

# **DOCTOR WHO**

**SERIES 9**

**EPISODE 10**

**"Trap Street"**

by

Sarah Dollard

**PURPLE SCRIPT**

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 5)

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**INT. TARDIS - DAY**

1

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.

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:

**TITLES**

5

**OMITTED**

5

6

**OMITTED**

6

7

**EXT. LONDON BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY**

7

The block of flats where RIGSY now lives.

CUT TO:

8

**INT. RIGSY'S FLAT. BABY'S ROOM - DAY**

8

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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

9

**INT. RIGSY'S FLAT. BEDROOM - DAY**

9

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:

10

**INT. TARDIS - DAY**

10

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 "mmhmm" 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  
Second off. Oh! Second off! Second  
off, you didn't leave Earth. You  
didn't even leave central London.

RIGSY  
Okay. So why can't I remember?

THE DOCTOR  
You've been Retconned.

Huh? RIGSY CLARA  
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.

CLARA's heart breaks. No. Not the cards. *Not Rigsy.*

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  
appropriate one. *No. No. Maybe? No. Definitely not that one.*

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.

CUT TO:



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:

14 **EXT. TARDIS. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY**

14

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:

15 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

15

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:

16

**EXT. TARDIS - DAY**

16

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:

17

**EXT. TARDIS. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY**

17

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 -

(CONTINUED)

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:

18 **EXT. LONDON CITY STREET - DAY**

18

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:

19 **EXT. LONDON CITY STREETS - DAY**

19

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.)  
Count what you see. Doors.  
Satellite dishes. Windows. Even  
your own footsteps.

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:

20            **EXT. STREET (THE STREET TRAP STREET RUNS OFF) - DAY**            20

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:

21            **EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY**            21

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:

22            **EXT. STREET (THE STREET TRAP STREET RUNS OFF) - DAY**            22

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)

(CONTINUED)

RIGSY (CONT'D)  
Get help from an expert? Someone  
who knows illusions maybe. Someone  
like -

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:

23 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

23

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:

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

24

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:

25 **EXT. TRAP STREET ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING**

25

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:

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

26

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

THE DOCTOR

What? Do you remember how to reveal the street? It's a password, isn't it? I knew it. One of the classics? Open Sesame? Swordfish? Geronimo?

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:

27

**EXT. TRAP STREET ENTRANCE - DUSK**

27

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)

KABEL  
(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?

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**

28

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:

29

**EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

29

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.

ASHILDR (CONT'D)

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:

30

**EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

30

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:

31

INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT

31

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?

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:

33 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

33

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:

34 **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

34

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!

35 **OMITTED** 35

36 **OMITTED** 36

37 **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT** 37

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 ANAHRSON. He's watching CLARA and THE DOCTOR.

CLARA senses something and turns - but ANAHRSON 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:

38 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT** 38

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

CUT TO:

38a **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT** 38a

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**

38b

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 - WHOOMP! 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**

39

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**

40

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**

41

On RIGSY's horror as silence rings throughout the street.

(CONTINUED)

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)

(CONTINUED)

RIGSY (CONT'D)

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:

42 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

42

The raven in it's cage, blinking out calmly at the world.

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

43

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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

44 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

44

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

CUT TO:

45 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

45

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)

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

CLARA (CONT'D)

She's the worst, I love her. Take  
that how you like.

RIGSY shakes his head, in awe of her.

CUT TO:

46

**EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

46

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:

46a

**OMITTED**

46a

46b

**OMITTED**

46b

47

**INT. HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

47

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:

47a

**EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

47a

RIGSY's where we left him, anxious, looking at his watch.  
Twenty-six minutes left.

CUT TO:



47b OMITTED 47b

48 EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT 48

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:

49 OMITTED 49

50 EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT 50

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

Capable of murder? Yes. Capable of  
killing Anah? No.

THE DOCTOR

Why not? Why was she so special?

CUT TO:

51 INT. HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT 51

HABBRIAN WOMAN

It was the way she looked at you.  
Like she *understood*.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT 52

ELDERLY WOMAN

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

CUT TO:





THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

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  
Something. Something. A feeling.

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:

60

**EXT. ANAH'S HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

60

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:

61

**INT. ANAH'S HOUSE. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

61

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?  
Ashldr 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 Ashldr'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  
Ashldr 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)

(CONTINUED)

ANAHSON (CONT'D)  
(realises)  
She's afraid.

THE DOCTOR  
Afraid of what? Of who?

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

CUT TO:

62 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

62

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:

63 **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

63

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:

64 **INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

64

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.

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.

CUT TO:

65 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

65

The raven shakes out its feathers, restless. Almost time now.

CUT TO:

66 **INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

66

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.

(CONTINUED)

ASHILDR (CONT'D)  
You cut me out of the deal.

CUT TO:

67 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

67

The raven turns to smoke and curls out of its cage.

CUT TO:

68 **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

68

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.



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:

69

**EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

69

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

CUT TO:

70

**INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

70

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:

70a

**EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

70a

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

CUT TO:

70b

**INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

70b

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:

70c **EXT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

70c

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:

71 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

71

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:

72 **INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

72

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.

CUT TO:

73 **EXT. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

73

The raven flaps back towards its cage.

CUT TO:

74 **INT. INFIRMARY. TRAP STREET - NIGHT**

74

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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

75 **OMITTED** 75

76 **OMITTED** 76

77 **EXT. LONDON ALLEY - DAY** 77

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.

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