DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 8

EPI SODE 9

"Flatline"

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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(SHOOTI NG BLOOK 5)

2

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

ROSCOE (SOTTO O.S.)

Police, please.

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

ROSCOE (cont'd)

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

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

ROSCOE (cont'd)

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

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

PHONE

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

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

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3	<u>OMITTED</u>	3
4	EXT. ABBOT ESTATE. GRAFFITI WALL - DAY	4
	FX: Establish the estate once more, then move down to a close uSe8po539o: argmorural po53hid.i	•

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

CUT TO:

5 INT. TARDIS - DAY

5

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

Sorry. Stopped listening a while ago. Okay, so same time you left. Same

7 EXT. ABBOT ESTATE. SUBWAY - DAY

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

STAN (O.S.)

Cheer up, I ove. Might never happen.

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

GEORGE

Have some respect. She's grieving.

STAN

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

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

RIGSY (O.S.)

Sorry about them They're idiots.

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

CI ARA

That's okay. I've heard worse.

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

RI GSY

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

CLARA

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

RI GSY

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

CLARA

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

7

THE DOCTOR (ON PHONE)

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

CLARA

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

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

THE DOCTOR

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

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Stop laughing. This is serious.

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

Aliens?

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA carefully picks up the TARDIS.

CLARA

You mean you've made it lighter.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

a story for another time. What

now?

THE DOCTOR

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

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

CLARA

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

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

THE DOCTOR

And you're going to need these.

CLARA

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

CLARA is lowering the TARDIS into her bag.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Can you hear me?

CLARA

Yes. (winces) Ow. What just happened?

THE DOCTOR

Nanotech. Hacked your optic nerve.

CLARA

What does that mean?

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

THE DOCTOR

I see what you see.

CUT TO:

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

10

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

CLARA

Anyt hi ng?

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

THE DOCTOR

Yes. I'm dizzy. But not hing useful.

RI GSY

(on monitor)

Never did tell me your name.

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

THE DOCTOR

No time to fraternize. Get rid of him

Outside, CLARA Looks annoyed, then grins mischievously.

CLARA

I'm.. the Doctor.

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

Don't you

Back with CLARA and RIGSY as they awkwardly shake hands.

CLARA

Doct or Oswald. But you can call me Clara.

RI GSY

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Of lies.

CLARA

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

RI GSY

O kay.

In the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

Why Doctor Oswald, you're Could we get back to work, do you think?

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

RI GSY

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

But that's some cool gear you got there. Are you like a spy or something?

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

CUT TO:

Outside, RIGSY begins to search the flat.

RI GSY

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

In the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

(sotto on monitor)

Well I think he could still be useful.

THE DOCTOR

He's a head. No, worse - he's a pudding head.

CLARA

(sotto on monitor)

Fine. So all the other missing people. I suppose you know where they all lived?

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

Outside, RIGSY is across the room

RI CSY

He could still be in the room

CLARA

Sorry, what?

RI GSY

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

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

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

THE DOCTOR

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

(MORE)

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THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I think he could be very useful. With local knowledge.

CLARA

Ch really?

THE DOCTOR

Yes. So try not to scare him off.

CLARA

(sotto on monitor)

How would I scare him - (off)

Outside a thought strikes her. She is facing the yukka plant and is looking past it, head cocked with a frown at the wall last seen bearing the dark stretched bar of Mr Roscoe. Is she looking at it? Has she figured it out?

CLARA (cont'd)

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

We reveal the wall. It's hasn't got the dark bar any more. It shows what looks like a mural of a cracked barren desert.

RI GSY

Sorry. Did you say - shrink ray?

CLARA

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

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Yeah. This is that 'scaring him off' we talked about.

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

RI GSY

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

THE DOCTOR

Clara. Our local knowledge is leaving. Do something!

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

CLARA

Rigsy - one second. Doctor - open the doors.

CLARA

No. Well, is.

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

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

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

CLARA (cont'd)

(sotto o.s.)

Doct or, did you hear that?

THE DOCTOR

Yes. And what ever it was, it just drained a massive amount of energy from the TARDIS.

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

CLARA

(sotto)
What was it?

