

Blink  
by  
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EXT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE - NIGHT

Big forbidding gates. Wrought iron, the works. A big modern padlock on.

Through the gates, an old house. Ancient, crumbling, overgrown. Once beautiful - still beautiful in decay.

Panning along: on the gates - DANGER, KEEP OUT, UNSAFE STRUCTURE --

The gates are shaking, like someone is climbing them --  
-- and then a figure drops into a view on the other side.

Straightens up into a close-up.

SALLY SPARROW. Early twenties, very pretty, just a bit mad, just a bit dangerous. She's staring at the house, eyes shining. Big naughty grin.

SALLY

Sexy!

And she starts marching up the long gravel drive ...

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The big grand house in darkness, huge sweeping staircase, shuttered window, debris everywhere --

One set of shutters buckles from an impact from the inside, splinters.

SALLY SPARROW, kicking her away in --

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY/ROOMS - NIGHT

SALLY, clutching a camera. Walks from one room to another. Takes a photograph.

Her face: fascinated, loving this creepy old place. Takes another photograph.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CONSERVATORY ROOM - NIGHT

In the conservatory now - the windows looking out on a darkened garden. And a patch of rotting wallpaper catches SALLY'S eye --

High on the wall, just below the picture rail, a corner of wallpaper is peeling away, drooping mournfully down from the wall --

-- revealing writing on the plaster behind. Just two letters we can see - BE - the beginning of a word --

She reaches up on tiptoes and pulls at the hanging frond of wallpaper.

The whole word revealed:

BEWARE

And on this word, dramatic chords: ludicrous, over the top, like from a cheesy old horror movie --

-- and just as we think Murray Gold has lost his mind, Sally pulls out her mobile phone and silences the music by answering it.

SALLY

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Corner of noisy pub, KATHY, phone at her ear, finger in the other one.

KATHY

Sally Sparrow, you promised you'd come. It's Saturday night, we need to be here!

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CONSERVATORY ROOM - NIGHT

SALLY'S eyes are still on the word BEWARE. Eyes gleaming, alive to the mystery. [Intercut between PUB and CONSERVATORY as necessary].

SALLY

Why?

KATHY

Because we don't have boyfriends and we're going to die!

SALLY

We're what??

KATHY

Well, you know, one day.

SALLY  
G'night, Kathy!

Sally, laughing, clicks off the phone. Looks at the revealed word. Frowns.

Beware? Beware what?

She pulls at the wallpaper again. It tears along horizontally, revealing more --

BEWARE THE WEEPING

Frowns? The weeping? She rips further. One more word. The completed message reads ...

BEWARE THE WEEPING ANGEL

What does that mean??

There's more writing below this - the topmost fragment of a letter is poking up into the torn-off area. She pulls the next strip off, revealing more words written just below.

OH, AND DUCK.

Sally stares. Duck??

Pulls off the next strip down on the off chance. And reveals:

NO, REALLY, DUCK!

What??

Seriously puzzled now, she pulls off the next strip.

SALLY SPARROW, DUCK, NOW!!

She's jolted back a step. Her own name on the wall. Impossible.

On her face, the thoughts clicking through her head. Duck? Duck!!

And she ducks!

Glass smashes behind her, something hurtles through the air over her head, smashes into the wall where the writing is.

Just a rock, a big stone - but it would've knocked her cold. It bounces to the floor.

She flashes her torch towards the broken windows. Is anyone there, who was that??

And her torch beam lands on a silent figure standing just beyond the windows of the conservatory.

Sally startles, someone's out there --

-- then realises she's looking at --

AN ANCIENT STONE STATUE, standing tall and thin and solemn in the overgrown garden - ancient, weather-beaten, stained and mottled by a hundred years of rain. Its head is bowed, and its face is buried in its hands, like it's lamenting.

Or weeping ...

Weeping! Sally looks back to the first line of the wall writing --

BEWARE THE WEEPING ANGEL

-- back to the statue. She peers around the stone figure, as far as she can see --

-- there are a pair of folded wings on its back. It's an angel. A weeping angel!

She stands, cautiously approaches the windows. Flashes her torch round the overgrown garden. No one else around. Just the statue.

And weirdly, impossibly it's standing in exactly the right position to have thrown the rock.

What??

Looks back to writing. Lands her torchbeam on her own name?? How is any of this possible??

She rips the next sheet off:

LOVE FROM THE DOCTOR (1969)

TITLES

INT. KATHY'S FLAT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

SALLY, coming through the door. Tired, still a little jumpy, still pulling herself together. She leans back against the door, closes her eyes for a moment --

-- and on the very moment her eyes close, we hear --

THE DOCTOR (OOV)  
Your life depends on this: don't  
blink!

She startles. What?? Where did that come from?

Her view of the hallway. The door to the living room stands open, blue television light flickers eerily out of it.

THE DOCTOR (OOV) (CONT'D)  
Don't even blink. Blink and  
you're dead.

She moves forward to the living room doorway, looks through it.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the big widescreen telly in the corner - THE DOCTOR.

A simple newsreader shot, he's talking directly to the camera.

THE DOCTOR  
They're fast, faster than you can  
believe. Don't turn your back,  
don't look away, and don't blink.

\*

SALLY stares at him - bemused, but no more than mildly curious.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Good luck!

The screen winks out, going blank.

Sally looks round the room, increasingly bemused.

... a computer sits on a desk. On the monitor, a freeze-frame of the Doctor, clearly at a different point in his conversation...

Panning along. On a table a jumble of portable DVD players, all different makes and sizes -

-- but frozen on all of them, in very slightly different moments of what is clearly the same speech - the Doctor.

In one of them, a woman we recognise as MARTHA has poked her head into shot.

\*

Sally: no idea what to make of this, doesn't much care either. She moves off, heading out to the kitchen.

We pan off the doorway to a pair of bare feet. They are sticking out from under a duvet on the couch. And there's snoring ...

... we pan along a body hunched under the duvet, a mop of hair ...

... to a laptop computer, open on the table at the end of the sofa. Again the Doctor's face in chatty freeze frame.

We close in on this as we hear --

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S FLAT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- a bedside phone ringing, then snatched up. KATHY, in bed.

KATHY

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SALLY, making two coffees, phone tucked under her chin.  
[Intercut between BEDROOM and KITCHEN as necessary]

SALLY

Bit freaked, need to talk. Making you a coffee.

KATHY

It's one in the morning. You think I'm coming round at one in the morning??

SALLY

Nope.

What?? Kathy gets it. Looks to her bedroom door - the light is clearly on the hall. Damn it, she's here!

KATHY

Oh God!

(New thought, more alarm)

Oh God!! Sally, you've met my brother, Larry, haven't you?

SALLY

No.

KATHY

You're about to.

Sally looks round.

Standing in the doorway, bleary-eyed, naked (at least from the waist up, that's all we can see) is LARRY. Early twenties, probably good looking in better moments.

He stares at Sally.

Sally stares at him.

LARRY

Okay. Not sure, but really,  
really hoping ... Pants?

Sally looks at him regretfully.

SALLY

Nope.

Kathy: listening, cringes for England.

Larry: just nods, soberly.

LARRY

Okay.

And he goes. We hold on the doorway, as Kathy goes belting past it, in pursuit of her brother.

KATHY

(From off; yelling)  
Put them on!! Put them on, I  
hate you!! What were you  
thinking?? Sally Sparrow doesn't  
have a boyfriend - she could've  
torn you limb from limb!

A door slam! Kathy reappears in the kitchen doorway.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Sorry, my useless brother! Only  
been here three days - the fridge  
is empty and everything smells of  
feet.

And she registers that Sally is a little shaken.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Sally! What's wrong? What's  
happened?

JUMP CUT TO:

OMITTED



EXT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE - DAY

The gates, the keep out signs. As before, a figure drops into shot the other side of the gates - SALLY.

Then another - KATHY.

KATHY

Okay, let's investigate! You and me, girl investigators, love it!

Sally starts leading the way to the house.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Hey! Sparrow and Nightingale!  
That so works!

SALLY

Bit ITV.

KATHY

(Taking that at as a  
compliment)

I know!

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CONSERVATORY ROOM - DAY

It's not a lot less creepy by day. KATHY is looking around, not impressed. SALLY is examining the writing on the wall.

