS force-field keeps out water).

THE DOCTOR (OS)  
There is perfect defence

A blowfish suddenly expands, all spikes. All the other fish flashing away.

CUT TO:

**10:01:00 INT. TARDIS - DAY**

On the chalk board.

- 2) DEFENCE:
- 3) HIDING.

**10:01:02 INT. DEEP UNDER WATER - DAY**

CUT TO:

**10:01:05 INT. TARDIS - DAY**

THE DOCTOR (OS)  
Question. Why is there no such thing  
as perfect hiding?

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Answer! How would you know?

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Logically, if evolution were to  
perfect a creature...whose primary  
skill were to hide...from view - how  
could you *know* it existed? It could be  
with us every second and we would never  
know. How would you detect it? Even  
*sense* it?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Silence. The TARDIS groans through the centuries

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

- *and it is gone!*

He frowns in confusion -

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

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

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

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

The answer to his question.

*LISTEN.*

**10:02:18 OPENING TITLES**

**10:02:53 EXT. CLARA'S BLOCK OF FLAT - NIGHT**

Establisher.

CUT TO:

**10:02:55 INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

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

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

CUT TO:

**10:02:59 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

FLASHBACK

**CAPTION: EARLIER THAT EVENING**

A fairly posh, fairly pleasant restaurant.

**10:02:58 Restaurant chatter heard (sotto).**

DANNY is sitting nervously at a table.

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

DANNY, sees her - gives her a little wave -

CUT TO:

**10:03:09 INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

- on CLARA.

Closes her eyes. A woman reflecting on disaster!

CUT TO:

**10:03:11 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Now across the table from each other.

Not going well.

CROWD RESTAURANT WALLA

*Woman1: How's the steak?*

*Man1: Really, good...*

*Woman2: So tell me about you...*

*Man2: Erm, well, I'm in banking*

CLARA

...So the famous drink at last.

DANNY

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

CLARA

Dinner, in fact.

DANNY  
Yeah, straight to dinner.

CLARA  
I like a man who moves fast.

DANNY  
Yeah, I might go straight for extras.  
(A beat)  
Afters. *Dessert.*

CLARA  
Yeah, I know, dessert.

DANNY  
Straight to *dessert.*

CLARA  
Gotcha.

Pained embarrassment. Struggling to recover.

DANNY  
So. How was your day?

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

DANNY  
Yep, teaching.

CLARA  
Teaching, teaching.

DANNY  
Totally.

CLARA  
...We should stop talking about work.

DANNY  
God, yes.

CLARA  
Though, do you take Courtney for anything?

CUT TO:

**10:04:09 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The two of them, laughing.

DANNY  
Seriously?

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

DANNY  
*Wide??*

DANNY now roaring.

CLARA  
I could kill that girl some days.

DANNY  
Me too.

CLARA  
And from you, that means something.  
That impacts on DANNY. Temperature drops.

DANNY  
...I'm sorry?

CUT TO:

**10:04:33 INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

CLARA in the kitchen now, making tea.

CUT TO:

**10:04:38 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Tension in progress!

DANNY  
I dug twenty-three wells.

CLARA  
I'm sorry?

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

CLARA  
Okay. Good. Good wells.



DANNY

Yeah, they were good actually.

CLARA

I'm not doubting the quality of your wells.

DANNY

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

CLARA

Okay. Point taken. Seriously.

DANNY

So why doesn't *that* get mentioned?

CLARA

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

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

WAITER

Excuse me.

CLARA

Sorry.

WAITER

Um, do you want some water for the table?

CLARA

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

The WAITER gets away fast as possible.

DANNY smiles, a little sheepish.

DANNY

Sorry.

CLARA

It's okay.

DANNY

Sensitive subject.

CLARA

Yep. Can slightly see that.

DANNY

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

CLARA  
...People like me???

CUT TO:

**10:05:21 INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

CLARA sipping her tea. Miserable.

CUT TO:

**10:05:26 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Tension be damned, it's a row now.

DANNY  
I wasn't making assumptions about you.

CLARA  
That really is exactly what you were  
doing.

DANNY  
You made assumptions about *me!*

CLARA  
I made a joke.

DANNY  
A not-funny joke.

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

DANNY  
A fuss?

CLARA  
An exit!

She stands.

And off she storms.