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

THE DOCTOR

I have no idea. Right now I've got bigger problems. Just

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

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

FADE TO:

12

13

12 EXT. PALMERSTON DRIVE - DAY

Establishing shot of a bay window fronted house.

PC FORREST (O.S.)

M 5?

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CLARA

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

PC FORREST finally concedes, handing back the psychic paper.

PC FORREST

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

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

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)
I mean this is just . I'm from the race that . Di mensions are . So why can't I this?

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

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd) At any rate: Clara, I think your shrink ray theory was wrong.

Out side CLARA moves out of PC FORREST's hearing.

CLARA

(sotto)

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

CLARA jumps at an almighty crash from inside the TARDIS.

CLARA (cont'd)
Doctor? What are you doing?

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

THE DOCTOR

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

THE DOCTOR hefts up a long handled lump hammer.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

- they're in the walls.

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

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

It's just finished emerging when PC FCRREST turns and looks at them with confusion, the lump hammer held between them

> CLARA (cont'd) Apparently they're in the walls.

> > JUMP CUT TO.

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

PC FORREST

PC Forrest. (beat) Yes, sir. M 5, sir.

RI GSY

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

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

PC FORREST

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

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

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

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

RI GSY

The handle.

CLARA peers.

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

CLARA

Doct or. They've flattened the handle.

THE DOCTOR views this on a monitor, entranced.

THE DOCTOR

They've removed a dimension. Fascinating.

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

RI GSY

What are they?

THE DOCTOR is peering at the monitor.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

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

ri GSY

What happens if they touch?

CLARA

I really don't want to find out.

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

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

RI GSY

They can't jump can they?

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

Hey you.

CUT TO.

19 EXT. PARK / INT. PALMERSTON DRIVE - DAY

19

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

DANNY

I got our bench. You get held up?

Back with CLARA.

CLARA

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

Back with DANNY happily watching the world go by.

DANNY

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

RIGSY (O.S.)

Look!

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

Track along the spooky mural as RIGSY reaches the CLEANERS.

RI GSY

What are you doing?

FENTON

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

RIGSY who blocks STAN from painting.

RI GSY

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

FENTON

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

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

CLARA

They're very realistic. Who painted them?

RI GSY

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

CLARA

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

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

FENTON

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

CLARA hands over the psychic paper.

CLARA

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

FENTON looks at the psychic paper and hands it back.

FENTON

This is blank. Try again, sweetheart.

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

CLARA

What?

What?

FENTON

Stan. Do your job.

STAN shrugs and moves his brush to the wall.

CLARA

No!

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

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

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

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

ΑL

What is this? What are they?

CLARA

We need to move. Now.

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

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

CUT TO:

22 EXT. TRAIN STORAGE SHED - DAY

a train

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

FADE TO:

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

23

22

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

It's clear.

ŒCRŒ

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

ΑL

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

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

FENTON

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

GEORGE

And Stan was one of them.. flattened.. dead. But

CONTINUI des away, the victor. 320, thei 518. 4R6or.

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

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR looks impressed.

THE DOCTOR

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

Outside, CLARA talks over him

CLARA

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

GEORGE

The old Brunswick line. It's not safe.

ΑL

Yeah. Well there's safe then there's

RI GSY

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

FENTON

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

CLARA stands up to FENTON.

CLARA

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

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

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR is looking impressed.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

(sotto on monitor) Lie to them

THE DOCTOR Looks surprised.

THE DOCTOR

What?

We rejoin CLARA outside.

CLARA

(sotto)

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR considers.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

Dawdle. And end up dead.

CLARA is brisk. Business like. A little scary.

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

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

So what I sound like.

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

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

CLARA

Vaguel y.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

Ignored as graffiti.

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

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

Out si de, CLARA I ooks shocked.

CLARA

What? You think this is all one big misunderstanding?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR smiles enigmatically.

THE DOCTOR

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

Out si de, CLARA react s.

FADE TO:

24

25

24 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CLARA

Why can't the TARDIS just translate?

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

THE DOCTOR

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

Outside with CLARA and the CLEANERS.

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

THE DOCTOR

They're responding.

CUT TO:

28 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

28

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

CUT TO.

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

29

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

CLARA

Fifty five. What does that mean?

