INT. TARDIS - DAY

The empty TARDIS. The console phone begins to ring.

And ring.

The doors crash open, letting in a distant, unholy noise - like a howler monkey crossed with a fire alarm.

Then - a joyful whoop from CLARA as she leaps in, high on adrenalin, covered from head to toe in strange alien pollen.

CLARA
Told you it’d work!

THE DOCTOR staggers into the doorway, similarly covered.

THE DOCTOR
It very nearly ate you for dinner.

CLARA
Admit it. I totally saved your life.

THE DOCTOR
It wasn’t going to eat me.

CLARA
Then I totally saved you from having to marry a giant sentient plant thing. Oh come on! The bit where I jumped over the side? That was amazing!

THE DOCTOR can’t fight a small smile. It was amazing.

CLARA (CONT’D)
Hah! I knew you were impressed!

THE DOCTOR
We can never come back here now. The second most beautiful garden in all of time and space and you had to go and -

The TARDIS phone starts up again. They both stare at it, startled and wary. CLARA gestures - are you going to? THE DOCTOR, suspicious, waves for her to go right ahead.

CLARA
(the phone/cautious)
Hello?

She’s getting pollen on the console. THE DOCTOR moves her away, brushing down the TARDIS protectively.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CLARA (CONT’D)
(phone)
Rigsy? Oh Rigsy! Hi! What’s wrong?

CUT TO:

INT. RIGSY’S FLAT. BATHROOM – DAY

RIGSY is in front of the bathroom mirror, anxious.

RIGSY
So I have this... it kind of looks like a tattoo.

CLARA (V.O.)
Seriously? I gave you this number for emergencies.

RIGSY
It’s an emergency, trust me. Just come and look at it. Please?

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS – DAY

THE DOCTOR
Who said you could give out my number?

CLARA
(phone)
Look, I’m sorry, but no matter how dodgy it is, we can’t take you back in your own timeline.

CUT TO:

INT. RIGSY’S FLAT. BATHROOM – DAY

RIGSY
That’s just it, I didn’t get a tattoo. And it’s counting down.

CLARA (V.O.)
It’s what??

RIGSY holds a small mirror to the back of his neck. Reflects the image into the big mirror.

RIGSY
The tattoo - it’s a number. It’s counting down to zero.

(CONTINUED)
We go close on the tattoo on RIGSY's neck. As we watch, the number shifts, like curling plumes of smoke, from 537 to 536.

CLARA (V.O.)
Hang tight, okay? We're on our way.

RIGSY
Hurry. Please.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON BLOCK OF FLATS – DAY
The block of flats where RIGSY now lives.

CUT TO:

INT. RIGSY'S FLAT. BABY’S ROOM – DAY
RIGSY's burping a baby (LUCY) when the TARDIS materializes. He lays her down as THE DOCTOR emerges, clean and changed.

THE DOCTOR
If it isn’t Fluorescent Pudding Brain. What have you done this time?

RIGSY
Nothing, I -
(hang on)
I didn’t do anything last time!

THE DOCTOR
Not true. Bristol. Two dimensional nasties. If I remember correctly, you saved the world.

RIGSY
(chuffed)
Oh. Yeah.

CLARA bursts out of the TARDIS, still pulling on a jacket.

CLARA
Rigsy!

She hugs RIGSY hello, fond. He grins, despite his worry.
RIGSY
We have to keep it down. My Mum’d freak about all this, and Jen’s only just got to sleep.

CLARA
Jen?

RIGSY
My fiancée.

CLARA
You’re engaged??

THE DOCTOR's been busy inspecting the room. He’s at the cot.

THE DOCTOR
Did you make this human?

RIGSY
Lucy. Yeah, she’s mine.

CLARA
Rigsy! She’s gorgeous.

THE DOCTOR
She’s better than that. She’s brilliant. What are you doing running round getting tattoos when there’s a brilliant new human?

RIGSY
I didn’t get anything, I woke up this morning and it was there. Jen noticed it.

THE DOCTOR
Who?

RIGSY
My girlfriend.

THE DOCTOR
Girlfriend? What does your fiancée make of that then?

RIGSY
She - They’re the same person. Jen. We’re getting married when Lucy’s old enough to be flower girl.

THE DOCTOR
And you’re quite sure they’re the same person?

RIGSY looks to CLARA for help.
CLARA
Humour him or he’ll keep talking.

RIGSY
I’m certain.

THE DOCTOR
Hmm. Time will tell I suppose. Now, show me this tattoo you didn’t get.

THE DOCTOR turns RIGSY around and inspects the back of his neck. The tattoo is static, but it now reads 534.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
It’s a tattoo. A boring one.

RIGSY
Wait. Just watch.

CLARA
What were you doing last night?

RIGSY
That’s just it - yesterday’s a total blank. Jen said I left the house before dawn, I missed work, and I didn’t get back till after midnight. No one saw me all day.

The tattoo shifts: 533. THE DOCTOR perks up.

THE DOCTOR
That’s not boring. That’s very not boring.

THE DOCTOR puts the sonic glasses on. Frowns. That can’t be right. He circles RIGSY, frowning some more.

CLARA
What? What is it?

THE DOCTOR
Local Knowledge, you’re coming with us. Bring the new human. No! Leave the new human, I’ll only get distracted.

THE DOCTOR disappears inside the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

INT. RIGSY’S FLAT. BEDROOM - DAY

JEN, 20, is in bed, sleeping the sleep of a new mum who’s been awake all night. RIGSY fixes the covers, leaves a note.

At the door, CLARA smiles at RIGSY’s besotted expression.
CLARA
She know what happened in Bristol?

RIGSY
She knows everything about everything.

Once RIGSY moves off, we see the note left on the pillow:

WITH CLARA AND THE DOCTOR. LUCY WITH MUM. SLEEP!!! x

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

RIGSY peers around, in awe, as a thin beam of light scans him up and down. THE DOCTOR is busy at the console.

THE DOCTOR
If you want your extremities to remain attached, stand absolutely still. If not, we can provide you with a small bag, you can take them home at the end.

RIGSY looks to CLARA for help.

CLARA
He’s joking. Probably.

CLARA taps away at a screen of her own, where RIGSY’s mobile is slotted into the console. The phone screen is cracked.

CLARA (CONT’D)
You’re right – it’s like someone’s wiped it, but only the last day. No location data, no texts, nothing. And you’re sure the screen wasn’t cracked before yesterday?

Trying not to move, RIGSY makes a “mmhhm” noise – he’s sure.

The scanner starts spewing out results. THE DOCTOR frowns.

THE DOCTOR
Okay, that means... Good. Weird. Weird and good.

RIGSY
CamImoob?

THE DOCTOR
Oh yes, yes. First off: in the past 24 hours, you’ve had significant contact with alien life-forms.
RIGSY
Wait, you mean I got -

CLARA
Don’t say it!

RIGSY
- abducted??

CLARA cringes. He said it.

THE DOCTOR
Abducted? Why do humans always suppose we want to abduct you? Do you think you’re that irresistible?

CLARA
Doctor. You said “first off”. What’s the “second off”?

THE DOCTOR

RIGSY
Okay. So why can’t I remember?

THE DOCTOR
You’ve been Retconned.

RIGSY
 CLARA
Huh? What-conned?

THE DOCTOR
Amnesia drug. Your pre-frontal cortex is marinating in it. And there’s something else, something...

THE DOCTOR taps away, bringing up more data. Oh. Oh no.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Not good. Weird and not good.

THE DOCTOR dashes around behind RIGSY, checks his neck: 526.

He understands now. Grim. How to break the news? He looks to CLARA. She’s no help. He reaches in his pocket for the cards.


RIGSY
What? Tell me.
THE DOCTOR
Your tattoo. It’s called a
chronolock and it’s linked to a...
well, a kind of...

THE DOCTOR cycles through the cards, trying to find an

RIGSY
What’s he doing?

CLARA
The cards are... He’s making an
effort to be nice.

THE DOCTOR
(to Clara)
These are hopelessly inadequate.
There’s no nice way to say “I’m
afraid you’re going to die.”

RIGSY
What??

THE DOCTOR
Rigsy, I’m - [afraid you’re]

RIGSY
No. Don’t call me that. Call me
Pudding Brain, call me Local
Knowledge, whatever. Don’t call me
Rigsy. I’m not going to... [die]
You’re gonna save me. You’re a
doctor. That’s what you do.

THE DOCTOR looks to CLARA. Her eyes are a plea: at least try.

RIGSY (CONT’D)
Please? Lucy’s only... I can’t
leave her. I can’t die.