CUT TO:

**10:05:47 INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

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

CUT TO:

**10:05:50 INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tries again. What?

THE DOCTOR (OS)

You just have to squeeze through.

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

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

CLARA

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA ADR CUE

What are you doing in here?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

Fine, I need you, for a thing!

CLARA

I can't!

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

I might...  
(Hesitates)

...it's just possible I might get a phone call.

THE DOCTOR

What, from the date guyn. It's too late now, you've taken your make up off.

CLARA

No, I haven't. I'm still wearing my make-up.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

CUT TO:

**10:06:31 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

THE DOCTOR is already leaping to the controls.

CLARA

I haven't actually said yes.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

Not what?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

How long have you been travelling alone?

THE DOCTOR

Perhaps I never have.

CUT TO:

**10:07:00 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

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

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

CLARA

It looks like your handwriting.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

Dreams. Accounts of dreams, by different people, all through history, you see I have a theory.

CLARA

I'll bet you have. What theory?

THE DOCTOR

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

CUT TO:

**10:07:22 INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT**

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

A creaking, his eyes flick open.

10:07:26 (OVER NEXT SC. TIMING TBC AFTER MIX)

THE DOCTOR

You wake up - or you think you do. And there's someone in the dark, someone close - or you think there might be. So you sit up and turn on the light. And the room looks different, at night. It ticks and creaks and breathes. And you tell yourself there's nobody there. Nobody watching. Nobody listening.

Nobody there at all. And you very nearly believe it. You really, really try. And then ...

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

He starts to sit up -

- cutting closer, but it is -

CUT TO:

**10:07:32 INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT**

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

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

Cutting closer on her hand, but now it is -

CUT TO:

**10:07:37 INT. BEDROOM 3 (MODERN DAY) - NIGHT**

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

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

She looks frightened, alone, timid.

Something is in this room with her ...

She starts to throw back the covers -

- on the move we -

CUT TO:

**10:07:48 INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT**

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

- and as he does so, we cut closer on his feet as they set down.  
Something moves in the shadows under the bed ...

CUT TO:

**10:07:52 INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT**

Close on the little girl, startling.

CUT TO:

**10:07:53 INT. BEDROOM 3 (MODERN DAY) - NIGHT**

The Old ladies feet touch the floor.

CUT TO:

**10:07:55 INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT**

The little BOY, swings round and places feet on the floor.

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

CLARA ADR CUE (OS)

This is just a dream.

CUT TO:

**10:08:06 INT. BEDROOM 3 (MODERN DAY) - NIGHT**

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

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

CUT TO:

**10:08:07 INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT**

The same hand now clasping round her ankle.

CUT TO:

**10:08:08 INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT**

On the little BOY,

CLARA ADR CUE (OS)  
This is just a dream.

CUT TO:

**10:08:10 INT. BEDROOM 3 (MODERN DAY) - NIGHT**

The old lady sat frozen.

CUT TO:

**10:08:11 INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT**

The little girl sat, scared stiff.

CUT TO:

**10:08:13 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

THE DOCTOR raced down the steps. CLARA following.

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

CLARA  
Have you had that dream?

THE DOCTOR  
Exactly.

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

THE DOCTOR  
I asked first.

CLARA  
No, I did.

THE DOCTOR  
You really didn't.

On CLARA: hesitating.



CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

Why?

CUT TO:

**10:08:35 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

What is it?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

Why not?

THE DOCTOR

It might end up on all the screens. The TARDIS is extrapolating your entire timeline, from the moment of your birth, to the moment of your death.

CLARA

Which I do *not* need a preview of.

THE DOCTOR

I'm turning off the safe-guards and navigation. Slaving the TARDIS to you.

CLARA

Why?

THE DOCTOR

Now focus on the dream! Focus on the details, picture them, *feel* them - the TARDIS will track on your subconscious, extract the relevant information. Should be able to home in on the moment

in your time-line when you first had that dream. Then we'll see.

CLARA  
(Unnerved)  
What will we see?

THE DOCTOR  
What's under your bed. It's very, very important. Ok, now don't get distracted, remember. You are flying a time machine!

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

-

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

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

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

CLARA's phone rings again. The Doctor reaches in her pocket and throws it over his shoulder.

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

CLARA  
Sorry - I think I got distracted.

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

He's already heading to the doors.

CLARA  
Come on where?

THE DOCTOR  
Your childhood!

