



DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7

Christmas Episode 2012

THE SNOWMEN

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DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

A dark blue stary sky, infiltrated by a wave of snow fluttering past, flakes large and small; then something twists towards the screen. Another, then another, then a little shower of them, and then -

- one of them flutters to a momentary halt right in front of us, turning as if in a breeze.

It's a snowflake. An impossible snowflake, hanging in space...

We close in on the lattice-work of crystals, and there's something odd. The precise formation of the crystals could almost look like a face. A crudely formed pair of eyes and what could be mistaken for a screaming mouth full of glittering, pointy teeth...

- for a moment, faintly, we hear a gnashing of teeth -

- then the snowflake whips away from us, spiralling down to the planet below -

- and then, another; whirling round us, thousands more, spiralling and spinning filling the screen with white.

FADE TO WHITE:

A snow filled garden with children playing. A young boy is building a snowman.

Two girls chase each other, throwing handfuls of snow.

The young boy, WALTER, has his back to us and smooths the snow on his snowman.

WALTER'S MOTHER (OS)

Walter?...

His mother appears behind him, we see a man, his father, stood in the distance against the house.

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

INTELLIGENCE (VO)
Don't need anyone else..

Wide on the garden, Walter turns to face the snowman, the children playing behind are oblivious, we pull in closer on the snowman as Walter walks slowly towards the snowman.

INTELLIGENCE (VO)
I can help you.

Close on Walter.

WALTER
How?

Walter's face slowly dissolves into..

The face of another man, obviously Walter now grown.

We pull out to show a more urban setting, we can hear steam trains in the background, horses and carriages. There is a snowman to his left, and we cut to Walter, Dr. Simeon's view. The back street full of snowmen - with a number of WORKMEN are moving among them. (They are all roughly dressed like they're been recruited from the streets.)

Closer on one of the workmen. He's scraping some of the snow into a specimen jar. He works carefully, delicately - as if performing surgery on a living thing.

Another of the workmen, heading towards a hansom cab parked just by the garden. As the workman places his specimen jar carefully inside, we see the initials embossed on the cab door: GI

CUT TO:

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The same GI emblem can be seen on the railings surrounding the Institute, as Dr. Simeon's carriage pulls up.

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

A narrow back street at the back of the Institute, clogged with snow. A large group of the workmen we saw earlier, waiting. We tilt up to see Dr. Simeon emerge on the balcony.

LEAD WORKMAN (OS)
Beg pardon, Dr. Simeon...

Overhead shot of the workers.

LEAD WORKMAN
... but it's been a long day...

On Dr. Simeon,

LEAD WORKMAN (OS)
... And I don't see any food here.

DR. SIMEON
I do.

Crump! Crump! Crump! Snowmen, are extruding out of the snow all around them.

Now screams and panic everywhere - cutting fast round fanged mouths and flailing workmen.

Dr. Simeon is stepping calmly back through his door.

LEAD WORKMAN
What is this??

DR. SIMEON
I said I'd feed you. I didn't say who to.

The screams and sounds of gnashing teeth continue as we...

CUT TO:

The Rose & Crown pub sign swings and creaks in the wind.

Inside is a warm and cosy pub, fire blazing on a cold night - a last few snowflakes flutter past, singing can be heard indoors.

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CUT TO:

A bustling, noisy, Victorian pub. A barmaid moving among the tables, picking up empties and half-empties. She turns into a close-up - it's CLARA. Young, sexy, so cheeky - Nancy in Oliver. She's now heading out the back.

CUT TO:

A narrow, mean looking back street, clogged with snow.

Clara appears out of the back door of the pub set to empty the glasses into the gutter. A flurry of snow catches her attention, puts down the tray. She stares and walks towards -

Directly opposite her door, is a snowman. It's a particularly bad one, all crouched and slumped - the crudely formed face is accidentally sinister.

She stares at this, so puzzled. Steps closer, examines it. A tall figure strides past.

CLARA

Did you make this snowman?

THE DOCTOR (OS)

No.

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And walks back to Clara. The Doctor, intrigued now. Joins her, pops on his reading glasses, turns to face the snowman. Walks closer and crumbles some of the snow away,

THE DOCTOR

Maybe it's old snow that fell before.
Maybe it remembers how to make snowmen.

CLARA

What, snow that can remember? That's silly.

THE DOCTOR

What's wrong with silly?

CLARA

Nothing. Still talking to you, ain't I?

A cheeky smile - and that beat between them. That noticing someone's nice beat.

THE DOCTOR

What's your name?

CLARA

Clara.

THE DOCTOR

Nice name, Clara...

Abruptly turns, starts heading away.

THE DOCTOR(OS)

... you should definitely keep it.
Goodbye!

On Clara, intrigued, watching him walk away, she chased after the Doctor.

The Doctor strides solemnly away.

CLARA

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- and Clara races after it.

CUT TO:

The Doctor sitting in the cab - broody, quiet. A voice now comes from a grill set anachronistically in the wall of the cab.

VASTRA (VO)

How refreshing to see you taking an interest again. Was she nice?

The Doctor stiffens. Like he's been caught out.

THE DOCTOR

I just *spoke* to her.

VASTRA (VO)

(Distorted)

And made your usual impact, no doubt.

THE DOCTOR

No impact at all. Those days are over.

VASTRA (OS)

You can't help yourself.

CUT TO:

VASTRA in her chair, silhouetted, regal and at the moment, faintly amused.

VASTRA

You can't help yourself. It's the same story, everytime. And it always begins with the same two words.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR

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She'd never be able to find me again,
she doesn't even have the name doctor
- what two words?

CLARA (OS)

Doctor?

The Doctor startles - where did that come from? He looks up -
the hatch in the top of the cab, has been opened -

- and now Clara's head pops through, upside down.

