

# **DOCTOR WHO**

**SERIES 8**

**EPISODE 4**

**"Listen"**

by

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## **SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 2)

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1 **EXT. SPACE - DAY** 1

A star field.

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

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

Panning up.

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

- THE DOCTOR! Eyes closed, as if in a trance, one finger held up, as if calling for silence. 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.

THE DOCTOR  
Listen!

CUT TO:

2 **INT. TARDIS - DAY** 2

The TARDIS, by candle-light! Every light is shut down, the machine is cold and silent.

But everywhere, candles flickering.

Cutting round eerie flickering details.

The mouths of the corridors, shadows flapping.

The candles, dripping wax, slow and eerie.

THE DOCTOR, sitting cross legged in his armchair. Again, his eye tight shut, his hand help, as if calling for silence. Concentrating, not even breathing.

...Finally, he exhales. A pistol shot of steamy breath into the freezing TARDIS air.

Frustration! He slams his fist onto the chair arm. *Damn it* -

THE DOCTOR  
- *listen!!*

CUT TO:

3 **INT. TARDIS - DAY** 3

Short while later. The lights are back on, THE DOCTOR is walking round the console room, extinguishing the candles.

(CONTINUED)

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 looks to one of his blackboards. He now  
plucks a stick of chalk from his pocket, tosses it in his  
hand.

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.

SURVIVAL SKILLS.

He steps back, contemplating these words, tapping the chalk  
against his lips.

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. THE AFRICAN VELDT - DAY** 4

(Stock footage) A lion pouncing after an antelope. Now  
felling it.

CUT TO:

5 **INT. TARDIS - DAY** 5

THE DOCTOR, still writing. Under the previous words he has  
added.

1.) HUNTING.

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. THE AFRICAN VELDT - DAY** 6

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

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
There are perfect hunters.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. TARDIS - DAY** 7

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

(CONTINUED)

2.) DEFENCE.

CUT TO:

8 **INT. DEEP UNDER WATER - DAY**

8

(Stock footage) Tropical fish, in the deep ocean. A blowfish suddenly expands, all spikes. All the other fish flashing away.

We pan with them to see (comped in) the TARDIS parked on the seabed. Through the shimmer of the water, we see that the doors are open, and THE DOCTOR is leaning casually in the doorway, watching the fish (TARDIS force-field keeps out water).

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
There is perfect defence.

CUT TO:

9 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

9

THE DOCTOR's chalk pattering across the word -

3.) HIDING.

Frowns at the word. Then adds a question mark.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
So, question. Why is there no such thing as perfect hiding?

CUT TO:

10 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

10

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

THE DOCTOR  
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 was to hide from view at all times, how could you *know* it existed? How would you detect it? Even *sense* it?

(CONTINUED)

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.*

#### **OPENING TITLES**

11 **EXT. CLARA'S BLOCK OF FLAT - NIGHT** 11

Establisher.

CUT TO:

12 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT** 12

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

(CONTINUED)

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

CUT TO:

13 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

13

FLASHBACK

A fairly posh, fairly pleasant restaurant.

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:

14 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

14

- on CLARA.

Closes her eyes. A woman reflecting on disaster!

CUT TO:

15 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

15

CLARA, joining DANNY at the table. DANNY is fiddling with the slightly complicated array of cutlery.

CLARA  
Hey!

DANNY  
Hey!

CLARA  
You work from outside in.

DANNY  
Yeah, I know.

CLARA  
Sorry, you were looking confused.

DANNY  
No, I wasn't.

CLARA  
I'm doing it again, I'm embarrassing you.

DANNY  
I'm not embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA  
I know you're not. Not even  
blushing this time.

DANNY  
Blushing?

CLARA  
Or any time.

DANNY  
I don't blush about cutlery.

CLARA  
"Fear me, I am man!"

She's teasing, but his face is falling. *Oh God!*

CUT TO:

16 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

16

On CLARA - eyes still closed, cringing.

CUT TO:

17 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

17

Now across the table from each other.

Not going well.

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 skip straight to  
extras.

(A beat)  
Afters. *Dessert*.

CLARA  
Yeah, I know, *dessert*.

DANNY  
Straight to *dessert*.

(CONTINUED)

6.

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: \*

18 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

18

On CLARA, now kicking off her shoes.

\*

CUT TO:

19 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

19

The two of them, laughing.

DANNY

Seriously?

CLARA

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

DANNY

Wide??