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

CUT TO:

**10:10:23 EXT. CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT**

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

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

THE DOCTOR

The West Country Children's home.  
Gloucester - by the ozone level and the  
drains. Mid-nineties.

CLARA

Why are we here?

THE DOCTOR

You must have been here when you had  
the dream.

CLARA

I've never been in Gloucester in my  
life! And I've never lived in a  
children's home.

THE DOCTOR

(Heading towards the home)  
Oh, you probably just forgotten - have  
you seen the size of human brains,  
they're hilarious. Little you must be  
in here somewhere, with your little  
brain.

CLARA

Isn't it bad if I meet myself?

THE DOCTOR

It is potentially catastrophic.

CLARA

So why did you bring me out here?

THE DOCTOR

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

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

CLARA

Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR

See you in a minute. TARDIS.

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

(At the door)

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

He heads in -

- but CLARA is staring up at the window.

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

On CLARA, staring. No! No!!

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

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

And the little BOY waves at her!

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

Same nervous smile, same wave - same BOY??

With a slightly sickly smile, CLARA returns the wave.

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

BOY ADR CUE

What are you doing down there?

CLARA - caught out, not sure what to do.

CLARA

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

BOY

Rupert.

Visible relief from CLARA.

CLARA

Okay. Hello, Rupert.

BOY

Rupert Pink.

CLARA's face falls, slightly.

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

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

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

On CLARA: is it him. Is this possible?

CLARA  
...Why are you awake?

The BOY doesn't reply. Looks uncomfortable.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Are you scared?

CUT TO:

**10:12:01 INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. ENTRANCE DOORS - NIGHT**

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

Stepping through the doors, THE DOCTOR.

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

Laughter!

Tinny laughter from a television. He looks round:

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

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

REG  
How did you get in?

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

REG is solemnly inspecting the entirely blank psychic paper.

REG

An inspection? It's two in the morning.

THE DOCTOR

When better? Do you always work here nights?

REG

Most nights, yes.

THE DOCTOR

...Ever end up talking to yourself?

REG

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

THE DOCTOR

What about your coffee?

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

REG

My coffee?

Beyond them, CLARA darts up the stairs.

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

THE DOCTOR

Sometimes do you put it down, and look round. And it's not there?

REG

Everybody does that.

THE DOCTOR

Yes. Everybody.

THE DOCTOR, holding his gaze, sombre.

A silence, REG haunted, this strange man, so compelling -

- and the television laughter cuts dead.

REG almost startles, looks round.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Who turned your telly off?

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

REG

It does that, it goes off.

Silence from THE DOCTOR. He looks back to him -

- and THE DOCTOR has gone.

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

He reaches for his Coffee -

- *and it's gone.* Just the ring where it stood.

REG stares -

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

CUT TO:

**10:13:22 INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

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

CUT TO:

**10:13:32 INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. STAIRS - NIGHT**

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

CUT TO:

**10:13:50 INT. RUPERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

RUPERT startles -

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

CLARA

Hello.

RUPERT just stares at her for a moment.

RUPERT

...Hello.

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

CLARA, now moving into the room.

CLARA

Nice room.

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

CLARA (cont'd)

You should always have more than one chair. What do you do when people come round?

RUPERT

Sit on the bed.

CLARA

Why aren't you sitting on it then?

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

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

CLARA (cont'd)

Do you think there's something under it?

No answer, for a moment.

Finally: a slow, uncertain nod.

CLARA (cont'd)

Everybody thinks that, sometimes. That's just how people think at night.

RUPERT

Why.

CLARA

Did you have a dream. A hand, grabbing your foot?



His eyes widen. How can she know that?

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

RUPERT  
How did you know?

CLARA  
Do you know why dreams are called dreams?

RUPERT  
Why?

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

She stands, goes to the bed ...

RUPERT  
What are you doing?

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

CLARA  
Do you know what's under there?

RUPERT  
What?

CLARA  
Me!

RUPERT: hesitates.

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

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

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

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

RUPERT  
Sometimes I hear noises.

CLARA

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

RUPERT

They're all asleep.

CLARA

They're all dreaming.

RUPERT

Can you hear dreams?

CLARA

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

*Creak!*

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

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

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

CLARA (cont'd)

Who else is in this room?

RUPERT

Nobody.

CLARA

Someone must have come in.

RUPERT

Nobody came in.

CLARA thinking, resolving.