KATHY

What were you here for anyway?  
Everyone says this place is  
haunted.

SALLY

Haunted and beautiful. I love  
old things. They make me feel  
sad.

KATHY

What's good about sad?

SALLY

It's happy for deep people.

Sally has crossed to the windows, looking out on THE WEEPING ANGEL. The thin, lamenting figure, stone face buried in stone hands.

SALLY (CONT'D)

The weeping angel...

Kathy: wrinkles her nose - not impressed, slightly repulsed.

KATHY  
Wouldn't have that in my garden.

SALLY  
It's moved.

Sally is walking back and forward, squinting at the statue from different angles.

KATHY  
It's what?

SALLY  
Since yesterday, I'm sure of it.  
It's closer. It's got closer to  
the house ...!

Sally's eyes go back to the words on the wall:

BEWARE THE WEEPING ANGEL.

Her eyes travel down the wall - and we pan with her - to --

-- LOVE FROM THE DOCTOR --

-- and on the very moment we reach the signature --

Ding dong. The doorbell!

They exchange a look. What?? Sally goes to the conservatory door, peers out.

Sally's POV. The front door, at the other end of the wide, spacious hall.

The door has frosted glass, there's a shadow on it. A man, tall, thin ... could even be the Doctor.

Kathy is at Sally's shoulder, keeps her voice to a whisper.

KATHY  
Who'd come here?

SALLY  
Never mind that. Who lives here?  
That was an electric doorbell.

Curious, Sally reaches behind her, clicks the ancient light switch in the conservatory --

-- and the conservatory lights come on!

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Someone's paying the bills.

Kathy - worried now - snaps the light off again --  
 -- and grabs Sally, who's heading out into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

KATHY

What are you doing?? It could be  
 a burglar!

SALLY

A burglar who rings the  
 doorbell??

KATHY

Okay, I'll stay here in case of --

SALLY

In case of what?

KATHY

Incidents.

SALLY

Okay.

KATHY ducks back into the conservatory room, SALLY at the door now. Bolted, big rusty bolts. She reaches for them, shoots them both.

Sally's face: a moment of hesitation.

The shadow on the frosted glass: without making a big thing of it, it could be the Doctor.

She opens the door.

Standing there: MALCOLM. Mid-forties, shy and reserved looking, a bit formal, bit old fashioned. He's wearing a suit, and probably always does. He's clearly nervous, bit unsure of himself --

-- which is all Sally needs!

SALLY (CONT'D)

Hello, can I help you?

MALCOLM

Sorry. I'm ... I'm looking for  
 Sally Sparrow.

On Sally: this impacts.

On Kathy: listening from just inside the conservatory door.

SALLY

How did you know I'd be here?

Malcolm has reached inside his jacket, now produces what seems to be an ancient envelope - old and yellow. Hesitates.

MALCOLM

I was told to bring this letter, on this date, at this exact time, to Sally Sparrow.

SALLY

It's looks old.

MALCOLM

It is old. I'm sorry, do you have anything with a photograph on it? Like a driving licence?

On Sally, incredulous --

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CONSERVATORY ROOM - DAY

At the conservatory door, KATHY, listening, equally bemused --

-- a movement from behind her - the flicker of shadow, the scrape of a foot --

-- she spins, looks. The room as it was, nothing changed.

Kathy: frowns, was there something? Takes a few steps into the room, glances over at --

-- the weeping angel, still and silent in the garden, face plunged in its hands. There's nothing here, nothing moving.

She turns heads back to the doorway --

And as she clears frame, we are left with THE WEEPING ANGEL -

-- and its hands are now gone from its face, and it's looking right at her. (NB. We DON'T see the movement - just the result of it.)

Closer on the angel. A round, angelic face, eyes that are blank ovals of stone ...

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

At the door, MALCOLM is studying Sally's photograph. He even holds the little photograph - a little apologetically - next to SALLY'S face.

MALCOLM

I'm sorry, I feel really stupid,  
but I was told to make absolutely  
sure. It's so hard to tell with  
these little photographs, isn't  
it?

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CONSERVATORY ROOM - DAY

On KATHY listening at the door, equally puzzled.

SALLY (OOV)

Apparently.

Kathy shifts position slightly, trying to see the guy at the door --

-- and we see behind her that THE WEEPING ANGEL is now standing right outside the window, right up close to the glass, its blank stone eyes fixed on her --

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

MALCOLM is handing SALLY back her back her driving licence. Then hesitates with the envelope - like it's a big duty to discharge and he's a bit self-conscious.

MALCOLM

Well! Here we go, I suppose.  
Funny feeling, after all these  
years.

He holds out the ancient envelope.

Sally eyes it. Chilled somehow.

SALLY

(Not taking it)  
Who's it from?

MALCOLM

Well that's a long story actually  
--

SALLY

Gimme a name.

On KATHY: she steps closer, into the hallway to hear the answer --

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CONSERVATORY ROOM - DAY

-- revealing THE WEEPING ANGEL standing now in the room, only inches behind her, one arm stretched out, as if reaching for her! (NB. Again, we never see a movement, it's always a frozen thing when we see it.)

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

MALCOLM

Katherine Wainright. But she specified I should tell you that prior to her marriage, her name was Kathy Nightingale.

Sally: stares. What??

And wham!

Sally spins! The door to the conservatory has slammed, like it's been sucked shut by a draft. But more than a draft. For the briefest moment there's a distant whooshing noise, a howling, something being sucked away. And there is no sign of Kathy.

SALLY

Kathy?

MALCOLM

Kathy, yes. Katherine Costello Nightingale.

Sally turns to look at him again. Smiles.

SALLY

This a joke?

MALCOLM

A joke?

SALLY

(Calling to the closed door)

Kathy, is this you? Very funny!

She's gone to the door to the conservatory, now enters --

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CONSERVATORY ROOM - DAY

-- the room is deserted. SALLY looks round bemused.

In the garden outside: THE WEEPING ANGEL, back as it was before, face plunged in its hands.

SALLY

Kathy?

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. FIELD - DAY 'A'

Close on KATHY as she springs up into shot.

She's in a field. She's crouched there, like she just landed, very suddenly. Breathing hard, dazed, seemingly in shock.

She straightens up. Trees, fields, grass. And cows. She's in a field with cows. Nothing remains of where she was. No buildings, just fields and trees and farmland.

She turns. A fence. BEN, twenties, a farmhand in a cap and working clothes sitting on the fence, reading a paper, munching an apple. Good looking, cheeky smile.

She stares at him groggily for a few seconds --

-- till he glances up. And stares back at her.

A little shakily, she starts towards him ...

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY STAIRS - DAY

SALLY is standing on the stairs, calling up them. MALCOLM is looking up at her in confusion.

SALLY

Kathy? Kathy?

MALCOLM

Please.

She looks down at him. He is proffering the letter.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You need to take this. I promised.

Sally's eyes go to the letter. What is this, what's happening?

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY 'A'

KATHY is approaching BEN on the fence.

KATHY  
Excuse me. Where am I?

BEN  
You're in the cow field.

KATHY  
What cow field? Why are there cows?? What's that about, cows?? I was in London, I was in the middle of London.

BEN  
You're in Hull.

KATHY  
No, I'm not.

BEN  
This is Hull.

KATHY  
No it isn't.

BEN  
You're in Hull.

KATHY  
I'm not in Hull, stop saying Hull.

A little nervously, the MAN proffers the newspaper he's reading ... (this scene should mirror Sally approaching the proffered letter.)

BEN  
Hull. See?

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY STAIRS - DAY

MALCOLM is handing the letter to SALLY (again mirroring Ben proffering the newspaper to Kathy ...)

Sally holds the letter gingerly. Something awful is happening, she can feel it.



SALLY  
Who are you? Why are you here?

MALCOLM  
I made a promise.

SALLY  
Who to?

MALCOLM  
My grandmother. Katherine  
Costello Nightingale.

Sally is staring at him. Rocked now. Something about the man's sincerity - there's something terrible here.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY 'A'

BEN is handing the paper to KATHY. Kathy takes it, looks at it.

An old fashioned newspaper. The masthead: The Hull Times.

BEN  
Don't have that in London, no  
call for it. It's all Hull.