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR begins to pace.

THE DOCTOR

Fifty five: tenth Fibonacci number. Atomic number of caesium

Outside with CLARA and the CLEANERS.

RI GSY

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

FENTON

They're

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR Looks annoyed.

THE DOCTOR

We don't know that.

Outside, CLARA addresses the CLEANERS.

CLARA

It could be an apology for all we know.

ΑL

Really? That's nice of them

FENTON

An Are you seriously - (suggesting) -

CLARA

Wait. (listening) Twenty two.

	RIGSY wrenches open the door and the GROUP pour through.	
	FADE TO:	
30	OMI TTED	30
31	<u>OMI TTED</u>	31
32	INT. DERELICT TUNNEL / INT. TARDIS - DAY	

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

CLARA shrugs. Now really isn't the time.

CLARA

Not bad.

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

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

AL

(sotto)
I love you, too.

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

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

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

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

FENTON

Here. Make your call.

RI GSY

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

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

FENTON

I could ring them

RI GSY

What?

FENTON

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

RI GSY

Why would you do that for me?

FENTON

That's what? What do you know about it:
. You think we're the same? You think I'm Iike you? A failed artist on a chain gang? Whose disowned him

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

FX: Above them, unseen, part of the ceiling is bulging down. The bulge becomes fingers. A huge hand with brick patterning.

CLARA

Listen, everyone! The Doctor thinks - (we might be in trouble)

FX: The hand lashes out like a snake, grabbing AL's head.

RI GSY

Al !

AL is yanked up into the ceiling, bones cracking as he is flattened. The GROUP, now just CLARA, RIGSY and FENTON, panic and run at full pelt.

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

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

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

Of course. The next stage: 3D.

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

CLARA

Doct or? The door?

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

THE DOCTOR

Her e!

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

CLARA

And it'll work this time?

In the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR looks unsure.

THE DOCTOR

Absol ut el y.

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

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

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

FX: Then the wheel cracks back into 3D.

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR breathes out.

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

CUT TO:

33 INT. SERVICE TUNNELS / INT. TARDIS - DAY

33

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

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

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

RI GSY

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

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

CLARA

Hang on, hang on!

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR manipulates the console.

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

FENTON

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

RI GSY

They can't get through. Can they?

DW8: Flatline, by Jamie Mathieson - Shooting Script - 24/05/14 CONTI NUED:

CLARA

Wait!

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

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

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

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

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR on his blackboard.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

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

CLARA

(on monitor)

We're the bad news. I'm t he bad news.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

(on monitor)

Then do it! Now!

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA

(on monitor)

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

THE DOCTOR

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

Outside with CLARA.

CLARA

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

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

FENTON

That machine. Hand it over.

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

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

CLARA

Doct or? Doct or!?

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

CLARA (cont'd)
Can we deal with this later? Because we need to move.

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

CUT TO:

34 INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL / INT. TARDIS - DAY

34

Inside the TARDIS, we're down to emergency lights again. THE DOCTOR pulls himself to his feet. The view on the monitor is cutting out, as are CLARAng u/n0 0 .033W on the monitor '0181 34713rdero.96

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

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

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

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

Back to THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
- and there's a train coming. Of
there is. (to himself) Short

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

FX:

CLARA

We should go.

The GROUP begin to walk toward daylight.

FENTON

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

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

RI GSY

(sotto)

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

FENTON

Ch no.

The clatter of a shutter sliding open. Distorted shadows of the

FENTON

(shakes head)

You'd need someone to hold the dead man's handle. Won't run without it.

BI LL

So is this official? Because I've want ed to ram something.

CLARA

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

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

BI LL

There goes my dream

FENTON just looks at him

CLARA

No you're not. You're just trying to turn yourself into a legend. Trying to cast a big shadow, rather than actually doing anything real.

RI GSY

I'm killing myself. That's pretty real.

CLARA

No. You're just running away from life.

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

CLARA (cont'd)

There. Now the hairband can be the hero. No reason for you to stay here. Unless you really do just want to die.

CLARA holds out her hand. RIGSY looks tormented, then grabs CLARA's hand. They both begin running toward the back of the train...

