EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE -- NIGHT

Whistling wind.

The empty stairwell of a grimly ordinary ’70s tower block in a forest of the things, looming out of the night.

Shadowy figures. KIDS hanging around.

An old lady, MRS ROSSITER, gets into the lift and the doors creak shut over her face.

The lift groans and rattles as it ascends. It sounds a bit like laboured breathing.

CLAIRE(O.S.)

Bed!

GEORGE

But Mum...

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

This is GEORGE. Eight years old. An unexceptional-looking kid in hand-me-down pyjamas.


George sits rigidly on the edge of his bed. He blinks repeatedly - a nervous tic.

Mum, CLAIRE (30s, shattered), is by the door.

CLAIRE

George, I won’t tell you again!
Get into bed!

Distantly, the ‘breathing’ of the lift. George looks terrified.

CLAIRE (CONT’D)

It’s just the lift, love. How many more times?

GEORGE

Don’t like it.

CLAIRE

(patient)

Well, what do we do with the things we don’t like?

GEORGE

Put them in the cupboard. CLAIRE (CONT’D)

Put them in the cupboard.
George goes over to a big cupboard and presses his forehead to the door. He mutters to himself as if intoning a prayer.

GEORGE
(whispers)
Please help me keep the monsters in the cupboard...

Claire glances down at the carpet and picks up a book of fairy tales, lying abandoned. On the cover is a very scary picture of a hook-nosed witch.

George looks over, spotting the book. His eyes widen in fear.

CLAIRE
Cupboard?

George nods slowly. Claire opens the cupboard door (we don’t see inside) and chucks the book in.

George repeats the ritual, pressing his head to the door.

GEORGE
Please help me keep the monsters in the cupboard.

Claire locks the cupboard and rattles the knob. Then makes to leave.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
(desperate)
The thing! You have to do the thing, Mum!

Claire sighs, then flicks off the light switch. Then flicks it back on again. On. Off. On. Off. Four times.

In each of the light moments, a snapshot of George – saucer-eyed. Blink-blink-blink.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Five times! It has to be five times!

Patiently, Claire flicks the switch one more time. It remains off. Light from the hallway of the flat is now the only illumination.

CLAIRE
Alright now?

George nods and slips gingerly between the sheets. Claire kisses him on the forehead.
CLAIRE (CONT’D)
N’night then.

Claire goes out, closing the bedroom door.

On George in bed, staring into the darkness. Scared stiff.

And again he blinks.

Distantly, the lift clunks and ‘breathes’ again as it descends...

George gets out of bed and goes to the bedroom door, ears pricked. He can hear that scariest of childhood things - the muffled sound of adults arguing! He listens closely.

ALEX (O.S.)
...Somewhere he can get proper help!

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

A messy front room.

ALEX (30S, equally shattered) looks at the end of his tether.

CLAIRE
We’ll talk about it in the morning.

She gives him a perfunctory kiss and heads out.

CLAIRE (CONT’D)
He just needs more confidence.

ALEX
(calling)
He needs a Doctor!

CUT TO:

EXT. FLAT -- NIGHT

CLAIRE exits onto the walkway and heads for the lift. She passes MRS ROSSITER - who’s struggling with shopping bags.

MRS ROSSITER
That lad of yours cheeked me again. Called me a witch!

CLAIRE
I’m...I’m ever so sorry.
She hurries on with a pained smile.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

GEORGE’s gaze darts around the darkened bedroom. Every object, every shape looks like a threat.
The shadow of a desk lamp? A crooked hand.
The dressing gown on the back of the door? A crumpled, awful face.

MRS ROSSITER shuffles past the window. But through the drawn curtains she looks like the hunched, crooked shadow of a witch! Hook-nosed and infinitely sinister.

George dashes to the cupboard and presses his forehead to it. He clamps his eyes shut and starts muttering to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS -- DAY

THE DOCTOR’s at the console.

THE DOCTOR

Ow!

He grabs his side, as though stung and drags the psychic paper from his pocket. He scans it rapidly.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)

(reading)

"Please help me keep the monsters in the cupboard".

He frowns, then - zoom! - starts pulling at levers and stabbing at buttons.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)

Haven’t done this in a while!

AMY

(appearing)

Done what? What’re you doing?

THE DOCTOR

Making a house call!

CUT TO:

TITLES
EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE -- NIGHT

ON RORY, pulling a face. A concrete colonnade, bathed in orange street-light, the TARDIS just visible in the background. He's right in front of the tower block entrance. Abandoned shopping trolleys. Bleak as you can get. AMY next to him.

RORY
No offence, Doctor...

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Meaning the opposite.

RORY
But we could get a bus somewhere like this.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
The exact opposite.

AMY
Can't all be planets and history and stuff, Rory.

THE DOCTOR streaks past them, sonic screwdriver held out in front of him. Scanning wildly.

THE DOCTOR
Yes it can! 'Course it can! Planets and history and stuff. That's what we do! But not today. No.

He jabs at a button to summon the lift then pulls the psychic paper from his jacket. Flashes it at Rory.

RORY
(reading)
"Please...help me keep the monsters ...in the cupboard". Who sent that?

THE DOCTOR
That's what we're here to find out.

AMY
Sounds like something a kid would say.

THE DOCTOR
Exactly. A scared kid. A very scared kid. So scared that somehow its cry for help got through to us. In the TARDIS.
AMY
And you’ve traced it here?

THE DOCTOR
Exactly.

Ping! The lift arrives with an asthmatic groan.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Going up?

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

ALEX is watching TV but not concentrating. He glances over at the mantelpiece where there are lots of photos of him, Claire and George in happier times.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

GEORGE lies wide awake, gaze darting round the room.

CUT TO:

SC 9 OMITTED

INT. MRS ROSSITER’S FLAT -- NIGHT

Darkness. Then the darkness splits: it’s a front door opening. Framed in the orangey glow of the doorway: THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
Hello!

MRS ROSSITER, has the door half open.

MRS ROSSITER
Is it about the bins?

THE DOCTOR
Pardon?

MRS ROSSITER
The bins. I can’t be expected to get down all them stairs. I need new knees.

THE DOCTOR
Not the bins, no Miss...?
MRS ROSSITER
Mrs. Rossiter. I’ve already got a new hip. I’ll be able to manage when I get the knees. Up and down them stairs like Roger Bannister.

THE DOCTOR
Can I come in?

MRS ROSSITER
‘Course not! You could be anyone.

THE DOCTOR
Could be. But I’m not. I’m the Doctor!

And the door slams in his face.

CUT TO:

11 INT. THE MCKENZIES’ FLAT -- NIGHT

Darkness. Splits. Another door opened. On the other side, beaming: AMY.

AMY
Hi!

Holding open the door, a slightly sinister little girl with braided hair: RUBY. She’s holding a grubby rag doll by the arm. She gazes up at Amy.

AMY (CONT’D)
Hello, love. Are your mummy and daddy in? Or is it just you?

As if in answer, Ruby is joined at the door by DAISY.

Her identical twin sister.

They both look up at Amy. Not saying a word. Immediately and classically sinister.

