

DOCTOR WHO AND MASTER HYDE

written by

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This story was originally written in 2014 just as Peter Capaldi was taking the reigns, and features Clara as the companion.

EXT./INT. VICTOR'S CAR - DAY

Torrential rain ensuring poor visibility from inside a creaky late 1950s motorcar. The radio spits out rock 'n' roll.

YOUNG VICTOR, 17 yet ever so grown up, is neatly suited and booted for business. Square but for the Teddy Boy hair style, he clings to the steering wheel conscientiously, unperturbed by the rain and lost in a happy daydream.

He passes an old road sign written in Welsh, indicating he is leaving Wales.

As he smiles to himself, his STRIKING GREEN EYES twinkle.

He looks to the passenger seat. A brand new expensive black BRIEFCASE sits there, strapped in by the seat belt.

On the briefcase, an eerie blue light emanates from where the briefcase clasps together.

Victor turns his attention back to the road, eyes full of optimism.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The same striking green eyes now belong to OLDER VICTOR, a good 50 years later.

The hope is gone. The eyes are tired. This is the face of an ill and dying man.

He lies in his own single bed, in a box room for a bedroom, faded curtains drawn. A smattering of dated possessions line a dusty bookshelf.

OLDER VICTOR
(warm Liverpoolian accent)
It didn't work.

He looks to a dilapidated chest of drawers. On top is the same briefcase, signs of wear and tear but in better condition than anything else in the room. It is open and empty.

Victor, as his light goes out and his last breath escapes.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

Clara stands resolute in front of the closed doors, tightly hugging her teaching materials and a completed register. She fixes the Doctor with a firm look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Doctor is beside the console almost formally, looking extremely pleased with himself.

CLARA
I don't like surprises.

THE DOCTOR
Yes you do.

CLARA
It's been a long day.

THE DOCTOR
It's only just beginning.

CLARA
Promise you will have me home in time for dinner. My dad's cooking especially, and then I have a lot of marking.

THE DOCTOR
Clara I promise. But for now I need to get you somewhere in time for lunch.

Clara puts down her book and papers on a chair. Visible but not obvious is the present day (Earth) date on the registration sheet: **6th December 2014.**

CLARA
'kay. All yours. So what's my surprise?

The Doctor smiles wickedly.

CUT TO:

1 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

1

A typical Liverpool street, terrace houses running its length on a damp and gloomy November day. It's steeped in kitchen sink realism. *

TWO SECONDARY SCHOOL KIDS in old fashioned grey uniform sit on a garden wall eating disappointing sandwiches out of brown paper bags.

There is a bang on the window as the GRIMACING WOMAN of the property sends them on their way with a dismissive gesture.

They move on with cheeky grins.

A newspaper, **The Liverpool Daily Post** dated: **9th November 1961** is kicked up by the wind as the sound of the TARDIS materialising echoes around the quiet street.

(CONTINUED)

The Grimacing Woman tugs the curtains closed angrily without seeing the TARDIS appear.

The doors swing open to reveal the Doctor, striding out and taking in a huge lungful of air. *

THE DOCTOR

Unmistakable. The sweet smell of the Mersey mixed with the dawning of a music revolution. Now that's magical.

(looking back)

Chop chop.

A far less enthused Clara follows, eating a mouthful of chocolate cake. She shivers in the cold and gloom. *

CLARA

Couldn't we just go to Greece? Or thirty first century Saturn? Compare sunsets?

THE DOCTOR

I suppose I should be taking you to a Spice Girls concert?

CLARA

(teasing)

Could you?

THE DOCTOR

Enjoying the cake? Any idea what I went through to get Nigella to bake that for me?

CLARA

It's delicious. Thanks for saving me a piece.

THE DOCTOR

Well I got peckish. And it took an age to organise the finer details of your surprise. I wanted this to be special.

Clara, a hint of a smile.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Happy birthday, impossible girl.

CLARA

Thank you, Doctor. Although I still don't know what for.

THE DOCTOR

Well, Clara. This is the lunch break that changed the world.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA
A lunch break? A lunch break
changed the world?

The Doctor strides off into the deserted road.

THE DOCTOR
Many lunch breaks change the world,
to be fair. Chance meetings, missed
meetings, the wrong sandwich - that
can be nasty. But this is one of my
favourites.

He comes back to her so they're face to face.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
That little bit of magic, Clara.
When hard work and talent meet
opportunity.

CLARA
So this is history in the making,
then? We're going to witness a
pivotal moment?

THE DOCTOR
More or less. Be careful not to
touch anything.

The Doctor winks and prances back into the road.

CLARA
Doctor?

The Doctor stops and turns back to Clara.

The purr of a car engine, getting closer.

THE DOCTOR
It all starts here!

CLARA (O.S.)
DOCTOR!

The screech of a car's brakes as the Doctor whips around to
see what's coming.

CUT TO:

2 **EXT. STREET/TARDIS - MOMENTS LATER**

2

Black screen...

CLARA (O.S.)
Doctor? Can you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(A warm, kind voice; the
Queen's English)

That was quite a leap for a man of
his age. It's a miracle I didn't
hit him.

Doctor's POV as we fade in, looking up at Clara's face and
that of a beautifully presented, devastatingly polite and
sharp suited MAN in his late 20s, as they look down.

CLARA

Doctor?

MAN

I'll go and call for an ambulance.

The Doctor bolts up, shaky.

A shiny 1961 Vanden Plas Princess sits nearby at an awkward
angle.

THE DOCTOR

No ambulances. Out of the question.
Oh my...

CLARA

Are you all right, Doctor?

MAN

Doctor? Do you know this man?

THE DOCTOR

Never better. We can work it out.
Tough stuff these sixties roads.
Built to last. There are places I
remember...

MAN

(to Clara)

I think he hit his head.

CLARA

Rather hard.

THE DOCTOR

(looking at the man)

Nice suit, Mr... Brian Epstein?
Brian Epstein!

CLARA

Brian Epstein?

BRIAN EPSTEIN

Sorry? Do I know you?

CLARA
(sotto to the Doctor)
Who's Brian Epstein?

THE DOCTOR
(sotto to Clara)
It's his lunch break. Hard work
meets...day's night.

The Doctor blanks out again as Clara breaks his fall
backwards.

CLARA
Hard work meets opportunity. Uh oh.
Don't touch anything. Um, Mr
Epstein, we'll be fine from here.
Why don't you pop back in your car
and... go wherever it was you were
going? Quickly?

THE DOCTOR
You can drive my car... baby. *

BRIAN EPSTEIN
I'm sorry but I really must insist
on taking you to hospital. One
can't be too careful.

CLARA
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
Clara, it's the lunch break...

CLARA
... that changed the world, yes. *

THE DOCTOR
First contact. With them.

BRIAN EPSTEIN
I think it's concussion.

CLARA
Who?

THE DOCTOR
No! Not The Who! The Bea...

BRIAN EPSTEIN
Please, Doctor, you of all people
should know how serious a head
injury might be. I won't budge on
this.

THE DOCTOR

My dear fellow. I can resolutely say with utter certainty that there is absolutely and positively no chance in this dimension or any other that I will be getting into your car and driven to...

*

The Doctor passes out.

On Clara, panic.

TITLE SEQUENCE IN

CUT TO:

EXT. ST MARY'S HOSPITAL MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Establishing shot: An old Victorian red brick hospital as 1961 style ambulances come and go, along with doctors and nurses.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/WARD - DAY

A stern NURSE pushes the still-concussed Doctor along a bleak corridor in a 1950s rickety wheelchair, flanked by Clara and Brian. He has a makeshift dressing on his head. The Doctor comes to.

THE DOCTOR

No no no! Why didn't you stop him?

CLARA

He's very persuasive. And I need you, you know, conscious.

BRIAN EPSTEIN

They say doctors make the worst patients. And I'm inclined to agree, Doctor...?

THE DOCTOR

Just the Doctor.

CLARA

Just the Doctor.

The Doctor, very dazed, is wheeled into a ward and next to a bed. The nurse puts the brakes on and pulls the curtains around for some privacy.

THE DOCTOR

Apple.

CLARA

What?

THE DOCTOR

I would like an apple. It will help clarify things.

CLARA

Oh god it's bad, isn't it.

THE DOCTOR

It will be if you don't get me an apple! Did you lock her at least?

CLARA

Who?

THE DOCTOR

Not The Who! How many more times?

CLARA

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

The TARDIS!

CLARA

Oh.

CUT TO:

*

EXT. STREET/TARDIS - DAY

The TARDIS stands where she was left in the street.

A gang of 4 MEAN LOOKING TEENAGE SCHOOLBOYS is chasing PETER HYDE, 15, cheeky faced and awkward, carrying a school bag. Everything about him is in a bad condition; torn clothes, holey shoes, messy hair. He has a fresh bruise on one cheek.

*

*

*

Peter sees the TARDIS and assuming it is a police box, bangs on the door. No response.

The two ringleaders, thuggish BRUNO and clueless GEORGE, close in on him.

Peter makes a dash for it, the bullies immediately on his tail. He makes a sudden turn up a nearby alleyway, running straight into stinging nettles. They nip at his hands, but he is unfazed.

