EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

We are following a MAN WITH A PONYTAIL as he cycles through a very quiet village.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

AMY is icing newly baked fairy cakes. She looks tireder and older than we're used to. And very much more pregnant...

Behind her on the wall is a some sort of futuristic iPad-type calendar which gives the date: 2015.

She straightens up and winces. Then looks panicky. The sound from outside of the bicycle.

AMY
Oh no... Rory!

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Pony-tail man rides up to the delightful period COTTAGE, roses literally round the door, scattering chickens. He turns, revealing that it is RORY.

AMY (O.S.)
RORY! IT'S STARTING!

He throws down his bike and rushes for the front door. The roses growing round it get in the way, he tears them aside.

RORY
Stupid Roses...

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

RORY rushes in. AMY is sitting on a chair, calmly licking the icing off a fairy cake.

AMY
False alarm.

RORY
What?!

AMY
Well I don't know what it feels like, I've never had a baby before.

A whirring noise - very noticeable in the quiet of the countryside. Amy listens, increasingly incredulous...

(CONTINUED)
AMY (CONT'D)

No...

RORY

I know - damned leaf-blowers.

(shouts)

Use a rake!

AMY

No, it's...

The cottage starts to vibrate, then the noise becomes familiar: the TARDIS.

Amy's face is wreathed in smiles. Rory looks more ambivalent.

AMY (CONT'D)

(more to herself)

I knew. I just knew.

Silence again. They look around, wondering where it is.

FX: The TARDIS materialises through the window, landing in the garden.

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The TARDIS has landed in the front garden. The door opens and THE DOCTOR emerges.

RORY arrives first.

THE DOCTOR

Rory!

RORY

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

I've crushed your flowers.

RORY

Amy will kill you.

THE DOCTOR

Where is she?

RORY

She'll need a bit longer.

THE DOCTOR

When you're ready, Amy- WEH HEY!

AMY

Weh hey!

(CONTINUED)
He has spotted her large belly, preceding a breathless AMY out of the front door.

THE DOCTOR
You've swallowed a planet!

AMY
I’m pregnant.

THE DOCTOR
You’re huge!

AMY
Yeah, I’m pregnant.

THE DOCTOR
Look at you! When worlds collide.

AMY
Doctor! Pregnant!

The Doctor throws his arms round the two of them.

THE DOCTOR
Look at you both! Five years later and you haven’t changed a bit. Apart from age and size.

AMY
Good to see you, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR
Are you pregnant?

He and Amy hug, negotiating her stomach. The Doctor and Rory shake hands, then growl and hug as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET - DAY

THE DOCTOR, AMY and RORY walking into the all but deserted main street.

THE DOCTOR
Ah, Leadworth. Vibrant as ever.

RORY
It's Upper Leadworth, actually. We've gone slightly upmarket.

The Doctor gives him an ooh-get-you look.

THE DOCTOR
Where is everyone?

Two VILLAGERS walk past.

(CONTINUED)
AMY
This is busy.

A switch of POV, to someone watching the threesome from a higher vantage point in the street.

The POV zooms in on them, with no loss of clarity - this is someone with weirdly good vision.
AMY (CONT'D)
Okay it's quiet but it's really restful and healthy. Loads of people round here live well into their nineties.

THE DOCTOR
Don't let that get you down.*

AMY
It's not getting me down!*

CUT TO:

6A INTERCUT - EXT. CARE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Sweet, elderly MRS POGGIT is standing in the window gazing at THE DOCTOR, AMY and RORY.

ON THE STREET Amy, out of breath, sits down on a bench.

AMY
It's so nice of you to visit us.

THE DOCTOR
Well, I wanted to see how you were. You know me, I don’t just abandon people when they leave the TARDIS. This Time Lord’s for life. You don’t get rid of your old pal the Doctor so easily!

AMY
You came here by mistake, didn’t you?

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, bit of a mistake. But look! What a result! Look at this ... bench. This nice bench! What will they think of next.

Slightly forced smiles all round. Silence kicking in. The Doctor looks around. Nothing - really nothing - happening.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
So! What do you do around here to stave off the - y’know ...

AMY
Boredom.

THE DOCTOR
Self-harm.

RORY
We relax, we live, we ...

BIRDSONG is heard.

RORY (CONT'D)
... listen to the birds.

(CONTINUED)
AMY
Yeah. See, birds, those are nice.

RORY
(Oblivious to Amy’s reaction)
Didn’t get a lot of time to listen to the birdsong back in the TARDIS days, did we?

On the Doctor - just a little woozy now, putting a hand to his head.

THE DOCTOR
Oh. Blimey. Heads gone a bit, ooh... Sorry, my brain’s probably doing a Sudoko to pass the time.
(Pulls himself together)
No, you’re right - not a lot of time for birdsong back in the good ...
(Clutches head again)
... old ...

ABRUPT CUT TO:

7

INT. TARDIS
THE DOCTOR startling away - he’s been slumped over the console!

THE DOCTOR
... days!

He looks round. AMY and RORY are staring at him from the other side of the console.

THE DOCTOR (cont’d) (CONT’D)
What? No, yes, sorry, what?
(Sees Amy and Rory)
You’re okay! Oh thank God, I had a terrible nightmare about you two
Oh, that was scary. Don’t ask, you don’t want to know. You’re safe now, that’s what counts.

He’s whirling round the console now, checking the controls. What he doesn’t see: Amy checking her stomach - it’s back to normal. Rory, checking round the back of his head - no ponytail.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Blimey, haven’t dropped off like that in a while. Well, ever really. Getting on a bit, you see - don’t let the cool gear fool you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(Examining the console)
Now what’s the matter with the console. Red flashing lights - I bet they mean something.

RORY
Doctor ... I had a sort of dream thing too.

AMY
Yeah. So did I.

RORY
Not a nightmare, though, just ... we were married.

Amy, staring at him, thunderstruck. The same dream.

AMY
Yeah. In a little village.

RORY
A sweet little village, yeah. You were pregnant.

AMY
Yeah, I was huge. I was a boat!

RORY
So you had the same dream then. Exactly the same dream!

AMY
Are you calling me a boat??

RORY
And Doctor, you were visiting.

AMY
Yeah. You came to our cottage, you landed on the flowers.

RORY
But how could we have exactly the same dream. That doesn’t make sense.

AMY
(To the Doctor)
And you had a nightmare. About us. What happened to us in the nightmare?

On the Doctor - he’s been tracking this conversation. More and more discomfited. Bit cornered.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

THE DOCTOR
... well ...

AMY
Well, what? You’ve got to tell us!

THE DOCTOR
It was a bit similar. In some aspects.

RORY
Which aspects?

THE DOCTOR
Well. All of them.

AMY
You had the same dream?

THE DOCTOR
Basically.

RORY
You said it was a nightmare.

THE DOCTOR
Did I say nightmare? No! More of a really good ... mare.

Uncomfortable looks among them.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Look, it doesn’t matter - we all had some kind of psychic episode. We probably just jumped a time track, or something. Forget it, we’re back to reality now.

AMY
Doctor ... if we’re back to reality ... how come I can still hear birds.

They freeze. Listen. Birdsong.

RORY
The same birds. The same ones we heard in the -

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET - DAY

On RORY, startling awake.

RORY
- dream.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
RORY (CONT'D)
(Recovers)
Oh. Sorry. Nodded off, stupid.
God, I must be overdoing it. I
was dreaming we were back on the
TARDIS.

He looks at THE DOCTOR and AMY, who are clearly both waking
up too.

RORY (cont’d) (CONT'D)
You just had the same dream, didn’t
you.

AMY
Back on the TARDIS ... weren’t we
just saying the same thing.

RORY
But we thought this was the dream.
Didn’t we?

AMY
I think so. Why do dreams have to
fade so quickly?

The Doctor is on his feet, looking around, haunted. Urgent
now, on the case.

RORY
Doctor, what’s going on?

AMY
Is this because of you? Is this
some Time Lordy thing, because
you’ve shown up again?

THE DOCTOR
Listen to me. Trust nothing. From
now on, trust nothing you see,hear or feel.

RORY
But we’re awake now.

THE DOCTOR
You thought you were awake on the
TARDIS too.

AMY
But we’re home.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah. You’re home. You’re also
dreaming. Trouble is, Rory, Amy ...
which is which?