AMY (CONT’D)
Oooookay.

JULIE (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Amy looks up. JULIE (early 20s, hard) has appeared. She gathers the twins protectively behind her legs.

AMY
Hi. Yes. Sorry. Just wondering if you’ve had any...bother...round here?
JULIE
Bother? What do you mean?
(frowns)
He didn’t send you, did he?

AMY
Who?

CUT TO:

12 INT. PURCELL’S FLAT -- NIGHT

PURCELL
Jim Purcell. Who’s asking?

RORY is on the other side of this door. Holding it open is
PURCELL - 40s, a brute of a man in stained T-shirt and
trackie bottoms.

RORY
Um...community support. Just
checking on community-based...things. Everything ok?

PURCELL
Hunky dory.

RORY
Good. Great. Neighbours nice? Get
on well?

Purcell smiles grimly.

PURCELL
‘Course we get on well. I’m their
landlord. They love me, don’t
they?

RORY
You’re the landlord?

PURCELL
Yeah. Thought you’d know that,
being from ‘community support’.

RORY
Yes. Yes! Yes, of course.

PURCELL
(glances at watch)
Bit late to be calling, innit?
Anything else?

RORY
Well, if I could just have a look
round...
A nasty, lardy old dog sniffs between Purcell’s legs and growls at Rory.

   RORY (CONT’D)
   Or maybe I could come back another time...

   PURCELL
   Yeah. That’d be good.

He smiles horribly and slams shut the door --

   CUT TO:

13  INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT  13

   -- which alerts GEORGE. He slips out of bed, goes gingerly to the window and sees RORY retreating from PURCELL’s door. AMY joins him and they talk, though George can’t hear their conversation.

   His eyes are wide in fear. Blink - blink - blink.  *

   CUT TO:

14  EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE - STAIRWELL -- NIGHT  14

THE DOCTOR is in a stairwell. He’s spotted GEORGE, though George doesn’t see him.

George mouths his mantra again.  *

The Doctor pauses a moment, then heads off.

   CUT TO:

15  EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE - WALKWAY/LIFT -- NIGHT  15

The sour glow of orange street-lights. AMY and RORY are now standing by the entrance to the lift. They’re on one of the highest floors of the block.

THE DOCTOR comes round the corner.

   AMY
   Any luck?

   THE DOCTOR
   Three old ladies, a traffic warden from Croatia and a man with ten cats.

   RORY
   What’re we looking for?
THE DOCTOR
Ten cats! Scared kid, remember?

AMY
I found scary kids. Does that count?

THE DOCTOR
Hm. Try the next floor down.

AMY
Ok.

She presses the button to summon the lift. It begins to clank and groan upwards.

AMY (CONT’D)
Could do with some of that psychic paper. People aren’t very keen on letting us in.

RORY
You can understand it, though. It’s like when people come round selling God.

THE DOCTOR
Hm?

RORY
You know. Knocking on your door on a Sunday. With their nylon suits and clipboards and shiny white teeth.

THE DOCTOR
Oh them.

The Doctor smiles mysteriously.

RORY
What?

The Doctor glances across the way. GEORGE is no longer at his window.

THE DOCTOR
(thoughtful)
Catch you up in a bit.

RORY
(of the nylon suit people)
What do you mean? You don’t mean - ?
THE DOCTOR
(distracted)
Well, technically, I suppose if you come from the planet Mormos...
Just going to have a look over there. Catch you up.

He wanders round the corner and out of sight.

RORY
Aliens?

The lift arrives with a breathy groan.

The doors slide apart. Amy gets in.

AMY
(to Rory)
Coming?

RORY
(incredulous)
My Mum asked them in for a cup of tea once. They...chatted. Do aliens chat?

AMY
The chatty ones do.

Rory follows Amy into the lift.

RORY
They gave me some crisps.

AMY
(nodding, sagely)
Space crisps.

SLAM!!

The lift doors crash shut with unnatural speed.

The ‘down’ light at the side flares bright white as the lift plummets!

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE - LIFT -- NIGHT

The lift crashes to a halt at the bottom of the shaft and the doors spring open.

It’s empty. Totally empty. Stainless steel walls. Grubby emergency posters. But that’s all.
AMY and RORY have vanished...

CUT TO:

17  INT. FLAT - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Knock-knock.

ALEX opens the door. THE DOCTOR’s there, beaming. He holds out the psychic paper.

ALEX
Oh! Right! That was quick.

THE DOCTOR
Was it?

ALEX
They told me they’d send someone.
Social services.

The Doctor quickly checks the paper.

THE DOCTOR
Yes. Yes!

ALEX
It’s not, you know, easy.
Admitting your kid’s got a problem --

THE DOCTOR
You’ve got a problem. I’ve got a problem. I bet they’re connected!
I’m the Doctor. Call me Doctor.
What can I call you?

ALEX
Alex.

THE DOCTOR
Hello Alex.

He comes in without waiting to be invited. Looks quickly around. Spots the door to George’s bedroom. There’s a felt-tipped sign - “George’s Room.”

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
So...tell me about George.

CUT TO:
EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE - BALCONY -- NIGHT

MRS ROSSITER is dragging bin bags onto a big pile of other bags, chucked together on the communal balcony. She grunts with the effort. Finally gets them where she wants them.

MRS ROSSITER
What a bloomin' mess. I’m the only one who gives a monkey’s round here any more. Shocking.

She stops and chuckles to herself.

MRS ROSSITER (CONT’D)
Talking to yourself now, Elsie. They say it’s the first sign.

Then, from the shadows around the bin-bags, there’s a soft, rustling sound. Mrs Rossiter freezes.

MRS ROSSITER (CONT’D)
Oh Lord. Not rats. I couldn’t bear --

A shadow moves. But it’s larger than a rat. Mrs Rossiter starts, then her face hardens.

MRS ROSSITER (CONT’D)
Come out of there! Don’t be so ruddy horrible. Trying to scare an old lady to death. It’s not right. Is that you, George?

The shadow moves again, and it makes a soft rustling sound.

MRS ROSSITER (CONT’D)
I’ll tell your Mum and Dad. Come on, you little devil. Let’s see your face.

The shadow shifts again. Mrs Rossiter boldly goes to push aside the bin-bags -- and her arm is pulled into them!

She cries out in horror. But it’s too late. She’s already half submerged in the stinking plastic.

She falls back onto the pile of bags. Her jaw drops in absolute horror and she’s sucked into the bin-bags, vanishing without a trace!

Her horrible scream --

CUT TO:
INT. FLAT - FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

-- bleeds into the distant wail of a police siren, going past the flats.

THE DOCTOR sits on the sofa next to ALEX, leafing through the family album. Alex is on edge, uncomfortable talking about his family.

ALEX
Didn’t seem like anything to start with. Mind you, he’s always been a funny kid.

THE DOCTOR
Funny’s good! We like funny. Don’t we?

ALEX
He never cries. It’s the oddest thing. Bottles it all up, I suppose. Tell him off, he just looks at you. Trapped his hand in the car door once. Not a sound. Not a single tear.

