

Doctor Who 4
Ep 11

By
Russell T Davies

Shooting Script
Green Revisions

30/01/08

DW4 - Ep 11 - Green
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1 EXT. SHAN SHEN ALLEY - DAY 1

1

FX SHOT DMP: the Chino-planet Shan Shen, a horizon of PAGODAS & KITES, hazy against a WHITE SKY. Craning down...

CAMERA coming down long, fluttering vertical banners; red, emblazoned with Chinese-style writing. Craning down...

To the ALLEYWAY, in which there's a tatty STREET MARKET. Wooden stalls, crates, barrels, cages of CHICKENS. STALLHOLDERS & PASSERS-BY, mostly Chinese, in peasant's clothes. Red banners flanking the alley. Finding...

THE DOCTOR & DONNA, just wandering, enjoying themselves. At the far end of the alley, way behind them: the TARDIS.

SERIES OF JUMP CUTS, seen from a distance, observing them, dialogue not audible: the Doctor & Donna chatting with a STALLHOLDER, who's gesticulating wildly. They're falling about with laughter.

JUMP CUT TO the Doctor & Donna trying some foamy drink from a wooden bowl. Ooh, it's delicious.

JUMP CUT TO the Doctor & Donna moving away from some crates, fast - something stinks! Cor! They're hooting!

JUMP CUT TO Donna, on her own, wandering. She looks back:

The Doctor's way back, fascinated by a stallholder's sea urchins. Donna just smiles, walks on, leaving him to it.

She passes a rough DOORWAY. A WOMAN is sitting outside, on a stool. She's 30's, shrouded in Chinese/Romany robes. Clever eyes. This is the FORTUNE TELLER.

FORTUNE TELLER

Tell your fortune, lady? The future predicted. Your life foretold.

DONNA

No thanks.

FORTUNE TELLER

Don't you want to know? If you're going to be happy?

DONNA

I'm happy right now, thanks.

FORTUNE TELLER

You've got red hair. The reading's free, for red hair.

DONNA

...all right then.

CUT TO:

2 INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM - DAY 1

2

Dark room, shrouded with drapes; incense in the air; the walls are just broken concrete, like this downtown society has built itself into abandoned warehouses & tenements.

But this just b/g: TIGHT on the FORTUNE TELLER, grasping DONNA's hand in hers. Breathes in deep. Staring at Donna.

FORTUNE TELLER

Ohhh you're fascinating. No, but you're *good*. I can see... a man. The most remarkable man. How did you meet him?

DONNA

You're supposed to tell me.

FORTUNE TELLER

I see the future. Tell me the past. When did your lives cross?

DONNA

It's kind of complicated. I ended up in his spaceship on my wedding day. Long story.

CUT TO LOW ANGLE, behind Donna, some distance away; a drape is parted, and this is the POV of something on floor-level. Looking at Donna. A noise, a quiet *hissss-tic-tic-tic*.

FORTUNE TELLER

But what led you to that meeting?

DONNA

Well. All sorts of things, but... My job, I suppose. It was on Earth, this planet called Earth. Miles away. But I had this job, as a temp, I was a secretary, in a place called H.C. Clements -

FLASHBACK - sudden white frames, *whoosh!* - then snatched images from 3.X, Donna at her desk, the H.C. CLEMENTS sign -

CUT BACK TO Donna. But it's not just a flashback, she *felt* those images. Like a little punch. Blinks.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Woah. Sorry...

FORTUNE TELLER

It's the incense. Better the memory. Just breathe deep.

The LOW POV scuttles halfway towards Donna, *hisss-tic-tic...*

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

FORTUNE TELLER (CONT'D)

D'you ever think..? What if you'd never met this man? If your life had taken a different path?

DONNA

Yeah. I got lucky.

FORTUNE TELLER

But was there ever a choice? This job of yours. What choices led you there?

On CU Donna, she flinches -

Whoosh! FLASHBACK, but to a new scene, the next scene, sc.3, glimpsed images, the car, her mum -

CUT BACK TO DONNA; transfixed by the Fortune Teller's stare.

DONNA

There was a choice. Six months before. Cos the agency offered me a contract at H.C. Clements...

Whoosh! white flashback -

CUT TO:

3 EXT. NOBLES' HOUSE - DAY A

3

(NB, shot facing away from the house.) DONNA & SYLVIA heading for the car -

DONNA V/O

...but there was this other job, my mother knew this man...

CUT TO Sylvia - as they get into the car, buckle up -

SYLVIA

Jival, he's called, Jival Chowdry, he runs that little photocopy business on Merchant Street, and he needs a secretary -

DONNA

I've got a job!

SYLVIA

As a temp! This is permanent! It's 20,000 a year, Donna -

DONNA

H.C. Clements is in the city, it's nice, it's posh, so stop it!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

CU key turning in ignition - *whoosh!* -

CUT TO:

4 INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM - DAY 1 4

THE FORTUNE TELLER staring deep now. Donna transfixed by the stare, a bit scared, *living* these flashbacks.

FORTUNE TELLER

Your life could have gone one way,
or the other. What made you decide?

DONNA

...I just did.

The LOW POV, *hissss-tic-tic-tic*, scuttling closer...
looking up at Donna's back...

FORTUNE TELLER

But when was the moment, the precise
moment? When did you choose??

CU DONNA, *whoosh!* flashback -

CUT TO:

5 EXT. T-JUNCTION - DAY A 5

HIGH ANGLE, showing the layout very clearly: an ordinary road, leading to a T-JUNCTION. Left or right? DONNA's car reaches the junction, stops; partly cos of traffic, partly cos of SYLVIA's nagging. Car indicating left.

CUT TO a LORRY thundering past on the main road. It clears, to find the two of them, sitting there, mother & daughter:

SYLVIA

It won't take long, just turn right,
we'll pop in and meet Mr Chowdry,
Suzette can introduce you -

DONNA

I'm going left, if you don't like
it, get out and walk!

SYLVIA

If you go right, you'll have a
career. Not just filling-in.

DONNA

You think I'm so useless.

SYLVIA

I know why you want a job with
H.C. Clements, lady. Cos you think
you'll meet a man, with money, and
your whole life will change.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Well let me tell you, sweetheart,
City Executives don't need temps.
Except for practice.

DONNA

Yeah, well, they haven't met me!

She revs the engine.

CU her hands, turning the wheel, LEFT.

And as the CAR TURNS LEFT -

CUT TO:

6 INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM - DAY A

6

The FORTUNE TELLER grips DONNA's hand, tight. Eyes blazing.
Donna scared now, but in thrall to her; incense rising.

FORTUNE TELLER

You turned left. But what if you'd
turned right? What then?

DONNA

...let go of my hand.

LOW POV, closer, closer, *hiss-tic-tic-tic...*

FORTUNE TELLER

What if it changes? What if you
go right? What if you could *still*
go right?

CU DONNA, *whoosh!* flashback, sc.7, fast images of the
car, the indicator, her hands turning the wheel RIGHT -

DONNA

Stop it - !

LOW POV leaps - *up!* - towards her back -

CU Donna. Terrified. Frozen, can't look round.

DONNA (CONT'D)

What's that?! What's on my back?
What is it? What's on my back??

And her shirt is dragged back, at the shoulder, as though
something is pulling itself up her back from behind...

FORTUNE TELLER

Make the choice again, Donna Noble,
and change your mind, turn right!

Over Donna's shoulder, a thin, black INSECT LEG...

Donna staring at the Fortune Teller as though hypnotised -

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

DONNA

I'm turning...

FORTUNE TELLER

Turn right. Turn right! *Turn right!!*

WHOOSH! Fierce white-out -

CUT TO:

7 EXT. T-JUNCTION - DAY A

7

DONNA & SYLVIA in the car -

SYLVIA

...let me tell you sweetheart,
City Executives don't need temps.
Except for practice.

Pause. And Donna's mother defeats her.

DONNA

Yeah. Suppose you're right.

CU INDICATOR, Donna clicking it to RIGHT.

CU INDICATOR LIGHT, RIGHT.

CU Donna's hands turning the wheel, RIGHT.

And the CAR PULLS OUT. TURNING RIGHT!

CUT TO TITLES.

8 INT. PUB - NIGHT B

8

Noise! People! Celebrating! DONNA, with a tray of drinks & Christmas cracker paper hat, pushing through a CROWDED, ORDINARY PUB - people in reindeer antlers, tinsel, etc.