On Kathy, staring, bemused. Then frowning --

-- Kathy's POV, the newspaper. Zooming in on the date --

-- 5th December 1920 --

-- right on the year, till it fills the screen:

OMITTED

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY STAIRS - DAY

SALLY  
Your grandmother??

MALCOLM  
Yes. She died twenty years ago.

On Sally. Wha-?

And then --

-- she laughs.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
I don't see why that's funny.

SALLY  
It's your joke!

She has taken the letter, rips open the envelope. A thick handwritten letter, a bunch of old photographs.

First thing she sees:

And ancient black and white photograph, and staring out of it, unmistakably, KATHY NIGHTINGALE. She's in period clothes but it's absolutely her.

She flicks through the other photographs. The same woman, Kathy, getting older - getting married, holding babies, a jolly old woman with grandchildren, finally in colour.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
So they're related?

MALCOLM  
I'm sorry?

SALLY  
My Kathy, your granny - they're practically identical --

She breaks off. She's staring at the letter -- the opening few lines, the spidery handwriting of the very old.

KATHY  
(V.O.)  
My Dearest Sally Sparrow. If my grandson has done as he promises he will, then as you read these words it has been mere minutes since we last spoke - for you. For me, it has been over sixty years.

Sally's face. What?? What?? Flicking through the letter now, the many pages.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)  
-- The third of the photographs is of my children. The youngest is Sally, I named her after you, of course --

Flicks through again.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)  
-- My husband died of influenza in 1962 --

Flicking through again, faster, more frantic.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

-- You have always loved old things, and the past, but in a way, dearest Sally, you have always been wrong --

Sally looks up at Malcolm, shaking.

SALLY

This is sick!! This is totally sick!!

And she dashes the letter plus photographs to the floor. Malcolm looks in horror at the scattered documents.

A movement from upstairs. Sally's head snaps up.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Kathy?

And she races up the stairs ...

Malcolm bends to pick up the scattered letter and photographs ...

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. LANDING - DAY

The landing - SALLY emerging onto it. A skylight of broken windows throws slanting squares of daylight on to a world of peeling plaster and pigeon droppings, and --

SALLY looks around, suddenly chilled.

Because up here, standing against the walls, looking almost - almost - like they belong here, there are three more WEEPING ANGELS. \*

These statues are less weatherbeaten, but just as old - maybe they were outside once, and have been moved inside to preserve them.

Two of the angels have their faces plunged in their hands, but the third -

- the third is still crying or lamenting, but its head is thrown to one side and buried in the crook of its arm.

Its other arm hangs free, and gripped in this hand --

-- Sally steps closer, looks.

An ordinary Yale key on a loop of ratty old string. Clearly not part of the statue's design, too modern, too ... well, rubbish. (It doesn't matter, but if we're smart, we'll recognise the TARDIS key.)

Sally goes to this statue, looks closer at the dangling key.

The key - still shiny - and its string are gripped by the ancient weather-beaten stone hand. She pulls at the key, but it is firmly gripped. She pulls harder. Still gripped.

She bends to inspect the key --

-- and we see, beyond her, that all the other statues have lowered their hands, and turned to look at her! (Again, we do not see the movement - just the result when she bends out of shot to look at the key.) She yanks at the key - the string snaps.

She takes the key, turning to hold it up to the light for a proper look --

-- and in this moment we see that all other angels have resumed their positions, faces in hands. (She now has her back to the angel she took the key from.)

We hold on her, her back to us, as she examines the key --

-- and we see the shadow of a hand creeping up her back!

From down below we hear a door!

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE - DAY

-- very quick shot of MALCOLM striding away from the house -  
-

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. LANDING - DAY

-- SALLY startles at the sound of the slamming door, and immediately heads to the stairs again --

-- leaving us with a shot of the statue right behind reaching for her with its stone hand.

SALLY  
No, wait, hang on!

She races down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY STAIRS - DAY

SALLY comes racing down --

-- stops as she sees the letter and photographs now neatly stacked on the bottom stair.

Hesitates, scoops them up, dashes on --

-- and as she clears frame, we see a pair of stone feet frozen in the act of descending the stairs behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE - DAY

SALLY comes dashing out of the house, looks around. No sign of Malcolm. She hears a car start up, drive off.

She sags. Damn it! Stupid!

She sets off towards the gates ...

... we pan up from her, letting her feet crunch away down the drive ...

... to the windows of the house. At one of the windows, three of the WEEPING ANGELS stand, watching her go ... We pan to the fourth in the garden, also watching her go...

KATHY

(V.O.)

I suppose, unless I live to a really exceptional old age, I will be long gone as you read this.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KATHY'S FLAT. BEDROOM - DAY

SALLY sits on Kathy's bed. All around her, evidence of a life in progress. Tights drying on the radiator, a book open on the bedside table, photos of mad nights in pubs pinned to the wall. Sally is reading the letter, now only half disbelieving - and tears standing in her eyes.

KATHY

(V.O.)

Don't feel sorry for me. I have led a good and full life.

(MORE)

KATHY (cont'd)

I have loved a good man, and been well loved in return. You would have liked Ben - I wish you could have met him.

Sally puts the letter down for a moment, picks up one of the photographs. A wedding photograph, KATHY AND BEN.

Closer on the photo of Ben, smiling proudly. He is clearly the man Kathy was talking to in the cow field.

On Sally, squinting critically at him, making an assessment, approving --

-- and when we cut back to Ben, he's no longer a photograph, he's --

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY 'A'

-- calling to KATHY. (We are back by the cow field, minutes after we last saw them.)

BEN

Where are you going?

Kathy is heading determinedly away down the lane, BEN following at more of an amble. We hold our position, letting them move away from us.

KATHY

Are you following me??

BEN

Yep.

KATHY

Are you going to stop following me??

BEN

Nope, don't think so.

And off they go - Kathy stomping in front, Ben ambling behind - and we slowly:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

-- a similarly framed shot of SALLY walking towards us, also seemingly along a country lane, carrying a bunch of flowers --

-- but as the picture clarifies, we see that it is a graveyard.

KATHY

(V.O.)

You have always loved old things,  
and the past, but in a way,  
dearest Sally, you have always  
been wrong. The past isn't old.  
That's exactly what the past is  
not.

As we hear these words, we have panned with Sally, to a close shot of an old grave stone.

PANNING DOWN  
THE WORDS:

In loving memory

Benjamin Wainright (1897 - 1962)

And his loving wife

Katherine Costello Wainright (1902 - 1987)

Over this, we hear:

KATHY (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

The past is just like here - but  
everything is new. Everything is  
brand new.

Sally is places the flowers on her friend's grave. She stands for a moment, looking sadly at the names --

-- then frowns at a detail.

Close on the dates after Kathy's name (1902 - 1987).

SALLY

1902? You told him you were 18??  
(Laughs delightedly)  
You lying cow!

Still laughing she turns to go --

-- revealing, perched on the large tomb behind her, looking completely in place - A WEEPING ANGEL. Exactly the same creature as the ones we saw at the house.

A shot of Sally leaving through the graveyard gates --

-- and we can cut back to the Weeping Angel, now watching her go.

KATHY

(V.O.)

My Mum and Dad are gone by your time, so really there's only my brother, Lawrence, to tell. He works at the DVD store on Queen Street.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANTO'S DVD STORE - DAY

SALLY is crossing the road to a specialist "Banto's DVD store - New, Second Hand, and Rare."

KATHY

(V.O.)

I don't know what you're going to say to him, but I know you'll think of something. Just tell him I love him.

CUT TO:

INT. BANTO'S DVD STORE - DAY

SALLY is entering the store. Typical DVD store - bit smaller, bit shabbier.

Guy at the till, BANTO, watching a movie on the store television - clearly an actioner, gunshots and shouting. He's all gut and tight-teeshirt.

SALLY

Excuse me - I'm looking for Lawrence Nightingale.

BANTO

(Calls through the back)

Florence!

(To Sally)

Through the back.

He jerks his head at the curtain leading to the back shop. A little dubiously, Sally moves towards it, pushes through.

CUT TO:

INT. BANTO'S DVD STORE. BACK OF SHOP - DAY

SALLY sees some boxes, a kettle, a fridge, this is a room for storage and coffee breaks. No one there.