THE DOCTOR

How old is he?

ALEX
Just turned eight. He was eight in January. Should be growing out of stuff like this, shouldn’t he?

THE DOCTOR

Maybe.

The Doctor looks down at the smiley photos. Claire, Alex and George on the beach etc. A shot of a slim, smiling Claire and Alex in party-mode. In the corner is the digital date: 24.12.02

The Doctor frowns. Looks like he’s about to say something, then shakes his head.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)

Things have got worse, though?

Lately?

ALEX
Yeah. So we talked about getting help. Maybe sending him somewhere. He started getting these nervous tics. Funny little cough. Blinking all the time.

THE DOCTOR

Aha.
ALEX
Now it’s completely out of hand. Compulsions, they’re called, I think. Least, that’s what it says on the internet. He’s scared to death of everything.

THE DOCTOR
Pantaphobia.

ALEX
What?

THE DOCTOR
That’s what it’s called. Pantaphobia. Not a fear of pants, though, if that’s what you’re thinking. It’s a fear of everything. Including pants, I suppose, in that case. Sorry! Go on.

ALEX
Well, we can’t leave clothes lying around ‘cos George thinks they look like people. *Crouching*...in the darkness.

He counts them off on his fingers.

ALEX (CONT’D)
He hates clowns.

THE DOCTOR
Understandable.

ALEX
He hates having a bath in case there’s something under the water. He’s scared to death of Claire’s old dolls’ house. The lift sounds like someone breathing...

He gives a helpless gesture of despair.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Look, I dunno. I’m not an expert. Maybe you can get through to him.

The Doctor puts the album aside.

THE DOCTOR
I’ll do my best. (checks his watch) Hope they’re ok.
ALEX
Hm?

THE DOCTOR
Um...couple of...work colleagues of mine.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGIAN ROOM -- NIGHT

A very large, gloomy room, shrouded in darkness. It's so dark we can make out nothing except the odd, dark shape. At last, one of them moves. Groans. It's RORY.

RORY
Amy?

He scans the room.

RORY (CONT'D)
Amy? Are you there?

Another shape moves. Rory jumps.

AMY
Here, here, here! It's me.

Rory’s hand finds hers in the dark.

RORY
You ok?

AMY
Think so. Where - ?

RORY
We were in a lift.

AMY
Yeah.

RORY
We got in a lift in that block of flats.

AMY
Yeah.

RORY
How come we’re not in the lift - oh!

He groans.

AMY
What?
RORY
Are we dead?

AMY
Eh?

RORY
The lift fell! That’s the last thing I can remember! Did we die?

AMY
Rory -

RORY
It’s true, isn’t it? I’m dead - again!
(resigned)
Except this time, it’s the real thing. Yeah. I always thought it’d be like this. If there was anything... afterwards.

AMY
Wait a minute -

RORY
You’d just find yourself in a cold and dark and nothingy place. Alone.

AMY
Rory -

RORY
Just a sort of grey nothingness. For ever and ever and -

AMY
Rory! We’re not dead. We’re just in a room somewhere. Ok?

AMY
Ok.

AMY
And you’re not alone.

She clasps his hand tightly.

RORY

Rory gets up and stumbles across to the wall, paddling his hands over the wallpaper.

AMY
What’re you doing?
RORY
Looking for the light! If this is just a room. Just an ordinary room, there’ll be a light.

He paddles on.

RORY (CONT’D)
There’s no light.

AMY
I’ll try the curtains.

AMY picks her way carefully across the room and manages to pull at the ancient, dusty curtains.

Feeble light bleeds in through the filthy windows. Amy rubs at the glass.

AMY (CONT’D)
Can’t see a thing.

RORY
Amy...

She turns. In the half-light, the room is revealed in more detail.

It’s a Georgian room. Neglected and choked with dust. A few Georgian chairs with burst stuffing are the only furnishings.

Amy and Rory look at each other.

A door has been revealed and they push it open, then, gingerly, pass through into the corridor beyond.

As they disappear from view, a FIGURE in a dress swishes through the frame. They are not alone in the house...

CUT TO:

21

INT. FLAT – GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The clock by the bedside ticks reassuringly but GEORGE is still wide awake. The room is midnight blue except for a rectangle of yellow around the door from the hall light beyond. And George’s torch which he clicks on for comfort.

George looks around the room, picking out the familiar objects with the beam of his torch.

Desk. Chair. Curtains. Dressing gown on the back of the door.

He glances towards the cupboard.
He continues to stare but his eyes start to get heavy.

He fights against sleep. The clock ticks on. His eyelids get heavier and heavier.


Beat. *

Then -- a soft, soft rustling sound. *

George’s eyes snap open. *

He points the torch beam desperately about. Chair. Desk. Curtains. Dressing gown. No change. *


Dressing gown.

The untidy shape hanging off the back of the cupboard door.

Motionless. Or is it?

No. It’s moving...

George’s eyes widen in stark terror. Blink-blink-blink. *

His mouth is a perfect “O” of horror but no sound escapes him.

The dressing gown is definitely moving. Shifting. Making a soft, rustling sound like wings...

Now George can see that the dressing gown is somehow no longer just a dressing gown. (PRAC/FX?) The folds of material now look like a crumpled face. And it’s turning. * Turning its terrible, distorted, ghastly body towards him.

And chuckling.

Suddenly, the bedroom door opens, breaking the spell. ALEX comes in. He frowns at the sight of George wide awake with the torch on.

ALEX

George? What is it now? Eh?

He’s not exactly compassionate. Just resigned and exhausted.

George stares over Alex’s shoulder. The dressing gown is just a dressing gown again.
ALEX (CONT’D)
(sighs)
It’s all right. Just your imagination.

THE DOCTOR steps into the doorway. Silhouetted against the hall light like Max von Sydow in ‘The Exorcist’.

GEORGE
Who are you?

THE DOCTOR
I’m the Doctor.

GEORGE
A doctor?
(panicked)
Have you come to take me away?

THE DOCTOR
No, George, I just want to talk.

GEORGE
What about?

The Doctor steps into view.

THE DOCTOR
About the monsters.

Close on George: Blink-blink-blink.

CUT TO:

22 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

AMY and RORY step into another darkened room. This time, a Georgian kitchen. Rather than being more cheerful it is again thick with dust. Huge pots and pans hang off the walls and there’s a rough wooden table with crudely made chairs. In fact, everything in it is oddly crude as though inexpertly made...

RORY
Obvious what’s happened.

AMY
Not obvious to me.

RORY
The TARDIS has gone funny again. Some time...slippy...thing. The Doctor’s back there in...EastEnders-land and we’re stuck in the past. This is probably Seventeen Hundred and something.
AMY
My favourite year.

She picks up a sauce-pan.

AMY (CONT’D)
Bit neglected, wherever it is.

She looks closer at the pan.

RORY
Well, let’s find the front door, at least. Then we can work out where we are. When we are.

AMY
Rory...

RORY
Hm?

AMY
Look at this.

RORY
What? Copper pan.

AMY
No. It’s not.

