

DR WHO

"FLATLINE"

Written by

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Draft 1.0

FADE IN:

1 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

1

Close on a dense mass of graffiti. High end tagging. Artfully distorted names burst with colour. We hear the splash of footfalls through water and a running shadow passes.

And we are suddenly with the runner, revealed as LUC (13). He looks terrified, breathless, running for his life. He's grimy and dressed in a beanie hat and several thick layers; a cagoule over several jumpers. A vibe of the homeless.

LUC is carrying a torch, the light bouncing off the walls of what look like drainage tunnels.

He suddenly comes to a stop. Dead end. He turns and trains the torch beam behind him. There is a slithering noise in the darkness, which will come to be known as the sound of the BONELESS, but so far we can't see anything.

A shadow passes over him and LUC looks up to see grating/glass bricks in the ceiling, far overhead, sunlight beyond. The clatter of footfalls as people walk over it. Unconcerned. Unaware of the drama playing out under their feet.

LUC struggles to climb the walls, to clamber up to the grating, but there isn't anything to gain purchase. In the process, a spray can falls from his pocket and rattles to the floor.

LUC

Help! Help me! Down here!

But the shadows pass over. Unhearing. Uncaring.

LUC slides back down to the floor of the tunnel then frowns as he spots something. He picks it up and studies it curiously. We see it's the spray can he just dropped, now somehow reduced to a totally flat image of the can, a sliver of metal.

Even as he is processing this, there is a sickening crunch of crushed bone and he lurches as if his foot has just fallen into a hole. He blinks in shock, then looks down and begins to scream.

2 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

2

His screams echo through another part of the tunnel where we find his two friends, DEFS (13) and HASHTAG (12) similarly dressed, also running with torches. HASHTAG is wearing a large distinctive woolly hat for a later pay off. The screams die away and a second later they emerge into the very tunnel where we last saw Luc. There is no sign of him. Then they point their torches to the ground and flinch. They begin backing away in fear.

DEFS

Go! Go!

DEFS pulls HASHTAG away into a run.

We stay in the tunnel and view the floor. There is a long thin smear now running the entire length of the tunnel. The camera moves down, down until we are viewing the smear from a very low angle revealing the optical illusion - the smear is actually LUC, frozen mid scream, stretched and flattened. (see Holbein's skull for reference)

CREDITS

3 EXT. RAILWAY - DAY

3

Close on more graffiti, this time more low rent and sketchy. A wall full of hastily sprayed tags on bare brick. In the centre the tag: 'BROT'.

We reveal RIGSY (18) wearing a florescent jacket and a hardhat. He's holding a paint brush dripping with white paint and staring at the graffiti.

Around him, the rest of the CLEANERS, four men with similar outfits all painting over graffiti on different sections of the wall. But RIGSY is the only one with COMMUNITY PAYBACK on his jacket. All the jackets have small stencilled numbers on for a later pay-off.

A commuter train whooshes by, feet from where they are working, and we realise this wall borders the train lines.

Next to RIGSY is GEORGE (50) grizzled but an ally. He notices RIGSY has stopped painting.

GEORGE

Put your back into it Picasso.

RIGSY

(pointing)

I knew this guy. Brot. He started tagging same time as me.

GEORGE

Can you not talk and paint?

RIGSY begins to paint around the BROT tag, careful to leave it showing.

RIGSY

He used to tag the side of trains.
Till he got hit by one.

GEORGE's face softens. Ah. Approaching comes FENTON (50) the boss. A sour stickler.

FENTON

Maybe we should make a memorial. Few flowers. What do you think?

RIGSY doesn't say anything. FENTON takes the brush out of RIGSY's hands and slowly paints over the BROT tag with one long stroke. Deliberately cruel. GEORGE, watching, looks sour. This is obviously not the first incident. FENTON hands the brush back to RIGSY who looks back at him with dead eyes.

FENTON
What do you say?

Oh, RIGSY hates him. But he knows what happens if he bites.

RIGSY
Thank you.

FENTON
That's right.

FENTON moves out of earshot. GEORGE looks concerned.

GEORGE
(sotto to RIGSY)
Well done.

RIGSY carries on painting, boiling inside.

The two other CLEANERS are a double act. STAN (40) and AL (30). STAN puts down his brush.

STAN
I think that's lunch.

AL
(pats stomach)
Feels like lunch.

STAN
We should really get some sort of watch.

The CLEANERS begin packing up.

FADE TO:

4 EXT. TUNNEL - DAY

4

RIGSY is entering the mouth of an old disused rail tunnel. Rusting overgrown rails lead into the partially boarded up entrance. He's wheeling a trolley laden with painting supplies. The rest of the CLEANERS are quite a way behind.

RIGSY turns on a small torch clipped to his jacket as he enters the tunnel. His footsteps and the squeak of his trolley echo from the walls. He walks in a little further. Then we hear a low hum. RIGSY frowns.

Parked under an archway in the tunnel is the TARDIS. But this is the TARDIS as we have never seen it before.

Every inch of it's surface, window's included, is covered with bright graffiti. But this is not hastily scrawled tags. These are high end 'pieces'. Works of art. Twisted fonts. Leering distorted faces reminiscent of Francis Bacon's screaming pope. Stretched bodies, melting like toffee. Included amongst the tags the word 'Rigsy'.

Not only that, but the painting continues on the floor around the TARDIS and part way up the wall behind it. Like a spreading infection.

RIGSY walks over to the TARDIS and stares. He reaches out, his hand inches from the surface, about to touch a distorted face -

- and GEORGE appears at his shoulder.

GEORGE

That wasn't here this morning? Was it?

RIGSY jumps, then recovers.

RIGSY

It's my work.

GEORGE

What?

RIGSY

Some of these pieces. They're mine.
Someone's nicking my style.

GEORGE views the art, arms folded, as if at a gallery.

GEORGE

Oh. Very... nice.

FENTON walks by, not giving them or the TARDIS a glance.

FENTON

You're not paid to talk.

AL and STAN reach them.

GEORGE

Check it out lads. Some of Picasso's work.

Unnoticed by anyone, graffiti begins to spread across the floor of the tunnel behind them, blocking off their escape. There is a familiar slithering noise.

RIGSY

It's not my work. Someone's copying -

STAN

Wow. Will you look at that? All the faces. And the... words. Great.

I mean obviously illegal and very wrong. But well done.

AL

Yeah. Colourful. Right colourful that is. Brilliant.

We catch up with FENTON, who has reached a small service door set into the side of the tunnel. He reaches for the handle, then discovers that the handle has been replaced with the flat image of a handle. He scowls and turns.

FENTON

Moorhouse! Moorhouse! Get over here.

RIGSY begins walking over, closely followed by GEORGE. STAN and AL are still looking at the TARDIS.

FENTON

What's this?

RIGSY

What's what?

FENTON

Don't come the innocent with me. I know you're behind it.

RIGSY examines the flat door handle.

STAN and AL begin walking over. But graffiti has already begun to flood across the floor toward them. Hints of long grasping fingers, twisted bodies. These are the BONELESS. They reach STAN's foot. There is a crunching sound. He stops, stumbling as if one foot is caught in a man trap. He turns and gasps.

His foot is now a flat image of his foot, stuck to the ground. AL turns and looks shocked.

AL

Stan!

AL grabs STAN's hand, just as STAN's calf and other foot are flattened with a crunch. STAN begins to scream. Within a second everything below his waist has been flattened.

From RIGSY, FENTON and GEORGE's point of view, it's almost as if STAN is falling into a hole. Soon, AL is holding STAN's limp hand as it protrudes from the floor. Then even that is whipped away, joining the flat twisted image of STAN on the floor.

The BONELESS surge and AL begins to run.

AL

Run!

The CLEANERS begin to run, abandoning their trolleys. The BONELESS follow like a flood.

Torch beams bounce off the ceiling. GEORGE, leading the run, suddenly stops, blocking the others.

GEORGE

Wait. Look.

