

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 turni

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)

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

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

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 rAiiyTi LAA

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:

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.

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)
10.

And off she storms.

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:

REC
Huk, vu, y, u?gy33FI Tj Ml rfrkuvv3: I ?k, w, vo3VI r?k, v, ?3DI r?k, v, ?3el Bk, wr, f3: I r?k, v, ?3
r?k, v, ?3VI r?k, v, ?3KI e?k, v, ?3VI r?r?k, v, ?3DI r?k, w?f3Br?k, w?f38I r?fuk, w?o' r?k, w?f3el K?

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, frozen, trembling, terrified.

Then the little BOY speaks - a whisper, barely audible.

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

THE DOCTOR
There are accounts of that dream

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 fly e *
me-ne: zn gRv, , xmn*g]TYOwDwwxU! , !sRe-gua rzn gv: zUODm: zntgv: Dwm: zni gUDx

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. Gt

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
s Rupert st

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 startle

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 R

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, sulkiily.

*
*

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.

CLARA
So is it possible we just saved

- 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 CLF

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)
37.

DANNY

Rupert.

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

CLARA

That was your name, yeah?

DANNY

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!

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)

Danny?

CLARA

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?

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

Juw-wmnOgv: UHnsg: Dw, : Uxncgv: Dwm: zwm: zncgv: Dv0000SONi taY0vvDw
He I DaoSsh

ri oE ACTOR

w: znDg: Dw, I Dwm: znOgv-w: nsgv: Dw-w: nhg: Dwm: Dwm: znOgvDw-w: ni gv: ew: nrg: Dwmvzni gv: Dwdw

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???

*
*
*

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

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

ORSON
Yes.

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

*

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)
50.

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!

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.

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 slowly towards the console: D

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.

Ca
CLARA
Could've been that.

ORSON
Yeah.

CLARA
What was out there? What were you afraid of?

ORSON
I was here

Wha
ORARA

CRA' tw oout, Pe?
aa: zn g: Dw, : UxnWgv: Dwm: znI gv: Dwm: zn g: Dw: Dwm: : znLg: Dw, : znhgv

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: zn g: Dw, : Uxnpgv: Dwm-: zn g: Dw, : Uxn

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

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
cV0eod pre:prrrw?f3' l?k, , ' TmE[3XI r?kuo?u34l ?kuowug38l r?kuo?u38l r?kuo?u

- 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!

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)

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