She knocks on it.

AMY (CONT’D)
It’s wood. It’s made of wood and just painted to look like copper.

RORY
That’s stupid.
(shrugs)
Maybe there’s a chocolate tea-pot here somewhere.

Amy spots a half-open drawer in the kitchen table.

She pulls at it. It’s stiff but eventually she drags it open. Gingerly, she reaches into the back of the drawer and pulls out a great dark clump of...something.

RORY (CONT’D)
What is it?

AMY
(spooked)
Looks like...hair.

Horribly, it is. A hank of hair, tied up in a braid, like a cut-off pony-tail.
A little disgusted, Amy peers closer at it. The hair’s coarse and rough - more like wool. She drops the hair onto the table.

Then, what little light there is seems to vanish -- then return. In pulses. Five times.

Rory and Amy look at each other.

RORY
Come on.

He makes to go --

AMY
Hang on.

Amy grabs the wooden pan and they leave the kitchen --

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT
-- into a darkened corridor, lined with shuttered windows.

RORY
Let’s try down here.

He heads off into the shadows.

Beat.

Rory and Amy have moved off but, suddenly, from above, comes the muffled sound of a woman sobbing...

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT – GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

GEORGE is sitting up in bed. ALEX leans against the wall, arms folded. THE DOCTOR is grappling with a Rubik’s cube. Badly. He throws the odd surreptitious glance at the cupboard.

ALEX
We thought maybe it was things on the telly.

THE DOCTOR
Right...

ALEX
You know. Scary stuff, getting under his skin.
THE DOCTOR

Aha...

ALEX

Frightening him. So we stopped
letting him watch.

THE DOCTOR

Oh you don’t want to do that.

He winks conspiratorially at George. The little boy just
stares.

ALEX

Then Claire thought it might have
been what he was reading.

THE DOCTOR

Great! Reading’s great. You like
stories, George?

George nods.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)

Yeah. Me too. When I was your
age...about...ooh...a thousand
years ago, I loved a good bedtime
story. The Three Little
Sontarans. The Emperor Dalek’s
new clothes. Snow White and the
Seven Keys to Doomsday. All the
classics.

He tosses the Rubik’s cube aside.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)

Rubbish. Must be broken. I hate
those things. Better tidy it
away, though, eh? How about in
here?

He moves towards the cupboard. George’s eyes widen.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)

No? Not in the cupboard? Why not
in there, George?

ALEX

It’s a...thing. A thing Claire
got him doing ages back. Anything
he doesn’t like, he puts it in
the cupboard. Creepy toys. That
sort of thing.

THE DOCTOR

You put them in there?
ALEX
Yeah. And then, when he goes to
bed, Claire gets him to you
know... (sotto)
...imagine he can put anything
that scares him inside it.

THE DOCTOR
(to George)
Monsters?

George just looks at him. Blink-blink-blink.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
No tears for George, though, eh?

ALEX
No. Never. I told you.

THE DOCTOR
No!
(to George)
‘Course not. You’re a brave
little soldier, aren’t you,
George?

George looks puzzled.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
(grimaces at Alex)
Sorry. Bit rusty at this.

The Doctor walks slowly towards the cupboard. George is
terrified.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
There’s nothing to be scared of,
George. Just a cupboard.

George doesn’t say anything.

The Doctor walks towards the cupboard. Extends his hand.
The key looms hugely in frame.
The Doctor’s outstretched hand moves towards the door.
His fingers fasten on the key. Turns it.
Close on George: saucer-eyed. Scared stiff.
The Doctor puts his hand on the door-knob.
Begins to turn it --

BANG! BANG! BANG!
Even the Doctor jumps!
Alex looks round.

ALEX
Front door.
He nips out, leaving the door ajar.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

ALEX opens the front door. PURCELL is framed there, with his nasty DOG.

PURCELL
‘Evening!
He comes into the hallway without being asked.
Alex visibly sags.

ALEX
Oh, hi.

PURCELL
How’s Claire?

ALEX
Good thanks. At work. Look, this really isn’t a good time –

PURCELL
The kiddie?

ALEX
Good. Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM/HALL -- NIGHT

GEORGE’S POV: PURCELL and ALEX at the doorway.
GEORGE watches through the half-open bedroom door. Blink-blink-blink.

PURCELL
(niceties out of the way)
You know how I hate to mention it, son but it’s that time again.

ALEX
Yes...
PURCELL
And you also know I like my money prompt.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT – GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

GEORGE is watching his DAD and the landlord, his lips moving silently.

THE DOCTOR notices the boy’s fearful expression. Suddenly, he whips out the sonic screwdriver. As he waves it past the cupboard door, it lights up like a Christmas tree. The Doctor is astonished. George is distracted by it and his eyes widen.

GEORGE
Is that a torch?

THE DOCTOR
Hm? Oh. Screwdriver. And other stuff.

GEORGE
Please may I see the other stuff?

The Doctor looks pre-occupied but then fiddles with the sonic and several of George’s toy robots go stomping over the carpet of their own accord.

THE DOCTOR
Pretty cool, eh?

For the first time, George smiles. The Doctor smiles back. George goes over towards his toys and the Doctor’s face falls.

He moves the sonic back and forth in front of the cupboard door and it trills madly.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
(horrified)
Off the scale...off the scale!

George looks back towards the hallway.

George’s POV: PURCELL and ALEX are still talking.

CUT TO:

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INT. FLAT - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

ALEX

Thing is, I still haven’t found anywhere since the shop shut. And Claire’s wage only goes so far -

Purcell’s DOG growls as though on cue.

PURCELL

Listen to him. Inne awful? Don’t growl at the nice man, Bernard. He don’t mean to upset daddy, do you?

He looks meaningfully at Alex.

ALEX

N...no.

PURCELL

Look, son. I know what you’re thinking. Here comes ‘orrible Mr Purcell after his rent. Dog on a chain. Thinks he’s bloody Bill Sykes or sumfink. See? Wasn’t expecting that, was you? I’m not as daft as I look.

(deeply threatening)

In fact, I’m not daft at all. All I want is my three hundred and fifty pound. Simple as that. Couldn’t be clearer, really, could I? N’night.

He winks and drags the dog away. ALEX wearily shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

ALEX comes back in.

ALEX

Right! Sorry about that. Let’s get this cupboard open, then. Nothing to be scared of --

THE DOCTOR hurls himself in front of the cupboard.

THE DOCTOR

No! No no no no! You don’t want to do that!

ALEX

Why?
The Doctor glances down at GEORGE and then back to Alex.

THE DOCTOR
Because George’s monsters are real.

Alex looks appalled.

CUT TO:

INT. PURCELL’S FLAT – FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

PURCELL’s flat is pretty squalid. Unwashed dishes and piles of dubious magazines. He’s slouched in an old armchair that’s like an island in the middle of the grubby carpet.

He’s eating a take-away off a tray and watching TV. The light from it washes over him. BERNARD the dog snores at his feet.

Purcell flicks channels.

PURCELL
Nothing on. Never anything on, is there, Bernard?

The dog snores on, unconcerned by the state of British TV.