Bruno sees this and stops George from pursuing him.

BRUNO

Found your hidey-hole, Peter Hyde?

Bruno smirks as they wander back past the TARDIS and towards the school.

Peter in the alleyway notices the stings from the nettles on his hands and winces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But at least he's alone now.

CUT TO:

5

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - LATER

5

The Doctor sits in the bed, barely conscious, as Clara nervously holds his hand.

CLARA

Doctor, please wake up. I think we're about to delete the Beatles.

Brian Epstein appears with an apple.

BRIAN EPSTEIN

Here, if it helps.

The Doctor opens his eyes, takes the apple and bites into it hungrily.

CLARA

(to Brian)

Thank you.

THE DOCTOR

(chomping away)

Making Queen and country proud. God bless the N.H.S. God bless you all.

BRIAN EPSTEIN

Is he usually like this?

CLARA

Depends on the decade. *

BRIAN EPSTEIN

Sorry? *

THE DOCTOR

Don't listen to her. Amy likes to think she has the measure of me, but I assure you this is not the case.

BRIAN EPSTEIN

Amy?

CLARA

Amy?

He passes the remaining slimy apple core to Clara.

She takes it with disgust.

The Doctor takes deep breaths, as if inhaling the effects of the apple. He steadily regains his focus.

DOCTOR BELL, female, late 30s, matter-of-fact, joins them.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR BELL
Good afternoon.

BRIAN EPSTEIN
Good afternoon, Nurse.

DOCTOR BELL
(to Brian)
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR
Yes?

DOCTOR BELL
What?

BRIAN EPSTEIN
(to Doctor Bell)
I'm most terribly sorry.

DOCTOR BELL
I'm used to it. Doctor Bell. (to
the Doctor) Let's have a look at
you.

She shines a TORCH PEN into one of the Doctor's eyes.

DOCTOR BELL (CONT'D)
And the other eye.

THE DOCTOR
(following the light)
I've got one of those. *

DOCTOR BELL
Good. Now follow my finger.
(beat)
Good.
(puzzled)
No signs of concussion.

The Doctor winks at Clara who is still holding the apple core. She looks at it in disbelief.

DOCTOR BELL (CONT'D)
I don't think there'll be any
permanent damage.

THE DOCTOR
That depends on getting Mr Epstein
here to his appointment.

BRIAN EPSTEIN
If you're certain you're all right.

The Doctor jumps out of bed.

THE DOCTOR
Never better! (sotto to Clara)
Clara, this might get tricky. One
false move and the world changes.
Best if you stay with the TARDIS.

CLARA
Great.

THE DOCTOR
(to Doctor Bell)
Doctor.

BRIAN EPSTEIN
(nodding to Doctor Bell)
Doctor.

CLARA
(to Doctor Bell)
Doctor.

Doctor Bell watching them go. Again, almost smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. STREET/TARDIS/CAR - DAY

The Vanden Plas Princess screeches to a halt in front of the TARDIS. The Doctor rides shotgun with Brian.

Clara jumps out of the car and stands like a lemon on the pavement.

THE DOCTOR
Remember, Clara. Stay put and don't
touch anything. We can't afford any
more interferences with the space
time... time table.

Clara conceals her frustration with a wave and a smile until they are out of sight, then turns and unlocks the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. TARDIS/STREET - DAY

Clara, feeling the adrenalin ebb away after the events of the afternoon, rests her hands on the console and sighs deeply.

CLARA
Happy Birthday to me.

The console gives a whir in response.

She quickly removes her hands, startled.

The scanner activates, giving her a clear picture of outside.

CONTINUED:

It shows Peter, inching out of the nearby alleyway and checking the coast is clear. He looks sore and bedraggled.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What happened to you?

CUT TO:

EXT. NEMS BUILDING, LIVERPOOL - DAY

The Vanden Plas Princess swings into a reserved spot in the NEMS carpark.

Brian and the Doctor jump out.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. TARDIS/STREET - DAY

On the scanner, Peter is carefully walking past the TARDIS.

The bullies, who had been hiding and waiting behind a garden wall, jump up.

Clara watches as the 4 boys descend on Peter, clearly hostile. There is no sound.

Still on the scanner, George shoves Peter.

Clara watches for a moment, conflicted, then quickly switches off the scanner, closing her eyes tight.

CLARA
I'm not here. I don't exist.

With a deep breath she walks away from the console.

But! The TARDIS whirs and the monitor flicks back on.

Clara turns on her heel.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What?

On the scanner, Bruno pushes Peter violently and he falls hard to the ground, out of sight.

Clara, perturbed.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Doctor...

On screen, a hard kick from Bruno.

The TARDIS doors swing open by themselves.

She hears Peter scream and she can't ignore it anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She runs out of the TARDIS into the street, a force to be reckoned with.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Oi!

The bullies scarper, still laughing.

BRUNO

(running away)

Saved by a girl!

Clara approaches Peter tentatively.

His nose is bleeding. He wipes it with his sleeve before looking up at Clara bravely, tears in his eyes.

She's done it now.

CLARA

(to herself)

Oh dear.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVERN CLUB. LIVERPOOL

The sound of raw rock 'n' roll fills the air.

A line of unlucky and disgruntled teenage girls and Teddy boys stand alongside the building, the entrance roped off, rubbing their arms for warmth and occasionally moving to the beat.

A quintessential BOUNCER smiles as Brian and the Doctor rush up to the front door.

BOUNCER

(lifting the rope)

Mr Epstein, sir. We've been expecting you. Your assistant's already inside.

BRIAN EPSTEIN

Sorry I'm late!

They dash inside, the Doctor betraying childlike excitement.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

Peter, dazed, is sitting on a seat in the TARDIS with his head held back, pinching his nose. Every time he tries to take in his surroundings, Clara adjusts his head.

CLARA

That's it. Keep your head back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
(striking Liverpudlian
accent)

Never been inside a police box
before. Me dad won't be too
pleased. Are they all like this?

CLARA
Yes. Definitely.

She rummages through the TARDIS's FIRST AID BOX: a jumble of
plasters, cotton thread, sweets, syringes and toy cars.

PETER
How's it work?

Peter's hands are sore where he was stung.

CLARA
It's just a clever trick - to
confuse anyone who's arrested. It's
meant to confuse them. The robbers
and thieves. The scoundrels. Keep
your head up.

She turns away and discreetly whispers to the first aid box:

CLARA (CONT'D)
Stinging nettles.

The box rattles. She opens it and it's now full of dock
leaves.

She smiles and tends to Peter's stings with one of the
leaves.

PETER
So it's just...

CLARA
...smoke and mirrors. Optical
illusion.

PETER
Oh right. Didn't think they were
that clever, the police. No
offence!

CLARA
I'm not police, I'm just...

she notices his head has fallen forward to make eye contact.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Keep your head back.

He does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA (CONT'D)

You shouldn't let them treat you like that.

PETER

Easy for you to say. There's no getting away from 'em. 'cause I'm soft, like.

CLARA

Who says?

PETER

(Shrugs)
Everyone.

CLARA

What if you're not? What if this is a tough fight but you're strong enough to survive it? Maybe you're super tough.

PETER

How d'ya work that one out?

CLARA

Well, you can be tough as nails, but if something's bigger than you...

PETER

Well they are. They're bigger than me.

He spies Clara's school papers now on the floor where she'd made way for him. He just about reads the title COAL HILL SCHOOL on the register.

Clara adjusts his head again.

CLARA

They won't always be, Peter. One day they might be very much smaller than you.

PETER

Yeah? Me dad says I won't amount to much. I have to go to me mate's house just to play guitar.

CLARA

You want to be in a band?

PETER

Yeah, I'm gonna go to America.
(looking at her) Rock 'n' roll!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLARA

Head up! It's a good time for it.
Er, so I've read.

She dabs his nose and face, getting rid of the blood.

PETER

Me mate Stu says I'm talented and
if I work hard I could be famous.

CLARA

So why doesn't he stick up for you
then?

PETER

He's older than me. At art school.

CLARA

Typical. Well, school's not
forever. You'll find your friends
in good time.

PETER

Thanks, Miss.

He's no longer bleeding and otherwise patched up. Clara
clears the first aid paraphernalia away.

CLARA

Right. You'll survive. Ready to go
back to battle?

PETER

Can't I stay here? They'll be
waiting for me.

CLARA

Aren't you safer in the classroom?

PETER

Even worse. It's science this
afternoon. I like science, but...

CLARA

The other kids spoil it?

PETER

It's like trying to concentrate in
a monkey cage. Sir never does
nothing. Then I don't know what's
going on and the teachers all think
I'm thick.

He takes in the TARDIS console room properly.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hang on. This is no smoke and
mirrors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLARA
Unfortunately not thick.

Peter blinks in disbelief.

PETER
This is something else! A magic
room. But real.

He places his hand on the console. The TARDIS murmurs.

PETER (CONT'D)
(over the moon)
No way! I've read War of the
Worlds! Is this, is this... what is
this?