SALLY

Hello?



THE DOCTOR

Martha!

Sally spins. The voice comes from a television (hooked up to a DVD player) in the corner of the room.

That same 'newsreader' shot of THE DOCTOR talking to camera - but Martha has stuck her head into shot. \*

MARTHA

Sorry.

She disappears. The Doctor turns back to the camera, addressing it directly. It's as if exchanging remarks with some other, unseen person. His comments are non-sequiters, delivered after gaps during which he's apparently listening.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Possibly.

Sally has moved closer to the telly, looking closer at this man.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

'Fraid so.

She approaches the television strangely compelled by this.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Thirty eight.

LARRY appears through a door behind her.

LARRY

Oh. Hello, can I help you?

SALLY

Hi.

LARRY

Just a mo.

Larry has grabbed a remote, paused the DVD. He looks at Sally, realises he recognises her.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Hang on, we met, didn't we --

SALLY

It'll come to you.

LARRY

(Colours, as he realises  
who she is)

OH MY GOD!

SALLY  
There it is.

LARRY  
Sorry - sorry, again, about that  
whole --

SALLY  
Message from your sister.

LARRY  
Oh! Okay!

Sally opens her mouth to speak. And nothing comes out. How on Earth does she do this?? The enormity of it is just impacting on her??

LARRY (CONT'D)  
What? What is it, what's the  
message?

SALLY  
She's ... had to go away for a  
bit.

LARRY  
Where?

SALLY  
Just a work thing, nothing to  
worry about.

LARRY  
Okay.

SALLY  
And - ...  
(Flounders)

LARRY  
And what?

SALLY  
(Trying to be casual)  
She ... she loves you.

LARRY  
She what??

SALLY  
She said to say. Just sort of  
... mentioned it. She loves you.  
There, that's nice, isn't it?

LARRY  
... is she ill?

SALLY  
No, no.

LARRY  
Am I ill??

SALLY  
No!

LARRY  
Is it a trick??

SALLY  
No, she loves you.

On the screen, the Doctor starts up again.

THE DOCTOR  
People don't understand time - it  
isn't what you think it is.

SALLY  
(Rounding on the  
television)  
Who is this guy??

LARRY  
Sorry, the pause keeps slipping,  
stupid thing --

Larry has grabbed the remote, paused the Doctor again.

SALLY  
Last night at Kathy's you had him  
on all those screens. That same  
guy. Talking about... I dunno,  
blinking or something.

LARRY  
Yeah, the bit about blinking's  
great! I was checking if they  
were all the same.

SALLY  
What were the same? What is  
this, who is he?

LARRY  
An easter egg.

SALLY  
Excuse me?

LARRY  
Like a DVD extra, yeah? You know  
how they put extras on DVDs -  
documentaries and stuff.

(MORE)

LARRY (cont'd)

Sometimes they put on hidden ones, they call them easter eggs - you have to go looking for them. Follow a bunch of clues in the menu screens --

SALLY

(Losing interest)

Oh God, why am I even talking about this?? What's the matter with me??

LARRY

What's wrong?

On the screen the Doctor comes back to life again.

THE DOCTOR

It's complicated.

LARRY

(Grabbing the remote again)

Sorry - it's interesting, actually. He's on seventeen different DVDs. There are seventeen totally unrelated DVD releases all with him on - always hidden away, always a secret. Not even the publishers know how he got there. I've spoken to the manufacturers, they don't even know. He's like a ghost DVD extra. Just shows up on DVDs where he's not supposed to be. But only those ones. Those seventeen.

SALLY

What does he do?

LARRY

Just sits there, makes random remarks. It's like we're hearing half a conversation.

He starts up the player again.

THE DOCTOR

Very complicated.

LARRY

Me and the guys are always trying to work out the other half.

SALLY

When you say you and the guys, you mean the internet, don't you?

LARRY  
How do you know?

SALLY  
Spooky, isn't it?

BANTO  
(Calling from off)  
Florence - need you!

LARRY  
S'cuse me a sec.

Larry heads out to the front of the shop, leaving Sally with the Doctor. She looks curiously at him, intrigued in spite of herself.

THE DOCTOR  
People assume that time is a strict progression of cause to effect, but actually from a non-linear, non-subjective viewpoint, it's more like a big ball of wibbly-wobbly, timey-wimey stuff.

SALLY  
Started well, that sentence.

THE DOCTOR  
(Ruefully agreeing)  
It got away from me, yeah.

Sally blinks, stares in confusion. What?? Did he just reply to her??

SALLY  
Okay, that's weird. Like you can hear me.

THE DOCTOR  
Well, I can hear you.

She startles, stares at the telly. Freaked now, she has grabbed the remote, zapped the player. The picture freezes.

SALLY  
(Shaking, angry)  
Okay, that's enough, I've had enough now, I've had a long day and I've had bloody enough!

Larry is standing at the curtain, staring at her, worried. Sally freezes, seeing him.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Bad day.

LARRY  
Got you the list.

SALLY  
What??

LARRY  
The list of the seventeen DVDs.  
Thought you might be interest --

SALLY  
(Snatching the list)  
Yeah, great, thanks!

Shoves past him, heading out into the shop.

CUT TO:

INT. BANTO'S DVD STORE - DAY

BANTO  
Go to the police, you stupid  
woman!!

SALLY spins at this. What??

But BANTO is talking at the television, still watching his  
action movie.

BANTO (CONT'D)  
Why does nobody ever just go to  
the police.

On Sally's face - like this is a new idea!!

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A fine old, age-blackened, gargoyled building.

-- panning down the building to the doors. Big comforting  
double doors, light streaming out, big globes with POLICE  
on them. It's raining now, rain streaming down the  
brickwork.

SALLY  
(V.O.)  
Look, I know how mad I'm sounding  
...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION. FRONT DESK - DAY

Hissing rain outside, bottle green gloom. SALLY sits opposite an elderly DESK SERGEANT who's being very patient with this distressed girl.

DESK SERGEANT

Shall we try it from the beginning this time? Still not quite sure if this girl is missing or not.

SALLY

Okay. There's this house. A big old place, been empty for years, falling apart. Wester Drumlins you've beyond the estate, you've probably seen it --

She is interrupted by the scrape of a chair. She looks up.

DESK SERGEANT

(Dead serious now)  
Wester Drumlins?

SALLY

Yes.

DESK SERGEANT

(Heading for the door)  
Could you just wait here for a minute.

The door closes behind him.

Sally: what? What's going on now? She glances out the window --

-- freezes on what she sees.

Sally's POV. Through the window, quite close, the building on the opposite side of the street - like this one, old, blackened. And on the ledge directly opposite, standing either side of a grand window, as if they belong there, TWO WEEPING ANGELS, their faces plunged in their hands. They somehow fit in - on a glance you would think they belonged there.

She crosses to the window, stares in disbelief. It can't be! It can't be them!

But it is. No question. She stares --

-- and as she stares, we do a big, weird, swooping zoom in on her eyes, till her eyes are filling the screen --

-- and in eerie slow motion, her eyes blink --

- a big *thoom!* sound effect --

-- and as they re-open, she frowns. Stares, puzzled now -

-- because the Weeping Angels are gone from the ledge. She steps closer to the window. What?? What?? Was she imagining it? She clutches her head.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Okay. Cracking up now...

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A shot of SALLY from outside the window, craning to see where the statues have gone. We pull back slightly from her, to see what she cannot - that THE WEEPING ANGELS now stand either side of the window she's looking out of.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The door opens behind her, she startles.

Coming through the door, BILLY, much younger guy, plain clothes. Good looking, early thirties, confident to the point of cheeky, speaks in info-bursts, like a machine-gun.

BILLY  
Hi, D.I. Billy Shipton - Wester  
Drumlins, that's mine, can't talk  
to you now, got a thing I can't  
be late for, but if you could --

Breaks off, taking her in. Nice. Very nice. You can see those thoughts clicking through his head. Suddenly unleashes a dazzling smile.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Hello!

SALLY  
(A little startled)  
Hello.

He pops his head out the door, calls.

BILLY  
Marcie, tell 'em I'm gonna be  
late for the thing.