PURCELL (CONT’D)
Waste of money.

Something particularly offensive makes him scowl.

PURCELL (CONT’D)
“Bergerac”! God help us. Thirty years old, that! Where’s the boxing? Meant to be boxing on.

Flick – flick. He scowls. No boxing.

PURCELL (CONT’D)
(sighs)
I’ll have to finish watching that film, Bernard.

He spots the DVD remote on the table a few yards away, glances down at his tray and sighs. So much bother! Grunting with effort, he lifts the tray off his knee and balances it precariously on the arm of the chair. Then he gets heavily to his feet, puts out one slippered foot onto the carpet --

(PRAC/FX sequence?)

-- and it sinks!
Purcell cries out. What??

Automatically, he moves his other foot and that sinks too. His feet are submerged in the carpet as though it’s a pool of shallow water.

Utterly baffled, Purcell sways on his feet, stumbles and puts out his hands to save him --- and they sink too! Deeper this time.

Purcell looks terrified.

He tries to move his feet but it’s like they’re encased in quicksand. He tries again -- and topples forward!

He’s sprawled on all fours. Submerged up to the elbows and knees in the carpet.

Panicking, he tries to pull himself free but instead tumbles headlong into the carpet and, impossibly, disappears from view!

For a moment, the carpet is unbroken again and then Purcell’s head and shoulders appear. He’s gasping for air. He tries desperately to “swim” in the carpet but it’s no good. He slips further and further into it until only his eyes are showing. At last, the top of his head vanishes forever into the grubby carpet.

Beat.

Bernard the dog suddenly wakes up and looks around. Then trots happily to the door, waiting to be let out. But his owner has gone forever.

And the carpet is smooth. Like a mill-pond...

CUT TO:

31  INT. FLAT - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

CLOSE: a boiling kettle. THE DOCTOR is fishing for teabags, ALEX fuming.

ALEX
You’re supposed to be a professional! I’ll never get him to sleep now! It’s so...irresponsible.

THE DOCTOR

(puzzled)
(MORE)

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THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Something I’ve missed. Something
staring me in the face.

Alex looks like he might punch the Doctor.

ALEX
Look, I’d like you to leave,
please. You’re just making things
worse.

The Doctor opens the fridge and gets out a carton of milk.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Will you stop making tea! I want
you to leave!

THE DOCTOR
No.

ALEX
(furious)
What? What do you mean ‘no’?
Leave! Get out!

Beat.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Now, please!

The Doctor doesn’t move.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Look, maybe Claire was right.
Maybe this was a bad idea. We
should sort out George ourselves.

THE DOCTOR
You can’t.

ALEX
No-one’s going to tell us how to
run our lives. I don’t care who
you are or what wheels have been
set in motion. We’ll sort it!

Still, the Doctor doesn’t move. The orange glow of night-
time through the kitchen window throws his face into
shadow.

THE DOCTOR
I’m not just a professional. I’m
the Doctor.

ALEX
What’s that supposed to mean?
THE DOCTOR
It means I’ve come a long way to
get here, Alex. A very long way.
George sent a message. A distress
call, if you like. Whatever’s
inside that cupboard is so
terrible, so powerful that it
amplified the fears of an
ordinary little boy across all
the barriers of Time and Space.

ALEX
Eh?

THE DOCTOR
Through crimson stars and silent
stars and tumbling nebulas like
oceans set on fire. Through
empires of glass and
civilizations of pure thought and
a whole, terrible, wonderful
universe of impossibilities. You
see these eyes? They’re old eyes.
And one thing I can tell you,
Alex. The monsters are real.

The kettle clicks off.

Beat.

ALEX
You’re not from social services,
are you?

The Doctor smiles.

THE DOCTOR
First things first. You got any
Jammie Dodgers?

CUT TO:

32 INT. ENTRANCE HALL -- NIGHT

A shadowy entrance hall. There’s a grandfather clock and
the floor is decorated with black and white tiles. Feeble
blue light spills in through the arched fan-light above the
wide front door.

AMY and RORY emerge into the hall.

RORY
At last.

He goes up to the front door, looks down and bangs the
woodwork in frustration.
AMY
What is it?

RORY
No doorknob!

He stands back. It’s true. There’s no doorknob. He tries to get his fingers into the side of the door to prise it open -- but it’s no good.

RORY (CONT’D)
Wooden saucepans. Now -- no doorknobs!

AMY
And this clock.

He turns.

RORY
What?

Amy’s examining the grandfather clock. It shows one minute to midnight -- but there’s something wrong with it.

AMY
The hands are painted on.

Rory comes over. He opens the glass front of the clock and touches the dial. The hands are indeed painted ones.

The light dims and pulses back. Again, five times. *

Suddenly, above their heads, footsteps... *

Then another sound. A woman sobbing... *

CUT TO: *

INT. FLAT -- FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT 33 *

THE DOCTOR’s drinking tea and leafing through the photo album. ALEX to one side, nervous. *

THE DOCTOR *
Something’s wrong. Something about one of these photos. *

At last, he shakes his head and slams down his mug of tea. *

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D) *
Anyway! Good. Nice tea. Nothing like a cuppa but --- decision time! Should we open the cupboard?
ALEX

What?

THE DOCTOR

Should we?

Well -

THE DOCTOR

Gotta open the cupboard, haven’t we? ‘Course we have! Come on, Alex! Alex! Come on! How else will we ever find out what’s going on here?

ALEX

Right. But you said -

THE DOCTOR

Monster! Yeah, well, that’s what I do! Breakfast, dinner and tea. Fight the monsters. So this...this is just an average day at the office for me.

ALEX

Ok. Yeah. You’re right.

THE DOCTOR

Or maybe we shouldn’t open the cupboard!

ALEX

Eh?

THE DOCTOR

We have no idea what might be in there! How powerful, how evil that thing might be!

ALEX

We don’t?

THE DOCTOR

Come on, Alex! Alex! Come on! Are you crazy? We can’t open the cupboard!!

ALEX

No. God, no. We mustn’t.

THE DOCTOR

Right. That settles it.

ALEX

Settles what?
The Doctor takes a last swig of tea.

THE DOCTOR
Gonna open the cupboard.

With the photo album under his arm, he dashes through into --

CUT TO:

33A INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 33A

-- GEORGE’s room. George sits up in bed as THE DOCTOR cracks his knuckles and walks towards the cupboard...

CUT TO:

34 INT. ENTRANCE HALL -- NIGHT 34

The sobbing continues. AMY and RORY listen, scared. It stops abruptly, then, whoever is crying speaks --

MRS ROSSITER (O.S.)
Please...help me.

AMY
You hear that?

MRS ROSSITER (O.S.)
Please...Please...I don’t...I can’t see where I am...

Amy makes to move.

RORY
Wait!

The old lady’s voice becomes fainter and fainter, then is gone.

Suddenly the footsteps start up again. But now they’ve taken on a different sound. More hollow. Clump-clump-clump.

AMY
Stairs! They’re coming downstairs!

RORY
They?