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

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

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

CLARA, staring, keep it together.

CLARA

Hello?

Nothing.

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

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

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

CLARA (cont'd)

Who's this? This a friend of your friends, playing a game?

RUPERT: staring, shaking his head. Nope.

CLARA (cont'd)

(to the draped figure)

Playing a trick, are you? A little trick on Rupert here?

And now the FIGURE starts to rise -

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

But the motion is eerily smooth. A perfect ascent.

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

CLARA (cont'd)

Okay. It's not funny this, you know!

And a familiar voice, from off:

THE DOCTOR

Where is he?

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

CLARA

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

(Still examining book)

I can't find him. Can you find him?

CLARA

...Find who?

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

THE DOCTOR

Wally.

CLARA

Wally???

THE DOCTOR

He's nowhere in this book

RUPERT

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

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

THE DOCTOR

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

RUPERT

He's not in every book.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The thing on the bed. Whatever it is. Look at it. Does it scare you?

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

RUPERT

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

RUPERT

Why?

THE DOCTOR

Let me tell you about scared. Your heart is beating so hard I can feel it through

your hands. There's so much blood and oxygen pumping through your brain it's like rocket fuel. Right now you can run faster and fight harder and jump higher than ever in your life, and you're so alert it's like you can slow down time. What's wrong with scared - scared is a super power. It's your super power. There is danger in this room and guess what - it's you. Do you feel it?

RUPERT - nods.

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

RUPERT shakes his head.

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

RUPERT  
...What?

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

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

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

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

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

But RUPERT - still staring, still in shock.

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

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

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

CLARA

Yeah. Come and see all the dark.

THE DOCTOR

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

And RUPERT - slowly, breathing hard, joins them.

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

The three of them, looking out.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

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

CLARA

So - plan? Plans are good.

THE DOCTOR

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

Silence.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

If all you have to do is stay hidden, it's okay. Just leave.

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

On RUPERT's face - staring, so panicked.

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

Then silence. Nothing.

CLARA

Is it gone?

THE DOCTOR

Don't look round. Not yet.

RUPERT

I can't hear anything.

THE DOCTOR  
*Don't look round -*

But RUPERT turns -

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

RUPERT stumbles back against the window, speechless with fright!

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

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

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

RUPERT snaps his head to the front again -

- close on the bedspread as it hits the floor.

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

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

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

RUPERT  
What is it?

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

RUPERT  
I don't know.

THE DOCTOR  
Neither do I. Close your eyes.

RUPERT  
What?

THE DOCTOR  
Close your eyes. You too, Clara. Give it what it wants.

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

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

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

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

The sound of an exhaling breath.

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

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

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

And we hear the door closing.

All three spin.

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

CLARA  
Gone?

THE DOCTOR  
Gone!

RUPERT  
He took my bedspread.

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

CUT TO:

**10:20:29 INT. RUPERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Later. RUPERT sitting in the middle of the bed. THE DOCTOR sitting in the chair now, toying with his sonic screwdriver, bored now



the crisis is over. CLARA is rooting through a cupboard next to him.

RUPERT

Am I safe now?

THE DOCTOR

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

What was that for?

CLARA

Shut up and leave this to me.

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

CLARA (cont'd)

(To Rupert)

These yours?

RUPERT

They're the home's.

CLARA

They're yours now.

THE DOCTOR

People don't need to be lied to.

CLARA

People don't need to be scared by a big gray-haired stick insect, but here you are. Sit down, shut up.

(to Rupert)

See what I'm doing?

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

CLARA (cont'd)

This is your army.

THE DOCTOR

*Plastic* army.

CLARA

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

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

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

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

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

RUPERT  
Dan!

CLARA  
(Impacts on her)  
... sorry?

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

He's reached and taken the plastic soldier.

CLARA  
Good. Good name.

RUPERT  
Yeah.

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

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

CLARA  
Sure.

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

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Dad skills.

FADE TO:

**10:21:52 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

THE DOCTOR at the controls, CLARA thoughtful.

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

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

CLARA  
I got distracted.

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

CLARA  
No, course not. Why do you ask?

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

CLARA  
Will erm...Will he... remember any of  
that?

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Are you okay?

CLARA  
Doctor ... I'm sorry to ask. And I  
realise this is probably against the

laws of time, or something... But could  
you do me a favour?

CUT TO:

**10:22:50 INT/EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

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

CLARA storms away down the street -

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

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

CLARA

Is that what I look like from the back?

