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1 **EXT. LONDON STREET & ANTIQUES SHOP -- DAY**

1

CU, local NEWSPAPER PAGE, torn from the paper. The headline: 'ALIEN SIGHTED AT LOCAL SHOP?' A photo of an antiques shop.

The newspaper's whipped away to REVEAL... WIDE SHOT, the actual shop, exactly like the photo. The sign above the door reads: 'SMALLEY & CO - ANTIQUES & COLLECTIBLES.'

REVERSE, SARAH JANE, CLYDE & RANI over road, staring at it.

SARAH JANE

(reads from newspaper)

The shop's owner, Mr Smalley, who refused to give his age, said he saw a creature twelve feet tall, with huge fangs and red eyes.

CLYDE

What we up against - the Gruffalo?

RANI

There's only one way to find out.

They cross the road - SJ jams newspaper page into a pocket - and up to the shop door. The bell tinkles as they enter.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. ANTIQUES SHOP -- CONTINUOUS**

2

SARAH JANE, RANI & CLYDE by the door, surveying the dark, eerily still shop, jam-packed with antiques, curios and junk: china, toys, books, furniture, ornaments, paintings, etc.

SARAH JANE

Hello? ... Hello?

*SQUAAAAAAAAAAAAWK!* They all look round, startled. But it's just a MACAW PARROT in an antique cage.

Sarah Jane moves off, SCANNER WATCH open. Clyde & Rani scout around, examining things. After a moment or two of looking:

RANI

What is it we're looking for?

SARAH JANE

Haven't the foggiest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SARAH JANE (CONT'D)  
(snaps SCANNER shut)  
But I'll know it when I see it.

CLYDE  
That's what Mum says when she's dragging  
me round Primark.

Rani has picked up a MUSIC BOX. She opens it. A small,  
ornate bird pops up, rotating, and a sweet lullaby plays.

RANI  
Always wanted one of these when I was  
little.

Clyde is inspecting an ancient ARROW ON A WOODEN STAND,  
with dried blood on the tip.

CLYDE  
Is that a blood stain?

SHOPKEEPER  
But whose blood? That's the question.

Standing in front of a velvet-curtained archway at the  
rear, hardly visible through the gloom, the SHOPKEEPER.

SARAH JANE  
Oh, sorry. Didn't see you there. Mr  
Smalley? Or... co?

The Shopkeeper strides over, into the light. He's  
charming, twinkly, enigmatic, dressed like an Edwardian  
magician: waistcoat, cravat, smoking jacket, tasseled  
cap. Nearby (but we O co?



2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

FX SHOT: a TIME WINDOW. And it is just that, a window-like rectangle of nothingness hovering in mid-air, with bright white light flooding out of it.

CLYDE

If you can create *that*, why can't you go yourself?

SHOPKEEPER

It is forbidden for me to travel through Time, but you can - you have all passed through it before.

The gang stare at the TIME WINDOW (but keep it OOS here), PRAC light flooding them.

SARAH JANE

Look, if we go, and I'm not saying we will, then how do we get back?

SHOPKEEPER

Find the objects and they will bring you home. I'm afraid, Sarah Jane, there is no choice in the matter!

The Shopkeeper clicks his fingers at the Window and -

FX SHOT: - light from the Time Window flares up, blindingly bright, and our heroes are engulfed with a *SHVOOOOOOOM* and sucked into the Window!

SARAH JANE

(fading away)  
NOOOOOOOOOO - !

SHOPKEEPER

(during this; shouting)  
And be careful...  
(quieter; they've now disappeared)  
...history can be a dangerous place.

During this the light's died away; just the Shopkeeper remaining. He takes a large SAND TIMER off a shelf, turns it over. The grains of sand pour down.

The caged PARROT lets out a *SQUAAAAAAWK!* Addressing it:

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)

That's right, Captain, they have until the sands run out - or this world is doomed!