DONNA

'Scuse me, there you go... Careful.
Oy! Buster! Shift! Thank you.

Going to a table with her 6 MATES, including VEENA, blousy, MOOKY, strident, and ALICE; quiet, mousy.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Here we are! Feed at the trough!

VEENA

Mooky says, let's go to the
Boardwalk, it's two-for-the-price-
of-one.

DONNA

Christmas Eve? It'll be heaving!

(CONTINUED)

MOOKY

Exactly! Get in and grab 'em!

VEENA

That's the second round of drinks you've bought, it was my turn.

DONNA

I can afford it. Promotion! You're talking to Jival Chowdry's Personal Assistant, I'll have you know, capital P, capital A, 23,000 per annum, merci beaucoup!

VEENA

(lifts drink)

Here's to Mr Chowdry!

ALL

Mr Chowdry!

Donna glancing across at Alice. She seems quiet. Even disturbed. And she keeps glancing at Donna. At her back.

B/G, Veena & Mooky improvise dialogue, no one else hearing:

DONNA

What is it?

ALICE

Sorry?

DONNA

Did someone spill a drink on me?

ALICE

No.

DONNA

You keep on looking at my shoulder, what is it, what's wrong?

ALICE

...I don't know.

DONNA

Don't tell me you're getting all spooky again. It was bad enough when you saw the ghost of Earl Mountbatten at the Boat Show, why d'you keep looking, what is it?

ALICE

(scared)

It's like... It's like there's something I can't see.

Hold the look between them. Donna chilled. Then -

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

A MAN has run into the pub, he's been shouting, and now almost everyone's shutting up, to listen:

MAN

I'm telling you, it's in the sky!
And it's massive! It's the star!
It's the Christmas star!!

CUT TO:

9 EXT. PUB - NIGHT B

9

HIGH SHOT, GANGS of LADS & GIRLS already outside the PUB, looking up, as DONNA, VEENA, MOOKY, ALICE & MATES run out. Just in time to go *woah!* as they see -

FX: THE RACNOSS WEBSTAR, truly massive, gliding overhead!

MOOKY

What the hell is that?!

VEENA

Ken Livingston! That's what!
Spending our money on decorations,
how much did that cost?!

MOOKY

Don't be so stupid, it's flying,
it's really flying!

DONNA

That's not a star, it's a web.
Heading East. Middle of the city!

CUT TO:

10 STOCK SHOTS

10

From 3.X. The RACNOSS STAR descending over Oxford Street. CROWDS OF SHOPPERS staring up...

Then it opens fire! Lasers! Everyone running, screaming!

CUT TO:

11 EXT. PUB - NIGHT B

11

Sc.10 is far away from here, but PEOPLE are beginning to run away, in b/g, MOOKY & MATES legging it, panic. But on DONNA. Tracking into CU, as she watches the far horizon. As though remembering something that never happened...

She blinks. Shakes it off. Looks round. With people running all around... ALICE is staring at her.

DONNA

Alice, there's a great big web-
star-thing shooting at people and
you're looking at *me*.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

ALICE

There's something on your back.

And Alice is terrified. Of Donna. Alice turns, runs away.

Donna looks back towards the direction of the Webstar.
Deep breath, then she runs towards it. Veena calling out:

VEENA

Donna! Where you going?! You'll
get yourself killed! Donna!!

But Donna's just running on instinct, keeps going.

FX: Donna running down the street, with the RACNOSS STAR
way off in b/g, above the buildings, raining down fire.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. STOCK FX SHOTS

12

From 3.X, the tanks fire, destroy the Webstar!

CUT TO:

13 EXT. FENCED-OFF STREET - NIGHT B

13

(NB, this street & set-up can double for sc.126 in Ep.
4.1.)

The street's sealed off, CROWD at the barriers, AMBULANCES,
POLICE CARS, ARMY JEEPS. Donna running up...

She's behind some people. Tries to see. For some reason
she doesn't understand, that instinct, she's got to see.

She thinks. Moves round to the side...

Like a spy, she goes round the back of a JEEP, no crowd,
slips through a gap in the barriers, creeps forward...

Then stops. Hidden in shadow. Just watching.

There's a SECOND AMBULANCE. UNIT SOLDIERS around it, all
quiet, standing still, as though bereaved. One soldier
with his back to Donna, on radio, and during this,
PARAMEDICS carry a covered body on a stretcher.

SOLDIER

...from the evidence, I'd say he
managed to stop the creature.
Some sort of red spider. He blew
up the base underneath the Barrier,
flooded the whole thing, over.

RADIO VOICE

And where is he now? Over.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

SOLDIER

We've found a body, sir. Over.

RADIO VOICE

Is it him?

SOLDIER

I think so. He didn't get out in time. Sorry to report, sir. But the Doctor is dead. Over.

On the stretcher. An arm slips out. An arm in a brown suit. Something falls from its grip.

The SONIC SCREWDRIVER clatters to the floor.

Donna just stares. It means nothing to her. And yet...

She feels like she's intruding. Turns away. Walks back.

CUT TO Donna, now a distance away from the barriers & people, walking away. Lost in thought.

REVERSE, Donna's back to CAMERA as she walks, shot on a LONG LENS, so her background - and this is a long street - is just a blur, far-off PEOPLE still running to and fro...

And one blur is running towards her.

Coming into focus slowly.

A WOMAN. Running.

A blonde woman.

Close and closer

Focus resolving...

Into...

ROSE TYLER.

And she's desperate. Rose stops Donna, breathless -

ROSE

What happened, what did they find?
I'm sorry, but... Did they find someone?

DONNA

I don't know. Bloke called the Doctor or something.

ROSE

Where is he?

DONNA

They took him away, he's dead.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

And Rose is so upset. Though controlling it.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Sorry. Did you know him? I mean, they didn't say his name, it could be any Doctor.

ROSE

...I came so far.

DONNA

Could be anyone.

Now, Rose looks at her properly. Studies her.

ROSE

What's your name?

DONNA

Donna. And you?

ROSE

I'm just... passing by, I'm not... I shouldn't even be here. This is wrong. This is so wrong. What was it, sorry, Donna what?

DONNA

(colder)

Why d'you keep looking at my back?

ROSE

I'm not.

DONNA

Yes you are. You keep looking behind me, you're doing it now. What is it, what's there?, has someone put something on my back..?

Said, trying to look left and right, though she can't see properly, can't reach. A quiet *hiss-tic-tic-tic...*

And when she looks up -

Rose Tyler has gone.

WIDE SHOT, no one near Donna.

She's a bit freaked out. Walks away, down the dark street.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CHOWDRY'S OFFICES - DAY C

14

DONNA

You can't sack me!! I'm your Personal Assistant!

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

DONNA is full-Donna-mode, holding an official letter, facing JIVAL CHOWDRY, 50, meek. Plain open-plan office above a shop, 4 other desks, 4 STAFF keeping their heads down.

JIVAL

Now, we don't have to make a scene, just come downstairs, and we can have a little talk -

DONNA

Oh I'll make a scene, right in front of a tribunal. First thing I'm gonna say is 'wandering hands'!

JIVAL

Come on, Donna. You know what it's been like, the past few months, ever since that Christmas thing. Half my contracts were on the other side of the river, and the Thames is still closed off, I can't deliver, I'm losing a fortune -

DONNA

Well sack one of this lot! Sack Cliff! He just sits there, I don't know what he does all day. Sorry Cliff. Actually, I'm not sorry, what do you do all day?

WHUMPH! Whole room shakes. One big shudder, then stops.

JIVAL

What the hell..?

Donna, Jival, couple of others run to the window.

FX: FAR IN THE DISTANCE, over the rooftops, the STRANGE RAIN CLOUDS from 3.1 are swirling away, disappearing.

JIVAL (CONT'D)

Like an earthquake. That's weird. Funny sort of clouds...

But Donna's more concerned with her letter.

DONNA

Who typed this? I'm your PA, did you get someone else to type this?
(realises)
Beatrice!

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY C

15

TV FOOTAGE, horizontal lines visible. CU FEMALE REPORTER to CAMERA (PEOPLE running past in b/g). Straplines: *Royal Hope Hospital vanishes in upward rain*, etc.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

FEMALE REPORTER

...it sounds impossible, but the entire hospital has disappeared. The Royal Hope no longer exists. It's not been destroyed, there's no wreckage, it's simply gone. Reports from bystanders say that the rain lifted up around the hospital, that the rain actually went *up*, into the air. This was followed by a flash of lightning. And when it cleared... the Hospital was gone. Literally, lifted out of its foundations. To repeat: no wreckage, no rubble, no debris. Simply, gone. And we're being told that CCTV footage from surrounding buildings has confirmed this. An entire hospital has vanished into thin air.

