

1 EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE -- NIGHT

1

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:

2 INT. FLAT - GEORGE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

2

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

*

A messy bedroom. Posters on the wall. School projects. Toys everywhere. A small desk and chair.

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, 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:

3 INT. FLAT - FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT 3

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: *

4 EXT. FLAT -- NIGHT 4

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: *

5 INT. FLAT - GEORGE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 5 *

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: *

5A INT. TARDIS -- DAY 5A *

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 *

6

EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE -- NIGHT

6

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.

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

11

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)

Ooooookay.

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

12

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 snuffles 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:

16

INT/EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE - LIFT -- NIGHT

16

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

17

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:

18

EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE - BALCONY -- NIGHT

18

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:

19 INT. FLAT - FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

19

-- 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:

20

INT. GEORGIAN ROOM -- NIGHT

20

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?

RORY
Ok.

AMY
And you're not alone.

She clasps his hand tightly.

RORY
Yeah. Right. Sorry. *Sorry.*

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

21

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.

George's POV: the bedroom. Desk. Chair. Curtains. Dressing gown. His eyelids close. Open again just for a second then close tight shut.

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. *

Chair. Desk. Curtains. Dressing gown.

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

22

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:

23 INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

23

-- 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:

24 INT. FLAT - GEORGE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

24

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:

25 INT. FLAT - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

25

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:

26 INT. FLAT - GEORGE'S BEDROOM/HALL -- NIGHT

26

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:

27

INT. FLAT - GEORGE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

27

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:

28 INT. FLAT - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

28

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:

29 INT. FLAT - GEORGE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

29

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:

30

INT. PURCELL'S FLAT - FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

30

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

31

CLOSE: a boiling kettle. THE DOCTOR is fishing for tea-bags, ALEX fuming.

ALEX

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

THE DOCTOR

No, Alex. Responsible. Very. Cupboard bad. Cupboard not bare. Stay away from cupboard. And there's something else. *

(puzzled)

(MORE)

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

32

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: *

33 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? *

ALEX *
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: *

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:

39 INT. FLAT - GEORGE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

39 *

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. *

THE DOCTOR *
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. *

George sits alone, in bed. Blink-blink-blink. *

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 *
Something got him scared. Really *
scared. A creepy old dolls' *
house, probably. *
(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 creeeeaks 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

41 *

-- racing into the hallway, running for their lives. The
 PEG-DOLLS stomp 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:

*

RORY *
Amy!!!! *

CUT TO: *

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

GEROGE's hand is on the doorknob. He blink-blink-blinks.
And turns it... *

CUT TO: *

42F INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT 42F *

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

42G *

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

42H *

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

42 I *

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

43

Daylight filters into the hall.

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

CLAIRE
Hi!

CUT TO:

44 EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE -- DAY 44

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:

45 INT. PURCELL'S FLAT - FRONT ROOM -- DAY 45

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:

46 EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE - LIFT -- DAY 46

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

AMY
Was I - ?

*
*

RORY
Yup.

*
*

CUT TO:

47 INT. FLAT - KITCHEN -- DAY 47

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:

48 EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE -- DAY

48

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:

49 INT. FLAT - HALLWAY -- DAY

49

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:

50 EXT. ROWBARTON HOUSE -- DAY.

50

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:

51 INT. THE MCKENZIE'S FLAT -- DAY

51

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.

*