

THE LADY OF TIME

"GHOSTS OF DOCTOR'S PAST"

Written by

Rachel Maunder

Based on BBC's *Doctor Who*.

MAIN CAST

JENNY GEORGIA MOFFETT
DR. DRAKE AGON EOIN MACKEN

GUEST STARS

AMY POND KAREN GILLAN
RIVER SONG ALEX KINGSTON
JONATHAN WILLIAMS JAYDEN STEVENS
RORY WILLIAMS AUTHUR DARVILL
MARTHA SMITH-JONES FREEMA AGYEMAN
MICKEY SMITH NOEL CLARK
OLIVER SMITH BENJAMIN GREEN
WILFRED MOTT BERNARD CRIBBINS
CHLOE TEMPLE WILLOW SMITH
ADRIAN TEMPLE HERMAN WHITNEY
DONNA TEMPLE-NOBLE CATHERINE TATE
ROSE TYLER BILLIE PIPER
META-CRISIS DOCTOR DAVID TENANT
ABIGAIL TYLER ANGELINA SALOUM
OOD SIGMA PAUL CASEY

ACT ONEFADE IN:

INT. POND RESIDENCE, ENGLAND - NIGHT

We come in on an ESTABLISHING SHOT of row of townhouses, some of which are decorated ornately with Christmas lights and figures like reindeers and blow-up Santas. The townhouse in the middle, which happens to be painted blue, has a wreath hanging on its door and a light on in one of the upstairs bedrooms. We slowly ZOOM IN on the window, and although a curtain hangs there, we can make out shadows within. We start to hear a VOICE, and although we cannot make out any words yet, the sound is familiar.

VOICE: (V.O.)

... the night before Christmas,
when all through the TARDIS
Not a creature was stirring, not
even a Cybermat;
The stockings were hung by the
chimney with care,
In hopes that The Doctor would soon
be there.

A FIGURE approaches the window, and suddenly the curtains are torn open, revealing a MID SHOT of a pale-skinned human with long red hair. She is AMY POND, and she reaches for the window pane to close it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHILDREN'S BEDROOM, POND RESIDENCE - NIGHT

We come in on a LONG SHOT from behind AMY as she successfully closes and locks the window, then fixes the curtain. On the floor behind her is a blue plastic box, and we can see toys like trucks and stuffed toys poking out from over the edge of it. When Amy turns around, she narrowly avoids tripping over it, and as her full body comes into view, we can see that under her shirt her stomach is extremely swollen and engorged. She is obviously pregnant, and quite a way along.

The camera FOLLOWS AMY as she moves across the room to the source of the sound. A bed with a blue quilt comes into the frame as Amy settles herself in a chair next to it, one hand positioned comfortably on her stomach. On the bed sits a darker-skinned, curvier woman with light brown, curly hair. She is RIVER SONG and in her lap, holding her attention, is a young boy with shaggy dark blonde hair. He is JONATHAN POND, and in his hands he holds a raggedy doll dressed up like the Eleventh Doctor and complete with a red bow tie and a Santa hat.

Perched on the edge of the bed is a man with short, sandy-coloured hair that stands out from his head at strange angles. He has a large, Roman nose, and his neck is strained downwards to read from the notebook he holds in one hand. He is RORY WILLIAMS, and it is clear now that he is the one reading to the child. As he does, we--

ZOOM IN on JONATHAN'S face as he leans back against RIVER and watches his father through half-lidded eyes that slowly close over the duration of the poem, though he is clearly struggling to stay awake.

RORY:

The children were nestled all snug
in their beds,
While visions of New Earth danced
in their heads;
And mamma in her Stetson and I in
my fez,
Had just settled down for a long
winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose
such a whine,
I sprang from bed to see what was
the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a
flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up
the sash.

The moon of Poosh on the breast of
a new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to
objects below,
When, what to my wandering eyes
should appear,
But a police box and eight tiny
Daleks.