CUT TO: **OPENING TITLES**

3 **EXT. BEACH -- DAY (1941)**

3

CLYDE sits up, dusts himself down, looks around.  
Confused:

CLYDE

Sarah Jane, Rani, where are you?!

His POV: an empty expanse of beach, the sea crashing in,  
some rocks, sand dunes behind.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

More to the point, where am I?

CUT TO:

4 **INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE, UNDERSTAIRS -- DAY (1889)**

4

SARAH JANE is on her back on the floor. She sits up,  
looks around her. She's in a dark, dingy downstairs  
room.

SARAH JANE

Hello? Clyde? Rani? Can anyone hear  
me? \*

She stands, moves to the door, tries the handle. Locked.

PAN DOWN to the keyhole - and an eye peering through! \*

CUT TO:

5 **INT. TOWER OF LONDON, DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT (1553)**

5

RANI's POV: everything's out of focus, blurred. Then a  
Tudor lady's dressing room - screen, chaise longue,  
wardrobe, bay window, etc - all comes into focus.

Rani turns (MUSIC BOX still in hand), bit woozy, and  
bumps straight into MISTRESS ELLEN - 40s, matronly Tudor  
frock.

MISTRESS ELLEN

Heavens, you gave me a fair fright!  
Creeping up like that! You are not  
expected till the morrow.

RANI

Where am I? Where is this? And where's  
this object he was on about?

She scans the room.

(CONTINUED)



5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

ON Rani, wide-eyed.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. BEACH -- DAY (1941)

6

CLYDE stares at his MOBILE. The display: 'NO NETWORK.'

CLYDE

I don't think we're in Ealing anymore,  
Clydey.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Pssst!

Clyde looks around, but sees no one.

GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Quick, or they'll see you!

A boy, behind a dune, beckons to Clyde, then disappears.

Clyde runs over, jumps behind the dune and finds himself  
face to face with GEORGE - 13, London accent, 1940s  
knitted tank-top, grey shorts. In his hand, a pair of  
BINOCULARS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Get down!

And he pulls Clyde onto the sand beside him. Eying  
George:

CLYDE

Wherever I am, they've not invented  
style yet. I'm Clyde, who are you?

GEORGE

My name's George, George Woods...  
(eying Clyde's outfit)  
...and you can hardly talk. Now keep  
your voice down.

George peers through his BINOCULARS, along the beach.

CLYDE

Why, what you looking at?

GEORGE

Germans. I'm sure of it.

CLYDE

What, nabbing all the sun loungers?

(CONTINUED)



6 CONTINUED:

6

BINOCULARS POV: a DINGHY, with THREE GERMANS in it, wearing civilian great coats (ie, to cover their Nazi uniforms), has just come ashore, and they're starting to climb out. They have TWO CASES (as described later) and a BAG with them.

GEORGE

Mum warned me when I was evacuated that country folk were a bit thick.

CLYDE

Evacuated? Right, I get it, so this is like 1939 or something?

GEORGE

But she didn't say just how thick. It's the seventh of June, 1941.

CLYDE

Really? That's seriously cool.

(sinking in)

So when you said Germans, you actually meant - Nazis!

CUT TO:

7 **INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE, UNDERSTAIRS/ENTRANCE HALL -- DAY (1889)**

SARAH JANE has her SONIC in hand, about to use it on the door, when a bolt snaps back, and it creaks open. SJ steps back, the bright light from a GAS LAMP now blinding her.

EMILY

At last, I have you trapped! Now speak your name, spirit!

The lamp moves to show EMILY - 15, 1880s tomboy garb, satchel.

SARAH JANE

I'm not a *spirit*, I'm Sarah Jane Smith.

And she steps out into the wide, grand, ground-floor hallway. It's empty apart from an imposing GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

EMILY

Why are you haunting this house?

SARAH JANE

Look, if I was a ghost - and by the way, there's no such thing - you wouldn't be  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CLYDE

They could be Brits, hard to tell. You sure they're Nazis, George?