THE DOCTOR

It's fine.

CLARA

I was thinking it was good.

THE DOCTOR

Really?

CUT TO:

**10:23:13 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

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

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

CLARA

Sorry!

DANNY

Hey.

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

CLARA

Hello. I am Clara Oswald. I'm a bit  
tricky, sometimes a bit up myself, and  
I don't like my surname, but I think

that's basically everything you need  
to worry about.

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

DANNY

Hello I'm - I'm sorry, I'm really -

CLARA

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

DANNY

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

CLARA

Don't say anything. Or say something  
nice.

DANNY

...I like your name.

CLARA

It's a start.

DANNY

Oswald. It suits you.

CLARA

Drifting now.

DANNY

It's better than Pink.

CLARA

Pink is nice. I like pink.

DANNY

You can have it.

CLARA

A bold offer, Mr. Pink.

DANNY

(Flustering)

I meant, no, I didn't mean -

CLARA

It's okay, I know.

DANNY

Why can't I speak today?

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

DANNY  
Is that where I put it?

CLARA  
Anyway. Clara Pink - too much.

DANNY  
Yeah, that is too much -

CLARA  
Mind you - *Rupert* Pink!

On DANNY - *wha* - ?

DANNY  
...I'm sorry?

CLARA  
Er. Rupert. Also - not good.

DANNY  
Rupert.

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

CLARA  
That was your name, yeah?

DANNY  
Who told you that

CLARA  
Um ... someone in the school.

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

CLARA  
I can't remember who it was -

DANNY  
Are you making fun of me?

CLARA  
No! No, no, no - no way!

DANNY

Is this a joke?

CLARA

Nothing about any of this is any kind of joke!

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

CLARA shocked, having seen this.

DANNY - the door behind him - oblivious.

DANNY

Where's your coat?

CLARA

My what?

DANNY

You put on your coat when you left.

CLARA

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

DANNY

How about everything?

CLARA

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

DANNY

Well thats... weird.

CLARA

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

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

DANNY

I don' do weird.

CLARA

Danny, no please -

DANNY

I'm going.

CLARA

Don't go.

DANNY

Then do something for me. Tell me the truth. Because I know when people are lying to me - however weird this thing might be - just tell me the *truth!*

CLARA

It's not *weird!*...

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

CLARA (cont'd)

...Exactly.

That face-falling moment is enough for DANNY.

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

CLARA: so despairing, so pissed off.

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

CUT TO:

**10:26:24 INT. RESTAURANT CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

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

CLARA goes striding through the police box doors -

CUT TO:

**10:26:27 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

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

CLARA

I am *trying* to have a date. A real life, inter-human, actual *date!* It's a normal, nice, every day meeting-up-sort-of thing, and I just want to know, do you have any other way



to make this any more surreal than it  
already is?

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

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

- but no question, it's *him!*

DANNY

Hello.

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

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

THE DOCTOR

Ah, Clara!

(To Danny)

Well done, you found her.

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Now really, this is a bit strange.

CLARA

Danny?

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

THE DOCTOR

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

DANNY

Who's Danny?

CLARA: wha-

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

Orson Pink??

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, I laughed, too.

(To Orson)

Sorry!

(To Clara)

Do you have any connection with him?

CLARA

Connection?

THE DOCTOR

Yes, maybe you're like a distant relative of yours or something?

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

CLARA

How would I know?

THE DOCTOR

(To Orson)

Right, okay. Do you have any old family photographs of her? You know probably quite old and really fat looking?

ORSON

Well. I don't -

CLARA

How did you find him?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA and ORSON, nervously eyeing each other.

CLARA

Okay ...

THE DOCTOR

And you'll never guess where I found him!

CUT TO:

**10:27:54 EXT. A WILDERNESS PLANET - SUNSET**

Tracking over a craggy, moon-like wilderness.

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

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

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

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

CLARA (OS)  
Where are we?

CUT TO:

**10:28:00 INT. ORSON'S BASE - EVENING**

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

CLARA is turning form the window.

THE DOCTOR, pottering at the controls.

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

CLARA  
...The end of the *universe*??

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

CLARA  
To what?

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

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

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

Pioneer time traveller.

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

10:28:55 NEWS ITEM ON SCREEN:

INTERVIEWER (OS)

It's a historic moment as Orson Pink  
becomes the first man to travel through  
time./ Mr Pink, what's going through  
your mind right now?