With the little old doctor so
lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be
Doomsday.
More rapid than the angels his
companions they came,
And he whistled and shouted and
called them by name!

"Now Amy, now Rory, now Mickey and
Martha,
On Rose, on River, on Wilfred and
Donna!

(MORE)

RORY: (CONT'D)
 To the planet of Galifrey, to Lake
 Silencio!
 Now fly away! Fly away! Fly away
 all!"

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, THE POND RESIDENCE - NIGHT

When the poem finishes we CUT to a LONG SHOT of a hallway as AMY, RIVER and RORY exit JONATHON'S bedroom and quietly close the door behind them.

We get a MID SHOT of the three of them as AMY slowly turns to face her husband, then suddenly bursts out laughing.

AMY:
 That was *ridiculous!* It didn't even
 make sense! It didn't even *rhyme!*

RIVER:
 Don't be mean, mother. I thought it
 was clever.

RORY:
 (gratefully)
 Thank you!

AMY rolls her eyes and, shaking her head slightly in wonder, turns on her heel to start treading carefully down the stairs, holding the banister for support as she does so. Obediently, RORY and RIVER follow her down to the first floor.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, THE POND RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The trio remain silent until they are all seated around the kitchen bench, RORY and RIVER on stools, but AMY in a high-backed chair obviously taken from the dinner table. Amy nurses a red, seasonal mug in her hands that we can safely assume contains tea, hot chocolate or some other hot beverage made before they said good night to JONATHAN. River and Rory both have wine glasses in front of them, and Rory fills his with the remainder of the wine.

AMY:
 (regretfully, to River)
 Are you sure you can't stay?

We get a CLOSE UP of RIVER as she finishes her last sip of white wine before answering, shaking her head.

RIVER:
 I've got places to be tomorrow.

We ZOOM OUT and PAN AROUND for a SIDE PROFILE SHOT that capture the faces of AMY and RIVER in the FOREGROUND, and RORY in the BACKGROUND as they converse.

AMY:
(hopefully)
With The Doctor?

RIVER:
(mischievously)
Spoilers.

AMY:
(teasingly)
I hope you're being safe, you two.
We don't need any more Time Lords
running around.

RIVER winks, while RORY fails to look anything but disgusted. He hurriedly downs the rest of his wine.

RIVER:
You don't set a very good example,
mother.

RORY:
(exasperatedly)
Knock it off, you two. There isn't
any more wine.

RIVER:
(laughing)
That's my cue. I'm off.

AMY LAUGHS as RIVER twists around on her stool and swings her legs down, rising to her feet. RORY follows her lead, through significantly less gracefully. He lifts his arms to offer and awkward embrace, but before River can close the distance between them, something on the bench catches her eye.

We get an OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT at a plastic plate bearing three Christmas tree-shaped cookies obviously decorated by a child, and a glass of milk with condensation that has collected on the outside.

CUT back to a MID SHOT of RIVER.

RIVER: (CONT'D)
Can I take some of these?

AMY:
(sighs, and pushes the
plate towards River)
Go ahead. It's not like he's going
to show up, anyway.

RORY puts a hand on AMY'S shoulder comfortingly, and RIVER gives her a sad, regretful smile before gathering the cookies into her hand and quickly sculling the milk.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD, POND RESIDENCE - NIGHT

We come in on a FULL BODY SHOT from behind a FIGURE than stands just behind the swing set in the centre of the backyard. From the light coming from the window we can make out that she has blonde hair, but we cannot identify her any further.

We slowly ZOOM IN on her back until we are given an OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT that gives us a direct line of sight through the window and into the Ponds' kitchen.

We can see RIVER and RORY withdrawing from a warm embrace before River moves onto AMY. Their hug lingers, and it appears that Amy might be having trouble letting go. At last, she releases River, who swiftly turns and disappears from the shot, assumably making for the front door.

