

**DOCTOR WHO**

**SERIES 8**

**EPISODE 9**

**"Flatline"**

by

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**YELLOW SCRIPT**

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 5)

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1 **EXT. ABBOT ESTATE - DAY**

1

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**TITLES**

3 **OMITTED**

3

4 **EXT. ABBOT ESTATE. GRAFFITI WALL - DAY**

4

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

FENTON

Well? Don't you want to sign it?

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

RIGSY

Already did.

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

FENTON

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

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

AL

Come on. There's no need for this.

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

FENTON

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

FENTON gestures and the other painters start painting.

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

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

CUT TO:

4A **EXT. WASTEGROUND - DAY**

4A

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

CUT TO:

5 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

5

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

These are very... ishy readings.

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

CLARA

Er, Doctor?

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

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. WASTEGROUND - DAY**

6

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

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

THE DOCTOR

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

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

CLARA

Bristol!? Doctor, we're in Bristol!

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

No. Not impressive. Annoying.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I don't *think* it's dangerous. But I  
wouldn't want you to get accidentally  
squished, so...

CLARA

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

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

CUT TO:

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

7

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

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

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

GEORGE  
Have some respect. She's grieving.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RIGSY  
You mean you don't know?

CUT TO:

8 INT. TARDIS - DAY

8

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

9 EXT. WASTEGROUND / INT. TARDIS - DAY

9

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

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

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

THE DOCTOR  
Exactly where I was.

CLARA is looking around.

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

CLARA notices something at her feet.

THE DOCTOR  
Yes. Oh.

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

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

THE DOCTOR (ON PHONE)

Yes I am. And no it's not... Adorable.  
I mean. It's very serious.

CLARA

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

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

THE DOCTOR

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

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Stop laughing. This is serious.

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

Aliens?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA carefully picks up the TARDIS.

CLARA

You mean you've made it lighter.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

*Maybe* a story for another time. What  
now?



THE DOCTOR

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

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

CLARA

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

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

THE DOCTOR

And you're going to need these.

CLARA

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

CLARA is lowering the TARDIS into her bag.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Can you hear me?

CLARA

Yes. (winces) Ow. What just happened?

THE DOCTOR

Nanotech. Hacked your optic nerve.

CLARA

What does that mean?

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

THE DOCTOR

I see what you see.

CUT TO:

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

10

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

CLARA

Anything?

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

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

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

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

THE DOCTOR  
No time to fraternize. Get rid of him.  
Outside, CLARA looks annoyed, then grins mischievously.

CLARA  
I'm... the Doctor.

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR  
Don't you *dare*.

Back with CLARA and RIGSY as they awkwardly shake hands.

CLARA  
Doctor Oswald. But you can call me Clara.

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Of lies.

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

RIGSY  
O-kay.

In the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

11

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

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

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

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

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

Outside with CLARA and RIGSY.

CLARA  
Well doesn't everyone?

RIGSY  
What?

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

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR waves.

THE DOCTOR  
Hello barely sentient local.

RIGSY  
(on screen)  
Another Doctor?

THE DOCTOR  
How do you sleep at night?

Outside, RIGSY begins to search the flat.

RIGSY

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

In the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

He's a *pudding* brain. No, worse - he's a *fluorescent* pudding brain.

CLARA

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

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

Outside, RIGSY is across the room.

RIGSY

He could still be in the room.

CLARA

Sorry, what?

RIGSY

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

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

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

THE DOCTOR

Do you know I think you were wrong about this lad.

(MORE)

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

CLARA  
Oh really?

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

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

RIGSY is looking blankly past the yucca plant. Has he spotted the stretched head of MR ROSCOE? We reveal a mural of a cracked barren desert in its place. CLARA joins him. RIGSY smirks.

RIGSY  
Maybe he's lost in the desert.

CLARA  
Are we missing the obvious here?  
Locked room - missing man - shrink  
ray?

RIGSY  
Sorry. Did you say - shrink ray?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR  
I didn't mean *that*.

CLARA  
You want him to stay or not?

THE DOCTOR thinks, then grudgingly pulls a lever.

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

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

CLARA  
Rigsy: meet the Doctor.

CLARA goes back to the sonic and addresses THE DOCTOR.

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

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

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

RIGSY backs away in shock, trying to process.

CLARA  
And you didn't think to tell me?

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

CLARA looks alarmed and stands up onto tiptoes.

RIGSY  
It's bigger. On the inside.

Inside, THE DOCTOR muses.