The birdsong is swelling all around them. Amy and Rory,
clutching their heads...

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Are we flashing forwards - or backwards!

On the Doctor, resolute, determined. A hero shot.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Hold tight! This is gonna be a tricky one!

BIRDSONG hits, swelling louder and louder until

The OPENING TITLES scream in...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TARDIS

THE DOCTOR instantly all action, fingers skipping over the controls, checking the TARDIS's systems.

THE DOCTOR
I don't like this. This is bad.

The controls aren't responding. The Doctor jumps up onto the console and kicks a recalcitrant switch.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Never use force. You just embarrass yourself. Unless you're feeling cross - then always use force.

AMY
Shall I run and get the manual?

THE DOCTOR
I threw it in a supernova.

AMY
You threw the manual in a supernova? Why?

THE DOCTOR
Because I disagreed with it! Stop talking to me when I'm cross.

RORY
Okay, but whatever's wrong with the TARDIS, is that what caused us to dream about the future.

THE DOCTOR
If we were dreaming about the future...

AMY
Well of course we were - we were in Leadworth ... *

RORY
Um, Upper Leadworth - *

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
And we could still be in Upper Leadworth, dreaming this. Don’t you get it?

AMY
No, this is real. I’m definitely awake now.

THE DOCTOR
Yes. And you thought you were definitely awake when you were all elephanty.

AMY
Pregnant.

THE DOCTOR
And right now you could be giving birth. This could be the dream. I told you, we can trust nothing we see, or hear, or feel. Look around you. Examine everything. Look for details that don’t ring true.

RORY
We’re in a space ship which is bigger on the inside than the outside...

AMY
...with a bow-tie-wearing alien...

RORY
...maybe "what rings true" isn’t that simple.

The Doctor looks at them.

THE DOCTOR
Valid point.

RORY
In the other place we’re five years older-

AMY
And when we’re there we can remember everything that’s happened in between-

RORY
But now we’re here, we can’t.

The TARDIS gently powers down to nothing, emergency lighting only. The three of them take in the new darkness and silence.
THE DOCTOR
It's dead. We're in a dead time machine.

BIRDSONG. Rory instinctively moves towards Amy, holding her, protective.

On the Doctor, as the birdsong builds.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(To Rory and Amy)
Remember this feels real. When we wake up in the other place, you've got to remember how real this feels!

AMY
It is real. I know it's real.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET - DAY

THE DOCTOR, AMY and RORY are waking up again. Rory and Amy slumped on the bench, the Doctor prone on the ground.

Amy sits up, feeling her bump.

AMY
Okay. This is the real one, definitely this one. It's all solid.

Rory clasps it too. Amy slaps his hand off.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, it felt solid in the TARDIS too. You can't spot a dream while you're having it.

He's swishing his hands in front of his face now, examining them.

RORY
What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR
Looking for motion blur. Pixilation. Could be a computer simulation - don't think so, though.

MRS HAMMILL is strolling past (her smile fades as she passes).

MRS HAMMILL
Hello Doctor.

THE DOCTOR
Hi.

RORY
Hello.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
You're a doctor.

RORY
Oh yeah. And unlike you, I've passed some exams.

THE DOCTOR
A doctor, not a nurse - just like you always dreamed. Interesting.

RORY
What is?

They are passing a SCHOOL BUS with SCHOOL KIDS getting off, excited, on a trip to the Castle Ruins in the b/g, a playpark next to it.

THE DOCTOR
Your dream wife, your dream job, probably your dream baby. Maybe this is your dream.

RORY
Well, Amy's too. Isn't it, Amy?

On Amy, slightly startled by the sudden question. Answers just a little too quickly.

AMY
Yes. Course it is, yeah.

The Doctor’s eyes flick between them. Grim, reaching his own conclusions.

He sees a building. OLD PEOPLE are standing at the windows, looking out.

The Doctor looks around at the pensioners, mind working. They look back at him, something challenging in their eyes.

THE DOCTOR
What’s that?

AMY
Old people's home.

THE DOCTOR
You said everyone here lives to their nineties. There’s something that doesn’t make sense - let’s go and poke it with a stick.

The Doctor is already running towards the building. Rory heads after him. Amy stands there, hand on belly.

AMY
Can we not do the running thing?

CUT TO:
INT. CARE HOME: ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

The doors fly open. THE DOCTOR barrels in, followed by RORY.

Rory leads them up a short flight of stairs, passing a PENSIONER coming down on the stair-lift.

THE DOCTOR
Hello everyone.

He looks around watchfully at the residents, who ignore him. But one of the pensioners calls out a cheery hello * to “Doctor Williams”.*

RORY
Hello there.

Friendly greetings to him from the residents. Rory can't help giving the Doctor a playfully smug look.

RORY (CONT'D)
They know me. I'm very popular actually.

As the Doctor and Rory walk along a corridor, sotto.

THE DOCTOR
Why are they here?

RORY
Because they're old.

THE DOCTOR
I'm ancient, are you gonna put me in here?

RORY
No, you'd be a disruptive influence.

THE DOCTOR
You think?

RORY
Aren't you going to congratulate me on keeping everyone alive so long?

An eerie wheezing sound makes the Doctor and Rory look round. They see AMY coming up on the stair lift. *

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

AMY
I want one of these at home.

CUT TO:

INT. CARE HOME: DAY ROOM- CONTINUOUS

The DOCTOR, AMY and RORY enter the classic old people's home Day Room: a half-dozen ancient-looking inmates sitting on chairs round the edge of the room.

A lovely rosy-cheeked old lady looks up from her knitting.

MRS POGGIT
Hello Rory love.

RORY
Hello Mrs Poggit. How's your hip?

MRS POGGIT
A bit stiff.

THE DOCTOR
Easy, D96 compound, topical, plus...

Rory gives him a sharp look. The Doctor realises.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You don't have that yet. Forget that.

MRS POGGIT
I used to babysit for Rory. Such a farty child-

RORY
Ah well, ha, I've stopped all that now-

AMY
I wish-

MRS POGGIT
Who's your friend? A junior doctor?

Rory weighs it up, and can't resist.

RORY
Yeah.

MRS POGGIT
(to The Doctor)
Can I borrow you? You're the size of my grandson.

She holds up the lumpy jumper she's knitted.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
Slightly keen to move on, freak psychic schism to sort out-

MRS POGGIT commandeers the Doctor. Rory and Amy watch amused at a Time Lord being used as a knitwear model.

The Doctor is looking Mrs Poggit in the face.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You're incredibly old, aren't you.

AMY
You'll have to excuse the... Junior Doctor. He was off saving the Universe during the People Skills course.

She passes it off as a joke, but the elderly inmates change focus to look at the Doctor.

BIRDSONG. The Doctor, Amy and Rory look scared, waiting. The Doctor, alert again, ready for battle.

THE DOCTOR
(urgently, to Mrs Poggit)
Bite me.

MRS POGGIT
What dear?

THE DOCTOR
Bite my hand, keep me awake, stop me moving across-

She hesitates. He takes his hand back.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Oh I'll do it mysel-

CUT TO:

12 INT. TARDIS

THE DOCTOR, AMY and RORY shake themselves out of their torpor, Doctor checking the controls: everything still dead.

Amy looks around, getting more spooked.

AMY
I hate this, Doctor, stop it! Cos this is definitely real, it's definitely this one. Keep saying that, don't I?

RORY
It's bloody cold.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
The heating's off.

RORY
The heating's off?!

THE DOCTOR
Put on a jumper. That's what I always do.

RORY
Yes, sorry about Mrs Poggit. She's so lovely though.

THE DOCTOR
Oh I wouldn't believe that nice old lady act.

AMY
What do you mean, act?

THE DOCTOR
(ignoring her)
Everything's off, sensors, core power. We're drifting. The scanner's down so we can't even see out. We could be anywhere.

He hits the unresponsive controls in annoyance.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Something, someone, is over-riding the controls.

DREAM LORD (O.S.)
Well that took a while.

The Doctor, Amy and Rory freeze, looking around for the voice.

The DREAM LORD is standing there. He is wearing an elegant variation of the Doctor's clothes.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Honestly, I'd heard such good things. Last of the Time Lords. The Oncoming Storm. Him in the bow tie.

THE DOCTOR
How did you get into my TARDIS??
Who are you? What are you?
DREAM LORD
Ooh, what shall we call me? If you're the Time Lord, let's call me the Dream Lord.

