

( from www.jamiemathieson.com )

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

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

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

CLARA

(sotto)

They were here. Not now.

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

AL

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

Inside the TARDIS, THE DOCTOR considers.

THE DOCTOR

'The Flat Death'.

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

Outside with CLARA and the GROUP.

CLARA

(to RIGSY)

So where's the next one?

RIGSY

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

FENTON

But we can't, can we?

RIGSY

Just saying.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Clara, I might be able to help with that door handle. Give me five minutes.

CLARA

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

The DOCTOR in the TARDIS, working on the Toodis.

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

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

Outside, AL draws closer to CLARA, awkward.

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

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

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

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

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

CLARA  
(sotto)  
Are we really at that stage?

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR  
You might want to ring Danny, too.

CLARA is suddenly defiant. Angry.

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

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

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

RIGSY  
Sorry. My old stash. Still here.

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

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

CLARA shrugs. Now really isn't the time.

CLARA  
Not bad.

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

With THE DOCTOR in the TARDIS.

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

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

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

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

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

AL  
(sotto)  
I love you, too.

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

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

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

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

FENTON  
Here. Make your call.

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

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

FENTON  
I could ring them.

RIGSY  
What?

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

RIGSY  
Why would you do that for me?

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

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

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

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)  
It's finished, by the way.

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

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)  
You see what I've called it?

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

CLARA  
(sotto)  
Two Dee Iz?

Inside the TARDIS with THE DOCTOR.

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

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

CLARA

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

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

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

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

CLARA (cont'd)

Long way round it is.

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

FADE TO:

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

RIGSY

(sotto)

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

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

FENTON

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

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

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

THE DOCTOR

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

Outside, CLARA scans around with the sonic.

CLARA (O.S.)

How? Your doors are closed.

We look up past the GROUP at the ceiling.

FX: Unnoticed BONELESS are gathering.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)  
I don't know. They've changed  
frequency. This is different.

FENTON snatches the phone from RIGSY, suddenly angry.

FENTON  
Stupid idea. Stupid! Dunno what I was  
thinking.

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

FENTON suddenly squares up to him. Intimidating.

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

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

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

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

FENTON  
Where, exactly?

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

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

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

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

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

RIGSY  
Al!

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

(LOTS OF OTHER STUFF HAPPENS - THE DOCTOR SAVES THE DAY - and then -)

**EXT. WASTEGROUND - DAY**

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

RIGSY

Thanks.

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

RIGSY (cont'd)

Hi mum. It's me.