The footsteps suddenly stop dead. At the end of the room is a panelled door.

Amy and Rory stare at it.

CUT TO:
35  INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT
THE DOCTOR approaches the cupboard door, slowly, slowly...
ON GEORGE: eyes wide in terror. He shakes his head from side to side. No, no, no, no!

CUT TO:

36  INT. ENTRANCE HALL -- NIGHT
RORY heads towards the closed door in the hallway. His hand closes on the doorknob --

CUT TO:

36A  INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT
THE DOCTOR’s hand closes on the cupboard’s doorknob --

CUT TO:

36B  INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT
RORY takes a deep breath and HURLS open the door, revealing:
A NIGHTMARE FACE! Black blobs for eyes, a crooked gash of a red mouth! Rory yells!

CUT TO:

37  INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT
THE DOCTOR flings open the cupboard door, revealing:
-- the inside of a cupboard!
An ordinary cupboard. A collection of old toys, shoes, sports stuff -- and a dusty old Georgian dolls’ house.
The Doctor frowns. What??

CUT TO:

38  INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT
RORY is still in shock. A figure is standing in the open doorway!

AMY looks closer.

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AMY
It’s a dummy. It’s just a dummy.

Rory looks closer and we see the figure is made of wood. Rough black wool hair, blobs of paint for eyes and the horrible, wonky mouth. Like a PEG-DOLL.

It is a peg-doll! A life-size one, clothed in a ragged, dusty Georgian dress.

Rory prods it experimentally. The doll doesn’t move. He pushes it harder and it tips back on its heels like an Aunt Sally.

AMY (CONT’D)
Come on. I’m getting sick of wandering around.

She gingerly opens another door. There’s nothing behind this one.

AMY (CONT’D)
I think we should break a window or something.

RORY
(relieved)
Can’t take you anywhere. Dunno why I married you.

AMY
Yes, you do.

They go through the door.

RORY
Yes I do.

They leave.

With a horrible creeeeak, the peg-doll’s wooden head slowly turns to watch them go...

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The cupboard door is still half-open. THE DOCTOR turns back to ALEX.

THE DOCTOR
I don’t understand it. It has to be the cupboard. We know it has to be the cupboard! It all started with this. George’s message. The readings from the sonic screwdriver, they were...
He stops dead.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Oh. OH! Thick Doctor! Stupid Doctor!

He grabs the photo album and tears through it. Stops at one page. Eureka! Then he hammers the album against his forehead.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
It was there in the message. All along! “Please help me keep the monsters in the cupboard”.
(rapid)
How old is George, Alex?

ALEX
What? How old?

THE DOCTOR
Yes. How old is George?

ALEX
I told you. Just turned eight.

THE DOCTOR
So you remember when he was born?

ALEX
‘Course!

THE DOCTOR
‘Course you do! How could you not?

He thrusts the open album under Alex’s nose. The Christmas party photo. Smiling Alex, slim Claire.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
(to Alex)
You and Claire. Christmas Eve. 2002, right?

ALEX
What? Er...yeah.

DOCTOR
Couple of weeks before George was born. Tell me about the day he arrived. Must’ve been wonderful!

ALEX
Best day of my
(uncertain)
...life.
THE DOCTOR

Sure?

ALEX

Yes...

THE DOCTOR

You don’t sound sure.

ALEX

What’re you trying to say? Look, I don’t like this. I’ve told you before, I want you to go -

He screws up his eyes as if in pain.

THE DOCTOR

What’s the matter, Alex?

ALEX

I can’t - Don’t! This is scary.

No, Alex. This is scary.

He flicks to another photo.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)

Claire with baby George. New born, yes?

ALEX

Yes.

Close on photos of Claire and baby George. And the digital date. 1.1.03.

THE DOCTOR

Less than a month after the Christmas party!

ALEX

So?

THE DOCTOR

So?! Look, look -

He flashes the Christmas photo again. 24.12.02.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)

Claire’s not pregnant.

ALEX

What?

THE DOCTOR

Not pregnant.
ALEX
(matter of fact)
Well, of course not! Claire can’t
have kids.

Beat.

THE DOCTOR
Say that again.

ALEX
We tried everything. She was
desperate. As much IVF as we
could afford but...

A scalp-prickling moment.

ALEX (CONT’D)
...Claire can’t...have...kids.

Beat.

Alex turns, very slowly towards George.

George just stares at him.

ALEX (CONT’D)
That’s not...How...how can I have
forgotten that?

Now the Doctor turns towards George.

THE DOCTOR
(gentle)
It’s you, George. You’re doing
all this.

On George: blink-blink-blink.

ALEX
(shell-shocked)
What?

THE DOCTOR
“Please help me keep the monsters
in the cupboard”. That was the
message. There’s nothing in there
at all. It’s all coming from you.

George shakes his head slowly from side to side. Then
faster and faster.

The ‘breathing’ sound starts up, there’s an ominous
splintering, creaking --

-- the room is getting smaller! (PRAC/FX sequence?)

Alex stares at George.
The little boy stretches out his arms towards Alex --

GEORGE

Dad?

-- but Alex shrinks back. Unsure of his son. Totally freaked.

George gazes up at him with huge, appealing eyes. Alex has no answer.

The walls are crumbling, splintering. The “breathing” is unbearably loud.

George stares at the Doctor and his Dad. Looks at one, then the other. Terrified. And his little mouth starts to form words.

THE DOCTOR

No! George, no!

GEORGE

Please...help me keep...the monsters in the cupboard...Please help me...

THE DOCTOR

George, no! You’re the only one who can stop this! You have to face your fears! You have to face them!

GEORGE

Please help me keep the monsters in the cupboard!

The bed creaks as it shudders across the floor towards them. George’s posters and models shred and splinter as the walls of the bedroom close in remorselessly.

THE DOCTOR

George - !

ALEX

What’s he trying to do? For God’s sake, what’s he doing?

Inexorably, the Doctor and Alex are sucked towards the open cupboard door!!

The walls are pushing them closer, closer --

THE DOCTOR

Face your fears, George! They’re not real! They’re not --

-- and the Doctor and Alex suddenly vanish inside the cupboard. The door crashes shut with horrible finality.
And all is still.
The ‘breathing’ has stopped. The walls no longer move.

CUT TO:

40  INT. DRAWING ROOM -- NIGHT  40 *

CRASH!

THE DOCTOR and ALEX fall into a dark and dusty Georgian room. The door they came through is firmly shut behind them.
The Doctor leaps to his feet at once and hammers at the woodwork.

THE DOCTOR
No! George! You can’t do this! We want to help you. You have to open the cupboard! You have to face your fears!

Alex almost collapses; scared and utterly disorientated.

ALEX
What the hell is going on? Who are you?

THE DOCTOR
(one last bang on the door)
George!

He gazes around at the big, Georgian room, then flops down next to Alex. Sighs.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
You ok?

ALEX
No.

THE DOCTOR
That’s alright.

ALEX
We went... into the cupboard! How can it be bigger in here -

THE DOCTOR (smiles)
More common than you’d think.
ALEX
Where are we?