The Doctor and Clara - face to inverted face.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Doctor who?

CUT TO:

A carriage is plodding slowly down a Victorian street; it turns
a corner through the people walking through the snow.

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DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

He hold up a business card which the Captain's

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But then I have often wondered about
the activities of Dr. Simeon and his
exceptionally secretive Institute.

DR. SIMEON

Well I *am*

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The ice crystals within it seem to have a low level telepathic field. Almost as if it could detect and respond to the thoughts and memories of the people around it. Memory snow. Snow that *learns*.

DR. SIMEON

How fascinating.

VASTRA

I do hope it's listening to the *right* people. It could be a terrible weapon in the wrong hands, don't you think?

DR. SIMEON

I think winter is coming. Such a winter as this world has never known. The last winter of human kind. Do you know why I'm telling you all this?

VASTRA

I am intrigued.

DR. SIMEON

Because there is not a thing you can do to stop it.

Dr. Simeon pushes past Vastra, spinning her around.

VASTRA

Perhaps I can't but I know a man who can.

DR. SIMEON

I look forward to meeting him.

As he strides away, Vastra joins Jenny.

JENNY

Do you mean the Doctor, we won't help us, he never helps anymore you know that.

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

Sir, do not discuss my reproductive cycle in front of enemy girls!! It's embarrassing.

THE DOCTOR
Typical middle child of six million.

CLARA
Who are you?

THE DOCTOR
It doesn't matter. Because you're about to forget that you and I ever met.
(To Strax)
We'll need the worm.

STRAX
Sir!

Strax goes.

CLARA
You'll need the *what*. The worm? What worm?

THE DOCTOR
Don't worry, it won't hurt. But one touch on your bare skin, and you'll lose the last hour of your memory.

Strax reappears.

THE DOCTOR
... Where is it?

STRAX
Where's what, sir?

THE DOCTOR
... I sent you to get the Memory Worm.

STRAX
Did you? When? Who's he? What are we doing here? Look, it's been snowing.

THE DOCTOR

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THE DOCTOR

Another friend of mine brought him back.
I'm not sure all his brains made the
return trip.

CLARA

Neither am I ...

STRAX

(From below)
I can see it.

THE DOCTOR

(Bending to Strax)
Ooo! Can you reach it? Have you got it?

The worm can be heard squeaking from beneath the carriage.

STRAX

(From below)
... Got what, sir?

Clara has crossed to the driver's seat, picked up two large,
gauntlets from the driver's seat of the cab.

CLARA

... because these are the gauntlets,
aren't they?

The Doctor's face! Oh, no!

STRAX

Sir!! Emergency!! I think I've been run
over by a cab!!

CUT TO:

A narrow snow-clogged side alley. Clara is watching as the Doctor,
wearing the gauntlets, lifts something gingerly from behind some
bins. A little worm is squirming in his gauntleted grip.

THE DOCTOR

There you go. One touch and you lose
about an hour of your memory. Let it
bite you and you could lose decades.

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He drops the worm inside the specimen jar and closes it with a sign of relief, turning to Clara.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And you're still not trying to run.

CLARA

I don't understand how the snowman built it's self. I'll run once you've explained.

On the Doctor: starting to like her, getting drawn in despite himself. He sets down the specimen jar to take off his gauntlets.

THE DOCTOR

... Clara who?

CLARA

Doctor who?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, dangerous question.

CLARA

What's wrong with dangerous?

In response to her question a snowman springs up out of nowhere to her right.

THE DOCTOR (OS)

The snow emits a low level telepathic field...

CLARA

My snowman...

The Doctor oblivious continues;

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)(OS)

... seems to reflect peoples thoughts and memories and because it's unusual, somehow it carries a previous shape and...

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

CLARA

No, Doctor -

There's an urgency in her voice, and she looks a little scared as she grabs the Doctor's arm forcing him to look.

CLARA (CONT'D)

My snowman!

And there it is - the snowman from just outside the pub. Just staring at them, blocking the narrow alley.

THE DOCTOR

... Ah! Interesting, well were you thinking about it?

CLARA

Yes.

Crump! Another snowman shoots up next to it, identical. They both startle back.

THE DOCTOR

Well, stop.

He spins her round and they start to dash the other way down the alley - and skid to a halt.

Crump! Another snowman blocks their path.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Clara - stop thinking about the snowman!

A terrible icy splintering noise. The icy mouths are now yawning open, snow comes blasting out. A tiny blizzard engulfs them both, and another snowman has appears, and another, and another.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Down, get down!!

He grabs her face in his hands.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Clara, listen to me, the snow is feeding off your thoughts.

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

CLARA

I don't understand.

THE DOCTOR

You're caught in their telepathic field, they're mirroring you, the more you think about the snowmen the more they appear, try to imagine them melting, picture it, picture them melted!

A desperate effort - close on Clara, concentrating, trying so hard, and --

SPLASH! They are both drenched by the water from the melting snowmen.

Overhead shot of them pulling away to reveal the snowmen all gone, water has cleared away the snow where they previously stood.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Well, very good - very, very good!

On Clara, collecting herself. Trying so hard to be calm.

CLARA

Is that... is that going to happen again?

THE DOCTOR

If it does, you know what to do about it.

As the Doctor speaks, he's been picking up his little specimen box again, Clara stands.

CLARA

Unless I forget...

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

We're back in the side street with the Doctor's carriage, in the windows reflection we see The Doctor Leading Clara towards the carriage.

The Doctor is helping Clara into the carriage.

THE DOCTOR

Don't come looking for me - forget about me. You understand?

CLARA

What about the snow? Shouldn't we be warning people.

THE DOCTOR

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

- and jumps with all her strength, flailing with hands. And -
CLANG!