CLARA
(enjoying him)
It's a government secret, Peter. I
can't tell you anymore.

PETER
Like a new weapon?

CLARA
It's not a weapon. It's just a
ship. It's transport, that's all.
And she... isn't meant to be seen
by the public.

PETER
A ship? In a box? Like a ship in a
bottle.

CLARA
(feeling the heat)
Peter, it's time to go.

PETER
Please. I won't tell anyone. I have
no one to tell. I'd get laughed at
anyway. Please, Miss. All my life,
nothing like this has ever
happened. I feel like it's been
waiting for me.

The TARDIS makes another purring noise. Clara notices, and
her resolve wobbles.

CLARA
Oh dear.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS LIBRARY - DAY

Clara watches the awestruck Peter as he takes in the TARDIS library entrance hall. He is without his coat and bag.

He notices weird stuff in weird jars in addition to the cosy nooks and ancient bookshelves.

PETER

Wow.

CLARA

It's technology from another time and place, Peter. This friend of mine - it belongs to him. I think he'd like to meet you.

Peter isn't listening.

PETER

I don't think I've ever heard of any of these books. And my mum has hundreds.

CLARA

She likes to read does she?

PETER

Not anymore. She's dead.

Clara reacts.

PETER (CONT'D)

Stomach cancer they said. Never found it until too late.

CLARA

I'm sorry. I lost my mum too.

PETER

It's the hospitals. Not good enough.

CLARA

Oh I don't know about that. Like I say, when something's bigger than you...

Peter sees a book which appears to be breathing, emitting a ghostly green light with every exhalation.

PETER

That one's glowing.

CLARA

Yes, yes it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Peter turns to look at Clara, fear and wonder in his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVERN CLUB. LIVERPOOL - DAY

Brian leans against a wall a small distance from the club, appearing lovesick.

In the background a jostling young crowd waits around for signs of the rock and roll band.

The Doctor approaches looking pleased with himself, his shirt unbuttoned at the top.

THE DOCTOR

What did you think?

BRIAN EPSTEIN

I'm certain now. They really are something. The humour, the charm.

Shouts and squeals from the crowd intrude.

With their backs to us and at a distance, the unmistakable impressions of Lennon, McCartney, Harrison and Best make their way across the street and out of sight.

THE DOCTOR

Well then, you should probably manage them and bring them to the forefront of pop music. Okay bye.

The Doctor makes to leave with a clear 'pew'.

BRIAN EPSTEIN

Pop music? They're a rock n roll band.

The Doctor smiles slyly, still walking away.

BRIAN EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

(calling after him)

So you think I should manage them as well, do you Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

(turning)

If you like.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

Peter and Clara return to the console room. Peter is wearing a Peruvian poncho from 'Amy's Choice'. He is holding a teddy bear that you might win at a fairground. Clara is growing agitated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

How do you fit a library, a swimming pool and a bowling alley in a police box?

CLARA

There should be a punch line for that.

PETER

And a fairground?

CLARA

To be honest I'm not sure where that popped up from... But when my friend gets here...

She is cut off by another intrusive whir from the TARDIS as the console glows red in warning, the TARDIS clock chiming ominously.

Clara, puzzled and rethinking.

The chime prompts Peter to remember the time.

PETER

I've gotta go!

He hands Clara the teddy bear, and removes the poncho, flinging it over a nearby railing.

As he grabs his coat and bag from the chair, he notices the date on Clara's school register. He freezes for a moment before quickly recovering and getting into his coat.

PETER (CONT'D)

My dad'll kill me if I'm late home.
Can I come back tomorrow?

Clara, deer in the headlights. She cannot disappoint him.

CLARA

Of course, Peter.

PETER

Great!

Peter takes the teddy bear.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thanks, Miss.

CLARA

You're welcome. Bye-bye!

He gives a bright smile, now a very different boy, and exits the TARDIS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Clara, unsure.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/TARDIS - DAY

Peter takes a deep breath, his heart thoroughly lifted. He gathers his things more securely and breaks into a run away from the TARDIS.

A moment later, the Vanden Plas Princess draws up yet again and the Doctor gets out.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT TARDIS - DAY

Clara stands staring at the console in deep confusion.

The scanner comes on by itself again and Clara gives the TARDIS a suspicious look.

On screen: The Doctor approaching.

Clara turns to greet him.

The Doctor bursts through the door, fastening his top buttons.

THE DOCTOR

Well that didn't go to plan. Spot of damage control. Sorted now. Sorry about your birthday.

CLARA

It doesn't matter.

THE DOCTOR

Of course it matters. But I can still get you to your birthday dinner if you like.

Clara, distracted.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Of all the people to run into me it had to be him. What are the chances. Well, actually...

He starts mumbling a probability equation, with the help of his fingers.

CLARA

(too quietly)
Doctor...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR

...to the power of F sub C equals capital L. Yes. Thought so. Ridiculous. You'd think you were safe on a boring residential street. Right, that's enough of 1961. Let's get out of here before we bump into Cilla. I can't go through that again.

Clara, troubled and silent.

The Doctor notices and pauses his movements on the verge of setting the TARDIS in motion.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Clara, I'm sorry. I know it wasn't the surprise you were looking for...

CLARA

It's fine, Doctor. I'm fine. Let's go home.

The Doctor studies her seriously, taking a moment to process her definition of 'home'.

Clara defuses this with a goofy grin.

Satisfied, the Doctor puts the TARDIS in flight.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

The TARDIS materialises in fully recognisable present day.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

The Doctor is checking the information on the scanner.

Briefly on screen: A succession of microfilmed newspapers featuring The Beatles and Brian Epstein up to the present day, flipping by at high speed, various long numbers still counting, and a recipe for rice pudding - all mostly too quick for the human eye. Top right hand corner, today's date **6th December 2014** is visible. Underneath, smaller and dimmer, a population count of **59,924,672** is hardly noticeable.

Clara watches the Doctor nervously, keeping her distance from the scanner.

THE DOCTOR

All present and correct!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

Oh thank god.

THE DOCTOR

Even Rocky Raccoon.

The Doctor still checking facts.

On screen, an enlarged newspaper:

The Daily Mirror: Brian Epstein Dies at 32.

On the Doctor, affected.

CLARA

(oblivious)

So we didn't rewrite anything?

THE DOCTOR

(sadly)

No.

He gets rid of the article on screen and busies himself for a moment, toying with bits of the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Though a couple of hundred years ago I did drop in with some suggestions. Here and there. And everywhere. Both of us did a pretty good job of not tripping over timelines.

CLARA

Thank you!

THE DOCTOR

Not you. Fez boy. Shameless groupy.

He is still flicking through the information on screen.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(ominously)

Hang on.

CLARA

What?

THE DOCTOR

It can't be...

CLARA

Oh no, what is it?

THE DOCTOR

But that's impossible!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA

What?!

Beat.

THE DOCTOR

*Three thousand holes in Blackburn,
Lancashire.*

Clara, completely lost.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(completely unconcerned)
Inadvertently made better roads.
I've had worse side effects.

CLARA

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Run along.

CLARA

You're not coming?

THE DOCTOR

Certainly not. It was hard enough
explaining me when I was younger.
Go and be... at home.

He looks right at her.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(heartfelt)
Happy Birthday, Clara.

CLARA

Thanks. I'll see you later.

She kisses him on the cheek and exits the TARDIS.

Off the Doctor, solemnly watching her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT.

Clara walks with a spring in her step across the familiar landscape of home. She takes in how unremarkable it all is.

She fails to notice a billboard/ad for Liberty Health Insurance as she walks past it, which features an obscenely airbrushed model with glaring white teeth.

The slogan reads: **Be Better.**

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

The Doctor fiddling with bits of the TARDIS, whistling 'Nowhere Man'.

He suddenly stops still, a thought impacting.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Everything is warm and homely. GRAN and LINDA are already sitting at the dining room table sipping wine. DAVE OSWALD is cooking. There is a thin veil of smoke in the air.

Clara walks through the front door and fans the air with her hand.

CLARA
Oh! Smells good. (To all) Hello!
Sorry I'm late.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

The Doctor, very still.

THE DOCTOR
There's something in the air.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A little restless, Clara turns in her seat to look at a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of her mother. Ellie Oswald smiles back at her.

Clara is soothed by this.

Dave comes in to join them.

DAVE
5 minutes.

Linda, raising a toast.

LINDA
To Clara. Happy Birthday.

CLARA
(touched)
Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARDIS - NIGHT

The Doctor pokes his head out of the TARDIS door and sniffs the air dramatically. He tastes it on his tongue, and responds as if it's peppered with something slightly unusual.

He steps further out of the TARDIS and eyeballs his surroundings suspiciously.

THE DOCTOR

A new ingredient.

He steps all the way out of the TARDIS, the doors closing shut behind him. He stands deadly still, listening, watching, thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Food on the table. Clara and Dave are tucking in. Linda and Gran are attempting small talk.

GRAN

How's your nephew getting on now, Linda? What is it, Jim?

LINDA

James.

GRAN

(to Clara)

Newlyweds. Lovely. (To Linda)
What's her name? Julia?

LINDA

Jemma. Saving up.