FX shots from 3.1; the gap where the hospital was.

CUT TO:

16

INT. CHOWDRY'S OFFICES - DAY C

16

Sc.15 playing on a portable TV, perched on a shelf so JIVAL and the 4 STAFF can watch. But not DONNA. She's packing her desk into one of those I've-been-sacked boxes.

DONNA

Hole punch. Having that. Stapler. Mine. Toy cactus, you can have that, Beatrice, catch!
(throws it at her)
Cliff, I'd give you my mousemat, but I'm worried you'd cut yourself.

JIVAL

All right, Donna, have some respect. There's two thousand people in that hospital. And it's vanished!

Picking up her box, striding to the door -

DONNA

Yeah, well I'll show you vanishing, thanks for nothing! Oh, and you know when that money went missing from the kitty? Anne Marie. That's all I'm saying. Anne Marie!

But at the door -

WHUMPH! The whole room shakes again.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

DONNA (CONT'D)
Oh don't tell me, the hospital's
back! Well isn't that wizard?!

And she walks out!

CUT TO:

17 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT C

17

TV FOOTAGE, CU FEMALE REPORTER to CAMERA, subdued.

FEMALE REPORTER
...to confirm.
(MORE)

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(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

The Royal Hope Hospital was returned to its original position. But with only one survivor. Everyone else inside the hospital is dead. The only person left alive, is medical student Oliver Morgenstern.

CUT TO MORGENSTERN, wrapped in a paramedic's blanket, upset.

MORGENSTERN

...there were these creatures. Like Rhinos. Talking Rhinos. / In this... black leather. Called the Judoon. Hundreds of them. And the air was running out, we couldn't breathe. A colleague of mine gave me the last oxygen tank. Martha. Martha Jones. And... she died.

CUT BACK to Female Reporter.

FEMALE REPORTER

The final count has yet to be confirmed, though it's being estimated that one thousand two hundred people lost their lives. The police, and the army, are investigating reports of a battle, within the hospital, centred around the Magnetic Resonance scanner. This is a standard piece of NHS equipment, but it's being said that the device was converted into some sort of weapon. Apparently, a member of the public intervened, to stop it being used. More now, from the only survivor, Oliver Morgenstern.

CUT TO:

18 INT. NOBLES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT C

18

DONNA, SYLVIA & WILF watching sc.17 on TV, Sylvia going through Donna's I've-been-sacked box. INTERCUT with sc.17, and at / in Morgenstern's speech above, Donna incredulous:

DONNA

Rhinos?

WILF

Rhinos could be aliens.

DONNA

Hush.

And they listen to the Martha bit... Then, TV becomes ADR, OOV in b/g. Sylvia quiet, tired:

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA

Least you've got a hole punch.
And a raffle ticket.

DONNA

Yeah, well they can keep the raffle,
I wouldn't take a dead cent off
that man.

WILF

You two! There's aliens on the
news! They took that hospital all
the way to the moon, and you're
banging on about raffle tickets!

DONNA

Don't be daft, Gramps, it wasn't
the moon, it couldn't be.

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WILF

I'm telling you, it's getting worse, these past few years. Those aliens. It's like all of a sudden, they've noticed us. Keen eyes are watching. Up there. And they're not friendly.

DONNA

(smiles)
You'll fight 'em off.

WILF

For you, my love. Anything!

SYLVIA

This stapler says 'Bea.'

DONNA

Can't believe you're taking it so well, me being sacked. Thought you'd have hit the roof.

SYLVIA

I'm just tired, Donna. What with your father and everything. To be honest. I've given up on you.

Silence. Donna gutted by that comment. But holding it in, like families do.

On TV, sc.17 CONTINUED, MORGENSTERN still talking:

MORGENSTERN

...there was this woman, she took control. Said she knew what to do, said she could stop the MRI or something. Sarah Jane, her name was. Sarah Jane Smith.

SCREEN CUTS TO various PHOTOS of Sarah Jane.

FEMALE REPORTER

Sarah Jane Smith was a freelance investigative journalist, formerly of Metropolitan Magazine. Her body was recovered from the hospital, late this afternoon.

DONNA

What's for tea?

SYLVIA

I've got nothing in.

DONNA

I'll get us chips. Last of my wages. Pie and chips, yeah?

CUT TO:

19 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT C

19

Street near some shops, where the chippy would be. DONNA walking along. A lonely figure. It's strangely deserted.

DONNA notices...

In the distance, in the direction she's heading, an ALLEYWAY. And it's flashing with PRAC WHITE LIGHT. Blinking, with a sizzling sound. Getting stronger.

Donna closer, curious, and when she's a few feet away -

A *BANG!!* of LIGHT - a WOMAN comes *belting* out, like she's been shot from a cannon, runs to a halt, in the road...

It's ROSE TYLER. In the same clothes as sc.13.

DONNA

Blimey, you all right? What was that, fireworks, or..?

She looks down the alley. Nothing.

ROSE

(recovering)

Wooh. I dunno. I was just walking along. Weird!

DONNA

You're the one who... Christmas Eve, I met you, in town.

ROSE

That's right, Donna, isn't it?

DONNA

What was your name?

ROSE

Bit of a coincidence. Small world! How are you? You're looking good. It's been ages. How's things? What you been up to?

DONNA

...you're doing it again.

ROSE

What?

DONNA

Looking behind me. People keep on doing that. Looking at my back.

ROSE

What sort of people?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Donna disturbed, right at Rose; the *hisss-tic-tic-tic* creeps in; and slowly, almost imperceptibly, something behind her begins to pull the fabric back from her shoulder...

DONNA

People in the street. Strangers.
I just catch them, sometimes.
Staring at me. Like they can see
something. And I get home and I
look and there's nothing there -

And she *feels* it, looks round, sharp, swipes - !

Nothing.

DONNA (CONT'D)

D'you see? Now I'm doing it!

ROSE

What are you doing for Christmas?

DONNA

What am I what?

ROSE

Next Christmas. Any plans?

DONNA

I dunno, that's ages away! Nothing
much, I suppose, why?

ROSE

You should get out of town. Don't
stay in London. You and your
family, just leave the city.

DONNA

What for?

ROSE

Nice hotel. Christmas holiday.

DONNA

Can't afford it.

ROSE

You've got that raffle ticket.

DONNA

...how d'you know about that?

ROSE

First prize. Luxury weekend break.
Use it, Donna Noble.

Silence. Donna so disturbed by this woman. Quiet, cold:

DONNA

Why won't you tell me your name?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Silence. Hold. Then:

DONNA (CONT'D)

I think you should leave me alone.

Donna turns. Walks on. Upset.

Behind her, FOCUS turns Rose into a blur. The blur walks back into the alley. Which blinks with PRAC WHITE LIGHT again, *fizz, pop!* but Donna just keeps walking.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - DAY D

20

Country-house-type hotel, in its own grounds, lawn out front, Christmas tree by the entrance. The NOBLES's car pulling up, SYLVIA driving, with DONNA & WILF. He's wearing reindeer-antlers. As they disembark, PORTERS go to fetch their luggage (including Wilf's telescope, in a case) -

WILF

Cor blimey, that's what I call posh. We're going up in the world!

(to Donna)

I said you were lucky! Didn't I always say - my lucky star!

SYLVIA

For God's sake, don't tell them we won it in a raffle. Be classy! Dad, take those things off.

WILF

It's Christmas!

(to a porter)

Oy! I'll carry that, it's got my linament...

Wilf & Porter scurrying off. On Donna & Sylvia, quiet.

DONNA

Reckon we deserve this. It's been hell of a year.

SYLVIA

Your Dad would've loved this.

DONNA

Yeah. He would've, yeah.

Nice smile, and they head in, Donna's arm round her mum.

CUT TO:

21 INT. LUXURY HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY E

21

WILF in pyjamas, asleep on the settee, pillow & eiderdown. He's woken up by a *knock-knock*, and then -

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

DONNA OOV

Oy! Gramps! Get the door, that'll
be breakfast! We've got croissants!