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

Outside with CLARA and RIGSY.

RIGSY  
So are you... aliens?

CLARA  
No. Well, *he* is.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLARA  
(sotto)  
What was it?

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

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

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

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

FADE TO:

12 **EXT. PALMERSTON DRIVE - DAY**

12

CLARA and RIGSY walking up a path toward the gate of a terraced house.

MI5?  
PC FORREST (O.S.)

CUT TO:

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

13

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

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

CLARA

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

PC FORREST finally concedes, handing back the psychic paper.

PC FORREST

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

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

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

I mean this is just *embarrassing*. I'm from the race that *built the TARDIS*. Dimensions are *kind of our thing*. So why can't I *understand* this?

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

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)

At any rate: Clara, I think your shrink ray theory was wrong.

Outside CLARA moves out of PC FORREST's hearing.

CLARA

(sotto)

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

CLARA jumps at an almighty crash from inside the TARDIS.

CLARA (cont'd)

Doctor? What are you doing?

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

THE DOCTOR

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

THE DOCTOR hefts up a long handled lump hammer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

- they're in the walls.



Outside with CLARA.

CLARA

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

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

PC FORREST

Have we done as much as we could? No.  
Do we have any suspects? No. Off the record? I think the top brass are hoping if they ignore this it'll all just... go away.

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

CLARA

Apparently they're in the walls.

JUMP CUT TO:

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

PC FORREST

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

RIGSY

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

CLARA

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

RIGSY

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

CLARA

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

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

CUT TO:

14 **INT. PALMERSTON DRIVE. FRONT ROOM - DAY**

14

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

- |    |   |    |
|----|---|----|
| 18 | <b><u>INT. PALMERSTON DRIVE. FRONT ROOM - DAY</u></b> | 18 |
|----|---|----|

FX: PC FORREST is flattened up to her knees. Another crunch as she is 'sucked' into the floor up to her waist.

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

CLARA  
PC Forrest? Hello?

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is checking readings.

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

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

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

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

CLARA steps back.

CLARA  
Her *nervous system*?

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

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

CLARA  
What? Why?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is pacing, thinking.

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

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

RIGSY

The handle.

CLARA peers.

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

CLARA

Doctor. They've flattened the handle.

THE DOCTOR views this on a monitor, entranced.

THE DOCTOR

They've removed a dimension.  
Fascinating.

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

RIGSY

What are they?

THE DOCTOR is peering at the monitor.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

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

RIGSY

What happens if they touch us?

CLARA

I really don't want to find out.

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

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

RIGSY

They can't jump can they?

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

CLARA

Hey you.

CUT TO:

19 **EXT. PARK / INT. PALMERSTON DRIVE - DAY**

19

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

DANNY

I got our bench. You get held up?

Back with CLARA.

CLARA

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

Back with DANNY happily watching the world go by.

DANNY

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

RIGSY (O.S.)

Look!

RIGSY points.

FX: The BONELESS are swarming up the wall.

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

Back with DANNY, curious.

DANNY

Who was that?

CLARA

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

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

THE DOCTOR

Nice. Not *technically* lying. Clara:  
The window!

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

Back with DANNY, picking up on the grunting.

DANNY  
Sounds kind of ... active.

CLARA  
(Out of breath)  
Yeah, there's a ... thing. A thing  
happened?

DANNY  
Are you okay? Do you need help - where  
are you?

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

CLARA  
I'm fine! Everything's totally fine, I  
promise.

DANNY  
Where are you?? Are you in trouble?

CLARA  
No, I'm fine, I'm just -

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

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

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

DANNY  
Clara? Clara?

CUT TO:

20 **EXT. PALMERSTON DRIVE - DAY**

20

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

CLARA (INTO PHONE)  
Danny?

DANNY  
What's happening??

CLARA  
Nothing, just some nonsense, long  
story.

DANNY

What story?

CLARA

Tell you later, love you!

She hangs up. A beat on CLARA - oh God! - and then CLARA and RIGSY run for it.

CUT TO:



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

21

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

THE DOCTOR

Weren't they amazing? This explains everything. The readings that didn't make *sense*, the dimensional *leeching*. They're from a universe with only two dimensions. And yes, that is a thing. It's long been theorized. Of course, no-one could ever prove it or go there without a heck of a diet. By the way, what long story are you going to tell Danny, or haven't you made it up yet?

CLARA

Sorry, what was that?

THE DOCTOR

First class lying, Dr. Oswald.