A gust of wind blows Koenig's great coat open, and we catch a glimpse of his NAZI UNIFORM beneath.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I see it! You're right!

Normal POV, and Clyde's lowering the binoculars.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Time travel's awesome, isn't it? Gotta do it more often.

GEORGE hasn't heard any of this. He's been squatting a little way off, scanning the horizon. Coming over:

GEORGE

They must have come in on a U-Boat. Mr Porter warned me this could happen - an invasion! My turn.

And he grabs the binoculars off Clyde, looks through them.

CLYDE

But the Germans don't invade, we thrash 'em, that's a fact! Didn't get a C in History for nothing.

(light-bulb moment)

Hang on... Time is under threat he said. Clyde's mission comes into focus.

GEORGE

What you rabbiting on about?

CLYDE

Can't say. Let's just thrash 'em.

(Churchill voice)

We shall fight them on the beaches, we shall fight them on the... other places.

(thinks; frowns)

Actually, what are we gonna do?

GEORGE

Call the Home Guard, of course!

CLYDE

Good thinking, Forties boy.

GEORGE

Not quite the ticket, are you?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

And they race off.

CUT TO:

8A EXT. TOWER OF LONDON -- NIGHT (1553)

8A

FX SHOT: WIDE, Tower as it would have looked in the 1550s.

CUT TO:

9 INT. TOWER OF LONDON, DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT (1553)

9

RANI steps from behind the screen, looking gorgeous in a lavish Tudor gown. MISTRESS ELLEN folds her old clothes.

RANI

Ta-daaaa! What d'you think?

MISTRESS ELLEN

Most becoming, my lady.

RANI

So fill me in. What's going on at court? News is slow reaching... the East.

MISTRESS ELLEN

I'm so worried for Jane. Only nine days a queen, and now they call for Lady Mary to be crowned.

RANI

But Jane's the real queen, right?

MISTRESS ELLEN

That was what King Edward decreed, 'fore he died, but it is not what the people want.

(steals herself)

But enough of that. 'Tis time for you to attend audience.

RANI

Wow, never done an audience before.

Ellen sweeps out of the room. Rani picks up the MUSIC BOX from a table nearby and follows her.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON, PRESENCE ROOM -- NIGHT (1553)

10

MISTRESS ELLEN enters, with RANI behind her (MUSIC BOX in hand). Rani's nervous; she glances about in awe.

MISTRESS ELLEN

'Tis only me, Your Majesty, and your new Lady. May we enter?

They hover in the doorway, waiting to be called forward.

QUEEN JANE - 16, pretty, red hair, more gravitas than her age suggests - sits on a simple throne in a room designed for audiences. By her, LADY MATILDA - 21, a Lady-in-Waiting.

Jane gestures to Matilda for her CROWN, on a cushion nearby. Matilda reaches for it, carefully places it on Jane's head.

QUEEN JANE

We are ready to receive you now.

Ellen - followed by Rani - approach the throne.

MISTRESS ELLEN

May I present, Lady...

RANI

Lady Rani. From the court of...  
(thinking fast)  
...court of the Taj Mahal.

She makes a clumsy attempt at a curtsy.

QUEEN JANE

I know it not. But you have clearly travelled far, Lady Rani. I am most grateful, and pleased to make your acquaintance. You may leave us, Ellen. You too, Lady Matilda.

Ellen leaves, but Matilda stops partway and turns, making eye contact with Rani:

MATILDA

Forgive me, but I thought the request was for an elderly companion? And I

RANI

I hope the Queen will judge me on my own character. Just as she might judge you on yours.

JANE

Well said. Matilda, where are your manners? I say again, leave us.

Matilda shoots Rani a poisonous glance, leaves the room.

QUEEN JANE

And what is this you bring?

Rani hands Jane the MUSIC BOX.

RANI

It's a music box. Go on, open it.

Jane cautiously opens it. Her face lights up as the tinkling music begins and the ornate bird turns. Astounded:

QUEEN JANE

How is this possible? And the music...