CLARA

She kept shaking her head at me. Every time I looked at her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7.



CLARA (cont'd)

I asked her what was wrong, she said nothing, she was trying to see both my eyes at once!

DANNY now roaring.

CLARA (cont'd)

(Still smiling, teasing)

It's not that funny. It's *fairly* funny.

DANNY

Is there a safe way through this for me?

CLARA

Tricky, I've got my eye on you now.

DANNY

Which eye?

CLARA

Oh, he's got a sense of humour!

DANNY

Which does not mean I find you funny in any way.

CLARA

I blame Courtney.

DANNY

I blame Courtney for everything.

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:

20

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

20

CLARA in the kitchen now, making tea.

CUT TO:

21

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

21

Tension in progress!

(CONTINUED)

8.

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.

CLARA (cont'd)

Sorry.

WAITER

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.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA  
Yep. Can slightly see that.

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

CLARA  
...People like me???

CUT TO:

22 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

22

CLARA sipping her tea. Miserable.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

23

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.

DANNY  
Okay. Listen -

CLARA  
Bye!

\*

(CONTINUED)

And off she storms.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

24

CLARA bangs down her mug of tea. Well *that* was a disaster!

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

THE DOCTOR (O.C.)

You just have to squeeze through.

CUT TO:

25 **INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

25

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

What are you doing in my bedroom?

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA  
I might...  
(Hesitates)  
...it's just possible I might get a  
phone call.

THE DOCTOR  
What, from the date person. Too  
late now, you've taken your make up  
off.

CLARA  
No, I haven't.

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:

26 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

26

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:

27        **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

27

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. 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:

28        **INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT**

28

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

A creaking, his eyes flick open.

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:

29        **INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT**

29

- 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 -

(CONTINUED)

Cutting closer on her hand, but now it is -

CUT TO:

30 **INT. BEDROOM 3 (MODERN DAY) - NIGHT** 30

- 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:

31 **INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT** 31

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 ...

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

CUT TO:

32 **INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT** 32

Close on the little girl, startling.

The same hand now clasping round her ankle. She looks down in shock -

CUT TO:

33 **INT. BEDROOM 3 (MODERN DAY) - NIGHT** 33

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

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

CUT TO:

34 INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT 34

The little BOY, frozen, trembling, terrified.  
Then the little BOY speaks - a whisper, barely audible.

LITTLE BOY  
I'm dreaming.

CUT TO:

35 INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT 35

The little girl, terrified.

LITTLE GIRL  
Just a dream.

CUT TO:

36 INT. BEDROOM 3 (MODERN DAY) - NIGHT 36

The old lady, shaking, tears streaming.

OLD LADY  
It's a *dream*.

CUT TO:

37 INT. BEDROOM 1 (WAR TIME) - NIGHT 37

The little BOY.

LITTLE BOY  
I'm going back to sleep, it won't  
be there.

CUT TO:

38 INT. BEDROOM 2 (ROMAN) - NIGHT 38

The little girl.

LITTLE GIRL  
Just a dream.

Now cutting round a whole succession of faces - all people,  
sitting on the edges of their beds. Mostly children, some old  
people.

VARIOUS PEOPLE  
Just a dream ... It's a dream ...  
I'm dreaming, it's just a dream ...  
Just a dream ... Just dream ...

CUT TO:



39 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

39

THE DOCTOR pacing round the walkway. CLARA is sitting with one of the books.

THE DOCTOR  
There are accounts of that dream throughout human history. Time and time again, the same dream. 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:

40 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

40

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.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Why not?

THE DOCTOR

There's just a chance it will appear on all the screens. The TARDIS is extrapolating your entire time line, from the moment of your birth, to the moment of your death.

CLARA

Which I do *not* need a preview of.

THE DOCTOR

Switching off the navigation and the safe-guards. 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. Now don't get distracted, that's very important. You're 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.

\*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

No, don't, ignore it.

He's already grabbed the phone from her jacket, tosses it away.

\*

\*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Checking the instruments)

Okay, good. That worked, we're here.

\*

CLARA

Sorry - I thought I got distracted.

\*

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR  
 (Checking instruments)  
 No, we're fine - the date's about  
 right. 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:

41 **EXT. CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT**

41

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  
 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  
 Never been in Gloucester in my  
 life!

\*  
 \*

THE DOCTOR  
 (Heading towards the home)  
 Oh, you probably just don't  
 remember - have you seen the size  
 of human brains, they're hilarious.  
 Little you must be in there  
 somewhere, with your little brain.