THE DOCTOR
Nice look.

DREAM LORD
This? No, I'm not convinced. Bow ties...

He makes a damning face.

FX: The Doctor, his vanity piqued, pulls an apple out of his pocket and casually throws it at the Dream Lord. It goes through him.

THE DOCTOR
Rubbish body.

DREAM LORD
I'd love to be impressed but - Dream Lord, it's kind of there in the name, isn't it, spooky, not quite there. And yet, very much there...

He and the Doctor exchange a look, of pure rivalry.

THE DOCTOR
I'll do the talking. Amy, want to take a guess at what... that is?

AMY
Um. Dream Lord. He... creates dreams.

THE DOCTOR
Dreams, delusions, cheap tricks.

DREAM LORD
What about the gooseberry here, does he get a guess?

He indicates Rory.

RORY
Listen, mate, if anyone's the gooseberry around here, it's the Doctor!

DREAM LORD
Ah, well there's a delusion I'm not responsible for.

The Doctor just looks a bit uncomfortable. Rory is indignant.

(CONTINUED)
RORY
No, he is. Amy, isn’t the Doctor the gooseberry.

DREAM LORD
Oh Amy, you’re going to have to sort your men out. Choose even.

AMY
I have chosen. Of course, I’ve chosen.

(Shoots a look at a slightly anxious Rory)

It’s you, stupid!

RORY
Oh, good, thanks.

DREAM LORD
Oh, Amy, you can’t fool me. I’m the Dream Lord, I’ve seen your dreams. Some of them twice actually. Blimey! I’d blush if I had a blood supply or a real face.

THE DOCTOR
Where did you pick up this cheap cabaret act?

DREAM LORD
Me? Ooh you’re on shaky ground, if you had any more tawdry quirks you could open up a Tawdry Quirk Shop - the madcap vehicle, the cockamamie hair, clothing by a first year fashion student, I’m surprised you haven’t got a little purple space dog to ram home what an intergalactic wag you are.

They are all watching him. Rory realises he has his mouth open, and shuts it.

The Doctor very deliberately folds his arms, watching.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
So, where was I-

RORY
You were-

DREAM LORD
I KNOW WHERE I WAS. So, here's your challenge. Two worlds. Here, in the time machine. And there, in the village time forgot. One is real, the other's fake. You just have to work out which is which.

(CONTINUED)
He grins. The Doctor radiates stony-faced animosity.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, he’s annoying - I love it when they’re annoying. It’s gonna be so satisfying bringing you down.

DREAM LORD
(imitating him)
It’s gonna be so satisfying bringing you down. Oh, and just to make it more interesting, in both worlds you’re going to face deadly danger. But only one of the dangers is real.

BIRDSONG.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Tweet, tweet, time to sleep. Oh!
Or are you waking up?

CUT TO:

INT. CARE HOME - DAY
THE DOCTOR, AMY and RORY are waking up in their chairs. Rory has dribbled in his sleep.

The DREAM LORD is still there with them. He is now dressed like a high-powered medical Consultant.

DREAM LORD
If you die in the dream, you wake up in reality. You win, result! But if you die in reality, you never wake up again. Also result - but for me. Choose carefully.

A chilling look, then he is gone.

Amy and Rory swallow hard.

RORY
...Okay. I don't like him.

AMY
Who is he?

THE DOCTOR
I don't know exactly. It's a big universe.

AMY
Why is he doing this?

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
Maybe because he has no physical form. That gets you down after a while. So he's taking it out on folk like us who can touch, and eat, and feel, and dance...

AMY
I've never seen you dance. Just the idea is scarying me.

RORY
What does he mean, deadly danger though? Nothing deadly has ever happened here. I mean, a bit of natural wastage, obviously.

He gestures round the room, meaning the old people. But...

THE DOCTOR
They've all gone.

The three of them are alone in the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

THE DOCTOR, AMY and RORY are heading away from the Care Home. The Doctor is looking around, searching. The village seems deserted.

RORY
Why would they leave?

AMY
And what did you mean about Mrs Poggit's nice old lady act?

THE DOCTOR
One of my "tawdry quirks", sniffing out things that aren't what they seem. So come on, let's think! The mechanics of this reality split we're stuck in... Time asleep exactly matches time in our dream world, unlike in conventional dreams.

RORY
And we're all dreaming the same dream, at the same time -

THE DOCTOR
Yes, sort of communal trance, very rare, very complicated. I'm sure there's a dream giveaway, a tell. But my brain isn't working because THIS VILLAGE IS SO DULL!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He shouts this into the air.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'm slowing down, like you two have.

Amy looks at him, then winces in pain, clutching her belly.

AMY
Oh. Ow - really ow.

Rory is instantly concerned, crouching by Amy.

AMY (CONT'D)
It's coming.

The Doctor looks anxious, panicking a little. Way out of his comfort zone.

THE DOCTOR
Okay! Okay! Okay! Help her, you're a doctor.

RORY
You're a doctor.

THE DOCTOR
It's okay, we're doctors. What do we do?

Amy straightens up, instantly relaxed.

AMY
Okay it's not coming.

THE DOCTOR
What?!

AMY
This is my life now. And it just turned you white as a sheet. So don't you call it dull again, ever. Okay?

On the Doctor. Ohh, she got him there!

THE DOCTOR
... Sorry.

AMY
Yeah.

They have reached the PLAYGROUND again. There are a few children playing over in one corner.

On the Doctor - a little sheepish, wanting to make friends again.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
Now, we all know there's an elephant in the room.

AMY
(testy)
I have to be this size, I'm having a baby-

THE DOCTOR
No - the hormones seem real! - but, no: is nobody going to mention Rory's ponytail?
(to Amy)
You hold him down, I'll cut it off.

RORY
This from the man in the bow-tie.

THE DOCTOR
Bow-ties are cool.

He glances across towards the children. A figure is standing there. We move in closer...

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I don't know about you, but I wouldn't hire Mrs Poggit as a babysitter.

It is MRS POGGIT, no longer the cherubic old dear, now dark-eyed and fierce...

Amy and Rory look shaken. The Doctor is staring at Mrs Poggit - troubled, alarmed.

THE DOCTOR (cont’d) (CONT'D)
What’s she doing? What does she want?

BIRDSONG.

AMY
Oh no, here we go.

THE DOCTOR
No. Not now, no - I need to know what’s she doing?

And he’s moving towards Mrs Poggit, but -

INT. TARDIS

They wake up where they were. THE DOCTOR, then AMY and RORY, shiver as they get to their feet.

(CONTINUED)
The DREAM LORD is there, leaning cockily against the console, back in his parody of the Doctor's clothing.

DREAM LORD
Oh dear you're a bit behind the pace, aren't you, "Doctor".

AMY
No he isn't!

DREAM LORD
Ah the necessary Adoration of the Companion. Chosen specially to make the tired old Time Lord feel good about himself. Always a pretty girl, of course. Where's spotty Companion Colin? Where's middle-aged Companion Mrs Snodgrass?

THE DOCTOR
You are desperately annoying, aren't you. No wonder you work alone.

DREAM LORD
No wonder you can't. And get a load of your new bod. The older you get, the younger you try to look! That makes you seem so ... scared. Any closer to working out which is the dream?

He does a wheedling smile. The Doctor looks him up and down.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Hey Doc, do that thing where you talk really fast so nobody realises you don't know what the hell's going on. The kids love it!

The Dream Lord disappears.

Amy and Rory look at the Doctor, who snaps:

THE DOCTOR
What?!

Amy shivers.

AMY
It's really cold. Have you got any warm clothing?

THE DOCTOR
What does it matter if we're cold??

They look at him. Just a little stunned.
CONTINUED: (2)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Sorry. Sorry. There’s stuff down there, have a look.

He points, vaguely below. Amy and Rory head off together.

The Doctor passes a hand over a sealed panel to open it.
It doesn’t open. He rattles it manually. Stuck.

He takes out his sonic screwdriver.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, don’t let me down.

He points it. It’s not working. He hits the door in a strategic place, a la Fonz. It opens.

He looks disappointed. Inside are a jumble of rubbish and old tools. He grabs some stuff from it anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS: BELOW DECK

A shivering AMY and RORY are taking blankets out of a trunk.

