

1 EXT. WELLGROVE HOUSE - NIGHT

1

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

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

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

The gates are shaking, like someone is climbing them --

-- and then a figure drops into a view on the other side.

Straightens up into a close-up.

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

SALLY

Sexy!

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

CUT TO:

2 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

2

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

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

SALLY SPARROW, kicking her away in --

CUT TO:

3 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY/ROOMS - NIGHT

3

SALLY, clutching a big old fashioned camera, with a big flashbulb on top. Walks from one room to another. Takes a photograph.

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

CUT TO:

4 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

4

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

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

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

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

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

The whole word revealed:

*BEWARE*

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

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

SALLY

Hello?

CUT TO:

5 INT. PUB - NIGHT

5

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

JENNY

I can't find you, are you here?  
Where are you?

CUT TO:

6 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

6

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

SALLY

Can you see some really loud blokes, a crying girl, and a laughing fat man with disgusting teeth?

JENNY

(Craning to look)  
Hang on. Yeah, I can.

SALLY

Well you're definitely in a pub then.

JENNY

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

SALLY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

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

SALLY

We're *what??*

JENNY

Well, you know, one day.

SALLY

G'night, Jenny!

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

Beware? Beware what?

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

BEWARE THE WEEPING

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

*BEWARE THE WEEPING ANGEL*

What does that mean??

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

*OH, AND DUCK.*

Sally stares. *Duck??*

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

NO, REALLY, DUCK!

*What??*

Seriously puzzled now, she pulls off the next strip.

*SALLY SPARROW, DUCK, NOW!!*

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

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

And she ducks!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

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

Just a rock, a big stone - but it would've knocked her cold. It bounces to the floor. She flashes her torch towards the broken windows. Is anyone there, who was that??

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

Sally startles, someone's out there --

-- then realises she's looking at --

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

Or weeping ...

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

*BEWARE THE WEEPING ANGEL*

-- back to the statue. She moves around the stone figure --

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

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

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

*What??*

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

Her face sets. Angry now. She starts flashing the torch round - the doorways, the staircases.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Who's there? Is someone there?

Is someone having a joke??

Silence.

She crosses back to the words on wall. Her name! How? And is there any more?

SHE RIPS THE NEXT SHEET OFF:

*LOVE FROM THE DOCTOR (1969)*

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3) 6

**TITLES**

7 INT. SALLY'S FLAT - NIGHT 7

SALLY, coming through the door. Tired, still a little jumpy, still pulling herself together.

Heads to the kitchen, at the end of the hallway. As she passes the opened living room door, we hold on the darkened room beyond.

CUT TO:

8 INT. SALLY'S FLAT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 8

The only light comes from a big widescreen telly in the corner.

On the telly, in freeze frame (a DVD freeze-frame so it's perfect): a face frozen in mid-speech. It's a very plain head and shoulders 'newsreader shot' against a neutral background --

-- and the face is very clearly *THE DOCTOR'S!!*

He's caught in mid-word, clearly talking animatedly.

We hold on this, and drift into the room, panning round ...

... computer sits on a desk. On the monitor, a very similar freeze-frame of the Doctor ...

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

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

Panning along ...

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

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

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

We close in on this as we hear --

CUT TO:

9 INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 9

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

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JENNY

Hello?

CUT TO:

10 INT. JENNY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

10

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

SALLY

Bit freaked, need to talk.

JENNY

It's one in the morning.

SALLY

Making you a coffee.

JENNY

What, you think I'm coming round  
to your flat *now*??

SALLY

Nope.

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

JENNY

Oh God!  
(New thought, more  
alarm)  
*Oh God!!*

SALLY

Just want a chat - half an hour,  
tops.

JENNY

You've met my brother, haven't  
you?

SALLY

No.

JENNY

You're about to.

Sally looks round.

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

He stares at Sally.

Sally stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

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

Sally looks at him regretfully.

SALLY

Nope.

Jenny: listening, cringes for England.

Larry: just nods, soberly.

LARRY

Okay.

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

JENNY

(From off; yelling)  
Put them on!! Put them on, I  
hate you!! What were you  
*thinking??*

LARRY

(From off)  
I didn't know she was here.

JENNY

(From off)  
Sally Sparrow doesn't have a  
boyfriend - she could've torn you  
limb from limb!

A door slam! Jenny reappears in the kitchen doorway.

JENNY (CONT'D)

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

And she registers that Sally is a little shaken.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You okay?

Sally looks at her - haunted, frightened.

SALLY

No.

JUMP CUT TO:

A little time later. SALLY and JENNY talking, coffee  
cups steaming on the table. Sally is tense, cross with  
herself that she's shaken. Jenny is comforting - all  
motherly and solicitous.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY (CONT'D)

I was scared. I ran! When do I do that?

JENNY

Course you were scared. But it was a joke. Someone just played a joke, that's all.

SALLY

My own name. On the wall. *Under* the wallpaper.

JENNY

So someone's clever. But it's still a joke.

SALLY

Tell you what it was. Seriously. It was the single scariest, freakiest thing I have ever seen.

LARRY

(Passing the doorway, picking up on this)  
I've said I'm sorry.

JENNY

Not you.

LARRY

Okay.

He passes on --

SALLY

(Frowns, new thought)  
Hang on, your brother - Larry?

JENNY

Larry, yeah.

SALLY

Larry Nightingale.

JENNY

Yep.

SALLY

Lawrence Nightingale??

JENNY

(Laughing)  
I know. *Brilliant*, isn't it?

They snigger together. Larry passes the door again, heading back to the living room.

(CONTINUED)



10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

LARRY

What?

JENNY

Nothing.

He frowns, suspiciously at them, goes back into the living room, this time leaving the living room door open --

CUT TO:

11 INT. JENNY'S FLAT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

11

-- leaving with a shot of the big telly now visible across the hallway through the doorway to the living room. The Doctor's frozen face.