He looks round. SYLVIA's sitting up in bed, in silky M&S
nightie, remote in hand, flicking through channels. (Other
side of the bed all ruffled; that's where Donna slept.)

DONNA's in the bathroom, door propped open, just finishing
her make-up, dressed all Christmas-Day-smart.

WILF

(to Sylvia)

Why can't you get it? Lady muck.

SYLVIA

It's Christmas Day, I never get up
before ten. Only madam there was
up with the dawn chorus. Like
when she was six years old!

DONNA

I'm not wasting one second in this
place! How was the settee?

WILF

(getting up)

Not too bad. Ouch. We could've
paid for a second room. Hey.
Merry Christmas!

DONNA

Merry Christmas.

SYLVIA

Merry Christmas, Dad.

Knock-knock at the door again, as Wilf goes to answer.

WILF

Hold on! I'm there!

- opens it, there's a SPANISH MAID, with trolley -

WILF (CONT'D)

- in you come, my darlin'! Grub's
up! Merry Christmas!

SPANISH MAID

Merry Christmas, sir.

CUT TO SYLVIA, unnoticed, channel-hopping, quiet:

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

SYLVIA

Have you seen this..?

CUT TO DONNA, in the bathroom.

DONNA

Cos I thought, nice early breakfast,
then we'll go for a walk. People
always say that at Christmas, 'Oh,
we all went for a walk', I've always
wanted to do that. Very refined.
Walk first, presents later, yeah?

She looks into the room -

Her POV; Sylvia in bed, staring at the TV. But closer,
the Spanish maid. She's staring at Donna. Scared.
Furious. Like something is blasphemous. All fast:

SYLVIA

Donna, come and see.

SPANISH MAID

Tienes algo en tu espalda.

DONNA

What?

SYLVIA

Look at the telly.

SPANISH MAID

Tienes algo en tu espalda.

DONNA

What does that mean? I don't know
what you're saying -

SYLVIA

Donna, look at the TV!

SPANISH MAID

(pointing, fierce)

Tienes algo en tu espalda.

And Donna looks round -

IN THE MIRROR - *hisss-tic-tic-tic!* - a GLIMPSE of SOMETHING
ON HER BACK!! - something *black* -

- she spin round, a second mirror behind her -

- a black shape, clinging to her -

- a black shape with INSECT LEGS -

- Donna whirling round - front - back - fast - frantic,
cut-cut-cut, looking both ways, terrified -

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

And it's gone. There's nothing there. She stares at herself. Breathing hard. What the hell..?

She looks back into the bedroom. As the maid runs out, Sylvia's yelling, Wilf now beside her:

SYLVIA

For goodness sake, Donna, don't just stand there, come and look!

Donna runs into the bedroom - looking at the TV -

CUT TO:

22 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY E

22

NEWSREADER to CAMERA, as 4.X sc.108, but fast, panicked -

NEWSREADER

The Royal Air Force has declared an emergency. We're getting this footage from the Guinevere range of Satellites - it sounds incredible, but the object seems to be a replica of the RMS Titanic. It seems to be falling from out of control from the upper atmosphere. No one's quite sure how this is possible, but this footage is live and genuine. The object is falling on Central London, I repeat, this is not a hoax - a replica of the Titanic is falling out of the sky, it's heading for Buckingham Palace -

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

CUT TO STOCK FX FROM 4.X, the Titanic descending...

CUT TO:

23 INT. LUXURY HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY E

23

DONNA, WILF, SYLVIA, staring...

DONNA

...is this a film or something..?

On TV, sc.22 CONTINUED, 4.X STOCK FX SHOT 114.1 of the Titanic arcing down behind Buckingham Palace closer, closer -

The TV screen burns to WHITE-OUT. One, two seconds, then...

WHUMPH! THE WHOLE ROOM SHAKES!

Then everything's still. Wilf goes to the window. Sylvia clicks the remote, all the channels just showing static.

SYLVIA

It's gone dead. All of them.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

DONNA

No, but the Titanic? Don't be daft. Is that like a sequel?

PROFILE, Wilf at the window. So quiet:

WILF

Oh, God rest their souls.

CUT TO:

DW4 - Ep 11 - Green
www.thewriterstale.com

24 EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - DAY E

24

PEOPLE, including two PORTERS, standing on the lawn. Scattered. Some in night clothes. In shock, in awe. DONNA, SYLVIA & WILF walking forward, then stopping. One WOMAN is screaming. She won't stop screaming.

They're all looking to the horizon.

FX; REVERSE. Far in the distance, rising up in a red sky, a MUSHROOM CLOUD, where London once was.

Quiet, dazed:

SYLVIA

...that's our home.

WILF

I was supposed to be out, selling papers. I should've been there. We all should. We'd be dead.

SYLVIA

That's everyone. Every single person we know. The whole city.

DONNA

Can't be.

SYLVIA

But it *is*. It's gone. London's gone.

WILF

If you hadn't won that raffle...

Donna looks at them, stunned. Then looks round. At the SCREAMING WOMAN. Then back, at the Hotel...

Far away, the SPANISH MAID is staring at her. Pointing at her. Eyes burning with fury. Arm rigid. An accusation.

Donna just stares. Terrified.

Looks back round.

FX: the red sky. The mushroom cloud.

CUT TO:

25 INT. HOUSING OFFICE - DAY F

25

DONNA

Leeds?! I'm not moving to Leeds!

Tiny, cramped, untidy office. Paper everywhere, in stacks, pinned to the walls, etc. DONNA, SYLVIA & WILF, now looking a bit grimy, perched on 2 chairs, all their now-battered sc.22 luggage around them.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Across the desk, HOUSING OFFICER, female, 30s, brisk, tired.

HOUSING OFFICER

I'm afraid it's Leeds, or wait in the hostel for another three months.

SYLVIA

All I want is a washing machine.

DONNA

What about Glasgow, I heard there's jobs going in Glasgow -

HOUSING OFFICER

You can't pick and choose! We've got the whole of Southern England flooded with radiation, 7 million people in need of relocation, and now France has closed its borders, it's Leeds or nothing - next!

And she stamps the form, rubber stamp, big red letters - LEEDS.

CUT TO:

26 INT./EXT. COACH/ROAD - DAY G

26

CU DONNA in the coach window as it rattles along. In b/g, SYLVIA & WILF, piles of luggage, glimpses of OTHERS.

But on Donna. Watching the world slide by. Wondering what's happening to her life.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. LEEDS TERRACED STREET - DAY G

27

Ordinary terraced housing. The COACH pulls away (it's an old, battered vehicle) revealing DONNA, SYLVIA, WILF and 10 OTHERS, standing with luggage, like evacuees.

HOUSEHOLDERS in their doorways, staring. Hostile.

CUT TO a SOLDIER standing in the back of an open, dirty TRUCK, in the middle of the street, using a mic & tannoy. Couple more SOLDIERS & WOMEN WITH CLIPBOARDS patrolling.

SOLDIER

The Daniels Family, billeted at number 15, Mr & Mrs Obego, billeted at number 31, Miss Coltrane, you're in number 8, the Noble family, billeted at number 29 -

WILF

(cheery)

That's us! Off we go!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

As they pick up their stuff, a bitter WOMAN in a doorway:

WOMAN

Used to be a nice little family,
number 29. They missed one mortgage
payment, just one, they got booted
out, all for you lot.

DONNA

Don't get all chippy with me, Vera
Duckworth. Pop your clogs on and
go and feed the whippets.

WILF

Sweetheart. Come on. You're not
gonna make the world any better by
shouting at it.

DONNA

I can try.

As they approach number 29 -

SYLVIA

What happens, do we get keys? Who
do we ask, the soldiers - ?

But the door of no.29's thrown open by a big, smiling 50
y/o Italian man, MR COLASANTO:

MR COLASANTO

Is big house! Is room for all!
Welcome, all! In you come, in, in -

DONNA

I thought this was our house.

MR COLASANTO

Is many people's house! Is
wonderful! In!

CUT TO:

28 INT. NUMBER 29 - DAY G

28

MR COLASANTO leads in DONNA, WILF & SYLVIA, leading them
down the hall, THREE ASIAN KIDS on the stairs, staring.

MR COLASANTO

Upstairs, we have the Merchandani
family, seven of them, good family,
good kids, except that one, be
careful of him -

(ruffles the kid)

Joking, where's that smile? Rocco
Colosanto, here with my wife, and
her sister, and her husband, and
their kids, and her daughter's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR COLASANTO (CONT'D)
kids, we've got the front room,
and my mother, she's got the back
room all to herself, she's old,
you forgive, and this, this is
you, this is your palace!