He lovingly wraps a blanket round her.

RORY
You know if I could choose? However mind-blowing all this can be (he gestures around them)
I want the other life - where we're happy, and settled, and about to have a baby.

Amy smiles, with a hint that she's not so sure.

AMY
But don't you wonder - if that life's real, why did we leave the Doctor? Why would we give up all this. Why would anyone?

RORY
Because we’re gonna freeze to death.

AMY
The Doctor’ll fix it.

RORY
Okay. Because we’re gonna get married.

AMY
But we can still get married ... some day.

(CONTINUED)
RORY
You don’t want to any more? I thought you’d chosen me, not him.

AMY
You’re always so insecure.

RORY
You ran off with another man.

AMY
Not in that way.

RORY
It was the night before our wedding.

AMY
It still is. We’re in a time machine, it’s the night before our wedding for as long as we want. We can just run and run. We don’t ever have to stop.

RORY
We have to grow up eventually.

AMY
Says who?

She starts heading back up the stairs. A beat to consider, rueful - then Rory follows.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - CONTINUOUS

THE DOCTOR is working with the bits and pieces he found in the cupboard, using a lot of parcel tape to hold the device together. He gives a handle an experimental turn.

RORY and AMY reappear, carrying the blankets.

THE DOCTOR
Hey Rory, wind.

Rory comes over and takes over the winding.

RORY
I was promised amazing worlds. I get duff central heating and a clockwork wind-up device.

The Doctor throws Amy a wire flex.

THE DOCTOR
Attach it to that monitor.

As Rory winds, Amy takes the wire and attaches it to the main monitor.

(CONTINUED)
The wire is fizzing only weakly.

AMY
It's not enough-

THE DOCTOR
WIND, RORY!

Rory winds his handle harder.

RORY
But why's the Dream Lord picking on you? Why us?

AMY
Because the Doctor's like a lightning rod. He's a challenge. Take on the genius and beat him.

She and Rory exchange a quick loaded look. The Doctor looks them in the face.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah. I'm afraid they do. On the other hand: a contest always passes the time nicely.

His smile is infectious. Amy and Rory grin too. But the Doctor is quickly back to a face of grim determination.

Rory's winding finally creates enough power down the wire. It fizzes, and the large monitor comes on. On screen: the speckled blackness of space.

Amy and Rory stare out in awe at the array of stars.

AMY
Where are we?

The Doctor is looking tense, one step ahead of them.

THE DOCTOR
We're in trouble.

The TARDIS is slowly gyrating. The on-screen image turns until it reveals, ahead of them... a huge star. It seems to be burning, like our sun, but it is an icy white colour...

RORY
What's that?

THE DOCTOR
A star. A cold star.

The Doctor goes over to the TARDIS door. He yanks it half open. The light from the huge cold star floods in, blinding, the chill palpable.

(CONTINUED)
17  CONTINUED: (2)

He looks pale, frightened.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
That's why we're freezing. It's not a heating malfunction. We're drifting towards a cold sun. Okay - that's our deadly danger for this version of reality.

He shuts the door.

AMY
So this must be the dream. There's no such thing as a cold star. Star's burn.

THE DOCTOR
So's this one. It's just... burning cold.

RORY
Is that possible?

They all stare at it.

THE DOCTOR
Pickle a supernova in dark matter, toss lightly in neutralinos...? Could be a mutant cousin of a white dwarf star, or a -

AMY
You are actually doing the fast-speaking now, aren't you-

THE DOCTOR
I CAN'T KNOW EVERYTHING. Why does everybody expect me to, ALWAYS?

Rory and Amy stare at him, alarmed.

RORY
Okay. It’s something you haven’t seen before. But does that make this the dream?

The Doctor sighs.

THE DOCTOR
I don't know. But there it is, a cold star. And I'd say we have...

He looks at the looming white star on screen, then at a weakly glowing control panel he's hooked up to the wind-up generator.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
14 minutes before we crash into it. But that's not a problem...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

RORY
Because you know how to get us out of this-

THE DOCTOR
Because we'll have frozen to death by then.

AMY
Then what are we going to do?

THE DOCTOR
Stay calm. Don’t get sucked in. This might be the battle we have to lose.

RORY
This is so you isn't it.

THE DOCTOR
What?

RORY
A weird new star, 14 minutes to live, only one man to save the day...I just wanted a nice village and a family.

DREAM LORD
(suddenly there)
Oh dear, Doctor. Dissent in the ranks.
(beat)
There was an old doctor from Gallifrey, Who ended up throwing his life-away, He let down his friends And - Oh no! We've run out of time!

BIRDSONG.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Don't stay long there. Or you'll catch your death here.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE RUINS - DAY

THE DOCTOR, RORY and AMY wake up in the castle ruins.

THE DOCTOR
Where have the children gone?

RORY
Dunno. Play time’s probably over.

On the Doctor - not happy. Eyes darting round the playground. Piles of dust everywhere.

(CONTINUED)
A kids backpack lies nearby.

On Rory and Amy (we keep the Doctor in the background, darting among the dust piles, sonicing.)

RORY (CONT'D)

(To Amy)
You see, this is the real one. I just feel it. Don’t you feel it?

AMY
I feel it both places.

RORY
I feel it here. It’s so tranquil and relaxed. Nothing bad could ever happen here.

In the background, the Doctor has picked up a backpack – dust streams out of it.

AMY
Not really me, though, is it? Would I be happy settling down in a place with a pub, two shops and a really bad amateur dramatics society?

Rory looks outraged.

AMY (CONT'D)
That’s why I got pregnant, so I don’t have to see them doing Oklahoma.

RORY
But you loved Chicago. You were crying.

AMY
I nearly bit my thumb off. Doctor what, are you doing? What are those piles of dust.

The Doctor looks up from the dust pile. Pale and horrified.

THE DOCTOR
Play time’s definitely over.

* 

On Rory and Amy, looking round, getting it. No! No!

AMY
Oh my God. You’re not serious. They’re not ... not ...

THE DOCTOR
The children. Yes.

RORY
What happened to them.

(CONTINUED)
The Doctor, grim-faced. We flash up his mental pictures:
- MRS HAMMILL's smile fading in sc 10.
- THE PENSIONERS looking at him challengingly in sc 10. *
- MRS POGGIT grim-faced in sc 14.

He straightens up. So grim now. He’s got it.

THE DOCTOR
(Pointing)
I think they did.

The Doctor’s POV of some OAPs in the distance walking towards them.

AMY
But they’re ... just old people.

THE DOCTOR
No. They’re very old people. Sorry, Rory - I don’t think you’re what’s been keeping them alive.

The DREAM LORD is suddenly with them. He is dressed as a lord of the manor.

DREAM LORD
Hello, peasants, how’s it going? Sorted out which one's the dream world yet.

He smiles, then looks grimly serious.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
You'd better. And agree to die in it. Before you're killed in the real one. Look at that lot, though. Attack of the old dears. That can't be real can it?
(shooting his cuffs)
Do you like my Lord of the Manor look, by the way. Virtual tweed, very hardwearing.

THE DOCTOR
Drop it. Drop all of it. I know who you are.

DREAM LORD
Of course you don’t.

THE DOCTOR
Of course I do. No idea how you can be here - but there’s only one person in the universe who hates me as much as you do.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

The Dream Lord: slightly freaked by this. Wanting to change the subject...

DREAM LORD
Never mind me! Worry more about yourselves...

The Dream Lord fades and disappears.

We CUT WIDE. They are faced with maybe 20 angry-looking pensioners, including the ones from the Care Home.

The Doctor stares aggressively at them.

RORY
Hi.

AMY
Hello.

THE DOCTOR
We were wondering where you went. To get reinforcements, by the look of it. Are you alright? You look a bit tense.

The pensioners stare back.

RORY
Hello Mr Nainby!
(to The Doctor)
Mr Nainby ran the sweet shop. He used to slip me the odd free toffee.

MR NAINBY is approaching Rory, looking menacing.

RORY (CONT'D)
Did I not say thank you-?

The elderly ex-sweet shop owner picks Rory up and effortlessly throws him several meters.

Amy and the Doctor look shocked. Mrs Poggit heads for Amy. The Doctor leaps in, putting himself between them.

THE DOCTOR
Interesting party trick. Don't do it again. So, share your problem.

Rory is on the ground, groaning.