GRAN

Oh well. That's to be expected.

LINDA

It's hard to swallow.

DAVE

(frowning at the food)

Did I overcook it?

LINDA

Not that. James and Jemma. All they want to do is start a family.

DAVE

Well, what are they waiting for?

LINDA

Just too expensive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave sighs and shovels more food into his mouth.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Still, plenty of time.

CLARA
Does it really cost that much to have a baby? I mean, toys, cots, prams, I get it. But I think kids have more than they need these days.

GRAN
No dear, to have a baby. Bring it to term. The pregnancy, the tests, the scans, the birth.

Clara, confused.

Gran shakes her head disapprovingly.

LINDA
All assuming it goes to plan, it shouldn't be more than about £10-£15,000 all in. Just try not to be complicated.

CLARA
Try not to be complicated?

GRAN
Was different in my day of course.

Beat.

CLARA
What?

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER SHOP/STREET - NIGHT

The Doctor leaves a corner shop with all of today's NEWSPAPERS in his hands. He sits on the curb, flicking through vacuous headline after standard tragedy after irrelevant horoscope.

THE DOCTOR
Nothing, nothing, typical, nothing. Really?

Unconsciously, he is muttering a large number to himself as he continues to look through the papers.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
4,360,343... 4,360,343.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is disturbed by a single blurt of an ambulance siren, as the ambulance, lights flashing, pulls up slowly to the other side of the road.

The ambulance is electric, quite out of place and futuristic, and in the same branded colours as the Liberty Health Insurance ad.

The Doctor notices. He looks back down at the newspaper he is holding. Another ad for the same company, featuring a different manufactured, airbrushed model, takes up half a page.

He stands up for a better view, keeping his distance.

The Doctor, observing.

A MATURE BALDING MAN sits on the curb holding a bag of frozen peas to his head. An attentive YOUNG WOMAN is with him, adjusting the frozen peas. He bats her away.

A PARAMEDIC gets out of the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC

Evening.

The Doctor strains to listen.

BALDING MAN

This ain't necessary.

PARAMEDIC

You need that looked at.

BALDING MAN

I don't have insurance though, mate.

The Paramedic tuts and shakes his head.

The Doctor stealthily takes a step closer, becoming grimmer by the moment.

BALDING MAN (CONT'D)

My wife's on her way. She'll drive me in if she has to.

The Doctor starts to turn away, still mindlessly muttering to himself.

THE DOCTOR

4,360,343...

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)

I'll need you to sign this disclaimer, then you're on your own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Doctor realises why he's muttering the number and dashes back to the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LINDA

Well, it's the price of things. You get what you pay for.

Gran pushes what's left of her food away from her.

CLARA

I'm confused. Why would you pay to go privately when you can just...

GRAN

No choice nowadays. I don't know how the young people do it. We were so lucky.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS.

The Doctor bursts through the TARDIS doors, still muttering the number, and examines the information screen.

On screen, now in close up, is the current population reading of the UK: **59,924,672.**

The Doctor goes silent, deadly serious.

THE DOCTOR

4,360,343 people. I've lost 4.3 Million people. How does distracting Brian Epstein lose 4.3 million people? Maybe I left a door open somewhere.

He is racking his brains.

He spies the Peruvian poncho draped over a railing next to Clara's school materials.

The Doctor, a thought impacting.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clara, worried, is trying to work out how to broach the subject without sounding insane.

CLARA

So, Gran. When exactly did things change?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAN

Well, like all these things it sort of crept up on us.

DAVE

Might have been a different story for your mum if it hadn't.

Clara, struck by this.

CLARA

You mean... I mean... She got the care she needed. Didn't she?

They all stop and stare at her.

Dave holds her hand.

DAVE

Sweetheart, it was a difficult time and perhaps you don't remember the finer details. We applied for treatment numerous times, don't you remember?

GRAN

She was still a child.

CLARA

A teenager.

DAVE

Only just!

CLARA

(panicking)

I was 15.

GRAN

13, darling. You were 13 when mum died. I know you had to grow up fast, but...

Clara standing up suddenly.

CLARA

No! I was 15.

DAVE

(softly)

Clara, memory is a tricky thing. You were 13 when she died, and still only at primary school while we were fighting for her treatment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA

So she never had it? She never had chemotherapy? She never had those extra two years?

Gran, Linda and Dave share concerned looks.

GRAN

(tenderly)

Darling, the cancer was terminal. She was going to die anyway so the treatment was classed as non-essential. You know how expensive non-essential treatment is.

Suddenly, Gran and all traces of her disappear. Dave and Linda do not register this. She was never there.

CLARA

Where's she gone!

DAVE

Who?

CLARA

Gran!

DAVE

Clara, what's happened to you? Gran died last year. She had a fall.

CLARA

I don't know what you're talking about!

The Doctor has let himself in and appears in the doorway. Clara keeps her back to him, scared stiff of the apparent ramifications.

THE DOCTOR

Clara...

CLARA

Doctor...

LINDA

Not another one!

DAVE

Who's this?

Clara, trembling, still not looking at the Doctor.

CLARA

(numbly)

Another teacher. From school.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE DOCTOR
I need you to come with me.

DAVE
It's her birthday.

THE DOCTOR
Clara.

Clara, shaken. She turns to kiss Dave on the cheek. As she does, she steals a look at her mother's photograph.

CLARA
I'm sorry.

DAVE
It's all right, love.

She leaves the room without looking at the Doctor. He glances at the family before following her out.

Linda and Dave share a worried look.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

Clara, perplexed, walks into the TARDIS.

CLARA
What's happened, Doctor? What's changed?

THE DOCTOR
A great deal it would seem.

CLARA
Was it really us? One afternoon in 1961 and it's changed lives?

THE DOCTOR
It's deleted lives.

CLARA
So we fix it? Quickly?

The Doctor pulls a lever sending the TARDIS into jerky flight. He eyeballs Clara who stalwartly stares him out.

The TARDIS lands with a thunk. The Doctor makes for the door and Clara reluctantly follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST MARY'S HOSPITAL MAIN ENTRANCE. DAY

The old red brick building is gone. In its place, a glassy fortress of the future, everything clean and bright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Electric Liberty Health Insurance branded ambulances come and go. This could be 50 years in the future.

The Doctor and Clara stand in the car park.

THE DOCTOR

Do you recognise this place?

CLARA

No. Should I?

He rubs the bump on his head and winces, still sore.

THE DOCTOR

It's St Mary's Hospital, Liverpool.
We were here just hours ago. Looks
a little different now, doesn't it?

CLARA

When is this? We're in the future?

THE DOCTOR

1983.

CLARA

What?

The Doctor turns on his heel and returns to the TARDIS.

Clara glances around her. A GROUP of young New Romantics sit on a wall next to a dreary grey car park as a ghetto blaster blares out an early 80s tune. Clara looks back at the new hospital, perplexed.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

The Doctor puts the TARDIS in flight as soon as Clara walks back in.

CLARA

Where are we going?

THE DOCTOR

Your new home. New UK. What did you do?

CLARA

Me? Nothing. I came back here and waited.

THE DOCTOR

Clara?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

You were the one running into the road! Diverting timelines and eating apples and watching Beatles!

THE DOCTOR

Clara!

CLARA

If it was so dangerous to mess with time on that day why did you take me there?

The TARDIS lands.

THE DOCTOR

I knew what I was doing. I always know what I'm doing because this is all I see! (He taps his temple) The bigger picture! Clearly I don't know what you were doing. Or why you're lying to me now.

CLARA

But...

THE DOCTOR

...but what?

CLARA

I couldn't watch him being hurt!

THE DOCTOR

Who?!

CLARA

Peter!

Beat.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I tried to ignore it. She opened the doors! He was just a kid! Why would the TARDIS let him in if...

THE DOCTOR

So he was inside the TARDIS?

He picks up the poncho. Damning evidence.

CLARA

She opened the doors!

The Doctor scowls at the TARDIS, perplexed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA (CONT'D)

I couldn't stand by and watch him being punched and kicked! It wasn't right!

THE DOCTOR

How do you know?

The Doctor, barely able to look at her, returns to the monitor to check more facts.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Clara, time has been rewritten. It's one thing rewriting a lunch break, but another thing rewriting the Welfare State and millions of lives.

He looks mournfully at the truth on the scanner before turning to Clara to tell the story.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

A whole new world. Shall I tell you the story? Chapter one: In the 1970s, a private health company began offering better and affordable healthcare. Treatments, operations, medicines that shouldn't be available for another hundred years, suddenly appear in England. Poof! Magic!

CLARA

But how?!

THE DOCTOR

Chapter two: People chose to go for the promises, the exciting new shiny stuff, and then refused to fund the less glamorous NHS through their taxes. So the NHS collapsed. The last NHS hospital closed in 1992, three years after you were born. You barely made it here yourself!

Clara, mystified.

Chapter three: After a short-lived utopia of wonder drugs, dependency established, the company hiked up its prices. A day's pay to see a doctor. A week's pay to have a blood test. A month's pay if an ambulance takes you to hospital. A year's pay to safely bring a baby into the world. A lifetime's pay to keep the cancer away.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

No other option for people. You can't even enter a hospital unless you're a fully paid up member. The end.