RANI

They're dead clever where I come from.

QUEEN JANE

(touched)

Thank you, Lady Rani, I will treasure it - forever.

(beat; closes box)

It must be hard for you, being so far from home.

RANI

Especially if you knew how far away home really is.

QUEEN JANE

I too am alone. Even those I thought most loyal now call for Lady Mary to be crowned in my place.

(sighs; doesn't want to think about it)

It is all too distressing to discuss.

RANI

No, tell me. It's important.

Concerned Rani sits somewhere close to Jane.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

QUEEN JANE

When the King died without an heir, we thought his sister, Mary, would take the throne. But they made *me* Queen - and I never wanted to be. My father-in-law saw it as a way to gain power for himself.

RANI

Father-in-law? You're married?

QUEEN JANE

My mother forced me to marry Lord Dudley. But the man is an ass!

They share a giggle.

QUEEN JANE (CONT'D)

He talks of nothing but himself, fails to compliment me if I wear a new gown... oh, and he never washes.

RANI

Yeah, I know guys like that.

A bigger giggle.

QUEEN JANE

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

RANI

There is someone I spend a lot of time with. Guess that's pretty much like having a boyfriend. Wouldn't exactly call him a gentleman though...

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COUNTRY LANE -- DAY (1941)

11

CU CLYDE... then PULL BACK - he and GEORGE running along a lane that leads from the beach. In the distance, a small NORMAN CHURCH WITH TOWER. They stop to catch their breath.

CLYDE

Where are we going?

GEORGE

(points to church)

St Michael's. They've got a telephone.

(a thought)

So how come I've not seen you round here before?

CLYDE

Er... I'm from London.

GEORGE

When did you move to Little Malding?

CLYDE

Recently. Very recently. And I'm on the look-out for something. Not sure where I'm gonna find it though...

GEORGE

I left the Smoke two years ago. My mum thought I'd be safer in Norfolk. Mr Porter took me in, he's in the Home Guard, but he's not stuffy - we build radio sets together.

(beat; troubled)

Bombing must be shocking back in London. Hope Mum's all right.

CLYDE

I'm sure she's fine. Mums are invincible. Where's your dad?

GEORGE

He's out at sea, fighting. I wanna join up too, soon as I'm sixteen.

(CONTINUED)





EMILY

I've checked upstairs, there's no one there, so it's got to be ghosts.

SARAH JANE

(of the scanner)

Not according to this it isn't.

EMILY

What *is* that?

(frowns; suspicious)

And where are you from exactly?

SARAH JANE

A long way away. And this measures energy fields, amongst other things. The readings are very unusual here...

(beat; thinks)

Who owns this house?

EMILY

The Tillotsons. But they couldn't bear all the ghastly noises, so they moved out and locked the place up. I'm rather handy with locks.

SARAH JANE

You and me both.

EMILY

She just disappeared from my life.  
Father says she's gone, but she can't  
have gone - not forever.

Just then, the CLOCK strikes eight o'clock - *BONGGGG!* -  
... *BONGGGG!* ... *BONGGGG!* They both turn and stare at  
it. It continues to chime ominously under the following:

EMILY (CONT'D)

Eight o'clock. That's it, that's the  
time they say it starts.

SARAH JANE

The time what starts?

EMILY

The haunting! It's supposed to happen  
each night at eight.

SARAH JANE

(more to herself)

That scream we heard, maybe my arrival  
caused some kind of time echo...

As it finishes chiming, the sound of the front door  
opening. But it doesn't open and no one is there. A  
GUST OF WIND blows down the hall ruffling Emily and Sarah  
Jane's hair.

EMILY

What was that?

SARAH JANE

Ssh. Listen.

A distorted, multi-tracked woman's voice - in fact, GEMMA  
the babysitter. We can't make out what's actually being  
said, just the sense of a voice:

GEMMA (V.O.)

*Hello, Mrs Bruce. Sorry I'm late. Have  
a great evening. And I'll see you about  
half eleven...*

The sound of the front door closing. Still no one there.