RORY
How did he do that?!

THE DOCTOR
I suspect he's not himself.

The OAPs move towards Amy. The Doctor steps in front of her again.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(to Amy and Rory)
Don't get comfortable here. You 
may need to run. Fast.

Amy looks down at her belly then up at Doctor with an "Are 
you kidding?"

AMY
Can't we just talk to them?!

FX: Amy and Rory watch in horror as Mrs Poggit slowly opens 
her mouth to reveal two glowing alien eyeballs.

AMY (CONT'D)
There are two eyes in her mouth!

THE DOCTOR
There's a whole creature inside 
her. Inside them all.

FX: Other PENSIONERS open their mouths, revealing their 
eyeballs.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
They've been there for years, living 
and waiting.

RORY
That's disgusting. They're not 
going to peek out of anywhere else 
are they?

FX: A tendril emerges from MRS POGGIT's mouth, pointing at 
Amy, and an alien sound, e.g. a throaty gurgling...

THE DOCTOR
RUN!

FX: Rory grabs Amy's hand and drags her off. Just in time: 
the tendril emits a (prac) yellow vapour, which just misses 
Amy.

A couple of OAPs head after Rory and Amy.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D) 
(with authority)
Leave them. Talk to me.

Mrs Poggit and the old men and women turn to the Doctor.

The Doctor stands his ground.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You are... You're Eknodines. A 
proud ancient race, you're better 
than this. Why are you hiding away 
here? Why aren't you at home?
CONTINUED: (5)

The old guys shift uneasily.

MRS POGGIT
We were driven from our pl-

THE DOCTOR
Planet by upstart neighbours-
Mr Nainby

So we've-

The Doctor

- been living here inside the bodies of old humans for... years. No wonder they live so long - you're keeping them alive.

Mrs Poggit

Enough talk.

F: Her mouth opens again, the eyeballs glow.

The Doctor

No no, talk's good. And I've come here and blown your cover, so now you're panicking. But you don't have to!

Mrs Poggit

We have hidden for long enough.

The Doctor

We'll find a solution.

Mrs Poggit

We were humbled and destroyed. Now we will do the same to others.

The Doctor

Okay, makes sense, I suppose. Credible enough, could be real.

A young Postman is walking past, barely noticing the OAPs. Calls out a cheery "Morning!"

Mrs Poggit stares at the Postman. Her mouth opens, (FX) the eyeballs glow, and the tendril shoots out its (prac) hazy venom.

F: A look of bafflement and terror on the Postman's face as he is hit, and disintegrates, collapsing into a pile of dust.

The Doctor turns furiously to them.

F: The alien eyes glow in Mrs Poggit's mouth, poised to strike.

The Doctor (Cont'd)

You've got other options. But you have to leave this planet.

Mr Nainby

No-

(Continued)
THE DOCTOR
I'll help you. You can do the right thing.

FX: More of the Eknodines' mouths open, eyeballs glowing threateningly.

The Doctor stands his ground heroically.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY & RORY'S COTTAGE - DAY
AMY and RORY are running, their cottage some distance ahead.

AMY
Wait. Stop.

Amy stops, gasping for breath. Rory stops with her.

AMY (CONT'D)

RORY
After all I've done for the over-70s in this village.

He looks over at breathless Amy.

RORY (CONT'D)
I'll carry you.

Rory tries to pick her up. It's a struggle.

He gives up.

RORY (CONT'D)
Who am I kidding.

They run together towards their front door.

Old MRS HAMMILL steps out in front of the door.

RORY (CONT'D)
(to Amy)
Okay this is crazy. It's our house, she loves me, I fixed her depression, and she's just a wizened old dear.

AMY
Mrs Hammill, we don't understand...

FX: The old woman steps forward, her mouth opens, alien eyes glowing.

RORY (to Amy)
I'll deal with this, Chubs.
Mrs Hammill breathes at them. Amy knocks Rory to the ground in time so the stream of murderous venom just misses them.

Freaked out, Rory picks up a long plank. He hesitates.

RORY (CONT'D)
I can't hit her.

AMY
Whack her!

Amy runs to the front door as Rory hits Mrs Hammill with the plank. It breaks on her weirdly strong body.

But Rory is quicker than her. He rushes to the door. They get inside, just before Mrs Hammill and another newly arrived OAP reach them.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE: HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

AMY, breathless, upset, sits down on the stairs as RORY locks the internal doors and moves furniture.

AMY
We just ran away. We abandoned the Doctor. Don't ever call me Chubs again.

Rory struggles with a heavy cupboard, barricading them in.

AMY (CONT'D)
We don't see him for years, and somehow we don't really connect any more, then he takes the bullet for us.

RORY
He'll be fine. You know the Doctor. He's Mr Cool.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET / BUTCHER'S - DAY

THE DOCTOR - not having one of his cool moments - is running for his life, pursued by fierce OLD PEOPLE, strong, dogged and increasingly numerous, but not as fast as him.

He gets some distance away from them.

BIRDSONG. The Doctor looks around for sanctuary, panicking. He sees the Butcher’s and runs for it.

CUT TO:
INT. BUTCHER'S - CONTINUOUS

THE DOCTOR enters. Nobody in the shop. As he locks the door he sees a pile of human dust on the floor.

The DREAM LORD is standing behind the counter, dressed in full butcher's livery.

DREAM LORD
I love a good butcher's don't you. We've got to use these places or they'll shut down. Oh but you're probably a vegetarian, ya big floppy-haired wuss.

The Doctor turns the CLOSED sign to OPEN, i.e. CLOSED. He hesitates for a moment, confused which is right.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
So it this real? Bit mad, isn't it? What do you think.

The Doctor looks for a place to hide. He spots the big, walk-in strong room.

THE DOCTOR
I'm a bit busy at the moment.

DREAM LORD
Maybe you need a little sleep.

A quick burst of BIRDSONG.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Look, no hands!

He widens his eyes and the BIRDSONG stops again.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Oh wait a minute though. If you fall asleep here, several dozen angry pensioners are going to destroy you with their horrible eye things.

The Doctor looks suddenly weary. He glares up at the Dream Lord, who grins and activates sustained BIRDSONG.

The Doctor puts his fingers in his ears. He looks up to see an ELDERLY COUPLE nearly at the door.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Fingers in your ears?! Brilliant! What’s next: shouting “Boo!”? Ooh I know, you’ll distract them with an offer of soup and some community singing.

He forces himself to his feet, Eknodines approach.

(CONTINUED)
DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Come in. There's lotsa steak this week. Lots at steak. Are these wasted on you?

The Doctor struggling with the keys to the strong room. An Eknodine uses his strength to simply push open the locked door.

DREAM LORD
Now that is impressive.

The Dream Lord opens his eyes wide: BIRDSONG. The Doctor buckles momentarily.

DREAM LORD
No I'm only kidding.

The BIRDSONG stops. The Doctor still struggling with keys.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Oh I can't watch.

He is gone.

The Doctor sonics the door open. The Eknodines are inches from the Doctor when he gets inside the strong room.

He slams the door shut just as one of the Eknodines fires venom at him.

The lock slams shut, from the inside. An Eknodine tries it but it holds firm.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER'S STRONG ROOM- CONTINUOUS
THE DOCTOR is putting away his sonic screwdriver. Cramped little space, barred window, no way out.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER'S- CONTINUOUS
The Eknodines gather around the strong room, waiting.

BIRDSONG...

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS
THE DOCTOR, AMY and RORY snap out of sleep. They shiver.

AMY
It's colder. Is my nose red?

It is, very red.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
No...

RORY
No...

THE DOCTOR
But you'd make a very good clown.

Rory is winding again. Amy is running a second flex to another monitor. The Doctor paces, thinking.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
The three of us have to agree NOW which is the dream.

RORY
It's here, this.

AMY
He could be right. The science is all wrong here - burning ice?!

THE DOCTOR
No, ice can burn, sofas can read, it's a big universe...We have to agree which battle to lose! All of us, now.

AMY
Okay, which world do you think is real?

THE DOCTOR
This one.

RORY
No. The other one.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, but are we disagreeing - or competing?

AMY
Competing over what?

They both look at her. Amy’s face: oh for God’s sake.

The screen powers up more strongly: they all look at the awe-inspiring view of the flaming white star they’re heading for.