CLARA

This can't be happening.

THE DOCTOR

It shouldn't be. Not here. What was his name?

CLARA

Peter?

THE DOCTOR

Peter what?

CLARA

I don't know!

THE DOCTOR

Clara! Whoever this boy is or was, you changed his future completely. Imagine, a bored school kid on a soggy day in Liverpool gets to see a spaceship.

CLARA

People see the TARDIS all the time! They don't change the course of history.

THE DOCTOR

I always know 'who'! You don't! Me, Time Lord. You, human. (Tapping his temple) Bigger. Picture.

CLARA

He must have taken something without me realising! What could he have taken?

THE DOCTOR

The most valuable thing of all.

CLARA

What?

THE DOCTOR

Hope. He just had to be open to new ideas. Trying new things. Saying yes when he might have otherwise said no.

CLARA

So it could have been something, or someone else he met, later on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THE DOCTOR

You sowed a seed. Someone else may have watered it. Whatever this kid went on to do, it led to the eradication of a perfectly serviceable healthcare system.

CLARA

But why? He wanted better hospitals not worse...

THE DOCTOR

What?

CLARA

Oh my God. He said... he said his mum died of cancer. He was angry with the hospital.

THE DOCTOR

Perfect. You gave a weapon to an angry child.

CLARA

(shouting)

I stopped him bleeding!

The Doctor forgets his anger at the sight of Clara's righteous distress.

THE DOCTOR

(softly)

Clara, I--

He sways slightly. His hand goes to the back of his head as he winces.

CLARA

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

It's nothing.

CLARA

Please, Doctor. Tell me you can fix this. My gran! My dad! They had two years less of my mum because of me.

THE DOCTOR

Clara, these timelines are like tiny cracks on a frozen river. We've already made the cracks dangerously big by walking where we shouldn't walk. One more step and the ice could break. Paradox soup.

CLARA

So we take it slowly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

THE DOCTOR

Carefully. Even one more trip in the TARDIS along Peter's timeline is risky. We can only use her in emergencies while the universe is still recalculating.

CLARA

Recalculating?

On the scanner, a loading bar: **Recalculating at 10%.**

THE DOCTOR

Recalculating timelines. All those lives. Everything they touched. Like a shock wave, it will hit eventually. It already hit your Gran. For now, you and I are at the eye of the storm, the calmest point. But when those calculations are complete, the storm will collapse and it will create fixed time. Wherever we are and whatever we've done we'll never be able to change. I can't even be sure if you or I will still exist.

Clara looks at scanner. **The loading bar now at 11%.**

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

We have to tread very carefully if we're to fix this. Be very sure of our facts. We only get one shot.

CLARA

So we're crawling across thin ice in the middle of a storm trying to find a tiny moment that saves the world before everything collapses?

Beat.

THE DOCTOR

Happy Birthday.

He returns to the scanner and taps away at the keyboard.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So. Hyde Industries.

On screen, a series of super modern, glass fortresses in various cities throughout England and Wales.

CLARA

Who are they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

THE DOCTOR

Now the health insurance monopoly for England and Wales - that is one of their administration buildings. Originally a small pharmaceutical company who merged with Liberty Insurance in 1975. The CEO since 1990 is... Oh.

CLARA

What?

THE DOCTOR

Sir Peter Hyde. What are the chances? Actually I can work that one out in my head. Is that him, Clara?

Clara peers at the scanner. A recent photograph of healthy 68 year old man grins triumphantly back from behind an impressive old school desk, surrounded by awards such as 'Salesman of The Year' over several years.

This is OLDER PETER, well fed and tubby, dressed expensively. A northern Lord Sugar.

Clara focuses on the eyes. There is a boyish twinkle. Then behind him, a 'lived-in' copy of War of The Worlds sits proudly next to various other science fiction paperbacks.

CLARA

(regretfully)

Yeah.

The Doctor taps away again.

THE DOCTOR

Lots about his life story. Man's a national treasure.

CLARA

Why? How is any of this good? Why's he being... treasured?

THE DOCTOR

Well, Clara. I'm sure he meant well.

This isn't lost on her.

Now on scanner:

A video clip. MR AND MRS HYDE sit on a twee sofa in a picture perfect living room right out of a Laura Ashley catalogue.

The rather staid wife, RITA HYDE, is the same age though looking better on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Clearly a knock out in her day and still going strong, she is beautifully groomed and dressed in an expensive emerald green skirt suit. She clutches a small designer handbag and maintains a neutral expression.

Peter smiles encouragingly at her.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This interview was 3 months ago.

Peter smiles for the camera.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
So this is the boy you saved.

Clara, a moment of remorse. She shrugs it off and studies the grown up Peter.

Rita unconsciously strokes her posh handbag with one of her perfectly manicured hands.

CLARA
She's clearly been looked after.
Quite the trophy wife.

The Doctor opens his mouth to say something, then with a patient glance at Clara, lets it go.

Back on screen, Peter listens attentively to the off screen interviewer.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
It's been a long journey for you,
Sir Peter. What would you say to
your 12 year old self if you could
go back in time?

Peter smiles brightly at the question.

Clara and The Doctor look at each other.

On Peter, as he considers his answer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HYDE LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

We are now in the living room as the interview is being filmed. A small FILM CREW and a smartly suited INTERVIEWER with a clip board wait on Peter's words.

A crinkly man of 70, tall and thin with considerable presence and power, stands by the studio light, hands in his pockets as he studies Peter's responses. This is the OLDER VICTOR from the beginning, alive in this timeline. The light catches his striking green eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLDER PETER

I don't think I'd believe it. I never thought I would have a life like this. Coming from that street in Liverpool where nothing ever happened.

His focus drifts for moment. It isn't exactly true.

INTERVIEWER

What do you think it was that drove you to succeed?

Peter, thinking.

OLDER PETER

Life was pretty grim, as I remember it. As a kid I thought better worlds only existed in books. But then...

He licks his lips. Rita looks to him, interested.

PETER

...I realised. If you can visualise a better future, if you can see it, you should strive for it. Make it work. And that's my life motto. (To camera) Make it work.

Rita cannot quite smile, let alone have it reach the eyes. Equally, there is sadness in Peter's eyes.

Older Victor watches them like a hawk.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

Back to Clara and the Doctor watching the recorded interview on the scanner.

On screen: A segue to a selection of footage of bright, shiny and futuristic hospital corridors and wards, in sharp contrast to the hospital in 1961.

Clara watches, discerning.

OLDER PETER (O.S.)

Health is the most important thing we have. It should be a priority and it's always been mine.

On screen: Everything is impossibly clean and sterile. NURSES and DOCTORS smile with unnerving familiarity. It is a manufactured promo. One smiling NURSE is reminiscent of the heavily Photoshopped billboard ad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

He just wanted better hospitals.

THE DOCTOR

He lost touch. Always 10 steps ahead. Never stopped to think that premium healthcare would incur, well, a high premium. Bankrupting ordinary people.

They watch more.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

How does it feel to be the man who revolutionised healthcare?

OLDER PETER

Well I didn't do it alone.

He smiles off at Old Victor.

OLDER PETER (CONT'D)

I owe almost everything to Victor Clarke. A gentleman and a scholar. And my best friend!

Peter gives a hearty laugh. The camera makes an unscheduled turn to Older Victor, who self-consciously but graciously smiles and waves. He playfully salutes Peter.

The Doctor pauses the video on Older Victor.

THE DOCTOR

There. Victor Clarke. Man in the shadows. It's always the man in the shadows. Pulling the strings.

Popping up on the scanner as the Doctor types are photos of Victor, young and old, always frowning thoughtfully.

CLARA

I definitely didn't let this guy in.

THE DOCTOR

No. Something else let this guy in. Or this guy is something else. There's your water, Clara. The one who made your seed grow.

A black and white photograph depicting two men in their 20s laughing and shaking hands. Oddly reminiscent of a Lennon and McCartney photo.

One is Peter at 22, the same cheeky face, hair a conservative imitation of a mop top. The other is Younger Victor at 24, plainly but smartly dressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Set up business in 1968. Hardly any other information on Victor or how these two met.

Clara looks closer at Peter and Victor. They look so happy.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Maybe if the world was paying more attention to this man (pointing to Victor), rather than that idiot (pointing to Peter), it wouldn't be in this state.

CLARA

Hey! Peter wasn't an idiot!

THE DOCTOR

Wasn't, no. But he is now.

A pointed look at Clara. He brings up more data on the scanner.

A news reel from the late 60s plays silently on the scanner. Peter walks smiling at cameras, Victor a few steps behind, an uncomfortable smile.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Peter always in the limelight.
Victor always in the shadows.

Clara looks at the loading bar. **Now at 30%.**

CLARA

Well then. It's his turn in the spotlight.

THE DOCTOR

What?

CLARA

(getting ready to exit)
Let's interview *him*. Get his story.
Find out precisely when he met Peter and stop it from happening.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. LIMO - DAY

The Doctor and Clara are in the back seat of an expensive limo, both wearing name/security badges which on closer inspection are psychic paper fastened to PRESS lanyards. A damp day fogs up the car windows.