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

CUT TO:

40

40 INT. TRAINLINE TUNNEL - DAY

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

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

CLARA

I quite liked that hairband.

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

RI GSY

What is it?

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

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

(to himself) That's my girl.

CLARA stands and thinks, looking around the room

CLARA

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR peers at the screen.

THE DOCTOR

The map. Come on, come on. The map.

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

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

No, no, no. What are you doing?

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

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

FENTON

Leave her. She's lost it.

RIGSY pulls free and approaches CLARA.

RI GSY

Are you okay?

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

CLARA

Are you?

RI GSY

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

CLARA

I've got a commission for you.

RI GSY

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

CLARA

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

42

43

44

RIGSY takes the can and shakes it.

RI GSY

What do you want, exactly?

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

THE DOCTOR

Ch, that is -

Then the monitor dies, this time totally.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Good Luck, Clara, Good Luck.

FADE TO:

43 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY

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

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

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

FADE TO:

44 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY

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

FENTON

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

CLARA

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

BILL is keeping watch at a corner.

BI LL

They're coming!

BILL hurries back round a corner.

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

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

CUT TO:

45 INT. TARDIS - DAY

45

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CUT TO:

46 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY

46

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

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

FENTON

*

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

BI LL

(sotto)

Is it supposed to them?

CLARA

(sotto)

No. e1dl T- of - vi ew sl i del 5)

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

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

CUT TO:

47 INT. TARDIS - DAY

47

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

CUT TO:

48 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAY

48

Back with the GROUP there is a loose metal bolt resting on the gantry. FENTON accidentally kicks it.

FX: We follow it as it falls in slow motion down towards the BONELESS. It lands amongst them with a ringing report.

FX: The BONELESS look up and slowly raise their arms toward the GROUP.

FENTON starts to scream Then a familiar noise intrudes. The noise of the TARDIS. CLARA smiles with relief.

CLARA

It worked. They charged the TARDIS.

FX: Back on the other side of the wall, the TARDIS is glowing with energy, shuddering and gradually expanding. It shimmers, then takes on the familiar police box exterior.

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

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

FX: The shockwave of it's landing is a visible energy wave, utterly dissipating the nearby BONELESS, though some still remain hissing and snarling beyond a twenty feet boundary. The TARDIS stands there, crackling with energy.

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

Speakers around the complex feedback and then huminto life. The DCCTOR's voice echoes around the tunnels. The voice of God.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

I tried to talk. I want you to remember that. I tried to reach out. To understand you.

CUT TO:

49 INT. TARDIS - DAY

49

THE DOCTOR inside the TARDIS. He looks brooding.

THE DOCTOR

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CLARA runs to hug him, grinning.

FADE TO:

51 EXT. WASTEGROUND - DAY

51

Daylight. The tunnel mouth where this all began. The TARDIS materializes with it's customary wheeze. CLARA and THE DOCTOR step out, closely followed by BILL, who kisses the ground, and FENTON, who sits down on a nearby wall and starts pulling off a

FENTON

Heh. I wouldn't lose any sleep over that lot, love. Community payback scumbags? The main thing is, you got out of there. Way I see it - happy ending all round.

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

CLARA

And turns out the most annoying thing about the Doctor - sometimes the wrong people survive. (beat) Although I was apparently quite good at it.

THE DOCTOR

Oh you heard that, did you?

THE DOCTOR

Er, I'm the

THE DOCTOR carefully removes her arm and goes into the TARDIS. Our point of view moves past the TARDIS into the darkness of the tunnel, but we continue to hear them bicker.

CLARA (O.S.)

I'm just saying: two dimensional chameleons. They don't exactly stick out.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

I think someone has let their go to their head.

We are passing crumbling brick, heading into the darkness.

CLARA (O.S.)

Well I'm seeing it as more of... an . Which I I passed.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

On really?

The voices of CLARA and THE DOCTOR are fading.

CLARA (O.S.)

So now, whenever you feel like a break: lend me the sonic, take the day off.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Suuuure. And come back to the universe all broken and on fire.

They are barely audible now. We are deep in the darkness of the tunnel viewing a barely lit piece of graffiti on a dingy wall. We cut to darkness and silence. And then hear the slithering sound of the BONELESS.

CREDITS