Sarah Jane gasps. Something pushes past her -  
*WHOOOOOSH!* - something we can't see. And she's shoved  
against the wall.

Then, the sound of FOOTSTEPS heading upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

EMILY

The stories are true. There *is*  
something strange in this house.

SARAH JANE

Yes - and it went *that* way.

She points up the stairs.

CUT TO:

14

**INT. TOWER OF LONDON, PRESENCE ROOM -- NIGHT (1553)**

14

While QUEEN JANE watches the bird turn on the MUSIC BOX.  
In the b/g RANI inspects objects on a shelf nearby. She  
picks up a golden goblet and studies it.

QUEEN JANE

The melody is so very pretty. I shall  
never tire of hearing it.

(noticing Rani)

Lady Rani, what are you doing? Are you  
looking for something?

Rani puts down the goblet, and turning to Jane:

RANI

Sorry, Your Majesty. I'm meant to be.  
It's complicated.

QUEEN JANE

You can tell me. We are friends now,  
are we not?

RANI

Of course we are. But...

QUEEN JANE

There's something so strange about you.  
Where are you really from?

Rani's torn - should she say? - but is saved from  
deciding when an agitated MISTRESS ELLEN bustles in,  
followed by LADY MATILDA. Jane rises, sensing  
something's wrong:

QUEEN JANE (CONT'D)

What is it, Mistress Ellen?

MISTRESS ELLEN

It is ill tidings. They say Mary and  
her army have reached London.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

LADY MATILDA  
(holding out a SCROLL)  
This was was found nailed to the door of  
Saint Paul's.

QUEEN JANE  
I fear to read it...

Rani takes the scroll from Ellen, reads it aloud:

RANI  
On this the nineteenth day of July,  
1553, Lady Mary makes just claim to the  
crown of England, and she calls upon all  
of her subjects to reject any unlawful  
claimants...

Her voice trails off. She looks at Jane, crushed for  
her.

Jane slowly, sadly, removes her crown - places it down.

QUEEN JANE  
Then I have no need of this, for I am no  
longer Queen. And if I am not Queen  
then I made false claim to the throne.  
That makes me a traitor. The punishment  
for traitors is death.

CUT TO:

15 **EXT. CHURCH & CHURCHYARD -- DAY (1941)**

15

WIDE SHOT. CLYDE and GEORGE race into view, dashing  
across the churchyard, and heading for the church's main  
entrance.

CUT TO:

16 **INT. CHURCH -- DAY (1941)**

16

Moments later. The door opens. CLYDE and GEORGE run in.

CLYDE  
Right, so where does the vicar keep his  
phone, Georgie-boy?

GEORGE  
This way.

Clyde follows George towards the altar. Nearby is a  
1940s TELEPHONE (maybe military-style). George picks up  
the receiver, and into it:

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Operator. Hello? Operator?!

He rattles the phone's cradle urgently - but no joy.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
It's dead. The line's completely dead.  
That's strange.

CLYDE  
So what now? Is there any other way of  
getting help?

GEORGE  
I remember Mr Porter saying something  
about ringing the church bell. But that  
was only in a real emergency.

CLYDE  
And what's this when it's at home?

They're just moving off when they hear the sound of  
STOMPING BOOTS outside - they freeze, listening.

GEORGE  
That's them! Q(CON a./TT5aEehcm 0 1 0 0 1 0 28 cm BT -0.0

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

KOENIG (CONT'D)

I am Lieutenant Koenig. And you, are my prisoners.

CUT TO:

17 INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE, DRAWING ROOM -- DAY (1889)

17

SARAH JANE and EMILY cautiously enter -

A large first-floor room, with two grand windows facing onto the street, big fireplace, but dusty and empty.

The door slams shut behind them. Emily jumps.

SARAH JANE

It's all right.