CUT TO:



INT. GARAGE - DAY

Lights flicker on, illuminating a row of parked cars.

We are in a big garage, barely more than a big metal shed, rain drumming on the roof. BILLY and SALLY have just arrived.

Sally looks along the cars.

SALLY  
All of them?

BILLY  
Over the last two years, yeah.

They start walking along the row of parked cars - eight of them. We track with them.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
They all had personal items still in them. Couple still had the motor running.

SALLY  
So over the last two years the owners of all these vehicles have driven up to Wester Drumlins House, parked outside, and just disappeared.

They have reached the end of the row. And standing in the final bay, not a car - the TARDIS!

SALLY (CONT'D)  
What's that?

BILLY  
Oh, we found that there too. Somebody's idea of a joke, I suppose.

SALLY  
But what is it? What's a police box?

BILLY  
Special kind of rozzer phone box, they used to have them all over. But this isn't a real one - the phone's just a dummy and the windows are the wrong size. We can't even get in it. Ordinary yale lock but nothing fits. But that's not the big question. See, you're missing the big question.

SALLY  
Okay, what's the big question?

BILLY  
Will you have a drink with me?

SALLY  
... I'm sorry?

BILLY  
Drink, you, me, now?

SALLY  
Aren't you on duty, Detective  
Inspector Shipton?

BILLY  
Nope. Knocked off before I left -  
told 'em I had a family crisis.

SALLY  
Why?

BILLY  
Because life is short and you are  
hot. Drink?

SALLY  
No.

BILLY  
Ever?

SALLY  
Maybe.

BILLY  
Phone number?

SALLY  
Moving kind of fast, D.I.  
Shipton.

BILLY  
Billy, I'm off duty.

SALLY  
Aren't you just!

But Sally has pulled out a notebook, is scribbling down her  
phone number.

BILLY  
That your phone number?

SALLY  
(Handing him the page  
torn from her notebook)  
(MORE)

SALLY (cont'd)  
 Just my phone number. Not a  
 promise, not a guarantee, not an  
 IOU - just a phone number.

BILLY  
 Storming! And that's Sally ... ?

SALLY  
 Sally Shipton.  
 (Colours! Oh my God!!)  
 Sparrow. Sally Sparrow. Me, I  
 am. Okay, going now, don't look  
 at me.

She is striding for the exit, head down, embarrassed for  
 England.

BILLY  
 I'll phone you!

SALLY  
 Don't look at me.

BILLY  
 Phone you tomorrow.

SALLY  
 Don't look at me!

BILLY  
 Maybe phone you tonight.

SALLY  
 Don't look at me.

And the door slams behind her.

BILLY  
 (Calling after her)  
 Definitely gonna phone you,  
 gorgeous girl!

SALLY  
 (Calling from beyond the  
 door)  
 You definitely better!

Billy grins - he's so in --

-- and then, glancing round, he notices something --

-- ranged along the opposite wall, faces plunged in their  
 hands, the three of the WEEPING ANGELS ...

He frowns in confusion - those weren't there before!  
 Glances round the fourth ANGEL stands at the police box, on  
 hand place on it, staring at it, raptly - but frozen like  
 the others.

He approaches them. Walks right up to one of them, peers closely at it.

And then that same weird, swooping zoom in on his eyes --

-- his eyes start to blink in slow motion --

-- thoom!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE GARAGE - DAY

SALLY is heading away, through the rain, still recovering from her mortal embarrassment --

-- and then it hits her! She jolts to a halt, scrabbles in her pocket --

-- and pulls out the yale key on its ratty old string. The key to the box! She turns, runs.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

SALLY comes tumbling through the door, key in hand --

SALLY

Billy --

Stops. Looks around. No sign of Billy. Clearly he's left already. And then she notices --

The big double doors at the other end of the garage stand open now, flapping in the wind and rain --

-- and in the bay where the TARDIS stood, nothing. The box has gone - just a pale square on the ground marking where it stood. And tracks showing where it was dragged to the doors. The blue box has been stolen and Billy has vanished!

Corny dramatic chords! And Sally answers her phone.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Hello?

(Relief)

Billy, where are you?

(Confusion)

Where?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK STREET - DAY 'B'

A tatty back street, could be anywhere. PERHAPS a couple of parked cars - but not modern cars, sixties cars. Kids playing the other end of the alley - in sixties clothes, with sixties toys. Sixties posters on the wall. (Whatever's achievable).

-- and out of nowhere, BILLY SHIPTON is slammed against the wall. Dazed, he slides down. He sits there, against the wall, looking Where is he, how did he get here??

THE DOCTOR

1969.

Billy looks up. Tries to focus on the couple - the DOCTOR and MARTHA - strolling down the back street towards him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Not bad, as it goes. You've got the moon landing to look forward to!

MARTHA

Oh, the moon landing is brilliant - we went four times.

(shoots the Doctor a look)

Back when we had transport.

THE DOCTOR

Working on it!

BILLY

(Trying to get up, failing)

Where am I? How did I get here?

THE DOCTOR

Same way we did. The touch of an angel - same one, probably, since you ended up in the same year.

No, don't get up.

(Sits next to Billy)

Time travel without a capsule, nasty - catch your breath, don't go swimming for half an hour.

BILLY

I don't -- ... I can't -- ...

THE DOCTOR

Fascinating race, the weeping angels. The only creatures in the universe to kill you nicely. No mess, no fuss - just zap you into the past and let you live to death.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The rest of your life used up and  
blown away in the blink of an  
eye.

BILLY

What you talking about?

THE DOCTOR

Tracked you down with this.

He holds up a gadget clearly improvised from sixties  
household items. There's a valve from a television stuck  
on the top.

THE DOCTOR

This is my Timey-Wimey detector.  
It goes ding when there's stuff.  
Also it can boil an egg at thirty  
paces. Whether you want it to or  
not, actually, so I've learned to  
stay away from hens. It's not  
pretty when they blow.

BILLY

I don't understand. Where am I?

MARTHA

1969. Like he said.

THE DOCTOR

Normally I'd offer you a lift  
home, but somebody nicked my  
motor. So I need you to take a  
message to Sally Sparrow. And  
I'm sorry, Billy, I'm very, very  
sorry. It's going to take you a  
while.

On Billy's face, uncomprehending.

CUT TO:

INT. WELLGROVE HOSPICE - DAY

A bedroom, clearly an institutional one. Sad and bland and  
temporary. An old, very sick man (OLD BILLY), sleeping  
noisily on the bed.

Sally stands in the doorway, looking at him. Looking around  
this tragic little room.

A red cord, hanging next to Old Billy, to pull for  
attention.

She crosses to his bedside table. Next to his phone is a  
scrap of paper, torn from a notebook. Her notebook, her  
phone number written on it.

She opens her notebook, compares it with the scrap of paper. The torn-out page lying on the desk is ancient and yellowed -the fragment of the same page in Sally's notebook is brand new and white. She joins them together again for a moment - the tears match exactly, but one part so old, one part so new.

She looks at Old Billy lying in the bed - emaciated, ruined with age and illness.

It's almost too much. She goes to the window, looks sadly out at the pelting rain.

From behind her:

OLD BILLY  
It was raining when we met.

SALLY  
It's the same rain.

She turns to look at him. Barely recognisable as the man she met an hour ago. Sad watery old eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. WELLGROVE HOSPICE - DAY

SALLY now sits next to OLD BILLY, looking at some photographs. This one is a wedding photograph.

SALLY  
She looks nice.

OLD BILLY  
Her name was Sally too.

SALLY  
(Smiles)  
Sally Shipton.

OLD BILLY  
(Smiles, remembering so  
long ago)  
Sally Shipton.

Sally glances at the window, little unsure what she should be saying.

SALLY  
Well. The rain's stopping.  
That's the good news.

Old Billy looks at the window - like there's something sad about the rain only he understands.

OLD BILLY

I often thought about looking for you before tonight - but apparently it would've torn a hole in the fabric of space and time and destroyed two thirds of the universe. Also I'd lost my hair.

SALLY

Two thirds of the universe - where'd you get that from?

OLD BILLY

There's a man in 1969. He sent me with a message for you. Thirty-eight years, it's taken me, getting back to you,

SALLY

What man?

OLD BILLY

The Doctor.