The Doctor has his eyes closed in contemplative meditation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clara, pensive. She casually flips through Peter Hyde's autobiography entitled:

HYDE AND SEEK: The Pursuit Of Success

Older Peter's cheesy grin glares at her from the front cover. Disenchanted, she casts it to one side.

The dreary world outside is a long road on the green outskirts of a small town. The road is punctuated by occasional detached houses; some boarded up and some clearly lived in with expensive cars on the driveways.

The houses give way to fields.

A crass billboard for Liberty Health Insurance shouts:

**Get the figure you've always wanted with the new and improved
External Stomach Drive - payment plans available!**

Clara looks closer. One field sports a makeshift TENT GROUND, clearly catering for scores of HOMELESS PEOPLE. They huddle together and shelter from the elements, not enough tents to go around. Some notice the limo go by.

Clara is affected. She glances at The Doctor, but he still has his eyes closed.

The limo turns into a large driveway as it approaches Victor Clarke's impressive gated and walled mansion, looming in the mist.

The house is protected by top notch security; electric fencing crowns the walls.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

A CCTV camera pans to observe the car arriving.

The front door opens to reveal a calm and nonchalant Older Victor. His health has clearly deteriorated since the interview of three months ago - a look of cancer about him. His eyes pass over Clara but settle on the Doctor.

CLARA

Mr Clarke? Time... and Space
Magazine.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE. DAY

Once inside, the Doctor and Clara notice the contrast from the hostile exterior.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Happy photographs of Victor and his earthy, sunshiny wife litter the walls. The house is a hub of warmth and love.

Kids' drawings are blu-tacked to the walls and doors. Victor appears the superlative grandpa, not unlike the Eleventh Doctor in his final years on Trenzalore.

Both Clara and The Doctor take this in, so far from what they expected.

OLDER VICTOR

Please, sit.

Clara and Victor sit opposite each other while the Doctor stands watchfully.

The Doctor notices a drip stand discreetly pushed into a corner. In the plastic pouch is a liquid faintly glowing an eerie blue colour. His eyes flit to Victor, who has a dressing on the back of his hand.

Next to Victor's chair, an old and loved GUITAR on its stand.

CLARA

Thank you for granting us this interview. You don't often...

OLDER VICTOR

Can't stand it, love. I'm the gloomy one. You want Peter for that. Photogenic swine.

He chuckles.

CLARA

So, you mentioned Peter Hyde. How long have you been friends?

OLDER VICTOR

Oh, forever.

He does not elaborate. Clara looks to the Doctor. The Doctor rolls his eyes.

CLARA

And you... have a background in medicine? I mean before you met Peter?

OLDER VICTOR

My father sold medicines. I was working for him once I left school. I was lousy at it.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S CAR - DAY

Optimistic Young Victor driving along wet roads in the rain.
The briefcase glows its eerie blue light.

OLDER VICTOR (O.S.)

It was my job to collect the
medical supplies from a
pharmaceuticals unit near Cardiff.
My dad would send me once a month.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE. DAY

CLARA

Cardiff?

Older Victor nods.

The Doctor, finding this significant.

OLDER VICTOR

Yes. Long journey. But we had a
special deal.

CLARA

So you took it back to Liverpool
and sold the medicine?

OLDER VICTOR

I tried. But like I said. I'm the
gloomy one. Peter was the salesman.
Gift of the gab.

The Doctor and Clara exchange a look.

OLDER VICTOR (CONT'D)

The rest you know.

Clara, at a loss.

OLDER VICTOR (CONT'D)

Told you I'm no good at these
things, love. No gossip. Been
married for 45 years. We both
complain it's boring ourselves so
god knows how dull it must be for
anyone else.

He winks. Clara can't help but crack a smile.

CLARA

But... would you say that your
friendship with Peter is... at the
core of your...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLDER VICTOR

It was at the core of our business.
But it's not our business anymore.
I'm just a silent partner.

He smiles simply, offering no further information.

Clara sighs with resignation and turns to the Doctor.

CLARA

Doctor?

Victor turns to look at the Doctor with renewed interest.

OLDER VICTOR

Yes. Your silent partner. A doctor?

CLARA

He's just called The Doctor. He's
not actually a doctor.

Victor stands.

OLDER VICTOR

The Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

Victor looks searchingly at the Doctor. They stare into each other's eyes for a moment.

OLDER VICTOR

The Doctor. From a company called
TARDIS, by any chance?

The Doctor, not contradicting him.

OLDER VICTOR (CONT'D)

Finally! (To Clara) And you, his...
secretary?

Clara, annoyed.

THE DOCTOR

You've been expecting me?

OLDER VICTOR

I was told you'd be along one day.
I don't have that many days left.

THE DOCTOR

Who told you?

OLDER VICTOR

My supplier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE DOCTOR
Your supplier? The one in Cardiff?

OLDER VICTOR
(now keen to talk)
He said you'd want to know where it
all came from.

INT. PHARMACEUTICAL COUNTER - DAY

The back of a man in a white lab coat opening the briefcase.
Inside are VIALS, PAPERS, BLUEPRINTS for operation rooms,
RECIPES, VARIOUS MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS and CHEMICAL
DIAGRAMS. The VIALS glow eerie blue.

OLDER VICTOR (O.S.)
The plans, blueprints, formulas,
antibodies. A healthcare revolution
in a briefcase. I was only supposed
to be picking up syringes.

Young Victor uncertainly closes and takes the case.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE. DAY

CLARA
Who was he?

OLDER VICTOR
(truthfully)
I don't know. But there was
something off about him. His eyes
were older than his face. He said
you, The Doctor would come asking
questions and I was to let him know
when that happened. He was pushing
40 in those days. Probably long
gone now.

THE DOCTOR
You never know.

CLARA
Who was it Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
A friend of mine. Used to travel
with me. Must have been trying to
get my attention. Brat.

CLARA
Another crack in the ice? Another
seed sown? It's all you in the end!

THE DOCTOR
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Doctor takes a closer look at the eerie blue liquid on the drip stand.

OLDER VICTOR
He said it was a free trial.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

1960s couple in their 30s. An ill WOMAN lies in bed as her anxious HUSBAND holds her hand. She smiles encouragingly, clearly optimistic.

OLDER VICTOR (O.S.)
Time after time it worked, it helped. Thereafter we had the recipe.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAYLOR INSURANCE COMPANY BUILDING - DAY

Young Victor leaving, deflated.

OLDER VICTOR
But it was dismissed by the big companies as a gimmick - a placebo. I couldn't sell it.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

OLDER VICTOR
Then came along Peter. Lending a hand. The salesman I never was. Without him I would have been nowhere. The nowhere man.

Clara sees the children's drawings and paintings littering the door to the kitchen. It triggers a memory...

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S HOME - TRENZALORE - FLASHBACK

Clara seeing the children's drawings in the Eleventh Doctor's home on Trenzalore.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE. DAY - THE PREVIOUS MOMENT

Clara shakes herself out of the memory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLDER VICTOR

We had a wonder drug. But the man, your friend, said it was knowledge we shouldn't have yet. Peter always found that fascinating. He was convinced time travel was possible and future technology had landed in my lap by accident.

The Doctor and Clara share a look.

THE DOCTOR

It did. It would have fallen into my friend's lap through a rift in time and space. It was his job to protect humanity from whatever came through. Not distribute it.

CLARA

But it was medicine. He was trying to help.

The Doctor, very unhappy.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Is it alien?

THE DOCTOR

Immunoglobulin regeneration. Bioluminescent stem cells. Advanced extracellular matrix. It's not alien science. It's human science. And yes, it is good. But not yet.

Victor, stunned.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

He probably gave it to several people in the same line of work as Victor. But they would never have been able to sell it. Until...

OLDER VICTOR

Peter.

THE DOCTOR

Clever Peter. Wise Peter. Saw a glimpse of the future Peter.

Victor, watching them both.

CLARA

Doctor? What do we do now? This makes it worse, doesn't it?

THE DOCTOR

Yes. Ice just got thinner. And yes, it's my fault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLDER VICTOR

I know it went wrong. But we saved millions, between us, my friend and I. No doubt about it.

The Doctor, thinking this through.

OLDER VICTOR (CONT'D)

I've had a good long life. Reached a decent age. But I know it's been a privilege.

Victor glances at the drip stand and rubs his hand.

CLARA

It should be a right.

OLDER VICTOR

It should be an opportunity.

THE DOCTOR

Can't you do something about that?

OLDER VICTOR

I signed it all away years ago.

CLARA

Who to?

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTY INSURANCE - DAY

A group of MEN IN SUITS, styled for early 1960s, stand laughing and talking. They turn to look at...

Young Victor, approaching with his briefcase. He adjusts his tie, playing his part, but not enjoying it.

OLDER VICTOR (O.S.)

Oh, the men in suits I despised all my life.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

OLDER VICTOR

Peter was never a suit. He was a dreamer, like me.

He fondly touches the guitar next to him.