THE DOCTOR
Nine minutes till impact.

AMY
What temperature is it?
THE DOCTOR
Outside? How many noughts have you got? Inside? I don't know but I can't feel my feet and... other parts.

RORY
(To Amy)
I think all my parts are basically fine.

THE DOCTOR
Stop competing!!

RORY
Can't we ask for help?

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, cos the entire cosmos is really quite small, and there’s bound to be someone nearby.

AMY
Stop competing.

Amy has been cutting head-sized holes in the blankets. She puts one over Rory's head. He looks down at himself.

AMY (CONT'D)
Now put these on, both of you.

RORY
A poncho. The biggest crime against fashion since Lederhosen.

She puts a poncho over the Doctor.

AMY
There we go! My boys - my poncho boys. If we’re gonna die - let’s die looking like a Peruvian folk band.

RORY
We're not going to die.

THE DOCTOR
No, we're not, but our time's running out. We're in trouble if we fall asleep here.

The Doctor is in a world of his own, gibbering to himself.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
If we could divide up, so we have an active presence in each world... But the Dream Lord is switching us between the worlds - why, what's the logic?

(CONTINUED)
The DREAM LORD appears, wearing an incredibly ornate poncho.

**DREAM LORD**

Good idea, Veggie, let's divide you three up, so I can have a little chat with your lovely Companion.

Rory looks anxiously at Amy.

**DREAM LORD (CONT'D)**

Maybe I'll keep her, and you can have Pointy Nose to yourself for all eternity, should you manage to clamber aboard some sort of reality.

BIRDSONG. Rory clutches hard onto Amy's hand, both of them panicking.

**RORY**

Can you hear it?

**AMY**

What? No.

The Doctor fixes her his intense gaze.

**THE DOCTOR**

Don't be scared, Amy, we'll be back.

**DREAM LORD**

Hey Amy, over here, we're gonna have fun aren't we?!

Amy looks around. The Doctor and Rory are asleep on the floor.

She looks around at the huge, cold TARDIS.

**AMY**

No, please, not alone.

The Dream Lord reappears, standing very close to her.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. AMY & RORY'S COTTAGE: HALLWAY - DAY**

RORY wakes up. He sees AMY, sleeping on.

An axe and a vicious-looking garden scythe suddenly crash through the furniture pushed up against the door.

Rory stands up, grabs a golf club, brandishing it. A face appears through the smashed furniture. MRS HAMMILL.

Rory grabs still-sleeping Amy and starts dragging her up the stairs. As her legs bang on each step:

(CONTINUED)
25 CONTINUED:

RORY
Sorry. Sorry. Sorry...

He reaches the top of the stairs. A choice of doors.

CUT TO:

25A INT. BABY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RORY drags AMY in - a newly painted room, fresh and yellow.

Rory looks around, in love with the room, educational charts already up, including a map of the stars, mobiles hanging down, catching the light.

Rory puts Amy down, accidentally banging her head.

RORY
Sorry.

He looks out of the window and sees the TARDIS in the garden.

Shades of 2001 Space Odyssey at the image of the Eknodines staring with baffled interest at the monolithic TARDIS.

Rory slams the bedroom door shut, locks it and wedges a chair under the door handle.

The sound of an engine starting up. Rory goes to the window and looks down at the garden. Mrs Hammill is holding a petrol lawn-mower above her head, about to throw it.

Rory looks terrified. He glances lovingly down at Amy's vulnerable sleeping face.

CUT TO:

26 INT. BUTCHER'S - DAY

Half a dozen supercharged pensioners are standing around the strong room where the Doctor is hiding.

FX: Their mouths are open, their alien eyeballs glowing, tendrils poised to unleash venom, communicating gutturally in their own language.

We slowly CLOSE IN on the strong room.

CUT TO:

27 INT. BUTCHER'S STRONG ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE DOCTOR is getting his sonic screwdriver out. He points it at the lock. About to sonic.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DREAM LORD
(From off, all quavery voiced)
Oh, but it’s funny, isn’t it, young fella?

The Doctor looks round. The DREAM LORD has appeared in the strong room, decked out as a cartoon parody of an old man. A walking stick, an ear trumpet.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
The Doctor under seige from gray power. His greatest fear, made wizened flesh - old age is knocking at the door! It’s almost like someone’s taking the mickey, really, isn’t it?

THE DOCTOR
I thought you were with Amy.

DREAM LORD
I am. Who said I can’t be with both of you.

THE DOCTOR
Not me. Since I know exactly who you are.

DREAM LORD
You really don’t.

THE DOCTOR
I really do - and do you know why? Because I hate you too! Now shut up, I’m working.

Turns the sonic on the door, concentrates a moment.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Now where was it ...?

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER'S CONTINUOUS

All EKONDINE eyes still on the strong room.

The lock slowly opens from the inside.

THE DOCTOR’s hand darts out of the quickly opened door, the sonic firing up at the electric fuse box high up on the wall.

The lights in the room explode with sudden incandescence, the Eknodines make a pained noise -

FX: Their eyeballs retracting from the burst of light, the pensioners’ mouths snapping shut.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The Doctor makes his escape from the strong room, running out of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY & RORY'S COTTAGE- DAY

[scene moved earlier.]

EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET - DAY

THE DOCTOR wondering which way to run.

THE DOCTOR
You couldn't live near the shops, could you...

He darts off in one direction then suddenly stops. Screams are coming from an old VW Campervan which is being terrorised by MR NAINBY, the driver cowering inside behind the window, the Campervan door about to be pulled off.

The Doctor springs into action, running to the Campervan, dragging Mr Nainby away by the hair and climbing in.

The petrified DRIVER looks fearfully at the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
It's okay. Only me.

The Doctor turns the ignition and accelerates away.

The TWO VILLAGERS we saw earlier are cowering in fear. The Doctor drives past and lets them climb to safety.

The Doctor drives on. He thumps the radio on the dashboard, unleashing appropriately heroic music...

He spots a FAMILY about to be attacked by more Eknodines. He drives at speed towards them.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS

The TARDIS is Partially Frosted. AMY is in a foetal position, rocking, hugging her knees. THE DOCTOR and RORY are lying asleep. Amy notices that Rory is dribbling again, ice gathering at the side of his mouth. Her eyes fill up as she watches him.

The DREAM LORD is staring at her, creepily in her face, back in his bow-tie.

DREAM LORD
You can talk to me, you know.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
You’re supposed to be getting married tomorrow. What are you going to look like?

Amy’s tears are turning to ice, sealing her eyelids.

AMY
Aghh.

DREAM LORD
The Doctor always leaves you on your own, doesn’t he. Have you noticed? When you were small, and needed him. And since, whenever there’s trouble. Is he trying to tell you something?

Amy manages to pull her eyelids apart. She holds them deliberately wide open.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
And now he's left you with me. Spooky old not-to-be-trusted me.

We focus on Amy, then turn back. The Dream Lord is now wearing a scary last-of-the-red-hot-lovers costume.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
You're addicted to the Doctor. You wouldn't give him up and settle down with... him.

He means Rory. He nods in the direction of Amy's boyfriend - dribbling, in a poncho, not looking his best.

Amy looks guilty, tempted to agree.

AMY
Stop it.

DREAM LORD
Bumbling country doctor who thinks a ponytail is all he needs to make him interesting.

AMY
SHUT UP!

DREAM LORD
You know which is real. Persuade Rory, and you'll be free. To go on travelling with the Doctor. He'll let you keep, Rory, the Doctor doesn't mind pets.

Amy stands up, backing away again.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
And you know what? The next show at the village hall. It's Titanic, the Musical. It's not going to be good, is it. But maybe it's still better than losing the Doctor.

She can't help listening to him, horribly undecided.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Pick a world and this nightmare will all be over. They'll listen to you. It's you they're waiting for. Amy's men. Amy's choice.

She agonises. The Dream Lord twinkles, enjoying her discomfort.

BIRDSONG...

CUT TO:

31A EXT. CHURCH - DAY

THE DOCTOR is emptying his now overcrowded Campervan of rescued VILLAGERS into the sanctuary of the Church.

CUT TO:

32 [SCENE MOVED]

33 OMITTED

34 INT. CAMPERVAN/ EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

THE DOCTOR is driving at speed along country roads.

The DREAM LORD is suddenly reclining behind him. He is dressed as a Formula 1 racing driver.