SALLY finds herself staring at this stranger's face, arrested for a moment.

SALLY

Who's he?

JENNY follows her look, rolls her eyes - it's a subject she's bored of.

JENNY

Oh, don't ask.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. WELLGROVE HOUSE - DAY

12

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

Then another - JENNY.

JENNY

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

SALLY

We're just *looking*.

They start heading towards the house.

JENNY

Hey! Sparrow and Nightingale!  
That *so* works!

SALLY

Bit ITV.

JENNY

(Taking that at as  
a compliment)  
I *know*!

CUT TO:

13 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CONSERVATORY - DAY

13

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

JENNY

What were you here for anyway?

SALLY

Taking photographs.

JENNY

Of this place?

SALLY

It's beautiful.

JENNY

It's falling apart.

SALLY

Beauty in decay. I love old things.

JENNY

Why?

SALLY

They make me feel sad.

JENNY

What's good about sad?

SALLY

It's happy for deep people.

JENNY

You're not deep just cos you dress like that.

SALLY

Like what?

JENNY

Sometimes I have to tell people you're a Christian.

Sally has crossed to the windows, looking out on THE WEeping ANGEL.

SALLY

Okay, there it is, see? The Weeping Angel.

They both stare through the windows at the thin, lamenting figure, stone face buried in stone hands.

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

(CONTINUED)

JENNY  
Wouldn't have that in *my* garden.

SALLY  
It's moved.

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

JENNY  
It's what?

SALLY  
Since yesterday, I'm sure of it.  
It's closer.  
(Looks to the statue  
again, haunted by  
what she just  
said)  
It's got closer to the house ...!

JENNY  
It can't have moved, it's a statue!

SALLY  
It's closer, I'm telling you.

JENNY  
It's an inanimate object, it's a  
big lump of stone, it's you when's  
there's boys. It's got moss!

SALLY  
Telling you.

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

*BEWARE THE WEeping ANGEL.*

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

-- *LOVE FROM THE DOCTOR* --

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

*Ding dong.* The doorbell!

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

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

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

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

JENNY  
Who'd come here?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

SALLY  
Never mind that. Who *lives* here.

JENNY  
Nobody, not for years, look at  
it.  
(Eyes go back to  
the door)  
Bet it's a mormon, nothing stops  
them. Nice suits, though, very  
clean.

SALLY  
It's an *electric* doorbell.

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

-- and the conservatory lights come on!

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

Jenny - worried now - snaps the light off again --

-- and grabs Sally, who's heading out into the hallway.

CUT TO:

14 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

14

JENNY  
What you doing??

SALLY  
There's someone at the door.

JENNY  
It could be a burglar!

SALLY  
A burglar who rings the doorbell??

JENNY  
Doorbells don't stop them these  
days.

SALLY  
Doorbells don't stop anyone,  
they're doorbells.

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

SALLY  
In case of what?

JENNY  
Incidents.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

Okay.

SALLY is at the door now. Bolted, big rusty bolts. She reaches for them, shoots them both.

Sally's face: a moment of hesitation.

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

She opens the door.

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

-- which is all Sally needs!

SALLY (CONT'D)

Hello, can I help you?

MALCOLM

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

On Sally: this impacts.

On Jenny: listening from just inside the conservatory door.

SALLY

That's me. I'm Sally Sparrow. How did you know I'd be here?

MALCOLM

I was told.

SALLY

Nobody knew.

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

SALLY (CONT'D)

Is that for me?

MALCOLM

I'm sorry, do you have any form of identification? Ridiculous, I know - it's just I promised.

SALLY

(Still looking at the envelope)  
It looks old.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

MALCOLM

It is old.

SALLY

I don't understand. How could anyone know I'd be here.

MALCOLM

I was told to bring this letter, on this date, at this exact time, to Sally Sparrow. Do you have anything with a photograph on it? Like a driving licence?

Sally, incredulous, reaches for her wallet --

CUT TO:

15 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CONSERVATORY - DAY

15

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

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

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

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

-- the weeping angel, still and silent in the garden, face plunged in its hands.

There's nothing here, nothing moving.

She turns heads back to the doorway --

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

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

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

CUT TO:

16 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

16

At the door:

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

MALCOLM

I'm sorry, I feel really stupid.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
It's so hard to tell with these  
little photographs, isn't it?

CUT TO:

17 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CONSERVATORY - DAY

17

On JENNY listening at the door, equally puzzled.

SALLY OOV  
Apparently.

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

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

CUT TO:

18 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

18

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

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

He holds out the ancient envelope.

Sally eyes it. Chilled somehow.

SALLY  
(Not taking it)  
Who's it from?

MALCOLM  
Well that's a long story actually --

SALLY  
Gimme a name.

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

CUT TO:

19 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CONSERVATORY - DAY

19

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

CUT TO:

20 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

20

MALCOLM  
Jennifer Wainright.

SALLY  
Never heard of her.

MALCOLM  
She specified I should tell you  
that prior to her marriage, her  
name was Jenny Nightingale.

Sally: stares. *What??*

And *wham!*

Sally spins! The door to the conservatory has slammed,  
like it's been sucked shut by a draft. No sign of Jenny.

SALLY  
Jenny?

MALCOLM  
Jenny, yes. Jennifer Costello  
Nightingale.

Sally turns to look at him again. Smiles.

SALLY  
This a joke?

MALCOLM  
A joke?

SALLY  
(Calling to the  
closed door)  
Jenny, is this you? Very funny!

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

CUT TO:

21 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CONSERVATORY - DAY

21

-- the room is deserted. SALLY looks round bemused.  
Goes to the doors to the garden, tries them. Rusted shut.

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

SALLY  
Jenny?

She turns. MALCOLM is looking confusedly at her from the  
doorway.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
She was here.