Clara looks at a framed photo of young Victor and Peter - the happy black and white handshake photo.

Clara looks to the Doctor for cues but receives none.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

Victor, please tell us how you met.
You and Peter. How and when. It's
important we know everything.

OLDER VICTOR

Oh, serendipity. I was delivering
something to a friend of my
father's. Peter was just a boy, 16,
fresh out of school. First day in
his first job in his first suit.

He chuckles. The Doctor and Clara share a look.

OLDER VICTOR (CONT'D)

My dear old friend.

His eyes fall on a NEWSPAPER featuring portly Older Peter, at
a fundraiser drinking champagne, suited and smiling proudly.

OLDER VICTOR (CONT'D)

(sadly)

I created a monster.

Clara, restless. She's got what she came for.

OLDER VICTOR (CONT'D)

We reap what we sow, Doctor, do we
not?

The Doctor, moved.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Clara, militant, strides out of the house towards the waiting
car and disappears inside.

The Doctor follows, grave. He turns to see Older Victor
waving through the window. He reciprocates sincerely, sadly,
then follows Clara.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

SFX: Car door slams.

Clara dashes in with Peter's autobiography in her hand and
makes a beeline for the scanner. The Doctor follows slowly,
watching her work. She compares the data on the screen and
the data in the book.

CLARA

I've got it! The date. Peter's
first day.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA (CONT'D)

We just have to stop him and Victor meeting, right? Then none of this ever happened.

The Doctor notices the **loading bar now at 90%**.

THE DOCTOR

I can't. It has to be you.

CLARA

Me? I can't fix this! Doctor! It's too big! It needs you!

THE DOCTOR

Thin ice! Too many cracks. Too many timelines that trace back to me. I'm too heavy, Clara. Too many footprints. But you... your footprint, it's still light... compared to mine.

Clara, absorbing. The Doctor's hand goes to his head injury.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You just have to stop Peter from meeting Victor. That's all. Without meeting, they're both just dreamers, and the medicine never gets sold. It's just one tiny moment, Clara. Keep Peter busy.

CLARA

How?

THE DOCTOR

You're the impossible girl. You figured out how to save me again and again.

CLARA

But I don't remember it.

THE DOCTOR

Doesn't matter. It was still you.

Clara, weight of the world on her shoulders.

CLARA

But if I mess it up, the world is stuck like this. All those people will still be gone. Maybe us too.

THE DOCTOR

Clara, you have a chance here to fix it. Most people never get that chance. Don't think about all those people. Think about your gran.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Get those two years back for your
mum and everyone that loved her.

He's said the right thing and fight comes into her eyes as
the thought impacts. She wrenches the lever to put the TARDIS
in flight.

The TARDIS gives a momentary stroppy shudder before taking
off properly.

Off the Doctor - not liking this at all.

Loading bar now at 91%

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTY HEALTH INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

The ninth floor of a dull office space in 1962.

A wall clock, it's almost 11am.

Young Peter, a year older and slightly more collected than
when we last saw him, is diligently filing papers from an
infinite pile of paperwork. He is wearing a cheap but neat
suit.

A further impossible stack of forms is suddenly added by MR
CLAYSON, 50s, portly and professional.

Peter is crestfallen and tries to hide it.

MR CLAYSON

Cheer up, lad. Almost elevenses.

Mr Clayson nods to the clock.

It's a welcome relief for Peter.

MR CLAYSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Why not pop into the kitchen and
make yourself a cup of tea.

Mr Clayson gives a wink, somewhere between patronising and
sadistic, and saunters off.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Peter, relieved to be away from the paperwork, walks into the
kitchen as the kettle boils.

Behind the door is Clara. She exactly fits the part of a 1962
secretary, in austere tweed and enormous glasses.

Peter suddenly sees her and jumps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clara takes off the glasses and Peter recognises her.

PETER

You!

CLARA

Hi Peter. I'm the new secretary.
Love typing.

He stares at her, speechless.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS.

The Doctor, nervous energy, mills around the console occasionally examining the data on the TARDIS scanner.

Loading bar now at 92%.

He flips through Peter Hyde's autobiography disapprovingly.

Suddenly on the scanner, footage plays of Peter being beaten by the bullies.

The Doctor tries to watch, coldly, as if to make a point. On Peter's scream he has to look away.

THE DOCTOR

(to TARDIS)

Why are you doing this?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Peter watches Clara keenly but warily.

CLARA

So. You left school.

PETER

They weren't teaching me anything new. All history and stories. Nothing to do with real life. Or the future.

A meaningful look at Clara.

CLARA

I think we can learn a lot from history and stories.

PETER

Kings and queens and wars? How dreadful we all are? I know that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER (CONT'D)

I want to get out there and make an actual difference. Is that so wrong?

He adds milk to his tea and starts ferreting around for the sugar.

CLARA

Of course not. But the world is a pretty good place already. Not perfect I know. But England survived the war against all odds. And the welfare state, that's...

Peter is rummaging in a cupboard.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Are you listening?

PETER

Just looking for some sugar. Can't drink it without sugar.

He makes for the door.

Clara, on alert. She puts herself between Peter and the door, before popping her head out into the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR/OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

YOUNG VICTOR approaches from the other end of the corridor.

Off Clara, this is it.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

The Doctor, still thinking. He looks around at the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR

I know why Clara intervened but why did you?

He takes a closer look at the scanner.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

This should never have happened.

Loading bar at 93%.

On the Doctor, remembering an old conversation:

ELEVENTH DOCTOR (O.S.)

You didn't always take me where I wanted to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARDIS/IDRIS (O.S.)
No, but I always took you where you
needed to go.

The Doctor, a thought impacting.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Clara back with Peter.

CLARA
I wouldn't!

PETER
What?

CLARA
Sugar. I don't know. First day.
You're a man now.

PETER
Men don't take sugar?

CLARA
Have you ever tried it without?
Truly relished the taste of the
tea? Enjoyed it for what it is
rather than adding to it?

Peter frowns. He takes a sip and grimaces.

Clara pops her head back around the door.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Victor is now chatting to Mr Clayson casually a few metres
from the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Clara sighs in frustration.

Peter takes another swig, eyes on Clara. He isn't convinced.

Clara keeps one eye on the corridor as she talks fast.

CLARA
I'm just saying. I love tea. Just
as it is. Sometimes we try and
improve things without stopping to
think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Peter is frowning at her. He is clearly struggling with the taste of the tea and his eyes dart over her shoulder.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Maybe everything is already just where it should be. And it's us who need to adapt. Not the other way around.

Clara, finding calm control. Counter intuitively, she walks away from the doorway to the window. Peter can't take his eyes off her, this magical woman who appears from nowhere.

Clara looks out of the window, trusting her gut that Peter won't move.

The red bricked St Mary's hospital is fully visible across the street.

CLARA (CONT'D)

That's when we realise we're good enough as we are.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

Loading bar now at 95%

The Doctor, deep in confusion.

THE DOCTOR

What are you trying to tell me? You brought me to that street for a reason? A bigger picture...

He staggers a little, his hand going to the back of his head. He drops gradually to his knees, now small within the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I can't see. I can't see anymore.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Peter joins Clara and looks out at the antiquated hospital.

PETER

It could do with a makeover, don't you think?

CLARA

They took excellent care of my friend. And my mum. Not luxury, of course, but did the trick.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA (CONT'D)

Trouble with being perfectionist is you can throw the baby out with the bath water. (sotto) If you can afford the baby.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Young Victor swaggers down the corridor confidently, briefcase swinging. The moment closes in.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

The Doctor holding his head as it throbs relentlessly. He looks up at the scanner.

Loading bar: 97%.

On screen: The 'incorrect' UK population count of December 2014: **59,924,672.**

He closes his eyes, wincing in pain, and sees:

Montage sequence:

The black and white photo of young Peter and Victor shaking hands.

Rita Hyde in her emerald suit, enigmatic.

Newspaper headline: Wonderdrug to Save the World!

Older Victor smiling and laughing.

The framed photo of Clara's mother.

Young Victor and Peter up all night in the 60s, playing guitar.

The Liberty ambulance and futuristic St Mary's Hospital.

The stern and determined face of Clara.

The Doctor, eyes open, remembering Davros' words:

DAVROS (O.S.)

You take ordinary people and you fashion them into weapons. Behold, your children of time...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Clara smiles at Peter as he takes another sip of tea. It's not so bad.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Victor still approaching.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Peter and Clara with their backs to the kitchen door looking out of the window.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

Loading bar: 98%.

The Doctor no longer knows which way is up.

THE DOCTOR

Oh Clara...

On screen, the population count has disappeared. There is now a blinking insertion cursor, awaiting data.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(losing consciousness)
The bigger picture.

A wave of pain and the Doctor holds his head in his hands, eyes shut.

CUT TO:

INT. SATELLITE 5 - FLASHBACK

Rose Tyler stands possessed by brilliant golden time energy.

ROSE TYLER (O.S.)

I can see everything. All that is,
all that was, all that ever could
be.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - THE PREVIOUS MOMENT.

The Doctor on his knees, quite incapacitated.