As AMY and RORY exchange a glance, we--

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWOFADE IN:

EXT. TEMPLE RESIDENCE, LONDON - NIGHT

We come in on an ESTABLISHING SHOT of a very large, white-weatherboard, two-story house with a dark roof and a double garage on the left hand side. It's decorated with an outrageous number of Christmas lights with are draped across trees and around sparkling reindeers which are positioned on the front lawn. Across the front of the roof, white lights form a rectangular box-shape that we recognise to be the TARDIS. Every so often, a collection of blue lights create a wave affect across the lantern attached to the top of the police box.

We SLOWLY ZOOM IN on the lantern until blue light fills the frame.

When it dissipated we realize that we have CUT to a TILTED AERIAL SHOT of the house's backyard where three figures bundled in many layers of clothing huddle around a small fire.

As we ZOOM IN the figures become clearer, their faces illuminated by the glow of the fire. One of these faces belongs to an old man and is wrinkled severely with age. He is WILFRED MOTT, and he wears on his head a red beanie with reindeer antlers protruding from the top. With him sit two young children, but with slightly darker skin and curly black hair. One of them, the girl, is CHLOE TEMPLE, and she watches her brother, ADRIAN TEMPLE, poke at the fire with a long stick.

We get a MID SHOT of all three of them as their voices become clear.

WILFRED:

But she wouldn't give up hope, your mom. A fighter, she is. Just what The Doctor needed. So I'm out here every night, just waiting for 'im to shoot across the sky in his big ol' blue box.

ADRIAN:

Grannnnn'pa, you've told us this story a kazillion times!

CHLOE:

We want to hear something new!

WILFRED:

Okay, okay. I give up. You want to hear something knew?

CHLOE AND ADRIAN:
Yes, please!

WILFRED:
(sighs)
Alright then, but you'll have to
come closer. We can't let your mom
hear.

Their faces lit up with anticipation, the children lean in closer to their grandfather. CHLOE, the younger of the two, gets up from the rock she was sitting on and waddles around the fire until she reaches WILFRED'S side. Wordlessly, she climbs onto his lap and picks up the edge of his coat to fiddle with. WILFRED smiles and runs his fingers through her hair before beginning his story.

WILFRED: (CONT'D)
D'you kids remember the story about
the spaceship that hovered over
London one Christmas?

CHLOE:
When the fake robot Santas tried to
ruin Christmas but mummy and The
Doctor stopped them?

WILFRED:
They ruined your mother's wedding,
too. But that was just as well,
wasn't it?

CHLOE and ADRIAN nod obediently, their body language impatient for the real story to begin. Noticing this, WILFRED goes on.

WILFRED: (CONT'D)
Well, the next Christmas everyone
was scared that there'd be another
invasion, so they all evacuated the
city.

ADRIAN:
But they can't leave their houses
on Christmas! How would The Doctor
find them to give them their
presents?

WILFRED:
Well, The Doctor doesn't give
presents to everyone. And, like
Santa, he always knows where you
are for Christmas.

CHLOE:
Like when we went to Nan's for
Christmas that one time, but we
still got presents from Santa.

WILFRED:

That's right. He always knows where you are so no one ever misses out on getting their presents. Now where was I?

ADRIAN:

Everyone evacuated the city!

WILFRED:

Well, almost everyone. The Queen and I were just about the only ones left.

CHLOE:

Because you believed in The Doctor!

ADRIAN:

And Christmas!

WILFRED:

That's right. So when the Titanic nearly crashed in Buckingham Palace, I was one of the only ones to see it!

CHLOE:

The Titanic? But that's a ship and there isn't any water near there!

WILFRED:

Ahh, but this wasn't no ordinary ship. This was a *spaceship*.

(beat)

And I was out selling newspapers--

ADRIAN:

To who? You said no one was in the city!

WILFRED:

No one *was* in the city. At least until the Doctor came. And with him was this strange little creature with red skin and spikes all over his head instead of hair.