CLARA
(sotto)
Come on.

She's hanging in midair, her feet show her suspended about the ground as she sways, looking up her hands gripping tight to the bottom rung of the ladder.

Then that rusty clattering, and she's slowly descending, pulling a ladder down out of nothingness.

Now on the ground again, she stares up at the ladder.

Where does it lead? Where would it take her?

She starts to climb...

CUT TO:

She finds herself climbing up onto a small circular platform suspended just above the little park (and, of course, invisible to it.)

All around her she can still see London

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

As she disappears up the stairs, the metal ladder she arrived on starts automatically retracting...

CUT TO:

The ladder withdraws into invisibility...

CUT TO:

Clara, climbing up and up, a little puffed now - it's a big old climb.

She pauses for breath, looks around.

Belowher, snowy rooftops in the moonlight - and still the staircase winds up and up.

She starts climbing again.

CUT TO:

Clara, now climbing through what seems to be a patch of smoke. No, not smoke - cloud.

CUT TO:

The spiral staircase emerges through a cloud, stretching like a platform around her. The stars glitter above her, the moon shines. She's way above London now.

She looks around this cloud, in wonder and astonishment -

- and then sees the most impossible thing of all.

Standing on the cloud, a few feet from her, is a tall blue box. It has windows and panels and doors. And the words Police Public Call Box inscribed across the top.

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

The windows are golden and glowing - and there's nowhere else the Doctor could have gone!

She looks dubiously at the cloud.

You can't walk on clouds, can you? But the blue box is standing there, and where did the Doctor go if not in there?

She extends a foot cautiously, prods at the cloud.

Her foot sinks into it, but it does seem to be solid. What ever this cloud is, it's not an ordinary one.

She puts her weight on her foot - it holds.

Okay, the big risk now. She steps forward and *stands on the cloud*.

Oh my God, she's *standing on a cloud!*

She's breathing hard, terrified, almost in shock - but more excited than she's ever been in her life.

A step forward, another step! Walking on a cloud!!

How?? How is this even possible??

Now she looks at the box! What on earth could this blue box be?

(As we look at it, we might notice that the TARDIS has aged quite a bit. The paintwork has darkened with age, and the box is battered and battle-scarred.)

She puts a hand out. Touches the doors. Snatches her hand away - that strange alien hum. What is that?

But he must be in there? Surely he must.

Should she just open the door, have a look?

She reaches for the handle. Hesitates. Maybe not.

Hesitates again. Then her hand makes a fist, and she *knocks on the door!*

A noise from within, maybe an exclamation of surprises!

Footsteps heading to the door.

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On Clara: finally, it's too much. She bottles it! She now darts behind the box -

- just as the door opens and the Doctor pops his head out. Looks round, bemused. Did that really happen?

THE DOCTOR

Hello?

Behind the box, Clara says nothing - just hides.

The Doctor takes a few steps out onto the cloud.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Hello?

He looks back at the box. Suspicious now. Someone behind it. He starts to walk round.

Clara, senses the movement. She starts edging round the box too, keeping it between herself and the Doctor.

They have now reversed positions - the Doctor behind the box, Clara at the doors.

She hesitate - looks into the dark space. No! Too much for one night.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Hello?

She races to the spiral staircase, starts clattering down it. She doesn't notice her shawl falls off as she runs...

On the Doctor: he hears the clanging of her feet hammering down the steps. He races to the top of spiral staircase, looks down. Who is that? Then he notices -

- Clara's shawl, lying on the cloud. He goes to it. Picks it up, stares at it, sniffs at it. Clara!

His face, troubled, thoughtful...

CUT TO:

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CUT TO:

Tracking up the bed, clean cotton sheets and Clara in bed stirs as the morning bells can be hear outside.

She wakes stretching, what it all a dream? No, it was real, Clara smiles and then looks down to the bag at the foot of her bag - she needs to go.

A cold, clear day - no snow. A carriage clatters past, and the sun shines on the Rose & Crown Pub. The door opens and a warm and welcoming shaft or light spills out.

Clara appears at the door holding her bag, she's leaving.

CLARA

Look at that. Must have thawed in the night.

UNCLE JOSH - the pub owner - appears in the doorway next to her.

UNCLE JOSH

I'm begging you, Clara - I'm on my knees.

CLARA

Elsie is back this afternoon - I was only helping out. And I've got my own work to get back to.

UNCLE JOSH

What work? Why won't you ever tell us?JETBT1 0 0 1 364.8T1 0

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

CLARA

Of course.

She starts to head in, shoots a look at Alice.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Every day?

ALICE

Twice on Saturdays.

CLARA

That's better.

CUT TO:

A grand, grim, stern Victorian study. Captain Latimer was clearly a naval officer. A grandfather clock ticking away, mainly to punctuate Captain Latimer's many tongue-tied moments.

We start close on the business card, held in Captain Latimer's hand as he contemplates it - GI

The door knocks.

Clara comes breezing into the room

CLARA

Captain Latimer.

Clara has an immediate effect on Captain Latimer - he goes to pieces. Blushes. Loses track of his extremities. The moment she's in the room he is a man carved out of solid embarrassment, communicating largely in awkward pauses - because, let's be clear, she is Far Too Pretty. He gets to his feet, a study in self-consciousness.

CAPTAIN LATIMER

Ah. Miss Montague, you're back.

CLARA

In time for Christmas. Apologies for my brief absence - family illness is so unpredictable. You wanted to see me?

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They turn to see Clara approach, and run towards her -

FRANCESCA
Miss Montague...

DIGBY
...Miss Montague, you're back!

Clara raises a commanding finger at each of them.

CLARA
Ah, ah, Ah!

The children immediately settle again, models of propriety!

DIGBY
Good morning Miss Montague.

