

"Doctor Who: Interlude in D"

Written By

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EXT. CITY STREET, WEST END, LONDON - CHRISTMAS EVE, 2039 -
EVENING

Christmas time, London. CHRIS MOORE, 57, walks with his shopping through the crowd. He is tall, good-looking, though his hair is mussed and his socks mis-matched. Behind him banners welcome crowds to the "West End Historic Shopping District" and electric lights glint against a dusting of snow.

He manoeuvres through the crowd with ease, when, cutting through the sound of the crowds and the TINNY CHRISTMAS MUSIC, the TARDIS' engines PULSE.

Chris stops, looks around, almost dazed.

CHRIS
Doctor...?

He spots an alley, cuts through the crowd, mumbles APOLOGIES, intent on the alley. The sound of the TARDIS' engines gets LOUDER.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Chris peers around the corner as the TARDIS martializes.

CHRIS
Oh, Doctor, why now?

EXT. LONDON SCHOOL-ROOM, CHRISTMAS-TIME, 1990 - DAY

An urban school-room, a music room of some kind. Large windows line one wall, and through the windows, a worn-down street, dilapidated buildings and the top of a chain-link fence are visible. Frayed Christmas' ornaments of macaroni hangs by thumbtacks and scotch tape from the walls.

A 9-year-old Chris is practicing the violin--he is not a protege, but he's good, for a 9-year-old. Alone, but content in his solitude. Oddly composed.

The door bursts open and the DOCTOR runs in, stops, points the sonic screwdriver behind him into the hallway. Green light flashes from it. Chris gasps.

THE DOCTOR
(to someone in the
hallway)
Don't shoot at him, just run!

DANIELS, a lieutenant in UNIT, sprints through the door, heading towards the Doctor as he throws down one weapon and fumbles at his waist for another.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I told you, no guns--

DANIELS
That slowed it, but not for long--
it'll catch up with us soon enough.

THE DOCTOR
He's not an it, Dave--

DANIELS
It's Lieutenant Daniels, if you
please, sir--

THE DOCTOR
He's not an it, Lieutenant Dave.
We've gone over this. He's
obviously intelligent, if odd-- I
mean, really, an amorphous storm
being? That's just fantastic!

The Doctor beams at Daniels, thoroughly enjoying the moment.

DANIELS
Doctor! Please, just focus--
(Daniels sees Chris)

THE DOCTOR
Deadly, yes, but that's really the
fault of Earth's atmosphere, isn't
it? Hardly his responsibility all
this air makes him lethal...

DANIELS
Doctor..

THE DOCTOR
Definitely NOT a she,
I don't think,
rather...sparky, though
really, who I am to
judge another
species...what!?

DANIELS
Doctor--
(trying to break
through Doctor's
speech)
Doctor! It's a school.
We're in a bloody school!

The Doctor looks, sees Chris. Smiles. A daring, wonderful smile. Chris smiles back.

THE DOCTOR
So we are. Right. Right.

He walks closer to the Chris. Chris, hypnotized, comes towards him, violin forgotten in his hands.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 (to Daniels)
 Do go see if you can't get it out
 of here, will you then, mmm?

Daniels glances into the hallway.

DANIELS
 Do you have any bloody pointers on
 how, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
 Not a one. But quick as you can.
 Haven't got all day.

Daniels fumes for a second, but another CRASH of thunder makes him run back the way he came.

CHRIS
 Are you a wizard?

THE DOCTOR
 Yes. No. Maybe.
 (thinks for a second)
 Sometimes.

CHRIS
 What are you when you are not a
 wizard?

THE DOCTOR
 What?

CHRIS
 If you're only a wizard sometimes,
 what are when you're not?

THE DOCTOR
 Oh, ha!

He kneels down, looks Chris in the eye

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 What's your name?

CHRIS
 Chris. Chris Moore.

THE DOCTOR
 I think I like you, Chris Moore.
 I think I like you a lot.

Chris smiles at him. A a trusting, wonderful smile. The Doctor smiles back, then stands, peeking out the door for Daniels.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What are you doing here, all alone,
Chris Moore?

CHRIS

I got special permission to practice
in here. I have a solo in the
concert tonight.

Chris states this has a miserable event, not bragging but nerve-wracked over it.

THE DOCTOR

Well, that's splendid, isn't it?
Are your parents coming? Are they
proud?

The Doctor takes out his sonic screwdriver, fiddles with it.

CHRIS

My da's not about, is he? And mum
don't leave the house.

THE DOCTOR

Doesn't. Still, you should save
her a ticket, right? Just in case.

The Doctor walks back to Chris as Daniels running FOOTSTEPS are heard in the hallway.

DANIELS (O.S.)

DOCTOR!

THE DOCTOR

Mustn't give up hope, and all that.

Daniels runs back into the room, gasping.

DANIELS

Didn't work. Still coming....

A little ways in the distance, there is a RUMBLE of thunder. The Doctor looks up, raises his hand as if testing for rain.