DREAM LORD
Time's running out in both worlds. It's make your mind up time.

THE DOCTOR
Bye. I need to find my friends.

DREAM LORD
Friends? Is that the right word for the people you acquire? Friends are people you stay in touch with. Your friends never see you again, once they've got a bit too grown up. The old man prefers the company of the young, does he not?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

THE DOCTOR
Because they never see me again, doesn’t mean I never see them. I care for them – all of them. As you’ll find out, if you’ve harmed a single hair on Amy’s head.

DREAM LORD
Ooh, isn’t he tough.

THE DOCTOR
And you know all that anyway. You’re forgetting – I know who you are, I really do.

The Dream Lord looks unnerved, finally – a frown of concern. And he blips out of existence.

The Doctor drives on.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY & RORY’S COTTAGE – DAY

THE DOCTOR drives up, to see the cottage besieged by several EKNODINES. They have smashed open the door / window downstairs so are already inside... The Doctor swallows hard.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY & RORY’S COTTAGE: BABY’S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

AMY wakes up in RORY’s arms. They are sitting on the floor, surrounded by new baby things, baby mobiles turning.

AMY
How did I get up here?

RORY
I carried you. I’m afraid you may experience some bruising.

AMY
Where’s the Doctor?

RORY
I don’t know.

The sound of Eknodines nearby hacking away with axes.

RORY looks at AMY intensely.

RORY (CONT’D)
I want to do something for you.

He takes some scissors out of a bag marked “Birthing Bag”, reaches back and cuts off his pony tail.

(CONTINUED)
Amy looks at him. She gets emotional, welling up.

**AMY**
I was starting to like it...

She pulls herself together.

**AMY (CONT'D)**
Sorry, hormone surge.

The window suddenly swings open.

Rory and Amy get up to repel an attack then realise it is THE DOCTOR. He scrambles in.

Amy hugs the Doctor.

**THE DOCTOR**
Sorry, I had to stop off at the Butcher's.

**RORY**
What are we going to do?

He and Amy hang on the Doctor's answer.

**THE DOCTOR**
I don't know.

They carry on gazing at him.

**AMY**
No, seriously.

**THE DOCTOR**
I don't know. I thought the freezing TARDIS was real but now I'm not so sure. You're my friends. And you're great together. Maybe I was a bit jealous.

He looks distressed.

**THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)**
But I don't know. It's as though, the pressure to always know, to always fix things... It's finally got to me.

Amy winces suddenly.

**AMY**
I think the baby's starting.

The men look at her. She is in sudden excruciating pain.

**RORY**
Honestly?

(CONTINUED)
AMY
Would I make it up at a time like this?!

RORY
You do have a history of...

He looks at her, and changes his mind.

RORY (CONT'D)
...being very lovely.

THE DOCTOR
Think of something else, it'll go away-

AMY
IT'S A BABY. THEY DON'T GO AWAY.

RORY
The contractions will go away. Breathe through them. Imagine waves breaking gently on a beach.

He does an encouraging smile. She gives him a venomous look.

RORY (CONT'D)
I did cut my pony tail off for you.

The sound of a chain-saw starting up just outside the door.

RORY (CONT'D)
Why are they so desperate to kill us?

THE DOCTOR
They're scared. Fear generates savagery.

Amy shudders in pain.

BIRDSONG.

AMY
No. I can't sleep through this!

RORY
I can't miss this!

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS

The TARDIS is now fully frosted. THE DOCTOR, AMY and RORY snap awake. They are blue-faced, under a crust of frost in the winterscape of the console room.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

As they struggle to pull themselves free their eyes turn to the monitor screen, which is becoming dim...

The cold star is now very close, its beautiful, burning white surface moments away.

RORY
How long?

THE DOCTOR
Moments. Last moments.

They tear their gaze away. Rory grits his teeth as he tears off his usual patch of ice at the corner of his mouth.

RORY
Aghhhhh.

THE DOCTOR
Dribble?

RORY
Yeah.

It is hard to speak. Rory slaps and rubs his face to get feeling back into it.

THE DOCTOR
Keep moving. If we don't move, we're dead.

The Doctor forces them to their feet, walking them around.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Some interesting facts to take your mind off dying: this is Stage Three hypothermia, characterised by sluggish thinking, slurred speech—Let's fight it: bend!

Rory and Amy obediently force themselves to bend at the knees.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
More symptoms: say after me, major organs fail.

AMY
Major organs fail.

RORY
Major organs fail.

THE DOCTOR
Irrational behaviour may occur.

AMY
Irrational behaviour may occur.

RORY
Irrational behaviour may occur.

(continues)
THE DOCTOR
Including burrowing into small
spaces and-
(shouting to the
air)
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH
IT. THESE ARE MY FRIENDS. I CARE
ABOUT THEM. I LOVE THEM.

He looks around, eyes madder than ever.

AMY
(still dutifully
repeating)
Including burrowing into
small spaces and...
YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO -

RORY
Including burrowing into
small spaces and...
YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO -

The DOCTOR
WHERE ARE YOU?!

They look at the screen, which shows the blackness of space,
interspersed with a few stars.

Then, as the TARDIS slowly spins round, drifting, they see
the huge surface of the coldly burning star. They are almost
hitting it.

The DREAM LORD appears.

DREAM LORD
I'm here. Where are you? Where are
you really?

BIRDSONG...

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Off again? So soon?

The Doctor fights it, wide-eyed with mental and physical
exhaustion.

AMY
This is the last time. We're
slipping away.

They descend, exhausted, into a huddle on the ground, as
sleep overcomes them.

AMY (CONT'D)
Don't make me give birth...

CUT TO:
INT. AMY & RORY'S COTTAGE: BABY'S ROOM - DAY

THE DOCTOR, AMY and RORY wake up where they were before, sitting on the floor, baby paraphernalia around them.

The men nervously look at Amy.

RORY
Is there a baby?

He looks around for one. Amy clutches her belly but seems okay.

AMY
No.

Rory is by Amy, checking her pulse and position etc.

RORY
You're going to be fine. We're all set, look.

He holds up the homely Birthing Bag and does a horribly forced encouraging smile, echoed by the Doctor.

SMASH of the window. MRS POGGIT's face is suddenly there in the window frame, mouth opening.

AMY
Rory!

Rory gets up the repel Mrs Poggit.

FX: Her mouth opens, the Eknodine eyeballs glow and a * tendril emerges, which spits (prac) venomous vapour.

It hits Rory, obliquely. He staggers back.

Amy goes to Rory as the Doctor grabs the lamp stand and uses it to push Mrs Poggit backwards.

CUT TO:

37A EXT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mrs POGGIT falls from the top window.

She gets up, uninjured.

CUT TO:

37B INT. BABY'S ROOM CONTINUOUS

THE DOCTOR turns back from the window to see RORY in AMY's arms.

FX: Rory stares down at himself, shocked and bewildered as part of his body starts to disintegrate.

(CONTINUED)
RORY
No... I'm not ready...

He clasps at Amy, who realises to her horror what is happening.

The Doctor watches, powerless.

FX: Rory and Amy are frozen in horror as Rory's body starts to disintegrate in a slow wave.

AMY
Stay!

RORY
Look after my baby...

Amy's arms, embracing the air, are covered in dust - Rory. She is catatonic, shocked into profound silence.

Shock. The Doctor goes and hugs Amy, who is clasping the dust to her chest, hugging and squeezing it, madly rubbing it into her face and hair.

AMY
NO! COME BACK!

The emotion released, Amy is racked with tears of grief. She howls.

The Doctor, helpless, doesn't know what to say...

In a maelstrom of emotion, Amy tries to stuff the dust into her pockets, gathering up all the precious remains.

AMY (CONT'D)
(shouting at the Doctor)
Save him! You save everyone. You always do! It's what you do!

THE DOCTOR
Not always. I'm sorry.

AMY
Then what's the point of you??

Amy is on her feet, wild with grief and anger. The Doctor tries to calm her, holding her, but she bursts free. She stands alone in a corner, next to a big framed photo of Rory and herself grinning a welcome to their baby.

She reaches down for something. Rory's pony-tail... She howls with grief.

AMY (CONT'D)
This is the dream. Definitely, this one. This is the dream!

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR
How do you know?

AMY
Because if this is real life, I
don’t want it.