He's led them to the KITCHEN. Small, cramped.

SYLVIA
What d'you mean, this is us?

MR COLASANTO
You live here!

DONNA
We're living in the kitchen?

MR COLASANTO
You got camp beds! You got the
cooker, you keep warm, you got the
fridge, you keep cool! Is good!

SYLVIA
What about the bathroom?

MR COLASANTO
Nobody lives in bathroom!

SYLVIA
I mean, is there a rota?

MR COLASANTO
Is pot luck! Is fun! I go wake
mamma, she likes new people -
(bellows)
Mamma! Is people! Nice people!

And he's gone.

WIDE SHOT, all three standing in the kitchen, like waifs
and strays. Wilf remains optimistic throughout.

WILF
We'll settle in. Make do. Bit of
wartime spirit, eh?

DONNA
But there isn't a war. There's no
fight, there's just... this.

WILF
America! They'll save us. Said
on the news, they're sending Great
Britain 50 billion quid in financial
aid! God bless America!

CUT TO:

29 INT. AMERICAN NEWS STUDIO - DAY H 29

AMERICAN NEWSREADER, TRINITY WELLS, to CAMERA, grave.

TRINITY WELLS

...America is in crisis with over sixty million reported dead. Sixty million people have dissolved, into fat. And the fat is walking. People's fat has come to life and is walking through the streets...

INTERCUT WITH STOCK FX SHOTS from 4.1, ZOOMED INTO CUS of the ADIPOSE MARCH.

CUT TO:

30 INT. NUMBER 29, KITCHEN - DAY H 30

DONNA, SYLVIA, WILF & a couple of MERCHANDANI KIDS sitting at the kitchen table, eating food from unlabelled tins. They've been living there for a while now, this is just routine. Staring at the telly, just glazed, numbed to it.

NEWS REPORT SC.29 CONTINUES:

TRINITY WELLS

...and there are spaceships! There are reports of spaceships over every major US city - and the fat is flying, it's leaving, the fat creatures are being raised up into the air...

STOCK FX from 4.1, SPACESHIP, and ADIPOSE flying.

Wilf's just flat, now.

WILF

Aliens.

DONNA

Yeah.

CUT TO:

31 INT. NUMBER 29, KITCHEN - NIGHT J 31

Dark. Just one camping-gas-lamp. CLOSE on DONNA & SYLVIA. Each lying on a camp bed, huddled in clothes to keep warm. Heads facing each other. Soft and quiet, intimate:

SYLVIA

Mary McGinty, d'you remember her?

DONNA

Who was she?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

SYLVIA

Worked in the newsagents on a Sunday. Little woman, black hair.

DONNA

Never really spoke to her.

SYLVIA

She'll be dead. Every day, I think of someone else. All dead.

DONNA

Maybe she went away for Christmas.

SYLVIA

Maybe.

Pause.

DONNA

I'll go out tomorrow, I'll walk into town. There's got to be work. Everyone needs secretaries. Soon as I'm earning, we can get a proper place. You just wait, Mum.

SYLVIA

...what if it never gets better?

DONNA

Course it will.

SYLVIA

Even the bees are disappearing. You don't see bumble bees any more.

DONNA

They'll sort us out, the Emergency Government. They'll do something.

SYLVIA

What if they don't?

DONNA

Then ...we'll complain.

SYLVIA

Who's gonna listen to us? Refugees. We haven't even got a vote. We're just no one, Donna. We don't exist.

Silence... Then SINGING starts up, from the front room, Mr Colasanto's voice at first, then, quickly, a whole bunch of people singing 'Wild Rover.'

Donna furious!

DONNA

I'm gonna kill that man!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

And Donna's up, storms down the hall, into the front room -

CUT TO:

32 INT. NUMBER 29, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT J 32

DONNA bursts in -

Room filled with camp beds and clothes lines, but packed with singing PEOPLE, MR COLASANTO standing centre, leading the 'Wild Rover', which stops as -

DONNA

Listen, Mussolini! I'm telling
you, for the last time, button it!
If I hear one more sea shanty - !

Stopped dead, as Mr Colasanto takes a step back. WILF's sitting behind him. Beer in hand. Sheepish smile.

WILF

Always liked a sing-song.

CUT TO:

33 INT. NUMBER 29, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT J 33

Ten minutes later, DONNA & SYLVIA now with all the PEOPLE, MR COLASANTO & WILF standing centre, leading a good old lusty sing-song, all belting out 'Bohemian Rhapsody'.

All of them giving it some welly. Loving it. Happy. Keep it going, a good long while, a little pocket of joy.

And then - GUNSHOTS!

In the street, outside. Song stops. All scared.

MR COLASANTO

You stay here! Everyone, stay!

And he hurries out, Wilf, Donna following, then Sylvia -

CUT TO:

34 EXT. LEEDS TERRACED STREET - NIGHT J 34

MR COLASANTO, WILF & DONNA step out - couple of HOUSEHOLDERS appearing in the doorways, SYLVIA standing in no.29's.

Two SOLDIERS with their ATMOS-sticker JEEP, PRAC SMOKE pouring out of the exhaust. (No other cars in the street.)

One soldier fires again at the exhaust. It won't stop. All reeling, the gas is noxious.

MR COLASANTO

Firing at car, not so good, you
stupid or what?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

SOLDIER #2

It's this ATMOS thing, it won't stop, it's like gas, it's toxic -

WILF

Then turn it off!

SOLDIER #2

I have done! It's still going!
It's all the cars, every single ATMOS car! They've gone mad...
(suddenly)
Turn around!

And he's pointing his gun at Donna! All at once, wild:

SOLDIER #2 (CONT'D)

I said, turn around!

MR COLASANTO

You gone crazy, boy?

WILF

Put that down!

SYLVIA

Donna, do what he says!

SOLDIER #2

Turn around, now!

MR COLASANTO

Put the gun down!

WILF

She's a civilian!

SYLVIA

Just turn around!

SOLDIER #2

Show me your back!!

MR COLASANTO

She's done nothing!

But Donna, scared, hands in the air, turns, shows her back.

Nothing there.

Soldier #2 disturbed, shaken, lowers his gun.

SOLDIER #2

I'm sorry... I thought I saw...

WILF

Call yourself a soldier?! Pulling guns on innocent women! It's a disgrace! In my day, we'd have you court martialled for that!

But Wilf b/g: on Donna. She looks at the end of the road.

Far off, where the road turns, around the corner... the walls bouncing, the *FIZZ, POP!* of flashing PRAC WHITE LIGHT.

And very calm, Donna walks towards it. Ignoring:

SYLVIA

Donna, where are you going? It's not safe at night! Donna!

CUT TO:

35 EXT. LEEDS TERRACED STREET #2 - NIGHT J 35

DONNA walks round the corner. Expecting to see...

ROSE. Standing centre of the road.

DONNA

Hello.

ROSE

Hi.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. PARK - NIGHT J 36

Cold and bleak. DONNA & ROSE on a bench. Very far away, DRIFTS OF SMOKE. Sirens from the city. Both quiet:

ROSE

It's the ATMOS devices. You're lucky, it's not so bad here, Britain hasn't got much petrol. But all over Europe. China. South Africa. They're getting choked by gas.

DONNA

Can't anyone stop it?

ROSE

They're trying. Right now. This little band of fighters, on board the Sontaran ship. Any second now -

She looks up...

FX: FIRE rips across the sky!

HIGH ANGLE, Donna & Rose, lit in red, Donna boggling.

FX: FIRE rips away, into nothing. All back to normal.

Donna lets it sink in, then:

DONNA

And that was..?

ROSE

The Torchwood team. Gwen Cooper, Ianto Jones, they gave their lives. And Captain Jack Harkness has been transported to the Sontaran homeworld. The last of the heroes, all gone. There's no one left.

DONNA

...you're always wearing the same clothes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DONNA (CONT'D)

(pause)

Why won't you tell me your name?

ROSE

None of this was meant to happen. There was a man. This wonderful man. And he stopped them. The Titanic, the Adipose, the ATMOS, he stopped them all from happening.

DONNA

That... Doctor?

ROSE

Yeah.

DONNA

Who was he?

ROSE

You knew him.

DONNA

Did I? When?