ORSON (OS)

Honestly, I'm just focused on the  
mission. Time travel is in my blood.  
In some way it feels like I was born  
to do this. It's a historic day for  
mankind, and I know how this sounds,  
but for me it means even more: it's  
a fulfilment of my destiny.

THE DOCTOR

Rode the first of the great time shots.  
They were supposed to fire him into the  
middle of the next week.

CLARA

What happened?

THE DOCTOR

He went a bit far.

CLARA

A *bit*?

THE DOCTOR

A big bit.

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Now look at him. Robinson Crusoe at the end of time itself. The last man standing in the universe. I always thought it would be me.

CLARA

It's not a competition.

THE DOCTOR

I know it's not. Course there's still time though.

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

CLARA - debating whether to tell him. Another crash.

CLARA (OS)

He looks like he's packing.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

ORSON

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

THE DOCTOR

Just showed you, didn't I? A test flight to a restaurant.

ORSON

But to my family, to my own time?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

He can, yes.

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

ORSON

(Picking up on the stare)  
Is everything okay?

CLARA  
Yeah, fine. I'm fine.

ORSON  
Do I know you?

CLARA  
No, nope.

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

CLARA  
Doctor ...

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

CLARA  
Sorry, what?

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

ORSON  
(Paling)  
Over night?

THE DOCTOR  
(To Orson)  
One more night, that's not a problem,  
is it?

ORSON, now evasive, now avoiding his eye.

ORSON  
No. Not a problem.

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

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

ORSON  
What's a shame?

THE DOCTOR

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

ORSON, about to deny it. Falters.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

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

CLARA

Seen what?

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

THE DOCTOR

The universe is dead. Everything that ever was is dead and gone. There is nothing beyond this door but nothingness forever ...

(turns to Orson)

So why's it locked?

He looks pleadingly up at THE DOCTOR.

ORSON

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

THE DOCTOR

Afraid of the dark? But the dark is empty now.

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

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

ORSON ADR CUE

...No. No, it isn't. Not at night it isn't.

CUT TO:

**10:31:11 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

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

CLARA

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

ORSON

And you two are going to wait out there?

CLARA

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

ORSON

...Why can't we just leave?

CLARA

Like he said - it's recharging.

ORSON

You didn't look like you believed him.

CLARA

That's just how my face looks when he talks.

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

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

On CLARA: *what???*

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

Stares at it? *What???*

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

ORSON

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

CLARA

Right. Yes.

(Forcing herself to keep it under control)

Didn't do a very good job, did it?

ORSON

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

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

CLARA

Orson. Do me a favour, take my advice - when you get home, stay away from time travel.



She turns to go.

ORSON  
It runs in the family.

CLARA, turning back - *what??*

CLARA  
What? Sorry - what do you mean?? Runs  
in the family??

ORSON  
Nothing - it's just silly stories - one  
of my grandparent - well, great  
grandparents -

And he breaks off, staring at her.

CLARA  
What, is it? Tell me!

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

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

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

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

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

ORSON  
Yes.

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

CUT TO:

**10:32:44 INT. ORSON'S BASE - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

CLARA

...What are we doing?

THE DOCTOR

Waiting.

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

That's one way of looking at it.

CLARA

What's the other?

Turns to look at her, sombre.

THE DOCTOR

That's a helluva lot of ghosts.

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

CLARA

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

As he speaks, they've both turned to look at the door -

- and they break off staring.

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

*DON'T OPEN THE DOOR.*

CLARA (cont'd)

...Where did that come from?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

But who wrote it?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

What must?

THE DOCTOR

Company.

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

CLARA, startles.

CLARA

What's that?

THE DOCTOR

What kind of explanation would you like?

CLARA

A reassuring one.

THE DOCTOR

Well, the systems are switching to low power. There are temperature differentials all over this ship. It's like pipes banging when the heating goes off.

CLARA

Always thought there was something in the pipes.

THE DOCTOR

Me too. Who were you having dinner with?

CLARA

Are you making conversation?

THE DOCTOR

I thought that I would give it a try.

CLARA

I told you. A date.

THE DOCTOR

Serious?

CLARA

It's a date.

THE DOCTOR

A serious date?

CLARA

Do I have to bring him to you for approval.

THE DOCTOR

Well I would like to know about his prospects. If you like, I can pop ahead and check them out.