THE DOCTOR
Inside a psychic projection. Or, if you like, we’re inside a spooky old dolls’ house inside George’s mind.

Alex just shrugs helplessly.

ALEX
How could I forget that Claire can’t have -

THE DOCTOR
You forgot because George wanted you too. It’s how he functions. He’s a cuckoo! A cuckoo in the nest!

Alex stares at him as though he’s mad.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Not a real cuckoo. Obviously. A Tenza, I think they’re called. Millions of them hatch in space and then - whoomph! - off they drift, looking for a nest.

ALEX
A...a nest?

THE DOCTOR
Exactly! Just like a cuckoo.

ALEX
They lay their eggs...in other birds’ nests --

THE DOCTOR
And then get brought up as if they belonged there. That’s right. Well, it’s the same with the Tenza. The young produce a massively strong psychic field. They can sense exactly what their foster parents want and then they assimilate. Perfectly.

GEORGE
(appalled)
George is an...alien?

THE DOCTOR
Yup.
ALEX
But he’s -- he’s our child!

THE DOCTOR
Of course he is! The child you always wanted. He sensed that -- instinctively-- and sought you out. And for the last eight years, everything’s been just dandy. He’s been growing up perfectly normally.

ALEX
But something’s gone wrong. Must have done.

THE DOCTOR
Well, I suppose no two Tenza are alike, just like the rest of us. And George is a bit different. A bit too sensitive.

ALEX
What, he’s a...a ‘special needs’ alien?

THE DOCTOR
(shrugs)
Takes all sorts.

ALEX
(defeated)
This is mental.

THE DOCTOR
(gestures around)
That’s why it’s become the focus of all his fears. And you told him to put it in the cupboard. Along with everything else that scared him. But George isn’t just an ordinary kid, Alex. He’s a Tenza with incredible mental powers.

ALEX
And he’s been -- what? -- attacking us? Getting back at me and Claire?

THE DOCTOR
No, no. It’s all instinctive. Subconscious.
(MORE)
THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
But George has been putting everything in his own special psychic cupboard ever since.

ALEX
Including you and me?

THE DOCTOR
Any threat. Anything that scared him. And I’m afraid we’ve just done that, big time.

A terrified yell!
And PURCELL comes pounding into the room, a gibbering wreck.

PURCELL
Please! Keep them away from me! Keep them away!

ALEX
Mr Purcell!

PURCELL
I won’t be any trouble! Please! Help me! Those things! They’re everywhere! Creeping round this house and --

He yells again!
Framed in the doorway. The PEG-DOLL!
Its wooden head creeeeks round to face them!
Purcell whimpers in terror.
The PEG-DOLL moves stiffly towards them. Its horrible, crude face turned towards them.

ALEX
Oh my God!
They back away in horror. Purcell doesn’t move.

ALEX (CONT’D)
Purcell! Purcell, come on!
Purcell just shakes his head defeatedly.

PURCELL
Can’t get away. They’re everywhere. Everywhere!
The peg-doll stumps towards them.
THE DOCTOR
Ok. Not to worry. It’s just a peg! Just a big peg with clothes on!

The peg-doll rushes towards them!

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
A big scary peg!

PURCELL
Too late! Too late! Too...

The peg-doll thrusts out its crude hands, grips Purcell by the shoulders and, at once --

FX: -- his features blur and shift, becoming petrified -- literally!

In seconds, Purcell has become a peg-doll too. In a big Georgian dress.

He creaks his head round to face the others.

PURCELL-DOLL
...Too late...

THE DOCTOR
Run!!

He and Alex sprint towards another door --

CUT TO:

41 INT. HALL -- NIGHT

-- racing into the hallway, running for their lives. The PEG-DOLLS stump after them, wooden arms outstretched.

They race on down the corridor. Another door looms ahead. THE DOCTOR throws it open --

-- revealing RORY!

RORY
Doctor!

CUT TO:

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41A  INT. FLAT - GEORGE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Silence. GEORGE still sits in bed. Staring at the closed cupboard door...

CUT TO:

42  INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT

THE DOCTOR pushes RORY back into the dark ballroom he emerged from. It’s huge and dusty with a long, refectory table.

THE DOCTOR
(delighted)
Rory! Amy! Missed you.
So you must’ve scared George too!

AMY is battering at the window with a chair. The glass doesn’t shatter.

AMY
What? Where’ve you been?

THE DOCTOR
Long story.

Suddenly the door flies open and the two PEG-DOLLS poke their horrible heads round the jamb!

RORY
Table! Help me with the table!

They manhandle the huge table against the door as a barricade and succeed in slamming the door shut.

At once, the peg-dolls begin pounding at the door.

The ‘breathing’ sound starts up. As if the whole house were alive!

THE DOCTOR
(calling)
George, you’re the only one who can stop this! You have to believe! You have to know you’re safe! I can’t make the monsters go away. Only you can do that!

CUT TO:
INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

GEORGE hasn’t moved. Just stares at the cupboard door with his hands pressed to his ears. Blink-blink-blink.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT

The ‘breathing’ is louder. The PEG-DOLLS hammer relentlessly at the door. It starts to give.

THE DOCTOR
Don’t worry. Only two of them.

Another door flies open revealing -- TWO MORE PEG-DOLLS!

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Four. Only four of them.

The new dolls - including a red uniformed soldier with a curly moustache - begin a zombie-like advance.

The door finally gives way completely and the first two peg-dolls totter inside, spindly arms outstretched.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
(yelling, pleading)
George! You have to face your fears! Open the cupboard! Open it!

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

GEORGE is on his feet, facing the cupboard. Reaches out his hand...

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT

The ‘breathing’ is louder still, more laboured. Like a dying breath.

The PEG-DOLLS totter onwards. THE DOCTOR picks up a chair and smashes aside the soldier-doll. But another darts in and grasps AMY by the arm.

AMY
No....Doctor! No!!

FX: But it’s too late. Her face blurs and changes. She’s become a doll!
RORY

Amy!!!

CUT TO:

42E  INT. FLAT - GEORGE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

GEORGE’s hand is on the doorknob. He blink-blink-blinks. And turns it...

CUT TO:

42F  INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT

THE DOCTOR, RORY and ALEX are fighting desperately against the five approaching PEG-DOLLS which now include AMY!

RORY

Doctor, we’ve got to help her!
She can change back, can’t she?
Can’t she?

The Doctor doesn’t have an answer.

Then, suddenly, the ‘breathing’ cuts out.

And the peg-dolls stop dead.

Beat.

The Doctor looks wildly round --

-- to see GEORGE standing in the middle of the room. A tiny, isolated figure in his pyjamas.

The Doctor beams, hugely relieved.

THE DOCTOR

George! You did it! You did it!

On George: blink-blink-blink.

The Doctor moves towards him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)

It’s okay now, George.
Everything’s going to be fine.

Suddenly the ‘breathing’ starts up again, the peg-dolls turn stiffly round and start to head towards George!!

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)

No, no, no, no!