FRANCESCA
Good morning Miss Montague.

Clara reaches to shake each of their hands.

CLARA
Goodmorning, Francesca. Goodmorning,
Digby. Christmas Eve is the most
thrilling day, don't you think? Now,
what have you two been up to while I've
been away?

DIGBY
I did seven drawings and we saw a dead
cow.

CLARA
Well, how *exciting!*

Digby leans in, cheekily.

DIGBY
Do your secret voice!

Clara checks no one from the house is in earshot - and drops into
her normal cockney.

CLARA
Hello mates!

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They giggle hugely.

CUT TO:

Clara and Francesca walk and talk - while Digby runs in and out, playing some mad games of his own, and occasionally joining in the conversation. (Clara has resumed her posh accent.)

FRANCESCA

They're not exactly nightmares. Just dreams.

DIGBY

(Bombing past)

About our old governess - the one who died. She's haunting Frannie from beyond the grave!

CLARA

Haven't you spoken to your father about this?

As Clara speaks, she glances towards the house. Captain Latimer is watching from the window, a lonely, distant figure. He steps from view, when he sees that he's been noticed.

FRANCESCA

You can't talk about things like that to Daddy.

CLARA

You could try.

Digby zooms in again.

DIGBY

Do you want to see where she died?

CUT TO:

Shot of the pond outside the house.

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FRANCESCA

She's cross with me. She says I've been bad and she's going to come out of the pond and punish me!

CLARA

When?

Francesca swallows hard. Tears forming.

FRANCESCA

She said she'd come back for Christmas. Tonight!

DIGBY

I think she's gone mad, don't you? I think she needs a doctor?

Clara looks round at him. New thought. Yes - yes, maybe she does!

CUT TO:

The Square where we saw the invisible staircase to the TARDIS. Now, bustling through, is Clara, on a mission. She reaches the middle of the square, where it all happened last time, looks up. What to do now?

CLARA

Doctor!!

She's standing on the same spot as before, yelling up.

CLARA (CONT'D)

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Clara still rooted to the spot.

JENNY

Sit.

Jenny motions Clara to another chair opposite Vastra. Swallowing hard, she complies.

Vastra is now taking a sip of what looks like red wine.

VASTRA

There are two refreshments in...

As she sets the glass back on the table, we might note the fluid seems a little viscous.

VASTRA (OS)

... your world the colour of red wine.
This is not red wine.

Clara sits, and looking worried - whatever's going on, whoever these people are, she's clearly in danger.

JENNY (OS)

Madame Vastra is going to ask you
questions...

CUT TO:

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CLARA

No?

On Vastra: stiffens. Not used to disagreement. This girl might even be tricky.

VASTRA

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We are the Doctor's friends. We assist
him in his isolation but that does not
mean we approve of it. So - a test for
youlf

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

Danger.

CUT TO:

The snow globe in the centre of the room, dormant for now.
Dr. Simeon, working away at his desk.

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

Danger.

DR. SIMEON

What's wrong?

He crosses to the globe. The snow inside stirs very slightly.

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

There is danger here. An
intelligence... an intelligence
beyond anything else in this time and
place ...

The door opens, and BOB CHILCOTT (Simeon's secretary) appears,
hesitant.

BOB

Dr. Simeon, sir, there's someone
demanding to see you.

DR. SIMEON

No callers, not in here, not ever. Did
he give a name?

BOB

Sir... it's Sherlock Holmes.

And a figure comes sweeping into the room, in a deerstalker and
an Inverness cape. It takes us a moment to realise it's -

- the Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

This!

He turns, and whacks his cane against the snow globe.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Wakey, wakey!

The snow flurries inside the globe.

DR. SIMEON

That is highly valuable equipment, you must step away from now...

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

We are the Intelligence.

THE DOCTOR

Oh! Talking snow, I love new things.

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

You are not of this world.

THE DOCTOR

Takes one to snow one. Right, let's see. Multi-nucleate crystalline organism with the ability to mimic and mirror what it finds. Looks like snow. Isn't snow.

The Doctor punctuated each point with a whip to the globe.

DR. SIMEON (OS)

You must leave here - now.

THE DOCTOR

Shut up, I'm making deductions - it's very exciting. Now, what are you eh? A flock of space crystals? A swarm? The snowmen are foot soldiers, mindless predators. But you're the clever one. You're Moriarty.

Dr. Simeon has gone to a bell-rope, now pulls it. The Doctor barely registers this, but does idly sonic the door. It clicks, locked.

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So you turn up on a planet, you generate a telepathic field to learn what you can, and when you've learnt enough, what do you *do*? You can't conquer the world with snowmen. Snowmen are rubbish in July, you're going to have to be better than that. You'll have to *evolve*.

The door handle turns, rattles. People trying to get in.

BOB (OS)

Sir it appears to be stuck.

DR. SIMEON

What have you done?? Have you locked the doors??

THE DOCTOR

You'd need to translate yourself into something more - well, human.

Dr. Simeon, now trying the door.

DR. SIMEON

Kick it down!

THE DOCTOR

But to do that you'd need a perfect duplicate of human DNA in ice form - where are you going to get that?

The door, shaking in its frame.

DR. SIMEON

Get in here!! Quickly!!

BOB (OS)

I've got a Master key somewhere Sir.

The Doctor moves to a bookshelf, snatches down a file.

THE DOCTOR

Now, let's see. Most opened file -

Tosses the file onto the table - it falls open at a particular page.

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POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

- most viewed page. You should always
delete your history!

Close on the page, the Doctor Whips the page. We read from a
newspaper cutting "Tragedy at Darkover House..."

THE DOCTOR (OS)(CONT'D)

...Governess frozen in pond."

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

For a moment, the snow seethes and boils inside the globe.