More BONELESS slithering the other way down the tunnel. No way out. Behind them is another door with a flat handle. AL scrabbles at it, other CLEANERS try to gain a fingerhold in the edge of the door, or shoulder it. Nothing. At the last moment, the door is opened from within by CLARA.

CLARA

Quickly.

The CLEANERS hurry in, the door slamming just as the BONELESS reach it.

5 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

5

The out of breath CLEANERS find themselves in a short corridor. CLARA seems unfazed.

GEORGE

Did you see that? Did you see that?

RIGSY

What... were they?

CLARA

Come on. We're not safe here.

CLARA sets off down the corridor.

6 INT. TICKET OFFICE - DAY

6

Close on the DOCTOR working on a knot of old school valves, a calculator and components in a nest of wires; from hereon known as the 'Toodis'. To one side, DEFS, one of the children from the pre-credits is sitting.

DEFS

Do you think they want to steal our bones? Because they haven't got any of their own?

The DOCTOR looks from DEFS to HASHTAG, revealed sitting in the corner of the room, knees up to his chin, rocking a little. Traumatized.

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. Maybe.

DEFS

You are going to save us aren't you?

HASHTAG stops rocking. Listening for the answer. The DOCTOR smiles but his eyes are worried.

THE DOCTOR

Course I am.

We are in a derelict railway ticket office; broken wooden chairs, 'TICKETS' in faded fifties font and an old B and W TV which the DOCTOR has gutted. There are two doors into the room, one on either side. One marked CONDEMNED with black and yellow hazard tape.

At this point the other door opens and CLARA leads the CLEANERS into the room. The DOCTOR has his back to the door and doesn't turn around, working on the Toodis for this entire exchange.

CLARA

Found some more out by the Tardis. One of them didn't make it.

THE DOCTOR

You see them die?

CLARA

No.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

Pity. Could've done with the data.
(louder) Okay, put them in a corner somewhere would you?

AL

Who are you people?

CLARA

I'm Clara. That's the Doctor. We're a sort of 'killer graffiti support group'.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

'Killer Graffiti' - we've got to think of a better name for it.

FENTON

You people do know you're trespassing?
This is council property.

GEORGE

(to FENTON)

Seriously?

The DOCTOR throws his psychic paper over his shoulder. FENTON catches it.

THE DOCTOR
I think you'll find my credentials are
blah blah blah.

FENTON
This is blank.

The DOCTOR turns for the first time, intrigued. He stands,
squints at FENTON and then at the psychic paper.

THE DOCTOR
Congratulations. It takes quite a lack
of imagination to beat psychic paper.
Well done.

FENTON blinks with confusion.

AL
So are we safe in here?

CLARA
Yes.

THE DOCTOR
No. (beat) Maybe. I've built a
dimensional stabiliser. (gestures at
the Toodis) Should keep them out.
Radius of about twelve metres. But
it's glitchy at best.

RIGSY
What were those things?

THE DOCTOR
What do you think they were?

RIGSY
Aliens?

FENTON
Oh don't humour these vandals. They
probably caused the cave-in in the
first place.

GEORGE
Cave-in?

FENTON
That hole that Stan fell into.

The rest of the CLEANERS share a look. The DOCTOR approaches
and studies FENTON.

THE DOCTOR
I was wrong about you. You've got
quite the imagination. Bet it's
working overtime right now. Trying to
to explain what you saw.

FENTON looks scared, but he blusters through. He produces a mobile.

FENTON
I'm calling the police.

THE DOCTOR
Good idea. No reception in here. But it's much better outside. In the tunnel.

The DOCTOR opens the door leading to the corridor and the tunnel. He gestures - be my guest. Calling his bluff. FENTON freezes.

THE DOCTOR
Unless of course, on some level, you know very well it was no cave-in.

The moment hangs. FENTON looks ashamed and bows his head. The DOCTOR closes the door and claps his hands. He begins pacing.

THE DOCTOR
So. What do we know? They're flat. And they like flattening things. From doorknobs to people. (gestures to door) Which makes that way out pretty much death. (points to the CONDEMNED door) And that way leads to a tunnel network that quite frankly needs a sherpa.

GEORGE
The old Brunswick line. It's not safe.

THE DOCTOR
Relative term at this stage, don't you think? How well do you know it?

The CLEANERS share awkward looks. RIGSY steps forward.

RIGSY
I know it. Used to come down here all the time.

The DOCTOR produces a piece of paper and a pen with a wobbling gonk on the end.

THE DOCTOR
A map would be nice. Exits in all directions. And don't lose my pen. (back to pacing) What else do we know? They're chameleons. They mimic people, graffiti.

RIGSY
My graffiti.

CLARA
 (impressed)
 Your graffiti? Really? All of it?

RIGSY
 (bashful)
 No. Just a few of the pieces. On that
 box thing out there. My tag was Rigsy.

DEFS and HASHTAG perk up. Eager fans.

DEFS
 You're Rigsy? *The* Rigsy?

FENTON
 Before he was caught and sentenced to
 paint over his filth.

AL faces off against FENTON.

AL
 (sotto)
 Not. Now.

THE DOCTOR
 So, bitter arrested graffiti artist...
 creates living graffiti monsters to
 exact revenge. Yes?

RIGSY
 Er. No.

THE DOCTOR
 You sure? Makes a lot of sense.

FENTON suddenly explodes.

FENTON
 It makes no sense at all! Nothing
 you've said makes any sense! Has
 everyone but me lost their minds?

FENTON strides over and picks up the Toodis. EVERYONE tenses.

FENTON
 So this is 'protecting' us from the
 'aliens', is it?

FENTON throws the Toodis to the ground with force. It shatters
 into a spray of components. AL immediately moves to restrain
 FENTON.

AL
 You idiot!

FENTON
 You take your hands - I'll put you on
 report!

The DOCTOR crouches to gather the pieces of the Toodis and inspects them.

CLARA

(sotto)
Can you fix it?

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)
Given time. Which we don't have.
(louder) Okay everyone. We're moving.
That door. Quick as you like.

HASHTAG and DEFS move immediately through the CONDEMNED door, shortly followed by RIGSY and GEORGE. AL and FENTON are facing off.

FENTON

You're not seriously following - I'm writing this up. I'm writing you all up.

Unnoticed by anyone, long thin flat fingers are sliding under the original door they came in through.

AL

Good. Will you write how Stan died?
Crushed by those things out there?

FENTON

(desperate)
It was a... trick of the light.

The fingers have reached AL's feet...

AL

What *is* going on in your head? You were there. You saw what they -

A sickening crunch and AL drops about two feet. Everything below his knees has been flattened. He starts screaming.

GEORGE

Al!

GEORGE tries to come back into the room to run to his aid. The DOCTOR blocks him.

THE DOCTOR

No. It's too late.

AL's flattened feet are dragged back under the door, as the flattening of the rest of his body continues. Soon he is totally flat, then yanked back under the door like a table cloth. A beat of silence, then a flood of churning fingers come pouring under the door.

FENTON is just staring. Something in him has snapped. The DOCTOR drags him out of the door. GEORGE pulls him along with the GROUP.

THE DOCTOR

Go! Go!

The DOCTOR watches for a second longer. Anything that the BONELESS touch is swiftly robbed of dimension; chairs, tables, a fire extinguisher. They all creak and buckle before flattening with a crack.

THE DOCTOR

What are you? What do you want? Do you even understand me?

The flood is drawing ever closer. The DOCTOR takes a last reading with the sonic, looks worried then runs after the GROUP.

FADE TO:

7 INT. TERMINUS - DAY

7

Wide on a derelict cavernous space containing several rusting old train carriages. It feels deep underground. Pools of stagnant water have gathered.

We see torch beams flick amongst the trains. We move closer to find our GROUP picking nervously along. Water drips. Gravel crunches. Every shadow promises danger.

CLARA rounds a corner and gasps. A huge splash of colour covers one wall. A massive graffiti piece. The DOCTOR is beside her instantly.