OLDER VICTOR (O.S.)

I created a monster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TENTH DOCTOR (O.S.)
(from Journey's End)
They're trying to help.

CUT TO:

INT. SATELLITE 5 - FLASHBACK

ROSE
I bring life.
Jack Harkness' life affirming breath.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - THE PREVIOUS MOMENT.

The Doctor cries out in despair.

DAVROS (O.S.)
Behold your children of time.

Loading bar: 99%

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Peter steals a glance at Clara. He follows her gaze back to the old hospital. He blinks at it, seeing it in a new light.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
The tiniest moment, Clara.

Clara surreptitiously glances over her shoulder.

She sees the tall figure of Younger Victor pass by the door in a brief, brief moment.

Clara looks back around, scared to breathe, but in control.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

On the Doctor, trying to stand but he can't.

The UK population count for December 2014 has jumped back up to **64,232,015**.

The restored timeline flashes before his eyes.

Montage sequence:

Younger Victor keeps walking down the corridor, oblivious to the friendship he almost made.

Older Victor's mansion, now boarded up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clara, 15, at her mother's grave.

Gran and Clara hugging.

Liberty Health insurance billboards dissolve to various pop and rock concert ads.

Younger Peter with a guitar laughing and wearing a leather jacket.

A normal ambulance screeches around a corner.

Older Victor, as at the beginning, closes his green eyes for the last time, alone and in poverty.

End sequence.

The Doctor, eyes closed, is still experiencing a vision of the restored timeline. Abruptly, he opens his eyes wide in sadness and horror to something we do not witness.

THE DOCTOR

No!

Regaining his senses, he blinks away the visions and looks up at the scanner.

Loading bar: 100%. Calculation complete.

Population count: **64,232,015** becomes **64,232,014**.

The photos and news reels of Peter and Victor blink out of existence. In their place is the footage of Peter being beaten up by the school bullies and Clara intervening.

Giddy with concussion, the Doctor weakens.

ELEVENTH DOCTOR (O.S.)

(from Rings of Akhaten)

There's one thing you need to know about travelling with me... We don't walk away.

He collapses to one side in defeat.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN

PETER

(looking at his tea)

I could get used to this.

CLARA

Good. I often say to my kids, train your taste buds - don't let them train you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They look at each other.

PETER

Why did you come back? Is the ship still there?

CLARA

(sorrowfully)

You should never have seen it. But I know I can trust you to do the right thing.

PETER

How do you know?

CLARA

I have faith in you.

PETER

No, I mean, how do you know what the right thing is?

CLARA

Well, it's being selfless at times. Helping someone. And something that usually feels right. You get a warm fuzzy feeling.

PETER

None of the right things I've done have felt right. They've felt hard. Didn't wanna leave school but me dad thinks I should be working. Had to sell my guitar to buy this suit. I'm never gonna 'ave much, me.

CLARA

You already have what you need, Peter. You're only waiting for your moment to arise. There's so much more to come.

PETER

Like spaceships and girls?

CLARA

Or maybe pay cheques and new guitars?

PETER

It'll take me forever to save for a new one.

CLARA

Look after the pennies and the pounds take care of themselves.

He sighs in frustration, then takes a good look at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER

You sound not too far away. But you look...

CLARA

Go on...

PETER

... from very far away. Another time, even. Like you've seen so much more...

He is confusing himself with his words.

CLARA

I have. And I can tell you, whether you can see it or not, you're living in one of the best places and times there are.

PETER

My dad thinks it's the end of the world.

CLARA

Well, worlds are always ending and beginning. Sometimes we don't realise until we step back and see the bigger picture. We should pay attention to the here and now, so that you can say 'I was there'. Be in the present, rather than trampling over everything to get to the future.

Clara, hearing her own words, a thought impacting.

PETER

Look after the pennies...

CLARA

(still in thought)
...and the pounds will take care of themselves.

Peter smiles warmly.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - LATER

With a confident stride Clara enters the TARDIS.

The Doctor now sitting in his armchair barely acknowledges her. He is shaken but functioning. A browning apple core is just visible next to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

(nodding to the screen)

I see you were successful.
Congratulations.

Clara reads the new data on screen. There is an image of Ellie Oswald's headstone, with the correct date, March 5th 2005, and a recent photo of Clara and Gran pulling a cracker.

CLARA

It worked! I did it! I put the universe back where I found it! (to the Doctor) Just like you.

On the Doctor, a wry smile.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Is that it then?

THE DOCTOR

(ominously)
Time will tell...

He is dampening the mood.

CLARA

What's wrong?

He ignores her.

THE DOCTOR

The co-ordinates are set. Just turn the thingy and pull the whatsit and we'll be on our way.

Clara, empowered, turns a dial and pulls a lever on the TARDIS console. The TARDIS takes flight.

The Doctor watches her take command.

Clara beams with pride. She sees Peter Hyde's autobiography, his face smiling back at her from the front cover.

Clara, triumphant.

The Doctor, troubled.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSHOP - NIGHT.

A throng of music fans fill the shop floor at a book signing.

A poster reads:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pop Historian Peter Hyde book signing 6th December:

'The Beating Heart: Liverpool During The Revolution'

The Doctor and Clara keep a careful distance.

Older Peter, ageing rock-star and slimmer, is signing copies of his book. He chats animatedly with each fan, a real love of life reflected in his eyes.

Clara smiles proudly.

The very same Rita, wearing the very same emerald suit, slips into the chair beside Peter. She is far more relaxed and smiley than when we saw her before.

The Doctor and Clara as their jaws drop.

Rita kisses Peter before they both smile warmly for a photo.

CLARA

How can he have the same wife? What are the chances?

The Doctor, tickled.

THE DOCTOR

Looks like she was the constant and he was the variable. Cute.

They look for a moment longer before exiting the shop.

Older Peter looks up, sure he saw something beyond the crowd. Seeing nothing, he returns to his autographs.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOKSHOP - NIGHT

CLARA

She was exactly the same. Except...

THE DOCTOR

Except?

CLARA

She was smiling.

The Doctor smiles at Clara fondly.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARDIS/STREET - NIGHT

The Doctor fishes for the key as he approaches the TARDIS.

Clara slows to a stop, formulating a question she doesn't want to ask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA
 Doctor... Where's Victor?

He stops. He turns to look at her, eyes penetrating.

THE DOCTOR
 (simply)
 Nowhere. Without Peter, he was
 always nowhere. And without that
 medicine, he would have died some
 years ago.

He unlocks the TARDIS and disappears inside leaving Clara
 outside, in the dark, in the cold, as the thought impacts.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT

Clara enters the TARDIS. She watches the Doctor put the
 TARDIS in flight, deep in thought. She sees her Coal Hill
 School papers and register and picks them up.

CLARA
 Doctor, how do you know, how do you
 ever know, if something's right?

THE DOCTOR
 (not looking at her)
 Clara, in an infinite universe of
 infinite possibilities there can
 never be one right way.

CLARA
 Six of one, half a dozen of the
 other.

THE DOCTOR
 More or less.

CLARA
 And paradoxes...

THE DOCTOR
 (looking through her)
 ...resolve themselves by and large.

CLARA
 (lightly)
 Do you ever feel like you just
 shouldn't touch?

THE DOCTOR
 I know I shouldn't touch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA

But why not? Like you said,
everything and everyone is one big
jumble of stardust being pushed
around by chance and weather and
sneezes. You're made of stardust
like the rest of us. How could a
butterfly know that just by going
about its daily life, it's
triggering a storm elsewhere on the
planet?

THE DOCTOR

(firmly)

Clara, I'm not a butterfly. I'm a
Time Lord.

She's silenced by this.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm a dangerous element in the
universe. But as you say, aren't we
all. Footprints.

He looks right into her.

Clara understands him and it frightens her. She looks down at
her teaching materials. Her responsibilities.

The TARDIS lands.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

The universe doesn't know the
difference between right and wrong,
Clara. But school teachers do. Go
and be right.

He smiles weakly but sincerely.

Clara beams back at him before opening the door.

The Doctor's smile fades. Clara catches it as she turns.

CLARA

(concerned)

Where are you going next?

THE DOCTOR

On and on. Across the universe.

The Doctor pats the TARDIS playfully.

Clara, satisfied, grins and swings out of the door.

The Doctor watches her go. He touches his head injury and
grimaces. It's been a rough old ride.

CUT TO:

EXT. COAL HILL SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Clara makes her way confidently across the empty playground.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT TARDIS/SCANNER/PLAYGROUND - DAY

The Doctor somberly watches her on the scanner.

The TARDIS sounds its warning chime.

Clara turns back for a moment, half curious, half amused as the chimes continue. Thinking nothing of it she turns back and carries on walking towards the school building.

The chimes echo inside the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR
(ominously)
I know.

He touches the console in gentle reassurance.

And mid stride, Clara's form disappears with the briefest glimmer of light. Her papers flutter to the ground, only to burn up and disintegrate into nothing the next moment, absorbed by thin air.

There is no trace of her. Erased.

Silence.

The Doctor leans on the console and hangs his head.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I always know.

END TITLES