On the door as it is finally battered open. Two burly FOOTMEN
come crashing through.

DR. SIMEON

Get him!! Take him downstairs.

But the footmen are staring, bewildered at:

One of the tall windows now stands open, and the Doctor is gone...

CUT TO:

Darkover House at night. In darkness, the curtains of all the
rooms mostly drawn - the Doctor walks along the edge of the pond.
He's back in his Victorian gentleman outfit, this time with a
scarf wrapped tightly round his neck.

THE DOCTOR

Body frozen in a pond, the snow gets
a good long look at a human being. Like
a full body scan. Everything they need
to evolve. Pond, good point, Clara.

Footsteps behind him. He looks round - Strax.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

STRAX

Madame Vastra wondered if you were
needing any grenades?

THE DOCTOR

Grenades?

STRAX

(Considers)

She might have said help.

THE DOCTOR (OS)

Help for what??

STRAX

Well - your investigation.

THE DOCTOR

Investigation? Who says I'm
investigating?? Do you think I'm going
to start *investigating* just because
some bird smiles at me - who do you think
I am??

STRAX

... Sherlock Holmes?

And Strax barely suppresses a snigger.

On the Doctor, pointing at Strax.

THE DOCTOR

Don't be clever, Strax, it doesn't suit
you.

STRAX

Sorry, sir.

THE DOCTOR

I'm the clever one, you're the potato
one.

STRAX

Yes, sir.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 -

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

He's been on holiday.

And she notices the candle on the bedside table flicker slightly,

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

DIGBY

Where's the Doctor??

CLARA

I don't know!!

The Ice Governess, almost upon them, when there's a familiar high pitched voice --

MR. PUNCH (OS)

(From off)

Doctor?

Clara and the kids look up.

MR. PUNCH (OS)(CONT'D)

Doctor?

We see the Punch And Judy Show that they have their backs against! Mr Punch has come to life, wagging about in the traditional fashion.

MR. PUNCH (OS)(CONT'D)

Doctor who?

Mr. Punch is holding - the sonic screwdriver!! A blast of sonic, the Ice Governess growls louder, and then explodes in a shower of ice.

The 0(jumps)170(up)160(with)160(P6ETBTlthe (Ice)lkids look up.)]T

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

And then, with a great rushing sound - snow!

Snowblasting out of the brass ring, like it's a magic snowmachine.

Craning up now - to see Darkover House, at the centre of a mini snow storm, like a house in a snow globe...

CUT TO:

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR

... Sorry, it's just... Didn't know I'd
put it on.

(Steps closer to the mirror,
examining the tie)

Old habits...

CLARA

It's cooler.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, it is, isn't it? It is very cool.
Bow ties are cool!

CLARA

No, the room. The room is getting
colder.

They all feel it, the room suddenly so cold. Ice crystallises
over the windows!

The soaking carpet crackles at their feet -

- and the centre of the carpet slowly starts to soakge soakr ~~U!!BT2F100~~

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

He's bundling them all out of the room...

On the shrouded Ice Governess, rising and rising ...

CUT TO:

The kids racing down the stairs -

- almost colliding with Captain Latimer heading towards the stairs,
clearly to see what all the commotion is about -

Before he can ask, the Doctor and Clara come clattering down the
stairs, hand in hand -

- stumble to a halt in front of Captain Latimer, who stares in
astonishment at the Doctor, this stranger in his house -

CAPTAIN LATIMER

Children what is exp...who the devil
are you?? What are you doing in my
house??

Clara is already snatching her hand from the Doctor's.

THE DOCTOR

It's okay! I'm your governess's
gentleman friend and we've just been
upstairs kissing!

Before Latimer can even speak, Alice is racing in from below,
up the stairs, clearly terrified and the front doorbell is ringing.

ALICE

Captain Latimer, in the garden,
there's snowmen. They're just *growing*,
out of nowhere, all by themselves -
look!

And she throws open the front door to reveal

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

You - carry her.

Captain Latimer, goes to Alice, lifts her up.

As the others hurry into the study, the Doctor looks up at the Ice Governess. Sonics, fascinated.

As the others hurry into the room, Vastra hangs back a moment with the Doctor.

VASTRA

Nice to see you off your cloud and engaging again.

THE DOCTOR

I'm not engaging again, I'm under attack.

VASTRA

You missed this, didn't you?

The Ice Governess is getting increasingly angry, and is visible behind the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

(To Vastra)
Shut up!

He's already striding for the door to the study -

CUT TO:

Everyone positioned around the room: Captain Latimer away from his children but Clara with them, comforting them. Strax, Jenny and Vastra, manning the windows. The Doctor bounding through the door, full of energy.

THE DOCTOR

Strax, how long have we got?

STRAX

They're not going to attack. They made no attempt to conceal their arrival - an attack force would never abandon surprise so easily - and they're clearly in a defence formation.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR

Well done, Straxie, still got it!

He's grabbed Strax in friendly headlock, knuckled his bald head.

STRAX

Sir, please do not noogie me during
combat prep.

The Doctor is now bouncing round the room, examining everything,
toying with all the militaria.

VASTRA

So there's something here they want.

CLARA

The Ice Woman.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly.

JENNY

But why's she so important?

CLARA

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(Striding to the door)
Stay here.

CUT TO:

From the POV of the Ice Governess, watching through the distortion of the force-field - The Doctor is stepping from the study, now moves to the front door.

- and Clara follows him from the room.

THE DOCTOR
Oi, I said to stay in there.

CLARA
Oh, I didn't listen.

THE DOCTOR
You do that a lot.

CLARA
It's why you like me.

THE DOCTOR
Who said I like you??

And she steps forward and kisses him hard. He startles back, genuinely shocked.

CLARA
I think you just did.