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)
Wait!

He tests it with his sonic and shakes his head.

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)
Sometimes graffiti is just graffiti.

RIGSY is poised at a corner, peering round. He holds up a hand for caution. The DOCTOR reaches him. RIGSY points around the corner. The DOCTOR peers around the corner to see:

A double door and surrounding wall covered in BONELESS graffiti. It's shifting and sliding around like tectonic plates with a slithering noise.

The DOCTOR moves his head back around the corner.

THE DOCTOR
 (sotto)
 And sometimes it's not.

The GROUP back away cautiously.

8 INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

8

A door creaks open and torch beams reveal a dusty storage room. Various tables and crates dotted around. The GROUP creep cautiously in.

CLARA jumps as the DOCTOR empties his pockets onto a crate. Components of the broken Toodis. He begins clicking it back together with the occasional use of the sonic screwdriver.

Everyone talks in hushed whispers.

THE DOCTOR
 George, isn't it? Can you watch that
 corridor? Anything moves, you hear
 anything, you shout, okay?

GEORGE nods and moves to watch the corridor outside.

FENTON looks like a broken man. He slides into a sitting position against the wall, hugging his knees, staring into the middle distance. He looks shellshocked. Echoes of HASHTAG in the other room.

Silently, HASHTAG sits beside FENTON, mirroring his pose; knees up to chin, arms wrapped around knees. Two casualties together.

RIGSY unfolds a crude biro drawn map next to the DOCTOR, with CLARA and DEFS looking on.

RIGSY
 Okay. So we're here. These are the
 three exits we just tried.

CLARA
 All covered in flat death.

THE DOCTOR
 (testing the name)
 'The Flat Death' (winces, dismissing
 name) So where's the next one?

RIGSY
 I don't think there are any.

A beat. Worried looks all round. But the DOCTOR is silent, still reassembling the Toodis. CLARA looks at him hopefully. She catches his eye.

THE DOCTOR
 Thinking. (beat) I might be a while.

Another pause. CLARA gives up, picks up the map and leads RIGSY away.

CLARA

Okay. Could you try to think of anything else you've ruled out because it's... rusted shut or padlocked or barred? Locks aren't... really a problem for us.

RIGSY

Okay.

CLARA looks over at the DOCTOR, concerned. RIGSY is thinking, pen poised over the map. A beat.

RIGSY

So are you like... super criminals or something?

CLARA

What? No. Why would you -?

RIGSY

'Locks aren't really a problem'. And the trespassing.

CLARA

Ah. No. We're just... travellers. Here by accident.

RIGSY

Yeah? Where were you supposed to be?

CLARA sags, knowing her answer will sound ridiculous.

CLARA

Yeti hunting.

RIGSY

(grinning)
Yeti hunting? Don't you need snow for Yetis?

CLARA

That's *exactly* what I said to him.

They smile together. The moment hangs. A definite something between them. A moment broken by the arrival of DEFS, who moves between them, oblivious. He's needy. Fanboy. But trying to play it cool and adult. Lots of rhythmic nodding.

DEFS

(to RIGSY)
Your stuff's great. Really smooth. My tag's 'Def's Hed'. (holds out fist to bump. RIGSY eventually bumps back) Def with an F. And head with no A.

Sometimes it looks like Def Shed.
 (beat) But it's not. I'm mostly
 tagging. Some pieces. Not as good as
 you. Obviously.

A beat then CLARA moves away. RIGSY looks annoyed but
 suppresses it.

RIGSY
 Good for you. You'll have to show me
 some. If we ever get out of here.

DEFS
 (can't believe it)
 Really? That'd be sweet.

RIGSY
 (nodding to HASHTAG)
 Your mate not speak?

DEFS
 He used to. His name's Hashtag. He
 used to say things like 'Hashtag:
 Lame' or 'Hashtag: cool'. You know.
 Trying to make it his 'thing'. He's
 still just a kid. (beat) Four of us
 came down here. On a dare. Just me and
 him now.

RIGSY looks at the traumatised figures of HASHTAG and FENTON.
 Casualties together.

CLARA appears at the DOCTOR's elbow. They talk as he works.

CLARA
 You're worrying me.

THE DOCTOR
 Really. Why?

CLARA
 How can you not know what they are?
 Don't you know every alien in the
 universe?

THE DOCTOR
 I don't think they're from our
 universe.

CLARA
 What? What does that mean?

THE DOCTOR
 They've got a very odd energy
 signature. As if they're from a
 universe... with only two dimensions.

CLARA

A... flat... universe? Is that a thing?

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes. It's long been theorized. Of course, no-one could ever prove it or go there without a heck of a diet.

CLARA

So why are they trying to kill us?

The DOCTOR smiles enigmatically.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA reacts.

FADE TO:

9 INT. STORAGE ROOM/TUNNELS - DAY

9

A few shots of various dusty tannoy speakers dotted around the tunnel complex.

Shots of stationary graffiti near the speakers. It could be the BONELESS. We can't tell.

Close on a speaker. It suddenly whines with feedback.

Close on the DOCTOR in the storage room.

THE DOCTOR

Okay. I'm in.

We reveal that the Toodis is now reassembled, a little more streamlined. It has an old mathematic calculator as part of it. The DOCTOR is manipulating the calculator and occasionally giving it a tweak with the sonic. The rest of the GROUP is gathered around, tense, apart from GEORGE who is still watching the door.

FENTON

This is a bad idea.

THE DOCTOR

Mr Fenton! Welcome back.

FENTON

What makes you think those monsters even want to talk?

THE DOCTOR

I know of a race made of sentient gas who throw fireballs as a friendly wave.

I know of *another* race with sixty four stomachs who talk by disemboweling.

A beat.

FENTON

You're not from round here are you?

THE DOCTOR

My point being: in a universe as immense and bizarre as this one, you cannot be too quick to judge. These creatures may not even understand that we need three dimensions to live. May not even know they're hurting us.

GEORGE

Do you really believe that?

THE DOCTOR

No. I really *hope* that. (sadly, to CLARA) It would make a nice change, wouldn't it? Okay. Here we go:

The DOCTOR begins tapping on the calculator.

RIGSY

You're sure they can't trace us?

CLARA

Please. He knows what he's doing. (sotto to the DOCTOR) You do know what you're doing?

THE DOCTOR

Let's start with Pi. Even in a flat world they would have circles.

FENTON

Pi?

THE DOCTOR

Not the edible one, the circular one. (beat) Which I realise could *also* mean the edible one.

Close on one of the speakers in the tunnels. It is clicking as if in morse code.

Back to the storage room. The GROUP waiting.

CLARA

Why can't the Tardis just translate?

THE DOCTOR

They're from another universe. It wouldn't know where to start.

The toodis beeps and everyone jumps. The DOCTOR examines it and grins.

THE DOCTOR
They're responding.

The GROUP react, shocked.

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

Back to the DOCTOR and the GROUP.

THE DOCTOR
Fifty five and forty seven. What does that mean? (begins to pace) Fifty five and forty seven. Fifty five: tenth Fibonacci number. Forty seven: atomic number of palladium.

RIGSY
I know what they mean.

The DOCTOR turns to RIGSY, who points to his lapel.

RIGSY
We all have numbers on our jackets. Have to sign them out. Those are the numbers on Stan and Al's jackets. The men they killed.

A beat as this sinks in.

FENTON
They're gloating.

The DOCTOR is looking crestfallen. Another beep from the Toodis. The DOCTOR examines it.

THE DOCTOR
Twenty two.

A beat.

RIGSY
That's George's number.

They turn to GEORGE who is still guarding the door.

FENTON
Now they're *threatening*. Looks like your number's up George.

But GEORGE isn't moving. Just watching his corridor. The DOCTOR narrows his eyes and approaches.

THE DOCTOR
George?

No response. GEORGE still hasn't moved. The DOCTOR draws closer.

FENTON moves to get nearer but HASHTAG takes his hand and pulls him back, shaking his head. A bond has formed.