\*  
 \*

CLARA  
 Isn't it bad if I meet myself?

THE DOCTOR  
 Potentially catastrophic.

\*

CLARA  
 So why did you bring me out here?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

I was still talking, I needed  
someone to nod. Probably best if  
you 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 moment.

\*  
\*

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.

And then -

- without any clear plan, she steps out of sight behind a  
tree.

\*

On the BOY, frowning. Where did she go? Cranes to look. Gives  
up, goes.

On CLARA: *what a mess, what does she do???*

CLARA

Most screwed up. Date. *Ever!*

Even as she finishes, a thought impacts.

(CONTINUED)

FLASHBACK: THE DOCTOR, solemnly asking ...

THE DOCTOR  
 ...When you talk to yourself ...  
 What if it's not you you're talking  
 to?

Neck-prickling moment for CLARA. Looks round now. Is there something the other side of the tree?

She takes a step, moving round the trunk, trying to see if there's someone the other side.

And when she stops moving -

- for the tiniest moment, you think you can hear something moving the other side of the tree, a rustling. Instantly stopping, almost perfectly in sync -

- CLARA, alert now, so alert, takes another step round the tree, stops -

- the same rustling, the beat-later silence -

Could be anything. An animal in the undergrowth?

CLARA: her eyes flicking to the shadow of the tree, cast by the street lamps. For a moment - so fleetingly you can't be sure, there might just be a shadow of someone on the other side -

- and the shadow flickers away.

CLARA: freaked.

CUT TO:

**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.

\*

(CONTINUED)

REG  
How did you get in?

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

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT**

43

CLARA, moving round the tree, looking. No one there - but from the shadows, rustling. Nothing, probably ...

BOY  
What are you looking for?

\*  
\*

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (cont'd)  
Are you scared?

CUT TO:

44 INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. ENTRANCE DOORS - NIGHT

44

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 - 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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

45 **INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

45

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

CUT TO:

46 **INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. STAIRS - NIGHT**

46

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:

47 **INT. RUPERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

47

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.

(CONTINUED)



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.

RUPERT  
No it isn't.

CLARA  
No, you're right, it isn't. Why don't you have a nicer room?

RUPERT  
Cos I don't have a Mum and Dad.

On CLARA, as that impacts - didn't expect such a complete answer.

CLARA  
I didn't know that.  
(Catches herself)  
Of course, why *would* I know that?

RUPERT  
Because I'm in a home.

CLARA  
Fair point. I'm very clever.

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?

(CONTINUED)

RUPERT - that fierce frown, when you're trying to stop from crying. Shakes his head.

CLARA (cont'd)  
No, it's okay, you can tell me. Do you think there's something under your bed?

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. 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!

And she scoots herself under the bed, disappearing completely.

RUPERT leaps to his feet, alarmed.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (cont'd)  
(From under)  
Want to come see?

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.

(CONTINUED)

RUPERT  
Nobody came in.

CLARA thinking, resolving.

CLARA  
...Stay here.

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 (cont'd)  
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? One 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)  
It's not funny this, you know!

And a familiar voice, from off:

THE DOCTOR  
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

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  
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?

(CONTINUED)

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. Your lungs are going like jet engines. 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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
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?

(CONTINUED)

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  
You too, Clara. Close them now. Give it what it wants.

(CONTINUED)



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:

48 **INT. RUPERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

48

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?

(CONTINUED)

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 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 team. Your army.

THE DOCTOR

*Plastic* army.

CLARA

Sit down! 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'll keep a special eye out -

(CONTINUED)

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)

... I'm sorry?

RUPERT

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

He's reached and taken the plastic soldier.

CLARA

Yeah, okay. 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.

CUT TO:

49

**INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

49

THE DOCTOR at the controls, CLARA thoughtful.

(CONTINUED)

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 - in theory, there should be some connection.

CLARA

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)

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:

50 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

50

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

CUT TO:

51 **EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

51

CLARA storms away down the street -

(CONTINUED)

- 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:

52

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

52

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

Oh! Hello.

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

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.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CLARA  
Don't say anything. Or just say something nice.

DANNY  
...I like your surname.

CLARA  
It's a start.

DANNY  
Oswald. It suits you.

CLARA  
Drifting now.

DANNY  
Better than Pink.

CLARA  
Pink is nice. I like pink.

DANNY  
You can have it.