THE DOCTOR
You kissed me.

CLARA
You blushed.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, shut up.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

The Doctor braces himself, straightens his bow tie... and opens the door.

CUT TO:

Standing there is Dr. Simeon. As remote, and thin, and cadaverous as ever. Behind him, the snow flurries, the snowmen grow.

A silence. A stare. Dr. Simeon, totally impassive.

DR. SIMEON

Release her to us. You have five minutes.

He turns on his heel, starts to march away.

CUT TO:

The Doctor, closing the door. Clara, looking at him - what now?

Captain Latimer has emerged from the study, watching.

THE DOCTOR

We have to get her out of here - but keep her away from them.

CLARA

How?

The Doctor is pulling something from the hat stand - an umbrella.

THE DOCTOR

With this - do I always have to state the obvious?

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

The Ice Governess is slashing an icy hand at the Doctor -
- the Doctor ducks, grabs Clara's hand, and the two of them race
up the stairs, away from her.

Up the stairs, up the next flight!

THE DOCTOR
That was stupid!

CLARA
You were stupid too!

THE DOCTOR
I'm allowed, I'm *good* at stupid!!

From below, the Ice Governess ascending.

THE ICE GOVERNESS
That's the way to do it!

CLARA
Why does she keep saying that??

THE DOCTOR
Mirroring, random mirroring. We need
to get on the roof.

CLARA
This way!!

She grabs his hand, they race up the next flight of stairs.

THE DOCTOR
(As they go)
No, I do the hand grabbing, that's my
job, that's always me!

CUT TO:

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR
Maybe I'm an idiot.

They both jump up.

CLARA
You're not, you're clever. Really
clever.

The Doctor grins - that fierce grin, when he's enjoying the danger
far too much.

THE DOCTOR
Are you?

Tosses her the umbrella. She looks at it in her hands, confused
now.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
If I've got a plan, what is it? You tell
me.

A crashing from the still open window - the Ice Governess has
made it through the door into Clara's room.

THE ICE GOVERNESS
That's the way to do it!

CLARA
Is this a test?

THE DOCTOR
Yes.

CLARA
What will it do to us?

THE DOCTOR
Kill us.

THE ICE GOVERNESS
That's the way to do it!

On the Ice Governess. And it's like she's melting - but not into
water, into flurries of ice particles, which start to blow through
the window.

The Ice Governess now reforming herself outside the window - a
cyclone of snow, slowly refining into the familiar shape...

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

- and the metal ladder we saw before comes clattering down. (The one we saw in the square that led up to the TARDIS.)

CLARA

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

Again, the platform at the foot of the spiral staircase (as before, the night sky is visible round them.) The Doctor helping Clara off the now retracted ladder.

CLARA

So you can move your cloud? You can control it.

THE DOCTOR

No, no one can control clouds, that would be silly - the wind, a little bit.

And *clang!*

CLARA

She's following us!

THE DOCTOR

That's the idea. Keep her away from the snow.

The Doctor is already haring up the stairs. Clara hares after him. We hold on the ladder for a moment - clanging as the Ice Governess climbs.

CUT TO:

The Doctor and Clara, rapidly ascending - the Ice Governess is racing up behind them.

THE DOCTOR

So. Barmaid, governess, which is it?

CLARA

That thing is after us, and you want a chat??

THE DOCTOR

Well we can't chat *after* we've been horribly killed, can we??

CLARA

How did we get up so high so quick?

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR

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DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

She dashes to the doors again, looks around the outside, the impossible small box.

CUT TO:

Clara runs back in, and stops.

CLARA

It's smaller on the outside!!

THE DOCTOR

Okay, that *is* a first.

Clara, still faltering round this impossible new place...

CLARA

Is it magic? Is it a machine?

THE DOCTOR

It's a ship.

CLARA

A *ship*??

THE DOCTOR

Best ship in the universe.

CLARA

... Is there a kitchen?

THE DOCTOR

Another first.

CLARA

I don't know why I asked that, I just
- I like making souffles.

THE DOCTOR

(A memory - what?)

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

Souffles??

CLARA

Why are you showing me all this?

THE DOCTOR

You followed me, remember - I didn't
invite you.

CLARA

You're nearly a foot taller than I am.

On the Doctor realising he's been found out.

She holds up the umbrella, still in her hand.

CLARA

You could've reached the ladder
without this - you took it for me.
(She tosses it to him, he
catches it)

Why?

The Doctor looks at the umbrella in his hand - the truth of this
landing in him. Oh! He *did*. Smiles to himself.

Now reaching for something inside his coat.

THE DOCTOR

I never know why. I only know who.

The Doctor holds up a TARDIS key in his hand, and places it in
hers folds her hand around it.

CLARA

What's this?

THE DOCTOR

Me. Giving in.

She just looks at him. Underneath all the sass, she's plainly
in shock. Breathing hard, trying to take it all in. Tears starting
in her eyes.

On Clara, staring at the key in hand, disbelieving, tears in her
eyes.

CLARA

I don't know why I'm crying...

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR

I do.

(Takes her hand)

Remember this - this right now,
remember all of it. Because this is the
day, this is the day everything begins.

On Clara, staring in wonder at him -

- and huge shock!! The Ice Governess rears up behind her in the
TARDIS doorway, throwing her icy arms round her.

- Clara's TARDIS key falls to the floor -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Clara!!

- but already Clara's being yanked back through the open TARDIS
doors...

CUT TO:

- the Ice Governess, now dragging Clara back from the police box.

CLARA

Get off of me!

The Doctor, with his screwdriver, sonicing. The Ice Governess
snarling the whole time.

THE DOCTOR

Water vapour - doesn't stop ice,
should've realised!!

CLARA

Get off!

THE DOCTOR

Let go of her. Let go, *now!!* Now!!