The DOCTOR is almost upon him before he realises that GEORGE has been replaced by the flat image of GEORGE upon the wall.

THE DOCTOR

They're here!

The image of GEORGE suddenly melts down the wall and begins sliding across the floor toward the GROUP. BONELESS begin pouring in through the door.

The DOCTOR snatches up the Toodis and manipulates it. It begins to hum and the BONELESS recoil as if stung. The GROUP cluster around the DOCTOR in a 'safe' circle about twenty feet across. The twisted stretched bodies and faces of those already flattened can be seen: STAN, AL, GEORGE. Contorted and leering. The BONELESS on the edge of the circle hiss and fizz, recoiling.

FENTON

We're safe in here. We're safe in here.

The circle crackles and then shrinks by about a foot.

THE DOCTOR

Ah. About that...

The circle continues shrinking in fits and starts. The Toodis is smoking. The GROUP are clustered around the DOCTOR in a scrum.

THE DOCTOR

I think they're adapting. Time to leave.

The GROUP move together toward the door -

- which slams. Close on the door handle flattening.

THE DOCTOR

Oh come *on!*

CARLA

But you can get us out, right?

The DOCTOR makes an adjustment to the Toodis with the sonic. He points it the flat door handle.

THE DOCTOR

You're talking to the race that built the Tardis. Dimensions are what we do.

The Toodis whines. Nothing happens.

The DOCTOR smiles nervously and smacks the side of the Toodis.

The doorhandle snaps back into 3D - the DOCTOR yanks open the door. There are BONELESS in the corridor but they recoil from the Toodis. The GROUP run into the corridor.

THE DOCTOR

Go go go!

The GROUP run on.

FADE TO:

10 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 10

Close on a BONELESS sliding along a corridor with slithering hiss. It passes a dark open archway as if on patrol. We move into the archway to find:

11 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 11

The GROUP holding their breath as it passes. They're in a dusty stretch of corridor. DEFS closest to the BONELESS. When they speak they all whisper.

DEFS

I think it's gone.

The GROUP breathe out.

CLARA

I *really* don't think they want to be friends.

RIGSY approaches the DOCTOR and CLARA with the crumpled map.

RIGSY

I thought of another way out. Maybe. The storm drains. But the hatch is padlocked.

THE DOCTOR

Padlocks I can handle. How far is it?

FENTON

Excuse me? I'm sorry? Did I miss a meeting? Didn't you just nearly get us all killed? With your little 'experiment'.

RIGSY faces up to FENTON.

RIGSY

They were on us in *seconds*.

FENTON
He lead them to us.

RIGSY
How fast do you think they are? They
were already there.

The DOCTOR is talking softly to CLARA.

THE DOCTOR
Did you notice? They killed him
silently. That's new. They're getting
better. Better at copying. Better at
killing.

DEFS
(hissed)
Shhh!

DEFS has his hand up, peering out into the corridor. The GROUP
freeze. The DOCTOR moves to DEFS' elbow.

THE DOCTOR
(sotto)
Is it them?

DEFS
(sotto)
I don't know. Could be.

DEFS' face is suddenly lit up in torchlight. Emerging from the
gloom of the corridor come five train PASSENGERS counting their
torch holding DRIVER (40). They are terrified. Grimy. They
pause twenty feet away.

DRIVER
Who's there?

THE DOCTOR
People who aren't flat. How about you?

The PASSENGERS break into a run, in a surge of relief. They
look in a much worse shape than our bunch, psychologically.
Focus on LAURA, (30), dressed in jeans and blue leather jacket.
Near hysteria. She bursts into tears and hugs CLARA.

LAURA
We thought we were alone. Oh thank
you. Thank you.

The last of the bunch is DARREN, male, (18) wearing a shirt and
tie and carrying a briefcase. RIGSY spots him. It's immediately
obvious that they're old friends. They both laugh and pull into
hugs.

RIGSY
Man. Look at you. What are you
wearing?

DARREN

Says you. On the chain gang.

THE DOCTOR

(to DRIVER)

Are there any more of you out there?

The DRIVER's face darkens. He shakes his head.

FADE TO:

12 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

12

A slightly later point in time. The original GROUP and PASSENGERS have combined, walking down the corridor as they listen to the DRIVER tell his tale, 'ghost story' style.

DRIVER

We went into the tunnel. Nearly full speed. One minute we were fine. Then it jumped the rails. Grinding. Sparks. Scraping against the tunnel walls. It finally stopped and I got out. And the rails were flat, like a picture of rails. And then the passengers started screaming. I thought it was because of the crash until I heard their bones... cracking.

LAURA

When we started running there were dozens of us. But now...

LAURA gestures feebly to the surviving PASSENGERS.

Bringing up the rear, RIGSY is introducing DARREN to DEFS.

RIGSY

Hey. You'll know this guy. Another graffiti legend. His tag was Blanko.

DARREN

Long time ago. Name's Darren.

DARREN and DEFS fist bump.

DEFS

I'm Defs. Yeah. I think I seen your stuff.

DARREN

I doubt it. But thanks.

RIGSY

This guy's one of the greats. Stuff we used to do. Remember that tagging spree? I swear, we had every wall tagged in town. We were *dominating*.

DARREN looks awkward, ashamed of this story.

DARREN

Yeah. Good times. (to DEFS) So you tagging?

DEFS

Yeah. Trying to move up into pieces, you know?

DARREN

You sleeping rough? You got a place?

DEFS

(defensive)

I do okay.

DARREN pulls out a business card and a pen. He starts writing.

DARREN

Listen. I know a place. It's safe. Give them a call. Say I sent you.

DEFS takes the card and looks conflicted but moved. RIGSY looks awkward, his bragging derailed.

RIGSY

Wow. Way to bring everybody down.

Back with the DOCTOR and the DRIVER walking together.

DRIVER

- like a moving carpet. Killing.

THE DOCTOR

(testing name to himself)
'The killer carpet' (winces, rejecting name) I know this is hard to talk about. But I need to know what you've seen of those things. Any patterns. How they... killed your passengers.

DRIVER

(proud)
Well, they didn't get all of us. One of us got away. Didn't you Maisie?

THE DOCTOR

What do you mean, 'got away'?

We reveal MAISIE, (60) in a cardigan, stumbling along at the back of the group. She looks deathly pale, eyes heavy lidded, her hands wrapped up in her coat like a bandage. Her husband, BILL, (60) cord jacket, has his arm around her, almost carrying her along.

DRIVER

She put her hand on a wall that was crawling with them. Thought she were a goner, but we pulled her away.

BILL

(fear in his eyes)
She's fine. It was nothing.

The DOCTOR looks worried. He approaches MAISIE carefully.

THE DOCTOR

Maisie. Can you show me your hand?

BILL

It's fine. It doesn't hurt her.

THE DOCTOR

Can you show it to me?

MAISIE suddenly has a crazed glint in her eye.

MAISIE

It speaks to me you know.

BILL looks terrified. Holding on by his fingernails.

BILL

She's just tired. That's all. That's all.

MAISIE

Don't you want to know what it says?

MAISIE pulls her hand from her coat. It's totally flat and swirling with BONELESS. MAISIE opens her mouth wide and begins to scream, rising in pitch like a kettle. She's quite clearly gone insane.

BILL

Oh Maisie no.

Others in the GROUP scream and begin to run. The DOCTOR pulls BILL away as the BONELESS slide up MAISIE's arm, like a flat anaconda.

The BONELESS slide across the bottom of MAISIE's face, blocking her nose and mouth. MAISIE's eyes show panic. We can still hear her scream through the BONELESS gag. The BONELESS are also moving down her body, winding around her like an anaconda.

BILL

Save her! Someone save her!

The DOCTOR manipulates the Toodis and points it at MAISIE. Nothing happens.

THE DOCTOR

They've adapted. I'm so sorry.

We see the shadow of MAISIE's head snap to one side and the sound of her neck breaking. BILL screams with grief as he is dragged away by DARREN.