THE DOCTOR
You’re right. Denial can be almost
as useful as hope when the odds are
this long. Okay, let’s do this.
Five hundred and twenty-six
minutes. I don’t know who did this
to you, Local Knowledge. Or why.
But I almost, very nearly
certainly, know how to find them.
EXT. LONDON ALLEY - DAY

The TARDIS materializes in an out-of-the-way corner.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT BRITISH LIBRARY - DAY

THE DOCTOR sweeps in, CLARA and RIGSY at his heels.

THE DOCTOR
There have always been rumours. Stories passed from traveller to traveller, mutterings about hidden streets, secret pockets of alien life right here on Earth. Used by thieves, scavengers, scoundrels. Places where the scum of the universe can hide from The Shadow Proclamation, avoid UNIT, stash their ill-gotten gains. Like a smuggler’s cove, only not a cove, because it’s right here. Right in the centre of the capital.

RIGSY
The hidden places are in the Great British Library?

THE DOCTOR
No. The maps are.

THE DOCTOR sails through a door marked MAPS - READING ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT BRITISH LIBRARY. MAP ROOM - DAY

An old map of early modern London is projected onto a wall. Civitas Londinum. As THE DOCTOR talks, he sorts modern paper maps, comparing them to each other and to the projection.

THE DOCTOR
I never put stock in it. London streets that suddenly disappeared from human sight? No. You lot are always overlooking things, but whole streets? That’d be careless, even for you. If the stories are true, though, there should be a street on one of these old maps that no longer exists in the real world...

CLARA
Like a trap street, only not.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
(astounded)
What did you say?

CLARA
A trap street. You know, when someone making a map - a cartographer - to stop people copying their work, they throw a fake street into the mix, name it after one of their kids or whatever. Then, if the fake street - the trap street - ever shows up on someone else’s map, they know their work’s been stolen. Clever right?

THE DOCTOR
My God. A whole London street just up and disappeared and you lot assumed it was a copyright infringement.

RIGSY
So we’re looking for a trap street?

THE DOCTOR looks up at the map. Enjoying himself now.

THE DOCTOR
We’re looking for a trap street.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARDIS. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY

A birds-eye view of London.

The TARDIS hovers high in the sky, doors open, buffeted by the wind. CLARA lies face-down in the doorway, head over the edge, wearing the sonic glasses. Having a brilliant time.

THE DOCTOR (O.C.)
The glasses are tracking your eye movements. Just look straight down and -

CLARA
I know, I know - focus only on the buildings directly below me.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

RIGSY concentrates on staying upright while THE DOCTOR both analyses the incoming data and pilots the shaky TARDIS.
THE DOCTOR
How do you hide a great big alien
something smack-bang in the middle
of London?

RIGSY
(dry)
Disguise it as an old police box?

THE DOCTOR
Full marks! But if there was
another active Chameleon Circuit on
Earth I’d have found it already.
No, they haven’t transformed the
street, they’re just preventing us
from noticing it’s there. Let’s
call it a Misdirection Circuit.
They’re somehow making our eyes
skate right over it.

The TARDIS rocks violently.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARDIS - DAY

The TARDIS tips over, door first. CLARA falls! She grabs hold
of the doorway, half hanging out of the TARDIS, laughing.

RIGSY (O.C.)
Clara!

The TARDIS is righted again. CLARA scrambles back inside.

CLARA
We’re good! It’s all good!

CUT TO:

EXT. TARDIS. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY

RIGSY looks horrified as CLARA gets back into place, unfazed.
THE DOCTOR frowns as he watches her, concerned.

RIGSY
She enjoyed that way too much.

THE DOCTOR
It’s an ongoing problem.
(a worry for another time)
Take this. I’ll keep us steady.

RIGSY takes over one of the controls, daunted. THE DOCTOR
indicates a modern-day map/grid on the console screen -
THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
See that? Just move us slowly over
the grid. When we’re done, we’ll
have a map that -

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON CITY STREET - DAY

THE DOCTOR
- shows us exactly which areas of
the grid Clara couldn’t focus on.

THE DOCTOR holds up a big print-out of the map. Four small
patches of the city are washed out, grey and vague-looking.

CLARA
That’s where I almost fell out.
(the other 3 vague spots)
Which means the trap street must be
under one of these bits.

THE DOCTOR checks RIGSY's neck: 217. He and CLARA exchange a
worried look.

CLARA (CONT’D)
That took way too long.

THE DOCTOR
We split up. One area each.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON CITY STREETS - DAY

CLARA walks down one of her allocated streets, eyes peeled.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
If you see something unusual or
notable, dismiss it. Keep walking.

CUT TO:

RIGSY, eyeing his street, on high alert.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
But if there’s a bit of London so
unremarkable that you don’t even
think about it? Stop.

RIGSY stops, considers a very ordinary-looking office block.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR stalks up a busy street, bodily moving people
aside, stepping over a dog leash, ducking a selfie-stick.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
You could very well be standing right outside a trap street.

THE DOCTOR eyes a dreary-looking building site... Then shakes his head. No. Still too interesting. He moves on.

CUT TO:

People scramble out of CLARA's way as she ploughs through them, head down, counting her steps out loud.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)

CUT TO:

RIGSY walks on, counting bollards.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
When you hit the area around a trap street, it's very likely you'll lose count.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR is counting doors. As he overtakes a dawdling BOY, 7ish, he notices the kid’s shoelaces are undone. Annoying. THE DOCTOR stops. Turns back. Glares. The boy pulls up short.

THE DOCTOR
Remember: eighty-two.

BOY
Huh?

THE DOCTOR
Eighty-two!

THE DOCTOR ties the BOY's lace. The boy’s MOTHER hurries back and grabs her son’s hand, shooting THE DOCTOR a dark look.

BOY
Eighty-two!

THE DOCTOR
Thank you.

THE DOCTOR moves on to the next door.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Eighty-three...

CUT TO:
EXT. STREET (THE STREET TRAP STREET RUNS OFF) – DAY

CLARA loses count of her steps. Slows to a stop, uncertain.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
You’ll lose count because the misdirection circuit is creating confusion in your mind.

CLARA starts counting windows instead. One, two, three...

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
Details won’t add up. Reality will have glitches in it.

CLARA loses count, bemused. She starts again. One, two...

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
Like when you read a perfectly simple sentence three times over and the meaning just won’t sink in.

CLARA loses her place again. She breaks into a grin.

CLARA
Gotcha.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER – DAY

RIGSY and THE DOCTOR approach CLARA from two directions.

CLARA
It’s off this street, I’m certain.

RIGSY
Which one?

CLARA turns to point but then she realises they’re on a corner. Her face falls. They’re too similar. She’s forgotten.

THE DOCTOR
This is it! This is exactly how it works. We’re close.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET (THE STREET TRAP STREET RUNS OFF) – DAY

CLARA and RIGSY follow THE DOCTOR, sonic glasses on, as he checks every building and wall, looking for hidden entrances.

RIGSY
If it is misdirection, can’t we just... out-misdirect it?

(MORE)
CLARA
Don’t say it!

RIGSY
Derren Brown?

He said it. THE DOCTOR grimaces, dark. Carries on searching.

CLARA
(quietly warning Rigsy)
We don’t talk about that person with that name.

RIGSY
Why not? Is he an alien or something?

CLARA
(serious)
Why? Is that what you’ve heard? Is that what people are saying?

THE DOCTOR stops short. He has an idea.

THE DOCTOR
Sensory deprivation! We cut off all senses but touch. Clara - blindfolds, nose plugs, music. Something loud, bombastic, something really bloody annoying.

CLARA
So pretty much anything from your collection then.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY

CLARA’s arms are full of the stuff they need. She’s dashing back to the door when she clocks RIGSY’s phone in the console. The screen above reads: DATA RECOVERED

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET (THE STREET TRAP STREET RUNS OFF) - DUSK

CLARA rushes up to RIGSY, his mobile in hand. (The street on either side is boring/ordinary. No glimpse of a side street, even though it will turn out to be right behind them.)
THE DOCTOR
Where are all the -- [things I]

CLARA
(holding up the phone)
Someone called you at 6am yesterday. Blocked number. What if they lured you here deliberately?

RIGSY frowns at the call record: the "No Caller ID" call lasted over a minute. Something nags at the corner of his mind. He reaches for the phone but they fumble and it drops -

CU: the already-cracked phone smashes to the pavement.

RIGSY gasps as a memory rushes back -

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING

CU: Rigsy’s phone, the screen still intact, falls in slow mo. A vague memory, from RIGSY's POV.

The screen smashes as it clatters to the cobbles, next to -

The body of an unconscious woman, ANAH, 40s. (She’s in alien form but the back of her head is to the ground, unseen.)

RIGSY’s knees hit the cobbles to next ANAH and he gets down for a closer look at her. She has a nasty wound on her head, messy with blood.

KABEL (O.C.)
It’s got someone!

The POV looks up: a small, panicked, insect-faced alien, KABEL, skids to a stop at a safe distance, scared of us. A wolf-like alien with a scarred face, RUMP, races right up to check on ANAH, protective. He growls at us.