CLARA

Frankly, you've already done enough.

THE DOCTOR, momentarily confused by that -

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

They both tense.

THE DOCTOR

Atmospheric pressure equalising.

CLARA

Or?

THE DOCTOR

Company.

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

Because I need to know.

CLARA

Why? About what?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

Okay, suppose ...

THE DOCTOR

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

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

*Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!*

CLARA  
...What's that?

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

THE DOCTOR  
Potentially, the hull cooling.

CLARA  
Potentially?

THE DOCTOR  
Believably.

*Clang! Clang! Clang!*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Someone knocking. Yes.

Both now sitting up. So tense. Breathing.

*Clang! Clang! Clang!*

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

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

*Clang! Clang! Clang!*

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

*Clang! Clang! Clang!*

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

THE DOCTOR - bracing himself. Taking the fateful decision.

He raises the screwdriver, sonics.

The word LOCKED blinks, changes to UNLOCKED.

CLARA ADR CUE

Is that you turning?

THE DOCTOR  
No!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Get in the TARDIS.

He's drawn his sonic screwdriver.

CLARA  
Why?

THE DOCTOR  
I have to know.

CLARA  
*Doctor!!! Doctor!!!*

THE DOCTOR  
The TARDIS, *now!*

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

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

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

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

CLARA (cont'd)  
*Doctor!!!*

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

CLARA  
Is there even an atmosphere out there??

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

*Clunk! Clunk!*

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

THE DOCTOR

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

*Clunk! Clunk!*

CLARA

You're an idiot.

THE DOCTOR

I know.

She goes, slamming the TARDIS door.

CUT TO:

**10:36:52 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

CLARA comes slamming into the control room.

ORSON, looks at her, worried.

ORSON

What's happening?

She looks back at him. *Oh God!*

CLARA

He's opening the door!

CUT TO:

**10:36:54 INT. ORSON'S BASE - NIGHT**

*Clunk! Clunk!*

THE DOCTOR, staring at the door, transfixed.

THE DOCTOR

(Reciting)

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

*Clunk! Hissssss ...*

The door starts to heave open.

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

CUT TO:

**10:37:06 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

CLARA, at the console.

She's switched the monitor on.

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

He stares -

- and the screen flickers!

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

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

The monitor flickers again, goes out!

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

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

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

And now, an alarm sounding from outside the TARDIS.

CLARA (cont'd)  
What's that?

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:



**10:37:32 INT. ORSON'S BASE - NIGHT**

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

His grip slips, and slips -

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

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

CUT TO BLACK:

**10:37:44 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

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

ORSON is examining him. CLARA, hovering.

CLARA

Is he okay?

ORSON

He's out cold, but he'll be fine.

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

CLARA

Something hit him.

ORSON

Everything was flying out that door.

They look at each other, unsure.

CLARA

Could've been that.

ORSON

Yeah.

CLARA

What was out there? What were you afraid of?

ORSON

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

CLARA

...Yeah.

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

They turn, stare.

ORSON

That's probably just the rest of the air escaping.

CLARA

You say 'probably' a lot.

The doors seem to strain, as if under pressure.

The TARDIS lurches.

ORSON ADR CUE

We're safe. Nothing can get in here, right?

CLARA

Probably.

Shakes, judders.

They both take an involuntary step back from the doors.

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

ORSON

Have you got a plan?

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

CLARA

Telepathic circuits. I left a trace in them before -

ORSON

So?

CLARA

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

ORSON

That's your plan?

CLARA

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

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

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

The column flares, the lights flicker madly.

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

CLARA (cont'd)  
*Sorry!*

And now the engines are roaring, the room tilting.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Here we go! Come on, come on, come on,  
come on!

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

- and *thump!*

Silence. The TARDIS engines power down.

ORSON  
Is that it?

CLARA, looking at the instruments.

CLARA  
I don't know. I think so.

ORSON  
Where are we?

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

CLARA  
Somewhere else. I hope.

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

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

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

CLARA

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

And with that, she's gone.

CUT TO:

**10:39:39 INT. BARN - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

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

She looks round - where is he?

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

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

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

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

Tiny shaking shoulders.

That sobbing. So desolate, so sad.

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

CLARA

Rupert?

The little BOY stiffens. Doesn't turn.

CLARA (cont'd)

Orson?

Then a bang from off.