On CLARA: too stubborn to let him make her feel bad.

CLARA

Yeah? Thought it was pretty weak myself.

THE DOCTOR

I meant to me. You said Danny was okay with you being back on the TARDIS.

CLARA

Well he is.

THE DOCTOR

Because he doesn't know about it.

CLARA

Doctor -

THE DOCTOR

Congratulations. Lying is a vital survival skill.

CLARA

Well there you go.

THE DOCTOR

And an incredibly bad habit.

There's a burst of static.

CLARA

Doctor, you're breaking up a bit.

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah, I'll bet I am.

CLARA  
No, really, you are.

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR checks the console.

THE DOCTOR  
Possibly blowing out that window has  
affected the earpiece. Take it out and  
sonic it.

Outside with CLARA.

CLARA  
Doing it.

CLARA reaches into her ear and removes the earpiece, then sonics it.

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR manipulates the console. On the monitor, he still has the view from her eyes, but she can't hear him. They've almost reached the subway tunnel bearing the odd mural. THE DOCTOR sees this and narrows his eyes.

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

RIGSY

Hey! They can't do that. Hey!

RIGSY runs into the subway, with CLARA walking behind. She starts addressing the earpiece in her hand.

CLARA

Does it count as lying, when you're doing it for somebody's own good. Well, not technically their own good ...

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR suddenly looks panicked.

THE DOCTOR

No. Clara. Don't go in. DON'T GO IN.

But obviously, she has no earpiece and can't hear him. So she enters the subway. Further down, RIGSY reaches the CLEANERS.

RIGSY

What are you doing?

FENTON

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR runs to the tiny doors, yanks them open and thrusts his hand through.

Outside, CLARA suddenly yelps with shock as the DOCTOR's arm emerges from her bag and grabs a handful of her clothing.

THE DOCTOR's arm points with meaning at the walls twice. A beat, then CLARA pales. She gets it. She stops. She numbly puts the earpiece back in.

CLARA

(sotto)  
What do I do?

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Keep. Walking. Act normal. *But get everyone out.*

Back with RIGSY who blocks STAN from painting.

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

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

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

CLARA  
They're very realistic. Who painted  
them?

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

CLARA  
You ever meet him? Or did they just  
appear after people... disappeared?

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

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

CLARA hands over the psychic paper.

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

FENTON looks at the psychic paper and hands it back.

FENTON  
This is blank. Try again, sweetheart.

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

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

FENTON

Stan. Do your job.

STAN shrugs and moves his brush to the wall.

CLARA

No!

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

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

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

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

AL

What is this? What are they?

CLARA

We need to move. Now.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

22

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

FADE TO:

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

23

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

It's clear.

GEORGE

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

AL

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

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

FENTON

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

GEORGE

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

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

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

CLARA approaches one of the cleaners, GEORGE.

CLARA

(sotto)

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

FENTON moves between them.

FENTON

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

CLARA stands up to FENTON.

CLARA

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

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

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR looks impressed.

THE DOCTOR

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

Outside, CLARA talks over him.

CLARA

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

GEORGE

The old Brunswick line. It's not safe.

AL

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

RIGSY

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

FENTON

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

CLARA stands up to FENTON.

CLARA

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

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

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is looking impressed.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA  
(sotto on monitor)  
Lie to them.

THE DOCTOR looks surprised.

THE DOCTOR  
What?

We rejoin CLARA outside.

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR considers.

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

CLARA  
Dawdle. And end up dead.

CLARA is brisk. Business like. A little scary.

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

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

Outside, FENTON is watching CLARA talk to herself.

FENTON  
Who's she talking to?

AL taps his ear then nods across the room at RIGSY.

AL  
He says it's MI5.

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

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

CLARA  
Vaguely.



THE DOCTOR

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

Outside, CLARA thinks.

CLARA  
Ignored as graffiti.

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

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

Outside, CLARA looks shocked.

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR smiles enigmatically.

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

Outside, CLARA reacts.

FADE TO:

24 **INT. TUNNELS - DAY**

24

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

CUT TO:

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

25

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

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

CLARA  
Why can't the TARDIS just translate?

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

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

Outside with CLARA and the CLEANERS.

FENTON

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

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

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

Outside with CLARA, translating.

CLARA

He's got a hunch.

Back with THE DOCTOR in the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

(on monitor)

Do you really believe that?

THE DOCTOR

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

Outside, the sonic pulses.

CUT TO:

26 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

26

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

CUT TO:

27 INT. TARDIS - DAY

27

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is grinning.