RUMP
Get away from her!

RIGSY’s POV pulls back hastily as RUMP checks for life-signs.

RUMP (CONT’D)
(to Kabel)
She... She’s dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET (THE STREET TRAP STREET RUNS OFF) - DUSK

CLARA and THE DOCTOR watch RIGSY. He looks deeply disturbed.
THE DOCTOR

RIGSY shakes his head, emotional. But when he looks up, he suddenly spots something behind CLARA. Blinks in surprise.

RIGSY
I don’t think we need a password.

CLARA and THE DOCTOR turn to look! But there’s nothing here.

CLARA
What? What is it?

RIGSY
You can’t see it? There. The narrow passageway, right between the buildings...

We’re with CLARA and THE DOCTOR, and their POV. RIGSY moves them slightly, pointing. Suddenly brought into perspective: the entrance to a dark, narrow passageway!

CLARA
I see it! You?

THE DOCTOR nods. Excited. But now they have to be careful.

THE DOCTOR
Fifty minutes left. Hoody up, Local Knowledge. Let’s keep you anonymous as long as we possibly can.

RIGSY pulls up his hoody as THE DOCTOR leads the way...

CONTINUOUS TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET ENTRANCE - DUSK

They move gingerly out of the passageway, onto the cobblestones of the street itself. There, they pause.

16th century architecture, old and weathered. No cars, power lines, or modern signage. They’re alone, but strange light and distant noise spill around the corner up ahead. Weird-sounding music and the muted hubbub of a crowd.

RIGSY
(quiet)
How come I could see it when you couldn’t?
THE DOCTOR
You were upset. Something slipped through the Retcon, didn’t it? A memory.

RIGSY looks troubled. He really hopes it wasn’t a memory...

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Your mind was consumed by something else - something juicy. The misdirection circuit lost its power over you.

CLARA
Wouldn’t that mean distracted people wander in all the time? People on their phones or whatever?

THE DOCTOR
Perhaps they do. Haven’t you ever walked a familiar way home and suddenly found yourself in an odd part of town? A street you’ve never seen before? I bet you just turned around and went - [on your way]

THE DOCTOR takes a step forward, and -

An alarm goes off! The cobblestones beneath their feet light up in red with alien-looking computer circuitry.

A man in a big grey tramp’s coat appears. This is the wolf-alien we saw earlier, RUMP, only now he’s a battle-weary human, 40ish, with all the same scars, his movements primal and dangerous.

He presses a cobblestone with his foot. The alarm stops.

Movement to their left! A grate in the street opens and a human version of KABEL scampers out. KABEL moves like an ant: nervous and twitchy.

RIGSY flinches, afraid. His fear transforms his POV, the scene before him changing in a blink -

RUMP looks like a wolf-man again, furry and grey, while KABEL is insect-like once more, with hard, shiny skin and antennae.

A blink, and RIGSY’s POV flicks back. They’re human again.

KABEL
Three at once. That’s new.

RUMP starts sniffing the air around THE DOCTOR, like a dog.

RUMP
Hang about. This one don’t smell human.

(CONTINUED)
(to the Doctor)
Name, species and case for asylum. Quick as you like.

THE DOCTOR
Asylum?

KABEL
The reason you’re here. The reason you need sanctuary.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA exchange a look. Sanctuary?

RIGSY tugs on CLARA’s sleeve, drawing her back to talk privately. Meanwhile, KABEL babbles on, oblivious.

RIGSY (whispers)
I saw through the circuit again – I saw them. They’re definitely not human.

KABEL (CONT’D) (background)
Honestly, sometimes I wonder how they even made it this far.

RUMP (to the Doctor)
You do know this is a refugee camp?

THE DOCTOR
Of course we do.

ASHILDR (O.C.)
Of course he does!

Everyone turns to look –

ASHILDR (CONT’D) (teasing)
Now that you’ve told him.

CLARA
Ashildr?!

ASHILDR seems surprised but quietly pleased to see them, shadowed by two huge PRIVATE SECURITY GUARDS. She hasn’t aged, but there’s something relaxed and effortlessly commanding about her now. Happy to see CLARA, but just a little edgy with THE DOCTOR. (NB. A scarf conceals her neck.)

KABEL and RUMP make way for their leader, respectful.

RUMP
Good morning, Mayor.

KABEL
Madam Mayor.

ASHILDR (to Clara)
Ashildr?

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
It’s your name - I keep telling you that.

ASHILDR
Do you?
(Smiles to Clara)
Infinite life-span, finite memory - it makes for a difficult social life. You must be Clara Oswald. You are as beautiful as your photographs.

CLARA
(disconcerted)
We met.

ASHILDR
I know – it’s in my diaries. Oh, don’t look like that! I enjoyed our conversations, I’ve read them many times.

CLARA
Well, that’s... slightly odd. But nice. So you ended up in here then. That’s why he lost track of you!
(the Doctor’s surprise)
Oh please.
(to Ashildr)
It’s cute he thinks I didn’t know. He has this secret whole room in the TARDIS where he collects mentions of you - old photos, identities, war records -

ASHILDR
It’s not cute -
(to the Doctor)
- it’s surveillance.

THE DOCTOR
Professional interest.

ASHILDR
Precautionary measure.

A beat. Then THE DOCTOR smiles, warmly.

THE DOCTOR
Still keeping the world safe from me?

ASHILDR
(smiles back - pleased to see him, after all)
It’s still here, isn’t it?
CLARA, watching this conversation, slightly bemused (She never witnessed the scene at the end of 6.)

CLARA
All trace of you dried up in the early 1800s – I wondered if you were, you know... [dead]

ASHILDR
I made sure he knew I was okay.

FLASHBACK: tiny glimpse of the photo from the end of 6. Clara with the schoolkid – then cutting closer on Ashildr watching from the background.

THE DOCTOR
I saw you.

ASHILDR
No. I got your attention.

THE DOCTOR
You have it – we need your help. Someone in this place has control of a Quantum Shade.

ASHILDR’s smile fades. KABEL and RUMP exchange a look.

ASHILDR
Oh?

THE DOCTOR gives RIGSY a nod. He looks up, removes his hood.

KABEL squeaks in fright, hiding behind RUMP. RUMP growls out a threat. Even the huge GUARDS look nervous. ASHILDR’s warmth has vanished; she eyes THE DOCTOR with anger and suspicion.

CLARA
Ashildr? What’s going on?

In answer, ASHILDR pulls the scarf off, revealing a striking tattoo: whorls of black ink around her neck and collarbone. THE DOCTOR knows exactly what it means.

THE DOCTOR
(stunned)
You?

ASHILDR
How do you know him? Tell me you didn’t send him in here in the first place.

THE DOCTOR
Send him? I barely knew this place existed!
ASHILDR
Yet you found it.

CLARA
(horrified)
Wait. You did this to Rigsy?

RIGSY looks from ASHILDR to THE DOCTOR, nervous. They’re eyeing each other stonily, both on guard now.

THE DOCTOR
What have you done?

ASHILDR
This man committed a crime, I sentenced him.

CLARA
Sentenced him?

ASHILDR
I also gave him enough time to return home to his family.

THE DOCTOR
You flooded his brain with Retcon! Till we showed up, he had no idea he had to say goodbye to them.

ASHILDR
I’m afraid no intruder leaves this street without a memory wipe. With respect, that will include you.

CLARA
The hell it will.

THE DOCTOR
Ashildr, given we were going to forget this conversation anyway, perhaps you could tell us what happened here yesterday to necessitate a death sentence?

She considers him, still wary. Finally -

ASHILDR
Fine, I’ll show you. Mr Kabel, Mr Rump. Permit them entry.

THE DOCTOR
No!

ASHILDR, surprise - what now?

THE DOCTOR steps to ASHILDR, fixing her in the eye. Meaning business.
THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You have already endangered one of
my friends. You will guarantee - to
me, personally - the safety of the
other.

CLARA
Shut up. I can handle myself.

ASHILDR
I guarantee the safety of Clara
Oswald. She is under my personal
protection and that is absolute.

ASHILDR turns to RUMP and KABEL. She indicates RIGSY.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)
We are taking him back into the
street. His friends will be
responsible for his good behaviour.
(to the Doctor)
Won’t they?

THE DOCTOR nods. ASHILDR gives RUMP a reassuring look, and he
grudgingly presses on a cobblestone. The circuitry goes dark.

As they enter the street, RUMP growls under his breath -

RUMP
Murderer.

CLARA
What did you say?
(to Rigsy)
What did he say?

RIGSY heard just fine. We cut to his POV as he reels - a
blink - and we once more see the aliens as they really are:
wolf-man, insect guy, and - flanking ASHILDR - two JUDOON.