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED:

21

MALCOLM

Who was?

Sally barges from the room, into the hallway, calling out:

CUT TO:

22 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

22

SALLY

Jenny, come on! Very funny, I'm really laughing!

MALCOLM

(Following her)

I'm sorry?

As they away from the conservatory, cut close on the angel's face. The stone fingers have parted, the blank stone ovals are peering through --

CUT TO:

23 INT. FIELD - DAY 'A'

23

Close on JENNY as she springs up into shot.

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

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

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

She stares at him groggily for a few seconds --

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

A little shakily, she starts towards him ...

CUT TO:

24 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY STAIRS - DAY

24

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

SALLY

Jenny? *Jenny?*

MALCOLM

Please.

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

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You need to take this. I promised.

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

CUT TO:

25 EXT. FIELD - DAY 'A'

25

JENNY is approaching BEN on the fence.

JENNY

Excuse me. Where am I?

BEN

You're in the cow field.

JENNY

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

BEN

You're in Hull.

JENNY

No, I'm not.

BEN

This is Hull.

JENNY

No it isn't.

BEN

You're in Hull.

JENNY

I'm not in Hull, stop saying Hull.

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

BEN

Hull. See?

CUT TO:

26 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY STAIRS - DAY

26

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

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

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

SALLY

Who are you? Why are you here?

MALCOLM

I made a promise.

SALLY

Who to?

MALCOLM

My grandmother. Jennifer Costello  
Nightingale.

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

CUT TO:

27 EXT. FIELD - DAY 'A'

27

BEN is handing the paper to JENNY. Jenny takes it, looks  
at it.

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

BEN

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

On Jenny, staring at the bemused. Then frowning --

CUT TO:

28 EXT. FIELD - DAY 'A'

28

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

-- **5th August 1920** --

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

CUT TO:

29 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY STAIRS - DAY

29

SALLY

Your *grandmother*??

MALCOLM

Yes. She died twenty years ago.

On Sally. Wha-?

And then --

-- she laughs.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I don't see why that's funny.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

It's your joke!

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

First thing she sees:

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

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

SALLY (CONT'D)

So they're related?

MALCOLM

I'm sorry?

SALLY

My Jenny, your granny - they're practically identical --

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

JENNY

(V.O.)

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

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

JENNY (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

-- The third of the photographs is of my children. The youngest is Sally, I named her after you, of course --

Flicks through again.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

-- My husband died of influenza in 1962 --

Flicking through again, faster, more frantic.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

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

Sally looks up at Malcolm, shaking.

SALLY

*What is this??*

MALCOLM

I'm sorry?

SALLY

This is sick!! This is *totally sick!!*

MALCOLM

(Flustered, bemused)

What's sick?

SALLY

*This is sick!!*

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

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

SALLY (CONT'D)

Jenny?

And she races up the stairs ...

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

CUT TO:

30 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. LANDING - DAY

30

The stairwell rises into the centre of an oval landing. A skylight of broken windows throws slanting squares of daylight on to a world of peeling plaster and pigeon droppings, and --

SALLY looks around, suddenly chilled.

She is encircled by a ring of closed doors and three once ornate alcoves --

-- and in each of the alcoves, face plunged in its hands, stands A WEEPING ANGEL.

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

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

One of the angels stands at the end in the largest of the alcoves at the shadowed end of the oval - but this one slightly different. Still crying or lamenting, but its head thrown to one side and buried in the crook of its arm.

It's other arm hangs free, and gripped in this hand --

-- Sally steps closer, looks.

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

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

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

She bends to inspect the key --

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

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

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

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

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

From down below we hear a door!

CUT TO:

31 EXT. WELLGROVE HOUSE - DAY

31

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

CUT TO:

32 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. LANDING - DAY

32

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

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

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

SALLY  
No, wait, hang on!

She races down the stairs.

CUT TO:

33 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY STAIRS - DAY

33

SALLY comes racing down --

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

Hesitates, scoops them up, dashes on --

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

CUT TO:

34 EXT. WELLGROVE HOUSE - DAY

34

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

She sags. Damn it! Stupid!

She sets off towards the gates ...

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

... to the windows of the house. A row of three windows. A WEeping ANGEL stands at each window, watching her go ...

JENNY

(V.O.)

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

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. CAFE - DAY

35

SALLY sits alone at a table, reading her way through the letter. Now only half disbelieving - and tears standing in her eyes.

JENNY

(V.O.)

Don't feel sorry for me. I have led a good and full life. I have loved a good man, and been well loved in return. You would have liked Ben - I wish you could have met him.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

36 EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY 'A'

36

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

BEN

Where are you going?

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

JENNY

Are you following me??

BEN

Yep.

JENNY

Are you going to *stop* following me??

BEN

Nope, don't think so.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

37 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

37

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

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

JENNY

(V.O.)

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

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED:

37

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

PANNING DOWN THE WORDS:

**In loving memory**

**Benjamin Wainright (1897 - 1962)**

**And his loving wife**

**Jennifer Costello Wainright (1902 - 1987)**

Over this, we hear:

JENNY (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

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

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

-- then frowns at a detail.

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

SALLY

1902? You told him you were 18??

(Laughs delightedly)

You lying cow!

Still laughing she turns to go --

-- revealing, perched on the large Tomb behind her, looking completely in place - A WEEPING ANGEL. Exactly the same creature as the ones we saw at the house, but the stone has altered in colour to match the marble of the tomb of the tomb it now stands on, like it's blended.

A shot of Sally leaving through the graveyard gates --

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

JENNY

(V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

38 EXT. BANTO'S DVD STORE - DAY

38

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

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

JENNY

(V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

39 INT. BANTO'S DVD STORE - DAY

39

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

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

SALLY

Excuse me - I'm looking for Larry Nightingale.