The Doctor looks at her, taken aback by her sincerity.

THE DOCTOR
Okay.

AMY
It’s taken me so long to know I
just want him.

She stands up.

AMY (CONT'D)
If we die here, we wake up, yeah?

THE DOCTOR
Unless we just die.

AMY
Either way. This is my only chance
of seeing him again.

She wipes away her tears, grabs the Doctor’s hand and drags
him out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY & RORY'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

AMY leads THE DOCTOR out through the front door. They
pass a couple of EKNODINES, who watch aggressively but
don't attack.

AMY
Why aren't they attacking?

THE DOCTOR
Either because they know this is a
dream. Or because they know what
we're about to do...

She sees the Campervan, holds out her hand. The Doctor
gives her the keys.

She opens the driver's door, gets in.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Be very sure. This could be the
real world.

AMY
I don't care. Rory isn't here.
CONTINUED:

She looks into the Doctor's eyes, her own eyes brimming with tears and emotion.

AMY (CONT'D)
I didn't know. I honestly didn't, till right now.
CONTINUED: (2)

THE DOCTOR

Okay.

AMY

(suddenly fierce)
I don't care how selfish it is. I
love Rory, and I never told him,
and now he's gone.

Amy accelerates towards the house, hitting a murderous
speed. The Eknodines step slowly aside.

As the Campervan is about to crash into the cottage we
abruptly -

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS

The DREAM LORD, back in his Doctor gear with bowtie, is
standing in the deep-frozen console room.

At his feet are the blue-white seated forms of THE DOCTOR,
AMY and RORY. They look dead.

DREAM LORD

Oh dear, are you cold?

The Doctor's eyes flicker open, then Amy's, then Rory's.

Amy can barely move but manages to turn her eyes to Rory,
emotional at seeing him alive. She manages to move a hand
towards him, their frosty hands meeting shakily.

Tears form at Amy's eyes and immediately freeze.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)

So you chose this world.

He looks downbeat for the first time, grudgingly impressed.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)

Well done.

The Doctor tries to move.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)

No, you can't move. Frozen solid. But I'm sure a towering brainiac
like yourself will sort all that out.

He looks at them.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)

Tell you what. I'll help warm you up.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FX: The Dream Lord goes to the console and presses a button. The controls spring into life. The engines start up, and the TARDIS moves away from the cold star.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
There's a button. On - Off. Definitely not quite the genius I was led to believe.

The Doctor looks on, trying but unable to speak, immobile.

The Dream Lord approaches the Doctor.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Boo!

The Doctor groans in pain, and topples over, frozen into a rigid shape.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Any limbs break off? No? Shame. So I hope you enjoyed your little fiction. It's all out of your own imaginations. I'll leave you that to ponder on. I am defeated. I must withdraw.

The Dream Lord takes an orange out of his pocket.

DREAM LORD (CONT'D)
Have fun.

FX: He tosses the orange at the Doctor. As it hits the Doctor the orange disappears.

FX: The Dream Lord fades away, slowly, and is gone.

The Doctor straightens up, perfectly limber and fit.

THE DOCTOR
Nice to do a bit of acting now and again but it's not really me.

Amy and Rory, slowly warming up, are gazing at each other, as though unaware that the Doctor is there.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, what was his problem!?

Amy is staring at Rory. Just staring and staring, tears streaming.

RORY
Something happened. I - what happened to me, I ...

And he doesn’t get any further, cos Amy scrambles over to him, throws her arms around him, hugs him so, so tight.

RORY (CONT'D)
Oh. Right. This is good. Liking this. Was it something I said?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
RORY (CONT'D)
Can you tell what it was? Just so
I can use it in emergencies. And
maybe birthdays.

The Doctor can't resist sneaking a look at them, grinning.
He is at the console, hands moving expertly over the
controls.

Amy drags her eyes away from Rory.

AMY
What are we doing now?

THE DOCTOR
Me, I'm going to blow up the TARDIS.
Do you want to watch? I suppose
you have to really, as we're in
it.

RORY
What?

THE DOCTOR
Notice how helpful the Dream Lord
was? Okay, so there was
misinformation, red herrings,
malice, and I could have done
without the limerick, but he was
always very keen to make us choose
between dream and reality.

The TARDIS is beginning to shake as the power starts to
overload, the Doctor in full mad-scientist mode.

AMY
Doctor-

THE DOCTOR
Come on Amy, fair do's, you've
smashed one dreamscape today, now
it's my turn.

AMY
What are you doing?!

The sound is becoming deafening, the shaking apocalyptic.

RORY
Doctor! The Dream Lord conceded.
This isn't the dream!

THE DOCTOR
Yes it is.

The TARDIS is losing power, the shaking lessening.

(CONTINUED)
THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
No! Come on Tardy! No don't call it that. Come on, you can do it!

He tries something else, moving more levers, pressing keys.

AMY
Stop him!

She and Rory try to drag the Doctor away from the controls.

AMY (CONT'D)
This is the TARDIS! Doctor, stop!

THE DOCTOR
No it isn't. Star burning cold, do me a favour!! The Dream Lord has no power over the real world - he was offering us a choice between two dreams.

AMY
How do you know that??

THE DOCTOR
Because I know who he is.

He throws Amy and Rory off, pulls some more levers.

The Time Rotor glows red, then a massive all-engulfing EXPLOSION.

FADE TO WHITE, THEN UP ON:

INT. TARDIS
The TARDIS as it was pre-freeze, calm, fully functional.

THE DOCTOR, AMY and RORY are waking up in the console room.

The Doctor grins at Amy and Rory, who are staring at him open-mouthed.

The Doctor bends down, picks up a speck of sparkling matter. He holds it in his hand, showing it to Amy and Rory.

THE DOCTOR
Any questions?

AMY
What's that?
THE DOCTOR
A speck of psychic pollen, that’s all. From the candle meadows of Karass don Slava. Must have been hanging around for ages. Fell into the time rotor, heated up, induced a dream state for all of us.

He presses a button to open the TARDIS doors.

FX: The TARDIS doors open. The Doctor blows the speck out into space.

The doors shut again.

RORY
So that was the Dream Lord? That little speck.

THE DOCTOR
No, no, no. Sorry, wasn’t it obvious? The Dream Lord was me. Psychic pollen, it’s a mind parasite – it feeds on everything dark in you. Gives it a voice, turns it against you. I’m 907. It had a lot to go on.

AMY
Why didn’t it feed on us too?

THE DOCTOR
What, the darkness in you pair? It would’ve starved to death in an instant. I choose my friends with care – otherwise I’m stuck with my own company, and you’ve seen how that works out.

On Amy: moved, concerned. She steps towards the Doctor.

AMY
But those things he said about you. You don’t think any of that’s true?

The Doctor just looks at her. So sad for a moment, then such a sad smile.

THE DOCTOR
Amy ... right now, a question is about to occur to Rory. And since the answer is going to change his life forever, I think you should give him your undivided attention.

He moves away, leaving them together.
RORY
Yeah. Actually, yeah. Cos what I don’t get ... you blew up the TARDIS, that stopped that dream. But what woke us up in Leadworth?
AMY
We crashed the camper van.

RORY
I don’t remember that bit.

AMY
You weren’t there, you were already ...

RORY
Already what?

AMY
Dead. You died. In that dream, Mrs. Poggit got you.

RORY
Okay. But how did you know it was a dream?

(Silence from Amy)

Before you crashed the van, how did you know you wouldn’t just die.

AMY
... I didn’t.

On Rory. A silence. He’s getting it now. Really getting it.

RORY
... Oh.

AMY
... yeah.

She’s stepped towards him. Now takes his hands.

RORY
... oh.

AMY
Yeah. “Oh”.

On Rory. So pleased he can’t speak.

AMY (CONT’D)
Shut up.

RORY
Not saying anything

AMY
Don’t.

RORY
Okay.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

She kisses him. It goes on for a bit.

The Doctor, smiling, pleased - but just a little impatient.

THE DOCTOR
So! Well then! Where now? Or should I just pop down to the swimming pool for a few lengths.

RORY
(As they finally part)
I dunno. Anywhere’s good, I’m happy anywhere. It’s up to Amy this time.

He looks at her - so pleased. At last, so happy.

RORY (CONT'D)
Amy’s choice.

WE SCREAM INTO THE

END CREDITS.