RIGSY
Murderer. He called me a murderer.

CUT TO:

28

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT
ASHILDR and THE DOCTOR lead the way further into the street.
The GUARDS bring up the rear, keeping a close eye on RIGSY.

RIGSY and CLARA are in awe of their surroundings, which only
get weirder the further they go on. The 1500s buildings have
been repaired and renovated many times over with a mishmash
of alien tech. The place is run-down and grungy but still
highly functional: spaceship parts piggy-back off tree-house
extensions and alien inventions.

(CONTINUED)
They look up and see more: inside each old street lamp is a plump glow-worm, lighting up the street.

High above their heads, bizarre plants grow in window boxes.

Through a window, we see a warmly-lit scene of a FAMILY, eating around a simple table.

Next, they pass a huge old, rusted bird cage, hanging from the second-floor of a building that extends out over the street. There’s a raven inside.

It croaks out a creepy call, eyeing RIGSY as he passes. CLARA looks back at it, curious.

Residents of the street go about their business, trading goods at stalls, greeting each other, etc. They all appear human, but in some cases they move or behave oddly. They stop for a sticky-beak of the newcomers, intrigued...

But when they spot RIGSY, looks turn frightened or hostile. An ELDERLY WOMAN pulls a CHILD behind her to safety, eyeing RIGSY like she wants to rip his throat out. A MAN selects a makeshift weapon from his market stall, wary. Poor RIGSY looks gutted.

Over this, they walk and talk:

THE DOCTOR
What do you call yourself now?

ASHILDR
Me.

THE DOCTOR
Mayor Me?

ASHILDR
Mayor is a title. I give myself a title, for the same reason you do, Doctor - something to live up to.

THE DOCTOR
Difficult, isn’t it? How long have you been here?

ASHILDR
Since Waterloo.

THE DOCTOR
The Battle?

ASHILDR
No, the station. Really, Doctor. I heard stories of an alien foxhole in the middle of London, so I found it, took over, cleaned it up.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
And turned it into an alien refugee camp.

ASHILDR
Earth was in need of one.

CLARA
Fascinating. Now can we skip to the part where you want Rigsy dead for some reason?

ASHILDR
It’s best we get him inside first.

She’s got a point. The crowd’s hostility at RIGSY’s presence is palpable. RIGSY and CLARA share an uneasy look.

RIGSY
They look like they want to kill me themselves.

ASHILDR
Like I said. Best we get inside.

RIGSY keeps his eyes down, keeps walking.

THE DOCTOR
Why meddle with aliens again, Ashildr? What are you playing at?

ASHILDR
Playing at?

She glances over at THE DOCTOR and it only just seems to dawn on her – he’s trying to match her with the Ashildr of 1651.

ASHILDR (CONT’D)
Of course. When you last saw me...

The business with Leandro. Of course he doesn’t trust her.

ASHILDR (CONT’D)
I’m “meddling” because these creatures have lost everything. To war, to genocide, to famine. They are without hope, without home. My peculiar existence – my permanence – is useful to them.

THE DOCTOR is taken aback. This has the ring of the truth.

CLARA
So this is, what? Charity?
ASHILDR
I don’t pretend it’s selfless.
Being useful to them is useful to me. I need an anchor. A purpose. I think the Doctor might understand a little about that.

When CLARA looks at THE DOCTOR, he’s watching ASHILDR with soft, sad eyes. Her words have got to him.

ASHILDR (CONT’D)
(to the Doctor)
It took me a long time to accept it. But you and I? We’re the same.

ASHILDR walks on. THE DOCTOR follows.

RIGSY (O.C.)
Clara. Look.

CLARA turns. Stood in a doorway is ANAHSON, a boy of 14, his eyes red from crying. He watches THE DOCTOR pass, eyes locked on him, intense with curiosity.

ANAHSON senses the attention and turns. He and CLARA lock eyes - the boy too stunned by her for a moment to react. Then, he quickly turns to disappear inside the house. That’s when we see it - a second face on the back of his head! RIGSY and CLARA exchange an astonished look.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

THE DOCTOR and ASHILDR round a bend in the street.

THE DOCTOR
This misdirection circuit of yours is remarkable.

She shoots him a puzzled look. My what?

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
The cloaking device - to hide the street, to make everyone look human.

ASHILDR
That’s no device. It’s the Lurkworms.

She indicates one of the fat glow-worms as they pass a lamp.

(CONTINUED)
ASHILDR.

Quite something, aren’t they? The light is a telepathic field - it normalises everything you see, places it within the compass of your expectation and experience. You can bypass them of course -

ASHILDR nods towards a mechanic’s workshop, noisy with the sounds of work. It looks like a woman is doing first-aid on a SOLDIER’s head, but then -

ASHILDR pinches THE DOCTOR. Hard.

THE DOCTOR

Ow!

THE DOCTOR’s POV: Sparks are flying. An OOD is angle-grinding the head of a broken CYBERMAN! It turns to watch them as they pass.

ASHILDR

Don’t worry. We’re perfectly safe.

THE DOCTOR

A phrase I find is usually followed by a lot of screaming and running and bleeding.

ASHILDR

I brokered a truce. We’ve strict rules against violence here. Rules every creature must abide if they wish to remain on the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET – NIGHT

ASHILDR leads THE DOCTOR inside. CLARA and RIGSY follow them in, the guards taking up sentry at the door.

ASHILDR

We haven’t had an act of violence on the street in a hundred years. Until yesterday, when your friend here attacked one of our most vulnerable residents.

CLARA

How did Rigsy even get in?

CUT TO:
INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

The infirmary: 16th century furnishings meet a hodge-podge of alien medical tech.

CLARA
We barely managed it, and we knew what we were...

CLARA falters as a standing chamber of glowing green light comes into view. Suspended inside: the woman from RIGSY's memory, eyes closed in death, her head injury visible.

CLARA (CONT'D)
...looking for.

THE DOCTOR is fascinated by the chamber, almost but not-quite touching the glowing light around ANAH as he inspects it.

ASHILDR
We found her at the entrance of the street. No weapon on the scene, but cause of death was likely the head wound. Seems she was knocked to the cobblestones.

CLARA
"Seems"? You don’t know exactly what happened but you sentenced Rigsy to death??

RIGSY looks ill as he remembers...

ASHILDR
He was found over the body. My people were angry. Frightened. I had to act.

CLARA
This is ridiculous, this is -

RIGSY
(to Ashildr)
What was her name?

RIGSY isn’t outraged like CLARA - he looks sick with guilt.

ASHILDR
Anah. We’re keeping her here until someone can take her home for burial.

(beat)
Something wrong, Doctor?

ASHILDR has been closely watching THE DOCTOR at the chamber.

THE DOCTOR
What kind of tech is this?

(CONTINUED)
ASHILDR
It was here when I took the street.
Scavenged or stolen a very long
time ago, I imagine. Why? Do you
recognise it?

THE DOCTOR considers. Something’s nagging at him...

THE DOCTOR
No. No, I don’t think so.

For a moment, it seems that’s not the answer ASHILDR wants.

THE DOCTOR rounds the back of the chamber... Where we see
that ANAH has a second face on the back of her head.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
She’s a Janus!

ASHILDR
She escaped slavery, fled here with
her child.
(guilt-ridden)
I promised her she’d be safe.

THE DOCTOR
The child. A girl?

ASHILDR
No. A boy.

THE DOCTOR looks disappointed.

CLARA
Is that bad?

THE DOCTOR
Not bad, just unhelpful. A daughter
might’ve been able to see who
killed her mother.
(off Clara’s look)
The female Janus are psychic. One
face sees into the future, the
other behind her, into the past.

ASHILDR
It’s why they’re so often enslaved
to other species. How better to win
a war or amass a fortune than with
your very own crystal ball?

CLARA
It’s obvious then, isn’t it? Anah
saw something she shouldn’t have –
someone’s secret. So they killed
her.
RIGSY
Clara, what if I did do it? I wouldn’t have meant to hurt her, but if I wandered in here and I saw what she really looked like... What if I freaked?

THE DOCTOR
Except you didn’t wander anywhere. You came here after a 6am phone call from a mystery number.

ASHILDR reacts, surprised and concerned.

CLARA
Besides, I’ve seen you scared. You don’t lash out, you get stupidly brave and self-sacrificing. There’s no way you did this.

ASHILDR
What then? You think someone called him here? Set him up?

A knocking on the door. A strained voice calls for the Mayor.

CLARA
Obviously! Which means one of your pet aliens out there is the real killer.

The knocking stops and there’s the sound of a struggle.

ASHILDR
(exiting)
Excuse me. I’m sorry.

THE DOCTOR
Of course. Go. It’s not like we’ve got a ticking clock here or anything.

THE DOCTOR tugs down RIGSY’s collar for a look. RIGSY has been keeping track with his watch.