ROSE

I think you dream of him, sometimes. Man in a suit. Tall, thin man. (smiles) Great hair. He had this really great hair.

Donna disturbed. Rose is right; she's dreamt of this.

DONNA

...who are you?

ROSE

I was like you. I used to *be* you. Cos you travelled with him, Donna, you travelled with the Doctor. In a different world.

DONNA

But I never met him. And he's dead.

ROSE

He died underneath the Thames on Christmas Eve. But you were meant to be there. He needed someone to stop him, and that was you. You made him leave, you saved his life -

During that, on CU Donna -

Whoosh, she's hit by FLASHBACKS, *feels* them, fierce images from 3.X, the water, the fire. 'You can stop now' -

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

Donna stand, upset -

DONNA

Stop it! I don't know what you're talking about, leave me alone -

She's turning to go, Rose stands, calls after her, strong:

ROSE

Something is coming, Donna.
Something worse.

Donna stops. Looks back. Reluctant, but...

DONNA

The whole world is stinking. How could anything be worse than this?

ROSE

Trust me. We need the Doctor, more than ever. I've been pulled across from a different universe, because every single universe is in danger. It's coming, Donna. It's coming, from across the stars, and nothing can stop it.

DONNA

What is?

ROSE

The darkness.

DONNA

(upset)

Well what d'you keep telling me for? What am I supposed to do?! I'm not... I mean... I'm nothing special. I'm a temp! I'm not even that! I'm nothing.

ROSE

Donna Noble, you're the most important woman in the whole of creation.

DONNA

Don't. Just... don't. I'm tired. I'm so tired.

ROSE

I need you to come with me.

DONNA

(her old self)

Yeah, well blonde hair might work on the men, but you're not shifting me, lady!

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

ROSE
(smiles)
That's more like it.

DONNA
(smiles)
I've got plenty more.

ROSE
You'll come with me. But only
when you want to.

DONNA
You'll have a long wait, then.

ROSE
No. Just three weeks. Tell me,
has your grandfather still got
that telescope?

DONNA
Never lets go of it, why?

ROSE
Three weeks time. But you've got
to be certain. Cos when you come
with me... I'm sorry, Donna. I'm
so sorry. But you're going to
die.

And Rose Tyler...

FX: simply fades away.

Donna upset, bewildered. Starts to cry. Just a little.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. LEEDS TERRACED STREET - DAY K

37

MR COLASANTO giving DONNA a big hug. She's laughing!

MR COLASANTO
And you! I'll miss you, most of
all! Flame haired and fiery!

There's an open ARMY TRUCK in the street, 2 SOLDIERS
standing by. All the COLASANTO FAMILY in the back - OLD
MAMMA, 2 WOMEN & 1 MAN in their 50S, 1 WOMAN & 1 MAN in
their 30s, 2 TEENAGERS, 1 KID. All subdued.

WILF stands back, watching. Grim.

DONNA
Ohh, but why d'you have to go?

MR COLASANTO
Is the new law!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MR COLASANTO (CONT'D)
England for the English, etcetera.
They can't send us home, the oceans
are closed, they build labour camps!

DONNA
I know, but labour doing what?
There aren't any jobs.

MR COLASANTO
Sewing, digging, is good! Now
stop it before I kiss you too much -
Wilfred! My capitano!

He gives Wilf a salute. Wilf salutes back. Both grave.

Then Mr Colasanto heads for the truck.

Donna goes to stand next to Wilf.

DONNA
It's gonna be quiet without him.
Still, we've got more room.

WILF
Labour camps. That's what they
called them last time.

DONNA
...what d'you mean?

WILF
It's happening again.

DONNA
What is?

She looks at the truck.

Mr Colasanto is hugging his wife. And the pretence has
fallen away. Both are crying.

The soldiers getting into the driver's cab.

DONNA (CONT'D)
'Scuse me. Where are you taking
them? Where exactly are you going?
Rocco? Where are you going?

But the truck starts off. The Colasantos staring at Donna.

She runs after them, but it's useless, the truck drives
away, she's left standing in the middle of the empty street -

DONNA (CONT'D)
Where are you going? *Where are
you going???*

CUT TO:

38 INT. NUMBER 29, KITCHEN - DAY L 38

SYLVIA sitting alone. She looks smaller. Defeated. Just staring into space.

DONNA in the doorway.

DONNA

I asked about jobs. With the army.
They said I wasn't qualified.

Silence.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You were right. You said I should
work harder at school.

Silence.

DONNA (CONT'D)

S'pose I've always been a
disappointment.

SYLVIA

Yeah.

Hold the silence.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. ALLOTMENT - NIGHT M 39

Wide open dark space. WILF at his telescope.

DONNA walking across, with an old thermos.

DONNA

I stole some soup!

WILF

Good girl!

CUT TO:

40 EXT. ALLOTMENT - NIGHT M 40

WILF at the telescope, DONNA sitting beside him.

WILF

We'd get a bit of cash, if we sold
this thing.

DONNA

Don't you dare.

He twinges a little with pain, recovers.

DONNA (CONT'D)

How's your stomach?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

WILF

Not so good. I'm like a farmer
attacking a bank.

DONNA

Ruth said, last week, there's a
nurse, just outside town, in
Wetherby, doesn't charge.

WILF

I'll be all right.

DONNA

What if you're not?

WILF

I'm not going anywhere. I promised
your Dad, I'd look after you.

DONNA

Should be the other way round.
Always imagined, your old age, I'd
set a bit of money aside. Make
you comfy. Never did. I'm just
useless.

(pause)

You're supposed to say, no you're
not.

Wilf's not listening, fiddling with the telescope, puzzled.

WILF

Must be the alignment...

DONNA

What's wrong?

WILF

I dunno, can't be the lens...

(checks eyepiece)

I was looking at Orion. Up there,
the constellation of Orion. Have
a look, what can you see?

DONNA

Where..?

WILF

There, in the sky...

DONNA

(on the telescope)

Can't see anything. Just black.

WILF

But it's working. The telescope's
working.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

DONNA
Must be clouds.

WILF
There's no clouds.

DONNA
Well there must be.

WILF
There's not.

He's not using the telescope now, just standing, looking up. HIGH ANGLE, Wilf & Donna, looking at the sky.

WILF (CONT'D)
It was there, an entire constellation, but... Look!

DONNA
What?

WILF
There - look there!

FX: STARRY SKY. And a cluster of stars... simply winks out of existence.

WILF (CONT'D)
They're going out. Oh my God.
Donna, the stars are going out.

FX: one, two, three more STARS... gone.

Wilf staring up, gaping, horrified...

But on Donna.

Hold on her, so scared; hold and hold, the most massive moment, as she makes her decision...

Then she turns around.

DONNA
I'm ready.

And ROSE TYLER is standing there.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. LEEDS TERRACED STREET #2 - NIGHT M

41

Fast, action! ARMY JEEP pulls up.

ROSE hurries DONNA to the back. SOLDIERS help them in -

CU WHEELS, screech - jeep scorches away -

CUT TO:

45 CONTINUED:

45

ROSE

I've crossed too many different realities - trust me, the wrong word in the wrong place can change the entire causal nexus.

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO

She talks like that. A lot.
(wary of her)
And you must be... Miss Noble.

DONNA

Donna.

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO

Captain Erisa Magambo. Thank you for this.

DONNA

I don't even know what I'm doing.

ROSE

(of the police box)
Is it awake?

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO

Seems to be quiet, today. Ticking over. Like it's waiting.

ROSE

(to Donna)
D'you want to see?

Leading her towards it.

DONNA

What's a 'police box'?

ROSE

They salvaged it, from underneath the Thames. Just go inside.

DONNA

What for?

ROSE

Just go in.

Donna walks towards the door... Pushes it...

CUT TO:

46 INT. TARDIS/INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT M

46

DONNA opens the door. Looks in...

WIDE SHOT, the dark interior lit only by SHAFTS OF LIGHT shining through the roof section. The console's been opened, wires and panels and junk everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

DONNA

No way!

She steps out, into the warehouse. Looks round.

Steps back in. Boggles. Laughs! Stops.

Steps back out. Looks either side of the box's walls, like she did in 3.X. Runs back inside -

- a few steps up the ramp. Stops. Runs back out -

- runs out, incredulous.

ROSE

What d'you think?

DONNA

Can I have a coffee?

CUT TO:

47 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT M

47

DONNA & ROSE at the console. Donna nursing a coffee, holding on to something normal. Stark light from above.