CLARA  
A bold offer, Mr. Pink.

DANNY  
(Flustering)  
No, sorry, I didn't mean -

CLARA  
It's okay, I know.

DANNY  
Why can't I *talk* this evening? \*

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  
Um. Rupert. Also - not good. \*

(CONTINUED)

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. At 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 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

What happened to your coat?

CLARA

My what?

DANNY

You put on your coat when you left. When you came back through the door, a few seconds later, you weren't wearing it. \*

CLARA

I must have... left it.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

In the street?

CLARA: this is getting so out of control.

CLARA

...Danny. I'm sorry. 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 that sounds... weird.

CLARA

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

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

DANNY

Weird isn't something I do.

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 - I was a soldier, I'm a teacher, I really do know. So whatever weird thing it is, 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.

DANNY

Excuse me!

(CONTINUED)



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:

53 **INT. RESTAURANT CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

53

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

CLARA goes striding through the police box doors -

CUT TO:

54 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

54

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 is already?

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)

Do you know, this is a bit strange.

(CONTINUED)

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

Yes, I laughed, too.

(To Orson)

Sorry!

(To Clara)

Do you have any connection with  
him?

CLARA

Connection?

THE DOCTOR

Maybe he's a descendant of yours or  
something?

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

CLARA

How would I know?

THE DOCTOR

(To Orson)

Any old family photographs of her?  
Except really old? Possibly very  
fat?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA and ORSON, nervously eyeing each other.

CLARA

Okay ...

THE DOCTOR

And you'll never guess where I found him!

CUT TO:

55 **EXT. A WILDERNESS PLANET - SUNSET**

55

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.

CUT TO:

56 **INT. ORSON'S BASE - EVENING**

56

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 from the window.

CLARA

(Turning to THE DOCTOR)

Where are we?

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?

(CONTINUED)

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." \*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

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

Of course it's not, I know it's  
not. There's still time though. \*

(CONTINUED)

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

CLARA - debating whether to tell him. Another crash.

CLARA

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? 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)  
You okay?

CLARA

Yeah, fine. I'm fine.

ORSON

Do I know you?

CLARA

No, no.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Sorry, what?

THE DOCTOR

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

ORSON

(Paling)

Over night?

CLARA

Since when does the TARDIS need to recharge.

THE DOCTOR

Since now. Since I said so.

(To Orson)

One more night, that's not a problem, is it?

ORSON, now evasive, now avoiding his eye.

ORSON

No. No, not at all, 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?

\*

(CONTINUED)

He looks pleadingly up at THE DOCTOR.

ORSON

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

THE DOCTOR

Afraid of the dark? 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

...No. No, it isn't.

CUT TO:

57

**INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

57

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's talking.

\*  
\*

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???*

(CONTINUED)

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  
Sure, 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  
Take my advice, Orson. 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 do you mean?? What are you talking about, runs in the family??

ORSON  
Nothing. Nothing, sorry, just silly stories - one of my grandparents - well, great grandparents -

And he breaks off, staring at her.

CLARA  
What, is it? What's wrong, 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.

(CONTINUED)



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

ORSON  
Yes.

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

CUT TO:

58 **INT. ORSON'S BASE - NIGHT**

58

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's 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.

(CONTINUED)

*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  
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 sort of explanation would you  
like?

CLARA  
A reassuring one.

THE DOCTOR  
The systems are switching to low  
power. There are temperature  
differentials all over this ship.  
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 I'd give it a try.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

A date. I told you.

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

I'll want to know about his prospects. If you like, I can pop ahead and check.

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

THE DOCTOR

Because I need to know.

CLARA

About what?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

Okay, suppose ...

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

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

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

*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!*

CLARA

It sounds like ...

She tails off.

*Clang! Clang! Clang!*

THE DOCTOR

It sounds like someone knocking.  
Yes.

Both now sitting up. So tense. Breathing.

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? And the  
corner of your eye?  
What's that footstep following, but  
never passing by?

*Clang! Clang! Clang!*

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR - bracing himself. Taking the fateful decision.

THE DOCTOR

Get in the TARDIS.

He's drawn his sonic screwdriver.

CLARA

Why?

THE DOCTOR

I have to know.

He raises the screwdriver, sonics.

The word LOCKED blinks, changes to UNLOCKED.