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

MAN (OS)  
Why does he have to sleep out here???

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

MAN (OS)  
Why does he have to cry all the time?

WOMAN (OS)  
You *know* why.

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

WOMAN (OS)  
Oh hush!

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

CLARA spins! Where to hide??

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

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

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

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

Mutinous silence.

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

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

MAN (OS)

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

WOMAN (OS)

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

MAN (OS)

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

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

MAN (OS) (cont'd)

Why does he always come to this place?

WOMAN (OS)

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

*Is she in THE DOCTOR's childhood???*

CUT TO:

**10:41:50 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

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

THE DOCTOR

Sontarans! Perverting the course of  
human history!!!

ORSON

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

You're confusing me. Shut up, shut up!  
(Looking around)  
Where's Clara?

CUT TO:

**10:41:59 INT. BARN - NIGHT**

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

THE DOCTOR (OS)

Clara?!

It's the barn from *The Day Of The Doctor!*

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

BOY DOCTOR ADR CUE  
Hello, who's there?

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

BOY DOCTOR ADR CUE (cont'd)  
Hello?

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

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

What does she do? The BOY is *terrified*.

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

She now speaks, in a soothing whisper...

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

The BOY's feet - not moving.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLARA (cont'd)  
Listen -

CUT TO:

**10:43:27 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

ORSON  
What happened? What did you see? What's  
out there?

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

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

THE DOCTOR and ORSON spin.

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

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

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

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

CLARA neatly interposes herself between THE DOCTOR and his  
instruments.

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

THE DOCTOR



...Why?

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

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

CLARA  
Do as you're told!

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

CUT TO:

**10:44:13 INT. BARN - NIGHT**

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

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

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

CLARA (OS)  
Listen.

FADE TO:

**10:44:21 EXT. SPACE**

The TARDIS spins through space.

FADE TO

**10:44:25 INT. BARN - NIGHT**

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

CLARA  
This is just a dream. But very clever people can hear dreams. So please just listen. I know you're afraid, but being afraid is all right.

CUT TO:

**10:44:39 INT. TARDIS - DAY**

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

CLARA (OS)  
Because didn't anyone ever tell you -  
fear is a super power. Fear can make  
you faster, and cleverer, and  
stronger.

CUT TO:

**10:44:57 INT. BARN - NIGHT**

CLARA and the BOY.

CLARA ADR CUE  
Fear can bring you home. One day you  
are going to come back to this barn,  
and on that day you are going to be very  
afraid indeed. But that's okay.

**10:45:03 FLASHBACK:**

The Day of The Doctor, The War Doctor approaching the barn.

CUT TO:

**10:45:10 INT. BARN - NIGHT**

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

CUT TO:

**10:45:20 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

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

CLARA (OS)  
Fear can make you *kind*.

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

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

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, not the hugging! No, no. I'm against  
the hugging please...

CUT TO:

**10:45:27 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

CUT TO:

**10:45:32 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

CUT TO:

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

DANNY

I am so ...

CLARA

I know.

CUT TO:

**10:45:44 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

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

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

CUT TO:

**10:45:48 INT. BARN - NIGHT**

CLARA and the BOY.

CLARA

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

CUT TO:

**INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

DANNY  
I just get nervous.

CLARA  
Me too.

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

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

CLARA  
I'll show you.

CUT TO:

**10:46:04 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

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

CLARA (OS)  
So listen. If you listen to nothing else,  
listen to *this*.

CUT TO:

**10:46:08 INT. BARN - NIGHT**

CLARA and the BOY.

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

CUT TO:

**10:46:28 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

DANNY and CLARA on the sofa - a tender kiss.

CLARA (OS)  
Because fear can bring us together.

CUT TO:

**10:46:34 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

The Doctor stood looking at the board - he writes LISTEN.

CLARA (OS) (CONT'D)  
Fear can bring you home.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

**10:46:38 INT. BARN - NIGHT**

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

CLARA ADR CUE  
*I'm going to leave you something. Just  
so you always remember...  
Fear makes companions of us all.*

Close on the little BOY's eye, as it flickers open -  
- to see the stars at the window.

On the eyes. In the pupil we see all the stars reflected -  
- as the eye closes again.

On the window -

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

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

FADE TO BLACK:

**10:46:56 NEXT TIME**

**10:47:26 END TITLES**

**10:47:56 END OF PROGRAMME**

Marcelo Camargo