RIGSY
Forty-one minutes, right?

THE DOCTOR nods, grim, pulling a fob watch from his pocket. It’s 7.05pm. By 7.47, RIGSY will be dead.

CUT TO:
THE DOCTOR, CLARA and RIGSY join a crowd of (human-looking) aliens, including RUMP and KABEL, all looking on grimly as a distressed man, CHRONOLOCK GUY, pleads with ASHILDR.

**CHRONOLOCK GUY**
Lock me up, throw us out, anything but this. Please. I only took it to save her.

The man’s wife (ALIEN WOMAN), distraught, 60s, looks on.

**ASHILDR**
How many minutes left?

RUMP checks the man’s neck. There’s a tattoo, like RIGSY’s.

**RUMP**
Two, Madam Mayor.

**ASHILDR**
I gave you a chronolock of three weeks. Three weeks to spend with your family, to put your affairs in order. Even to leave the planet.

(to the crowd)
This man stole medical rations. He broke a rule of the street and he stole from all of you.

Faces in the crowd hang on her words with awe and respect.

**ASHILDR (CONT’D)**
Yes, he stole for a good reason, and yes, I could remove the chronolock...

She touches her own tattoo. Hope blooms in the man’s face.

**ASHILDR (CONT’D)**
But I won’t. Our rules keep us safe. Here, no life is worth more than the street as a whole.

The alien woman pulls her husband close. All hope is lost; these are their final moments together.

**ALIEN WOMAN**
Give it to me.

(he shakes his head)
Please. Tell me I can have it. One word. Say it. Say yes.

**CHRONOLOCK GUY**
I did this to save you, you silly old thing. You really think I could lose you now?
THE DOCTOR, RIGSY and CLARA look on, emotional. Their POV transforms, briefly revealing the pair in their true form: an alien woman and a cyborg man.

On the back of the man’s neck, his tattoo changes to 1.

At that moment, ASHILDR feels a surge of energy as her contract with the Shade comes to fruition. *Her tattoo comes to life*, curling around itself before scorching out of her skin in a small plume of black smoke, *leaving her neck bare*.

CHRONOLOCK-GUY whimpers at the sight.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

The raven, in its cage. It dissolves into a black plume of smoke and curls out between the bars!

Outside, it re-forms into a raven and takes to the air.

CUT TO:

**EXT. INFiRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

The raven flies into view - the aliens scatter. It comes to land on a perch within view of CHRONOLOCK-GUY.

CHRONOLOCK-GUY turns to face the raven. Trembling.

The raven eyes its quarry, patient. It croaks - a chilling sound. But it can’t take the man until his tattoo hits zero.

**KABEL**

(under his breath)

*Don’t run. Don’t run. Stay with her.*

But CHRONOLOCK-GUY panics, pulling away from ALIEN WOMAN, away from the raven. Desperate, she tries to hold onto him.

**ALIEN WOMAN**

*Don’t go!*

He’s too scared to heed her. He breaks free, sprinting into the nearest house, and slamming the door behind him.

The raven lifts off its perch and swoops after him.

**KABEL**

*Why do they always run?*

Just before the raven reaches the shut door, it bursts into a cloud of smoke - and goes *through* the solid wood!
EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

The crowd is silent, united in anxiety at the distant sounds of the chase. ASHILDR is grim.

Away from the crowd, hanging back in the shadows... we find ANAHSON. He’s watching CLARA and THE DOCTOR.

CLARA senses something and turns - but ANAHSON pulls back swiftly and CLARA only catches a glimpse of movement. Odd.

The moment is forgotten when CHRONOLOCK-GUY bursts out of a front door further down the street, and bolts away.

RIGSY
What happens when it catches him?

THE DOCTOR
It’s called a Quantum Shade. A kind of spirit. Takes the form of something native to its surroundings. And on its own, it’s not dangerous.

(a glance at Ashildr)
But once a Shade is enslaved to a master, and that master binds it to a victim... You could flee across all of time and the universe and it would still find you.

RIGSY
And then? Then what?

THE DOCTOR demurs. It’s too awful to spell out.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

CHRONOLOCK-GUY races up the street, panicked. The raven swoops after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

THE DOCTOR steps in close to ASHILDR. They keep this private:

THE DOCTOR
Tell me you’re going to step in.

(Continued)
ASHILDR
You must be able to see how fragile
this place is, Doctor. How
precarious. When a rule gets
broken, there have to be
consequences. Without consequences,
I can’t keep anybody safe.

THE DOCTOR
At least give him a merciful death.

ASHILDR
Do you think a Cyberman fears a
merciful death? Or a Habbrian?
Peace on this street depends on one
thing - to break it in any way is
to face the raven.

CUT TO:

38b
EXT. TRAP STREET ENTRANCE - NIGHT

CHRONOLOCK-GUY has almost reached the street entrance, when -
On the back of his neck, the tattoo changes to 0. It’s time.
The raven dives and - WHOOMPH! It punches straight through
into his back. His head snaps back - arms flung out -
He’s frozen as a scream of pain rips through him - the sound
of decades of torture, crammed into one agonising moment.

CUT TO:

39
EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

People shrink at the sound. Some cover their ears.
Then, the cry cuts short. The ALIEN WOMAN closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

40
EXT. TRAP STREET ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Black smoke bursts out of CHRONOLOCK-GUY’s mouth and hovers
there a moment. The guy hovers too, frozen in agony.
Then his body drops to the cobblestones. Dead.

CUT TO:

41
EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

On RIGSY's horror as silence rings throughout the street.
ASHILDR’S tattoo reappears, like smoke rising to the surface of her skin.

As the crowd disperses, THE DOCTOR considers ASHILDR. There’s genuine sorrow in her eyes as she watches KABEL gently lead ALIEN WOMAN away. She took no pleasure in the death.

ASHILDR
I’ve no wish to harm your friend if he’s innocent, Doctor. Question who you like.
(a look to the infirmary)
Examine the body. But it’s not me you need to convince of Rigsy’s innocence. It’s them. Anah’s death go unpunished? This place will riot. And trust me... No one wants that.

It’s not a threat, it’s a statement of fact. Grim, ASHILDR heads back into the infirmary. We stay on RIGSY, CLARA and THE DOCTOR as that sinks in.

RIGSY
I’m just... I’m gonna call home.

CLARA and THE DOCTOR are pensive as he moves off.

CLARA
We split up. Cover more ground. I’m good cop, you’re bad cop.

THE DOCTOR
No, we don’t need - Wait. Why can’t I be good cop?

CLARA
Doctor, your face. We’ve discussed this.

THE DOCTOR
Oh. Yes. But forget cops. Forget finding who the real killer is. You heard Ashildr - all we need to do is persuade these creatures it isn’t Rigsy.
(checks the time)
And fast.

She nods, and he sweeps off. CLARA watches RIGSY, head in his hands as he sits nearby, talking soothingly to his daughter.

RIGSY
Shh baby girl, shh. You be good for your mum, okay? I’m doing my best to get home to you guys.
(a beat/Jen comes back on)
(MORE)
Hey. -- Yeah, I know. She can probably tell you’re upset.

CLARA's heart breaks as RIGSY struggles to hold it together. She has to do something. She clocks RUMP, and hurries over.

CLARA
Mr Rump? It’s Rump, isn’t it? That man’s wife. She said something – “give it to me”, “tell me I can have it”. What did she mean?

RUMP
Two ways to survive a Quantum Shade. The Shade’s master removes the chronolock, or you give it to someone else.

CLARA
Give it? You can just –

RUMP
No, you can’t push it on someone, not that simple. It has to be taken willingly. The death’s already locked in. You can pass it on, but you can’t cheat it.

CLARA's absorbing that, when she sees it – the face in the shadows. It’s the boy, ANAHSON, looking right at her.

CLARA raises her hand to wave, but he’s already darting away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET – NIGHT

The raven in its cage, blinking out calmly at the world.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET – NIGHT

RIGSY stares at CLARA as if she’s mad.

RIGSY
You’re serious. You actually expect me to “give” you my death sentence.

CLARA
Go on, I’ve always wanted a tattoo. Something small. Discreet.

RIGSY
Clara. Cut it out.
CLARA
Weren’t you listening? I’m under the Mayor’s personal protection. And it’s absolute, apparently. She controls the raven, so I will never have to face it. This is clever.

RIGSY
This is putting you in danger.

CLARA
No, this is talking the opposition into their own trap - it’s Doctor 101. We’re buying time. If we can’t get the aliens on side in the next half an hour, I reveal I’ve got the chronolock, not you, and - boom! We’ve got all the time we need to find the real killer.

RIGSY
No way is the Doctor letting you do that.

CLARA
Doctor 102 - never tell anyone your actual plan. We keep his tantrum up our sleeve for when we confront Ashildr. She’ll take the chronolock off me just to shut him up.