The DOCTOR and CLARA run.

Ahead of them, the GROUP is running down the corridor, which ends in a door with a flat handle. LAURA is scrabbling at it, hysterical.

The DOCTOR catches up with them, manipulates the Toodis and attempts to deflatten the door handle.

Behind them, MAISIE's limbs are cracking and grinding as the BONELESS manipulate her corpse like a twisted puppet. She then begins to move toward the GROUP, but her body is staying totally stationary. It's as if she is sliding toward them on a conveyor belt. The BONELESS are also attempting to approximate MASIE's face, on a skin over the real thing. But it's twisted, distorted. It's incredibly creepy. CLARA watches, incredulous.

CLARA

How are they doing that?

The DOCTOR looks over his shoulder.

THE DOCTOR

Folding space around her. Removing length from the corridor. Probably easier for them than walking.

CLARA

You sound impressed.

THE DOCTOR

Impressed *and* terrified. I'm multitasking.

MAISIE is almost upon them when the handle finally springs back into 3D. The GROUP race through. The DOCTOR slams the door and brings the Toodis to bear again, reflattening the doorhandle on both sides, then runs after the GROUP.

On the other side, MAISIE's body has reached the door. The eyes of the BONELESS on her body slide around to the front, consider the door, then she holds out her hand and shudders. After a second the door handle turns 3D once more.

13 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

13

The GROUP, still running, reaches a rusting metal hatch set into the wall, barred with a huge padlock.

RIGSY

We're here. Storm drains.

The DOCTOR points the sonic at the padlock. It sparks and opens. The GROUP pour through the hatch.

14 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

14

The GROUP emerge from a side channel into a large concrete tunnel. At one end, bright daylight and the blue flicker of police lights. We can see three silhouettes of POLICEMEN with torches approaching.

POLICEMAN

We've got someone in here!

Most of the GROUP start running to safety. Ad libs of 'Help.' 'Over here.' etc. CLARA moves to follow them but senses the DOCTOR hanging back.

CLARA

We not leaving?

DOCTOR

I'm not. But you are.

CLARA

What? No.

DOCTOR

Clara. This is a bad one. I can't risk them... look, contact UNIT. Tell them to seal it all off. (beat) I'll be fine.

CLARA

If you'll be fine, I'll be fine.

The DOCTOR holds CLARA by the shoulders.

DOCTOR

Clara, sometimes, I have to save you.

A beat. CLARA nods. She gets it.

The first of the GROUP has reached the nearest POLICEMAN. It's the hysterical LAURA. She leaps into his arms, hugging him.

LAURA

Oh thank you, thank you, thank you. So good to see a friendly face.

POLICEMAN

We've got someone in here!

LAURA frowns, and pulls back a little, still holding the POLICEMAN. For the first time we see the POLICEMAN's face in close up. It's blank. Eyes heavy lidded. When he speaks, his mouth opens once and stays open, unmoving, wide as if at the dentist.

POLICEMAN

We've got someone in here!

It's a recording. A bad impression of speech.

Then sliding around from the side, the flesh tide of the BONELESS, manipulating his jaw. The POLICEMAN is dead.

LAURA screams and struggles to pull free, but flat BONELESS is already wrapping around her, sliding over her hands and arms.

The DRIVER attempts to pull LAURA free, but then recoils as the BONELESS almost touch his hand. He backs away, appalled. LAURA's bones are cracking. She's screaming.

The other POLICEMEN are stock still. Too still. The GROUP train their torches on them, revealing twisted smeared faces.

The GROUP runs back the way they came.

The BONELESS begin to move toward the GROUP. They're doing the same sliding walk as MAISIE. But this time, they're attempting to move their legs. But the raising and lowering of the legs are too slow for their walking speed. It looks like moonwalking.

The GROUP reaches the DOCTOR and CLARA and run back down the tunnel they arrived through. The DOCTOR is the last one to leave. He looks back at the advancing BONELESS.

Close on the dead LAURA, who is now covered in smeared BONELESS, attempting to mimic her. She opens her mouth wide.

LAURA

So good to see a friendly face.

The DOCTOR looks worried, then follows the GROUP.

FADE TO:

15 INT. MAINTENANCE SHED - DAY

15

Close on a bare area of wall. HASHTAG is drawing a crude version of a piece of Boneless graffiti we've seen them mimic a few times.

Reveal of the DOCTOR, sitting staring at the graffiti. Thinking.

Reveal the rest of the room. At one point a maintenance shed for trains, at a guess. Huge pistons and broken wheels lean against the wall.

The DOCTOR is quite a way from the rest of the GROUP, who are gathered at the other end of the shed. Some sit, traumatised, drained. FENTON and the DRIVER are in hushed discussion over the map. Looking darkly toward the DOCTOR.

CLARA is watching DARREN. He is crouched down next to the recently widowed BILL, who is catatonic. DARREN speaks softly, clasping his hands in his.

DARREN

(sotto)

Bill? Bill? Look at me. (BILL's eyes slowly swivel to look at DARREN) There we go. Crisps: are you are a salt and vinegar man, or cheese and onion? Because I think everyone has to decide sooner or later.

BILL blinks. An answer looks unlikely. Then:

BILL

I don't know. Ready salted?

DARREN

Ah. The third option. Crafty.

BILL's face contorts with grief.

BILL

Oh Maisie.

BILL starts sobbing and DARREN pulls him into a hug. CLARA has watched this all and looks moved. She catches DARREN's eye and they share a 'soldiering on' sort of smile.

We reveal RIGSY. He's seen this all and looks jealous. He approaches and crouches next to BILL. He pats his back, trying to steal thunder.

RIGSY

There you go mate. You let it all out. Better out than in.

DARREN and CLARA share a look. It's subtle, but there's an element of eye rolling there. RIGSY picks up on it and moves away, ashamed and angry.

CLARA moves across the room and sits down next to the DOCTOR.

CLARA

How's it going? Cracked it yet?

The DOCTOR doesn't say anything. He looks miles away. CLARA looks crestfallen. She picks up the Toodis. A beat.

THE DOCTOR

You see what I wrote on the side?

CLARA peers. '2Dis' is written in tippex.

CLARA

Two... dee... iz?

THE DOCTOR

No. 'Toodis'. It's pronounced
'Toodis'. I thought I was being very
witty when I wrote it.

CLARA

(shrugs)
It's not your best.

THE DOCTOR

They're getting better Clara. Each
time they kill us, each time they copy
us, they're getting better. Now
they're moving into 3d. Wrapping
around us. Mimicking speech. Walking.
It's crude. Unrealistic. But they'll
improve. They want to improve. That's
why they've trapped us all in here:
for *practice*.

CLARA

So how do we beat them?

The moment hangs. The DOCTOR smiles sadly.

THE DOCTOR

I don't know.

CLARA

You've beaten worse odds than this. If
those things knew who they were
facing, they would turn and run.

The DOCTOR smiles wryly.

THE DOCTOR

Yes. An odd, moonwalking kind of run.

FENTON suddenly appears in front of the DOCTOR.

FENTON

You had your chance. You blew it. I'm
in charge now.

The DOCTOR considers for a beat, then slowly stands. FENTON
backs away a step.

THE DOCTOR

Great. Well best of luck.

The DOCTOR shakes FENTON's hand. FENTON blinks. He wasn't
expecting that.

FENTON

And we'll need that thing. To keep
them away.

The DOCTOR considers, then hands over the Toodis.

THE DOCTOR

Absolutely. Of course it's worse than useless now they've adapted. But those flat doorknobs better look out, hey?

FENTON accepts the Toodis. He considers, suspicious, then moves away, confused. He was expecting a fight. The DOCTOR sits down again beside CLARA.

CLARA

(sotto)

Er, what are you doing?

THE DOCTOR

He's right. I've made mistakes.

CLARA

(sotto)

I'll take your mistakes over his any day of the week. And he *will* make mistakes. And people will die.

FENTON

Come on people. We're leaving.