Clara, thrashing violently now, kicking and wriggling like mad!

The two of them now reel towards the edge of the cloud.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

No, Clara -

- but too late. They're toppling over the edge of the cloud, entwined in each other --

-- now falling, plunging away from us - slow motion horror. The Ice Governess still reaching out for Clara as they fall.

The Doctor, at the edge of the cloud, looking down, helpless, horrified.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

CLARA!!!!

Back to Clara falling ever down.

CUT TO:

On the window of Captain Latimer's study - Jenny turns to face the window as we hear a thud outside.

A moment later, faces at the window.

VASTRA

What was that?

JENNY (OS)

... It's Clara.

View outside the window - Clara lifeless in the snow, surrounded by the Snowmen.

They're crowding at the window. Vastra is scanning Clara's prone body with a PDA-like device - her face, troubled at what's on her readouts.

CAPTAIN LATIMER

Dear God, where did she fall from? We have to get her inside.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

He's already heading for the door.

VASTRA
Those things will kill you!

CAPTAIN LATIMER
She's hurt.

VASTRA
She's *dead*.

From outside, the familiar wheezing and groaning.

Vastra and Jenny look out of the window -

CAPTAIN LATIMER
What is that?? What is happening?

Clara is lifeless on the ground, surrounded by shards of the ice Governess.

CUT TO:

Their POV. We see the TARDIS materialising round Clara's crumpled form (and the remnants of the Ice Governess.)

VASTRA (OS)
He's bringing her in.

CUT TO:

The TARDIS materialises around Clara's lifeless body. We see remnants of the Ice Governess on the floor.

CUT TO:

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

From above. Clara is laid on a table, with a cushion supporting her head. A globe hovers above her and casts a light down over her - an almost religious image. The light changes in colour and intensity as her condition changes.

Strax is monitoring her with some alien medical paraphernalia.

As we pan round the room we see the TARDIS now standing in the corner.

The others, watching. Alice with the children, Jenny, next to her. Captain Latimer stood by Clara.

CAPTAIN LATIMER

That green woman said she was dead, how
can she be alive now...

STRAX

This technology has capacities and
abilities beyond anything your puny
human mind could possibly understand
- *try not to worry.*

Vastra she heads into the TARDIS, parked in the corner.

CUT TO:

The Doctor is inspecting the shattered remains of the Ice Governess. He's carefully taking shards of the ice and putting it into what looks like an old souvenir biscuit tin, decorated in an old London Underground map.

VASTRA

Isn't the creature still a danger? It
could reform...

THE DOCTOR

No, not in here.

VASTRA

Then you should be with Miss Clara.

THE DOCTOR

She's going to be fine, I know she is,
she has to be.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

how to make ice people. Is that what
you want?

Dr. Simeon, stepping forward hand held out.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

See you at the office.

He steps back inside, slams the door as Dr. Simeon steps forward.

CUT TO:

The Doctor and Vastra come racing in.

VASTRA

So then, Doctor, saving the world
again? Might I ask why?

He starts slamming the controls, not answering.

VASTRA (CONT'D)

Are you making a bargain with the
universe? You'll save the world, but
let her live?

The Doctor slams a few more controls. Then, explosively:

THE DOCTOR

Yes! And don't you think, after all this
time and everything I've ever done, I'm
owed this one??

VASTRA

I don't think the universe makes
bargains.

THE DOCTOR

... It was my fault.

She looks at him. So sad for him. Musters a brave smile.

VASTRA

Well then. Better save the world.

The TARDIS starts to take off. On Vastra, as she watches him.
Her smile drops, just a little - remembering how this could end.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

CUT TO:

A GI cab racing along the street, with Dr. Simeon sat motionless
staring dead ahead.

CUT TO:

Dr. Simeon strides through the antechamber, bursts through into
the boardroom to discover -

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR

How long has the Intelligence been
talking to you?

DR. SIMEON

I was a little boy... he was my snowman...
he spoke to me.

CUT TO:

Flashback to young Walter building his snowman 50 years
earlier.

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

They're silly.

CUT TO:

Back to the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

But the snow doesn't talk, does it -
it's just a mirror.

CUT TO:

Flashback to young Walter building his snowman
50 years earlier.

WALTER

I don't want to talk to them, they're
silly.

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

They're silly.

CUT TO:

Back to the Doctor.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

It just reflects back everything we
think and feel and fear.

CUT TO:

Flashback to young Walter building his snowman 50years
earlier.

WALTER

I don't need anyone else.

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

Don't need anyone else.

CUT TO:

Back to the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

You poured your darkest dreams into a
snowman - and look, look at what it
became!

VASTRA

(Looking to the snow globe)
I don't understand...

THE DOCTOR

It's a parasite feeding on the
loneliness of a child and the sickness
of an old man. Carnivorous snow meets
Victorian values, and something
terrible is born.

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

(as a child)
We can go on! We can do everything we
planned.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR

You've got nothing left to mirror any
more. Good Bye.

And the snow starts to flurry, frantically in the globe...

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

(as a child)

What did you... did you... did you...

The voice falls silent, but the snow increases in ferocity - and
then -

INTELLIGENCE (VO)

(As adult again)

... Did you... really think it would
be so easy?

The Doctor, staring now: oh! *Oh!!*

THE DOCTOR

That's not possible. How is that
possible?

VASTRA

Doctor!

The Doctor turns to she's pointing at the windows.

It's snowing!!!

CUT TO:

Snow falling, a blizzard. As at the start, the flakes spin in
front of us and we see the little fanged mouths.

CUT TO:

In the blizzard, snowmen - their mouths stretch open, fanged.
And crump! *Crump!* They start to loom larger. New snowmen start
growing.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

INTELLIGENCE (VO)/DR. SIMEON (CONT'D)
More than snow, more than Simeon - even
this old body is strong in my control...