BANTO

(Calls through the back)

Florence!

(To Sally)

Through the back.

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

CUT TO:

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

40

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

SALLY

Hello?

THE DOCTOR

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

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

That same 'newsreader' shot of THE DOCTOR talking to camera, but this time he's not in freeze-frame he's talking. He talks directly to camera, as if exchanging remarks with some other, unseen person. His comments are non-sequiters, delivered after gaps during which he's apparently listening.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Possibly.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

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

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

'Fraid so.

She approaches the television strangely compelled by this.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Thirty eight.

LARRY appears through a door behind her.

LARRY

Oh. Hello, can I help you?

SALLY

Hi.

LARRY

Just a mo.

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

LARRY (CONT'D)

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

SALLY

It'll come to you.

LARRY

(Colours, as he  
realises who she  
is)

OH MY GOD!

SALLY

There it is.

LARRY

Sorry - sorry, again, about that whole --

SALLY

Relax, you're wearing pants this time.

LARRY

Well, actually --

SALLY

Stop right there.

LARRY

Okay.

SALLY

Message from Jenny.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Jenny?

SALLY

Your sister. Jenny

LARRY

I know, I just -- Sorry, yes,  
what?

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

LARRY (CONT'D)

What? What is it, what's the  
message?

SALLY

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

LARRY

Where?

SALLY

Just a work thing, nothing to  
worry about.

LARRY

Okay.

SALLY

And - ...  
(Flounders)

LARRY

And what?

SALLY

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

LARRY

She *what*??

SALLY

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

LARRY

... is she ill?

SALLY

No, no.

LARRY

Am *I* ill??

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

No!

LARRY

Is it a trick??

SALLY

No, she loves you.

LARRY

*Oh my God, we're brother and sister!*

SALLY

Yes, you're brother and sister, that's *why* she loves you, oh for God's sake ... !!

On the screen, the Doctor starts up again.

THE DOCTOR

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

SALLY

(Rounding on the television)

*Who is this guy??*

LARRY

Sorry, the pause keeps slipping, stupid thing --

Larry has grabbed the remote, paused the Doctor again.

SALLY

Last night at Jenny's you had him on all those screens. That same guy.

LARRY

I was checking if they were all the same.

SALLY

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

LARRY

An easter egg.

SALLY

Excuse me?

LARRY

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Sometimes they put on hidden ones, they call them easter eggs - you have to go looking for them. Follow a bunch of clues in the menu screens. There's a brilliant one in "Die Another Day", you get to see Halle Berry --

SALLY

(Losing interest)

Yes, great, fine. Oh God, why am I even talking about this?? What's the matter with me, poor Jenny ...!

LARRY

Eh? What do you mean, poor Jenny?

SALLY

Nothing. Sorry - I was just --

LARRY

You said poor Jenny.

SALLY

Jenny's fine, honestly. She's ... actually, she's really happy. Really happy.

LARRY

*Happy??* What's wrong?

On the screen the Doctor comes back to life again.

THE DOCTOR

It's complicated.

LARRY

(Grabbing the remote again)

Sorry!

SALLY

(Grateful for the interruption)

So what DVD's he on?

LARRY

Yeah, girls are usually pretty interested in him.

SALLY

(Squints at him critically)

Fairly cute, bit skinny, gay hair. Pass.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(His hobby horse)

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

SALLY

What does he do?

LARRY

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

He starts up the player again.

THE DOCTOR

Very complicated.

LARRY

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

SALLY

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

LARRY

How do you know?

SALLY

Spooky, isn't it?

BANTO

(Calling from off)

Florence - need you!

LARRY

S'cuse me a sec.

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

THE DOCTOR

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

(CONTINUED)

SALLY  
Started well, that sentence.

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

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

SALLY  
Okay, that was weird.

THE DOCTOR  
Yep, weird.

Sally really staring now. What??

SALLY  
It's like you can hear me.

THE DOCTOR  
Well I can hear you.

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

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

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

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Bad day.

LARRY  
Got you the list.

SALLY  
What??

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

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

Shoves past him, heading out into the shop.

CUT TO:



41 INT. BANTO'S DVD STORE - DAY

41

BANTO  
Go to the police, you stupid  
woman!!

SALLY spins at this. What??

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

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

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

CUT TO:

42 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

42

A fine old, age-blackened, gargoyled building.

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

POLICEMAN  
(V.O.)  
I'm still not really sure what  
you're telling us. This girl, is  
she missing or not.

CUT TO:

43 INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

43

A table, two chairs, a window. Hissing rain outside,  
bottle green gloom. SALLY sits opposite an elderly  
POLICEMAN who's being very patient with this distressed  
girl.

SALLY  
Yes. Sorry, yes, I know how mad  
I'm sounding.

POLICEMAN  
Haven't really tried this from  
the beginning yet, have we? Shall  
we give that a bash, the beginning?

SALLY  
Okay. There's a house. A big  
old house. Been empty for years,  
falling apart. Wellgrove House,  
out beyond the estate, you've  
probably seen it. I like old  
things, I like photographing them,  
it makes me --

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

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

The Policeman is standing, his face has changed - dead serious now.

POLICEMAN  
Wellgrove House?

SALLY  
Yes.

POLICEMAN  
(Heading for the  
door)  
Stay there a minute, will you?

SALLY  
Where you going?

POLICEMAN  
I'll get you a coffee.

SALLY  
Don't need a --

The door closes behind him.

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

-- freezes on what she sees.

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

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

But it is. No question.

The door opens behind her, she startles.

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

BILLY  
Hi, D.I. Billy Shipton - Wellgrove House, that's mine, can't talk to you now, got a thing --

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

SALLY  
Were those statues always there?

BILLY  
What statues?

SALLY  
Those statues.

She points --

-- but when she looks, the Weeping Angels are gone. She steps closer to the window. What?? What??