CHLOE AND ADRIAN:

An alien!

WILFRED:

They were all aliens, on a tour of London. Even the tour guide was an alien! He thought we ate people on Christmas!

ADRIAN:
But then we wouldn't have enough
room for the turkey!

DONNA: (O.S.)
(exasperated)
And what do you think *you're* doing?

We got a POINT OF VIEW SHOT as the children and WILFRED all suddenly turn in the direction of the house, where we assume the sound came from. A woman in a long, white dressing gown stands in the doorway, her figure illuminated by the light coming from inside. Her hands are on her hips and her auburn hair cascades neatly over her shoulder. We recognise her to be DONNA NOBLE.

After just a moment, when no one reacts, DONNA stomps out from the doorway and onto the pavement outside, her slippers scuffing against the brick work.

DONNA: (CONT'D)
Right then, it's off to bed with
you lot.
(beat, as no one moves)
Come on! Don't you know its
Christmas tomorrow?

CUT to an OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT from DONNA'S perspective as, bewildered, ADRIAN turns his attention onto WILFRED.

ADRIAN:
But The Do--

WILFRED:
(urgently)
Shhh! Remember, these stories are
our little secret.

YAWNING loudly, CHLOE carefully climbs from her great grandfather's lap.

The camera FOLLOWS CHLOE as she waddles in a tired, zig-zagged line towards her mother, who gently takes her hand. Rubbing her eyes with her free hand, she sags against DONNA'S leg, then waves to WILFRED. Donna holds her other hand out for her son.

DONNA:
(impatiently)
Come on.

CUT to a LONG SHOT of WILFRED and ADRIAN as the young boy slowly gets to his feet, smiles at his great grandfather, then walks slowly over to join his mother and sister on the doorstep.

ADRIAN:
Night gran'pa.

DONNA:
Don't stay out here too late,
you'll catch a cold, you will.

Before WILFRED can respond, DONNA is turning and taking the children inside. ADRIAN pushes the door shut behind them after smiling one last time at the old man.

Then we CUT to a MID SHOT of WILFRED as he SIGHS and picks up a stick to poke at the fire.

PANNING DOWN, the camera FOLLOWS the flickering light show the light from the fire makes on the grass. We hear a soft THUD, and can safely assume that WILFRED has added another log to the fire. When it leaps up for just a moment in response, it reveals the shadow of the FIGURE we assume to be the same one from before. As it turns to walk away we--

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SMITHER RESIDENCE, ENGLAND - NIGHT

We come in on an ESTABLISHING SHOT of a single story, red-brick house guarded by a wall in the same colour bricks and a large Doberman who walks back and forth across the front gate, as if on patrol. The lights are on in both front windows, and in the one on the right we can see a Christmas tree lit up with what could easily be hundreds of tiny, rainbow lights and a star that glitters magically on top. A small amount of smoke comes from the chimney, and it appears that snow has just started to fall in this part of town.

Again, we can hear soft voices coming from somewhere inside, and the camera suddenly PUSHES IN past the front door and winds its way through the house, past the bathroom and the kitchen, until we arrive in the doorway of a child's bedroom. The child's name has been attached to the door with colourful, chunky wooden letters that read "OLIVER".

The camera slowly enters the room, where a small child, maybe six or seven, bounces on his knees on his mattress. He has dark skin and his bed is littered with toy cars and swords and what looks to be a Transformer. We can safely assume that this is OLIVER SMITH.

OLIVER:

Again, again!

Standing at the edge of the bed and obviously the target of the young boys enthusiasm is a slim dark-skinned woman with her black hair pulled back into a pony-tail. She is MARTHA SMITH-JONES, and like RORY she reads from a book, though this one seems to have been decorated with coloured pictures of things we cannot make out from this distance.

MARTHA:

(amused)

Alright, alright. But just one more, you hear me? Then you've got to go to sleep.

OLIVER:

Yeah, yeah, whatever!