THE DOCTOR  
They're responding.

CUT TO:

28 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

28

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

CUT TO:

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

29

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

CLARA  
Fifty five. What does that mean?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR begins to pace.

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

Outside with CLARA and the CLEANERS.

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

FENTON  
They're *gloating*.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR looks annoyed.

THE DOCTOR  
We don't know that.

Outside, CLARA addresses the CLEANERS.

CLARA  
It could be an apology for all we know.

AL  
Really? That's nice of them.

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

CLARA  
Wait. (listening) Twenty two.

RIGSY

That's George.

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

FENTON

Looks like your number's up, George.

GEORGE

What did I ever do to them?

FENTON

Now they're *threatening*.

CLARA

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

FENTON

Oh grow up. They are *picking targets*.

RIGSY

Of course you'd see it that way.

FENTON

What do you mean by that?

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

CLARA

George?

No response. CLARA slowly approaches.

RIGSY

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

FENTON

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

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

THE DOCTOR

Clara. Be careful.

CLARA is almost upon him before she realises that -

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

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

CLARA

The tunnels!

RIGSY wrenches open the door and the GROUP pour through.

FADE TO:

30 OMITTED 30

31 OMITTED 31

32 INT. DERELICT TUNNEL / INT. TARDIS - DAY 32

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

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

CLARA  
(sotto)  
They were here. Not now.

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

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR considers.

THE DOCTOR  
'The Flat Death'.

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

Outside with CLARA and the GROUP.

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

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

FENTON  
But we can't, can we?

RIGSY  
Just saying.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Clara, I might be able to help with that door handle. Give me five minutes.

CLARA

Okay. Let's take five here. My friend  
has... an idea.

The DOCTOR in the TARDIS, working on the Toodis.

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

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

Outside, AL draws closer to CLARA, awkward.

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

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

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

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

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

CLARA  
(sotto)  
Are we really at that stage?

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR  
You might want to ring Danny, too.

CLARA is suddenly defiant. Angry.

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

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

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

RIGSY  
Sorry. My old stash. Still here.

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



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

CLARA shrugs. Now really isn't the time.

CLARA  
Not bad.

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

With THE DOCTOR in the TARDIS.

CLARA (on monitor) (cont'd)  
So this thing you're working on?

THE DOCTOR  
I think I've figured out a way to restore three dimensions. At least on a small scale. Say door handles.

CLARA  
So it's a... de-flattener?

THE DOCTOR  
We are *not* calling it a de-flattener.

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

AL  
(sotto)  
I love you, too.

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

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

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

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

FENTON  
Here. Make your call.

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

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

FENTON  
I could ring them.

RIGSY  
What?

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

RIGSY  
Why would you do that for me?

FENTON

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

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

RIGSY

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

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

It's finished, by the way.

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)

You see what I've called it?

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

CLARA

(sotto)  
Two Dee Iz?

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

CLARA

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

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

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

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

CLARA (cont'd)

Long way round it is.

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

FADE TO:

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

RIGSY

(sotto)

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

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

FENTON

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

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

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

THE DOCTOR

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

Outside, CLARA scans around with the sonic.

CLARA (O.S.)

How? Your doors are closed.

We look up past the GROUP at the ceiling.

FX: Unnoticed BONELESS are gathering.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

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

FENTON snatches the phone from RIGSY, suddenly angry.

FENTON

Stupid idea. Stupid! Dunno what I was thinking.

RIGSY

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

FENTON suddenly squares up to him. Intimidating.

FENTON

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

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

CLARA

Listen, everyone! The Doctor thinks we might be in trouble. He thinks they're close.

The GROUP stop and look worried. They point torches ahead and behind.

FENTON

Where, exactly?

FX: Unseen, a BONELESS brick HAND is snaking down from the ceiling towards AL.

CLARA

He's... not sure. He's got readings all around.

FENTON

That's just great. Sounds important but tells us absolutely nothing. Can you tell your friend from me, he'd make a very good manager.

AL

We're very happy to run, we just need to know what direction.

FX: Suddenly, the HAND snatches AL up in to the ceiling.

RIGSY

Al!

The GROUP, now just CLARA, RIGSY and FENTON, panic and run at full pelt.

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

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

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

Of course. The next stage: 3D.

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

CLARA

Doctor? The door?

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

THE DOCTOR

Here!

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

CLARA

And it'll work this time?

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR looks unsure.

THE DOCTOR  
Absolutely.