CUT TO:

44 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

44

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

CUT TO:

45 INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

45

BILLY  
You all right?

SALLY  
Cracking up. You?

BILLY  
Fine, thanks, listen - Wellgrove House, interested, busy, got a thing, very important thing, can't be late for the thing, but if you could --

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

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Hello!

SALLY  
(A little startled)  
Hello.

He pops his head out the door, calls.

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

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(Turns back to  
Sally, big grin)  
D'you like cars?

CUT TO:

46 INT. GARAGE - DAY

46

Lights flicker on, illuminating a row of parked cars.

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

Sally looks along the cars.

SALLY  
All of them?

BILLY  
Over the last two years, yeah.

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

BILLY (CONT'D)  
They all had personal items still in them. Couple still had the motor running. People don't abandon cars like that, it doesn't happen. Well, not eight times in one place.

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

BILLY  
Every one of them.

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

SALLY  
What's that?

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

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

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

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

SALLY

Okay, what's the big question?

BILLY

Will you have a drink with me?

SALLY

... I'm sorry?

BILLY

Drink, you, me, now?

SALLY

Aren't you on duty, Detective  
Inspector Shipton?

BILLY

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

SALLY

Why?

BILLY

Because life is short and you are  
hot. Drink?

SALLY

No.

BILLY

Ever?

SALLY

Maybe.

BILLY

Phone number?

SALLY

Moving kind of fast, D.I. Shipton.

BILLY

Billy, I'm off duty.

SALLY

Aren't you just!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

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

BILLY

That your phone number?

SALLY

Slow down, you're not arresting me.

BILLY

Just using my skills.

SALLY

(Handing him the  
page torn from  
her notebook)

Okay. This is just a phone number.  
Not a promise, not a guarantee,  
not an IOU - just a phone number.

BILLY

Storming! And that's Sally ... ?

SALLY

Sally Shipton.

(Colours! Oh my  
God!!)

Sparrow. Sally Sparrow. Me, I  
am. Okay, going now, don't look  
at me.

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

BILLY

I'll phone you!

SALLY

Don't look at me.

BILLY

Phone you tomorrow.

SALLY

Don't look at me!

BILLY

Maybe phone you tonight.

SALLY

Don't look at me.

And the door slams behind her.

BILLY

(Calling after her)  
Definitely gonna phone you.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

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

Billy grins - he's so in --

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

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

He frowns in confusion - those weren't there before!

He approaches them ...

CUT TO:

47 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE GARAGE - DAY

47

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

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

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

CUT TO:

48 INT. GARAGE - DAY

48

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

SALLY  
Billy --

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

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

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

Corny dramatic chords! And Sally answers her phone.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Hello?  
(Relief)  
Billy, where are you?  
(Confusion)  
Where?

CUT TO:

49      EXT. BACK STREET - DAY 'B'

49

A tatty back street, could be anywhere. Maybe some kids playing in the distance --

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

THE DOCTOR

1969

Billy looks up. Tried to focus on the man strolling down the back street towards.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Not bad, as it goes. You've got the moon landing to look forward to! Don't miss that, it's brilliant. I went four times. You can just see me behind Neil Armstrong in a couple of the shots. Waving actually. Teach me to drink at lunch!

BILLY

(Trying to get up,  
failing)

Where am I? How did I get here?

THE DOCTOR

Same way I did. The touch of an angel. No, don't try to get up.  
(Sits next to Billy)  
Time travel without a capsule, nasty - catch your breath, don't go swimming for half an hour.

BILLY

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

THE DOCTOR

Fascinating race, the weeping angels. The only creatures in the universe to kill you nicely. No mess, no fuss- just zap you into the past and let you live to death. You get the rest of your natural life, they get you dead on the spot - everybody's happy. It's the win-win murder.

BILLY

What you talking about?

THE DOCTOR

Tracked you down with this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(Holds up a gadget -  
looks a bit  
improvised even  
his standards)

Zeroes in on a mal-phasing temporal  
signature.

BILLY

A what??

THE DOCTOR

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

BILLY

I don't understand. Where am I.

THE DOCTOR

I told you. 1969. Normally I'd  
offer you a lift home, but somebody  
nicked my motor.

(Looks seriously  
at Billy)

So I need you to take a message  
to Sally Sparrow. And I'm sorry.  
I'm very, very sorry. It's going  
to take you a while.

On Billy's face, uncomprehending.

CUT TO:

50 INT. WESTER DRUMLINS RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

50

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

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

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

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

She opens her notebook, compares it with the scrap of  
paper. The torn-out page lying on the desk is ancient  
and yellowed -the fragment of the same page in Sally's  
notebook is brand new and white.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

She joins them together again for a moment - the tears match exactly, but one part so old, one part so new.

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

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

From behind her:

OLD BILLY

It was raining when we met.

SALLY

It's the same rain.

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

OLD BILLY

Don't look at me.

CUT TO:

51 INT. WESTER DRUMLINS RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

51

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

SALLY

She looks nice.

OLD BILLY

Her name was Sally too.

SALLY

(Smiles)

Sally Shipton.

OLD BILLY

(Smiles, remembering  
so long ago)

Sally Shipton.

He glances at the window. Stares at it sadly, like he sees something more than we do.

OLD BILLY (CONT'D)

The rain's stopping.

SALLY

Yeah, well that's the good news. Otherwise, not an absolutely top first date. One hour in, you've married someone else. Points off, for that.

Old Billy turns from the window - there's something sad in his face, like the rain *means* something.

(CONTINUED)

OLD BILLY

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

SALLY

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

OLD BILLY

There's a man in 1969 who needs to speak to you.

SALLY

And how's he going to do that?

OLD BILLY

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

SALLY

(Starting to sense where this is going)

DVDs.