RIGSY
No. No, it’s too risky.

CLARA
Christopher Riggins, don’t make me use my teacher voice on you.

RIGSY stands a little straighter. Wow. Good teacher voice.

RIGSY
How did - I didn’t tell you my name, did I?

CLARA
Please. Like I didn’t look you up after Bristol, make sure you were okay.

RIGSY can’t help a small smile at that.

CLARA (CONT’D)
Don’t be a hero, Christopher Riggins. You’ve got a family to think about now.

RIGSY
So do you. Don’t you?
CLARA

Not the way you do. You’re someone’s dad. What happens if you don’t come home to Jen and Lucy tonight, huh? If you never come home? Do you really want your little girl growing up without a father just because you wouldn’t take a risk?

RIGSY looks totally gutted by the thought.

CLARA (CONT’D)

You trusted us to save you, so trust us. No one has to die today.

CLARA’s never been more Doctor-y, equal parts stubbornness, adrenalin and chutzpah. Finally, RIGSY nods.

RIGSY

How do we do this then?

CLARA

I was kinda hoping that would be it. I say I want it, you say I can have it, done deal. Here, show me -

He turns and she pulls down his shirt. The second she touches his skin, RIGSY gasps. The tattoo scorches out of him in a small plume of black smoke, leaving his skin bare.

The smoke curls around to the back of CLARA’s neck. She flinches at the sharp burst of pain as it hits her skin.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

The raven croaks, ruffling its feathers. There’s been a change in its contract. A new life on the line.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

Close on the tattoo on CLARA’s nape: 33 minutes. She pulls her collar up to cover it.

RIGSY

So this is your life, huh? Bouncing round in time. Saving people.

CLARA

Not every day. Sometimes Jane Austen and I prank each other.

(MORE)
She’s the worst, I love her. Take that how you like.

RIGSY shakes his head, in awe of her.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

THE DOCTOR appeals to the ELDERLY WOMAN we saw earlier.

THE DOCTOR
Anah’s abilities must’ve made people uncomfortable. Isn’t it possible someone saw her as a threat?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Nope. It’s the human what killed her. That lot out there? Humanity? When they’re not waging wars, they fight each other for sport. For fun.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

CLARA and the HABBRIAN WOMAN.

CLARA
Think about it, though – Rigsy had no motive to hurt Anah.

HABBRIAN WOMAN
Motive? Humans are apex predators. Natural killers. Even the children can chew through animal flesh with their bare teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

RIGSY’s where we left him, anxious, looking at his watch. Twenty-six minutes left.
EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

THE DOCTOR, with a quietly hostile RUMP.

RUMP
I told you already. Wasn’t anyone up that end of the street ‘cept Anah and the human.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

Back to THE DOCTOR with RUMP. He’s losing patience.

THE DOCTOR
I’ve identified twenty-nine species on this street so far, fifteen of them known for aggression. Why is it so hard for you to believe one of them might be capable of murder?

RUMP

THE DOCTOR
Why not? Why was she so special?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

HABBRIAN WOMAN
It was the way she looked at you. Like she understood.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

ELDERLY WOMAN
One glance into your past and she felt it all. Every battle, every loss.

CUT TO:
KABEL
That’s why it has to have been the human. No one in here who knew Anah could ever have hurt her.

CLARA’s properly losing hope now.

CUT TO:

Across the way, RIGSY spots CLARA moving from one house to the next. He gives her a hopeful look - any luck?

CLARA shakes her head, but forces a hopeful smile. Knocks on a door.

RIGSY sees straight through the brave face. He checks his watch, grim: 14 minutes left.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR’s getting frustrated now. Angry.

THE DOCTOR
You just want the human dead, is that it?

RUMP
You don’t get it, do you? If the human didn’t do it, that means one of us did. Which means folks start pointing fingers. Turning on each other. And once we turn on each other in here? That’s it. I might as well be back in a war-zone.

THE DOCTOR
So you’ll just let Rigsy die?

RUMP looks torn. He’s not proud of it.

RUMP
To keep the peace? Yeah. I will.
KABEL
He was thinking only of himself, your friend. Acting like he was all scared of us, asking for a doctor.

THE DOCTOR snaps to attention.

THE DOCTOR
He what?

KABEL
I know! The cheek of it! Humans can survive losing entire limbs and we’re meant to believe he’s –

THE DOCTOR
Shut up shut up – the other thing, the second thing – you said he was scared and...

KABEL
And he asked the Mayor to call him a doctor. Poor Anah, dead at his feet, and he’s –

THE DOCTOR
Shhhh! He wanted “a doctor” or “the doctor”? This is very important.

KABEL
(thinks back)
The doctor. There was nothing wrong with him, mind. It was all –

But THE DOCTOR is already sprinting away. KABEL frowns.

KABEL (CONT’D)
– your standard human lies.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR pulls CLARA and RIGSY into a nook for privacy.

THE DOCTOR
When we got here today, Ashildr was happy to see us.
(to Rigsy)
And you – she acted shocked when you revealed yourself.
(MORE)
But she already knew we were connected. You told her yourself.

RIGSY
I did?

CLARA
(getting it)
In case of emergency!

THE DOCTOR
Exactly. Clara gave you my number for emergencies. You wake up with a weird tattoo and no memory of the last 24 hours? First thing you do? Call the Doctor. Find yourself accused of murder on a secret alien street in the middle of London?

RIGSY
Call the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR
Only they’ve taken your phone, so you beg the woman in charge to call me instead. She knew I was your friend. So why lie? Unless she had something to hide.

A deep, threatening growl from behind them. They turn.

It’s RUMP. Eyes narrowed.

RUMP
You plan on accusing the Mayor, you’d better have more evidence for us than that.

THE DOCTOR
Why? Because she sticks her Quantum Shade on anyone who threatens her?

RUMP
She protects us. She brought us peace, when peace seemed impossible. You really think she’s up to something? Show us your proof.

On THE DOCTOR and CLARA. Stumped.

RUMP (CONT’D)
That’s what I thought.

He goes, leaving the three of them hopeless.
RIGSY
That’s it then.
(to Clara, re the tattoo)
Time to tell him.

THE DOCTOR
Tell who what?

CLARA
There’s nine minutes left. We’re not giving up - [until]

RIGSY
Clara, even if one of them knows something, they’re not gonna come forward. The way they look at me...

THE DOCTOR
“Time to tell him” what?

CLARA
Wait! The way they look at you...

She’s frozen. Eyes wide. Sensing a penny is about to drop.

RIGSY
What?

CLARA

CLARA spins around to look at the spot where she saw ANAHSON hiding in the shadows earlier, watching them.

CLARA (CONT’D)
He wasn’t scared of me, he wasn’t angry...

Got it! CLARA’s eyes light up as the penny drops.

CLARA (CONT’D)
If I’m right, we have our evidence. Evidence enough for every last alien on this street.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANAH’S HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

CLARA knocks on the door, RIGSY and THE DOCTOR behind her.

The door opens. ANAHSON is overwhelmed for a moment as his eyes go straight to THE DOCTOR’s. CLARA tries to be gentle.

CLARA
Everyone here is weird around us because of Rigsy. But not you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CLARA (CONT'D)
You look at me and the Doctor like you're confused. Like you're curious.

ANAHSON
I - I don't -

CLARA
I bet our timelines are a right mess. His especially. Past and future jumbled up a million different ways. Different faces, too.

ANAHSON
I don't know what you mean.

But ANAHSON’s eyes flash guiltily to RIGSY.

CLARA
You do. And you know Rigsy’s innocent because you can look into his past and see it. Can’t you?

ANAHSON looks cornered. CLARA's hunch was right.

CUT TO:

INT. ANAH’S HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

CLARA, RIGSY and THE DOCTOR are with a tense ANAHSON.

CLARA
She dressed you as a boy to protect you, but you’re a girl. You have the gift.

ANAHSON
Our sight got us taken from our home, from my father and my brothers. It helped our captors win two wars. It is no gift.

CLARA
I’m sorry.

ANAHSON
I’m safe as a boy. This is the first place I’ve ever been safe, and you want me to throw it away. To admit what I am.

CLARA
We can protect you.

ANAHSON
Like the Mayor protected my mother?
CLARA's rueful but THE DOCTOR remains focused.

THE DOCTOR
Did she kill her?

RIGSY
Doctor, leave it. She's just a kid.

THE DOCTOR
Why did she go to all this trouble? Ashildr could have had any old mayfly take the fall for her. Why someone I know? What does she want?

CLARA
Stop. Rigsy's right. We can't ask her to put herself in danger.

THE DOCTOR
We can if what Ashildr's up to puts everyone in danger.

ANAHSON is torn.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
It's nothing good, is it?

ANAHSON
I can't see everything but I - she thinks she's doing the right thing.