\*

Sarah Jane uses her SCANNER WATCH:

SARAH JANE (CONT'D)

I'm getting the same readings here.  
It's like nothing I've seen before. Not even at Ashen Hill Manor.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS running overhead. Then CHILDREN, a boy and girl, laughing - distorted, multi-tracked echoing.

EMILY

What's that, if it's not a ghost?

SARAH JANE

Old houses sometimes retain echoes of the past, trapped within the very fabric of the building.

GEMMA's voice, again too distorted to make out the words:

GEMMA (V.O.)

*Yeah, but I can't come out, Joe, not tonight, it's impossible...*

EMILY

The same voice as in the hallway.

GEMMA (V.O.)

*You know I've gotta look after Ben and Katy... Yes, I know but... Yeah, all right, just chill out...*

The final three words are clear.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SARAH JANE

Chill out? She said, chill out.

EMILY

What does it mean?

SARAH JANE

What does it mean?



18 CONTINUED:

18

DURING THE FOLLOWING, Koenig goes over and connects up the Transmitter, adjusts dials, etc. In the b/g, at the side of the altar, the Soldier opens a second, much SMALLER CASE.

KOENIG

This will guarantee certain victory for Germany. Our technology is far in advance of your pathetic efforts.

GEORGE

Oddest looking radio I've ever seen.

KOENIG

That's because it is so much more than a radio.

CLYDE

A transmitter then, maybe?

From the case, the Soldier carefully hands Koenig THOR'S HAMMER - an ancient Norse silver pendant in the shape of a hammer, and set into a fragile glass case with connecting wires protruding from it.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

And

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

GEORGE

See what?

CLYDE

Must be what the junk shop bloke's  
after... something that can change  
history.

(to Koenig; urgent)

You've gotta give that to me!

Clyde rushes over, going to grab the Hammer -



20 CONTINUED:

20

SARAH JANE

Incredible, but not impossible. I've  
*travelled here* from the future, but that



23 CONTINUED:

23

GEORGE

Then we need to escape, don't we?

CLYDE

If you hadn't noticed, we're both tied up and locked in.

GEORGE

First things first, reach into my pocket, I've got a penknife.

CLYDE

Way to go, Georgie-boy!

Clyde shimmies himself round so he's in a position to reach into George's pocket. He does so and pulls out a PENKNIFE.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE, PLAYROOM -- DAY (1889)**

24

KATY (V.O.) is crying, and the sound of a FIRE RAGING. But SARAH JANE & EMILY stand alone in the empty room.

KATY (V.O.)

*You'll start a fire, Ben!*

EMILY

Those poor children. They're trapped, aren't they, in this burning room? That's horrible!

Above the noise of the fire and the kids' frightened cries and shouts, the sound of a modern-day FIRE ENGINE SIREN.

Emily has her hands over her ears, really distressed:

EMILY (CONT'D)

I can't stand it! It's just like... like *that night!* Can't we save them?

SARAH JANE

Somehow, we have to find a way!

CUT TO:

25 **INT. TOWER OF LONDON, CORRIDOR 2 -- NIGHT (1553)**

25

RANI around the corner, watching discreetly, but she only sees the back of LADY MATILDA, who's still by the open window and passing the LETTER back out.

(CONTINUED)



26 CONTINUED:

26

And, too late, the SOLDIERS are in, guns trained on him; immediately followed by KOENIG, his revolver aimed at Clyde.

KOENIG

Stay exactly where you are!

Clyde freezes, then slowly raises his hands.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. ANTIQUES SHOP -- DAY**

27

The SHOPKEEPER stares into his ALL-SEEING ORB:

SHOPKEEPER

They are taking too long, Captain! We need the Chronosteen, *now!*

The PARROT lets out a really desperate *SQUAAAAAAAAAAWK!*

The Shopkeeper turns, and from his POV we see the SAND TIMER - it's getting very close to running out.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)

And the sands have nearly run through!  
If Sarah Jane and her friends do not return soon, they will be trapped in the past - *forever!*

FX SHOT: in the ORB we see a flash of Sarah Jane - the