OLD BILLY

Had my own company. Had a few insights on the way the market would go, of course.

SALLY

... are we starting to talk mysterious easter egg here?

OLD BILLY

Have you noticed what the seventeen DVDs have in common yet?

SALLY

Should I have?

OLD BILLY

I suppose it's difficult for you to see it, in a way - even though you're the only one who can. You've got a list, haven't you. He said, by now, you'd have been given a list.

SALLY

Who said? This man who wants to speak to me, who is he?

(CONTINUED)

OLD BILLY

The Doctor.

Impacts on Sally.

**Flash: Words on the wall, panning fast along "Love from the Doctor".**

Sally fishes in her pockets, finds the list she absently took from Larry.

SALLY

And how would the Doctor know I had a list?

OLD BILLY

He knows lots of things.  
Impossible things about the future,  
about you. I asked him how but  
he said he couldn't tell me. He  
said you'd understand it one day --  
(And this next  
part is hard to  
say, so sad)  
-- but that I never would.

SALLY

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

OLD BILLY

No.

SALLY

I promise.

OLD BILLY

There's only tonight. He told me  
all those years ago that I'd only  
see you once. On the night I  
died.

SALLY

(Eyes filling)  
Oh, Billy - oh no.

OLD BILLY

It kept me going. Something to  
look forward to.  
(Takes her hand)  
Life is long. You are hot.

Sally almost laughs, in spite of herself.

Old Billy is looking at the contrast between Sally's hand  
and his own.

OLD BILLY (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

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

OLD BILLY  
Thank you, Sally Sparrow.

His eyes go to the window.

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

We pan to the window, the lightening gloom.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. WESTER DRUMLINS RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT

52

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

Over this, a phone ringing She looks from the window, to the list in her hand. The list that Larry gave her.

She crumples the list in her hand.

A phone ringing.

CUT TO:

53 INT. BANTO'S DVD STORE - NIGHT

53

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

LARRY  
Banto's.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

54

SALLY striding along the street, mobile at her ear.

SALLY  
They're mine.

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

LARRY  
... what?

SALLY  
The DVDs on the list. The  
seventeen DVDs. What they've got  
in common is, they're all mine.  
They're all the DVDs I own.  
They're the ones on my shelf at  
home right now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

SALLY (CONT'D)

The easter egg is intended for  
*me!* Larry absorbs this,  
astonished. So much to take in,  
so fast.

LARRY

You've only got seventeen DVDs??

SALLY

Do you have a portable DVD player?

LARRY

Yeah, why.

SALLY

I want you to meet me.

LARRY

Where?

CUT TO:

55 EXT. WELLGROVE HOUSE - NIGHT

55

Through the gates, just like the opening shot - all the  
Keep Out signs. Again, SALLY drops into shot on the other  
side of the gates.

This time as she rises into a close-up, her face is deadly  
serious - a woman on a mission.

CUT TO:

56 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

56

The door creaks open (it's unbolted now, since Sally's  
last visit) and SALLY steps in. Looks around. She heads  
towards the conservatory.

We stay on a shot of the staircase, tracking in on it,  
panning up and dissolving to:

CUT TO:

57 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT

57

... panning on one of THE WEEPING ANGELS, standing in its  
alcove, face plunged in its hands.

Panning along - the next angel has already lowered its  
hands.

Panning along - the next angel is already stepping forward  
from its alcove.

CUT TO:

58 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

58

SALLY has clicking on the light and is examining those words on the wall again.

SALLY  
How could you know? How could  
you know *exactly* where to write  
it all??

She moves closer --

-- leaving us with a shot of THE WEEPING ANGEL in the garden. It has stepped off its plinth.

And the doorbell rings. Sally heads out of the conservatory --

-- but just as she leaves it, sense movement, glances back.

Sally's POV. The Weeping Angel is back on its plinth, face in its hands.

CUT TO:

59 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

59

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

LARRY  
You know, I always wondered who  
lived here.

SALLY  
Oh for God's sake ... !

LARRY  
This is so cool. You live in  
Scooby Doo's house!

CUT TO:

60 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

60

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

LARRY  
Okay, here he is. Don't see how  
the egg can be for you.

THE DOCTOR on the screen settling into position.

SALLY  
Because I'm being stalked.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SALLY (CONT'D)

Me, I am personally being stalked by a man in 1969 with an impossible knowledge of the future and gay hair. Otherwise known as the Doctor.

LARRY

Who's the Doctor?

SALLY

He's the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Yep. That's me.

SALLY

(Startles)

Okay, that's scary.

Larry hastens to explain.

LARRY

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

THE DOCTOR

Yes, I do.

LARRY

And that.

THE DOCTOR

Yep, and this.

SALLY

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

LARRY

Of course he can't hear us. Look!

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

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

(Reading aloud)

"Are you going to read out the whole thing??"

THE DOCTOR

(Saying it live)

Are you going to read out the whole thing??"

(CONTINUED)



Larry startles, looks at the Doctor.

LARRY

Sorry.

SALLY

Who are you?

THE DOCTOR

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

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

LARRY

This is radical! This is awesome!  
This is *HD!!*

SALLY

I heard you say that before.

THE DOCTOR

Possibly.

SALLY

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

THE DOCTOR

Fraid so.

SALLY

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

THE DOCTOR

Thirty-eight.

LARRY

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

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

SALLY

How? How is this possible? Tell  
me!

LARRY

Not so fast.

THE DOCTOR

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

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

Then what is it?

THE DOCTOR

Complicated.

SALLY

Tell me.

THE DOCTOR

Very complicated.

SALLY

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

THE DOCTOR

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

SALLY

Yeah, I've seen this part. That's  
the sentence that got away from  
you.

THE DOCTOR

It got away from me, yeah.

SALLY

I said "that's weird", and you  
said --

THE DOCTOR

Weird, yep.