CLARA

*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. 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!*

(CONTINUED)

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:

59 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

59

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:

60 **INT. ORSON'S BASE - NIGHT**

60

*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:

61        **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

61

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:

62        **INT. ORSON'S BASE - NIGHT**

62

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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

63 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

63

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  
Out cold, but 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  
Probably just the rest of the air escaping.

(CONTINUED)



CLARA

You say 'probably' a lot.

The doors seem to strain, as if under pressure.

The TARDIS lurches.

ORSON

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

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)

Come on, you can do it!

The column flares, the lights flicker madly.

CLARA (cont'd)

Come on, come on!

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

CLARA (cont'd)

*Sorry!*

(CONTINUED)

And now the engines are roaring, the room tilting.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Here we go!

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 -  
(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:

64 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

64

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 -

(CONTINUED)

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

She looks round - where is he?

A set of ladders, leading up to a hayloft. Another snuffle. 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 (O.C.)

Why does he have to sleep out here???

WOMAN (O.C.)

He doesn't want the others to hear him crying.

MAN (O.C.)

Why does he have to cry all the time?

WOMAN (O.C.)

You *know* why.

MAN (O.C.)

There'll be no crying in the army.

WOMAN (O.C.)

Hush!

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

(CONTINUED)

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

Don't pretend you're not awake.  
We're not idiots.

WOMAN

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

Mutinous silence.

MAN

That's an *order!*

WOMAN

It's not an order.

MAN

You'll have to learn to obey orders  
if you're going to be a soldier!

WOMAN

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

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

WOMAN

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

MAN

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!!*

**FLASHBACK - cutting fast round:**

**CLARA pressing her hand into the squidgy section of the  
console, glancing over at THE DOCTOR -**

**- THE DOCTOR stirring.**

(CONTINUED)

- the squidgy section glowing round her hand -

CLARA, under the bed, as the terrible possibility dawns. *Is she in THE DOCTOR's childhood???* \*

Now we hear the old couple below, creaking open the door again.

MAN (cont'd)  
Why does he always come to this place?

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

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

It's the barn from *The Day Of The Doctor!* (Flashbacks to illustrate - the three Doctors take the big decision!!)

A stirring from above. The BOY shifting about on the bed.

CLARA, panicking. Glances over at:

Even from up hear, she can just see the TARDIS parked at the far end of the barn.

Oh, this is wrong! She can't let this happen!! He can't find the TARDIS *now!* \*  
\*

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

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

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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. CLARA looks between the TARDIS and the sobbing child. 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:

**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  
(Spins on him)  
Cleo! Take off that ridiculous  
disguise, Queen of the Nile!!

ORSON  
I'm sorry, I don't -

THE DOCTOR  
No, shut up, you're confusing me.  
(Looking around)  
Where's Clara? Is Clara all right?

ORSON  
She's fine.

THE DOCTOR  
Where is she?

ORSON  
What happened? What did you see?  
What was out there?

(CONTINUED)

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

THE DOCTOR  
...I'm not sure.

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:

66 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

66

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

(CONTINUED)

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 (V.O.)

Listen.

CUT TO:

67 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

67

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. Because didn't anyone ever tell you - fear is a super power.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

68 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

68

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

(V.O.)

Fear can make you faster, and cleverer, and stronger. Fear can bring you home.

\*

CUT TO:

69 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

69

CLARA and the BOY.

CLARA

And if you're very wise and very strong, fear doesn't have to make you cruel or cowardly.

CUT TO:

70 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

70

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

(CONTINUED)



CLARA (V.O.)  
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! I'm against  
the hugging ...

CUT TO:

71 **EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT** 71

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

CUT TO:

72 **INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 72

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:

73 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT** 73

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

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

CLARA (V.O.)  
Listen!

CUT TO:

74 **INT. BARN - NIGHT** 74

CLARA and the BOY.

(CONTINUED)

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:

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

75

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:

76 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

76

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

CLARA (V.O.)

So listen. If you listen to nothing  
else, listen to *this*.

CUT TO:

77 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

77

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:

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

78

DANNY and CLARA on the sofa - a tender kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (V.O.)  
Because fear can bring us together.

CUT TO:

79 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

79

CLARA and the BOY.

CLARA  
Fear makes companions of us all.

CUT TO:

80 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

80

On THE DOCTOR, frowning. As if contemplating the words we've just heard. Then he smiles.

Takes a stick of chalk from his pocket -

- and with a great flourish, underlines the word LISTEN. We hold on the word, as we hear THE DOCTOR turn and walk away.

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

81 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

81

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

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 ...

**END TITLES**