FENTON is double clapping. Chop chop. Chivvying people to come with him. The DRIVER, HASHTAG, BILL and DARREN seem on board. RIGSY looks conflicted. DEFS and CLARA are looking toward the DOCTOR. Surely he's not abandoning them?

CLARA

Are you even listening?

But the DOCTOR is staring at HASHTAG's graffiti. He's drawn the same piece over and over. This means something.

Quick flashback montage of all the times we've seen that graffiti: on the Tardis, later covering the double doors, sliding in after George was flattened.

Back to now. A smile begins to creep across the DOCTOR's face. He's suddenly energized.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

Oh Hashtag, you genius.

He stands and strides over to RIGSY and pulls him over to HASHTAG's graffiti.

THE DOCTOR

Rigsy, they copied their graffiti from these tunnels. Stuff they've seen. Do you recognise this one?

FENTON

Er, excuse me? You had your chance.

RIGSY

Yeah. I've seen it.

THE DOCTOR

You know where it is? (off his nod)
Good. Mark it on the map.

FENTON

Everyone? We're leaving.

THE DOCTOR

They've mimicked that piece of graffiti more than any other. Why would they do that?

DEFS

Because they... like it?

THE DOCTOR

Or maybe because they're just used to it. They've been doing it a while. Maybe, because it was the first thing they saw when they arrived.

FENTON

Oh this is desperate.

CLARA

When they arrived. You mean their ship?

The DOCTOR is on fire now. Charismatic. Inspiring.

THE DOCTOR

They had to get here somehow. They won't let us out? Fine. We go deeper in. To somewhere we can really hurt them. Now we have a destination. Now we have a *target*.

FENTON

Now you have *nothing*. You're not in charge anymore. *I* am. We tried you in charge, remember? People *died*. What are you doing?

Because FENTON's GROUP are gradually moving to stand behind the DOCTOR. One by one. 'Twelve Angry Men' style. Soon FENTON stands alone. He looks bitter and hurt.

FENTON

You're all buying this snake oil?

THE DOCTOR

They're trying to copy us. And they're getting better. What happens when you can't tell the difference?

When they can walk amongst us.
Unnoticed. We can't let that happen.

FENTON

And here's me thinking we were just
trying to survive. Turns out we're
fighting a war.

THE DOCTOR

Sometimes they're the same thing.

The moment hangs. The DOCTOR and FENTON facing off. Then FENTON looks down. HASHTAG has taken FENTON's hand. Pulling him back toward the GROUP. Come back to us. FENTON sags. He hands the Toodis back to the DOCTOR.

FENTON

Well. It appears the masses have
spoken. But you get us killed, I'll
come back and haunt you.

The DOCTOR smiles.

THE DOCTOR

Fair enough.

Militaristic 'men on a mission' drums begin...

16 INT. TUNNELS - VARIOUS

16

Short travel montage;

Our GROUP creeping through various tunnels.

Our GROUP in a drainage channel, knee deep in water.

The DOCTOR and RIGSY consult the map then the GROUP move on.

BONELESS slither down a corridor.

Reveal of our GROUP hiding behind nearby pillars, not daring to breathe. As it passes, the DOCTOR looks after it, curiously.

We come out of the montage:

17 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

17

The GROUP are walking down a corridor, with DEFS leading the way. The DOCTOR walking with CLARA.

THE DOCTOR

Did you notice? It was going in a
circle. Same circuit of corridor, over
and over.

CLARA

Why?

THE DOCTOR

I think they're just not used to moving in three dimensions. Their sense of direction -

DEFS strides toward an archway - and bounces off it. What looks like a corridor is actually the flat image of one. DEFS looks shocked.

DEFS

They're here.

The GROUP panics, beginning to run back the way they've come.

THE DOCTOR

Wait!

The GROUP freezes. The DOCTOR points the sonic at the flat image of the corridor, then checks the reading.

THE DOCTOR

No. They've *been* here. Same principle as the door handles. They've flattened an entire corridor. (to himself) How very Road Runner of them. This would have taken quite an effort. Must mean we're close.

FENTON

Can we go round?

RIGSY is consulting the map.

RIGSY

We can. But it's a long way.

CLARA

Can you... deflatten it?

The DOCTOR is manipulating the Toodis, pointing it at the flat corridor. It's humming and glowing.

THE DOCTOR

Eventually. It's a big job. Talk amongst yourselves everyone.

Most of the GROUP sit down to rest. They are at a junction of four corridors, including the flat one. Darkness in three directions.

DRIVER

Plenty of escape routes anyway.

FENTON

Or ways for them to attack.

Beat.

DRIVER

Why did you have to say that?

The DOCTOR sets the Toodis running and places it on the ground facing the flat corridor, freeing him up.

Jump cut to a rusting locker opening, looking out at the DOCTOR, who's opened it with the sonic. There are a few old rolled up posters inside. He picks up one and thinks.

Jump cut to the DOCTOR rolling out a poster face down on the floor, giving him a six foot long white canvas. He weighs down the corners with various debris from the corridor. He accepts a spray can from DEFS and holds it out to RIGSY.

RIGSY

Weird time for a commission.

THE DOCTOR

It's not a commission. It's a plan.

RIGSY

Plan to do what?

THE DOCTOR

Distract them. Drain them. I'm not sure. Yet.

RIGSY still hasn't accepted the spray can.

RIGSY

You really think that'd work?

THE DOCTOR

Well, if you don't think you're upto it.

RIGSY bristles and takes the spray can from the DOCTOR. He shakes it and begins to spray on the poster, but we don't see what he's working on. DEFS stands to one side 'helping'. DARREN approaches.

DARREN

You want a hand?

A beat of tension, then RIGSY shrugs.

RIGSY

Sure. (nod to briefcase) You got a spray can in there?

DARREN opens his briefcase, revealing a set of art brushes.

DARREN

Where did you think I worked: a bank?

DARREN begins to help, down out of shot.

DEFS

So where do you work?

DARREN

Signwriter. We do graphics for shops.
Posters. All sorts.

RIGSY

Basically, he gave in. Sold out.

DARREN

Yeah. That's me. Getting paid doing
something I love. Selling out. Whereas
Rigsy's here: he's a hero. Still
fighting the man.

RIGSY looks sour, but doesn't retort. We reveal CLARA watching.
She suddenly winces and presses her ear.

All around, members of the GROUP are displaying signs of
pressure change, wincing, snorting and holding their noses.

The DOCTOR frowns and whips out the sonic.

THE DOCTOR

Pressure change. Caused by...
(realisation) - imminent change in
dimension. (louder) They're flattening
the corridor. MOVE!

But before the GROUP can leave, two of the corridor exits
flatten with a boom! Replaced with images of the corridors.

The only remaining corridor is the one they came down.

DRIVER

They're coming!

Silhouettes of WALKING BONELESS are emerging from the darkness,
sliding toward them on a carpet of twisting flesh and graffiti.
Fifty feet away and closing.

The entire GROUP are clutching their heads and wincing. The
walls are shuddering.

RIGSY rolls up his unseen artwork. The DOCTOR picks up the
Toodis and turns a dial. It goes up in pitch.

The image of the corridor begins to bulge inwards.

THE DOCTOR

No time for finesse. Going to be a
botch job. Won't stay open for long,
so everyone get ready to run. Imagine
you're Wile E Coyote.

CLARA

Didn't he run *into* the walls?

The BONELESS are almost upon them. Amongst them, BONELESS MAISIE. Widowed BILL looks heart broken.

The flat image of the corridor moves into a 3d with a boom.

THE DOCTOR

Go!

18 INT. RAIL PLATFORM/CORRIDOR - DAY

18

The GROUP run down the corridor, with the DOCTOR leading. The corridor is shuddering and cracking like crazy. A low rumble. Some stumble and fall, but they pull each other on. The BONELESS begin to slide in after them.

They fall out into a dusty rail platform, landing in a heap of bodies. A breathless beat.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

Meep! Meep!