SALLY

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

THE DOCTOR

Well I *can* hear you.

SALLY

This isn't possible!

LARRY

(Still writing  
frantically)  
It's *brilliant!*

THE DOCTOR

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

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Always gives me shivers, that bit.

SALLY

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

THE DOCTOR

Look to your left.

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

LARRY

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

SALLY

He means *I* should look at *you*.

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

SALLY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LARRY

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

THE DOCTOR

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

SALLY

How can you have the finished transcript??

THE DOCTOR

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

SALLY

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

THE DOCTOR

Reverse temporal causality. Or if you prefer, wibbly-wobbly, timey-wimey.

SALLY

Would I understand this if you spoke slower.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (5)

60

THE DOCTOR

It's time - you wouldn't understand it if you understood it. Look, it doesn't matter - what matters is we can communicate. We've got bigger problems now. They've taken the blue box, haven't they? The angels have the phone box.

LARRY

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

SALLY

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

Her eyes go to:

CUT TO:

61 EXT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. GARDEN - NIGHT

61

THE WEEPING ANGEL in the garden, face in its hands.

CUT TO:

62 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

62

THE DOCTOR

Creatures from another world.

SALLY

But they're just statues.

THE DOCTOR

Only when you see them.

SALLY

What does that mean?

THE DOCTOR

The lonely assassins, they used to call them - no one quite knows where they came from but they're as old as the universe, or very nearly. And they've survived this long because they have the most perfect defence system ever evolved. They're quantum locked. The moment they are seen or observed by any other living creature they freeze into rock - no choice, a fact of their biology. In the sight of any living thing, they literally turn to stone. And you can't kill a stone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Of course, a stone can't kill you either. But then you blink, then you turn your head away - and oh yes it can!

SALLY

(Quietly, to Larry)

Don't take you're eyes off *that!*

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

On LARRY'S face: getting it.

THE DOCTOR

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

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

SALLY

What are they doing here?

THE DOCTOR

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

SALLY

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

THE DOCTOR

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

SALLY

What am I supposed to do?

THE DOCTOR

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

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

How?

Silence from the Doctor.

SALLY (CONT'D)

*How??*

THE DOCTOR

And that's it, I'm afraid. This is as far as this conversation goes, the transcript ends here. I don't know what happened - why you stopped. I'm hoping you weren't interrupted. Good luck!

And the picture winks out.

And the image of the Doctor winks out.

SALLY

No, don't, you can't!

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

LARRY

I could rewind!

SALLY

*What good would that do??*

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

SALLY (CONT'D)

You're not looking at the statue.

LARRY

Neither are you.

They turn, fearfully --

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

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

SALLY

Keep looking at it, *keep looking at it!!*

And they do, breathing hard, trying to keep it together.

The statue stays frozen.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY  
(Practically  
gibbering with  
fear)

There's just one, right, there's  
just this one, we're okay if we  
just keep staring at this one  
statue, everything's going to be  
fine.

SALLY  
There's three more.

LARRY  
*Three??*

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

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

SALLY  
I'm going to look round, I'm going  
to check, you keep looking at  
this one, don't even blink.

LARRY  
I'm too scared to blink.

Sally turns. Nothing there.

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

LARRY  
We're making a run for it.

SALLY  
*Of course we're making a run for  
it!!*

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

CUT TO:

63 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

63

... in the doorway.

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

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

*What??*

SALLY

*I'll be twenty feet away, you stay here.*

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

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

SALLY (CONT'D)

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

LARRY

Why?

SALLY

*I've got something they want.*

LARRY

What?

SALLY

A key.

LARRY

Give it to them.

SALLY

*I'm gonna check the back door.*

LARRY

Give them the key!

SALLY

Wait here.

She starts heading to the passageway leading to the back of the house.

LARRY

Where are you going?? What if they come behind me.

SALLY

*I'll be quick.*

LARRY

*What if they come behind me??*

SALLY

Don't look round, I'll be quick.

On Larry's face, hearing Sally racing away. He's almost delirious with fear, staring, fixedly, wide-eyed at the statue, the hall darkened hallway stretching away behind his back.

(CONTINUED)



63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

LARRY  
Oh God! Oh God!

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

LARRY (CONT'D)  
(Almost mad with  
fear)  
They're behind me, aren't they.  
Your friends, right behind me, I  
can hear them, *I can hear them!!*

Creaks behind, shadows flitting, are they there?

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

64 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

64

SALLY has raced to the back door --

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

LARRY  
(Screaming from  
off)  
*Sally!!*

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

She goes to the door, looks through --

CUT TO:

65 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

65

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

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

LARRY  
Sally, hurry up!!

CUT TO:

66 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CELLAR - NIGHT

66

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

SALLY  
(Calling)  
Larry, I've found the other angels.  
Come towards my voice - back away,  
keep that one in sight.

CUT TO:

67 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

67

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

CUT TO:

68 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CELLAR - NIGHT

68

SALLY is nervously making her way down the steps.  
In the cellar: standing in the centre, the TARDIS --  
-- and standing some distance from it, three of THE WEEPING  
ANGELS, their faces in their hands.

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

She is pulling the key from her pocket.

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

She looks round the motionless statues.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
So it's true. It's really true.  
You can't move if you're seen.

LARRY  
Sally?

LARRY has stumbles backwards into view at the cellar door.

SALLY  
Down here.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

I don't think it's following us,  
we're okay --

He turns to see Sally facing off three frozen angels.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh my God!! What are you doing??

SALLY

We're getting in the blue box.  
I've decided to trust the Doctor.

LARRY

Is that a good idea?

SALLY

No, it's a terrible idea, we've  
run out of good ones. *Get down  
here!*

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

SALLY (CONT'D)

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

The fourth of the Weeping Angels is now in the doorway.

LARRY

They're a bit quick, aren't they?