ROSE

...Time And Relative Dimension in Space. Oh, this room used to shine with light. I think it's dying...

Puts her hand on the Rotor. A quiet machine-groan.

ROSE (CONT'D)

...but it's still trying to help.

DONNA

And it belonged to the Doctor?

ROSE

He was a Time Lord. The last of his kind.

DONNA

But if he was so special... what was he doing with me?

ROSE

He thought you were brilliant.

DONNA

Don't be stupid.

ROSE

But you are. It just took the Doctor to show you that. Simply by being with him. He did the same to me, to everyone he touches.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

DONNA
Were you and him..?

Rose doesn't answer, just smiles, sadly. Walks over to Donna. Reaches for her back -

Donna tenses, scared again. Rose so gentle. She just smooths one hand across Donna's back.

ROSE
D'you want to see it?

DONNA
No.
(pause)
Go on then.

CUT TO:

48 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT M

48

The CIRCLE OF MIRRORS: rectangular free-standing mirrors, with wires leading to machinery. Rose leading DONNA to the centre, CAPTAIN MAGAMBO standing at the edge.

ROSE
We don't know how the Tardis works, but we've managed to scrape off the surface technology. Enough to show you the creature.

DONNA
It's a creature?

ROSE
Just stand there.

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO
Out of the circle, please.

ROSE
Yes ma'am.

DONNA
Can't you stay with me?

But Rose goes to the edge. Everyone in the room watching.

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO
Ready? And, activate.

Simple PRAC LIGHTS blink on, in the spaces between the mirrors. A deep *thrummmmm* of power....

CU Donna. Screwing her eyes shut. *Hiss-tic-tic-tic...*

ROSE OOV
Donna? Open your eyes.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

DONNA

Is it there..?

ROSE OOV

Open your eyes. Look at it.

DONNA

I can't.

ROSE OOV

It's part of you, Donna. Look.

And Donna...

Opens... her eyes...

- oh God!, there it is! - she's in shock, she spins round -
CUT, CUT, CUT, in the mirrors, cos there it is -

- the THING - !

- it's only glimpsed at first, cutting between Donna's
terror - one mirror, then another, then another -

ROSE

- it's all right, calm down, just
listen to my voice, Donna, Donna!
I'm still here. It's okay.

Donna breathing hard. Controls her panic.

Looks properly...

At the HUGE BLACK BEETLE clinging to her back. Shiny
carapace, spindly black legs moving and flexing, mandibles
clacking together, *hiss-tic-tic-tic...*

Keeping control. Wanting to scream. Quiet:

DONNA

What is it?

ROSE

We don't know.

DONNA

Oh, thanks!

ROSE

It feeds off time. By *changing*
time, by making someone's life
take a different turn. The meetings
never made. The children never
born. A life never loved. But
with you...

DONNA

I never did anything important.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

Yes you did. Cos one day, that thing made you turn right, instead of left.

DONNA

When was that..?

ROSE

You wouldn't remember. It was the most ordinary day in the world. But turning right meant you never met the Doctor. And the whole world changed around you.

DONNA

Can you get rid of it?

ROSE

Can't even touch it. Seems to be in a state of flux.

DONNA

What does that mean?

ROSE

Don't know.
(smiles)
Sort of thing the Doctor says.

DONNA

(angry)
You liar. You said I was special. But it's not me, it's this thing, I'm just a host.

ROSE

No, there's more than that... The readings are strange. It's like reality is bending around you.

DONNA

Because of this thing!

ROSE

No, we're getting separate readings. From you. And they've always been there, since the day you were born.

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO

This isn't relevant to the mission.

ROSE

(ignores her)
I thought we just needed the Doctor, but it's both of you. The Doctor and Donna Noble. Together. To stop the stars from going out.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

DONNA

...why? What can I do?

ROSE

I don't know.

Hiss-tic-tic-tic, the BEETLE stirs, flexing its legs...

DONNA

Turn it off. Please.

ROSE

Captain.

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO

Power down!

The *thrrummmmmmm* dies, PRAC LIGHTS blink off.

Donna alone again, back to normal, in the circle of mirrors.
Rose crossing the edge, to go to her. But...

DONNA

It's still there, though. What do I do? To get rid of it?

ROSE

(big smile)

You're going to travel in time!

CUT TO:

49 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT M

49

Busy! ROSE talking at DONNA, fast, precise:

ROSE

The Tardis has pinpointed the moment of intervention - Monday the 25th, one minute past ten in the morning, your car was on Little Sutton Street, leading on to Ealing Road, but you turned right, heading for Griffin's Parade, you need to turn left, that's the most important thing, you've got to go back and make sure the car turns left, Donna, have you got that? One minute past ten, you've got to make yourself turn left, heading for Chiswick High Road -

DURING THIS, a SERIES OF JUMP CUTS, intercut & overlapping with Rose's instructions, DONNA bewildered as -

A SCIENTIST shucks her into a rough old army jacket, lined with wires and fuses - CAPTAIN MAGAMBO talking at her -

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO

Keep this on, at all times, it's
insulation against temporal feedback -

JUMP CUT TO a SCIENTIST giving her a CHUNKY L.E.D. WATCH -

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO (CONT'D)

This will correspond to local time,
wherever you land -

JUMP CUT TO Captain Magambo giving her a glass of water -

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO (CONT'D)

That's to combat dehydration -

CUT TO:

50 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT M

50

The moment has come. DONNA walking across the empty space,
flanked by TWO SOLDIERS, followed by ROSE & CAPTAIN MAGAMBO.

Military. Tense. Scary.

All the SCIENTISTS at their machines, poised, staring.

But Donna's so brave. Walks, head held high.

They approach the CIRCLE OF MIRRORS. Stop at the perimeter.
Soldiers spread out, assume positions.

ROSE

This is where we leave you.

DONNA

I don't want to see that thing on
my back.

ROSE

No, the mirrors are just incidental.
But they bounce Chronon Energy
back into the centre. Which we
control, and decide the destination.

DONNA

It's a time machine.

ROSE

It's a time machine.

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO

If you could.

Donna walks centre. Bravery faltering a little. Rose at
the edge. Captain Magambo busies herself with scientists.

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO (CONT'D)

Powering up.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

A low *thrrummmm* of power...

DONNA

How d'you know it's gonna work?

ROSE

We don't. We're just guessing.

DONNA

Oh, brilliant!

ROSE

Just remember. Get to the junction and change the car's direction, by one minute past ten.

DONNA

How do I do that?

ROSE

That's up to you.

DONNA

Well! I'll just run up to myself, and have a good argument.

ROSE

I'd love to see that.

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO

Activate lodestone.

Thrummm, and the TARDIS windows flicker with light...

PRAC LIGHTS flicker on, around the circle, low-level...

Donna scared. But excited.

ROSE

Good luck.

DONNA

Oh, I'm ready!

ROSE

One minute past ten.

Lights, power rising, Donna right at Rose, so trusting:

DONNA

Least I'm not gonna die. Cos I understand it now! You said I was gonna die, but you mean this whole world, it's gonna blink out of existence - but that's not dying, cos a better world takes its place. The Doctor's world! And I'm still alive!

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

But Rose is just staring at her. Donna disturbed...

DONNA (CONT'D)
...that's right, isn't it? I don't
die. If I change things, I don't
die. Is that right?

ROSE
I'm sorry.

Lights flashing, more and more power...

DONNA
But I can't die. I've got a future.
With the Doctor. You told me.
How can I die?

Rose can only look at her. So sad.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Tell me. Am I gonna die?

CAPTAIN MAGAMBO
And, activate!

PRAC EXPLOSIONS all around the Tardis!

PRAC FX: the Tardis burns!

On Donna, flashing WHITE LIGHT, blasted by PRAC WIND -

- glimpses of her reflection in the mirror, all the mirrors,
glimpses of the BEETLE ON HER BACK -

- and -

FX: WHITE LIGHT STORM around Donna, hard and fast, and -

CUT TO:

51 EXT. SHOPPING STREET - DAY A

51

FX: WHITE LIGHT blasts away, and -

DONNA is on her hands and knees. Heaving for breath. In
a ordinary shopping street. Back in the old days.

She looks round, staggered -

- oh God, the PEOPLE, the CARS, the NOISE, a BOOMBOX playing -
KIDS on bikes - SHOPS -

The ordinary world. As it was. So bright and loud and
colourful and wonderful, it's like sensory overload.