Dr. Simeon, now bent over the kneeling Doctor. Simeon now places a hand on the Doctor's face. Ice races over the Doctor's skin, as if flowing from the hand - a sheen of frost.

INTELLIGENCE/DR. SIMEON (CONT'D)
Do you feel it? Winter! Winter is
coming! Winter is coming!

CUT TO:

The light is darker and redder now. Strax works at his PDA frantically.

STRAX
(To Clara, frantic)
No, you must fight! Hang on and *fight*,
boy, you can do it!!

Clara, so weak now, barely able to speak - but she does, reaching out to take his hand.

CLARA
Captain Latimer... your children, they
are afraid. Hold them.

Captain Latimer looks over to his children. Sitting together, so frightened. Even now he doesn't quite know what to do.

CAPTAIN LATIMER
It's not really my... area...

Clara - the saddest, weakest smile.

CLARA
It is now.

Close up on a tear falling from Clara's eye.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

View through the window inside, a crack of thunder causes Jenny to spin around and we see the sad scene behind her.

CUT TO:

A fanged snowflake fills the screen, and the high pitched scream in emanates, all over London the blizzard is turning to rain, thunder and lightening filling the sky.

CUT TO:

The snow globe fizzes as all the snow inside is now a deluge of sloshing water.

Dr. Simeon breaks off in a terrible gasp of pain. Staggers back.

DR. SIMEON

What's happening??

VASTRA

Doctor! The globe, It's turning to rain.
All of it, the snow, look.

The Doctor looks round. The snow globe. She's right.

The windows - rain is now streaking down it. The Doctor steps over to Dr. Simeon, who is clearly in pain, spasming, clutching himself.

VASTRA

He's dead. What happened?

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

THE DOCTOR

The snow mirrors, that's all it does.
It's mirroring something else now.
Something so strong, it's drowning
everything else -

He begins to realise what this can mean and races over to one
of the windows, opens it. He puts his hand out into the rain...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

... There was a critical mass of snow
at the house - if something happened
there ...

He licks his wet finger. His face changes. The worst news. The
worst news in the world.

Vastra also tastes the rain.

VASTRA

Salty. Salt water rain.

On the Doctor. Now understanding. So very, very sad.

THE DOCTOR

It's not raining. It's crying.

CUT TO:

On Clara, her face serene - a tear falling from her closed
eye.

THE DOCTOR (OS)

The only force on earth that could drown
the snow, a whole family crying on
Christmas Eve.

CUT TO:

The Doctor turns to Vasta, he understands what this means, and
he bounds towards the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

The rain is melting the snowmen. The familiar sound of the TARDIS can be heard.

CUT TO:

The Doctor and Vastra are emerging from the TARDIS into silence. Captain Latimer is a few feet away. Tears are rolling down his face and he's hugging his children for all he's worth. Lesson learned.

Jenny looks at them both - she's been crying too.

Alice, sobbing to herself.

Strax, clearly trying to control powerful emotion. He steps forward to the Doctor. The bearer of the worst news.

STRAX

I'm sorry. There was nothing to be done.
She has moments only.

Like a man in a dream - a nightmare - the Doctor walks slowly to the entirely still figure lying in the centre of the cone of light.

Clara: clearly moments from death, so weak. Her eyes flutter open.

THE DOCTOR

We saved the world, Clara, you and me.
We really, really did.

CLARA

... Will you go back... to your cloud?

THE DOCTOR

No more cloud. Not now.

CLARA

Why not?

THE DOCTOR

It rained.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

JENNY

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

7.1, Asylum of the Daleks.

We see Oswin's reflection in the oven, and ping as the door opens and Oswin's smile drops as she sees the state of her soufflé.

CUT TO:

Back to the Graveside.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
...Oswin, it was her.

CUT TO:

7.1, Asylum of the Daleks.

Oswin sat in her escape pod.

OSWIN
Run you clever boy.

CUT TO:

Clara lying on the table in the study, eyes closed.

CLARA
Run you clever boy.

CUT TO:

7.1, Asylum of the Daleks.

Oswin sat in her escape pod.

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

OSWIN

And remember.

CUT TO:

Clara lying on the table in the study, eyes now open
looking at the Doctor.

CLARA

And remember.

CUT TO:

The Doctor back at the graveside.

THE DOCTOR

It was Souffle girl again. I never saw
her face the first time with the Daleks

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

The Doctor turns, rushing away.

THE DOCTOR
Shouldn't think so!

VASTRA
But where are you going?

The Doctor stops dead and turns to Vastra and Jenny.

THE DOCTOR
To find her, to find Clara. Ha, Ha!

JENNY
But Clara's dead. What's he talking
about, finding her?

VASTRA
I don't know, but perhaps the universe
makes bargains after all.

Close up on Clara's gravestone.

DISSOLVE TO:

Close up on Clara's gravestone - many years later, present
day. It looks worn and the letters are faded.

We pull out from the stone onto a clear sunny day.

GIRL (OS)
Where are you going?

CLARA (OS)
Short cut.

GIRL
Through there, I hate this place! Don't
you think it's creepy.

And we cut back to Clara as she turns, stood next to the gravestone.

CLARA

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

Na, I don't believe in ghosts.

CUT TO:

The Doctor tears around the raised lever in the TARDIS console room, coat off. He runs down the steps to the console pushing and pulling levers - he's back! Running around the console, each word punctuated with a slap of a lever.

THE DOCTOR
CLARA - OWSIN - OSWALD!

As he stares at a picture of Victorian Clara in the monitor.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Watch me run!

CUT TO:

DOCTOR WHO SERIES 7 - CHRISTMAS EPISODE
POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

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