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

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

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

FX: Then the wheel cracks back into 3D.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR breathes out.

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

CUT TO:

33 INT. SERVICE TUNNELS / INT. TARDIS - DAY

33

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

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

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

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

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

CLARA  
Hang on, hang on!

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR manipulates the console.

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

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

RIGSY  
They can't get through. Can they?

CLARA

Wait!

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

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

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

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

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR on his blackboard.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

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

CLARA

(on monitor)

We're *in* the bad news. I'm *living* the bad news.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

(on monitor)

Then do it! Now!

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

(on monitor)

Great. What do you want me to do about it?

THE DOCTOR

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

Outside with CLARA.



CLARA

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

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

FENTON

That machine. Hand it over.

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

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

CLARA

Doctor? Doctor!?

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

CLARA (cont'd)

Can we deal with this later? Because we need to move.

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

CUT TO:

34 INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL / INT. TARDIS - DAY

34

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

CLARA (O.S.)

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

THE DOCTOR begins running to the doors.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

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

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

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

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

Back to THE DOCTOR.

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

THE DOCTOR sags. Out of options.

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

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

CUT TO:

35 INT. SERVICE TUNNELS - DAY

35

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

RIGSY  
Wonder how they are with ladders?

CLARA, RIGSY and FENTON begin swarming down the ladder.

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

CUT TO:

36 INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL / INT. TARDIS - DAY

36

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

37 **INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL - DAY**

37

Close on CLARA.

CLARA

(sotto)

Doctor? Doctor?

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

RIGSY

(sotto)

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

CLARA

We should go.

The GROUP begin to walk toward daylight.

FENTON

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

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

RIGSY

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

FENTON

Oh no.

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

FENTON (cont'd)

And there's another train coming.

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

CUT TO:

38 INT. TRAIN / INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL - DAY

38

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

BILL

What's going on? Why the red light?

CLARA holds up the psychic paper.

CLARA

MI5. We've got a...

FENTON

Blockage. In the tunnel.

CLARA

Can we ram the... blockage with the train? Send it with no driver?

BILL  
(shakes head)  
You'd need someone to hold the dead  
man's handle. Won't run without it.  
(beat) So is this official? Because  
I've *always* wanted to ram something.

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

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

BILL  
There goes my dream.

FENTON just looks at him.

CUT TO:

39 **INT. TRAIN - DAY**

39

RIGSY reacts to CLARA's appearance in the cab.

CLARA  
Er, what are you doing?

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

CLARA  
You'll die.

RIGSY  
Yeah, course I'll die. Now go!

CLARA  
Why do you want to do that?

RIGSY  
I don't.

CLARA, looking at him, getting it.

CLARA  
Oh God, you really do, don't you? You  
really need to be the hero.

RIGSY  
Just go, okay, just let me do this.

CLARA  
Why?

RIGSY  
Just get out of here.

CLARA  
(Taking off her hairband)  
Okay. And I'll always remember you -

RIGSY  
Fine, great -

CLARA  
- cos otherwise I was going to do  
this.

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

CLARA (cont'd)  
And I really like that hairband. But  
I'll just take it, shall I? And every  
time I look at it, I'll remember the  
hero who died to save it.

RIGSY, deflated, looks at CLARA, hating her for a moment.

CLARA (cont'd)  
There are exactly no good reasons to  
die. Except for my hairband, so if  
you're still willing ...

RIGSY  
Shut up!

CLARA holds out her hand.

CLARA  
Come on then. You're not getting off  
that lightly, there's work that needs  
doing.

RIGSY looks tormented, then grabs CLARA's hand. They both begin  
to run towards the back of the train...

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

CUT TO:

40 **INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL - DAY**

40

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

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

CLARA  
I quite liked that hairband.

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

RIGSY  
What is it?

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

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

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

FADE TO:

41 INT. TARDIS - DAY

41

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

THE DOCTOR

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

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

CUT TO:

42 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM / INT. TARDIS - DAY

42

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

BILL

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

Across the room, CLARA. She touches her ear.

CLARA

Doctor?

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

CLARA (cont'd)

What would you do now?

But there is no answer.

CLARA (cont'd)

No. What will I do now?

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



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

CLARA stands and thinks, looking around the room.

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR peers at the screen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FENTON  
Leave her. She's lost it.

RIGSY pulls free and approaches CLARA.

RIGSY  
Are you okay?

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

CLARA  
Are you?

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

CLARA  
I've got a commission for you.