Donna dazed. Stands. Then, a second's joy! Exhilaration!

But then...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

She looks around. Where is she???

DONNA

But this is... I'm not...

(looks at shops)

This is Court Village...

(realises fully)

I'm half a mile away.

(yells to the air)

I'm half a mile away!!!

Looks at her CHUNKY WATCH.

09:57.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Four minutes. Oh my God...

And she's running - !

Down the street! Fast, wild!

INTERCUT WITH SC.3, EXT NOBLES' HOUSE. Donna, the old Donna, heading for the car with Sylvia -

CUT TO Donna running -

CUT TO SC.3, all that tiny, silly chat about jobs, mother and daughter wittering the world away -

CUT TO:

52 EXT. STREET - DAY A

52

A street that's visibly similar to the T-JUNCTION, in the same area. But still so far away.

CU DONNA. Running. But desperate.

It's too far. She knows it's too far.

Out of breath, shattered, looks at her watch -

09:59.

Christ! And she runs - !

INTERCUT WITH SC.5. HIGH SHOT, the T-JUNCTION ahead. The car pulling into place... The LORRY thundering past it...

Donna running, running, running -

SC.5, Donna & Sylvia, sitting there, arguing. The whole world turning around these women.

Donna running -

...but she runs to a halt. Wretched. Crying. She *can't*.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

DONNA
...not gonna get there.

Exhausted. She looks ahead, down the road, the T-junction not even in sight.

But then she sees...

And she realises...

The LORRY heading towards her. 100 yards away.

Donna's very still now. Somehow calm.

CUT TO FLASHBACK, SC.36, CU Rose, 'You're going to die.'

And Donna's so sad, knowing what she must do.

The lorry is thundering closer.

And Donna doesn't think of herself. Thinks only of the world. Says one word, quietly:

DONNA (CONT'D)
Please.

And Donna Noble runs left. Into the road.

In CU only, she runs out of frame, hard left, gone -

CU WHEELS on the LORRY, screeching, braking.

CUT TO A WOMAN, far off, seeing this, and hearing the most terrible thump. And she screams.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. T-JUNCTION - DAY A

53

DONNA & SYLVIA, still sitting there, in the car.

SYLVIA
...well let me tell you, sweetheart,
City Executives don't need temps.
Except for practice.

Pause. And Donna's mother defeats her.

DONNA
Yeah. Suppose you're right.

She indicates right, goes to turn the steering wheel right -

SYLVIA
Can you hear that?

In the distance: a woman, screaming.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

And the car pauses...

CUT TO:

54 EXT. STREET - DAY A 54

The WOMAN stops screaming. Just crying now.

On the LORRY DRIVER getting out, dazed.

CU on DONNA. Lying on the road. Shot tight, no blood. Still conscious. She can hear cars, beeping...

The lorry driver looks round. Waves to traffic, stop.

A car pulling up behind the lorry. He can't see what's happened, MAN leaning out of his window, 'Oy! Shift!'

Another car behind him, pulling up...

CUT TO:

55 EXT. T-JUNCTION - DAY A 55

DONNA & SYLVIA in the car.

DONNA
The traffic's stopping...

THEIR POV to the RIGHT, one car pulling up behind another...

SYLVIA
Something must've happened.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. STREET - DAY A 56

CU DONNA. Losing consciousness. But she sees...

Her POV. A blurred figure, resolving above her. Kneeling down. Solemn and kind.

ROSE TYLER.

ROSE
Tell him this. Two words.

She leans in.

Whispers.

Sits back.

And Donna closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. T-JUNCTION - DAY A

57

DONNA & SYLVIA in the car -

DONNA

Well that decides it, I'm not
sitting in a traffic jam. We're
going left!

MASSIVE CU, the *CHUNK!* of the indicator. LEFT!

FLARE OF RED LIGHT, car indicator. LEFT HAND SIDE.

And the car pulls out...

TURNING LEFT!

HARD CUT TO:

58 INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM - DAY 1

58

DONNA SCREAMS!

FAST INTERCUTS, a violent transition from sc.57 to 58 -
sc.57 hands-on-wheel, turn left - sc.58-Donna looks round
in terror - sc.57 CAR WHEELS turn - sc.58-Donna, BEETLE ON
HER BACK - sc.57 car driving away, left -

The BEETLE screeching, falling -

Smack! on to the ground, writhing -

Donna standing, in shock -

DONNA

What the hell is that?!

She spins round the other way to see -

The FORTUNE TELLER is on the floor, curled into the corner,
terrified: like she experienced all this, the whole
different world, *felt* it, way beyond anything she'd planned -

And she's terrified. Of Donna.

FORTUNE TELLER

You were so strong. What are you?
What will you be???

And the Fortune Teller scrabbles away, disappearing deeper
into the drapes and shadows of her den, gone.

Donna lost. Getting her breath back. Stares at the beetle.

Then, in the doorway, nice and casual:

THE DOCTOR

Everything all right?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Hooray!! Donna overjoyed! Runs to him. Hugs him!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Woah. What's that for?

DONNA
I don't know!

CUT TO:

59 INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S DEN - DAY 1

59

THE DEAD BEETLE now on the table. THE DOCTOR poking and prodding it, fascinated.

DONNA recovering, sitting there with a bowl of foamy stuff.

DONNA
...can't remember. It's slipping away. Like when you think of a dream, but it sort of goes.

THE DOCTOR
Just got lucky, this thing. It's one of the Trickster's Brigade. Changes a life in tiny little ways. Most times, the universe just compensates around it, but with you... great big parallel world!

DONNA
Hold on, you said parallel worlds were sealed off.

THE DOCTOR
They are. But you had one created around you. Funny thing is... Keeps happening a lot. To you.

A chill in the air.

DONNA
How d'you mean?

THE DOCTOR
The Library. Then this.

DONNA
Goes with the job, I s'pose.

THE DOCTOR
Sometimes I think there's way too much coincidence around you, Donna. I met you once. Then I met your Grandfather. Then I met you again. In the whole, wide universe, I met you for a second time. Like... something's binding us together.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

DONNA

Don't be so daft. I'm nothing special.

THE DOCTOR

(smiles)

Yes you are, you're brilliant.

And colder, now, as Donna catches a draught of memory...

DONNA

She said that.

THE DOCTOR

Who did?

DONNA

That woman. I can't remember...

THE DOCTOR

She never existed, now.

DONNA

No, but she said...
(scared)

The stars... Doctor. She said the stars are going out.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, but that world's gone.

DONNA

She said it was all worlds. Every world. She said the darkness is coming. Even here.

THE DOCTOR

Who was she?

DONNA

I don't know.

THE DOCTOR

What did she look like?

DONNA

...she was blonde.

And the Doctor is full of dread; Donna looking to the distance, trying to remember...

THE DOCTOR

What was her name?

DONNA

I don't know.

THE DOCTOR

Donna, what was her name?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

DONNA

She never said. But she told me.
To warn you. She said... two words.

THE DOCTOR

What two words? What were they?
What did she say?

DONNA

....bad wolf.

On the Doctor. Staring. Breathing hard. Like the world
is falling apart around him.

DONNA (CONT'D)

What does it mean..?

And the Doctor's seething, burning, boiling - runs out -

CUT TO:

60 EXT. SHAN SHEN ALLEY - DAY 1

60

THE DOCTOR runs out -

Stops dead. Staring up.

In horror.

DONNA runs out -

DONNA

Doctor, what is it - ?

And she stops. Looks up. In horror.

The VERTICAL BANNERS are still fluttering, flanking the
length of Shan Shen Alley. And every single one of them
now says, in black Chinese lettering, against red -

BAD WOLF.

The Doctor, Donna, look round -

Scrawled on the walls: BAD WOLF.

- and the Doctor is running, like a mad thing, down the
alley, towards the Tardis - Donna desperate, following -

And as they run towards the Tardis...

They see...

The POLICE BOX sign above the door has changed. The
lettering now says BAD WOLF!

The Doctor slams inside -

CUT TO:

61 INT. TARDIS - DAY 1

61

THE DOCTOR bursts in, then DONNA -

They stop by the door, Donna slamming it shut behind them -

The interior is lit by RED LIGHTS, rising and falling, and the awful warning of the CLOISTER BELL is tolling.

Both terrified:

DONNA

What is it, Doctor? What's bad
wolf??

THE DOCTOR

It's the end of the universe.

END OF EPISODE 4.11

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