MARTHA smirks and shakes her head slightly in amusement as she turns her gaze onto the book in her hands.

We CUT to an OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT that allows us to view it's pages. Typed words take up the whole left hand side on the page, but on the right there is a large picture of a long, slender device we know to be The Doctor's sonic screwdriver. With a deep breath, MARTHA begins reading in a soft, sing-song voice.

MARTHA:

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
The Doctor sent to me
Twelve Adipose floating,
Eleven Pied Pipers,
Ten Slytheen a-farting,

This gets a giggle from OLIVER, and from the way MARTHA pauses it is evident that this isn't the first time he's laughed at this part.

MARTHA: (CONT'D)

Nine Daleks Dancing,
Eight Oods a-praying,
Seven Judoon a-scanning,
Six Catkind mewling,
Five Cybermen,
Four Time Lords,
Three Weeping Angels,
Two Time Beetles,
And a sonic screwdriver.

When she's done we ZOOM OUT for a SIDE SHOT of the bedroom that includes both OLIVER and MARTHA in the frame. Just outside the window behind the bed we can see a FIGURE that we assume to be the same one from before, except this time she is not alone. A taller MAN stands next to her, his hand on her shoulder. Neither or the two inside seem to be aware of their presence.

OLIVER:

Again, again!

Rolling her eyes at the child's antics, MARTHA closes the book and puts it away on the bookshelf at the end of the bed.

MARTHA:

Maybe tomorrow night, *if you're good.*

OLIVER:

But *tonight* is Christmas Eve! The Doctor is going to come *tonight* and I want to impress him!

VOICE: (O.S.)

Have off!

We PAN AROUND for a TILTED AERIAL SHOT from above the window and see that a dark-skinned male has appeared in the doorway. We identify him to be MICKEY SMITH, and he saunters into the room until he is within arms-length of OLIVER, his son.

We CUT to a SHOT from MARTHA'S POINT OF VIEW as MICKEY playfully pushes OLIVER down onto his bed and pulls his covers up around him.

MICKEY:
Mom said one more, and now its
bedtime for you, mister.

OLIVER:
(laughing and trying to
wiggle out from under the
covers)
But Daddy!

MICKEY:
You'll get coal in your stocking!

OLIVER'S struggling suddenly stops and his eyes go wide in
fear.

MICKEY: (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
That's more like it.

Satisfied that his son has been secured under the covers,
MICKEY leans over to kiss OLIVER on the forehead. MARTHA
steps into the frame and does the same once Mickey has moved
out of the way. That done, Mickey drapes an arm over her
shoulder, smiles once more at Oliver, then leads his wife
from the frame, switching the light off on the way.

We get a TILTED AERIAL SHOT from behind MICKEY and MARTHA as,
their silhouette's just visible in the doorway, they exchange
a tender kiss before we--

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOURFADE IN:

EXT. TYLER RESIDENCE, PARALLEL EARTH, ENGLAND - NIGHT

We come in on a FULL BODY SHOT from behind the same FIGURE, who again stands just outside the window of what we can safely assume to be a bedroom.

We SLOWLY ZOOM IN until we are given a shot directly into the room. In the yellow-ish glow of the bedside lamp we are able to make out the rough shape of the bed on which we are able to see two figures sit. Their backs are to the camera, but from their size they appear to both be adults, one a male and one female. The WOMAN is bent over something in the centre of the bed, and we can hear GIGGLING from a YOUNG GIRL that we cannot see. From the movements of the woman's arms we can assume that she is tickling her, causing her to squeal. When she is finally able to speak, her words are choked by laughter that it seems she cannot help.

YOUNG GIRL:

Uncle! Mommy *please* stop!
(squeals)
Daddy!

We hear more CHUCKLING that we can assume came from the MAN, and when the YOUNG GIRL'S laughter finally ceases the WOMAN sits back on her heels, defeated. As soon as we hear her voice, we are able to identify her as ROSE TYLER.