Impacts on Sally. The name on the wall!

SALLY

And what's the message?

OLD BILLY

Just this. Look at the list.

SALLY

What does that mean? Is that it, look at the list?

OLD BILLY

There's more. But have to find the rest for yourself.

SALLY

But what's he talking about? What list?

OLD BILLY

He said you'd have it by now. A list of seventeen DVDs.

Sally blinks. How could the Doctor possibly know about that?? She fishes about in her pockets for the list.

OLD BILLY

I didn't stay a policeman back then. Got into publishing. Loved that, loved it. Then video publishing. Then DVDs, of course  
...



SALLY

You put the Easter egg on?

OLD BILLY

Have you noticed what the DVDs all have in common yet. I suppose it's hard for you, in a way.

SALLY

How could the Doctor have known I'd have a list? I only just got this.

OLD BILLY

He knew lots of things. Impossible things about the future, about you. I asked him how but he said he couldn't tell me. He said you'd understand it one day --

(Glances sadly at the window, the rain)

-- but that I never would.

SALLY

Soon as I understand it, I'll come and tell you.

OLD BILLY

No, gorgeous girl, you won't. There's only tonight. He told me all those years ago we'd only meet again this one time. On the night I died.

SALLY

(Eyes filling)

Oh, Billy - oh no.

OLD BILLY

It's kept me going. I'm an old, sick man. But I've had something to look forward to.

(Takes her hand)

Life is long. You are hot.

Sally almost laughs, in spite of herself. Old Billy is looking at the contrast between Sally's hand and his own.

OLD BILLY (CONT'D)

Oh, look at my hands. Old man hands. How did that happen?

SALLY

I'll stay. I'm going to stay with you. Okay?

OLD BILLY  
Thank you, Sally Sparrow.

His eyes go to the window.

OLD BILLY (CONT'D)  
I have until the rain stops ...

We pan to the window, the lightening gloom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WELLGROVE HOSPICE - NIGHT

The same shot of the window, only now evening sunlight is streaming in. And SALLY is standing at the window, staring out. So sad.

She looks from the window, to the list in her hand. The list that Larry gave her. She crumples it.

A phone ringing.

CUT TO:

INT. BANTO'S DVD STORE - NIGHT

The shop is closing up. LARRY picks up the phone.

LARRY  
Banto's.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SALLY striding along the street, mobile at her ear.

SALLY  
They're mine.

[We now intercut with the DVD shop as required.]

LARRY  
... what?

SALLY  
The DVDs on the list. The seventeen DVDs. What they've got in common is me. They're all the DVDs I own. The easter egg is intended for me!

Larry absorbs this, astonished. So much to take in, so fast.

LARRY  
You've only got seventeen DVDs??

SALLY  
Do you have a portable DVD  
player?

LARRY  
Course, why?

SALLY  
I want you to meet me.

LARRY  
Where?

We whip pan from Sally to see where's she walking to --  
Wester Drumlins House!  
A doorbell rings and we

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

SALLY pulls open the front door, to reveal LARRY, a big bag  
slung over his shoulder.

LARRY  
You live in Scooby Doo's house!

SALLY  
For God's sake, I don't live  
here...!

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CONSERVATORY ROOM - NIGHT

Few minutes later. LARRY is crouched on the floor,  
slipping the DVD into a portable machine. He is now making  
his way through the menu screens. SALLY paces, agitated.

LARRY  
Okay, here he is.

THE DOCTOR on the screen settling into position.

SALLY  
The Doctor!

LARRY  
Who's the Doctor?

SALLY  
He's the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR  
Yep. That's me.

SALLY  
(Startles)  
Okay, that's scary.

Larry hastens to explain.

LARRY  
No, you see, it sounds like he's  
replying there, but he always  
says that.

THE DOCTOR  
Yes, I do.

LARRY  
And that.

THE DOCTOR  
Yep, and this.

SALLY  
He can hear us. Oh my God, you  
really can hear us.

LARRY  
Of course he can't hear us.  
Look!

He's grabbed a folder, from his bag, flipped it open,  
pulled some sheets of paper.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Got a transcript, see, everything  
he says. "Yep, that's me."  
"Yes, I do." "Yep, and this."  
Next it's --

Larry reads aloud.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
"Are you going to read out  
the whole thing??"

THE DOCTOR  
(Saying it live)  
Are you going to read out the  
whole thing??

Larry startles, looks at the Doctor.

LARRY  
Sorry.

SALLY  
Who are you?

THE DOCTOR  
I'm a time traveller. Or I was.  
I'm stuck in 1969.

Larry's head is whipping between his transcript and the screen. Disbelief.

On screen, Martha's head pops into view, indignant.

MARTHA  
We're stuck. For three months!  
All of space and time, he  
promised me. Now I've got a job  
in a shop - I've got to *support*  
him!

THE DOCTOR  
Martha!

MARTHA  
Sorry.

SALLY  
I saw this bit before.

THE DOCTOR  
Quite possibly.

SALLY  
1969. That's where you're  
talking from.

THE DOCTOR  
Fraid so.

SALLY  
But you're replying to me. You  
can't know exactly what I'm going  
to say, forty years before I say  
it!!

THE DOCTOR  
Thirty-eight.

LARRY  
I'm getting this down! I'm  
writing in your bits!!

He has grabbed a pen, starts scribbling frantically in the gaps between the Doctor's remarks.

SALLY  
How? How is this possible? Tell  
me!

LARRY  
Not so fast.

THE DOCTOR

People don't understand time -  
it's not what you think it is.

SALLY

Then what is it?

THE DOCTOR

Complicated.

SALLY

Tell me.

THE DOCTOR

Very complicated.

SALLY

I'm clever and I'm listening.  
And don't patronise me because  
people have died, and I'm not  
happy.

THE DOCTOR

People assume that time is a  
strict progression of cause to  
effect, but actually from a non-  
linear, non-subjective viewpoint,  
it's more like a big ball of  
wibbly-wobbly, timey-wimey  
stuff.

SALLY

Yeah, I've seen this part. You  
said that sentence got away from  
you.

THE DOCTOR

It got away from me, yeah.

SALLY

Next thing you say is "Well, I  
can hear you".

THE DOCTOR

Well, I *can* hear you.

SALLY

This isn't possible!

LARRY

(Still writing  
frantically)  
It's brilliant!

THE DOCTOR

Well not hear you exactly, But I  
know everything you're going to  
say.

LARRY

Always gives me shivers, that bit.

SALLY

How can you know what I'm going to say?

THE DOCTOR

Look to your left.

She looks to her left. She's looking at Larry, scribbling away.

LARRY

What does he mean by "look to your left." I've written tons about that on the forums, I think it's a political statement.

SALLY

He means you.

She crosses to him, looks at what he's scribbling away.

SALLY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LARRY

Writing in your bits. So I've got a complete transcript of the whole conversation. Wait till this hits the net. This will explode the egg forums.

THE DOCTOR

I've got a copy of the finished transcript. It's on my autocue.

SALLY

How can you have the finished transcript?? It's still being written.

THE DOCTOR

I told you. I'm a time traveller. I got it in the future.

SALLY

You are reading aloud from a transcript of a conversation you're still having??

THE DOCTOR

Wibbly-wobbly, timey-wimey. It doesn't matter, really - what matters is we can communicate.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

We've got bigger problems now.  
They've taken the blue box,  
haven't they? The angels have  
the phone box.

LARRY

"The angels have the phone box!"  
That's my favourite, I've got  
that on a tee-shirt!

SALLY

What do you mean, angels? You  
mean those statue things.

Her eyes go to THE WEeping ANGEL in the garden, face in its  
hands.

OMITTED:62

THE DOCTOR

Creatures from another world.

SALLY

But they're just statues.

THE DOCTOR

Only when you see them.

SALLY

What does that mean?

THE DOCTOR

The lonely assassins, they used  
be called - no one quite knows  
where they came from but they're  
as old as the universe, or very  
nearly. And they've survived  
this long because they have the  
most perfect defence system ever  
evolved. They're quantum locked -  
they don't exist when they're  
being observed. The moment they  
are seen by any other living  
creature they freeze into rock -  
no choice, a fact of their  
biology. In the sight of any  
living thing, they literally turn  
to stone. And you can't kill a  
stone. Of course, a stone can't  
kill you either. But then you  
turn your head away, then you  
blink - and oh yes it can!