SALLY

Not if we keep looking at them.  
Doesn't seem to be anything they  
can do about that so --

As she this the Weeping Angels start to glow faintly -  
it's very slight but quite noticeable.

LARRY

Then what are they doing??

SALLY

Dunno, it's like they're --

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

LARRY

*They're turning out the lights!*

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

The light flickers, dims to half, strobes --

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (CONT'D)

*Quickly!*

SALLY

(Fumbling  
frantically in  
the fading light)

I can't find the lock!! *The light*  
*is* strobing frantically now -  
tiny blips of darkness, longer  
blips of light.

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

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

LARRY

*Get it open!!*

SALLY

*I can't find the lock!!*

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

69 INT. TARDIS

69

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

LARRY

It was just a box. I saw it, it  
was just a box!!

SALLY

A whole world. He wasn't lying.

LARRY

What about those doors, are they  
gonna hold?

(CONTINUED)

SALLY  
Who cares, the lights are on.

A chime from the console --

-- and a hologram version of THE DOCTOR flickers into life, standing at the console (just like with Chris in The Parting Of The Ways.) The image stabilises.

THE HOLOGRAM DOCTOR  
This is security protocol 712.  
The TARDIS has detected the  
presence of an authorised remote  
control disc, valid one journey.

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

THE HOLOGRAM DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(Smiles)  
Knock yourself out.

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

SALLY  
Looks like a DVD player.

LARRY  
It's a Samsung.

The TARDIS, rocks, shakes.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
They're trying to get in!

SALLY  
Well hurry up then!

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

CUT TO:

70 INT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. CELLAR - NIGHT

70

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

-- and the TARDIS simply fades from existence from among them.

Leaving the Weeping Angels all staring directly at one another. Frozen in each other's gaze.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

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

CUT TO:

71 INT. TIME VORTEX 71

The TARDIS spins through.

CUT TO:

72 INT. TARDIS 72

With a tremendous crash the TARDIS lands, spilling SALLY and LARRY on to the floor.

On Sally, groggy. She's banged her head, she rubs it.

LARRY

Oh, that was rubbish. That was so rubbish.

The doors are opening. THE DOCTOR and MARTHA step in.

THE DOCTOR

(Beaming, delighted)

Welcome to 1969. Fancy a quick look round, or do you want to go straight home.

Sally just stares at him in astonishment.

SALLY

Doctor?

The Doctor grins his biggest grin.

THE DOCTOR

Hello, Sally Sparrow!

DISSOLVE TO:

73 EXT. WELLGROVE HOUSE. GARDEN - DAY 73

On the plinth, where one WEEPING ANGEL once stood, there are FOUR, arranged in a rough, police-box sized square. It's like their hands have welded together when they froze and they are one structure now.

MARTHA

(From off)

Well it's ... different.

THE DOCTOR

(From off)

I like it. Much better out here than the cellar.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(From off)

Okay. But what about when it's dark?

We cut to the DOCTOR, MARTHA, LARRY and SALLY sitting round an ancient, rusty garden table, with cups of coffee. The TARDIS stands a little way behind them.

THE DOCTOR

They can see in the dark.

SALLY

What if someone, I dunno, sticks buckets on their heads.

THE DOCTOR

X-Ray vision - they can see through anything. No, they're stuck there looking at each other pretty much forever.

LARRY

(A little worried)

You mean *actually* forever, don't you?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah. Pretty much.

SALLY

So did you know that would happen when your box thingy took off?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, absolutely. I knew it all.

SALLY

How?

THE DOCTOR

(Grins)

I peeked at the end. Which reminds me --

He pulls a book from his coat, tosses it over to Sally.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Could you sign this?

Sally picks up the book in astonishment. "Sally Sparrow And The Weeping Angel".

SALLY

I'm going to write a book??

THE DOCTOR

Yes, and you have to write it properly - so no having a sneaky look just now.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

Sally has flicked open to the dedication page.

"For Jenny Nightingale and Billy Shipton."

And way further down the page.

"And for the urgent attention of the Doctor."

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

All the good stuff in there. The transcript. Even where to write those words on the wall, there's a photograph.

SALLY

When do I write this??

THE DOCTOR

You'll find out. Just make sure you do. Or two thirds of the universe goes out.

MARTHA

Must be freaky - signing a book you haven't written yet.

SALLY

Tell you what's really freaky.

(She's flipped  
another page)

I've already signed this one.

(Stares, mounting  
horror)

And I've signed it Sally Nightingale.

THE DOCTOR

Oops, spoilers, hate those!

(Snatches the book  
back)

Anyway, Martha and I must be off - good luck, have fun, see you at the wedding!

MARTHA

See you!

The Doctor heads off, Martha running after him.

SALLY

What wedding?

THE DOCTOR

(Heading away)

Oops, there I go again.

SALLY

There's no wedding, what wedding? And who says you'd be invited to the wedding??

(CONTINUED)



THE DOCTOR

Just can't stop now, can I? Don't  
bother with the list, I've got  
it.

And they disappear into the TARDIS. The engines heave,  
it starts to take off.

Sally and Larry just sit for a moment. Larry grinning  
his face off, Sally shocked and not meeting his eye.

SALLY

Stop grinning.

LARRY

You're not looking at me, you  
don't know I'm grinning.

SALLY

I can *hear* you grinning!

LARRY

Maybe *you're* grinning.

SALLY

I'm not grinning.

A silence.

We start pulling away from them, losing them in the garden.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Got any brothers.

LARRY

Nope.

SALLY

Cousins?

LARRY

Nope.

SALLY

Know anyone else at all called  
Nightingale?

LARRY

My aunt.

SALLY

Your aunt??

LARRY

Yeah, my aunt.

We've lost them now, leaving them to their conversation.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (4)

73

SALLY  
(V.O.)  
What's she like?

END CREDITS