FENTON

Oh no. Look.

Still in the corridor stands BILL, sobbing. Waiting for his dead wife to catch up with him. He holds out his arms for her embrace. BONELESS MAISIE is sliding toward him. A nightmare of stretched skin. DARREN, seeing this, runs back into the creaking crumbling corridor.

RIGSY

No!

RIGSY tries to follow him but others hold him back.

By the time DARREN gets to BILL, he is already locked into an embrace with BONELESS MAISIE. DARREN tries to pull them apart, but sickening toffee like flesh connects them. DARREN realises his error and tries to flee. But they are upon him. He falls to his knees as the BONELESS cover his legs. His eyes lock with RIGSY's. DARREN reaches out -

And the corridor flattens with a boom and a billow of dust.

RIGSY

No. Oh no.

The corridor they've just passed through is now a flat image of the scene. DARREN frozen reaching for help, BILL and BONELESS MAISIE behind him.

A moment of shock. CLARA moves to comfort RIGSY, squeezing his shoulder. Others in the GROUP stand and take stock of their surroundings.

They are standing on a section of platform filled with boxes and coils of cabling, at a guess used by rail workers. Next to the platform, a single track in a tunnel, tube station style.

At one end of the platform, a long modern looking train. There is also a service door over the tracks in the facing wall.

FENTON

How long will it take them? To come through?

The DOCTOR sonics the flat image of the corridor.

THE DOCTOR

They can't. It's dimensionally unstable now. They'll have to come round the long way. (consults map) Which would be - (points to tunnel) - there. Mr Perkins? Could you check that train for me? See if it's serviceable.

The DRIVER nods and hurries to the train.

A scream from HASHTAG, eyes fixed on a section of wall. He runs to FENTON in fear. His new father figure.

Reveal of a wall bearing a familiar piece of graffiti, that the Boneless have copied a lot. The DOCTOR sonics it.

THE DOCTOR

It's okay. It's okay. It's the original. Which means their ship should be near.

The GROUP look around the platform. Nothing that fits the bill.

CLARA and DEFS are with RIGSY, in shock over Darren's death. Holding his briefcase.

RIGSY

It should have been me in there. Should have been me, the nobody.

DEFS

You're not nobody. You're famous.

RIGSY

Yeah. I'm a real star. Bunch of flaky paint fading in a tunnel. Big whoop.

RIGSY walks away, disgusted at himself.

The GROUP jumps at the sound of the train starting up. The DRIVER gives a thumbs up then gets out of the cab. The DOCTOR is thinking.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

What shape would their ship be? Why was I picturing a ship at all? They're two dimensional. Why would their ship be three?

The DOCTOR grabs a torch from FENTON and flicks it to the curved wall across from the platform. To reveal:

The BONELESS SHIP. It's like a large black snowflake painted on the wall. Sharp. Intricate. A maze of circuit-like complexity at it's heart.

The GROUP stare at it in awe. The DOCTOR sonics it and checks the reading.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

It's not a ship. It's a *diving bell*.

FENTON

They're divers?

THE DOCTOR

In a manner of speaking. This is a hostile environment to them. Of course it is. How could they even breathe three dimensional air?

The DOCTOR is checking sonic readings leading from the ship.

CLARA

So how are they surviving?

THE DOCTOR

There are threads of energy connecting them to this. All of them. Like divers' oxygen tubes.

FENTON

Cut them off. Kill them all.

The DOCTOR raises an eyebrow at FENTON, then goes back to his readings.

THE DOCTOR

Really Mr Fenton. I'd have to cut each thread individually. It would take forever. (pondering to himself) But if I can send the ship home, it would in theory drag them all with it.

CLARA

Can you do it?

Another sonic manipulation. The DOCTOR sighs.

THE DOCTOR

I can activate the recall protocol,
but I need more energy to send it
back. A lot more. (points at the Toodis
with the sonic) These frankly won't
cut it. And we're running out of time.

The DRIVER returns from the cab.

DRIVER

Fuel's low but it'll run. And there's
a dead end behind it.

FENTON

Look, we've got a train. We can get
out of here.

DRIVER

Assuming they don't flatten the rails
under us. Or the train around us.

As they bicker, the DOCTOR thinks. He picks up the map, studies
it, looks toward the BONELESS SHIP. Thinking. Thinking.

THE DOCTOR

Plan B.

The DOCTOR picks up the roll of unseen artwork and unrolls it.

THE DOCTOR

(to RIGSY)
Can you finish this? Quickly?

DEFS

I can help.

RIGSY looks to DEFS, then nods.

THE DOCTOR

Good. I'm going on a quick recce.
Won't be long.

The DOCTOR jumps on the tracks and disappears through the
maintenance door in the wall next to the BONELESS SHIP.

CLARA

Doctor?

No answer. Wide on the platform, the GROUP left without him. A
beat of silence, then:

FENTON

They're coming!

Shadowy figures are sliding up the tunnel towards them.
Silhouettes in the darkness. A hundred and fifty feet away.

CLARA

(to herself)

Of course they are. DOCTOR! (to RIGSY and DEFS) Keeping working. (to the DRIVER) Mr Perkins? Can we ram them with the train? Send it to them with no driver?

DRIVER

(shakes head)

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

RIGSY gets a strange look in his eye. He turns to DEFS.

RIGSY

(sotto)

You can finish this without me. You're good enough.

DEFS

(beaming)

Cheers man. Where you going?

RIGSY gets up and begins striding toward the train.

CLARA spots this and follows.

CLARA

Rigsy? Rigsy what are you - wait!

19 INT. TRAIN - DAY

19

RIGSY gets in the cab and begins messing with the controls, trying to figure it out. CLARA climbs in next to him.

CLARA

What are you doing?

RIGSY

I'm going to ram them. Buy you all some time.

CLARA

You don't need to do this.

RIGSY finds the throttle and the train begins to lumber forward. RIGSY is trying to look brave, but it's coming across as pretentious.

RIGSY

You'd better get out. But remember me. Remember that I did this. Died saving you all.

CLARA is withering.

CLARA

Oh for God's - this isn't about saving us, is it? This is just more graffiti.

RIGSY

What?

The train lumbers past a bewildered GROUP on the platform.

CLARA

Shouting 'I'm here! Look at me! I matter!'

RIGSY

I'm saving your lives!

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.

RIGSY

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 deadman's handle. Now it needs no driver. She holds out her hand for RIGSY.

CLARA

Come with me. Do something really hard: live.

RIGSY looks tormented, then grabs CLARA's hand.

They both begin running toward the back of the train, just as the train smacks into the first of the WALKING BONELESS.

The train begins to be crushed as if in a vice. As they run into the second carriage, the front of the first carriage is already flat. The roof is descending. Glass is shattering. The whole train shuddering.

They are running just ahead of being crushed. They finally emerge from the last door of the train and jump, rolling onto the tracks.

Behind them, the train is a distorted mess of steel, squealing as it hits the sides of the tunnel. But the flattening appears to have ceased. Did it work?

A battered and bruised RIGSY and CLARA stand panting for a second, then the rest of the train is flattened with a boom!

The WALKING BONELESS stand on the flat image of the train. Backlit in a dust cloud. Still coming.

CLARA and RIGSY run back toward the GROUP.

21 INT. PLATFORM - DAY

21

CLARA and RIGSY find the rest of the GROUP climbing down onto the tracks, being helped by the DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
(to CLARA and RIGSY)
Nice work. (turns) Okay everyone.
You'll be please to know: Plan B is
on!

DEFS hands the DOCTOR the Toodis and the rolled up artwork.

FENTON
What's plan B?

THE DOCTOR
Audacious. Cheeky. And it just.. might
...work. To be honest, I use a lot of
plan Bs. Swear by them really.

CLARA
Er, Doctor?

CLARA points at the BONELESS SHIP, the centre of which is glowing. The DOCTOR points a sonic at the BONELESS SHIP.

THE DOCTOR
Ah. I think we woke it up.