SALLY

(Quietly, to Larry)  
Don't take your eyes off that!



SALLY is pointing a shaking hand at the lone statue in the garden.

On LARRY'S face: getting it.

THE DOCTOR

That's why they cover their eyes.  
They're not weeping, they can't  
risk looking at each other.  
Their greatest asset is their  
greatest curse - they can never  
be seen. The loneliest creatures  
in the universe.

Throughout this speech, mounting fear on Sally's face. She glances towards the open door - are there shadows moving in the hall, is that a floor creaking?

SALLY

What are they doing here?

THE DOCTOR

What they always do - hiding from  
sight, so they can live.

SALLY

But there must be places where  
there's nobody about, lots of  
places.

THE DOCTOR

They've come to like their  
luxuries - a nice developed  
world, a few creature comforts,  
they're anyone's for central  
heating - they just don't like to  
share. And I'm sorry, I'm very,  
very sorry - it's up to you now.

SALLY

What am I supposed to do?

THE DOCTOR

The blue box, it's my time  
machine - there's a world in  
there they could have to  
themselves forever but the damage  
they could do could switch off  
the sun. You've got to send it  
back to me.

SALLY

How?

Silence from the Doctor.

SALLY (CONT'D)

How??

## THE DOCTOR

And that's it, I'm afraid.  
 There's no more from you on the  
 transcript, that's the last I've  
 got. I don't know what stopped  
 you talking, but I can guess.  
 They're coming. The angels are  
 coming for you. So listen -  
 they'll be in attack mode now.  
 No more killing you nicely no  
 more zapping you into the past -  
 they'll just eat you. Your life  
 depends on this: don't blink!  
 Don't even blink. Blink and  
 you're dead. They're fast,  
 faster than you can believe.  
 Don't turn your back, don't look  
 away, and don't blink. Good  
 luck!

And the picture winks out.

## SALLY

No, don't, you can't!

And they both lunge instinctively at the tiny screen.  
 Larry is banging the controls, trying to bring back the  
 picture.

## LARRY

I'll rewind him!

## SALLY

What good would that do??

They stare at each other in a moment of mutual, dawning  
 horror.

## SALLY (CONT'D)

You're not looking at the statue.

## LARRY

Neither are you.

They turn, fearfully --

-- and the french windows are opened, and THE WEEPING ANGEL  
 is right in the room with them, its arms spread, its hands  
 clawed, now bestial, feral. Half its face is now obscenely  
 wide mouth, grinning terrible fangs. It is frozen of  
 course, but it's a terrible image.

They stumble back from it, horrified. Larry throws up his  
 arms to cover his face --

## SALLY

Keep looking at it, keep looking  
 at it!!

And they do, breathing hard, trying to keep it together.  
The statue stays frozen.

LARRY  
(Practically gibbering  
with fear)  
There's just one, right, there's  
just this one, we're okay if we  
just keep staring at this one  
statue, everything's going to be  
fine.

SALLY  
There's three more.

LARRY  
Three??

SALLY  
They were upstairs before but I  
think I heard them moving.

LARRY  
Moving where?? Three of them,  
moving where??

SALLY  
I'm going to look round, I'm  
going to check, you keep looking  
at this one, don't blink.  
Remember what he said - don't  
even blink!

LARRY  
Who blinks? I'm too scared to  
blink.

Sally turns. Nothing there.

SALLY  
Okay. We're going to the door.  
The front door.

They start edging to the door to the hall, Larry looking  
back, Sally looking forward ...

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT  
... in the doorway.

SALLY

Okay. We can't both get to the front door, without taking our eyes off that thing. So you stay here.

LARRY

What??

SALLY

I'll be just round the corner, you stay here.

SALLY dashes to the front door, LARRY stays staring at the frozen statue, sweating, terrified.

Sally, at the door. Can't budge it, won't open.

SALLY (CONT'D)

They've locked it. They've locked us in!

LARRY

Why?

SALLY

I've got something they want.

LARRY

What?

SALLY

A key. I took it the last time I was here - they followed me to get it back, I led them to the blue box! Now they've got that!

LARRY

Give them the key.

SALLY

I'm gonna check the back door. Wait here.

She dashes off, heading to the passageway leading to the back of the house.

LARRY

(screaming after her)  
Give them the key, give them what they want!!

On Larry's face, hearing Sally racing away.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Sally, no, what if they come behind me??

He's almost delirious with fear, staring, fixedly, wide-eyed at the statue, the darkened hallway stretching away behind his back.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Oh God! Oh God!

THE WEEPING ANGEL, fanged and frozen a few feet in front of him.

Creaks behind, shadows flitting, are they there?

On Larry's face. Can't take it, needs to turn, needs to look --

On the Weeping Angel's face. Fanged, terrifying, frozen.

And Larry can't take a second longer. He sneaks the fastest possible look over his shoulder, looks right back into the room --

-- and in that tiny fraction of a second, the Weeping Angel is now two feet from him, its clawed hands reaching for him, its huge mouth stretched even wider.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Sally!! Sally!!

Larry staring, terrified --

-- close on his eyes, liquid and quivering, and it's like he's trying to stretch them right open, all the way. Don't blink! Don't blink!

Zooming close on his temple, sweat forming, droplets trickling, curving round to his eye...

Don't blink, don't blink!

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SALLY has raced to the back door --

-- and there it is, boarded up. She slams her fists against it, despairing.

LARRY  
(Screaming from off)  
Sally!!

Sally turns, to head back to Larry, and freezes at what she sees. A door in the back passage standing open, light streaming out.

She goes to the door, looks through --

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

LARRY is backing away from the frozen WEEPING ANGEL, but he's terrified at what he might be backing into. He's reaching behind him with his hands, groping at the air ...

LARRY  
Sally, hurry up!!

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CELLAR - NIGHT

SALLY has found herself at the top of some cellar steps. She's staring down into the cellar.

SALLY  
(Calling)  
Larry, they've blocked off the back door, but there's a cellar - there might be a way out of it, a delivery hatch or something.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

LARRY, hearing her, does as she says - starts to back away towards the back of the house ...

LARRY  
I'm coming, I can't stay here!

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CELLAR - NIGHT

SALLY is nervously making her way down the steps, turns the corner.

The TARDIS --

-- and standing some distance from it, three of THE WEEPING ANGELS, their faces in their hands.

SALLY  
Okay, boys, I know how this works. You can't move so long as I can see you.

She is pulling the key from her pocket.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
 Whole world in the box, the  
 Doctor says. Hope he's not  
 lying, cos I don't see how else  
 we're getting out.

She looks round the motionless statues.

On Sally's eyes, close - wide, quivering, liquid. You can  
 feel the not-blinking.

LARRY  
 Sally?

LARRY has stumbled backwards into view at the cellar door.

SALLY  
 Down here.

He turns to see Sally facing off three frozen angels.

LARRY  
 Oh my God!! What are you doing??

SALLY  
 We're getting in the blue box.  
 I've decided to trust the Doctor.  
 Get down here!

Larry comes scuttling down the steps to join Sally. They  
 are inches from the door of the TARDIS.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
 (Glancing to the top of  
 steps)  
 Oh, and here's your one.

The fourth of the Weeping Angels is now in the doorway. It  
 stands, pointing solemnly at the single light bulb hanging  
 from the ceiling.

LARRY  
 Why's it pointing at the --

And the light bulb hanging in the centre of the cellar  
 flickers!!

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 -- light.

SALLY  
 Oh, my God! It's turning out  
 the lights!

Frantic, Sally fumbles the key at the TARDIS lock, or tries  
 to.

The light flickers, dims to half, strobes --

LARRY

Quickly!

SALLY

(Fumbling frantically in  
the fading light)

I can't find the lock!!

The light is strobing frantically now - tiny blips of darkness, longer blips of light.

The angels are approaching the TARDIS - a weird, jerky, stop-motion advance - each flash of darkness inches them closer --

They're feral, their mouths wide and terrifying --

LARRY

Get it open!!

SALLY

I can't find the lock!!