ROSE:

Now are you ready to go to sleep?

We SLOWLY ZOOM IN until the camera is TILTED over ROSE'S shoulder, just as the child ducks under the covers and out of sight. In the very brief moment we saw her we were unable to really make out any of her features or identify her as anyone we know, but from her size we would estimate her to be about three or four years old.

YOUNG GIRL:

(defiant and giggling
again)
No, still not tired!

Despite her words, we hear the YOUNG GIRL YAWN, though immediately after she strategically tries to cover it with a cough. Unsurprisingly, ROSE isn't buying it.

ROSE:

Are you *sure*? Because we're going to Nan and Pop's tomorrow for Christmas, and Mickey is going to be there.

(MORE)

ROSE: (CONT'D)
You won't be able to play with him
and Jake if you can't keep your
eyes open.

We can see movement beneath the blankets, and after a moment the YOUNG GIRL pulls the covers down from over her head and peers out at ROSE and the MAN we assume to be her father, though he has still yet to be identified. The child has a round face and ruffled, blonde hair, and she blinks blearily as she struggles to keep her eyes open. She is ABIGAIL TYLER.

ROSE: (CONT'D)
(kindly)
Do you want to go to sleep now?

ABIGAIL nods finally and ROSE leans over her to give her a kiss good night. The child wraps her arms around her mother's neck and refuses to let go when she tries to straighten up. Rose has carefully loosen her grip and gently lay her back down.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYLER RESIDENCE, PARALLEL EARTH, ENGLAND - NIGHT

We get an OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT from behind the FIGURE that stands outside the window, looking in. She watches as, wordlessly, the MAN leans over ABIGAIL and kisses her forehead. ROSE stands and disappears from the frame, obviously having left the room, but when the man moves to follow her he stops directly in front of the window. The figure GASPS as his face comes into view.

The MAN has dark, chocolate brown hair and a slight stubble across his chin and jaw. He is the META-CRISIS DOCTOR and he stares levelly at the FIGURE for a moment or two before pulling the curtains closed. In the reflection in the window, we see that the figure is indeed JENNY. Her expression is one of melancholy, and she stares longingly at the glass in front of her. As she gulps visibly we--

BLACK OUT.

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. OOD SPHERE - NIGHT

We come in on what seems to be just a small area of a frozen wasteland. TED, Jenny's shuttle from Messaline, is parked on the left hand side of the frame, it's glass panel closed to the falling snow. Beside it, JENNY sits on a small, grey rock. She wears her usual, simple attire, today consisting of a black t-shirt and grey cargo pants. DRAKE stands behind her and has his arms crossed over his chest. They both face a creature with a large, hair-less, white oval-shaped head and pink coleoid tentacles which dangle from the lower portion of it's face. Amongst these tentacles extends a thin tube connecting a spherical, glowing white orb to the Ood's face. He wears a navy blue jumpsuit and leans towards Jenny. Although we hear no sound, we can safely assume that he is communicating with her telepathically.

Suddenly JENNY sniffs and we CUT to a MID SHOT of DRAKE as he steps closer to her and puts a hand on her shoulder.

DRAKE:
(firmly)
That's enough.

CUT to an OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT of the OOD as he obediently leans back. The light in his orb fades until it no longer glows, and we get the feeling that he has just released JENNY from whatever hold he had on her.

CUT to a SIDE SHOT of them all once again as JENNY slowly and shakily rises to her feet. DRAKE keeps a firm grasp on her upper arm as he guides her back to TED. As Drake pops open the hatch, Jenny turns back to the OOD.

We get a MID SHOT of her that shows the pinkness of her nose and the puffiness around her eyes. It is obvious that she has either just been crying, or is fighting back the urge to now.

JENNY:
(quietly, to the Ood)
Thank you.

As JENNY turns back to DRAKE we--

BLACK OUT.

END OF EPISODE.