THE DOCTOR
They usually do. If what she has planned is harmless, we'll walk out that door. No one will know of your abilities. But if it's not...

ANAHSON
I don't know what she means to do. (off their disappointment)
No, I'm trying! But I can't see it because it involves you. Clara's right. I can't tell your past from your future, and there's... there's so very much of both.

CLARA
Is the Doctor in danger? Does Ashildr want to hurt him?

ANAHSON's front eyes drop closed. At the back of her head, her eyes flicker open. Struggling to see into the past.

ANAHSON
It's more complicated than that...
She couldn't just ask you here. She needed a mystery. You can never resist a mystery. (MORE)
She's afraid.

THE DOCTOR
Afraid of what? Of who?

ANAHSON
I... I can't see. I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and RIGSY race up the street. As they pass the cage, the raven croaks out a noise.

THE DOCTOR
You. Hold your tongue. We've got five minutes left.

CUT TO:

EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

As CLARA and THE DOCTOR race ahead, RIGSY hears footsteps behind him and turns. It's ANAHSON, following them.

She slows at the sight of the infirmary, uncertain.

RIGSY
You don't have to. We'll keep you out of it.

ANAHSON summons her courage.

ANAHSON
No. I want to. I want to know why she did it.

RIGSY recognises the stubborn look. He holds out his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

RIGSY and ANAHSON enter hand in hand - just as CLARA's on the way out again, urgent -

CLARA
She's not here. She's playing us, waiting for the clock to run down. Doctor, come on!

(Continued)
But THE DOCTOR’s stuck looking up at ANAH’s body, suspended in the light. Something’s dawning on him...

THE DOCTOR
The Janus burn their dead.

CLARA
What?

THE DOCTOR
Ashildr said Anah would be taken home for burial. But the Janus burn their dead.

RIGSY
(to Anahson)
Is that true?

ANAHSON nods, unable to tear her eyes from her mother.

CLARA
So? Ashildr got it wrong. Come on!

THE DOCTOR
No. No, there’s something about this tech...

RIGSY
Doctor, we don’t have time!

THE DOCTOR touches the green light and a small screen crackles to life. Delicate lines pulse across the screen, before settling into scrolling graphics and numbers.

ANAHSON
What is it?

THE DOCTOR
It looks like... medical data.

ANAHSON
But - it can’t be. She’s dead - she’s not breathing.

THE DOCTOR touches the screen, interacting with the data.

THE DOCTOR
This thing is a stasis pod. If you’re dead, it’s a very fancy refrigerator. But if you’re alive...

THE DOCTOR brings up a new bit of data. It’s a pulsing pattern, like a slow heartbeat. Exactly like a heartbeat.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
...it simply keeps you that way.
ANAHSON
She’s alive??

THE DOCTOR
She’s alive.

ANAHSON
Get her out! Get her out of there!

THE DOCTOR’s trying – madly typing into the small screen.

THE DOCTOR
There must be a way to unlock it – something obvious, something basic, something I’m missing –

RIGSY
A keyhole!

THE DOCTOR
Yes, thank you, a keyhole would be very helpful but –

RIGSY
No, a keyhole.

RIGSY indicates an opening – about half a foot deep – in the side of the chamber. At the end of the aperture is a keyhole.

ANAHSON
(dashing for the door)
I’ll find her. Get the key.

THE DOCTOR
Yes, tell her I –

The penny drops. Oh. Oh no. It all makes sense now.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Stay here, Anahson. There’s a reason the Mayor’s gone AWOL. She means for us to release your mother, but not with her key...

He takes the TARDIS key from his pocket.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
She wants mine.

CLARA
The TARDIS? That’s what this is about?

THE DOCTOR examines the aperture and –

CLARA (CONT’D)
No don’t!
puts his hand inside, turning the key with a neat click.

The data on the screen goes wild. The machine starts to hum. All eyes fly to ANAH to see what will happen, when - CLUNK!

The chamber clamps around THE DOCTOR's wrist, trapping him.

CLARA (CONT’D)

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

I... I can’t...

He turns his hand clockwise. There’s another neat click and he yanks free. Part of the machine comes away too. A complex-looking wrist-cuff, now fixed around THE DOCTOR’s wrist.

CLARA

What is it?

As THE DOCTOR tries in vain to pry the cuff off, RIGSY's the one who notices - THE DOCTOR's hand is empty.

RIGSY

The key!

RIGSY checks: the aperture is sealed shut. The key lost.

ANAH’s eyes flash open as she takes in a gasp of air!

ANAHSON

Mum!

The light around ANAH starts to diminish and she begins to wilt, eyes closed, unconscious again, as she drops forward.

RIGSY rushes around and helps CLARA guide ANAH gently to the floor, into ANAHSON’s arms.

ANAHSON (CONT’D)

Mum? Mum, are you okay?

ASHILDR (O.C.)

She’ll be perfectly fine in a few minutes, I assure you.

Everyone spins to look as ASHILDR enters, quiet and rueful.

THE DOCTOR

There are easier ways to steal a key, you know.

ASHILDR

I don’t want your TARDIS. That’s not what this is about.

(focused on Anahson)

(MORE)
ASHILDR (CONT'D)
Anahson, I am truly sorry to have
taken her from you, if only for a
day. She saw the deal I made and I -

CLARA
What deal?

ASHILDR
I couldn’t risk her interfering,
but I promise, she was never in any
danger, not for a moment. Rigsy,
come here, I’ll remove the
chronolock.

RIGSY looks to CLARA but she’s glued to THE DOCTOR. No matter
how much he points his glasses at the cuff, it won’t budge.
He pockets the glasses.

THE DOCTOR
What is this, Ashildr? You can’t
possibly think it’s going to keep
me here.

ASHILDR
It’s not a restraint. It’s a
teleport bracelet.

CLARA
What??

ASHILDR
I’ll give you time to say good-bye.
Don’t worry, no one will be hurt.

THE DOCTOR
Where are you sending me?

ASHILDR
I made a deal to protect the
street. They take you, I take the
key so you can’t be traced. I do as
they tell me, and the street is
safe.

THE DOCTOR
They? Who’s “they”?

ASHILDR
One more thing. Your confession
dial.

She puts out her hand.

ASHILDR (CONT’D)
They have other means of procuring
it, but I understand it’s likely to
be on your person. Please, no
resistance - you’ve already lost.

(CONTINUED)
He pulls the Confession Dial (as we saw it in episodes 1 & 2) from his pocket, and she takes it.

ASHILDR (CONT’D)
What is it?

THE DOCTOR
In your terms, my last will and testament.

ASHILDR
How does it work?

THE DOCTOR
I have no idea.

ASHILDR
Well thanks anyway.
(Places it on a table)
Rigsy, your neck.

RIGSY
Clara, what are you playing at??
The chronolock!

CLARA
Take that thing off him first!

ASHILDR turns RIGSY around, goes for his collar.

RIGSY
I don’t have it, that’s what I’m telling you – Clara does!

ASHILDR stares, disbelieving. Dawning horror.

ASHILDR
No... No, you didn’t.

THE DOCTOR pales, horrified, as CLARA displays her neck for ASHILDR. 2 minutes left.

CLARA
Go on then. Take it off.

THE DOCTOR
Clara, you didn’t.

ASHILDR
(to the Doctor, desperate)
I had no idea she’d do something so stupid. I swear – I swear I never meant for anyone to get hurt.
(To Clara)
What were you thinking, sacrificing yourself?
CLARA  
I wasn’t sacrificing anything! It was strategy! It was back-up, to buy us more time.

THE DOCTOR  
(to Rigsy)  
Who told you you could give it to her??

CLARA  
No one did! I did! Rump said -

THE DOCTOR  
What exactly did Rump say?

CLARA  
He said the death is locked in. You can pass it on, but...

The truth dawns as CLARA sees real fear in THE DOCTOR's eyes.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
But...

THE DOCTOR  
But what?

ASHILDR  
But you can’t cheat it altogether.

The truth dawns as CLARA sees real fear in THE DOCTOR's eyes.

ASHILDR shows her tattoo. It remains dull and motionless.

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT  
The raven shakes out its feathers, restless. Almost time now.

INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT  

RIGSY  
You didn’t tell me that! Give it back to me. Now.

ASHILDR  
She can’t.  
(emotional)  
Clara, I made a contract with the Shade when I put the chronolock on Rigsy. I promised it a soul and only I can break that contract. When you took it from him, you changed the terms. Look -

ASHILDR shows her tattoo. It remains dull and motionless.
ASHILDR (CONT’D)
You cut me out of the deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT
The raven turns to smoke and curls out of its cage.

CUT TO:

EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT
CLARA turns to THE DOCTOR. Still hopeful.

CLARA
But we can fix this. Can’t we? We always fix it.

THE DOCTOR
No.
(rounds on Ashildr)
But you can. Fix this. Fix it now.