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

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

RIGSY takes the can and shakes it.

RIGSY  
What do you want, exactly?

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

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, that is - *brilliant*.

Then the monitor dies, this time totally.

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

FADE TO:

43 **INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY**

43

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

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

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

FADE TO:

44 **INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY**

44

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

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

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

BILL is keeping watch at a corner.

BILL  
They're coming!

BILL hurries back round a corner.

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

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

CUT TO:

45 INT. TARDIS - DAY

45

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CUT TO:

46 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY

46

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

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

FENTON

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

BILL

(sotto)  
So this will save us? Pumping energy into the wall?

CLARA

(sotto)  
No. Not *into* the wall. *Through* the wall.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

47 INT. TARDIS - DAY

47

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

CUT TO:

48 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY

48

FX: The TARDIS is glowing with energy, shuddering and gradually expanding. It shimmers, then takes on the familiar police box exterior.

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

Back with the GROUP, a familiar noise intrudes. The noise of the TARDIS. CLARA smiles with relief.

CLARA

It worked. They charged the TARDIS.

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

FX: The shockwave of its landing is a visible energy wave, blasting the nearby WALKING BONELESS backwards, where they remain hissing and snarling beyond a twenty feet boundary. The TARDIS stands there, crackling with energy.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

49 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

49

THE DOCTOR inside the TARDIS. He looks brooding.

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

CUT TO:

50 **INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY**

50

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLARA runs to hug him, grinning.

FADE TO:

51 **EXT. WASTEGROUND - DAY**

51

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

RIGSY  
Thanks.

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

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

BILL stands looking a little shellshocked.

CLARA  
You alright?

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

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

THE DOCTOR  
You look ... chipper.

CLARA  
Do people still say chipper?

THE DOCTOR  
Apparently. Are you okay?

CLARA  
I'm alive.

THE DOCTOR  
Yes. And a lot of people died.

FENTON

(From)

Yeah, but it's like a forest fire,  
isn't it?

They look over. FENTON is putting his boot back on.

FENTON (cont'd)

When you're fighting a forest fire,  
the objective is to save the great  
trees, not the brushwood.

(To Clara)

Am I right?

THE DOCTOR

It wasn't a fire, and those weren't  
trees, they were people.

FENTON

They were community payback scumbags,  
I wouldn't lose a lot of sleep.

THE DOCTOR

I bet you won't.

FENTON

It's good to be alive. Thank you!  
Seriously, *thank you!*

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

THE DOCTOR  
A lot of people died and maybe the  
wrong people survived.

CLARA  
But we saved the world, right?

THE DOCTOR  
We did. *You* did.

CLARA  
So, on balance ...

THE DOCTOR  
Balance?

CLARA  
That's how *you* think, isn't it?

THE DOCTOR  
Largely so other people don't have to.

CLARA  
(Shrugs)  
I was you today. I was the Doctor. And  
apparently I was quite good at it.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh you heard that, did you?

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

THE DOCTOR  
Yes.

She's slightly disconcerted by the bluntness of that -

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Ahhh! The fluorescent pudding brain  
returns!

CLARA  
You do realise he can hear you now?

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



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

RIGSY

It's not going to be easy. I've got a hairband to live up to. (beat) Thank you.

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

CLARA

Admit it. I did well!

There is a faint buzzing in the background.

THE DOCTOR

Is that P.E?

CLARA

Just say it. Just tell me I was good.

She's pulled out her phone - on the screen, it's DANNY calling.

THE DOCTOR

Talk to soldier-boy.

CLARA

It's not him.

And she hits 'unavailable'.

CLARA (cont'd)

Come on, I want to hear you say it, for real - I was the Doctor and I was good.

THE DOCTOR, sighs, looks at her. There's something about him that's just a little troubled.

THE DOCTOR

You were an exceptional Doctor, Clara  
...

CLARA

*Thank you!*

THE DOCTOR

... but goodness had nothing to do with it.

Her smile falters just ever so slightly, a bit bemused -

- but THE DOCTOR is already heading round her, into the TARDIS. She starts to follow...

CUT TO:

52 **INT. NETHERSPHERE -**

52

The above, but now as seen in some location (convenient to your schedule) in the Nethersphere, on a screen.

Someone was watching!!

MISSY

Clara! My Clara!

Now panning to MISSY, watching, eyes alight with mischief.

MISSY (cont'd)

I have chosen well!

On her malignant, fascinated face ...

**END TITLES**