The BONELESS ship beams out a slice of light in the centre of our GROUP. Where it touches, the ground is suddenly writhing with BONELESS.

RIGSY, FENTON and HASHTAG are suddenly cut off from the exit door and the rest of the GROUP. RIGSY quickly judges the situation, runs and leaps across the BONELESS. He *just* makes it - CLARA catches him.

But the BONELESS are spreading wider. The jump will be harder next time. Now just FENTON and HASHTAG are trapped. The patch of ground they're standing on is shrinking. HASHTAG is sobbing. FENTON picks up HASHTAG and backs up, bracing himself for a jump.

RIGSY
You won't make it.

FENTON
 (to HASHTAG)
 Do you trust me?

HASHTAG nods. FENTON runs and jumps toward the GROUP. He fails to reach them, but throws HASHTAG just before he lands. CLARA catches HASHTAG. The BONELESS begin to envelop FENTON. He smiles in surprise.

FENTON
 I did it. I saved him. That's a good way to go. A good way -

HASHTAG sobs. RIGSY covers his eyes as FENTON's face is enveloped and we hear the crunch of bones.

The GROUP stumble on through the door.

FADE TO:

22 INT. TUNNEL/VARIOUS - DAY

22

We rejoin the WALKING BONELESS drawing closer from the tunnel.

Cross fade to them entering the door that the GROUP entered. We recognise a few previously killed: DARREN, MAISIE, BILL, the POLICEMEN.

Close on a cobwebbed speaker high on one wall. It whines with feedback and then we hear the echoing voice of the DOCTOR. It fills 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.

We reveal the DOCTOR speaking into the sonic with the Toodis in his lap. He's sitting on a metal gantry. Location unclear. He looks brooding. The GROUP are gathered around him. Waiting. Looking to one side with worry. HASHTAG has relapsed, rocking.

THE DOCTOR
 But I think you understand us perfectly. I think you just don't care.

The WALKING BONELESS slide down a curved concrete corridor.

THE DOCTOR
 (o.s.)
 I don't know whether you are here to invade, infiltrate or infect us. I don't suppose it really matters now.

The WALKING BONELESS reach a T junction. Footprints in the dust lead down one passageway. The WALKING BONELESS follow.

Back to the DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

You are monsters. That is the role you seem determined to play. So it seems I must play mine: the man that stops the monsters.

The WALKING BONELESS follow the footprints to a dead end and a door with a flat handle.

THE DOCTOR

(o.s.)

So how will I stop you? Well, you do have some weaknesses. Your sense of direction is terrible for a start. It must all be so very new to you. Working in three dimensions.

The WALKING BONELESS pause then hold out their hands and shudder. We can see energy rippling the air in front of the door, but the handle remains stubbornly flat.

More WALKING BONELESS arrive at the door, then hold out their hands pouring out more energy. Nothing continues to happen.

THE DOCTOR

(o.s.)

For one thing, I've noticed you never seem to look up. I suppose it must be a new concept to you.

THE BONELESS pause. Eyes slide to the top of their heads.

We reveal the GROUP including THE DOCTOR perched on a gantry looking down on the BONELESS, a ladder to one side. The DOCTOR holds up a hand in greeting.

THE DOCTOR

Yes. Up here. Hello you. I think it's time I sent you home. But before I do, I get to *name* you. A name that sums up my contempt and disgust for what you are. And I've decided to define you by what you *lack*. Namely spines.

Flat BONELESS begin to slide up the wall toward the GROUP. Everyone but the DOCTOR is looking a little worried.

CLARA

Doctor?...

Then the walls around them shudder. The BONELESS pause.

THE DOCTOR

'What was that?' you're all thinking. 'And why is this door remaining so stubbornly flat?' Well, it's actually a very realistic *painting* of a door, created by my good friend Rigsy here.

Then the BONELESS begin distorting as if caught in a wind, pulling them toward the wall.

THE DOCTOR

And you've just poured a *shedload* of dimensional energy through it. I do hope there's nothing sensitive on the other side.

Our point of view moves through the wall to the other side. Where we reveal the BONELESS ship, glowing, shuddering and rotating.

THE DOCTOR

(v.o.)

Oh dear. Your ship. Like I say, no sense of direction at all. It's recall protocol is about to drag you all home.

The BONELESS are now stretching like elastic, being pulled toward the wall as if caught in the pull of a black hole.

Shot of the Tardis. The BONELESS covering it are similarly affected, stretching off it like flapping canvas.

Back to the DOCTOR, who crouches down to face the BONELESS. The final twist of the knife.

THE DOCTOR

Who knows: some of you may even survive the journey. And if you do, remember this: this world is protected. You are not welcome here. I am the Doctor. And I name you 'Boneless'. Now get out of my dimension!

The BONELESS scream, a high pitched animal sound, then are smeared and pulled through the wall.

Short montage of this happening all over tunnels we've previously seen, BONELESS being stretched and ripped screaming through the air.

We reveal the BONELESS SHIP spinning faster and faster, sucking in all the BONELESS, and then folding in on itself and disappearing with a crack like thunder.

A final shot of our GROUP sagging with relief. A beat. CLARA meets the DOCTOR's eye.

CLARA
Your dimension?

THE DOCTOR
Too much?

CLARA snorts a laugh.

CLARA
Next time, maybe start with Plan B.

FADE TO:

23 EXT. TUNNEL - DAY

23

The GROUP emerge from a derelict tunnel into sunlight, blinking. They all pause wordlessly, holding their heads up to the sun. The darkness is over.

STORYTELLER
(v.o.)
And the survivors walked out of the tunnels victorious. Some changed more than others.

CROSS FADE TO:

24 INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

24

A matching image of the GROUP emerging from the tunnels, this time painted on a tunnel wall as part of a mural, lit in flickering firelight. Our point of view slowly pans over to another part of the mural, this time showing the worried DRIVER with a torch.

STORYTELLER
(o.s.)
The driver resigned that day and never set foot on a train again. His friends would sometimes remark that he kept no pictures in his house. Not framed, not in magazines. Not a single one.

Pan to part of the mural showing HASHTAG and DEFS emerging grinning from the Tardis and running toward something. The DOCTOR and CLARA are peering out.

STORYTELLER
(o.s.)
The Doctor and Clara offered to take the children anywhere in the universe. And the children decided that more than anything they wanted to go... to a home. So the Doctor found them one.

Reveal another part of the mural. A cottage in a valley with two greying parent types welcoming HASHTAG and DEFS with open arms.

We move from the mural to finally show the STORYTELLER, a bearded man in his twenties, wearing Hashtag's distinctive hat. He's telling his tale to a group of around six HOMELESS of varying ages, gathered around a campfire, transfixed.

STORYTELLER

And in time Hashtag found his voice
again. But no-one would believe the
things he'd seen sliding in the dark.

We are seeing more of the mural. Events we've seen played out; the train crash, the Boneless ship, the police, the graffiti covered Tardis. High prominence is given to Fenton saving Hashtag.

STORYTELLER

So once a year he returns to the
tunnels. To tell anyone who will
listen the story. Of the flat monsters
from another universe. And of how they
were fooled and destroyed by the
door... that wasn't. And of the man
that painted it: Rigsy, the artist
that saved the world.

We finally see a wide on the mural, and realise that it is dominated by an image of Rigsy, unrolling his door painting as if it is a holy scroll, spraycan in his other hand. The saint of graffiti artists. The Doctor and Clara are there, but in subservient roles, offering the Toodis and accepting Rigsy's map.

Close on the STORYTELLER.

STORYTELLER

But mainly he comes here to warn:
'Beware the sliding Boneless, hiding
on your wall,
They'll crack your back, upon the
rack,
Make you nine feet tall.

Beware the *sneaky* Boneless, slide
under any door.
They'll make you thin, they'll take
your skin,
You won't be you no more... no, you
won't be you no more.'

Close on an image of the BONELESS in the mural. It appears to move, but that's just the flickering of the firelight. Isn't it?

CREDITS.