And the lights go out. Total darkness for a terrifying microsecond --

-- and in a glorious moment the lights of the TARDIS windows glow on, throwing beams out into the darkness of the cellar.

The angels are caught in the beams, their outstretched claws inches from Sally and Larry.

Sally has found the lock, turning the key has triggered the TARDIS lights --

-- and now the darkness is split, as the blue doors open and the golden light of the control room spills out.

Sally and Larry stumble back into the TARDIS. The doors snap shut on them.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS

SALLY and LARRY stumble into the TARDIS, looking around in astonishment and wonder.

SALLY

A whole world. He wasn't lying.

A chime from the console --



-- and a hologram version of THE DOCTOR flickers into life, standing at the console (just like with Chris in The Parting Of The Ways.) The image stabilises. This one seems like a standard announcement, rather than a specific message.

THE HOLOGRAM DOCTOR  
This is security protocol 712.  
This time capsule has detected  
the presence of an authorised  
control disc, valid one journey.  
Please insert the disc and  
prepare for departure.

Larry gasps in pain. Pulls one of the DVDs from his jacket, flips open the case - it's glowing fiercely.

THE HOLOGRAM DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
On leaving the time capsule  
please do nothing that may avert  
the creation of your own species.  
Thank you.

The hologram flickers out. One of the sections of the console is glowing. They dash to it. What looks like a DVD is lashed up to the console (like it's always been there, not a new addition.)

SALLY  
Looks like a DVD player. There's  
a slot -

The TARDIS, rocks, shakes.

LARRY  
They're trying to get in!

SALLY  
Well hurry up then!

The DVD slides into the slot. The TARDIS engines heave and groan into life. Sally and Larry grab hold of the console.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CELLAR - NIGHT

THE WEEPING ANGELS surround the TARDIS, each standing at one face, gripping hold of it, like they're trying to tear it apart, trying to pull off each of the four walls --

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS

-- SALLY and LARRY, gripping the console as the TARDIS shudders and grinds into life --

-- and then, on their faces, pure horror!

The console is fading from under their hands!!

LARRY  
What's happening?

Sally looks round, wildly. The whole console room is simply dissolving around them --

SALLY  
Oh my God! It's leaving us behind! Doctor, no, you can't!

-- the walls are fading, the cellar walls growing clearer.

-- and worse, THE WEEPING ANGELS, in their four-way embrace are materialising round them!!

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Doctor!!

CUT TO:

INT. WESTER DRUMLINS HOUSE. CELLAR - NIGHT

The police box fades --

-- leaving LARRY and SALLY crouched on the floor, clinging on to each other --

-- surrounded by THE WEEPING ANGELS who - now that the TARDIS is gone - are left staring at each other! Frozen.

We cut round their stone faces - all frozen in almost comical looks of dismay.

SALLY  
Look at them. Quick, look at them!

LARRY  
(Calmer, straightening up)  
I don't think we need to.

They look at the frozen statues. Then squeeze out between their locked and frozen forms.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
They're looking at each other.

On the statues, locked together, eternally frozen in each other's gaze.

ON THIS WE  
DISSOLVE TO:

CAPTION: THREE YEARS LATER.

INT. BOOK AND DVD SHOP - DAY

Banto's, three years on, change of ownership. It sells what seem to be antiquarian books and also DVDs. A CUSTOMER is just leaving Behind the counter, LARRY - five years older, much the same - is calling through the back curtain.

LARRY  
Can you mind the store - just  
nipping next door for some milk.

SALLY appears through the curtain.

SALLY  
Yeah, no worries.

Larry is about to go when he notices the folder Sally is clutching.

LARRY  
What's that?

SALLY  
Nothing.

She's guiltily trying to hide the folder - Larry tweaks it from her hands.

Inside - photographs of the Doctor's wall writing, the transcript of the DVD conversation, pages notes, more photographs of the house and weeping angels.

LARRY  
Oh, Sally! Can't you let it go?  
Five years, all you think about -  
the Doctor!

SALLY  
Of course I can't let it go!

LARRY  
I check those statues twice a  
week. They're frozen, they're  
stuck - they're never gonna move  
again. This is over.

SALLY

How did the Doctor know where to write those words on the wall?? How could he get a copy of the transcript?? Where did he get all that information from!

LARRY

Some things you never find out. And it's okay.

SALLY

No, it isn't,

LARRY

Ever think this could be getting in the way of... other things?

And he means him, and she knows it, but -

SALLY

What other things?

LARRY

Just... things.

SALLY

We just run a shop together. That's all it is, just a shop.

LARRY

(hurt to the core, rides it out)

Yeah, I know. I know. Anyway. Milk. Back in a mo.

Sally watches him cross the road - a little fond, a little resentful --

-- and then she stares!

Because crossing the road towards her is THE DOCTOR! The Doctor and MARTHA, talking urgently, clearly mid-adventure. The Doctor has an archer's bow slung around him, Martha carries a quiver of arrows.

She stares for a moment, hardly able to believe it, hardly able to breath --

-- then she realises they're both about to walk right past the shop, and she hurries for the door --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHOP - DAY

SALLY bursts out of the door.

SALLY  
 Doctor! Doctor!!

THE DOCTOR turns.

THE DOCTOR  
 Hello! Sorry, bit of a rush,  
 there's a sort of thing  
 happening, and it's fairly  
 important that we stop it --

SALLY  
 My God, it's you, it really is  
 you.  
 (Registers his blank  
 look)  
 Oh! You don't remember me, do  
 you?

MARTHA  
 Doctor, we don't have time for  
 this! The migration's started!

THE DOCTOR  
 Look, sorry - I've got a bit of a  
 complex life, things don't always  
 happen to me in quite the right  
 order. Gets a bit confusing at  
 times, especially at weddings,  
 I'm rubbish at weddings,  
 especially my own --

SALLY  
 (Getting it)  
 Oh my God! Of course, you're a  
 time traveller. It hasn't  
 happened to you yet! None of it,  
 it's still in your future!

THE DOCTOR  
 What hasn't happened?

MARTHA  
 Doctor, please! Twenty minutes  
 to red hatching!

Sally looks down at the folder, which she now realises is  
 still gripped in her hands.

SALLY  
 It was me. Oh for God's sake, it  
 was me all along. You got it all  
 from me!!

THE DOCTOR  
 Got what?

Sally hands him the folder.

SALLY

Okay. Listen. One day you're going to get stuck in 1969. Make sure you've got this with you. You're going to need it.

MARTHA

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

Listen, got to dash - things happening. Well, four things. Well four things and a lizard.

SALLY

No worries, on you go. See you around, some day.

The Doctor turns to dash, hesitates, looks back. Cos he recognises companion material when he sees it.

THE DOCTOR

What's your name?

SALLY

Sally Sparrow.

THE DOCTOR

Good to meet you, Sally Sparrow.

On Sally's face - so weird to finally hear those words, to finally meet him. A smile of relief. And then the tiniest frown of sadness - mystery solved, circle closed.

-- and suddenly LARRY is beside her, clutching a carton of milk, staring in astonishment at the Doctor.

Sally looks at Larry - and finally recognises companion material. Reaches out a hand, takes his. Turns to the Doctor.

SALLY

(A big smile - letting it all go)  
Goodbye Doctor.

She turns, and leading Larry by the hand, heads back into the shop. The Doctor, bemused for a moment, turns, dashes off.

We hold on the shop, pan up to the sign.

"Sparrow & Nightingale.

Antiquarian Books and Rare DVDs"

We keep panning up the building. A ledge. A statue on the ledge - just an ordinary part of the building, a gargoyle, anything like that.

Flashback: The Doctor on the DVD. Close on the picture, we can see the flickering lines of the television screens.

THE DOCTOR  
(onscreen)  
Don't blink!

MONTAGE: We are now cutting fast round statues - ordinary statues, in ordinary towns. War memorials, gravestones, modern sculptures - this intercut with glimpses of the Doctor on the DVD, cutting closer each time.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Blink and you're dead!

Statute! Statue! Statue!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Don't turn your back --

Statue!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
-- don't look away --

Statue!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
-- and don't blink!

Some modern sculpture in the middle of shopping centre - crude, faceless men of rock - shopper milling innocently around.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Good luck!

Right close on the Doctor's eyes now --

-- as he --

-- blinks!

END TITLES