ASHILDR
It isn’t possible. I can’t.

THE DOCTOR, now thunderous.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, you can, and you will, or this street is over. I’ll show you and all your funny little friends to the whole laughing world, I’ll bring UNIT, I’ll bring the Zygons. Give me a minute, I’ll bring the Daleks and the Cybermen. You will save, Clara, you will do it now, or I swear, I will rain hell on you for the rest of time.

CLARA
Doctor. Stop talking like that.

ASHILDR
No... you can’t...

THE DOCTOR
I can do whatever the hell I like. You’ve read the stories, you know who I am. In all that time, did you ever hear anything about anyone who ever stopped me??

Silence in the room, ringing. ASHILDR, now thrown, now a little afraid.
ASHILDR
I know that the Doctor - the Doctor
would never -

THE DOCTOR
The Doctor is no longer in the
room. You've just got this guy. And
this guy will end you, and
everything you love.

CLARA
Doctor! For God's sake will you
stop?

THE DOCTOR
No!

CLARA
This was my fault. I did this.

THE DOCTOR
I know. I just don't care.

CLARA
Liar. You always care. Your reign
of terror will end at the sight of
the first crying child, and you
know it.

THE DOCTOR
No, I don't.

CLARA
I do.

THE DOCTOR - almost wounded by her faith in him.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Listen. If this is the last I ever
see of you... Please. Don't let it
be like this.

THE DOCTOR... nothing to say. Bows his head.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(to Ashildr)
Is there anything you can do?

ASHILDR
I'm sorry, I'm truly sorry, I never-

CLARA
Time's short, yes or no.

ASHILDR
...no.

CLARA composing herself.

(CONTINUED)
CLARA
Well then. If Danny Pink can do it,
so can I.

THE DOCTOR
Do what?

CLARA
Die right. Die like I mean it. Face
the raven.

THE DOCTOR
No. This can’t happen, this isn’t
happening!

CLARA
Maybe this is what I wanted. Why I
kept running. Kept pushing it...
all those stupid risks.

THE DOCTOR
It was my fault.

CLARA
It was my choice.

THE DOCTOR
I let it happen. You got reckless.

CLARA
Why shouldn’t I? You’re reckless
all the bloody time! How come
you’re the only one who gets to be
reckless? Why can’t I be like you?

THE DOCTOR
Clara. I’m not special. I’m
nothing. But I’m less...
breakable. I should have taken more
care.

CLARA
I never asked you to.

THE DOCTOR
You should never have to ask.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

The bird swoops down the street. ALIENS watch it pass, grave.

CUT TO:
INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

CLARA looks around her in shock. There’s ASHILDR, desperately sorry. ANAHSON, full of compassion, clutching ANAH.

And RIGSY, utterly torn up with guilt.

RIGSY
Clara, if I’d known -

CLARA
Shut up.

RIGSY
But -

CLARA
Don’t! So help me, if you feel guilty about this for even one minute, I --

The croak of the raven, from outside.

Oh god. CLARA looks to the door, terrified.

CUT TO:

EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

The raven settles on a perch opposite the infirmary. Waiting patiently until it’s time. It croaks out another call.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

CLARA tries to tamp down on her panic by staying in selfless, practical mode. Right. Focus. What’s most important?

CLARA
(to the Doctor)
You. Listen. You’re going to be alone now and you’re very bad at that. You’re going to be furious and you’re going to be sad, but listen to me. Don’t let this change you.

(he sets his jaw)
No, listen. I know what you’re capable of but please... Whatever happens next? Wherever she’s sending you? Don’t be a warrior.
Be a Doctor.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
What’s the point in being a Doctor if I can’t cure you.

CLARA
Heal yourself. You have to. You can’t let this turn you into a monster. So. I’m not asking for a promise. I’m giving you an order. You will not insult my memory. There will be no revenge. I will die, and no one else, here or anywhere, will suffer.

THE DOCTOR
...what about me?

CLARA
If there was something I could do about that, I would. I guess we’re both going to have to be brave.

THE DOCTOR
Clara...

She hugs him, breaking him off.

CLARA
Everything you have to say, I already know. Don’t do it now. We’ve had enough bad timing.

THE DOCTOR’s face - agonising. Another croak from outside - the summons.

The hug breaks.

THE DOCTOR
Don’t run. Stay with me.

But CLARA knows she can’t die here. She needs THE DOCTOR to remember her like this - shoulders squared, eyes shining. Proud and brave.

CLARA
No. You stay here. In the end, everybody does this alone.

THE DOCTOR
Clara ...

CLARA
This is as brave as I know how to be. I know it will hurt you, but please – be a little proud of me? Goodbye, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: can’t even speak.
As she turns away, towards the door, we see some of the courage fall from her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

The raven croaks, lifting off its perch. It’s time.

CLARA comes out the door, walking towards the raven.

On her face. Terrified. Tears streaming.

CLARA
(under her breath)
Let me be brave, let me brave, let me brave...

THE DOCTOR rushes into the doorway. He can’t see CLARA’s face. Only her back.

But we see her face. Her fear as she faces death head on.

WHOOMPH! The raven punches into her chest. She cries out -

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

CLARA’s cry travels down the street. RUMP looks up. It’s impossible to hear her and not have your heart broken.

Then, the cry cuts short.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

THE DOCTOR, helpless in the doorway.

His POV of CLARA, from the back, her body frozen in agony.

Then, the black smoke bursts out of CLARA’s mouth.

Her body slumps to the ground. Dead.

On THE DOCTOR, stricken.
EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

The raven flaps back towards its cage.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

THE DOCTOR re-enters from another room in the infirmary, having moved her body inside. He’s utterly numb.

But then he sees rueful, guilt-ridden ASHILDR at the chamber, busy entering something on the screen. Everything suddenly snaps back into focus.

THE DOCTOR
Not yet! Don’t send me yet.
(he turns, urgent)
Local Knowledge. Rigsy. Can I call you Rigsy now?

RIGSY nods, emotional.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
You’ll take her, won’t you? Take care of her?
(Rigsy nods)
You’ll tell her family, her school. You’ll remember her, you’ll -

He stops short with a horrible thought, rounding on ASHILDR.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
You will not Retcon him again. Damn your rules. She died for him and he will want to remember that debt until his very last breath.

RIGSY
Please? No one will hear about the street, I promise.

ASHILDR is torn. The street is everything.

THE DOCTOR
ASHILDR! You owe Clara, and you owe me. You owe me this much.

ASHILDR is pinned by his fury and his grief. Finally, she nods. THE DOCTOR looks relieved.

ASHILDR presses one last thing on the chamber’s screen, and THE DOCTOR’s cuff starts to make an eerie, wailing sound.

ASHILDR
I’m sorry, Doctor. I truly am.
THE DOCTOR
What Clara said - about not taking revenge. Do you know why she said that?

ASHILDR
She was saving you.

THE DOCTOR
I was lost a long time ago. She was saving you.

He looks at her - and those eyes are burning. No forgiveness, no understanding. The scariest man in the universe is staring at her - and oh God, she feels it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I’ll do my best. But I’d advise you, very strongly, to stay out of my way. You’ll find it’s a very small universe when I’m angry with you.

The teleport begins. THE DOCTOR's cuff hand vanishes first. The rest of his body swiftly follows suit, fading to nothing.

Then, the last trace of him vanishes altogether, leaving only the empty cuff behind, hanging in mid air...

The cuff falls silent and clanks to the ground.

The room is left dark and dull. ASHILDR looks gutted. No longer certain of herself at all.

ASHILDR
It’s done.

FADE TO:

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. LONDON ALLEY - DAY

Close on RIGSY, spray-painting something on a brick wall. We pull back enough to see that he’s putting finishing touches on a detailed wall mural of... what? We can’t quite see yet.

We cut to -

JEN, sat on an upturned crate nearby, holding LUCY. They’re surrounded by paint and brushes and spray cans.

(CONTINUED)
JEN
See that? That’s for your dad’s friend. She brought him home to us.

We cut back to RIGSY and see he’s doing more than just paint on a brick wall. His mural covers the entire bottom part of the TARDIS itself, as well as the pavement beneath it.

It’s a painting of a shrine, a big version of the one Clara knelt in front of in Flatline. The painting makes it look like there are flowers propped up and around the TARDIS. And like you might find in a real street shrine, there’s a folded-over plastic pocket with a photo of a smiling CLARA inside. None of it’s real – not the photo, nor the pocket – it was all painted by RIGSY, and it’s not going anywhere.

JEN (CONT’D)
He won’t be mad you painted his TARDIS?

RIGSY
I hope he is mad. I hope he comes back and properly goes off at me.

But RIGSY frowns. He isn’t holding his breath.

We go out on the portrait of Clara among the bouquets.

END CREDITS