George doesn’t move a muscle. The hideous dolls shuffle towards him, wooden arms outstretched...
THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
George, you created all this!
This whole world! You can end it
now! Smash it! Destroy it!

George shakes his head.

The dolls march remorselessly on.

The Doctor whirls on his feet, thinking, thinking,
thinking...

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Something’s holding him back.
Something’s...

CUT TO:

42G  FLASHBACK: INT. FLAT - FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

THE DOCTOR
Things have got worse, though?
Lately?

ALEX
Yeah. So Claire and I talked
about getting help. Maybe sending
him somewhere.

CUT TO:

42H  FLASHBACK: INT. FLAT - GEORGE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

GEORGE
Who are you?

THE DOCTOR
I’m the Doctor.

GEORGE
A doctor?
(panicked)
Have you come to take me away?

CUT TO:

42 I  INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT

THE DOCTOR
Oh Alex! That’s what did it!
That’s what the trigger was. The
tipping point. He thought you
were rejecting him! He thought he
wasn’t wanted. That someone was
going to come and take him away!
ALEX
We...we talked about it...

THE DOCTOR
And he heard you. A Tenza’s sole
function is to fit in! To be
wanted! And you were rejecting
him.

ALEX
No! We just couldn’t cope. We
needed help.

The PEG-DOLLS are almost on top of GEORGE. He doesn’t
resist.

THE DOCTOR
George didn’t know that. He
thought you were rejecting him.
He still thinks it.

The dolls are about to grasp George...

ALEX
(desperate)
But how can we keep him? For
God’s sake, he’s not...

THE DOCTOR
Not what?

CLOSE on George’s huge, sad eyes as he looks for one last
time at Alex.

ALEX
Not...human.

And, suddenly, miraculously, a single tear tumbles from
them.

THE DOCTOR
No?

Beat.

ON Alex. Motionless.

FX: The dolls grab George and he starts to solidify. His
limbs stiffen and his face petrifies into wood...

And then, suddenly, Alex RUNS towards his son, smashing
aside the terrifying peg-dolls. He scoops up George in his
arms, almost crushing the boy in his embrace.

ALEX
(sobbing)
Oh, George. Oh my little boy.
FX: At once, George’s features soften and un-petrify as he turns back into his normal self.

GEORGE
Dad...Dad...Dad!

George buries his face in Alex’s chest. Sobbing his heart out.

THE DOCTOR beams.

RORY
Doctor!

FX: The Doctor turns. Amy is also gradually returning to normal.

AMY
Rory! I don’t -

She falls into Rory’s arms.

FX: The same thing is happening to MRS ROSSITER.

MRS ROSSITER
What’s going on? I don’t like this. I’m frightened.

FX: Then PURCELL. Briefly, he’s a burly man in a dress.

PURCELL
Have I been asleep? Where’s Bernard?

The Doctor fishes a polaroid camera from his jacket.

THE DOCTOR
(to Purcell)
Smile!

The camera flashes.

WHITE-OUT.

CUT TO:

43

INT. FLAT - HALLWAY-- DAY

Daylight filters into the hall.

A key in the lock. The front door opens and CLAIRE comes in.

CLAIRE
Hi!

CUT TO:
EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE -- DAY

MRS ROSSITER opens her eyes. She’s sitting by the pile of bin bags.

MRS ROSSITER
Oh dear. Knees gone again, I suppose.

CUT TO:

INT. PURCELL’S FLAT - FRONT ROOM -- DAY

PURCELL opens his eyes. He’s sprawled on the carpet. He looks about, confused. BERNARD the dog comes over and starts licking his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE - LIFT -- DAY

The lift doors spring open, revealing AMY and RORY. Gingerly, they step out of the lift.

AMY
Was I - ?

RORY
Yup.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - KITCHEN -- DAY

CLAIRE comes into the kitchen. THE DOCTOR, ALEX and GEORGE are sitting there, all smiles. The Doctor’s cooking.

THE DOCTOR
Hello! You’re Claire, I expect. Claire! How’d you feel about kippers?

CLAIRE
Um... who...?

ALEX
I rang someone. About George. It’s all sorted.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, we had a great night. Didn’t we, George?
GEORGE
Yeah!

THE DOCTOR
He’s fine now.

CLAIRE
What? Just like that?

THE DOCTOR
Yes!

He looks her straight in the eye.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
Trust me.

And even though she hardly knows him, Claire smiles. Reassured.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE -- DAY

It’s going to be a nice day. The sun bounces off the rough concrete of the flats.

In front of the lifts, AMY and RORY are heaping up bin-bags on a pile. MRS ROSSITER looks on approvingly.

MRS ROSSITER
Thank you. Very kind.

RORY
You ok?

MRS ROSSITER
I think so. I had the funniest dream last night, mind...

RORY
Yeah...

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT - HALLWAY -- DAY

THE DOCTOR’s on his way out. ALEX suddenly appears, running up to him.

ALEX
Doctor, wait!

The Doctor spins back round.
THE DOCTOR
(shakes his hand)
Sorry, yes! Bye!

ALEX
You can’t just...I mean --

THE DOCTOR
It’s sorted. You sorted it. Good man, Alex. Proud of you.

He pumps his hand.

ALEX
That’s it?

THE DOCTOR
Well, apart from making sure he eats his greens and getting him into a good school, yes.

ALEX
But is he going to...I dunno, sprout another head or three eyes or something?

THE DOCTOR
He’s one of the Tenza remember?
He’ll adapt perfectly now. Be whatever you want him to be.

He heads for the open door, then turns back.

THE DOCTOR (CONT’D)
I might pop back around puberty, mind. Always a funny time.

With a final smile, he goes out and shuts the door.

ALEX is left, a bit dumbfounded. GEORGE wanders through from the front room. An ordinary kid.

He looks at his Dad, who looks back.

Beat.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Kippers are getting cold!

Alex holds out his hand and George takes it.

They go back into the kitchen.

CUT TO:
EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE -- DAY.
The lift pings and THE DOCTOR strides out.

THE DOCTOR
Come on, you two. Things to do,
people to see, whole
civilizations to save. You
feeling ok? *

AMY *
Fine. Just a bit...stiff.

RORY *
Well, you were made of wood.
Briefly. Might actually prefer
you that way.

AMY *
Haha. What did you tell the
landlord bloke? Does he think it
was a dream too?

THE DOCTOR *
Mostly. I just left enough of a
doubt to make sure he charges a
lot less rent in future.

RORY *
How?

THE DOCTOR *
I showed him that picture of him
dressed as a dolly.
(he looks up, grins)

Lovely day!

He marches off.

Beat.

Distantly, we hear the groaning of the TARDIS as it fades away.

Zoom into the walkway of the top floor of Rowbarton House
where two MEN IN DARK SUITS are standing outside a door.

Bing-bong. They ring the bell.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MCKENZIE’S FLAT -- DAY

Darkness. Then the darkness splits as the door is opened by
DAISY and RUBY, the twins.
The two MEN IN DARK SUITS are wearing sunglasses. They beam
perfect, white American smiles.

MAN
Hi! Are your mummy and Daddy
home?

END. *