THE DOCTOR

Chris Moore, are you scared?

CHRIS

I don't think so. But why is it
storming inside?

THE DOCTOR

Good question, but never mind that right now. More important, is this a school day? Are your friends about?

CHRIS

It's a school day. And they're not my friends, not really.

THE DOCTOR

(sad, for second)

No, I don't imagine they are, much. Listen to me, Chris, are you listening? Because this is important, what I am about to say, are you paying attention?

DANIELS

Doctor! It's coming!

THUNDER again, closer. In the THUNDER is a VOICE, SCREECHING. Lightning flashes.

THE DOCTOR

He's an he, I thought we agreed on that?

(focuses back on Chris)

Are you listening?

A wind whips up, building quickly. A closer, louder CRASH of thunder.

CHRIS

Yes. Yes, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

I need you get everyone outside, can you do that? Can you get all the people outside?

CHRIS

I can ring the fire alarm.

THE DOCTOR

Then you do that. Go now, Chris, go now. Out the window, though...

Chris bites his lip, then runs across the room, violin in hand, and slips out the window. After a few steps, he looks back, towards the street. The Doctor is gone. He stares, unsure, but then there's CRACK of thunder and lightning, and he runs around the corner. After a moment, the sound of the FIRE ALARM is heard...

INT. CHRIS MOORE'S BEDROOM, DECEMBER 1997 - MORNING

An alarm clock says 7:10 a.m., set on a dresser empty of the usual teenage boy litter, keys and a wallet, some spare change on it; no pictures of Chris and friends line the mirror. Instead plaques and awards are precisely pinned on the wall; no first places, mostly third's and runner's up. Chris Moore, 16, plays the violin. He is focused intently on the music. He reaches an arpeggio in the music, falters, starts again.

The paint on the wall is shabby, the furniture obviously third or fourth hand--except for the violin case, that leans against the chair Chris is sitting in, and the expensive music stand next to it, with J.S. Bach's 'Chaconne' from Partita 02 in D opened on it.

Chris reaches the same arpeggio, falters, starts again.

The door bursts open, and HANNAH GREENE, 15, petite, blonde, exuberant, skips through. Chris puts the violin down and grins at her, standing. He is tall, thin, studious.

It is immediately apparent--to everyone except Hannah--that Chris is madly in love with her.

HANNAH

Are you excited? I'm so excited I got up 15 minutes early just to see you. How can you be so calm?

She plops on the bed, messing the covers.

CHRIS

(laughing)
Off the bed, Hans, I just made it.

Hannah, in response, rolls around the bed, deliberately throwing pillows off in all directions.

HANNAH

Not until you admit it! Admit it!

CHRIS

Not excited, so much as terrified.
I'm terrified.

He stares out the window for a second. Hannah joins him, missing the mood.

HANNAH

What's there to be terrified off?
It's just a hum-drum, everyday
Guildhall Christmas concert, aired
live on the BBC!

Hannah SHRIEKS, throws her arms around Chris, and spins.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
PLEASE tell me your excited!
Because you don't look excited.
You look like you're about to sick
up your breakfast.

CHRIS
Hannah--

HANNAH
Chris--

MRS. MOORE, 30's, still pretty but worn about the edges, and still in her pyjamas and dressing gown, knocks on the door, interrupting Hannah.

MRS. MOORE
Big day, isn't it, but you still
can't be late for class.

Chris and Hannah gather their things--including the violin case-- and head to door. Chris pauses, tentatively touches his mother's arm.

CHRIS
You'll come then? Tonight? I've
put aside a ticket for you.

MRS. MOORE
I'll try, sweetheart. Go on now,
you'll be late.

CHRIS
Mum--

MRS. MOORE
Go on.

Hannah tugs Chris out the door.

HANNAH
Come on, Chris. Oh, did you do my
maths for me? Hate maths. When
am I ever going to need it, I mean,
really?

She clatters down the hall. Chris's about to say something to his mother, but his mother turns away. After a moment, he follows Hannah.

INT. BACKSTAGE OF CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Chris, in formal clothing, stands in the backstage hallway, violin in his hands. A STAGE HAND comes up to him.

STAGE HAND

I checked out front. The ticket's still there, safe and sound.

CHRIS

Oh, thank you.

STAGE HAND

Welcome.

He melts into the rush of stage-hands in all black and performers in formal wear who rush around Chris.

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)

All performers, fifteen minutes to top of show. Fifteen minutes.

Chris takes a deep, shaky breath, then walks down the hall, towards the performer's exit. A SECURITY GUARD is watching the television near the door.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey now, boy-o, it's freezing out there.

CHRIS

I'll only be a minute. I need the air--

SECURITY GUARD

Leave that instrument here, at least. The damp will ruin it.

Chris nods, puts the violin on his desk.

CHRIS

Thank you. I'll only be a minute.

SECURITY GUARD

Not too long, or you'll catch your death.

Chris pushes the door open with a look of relief.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Snow falls in light flakes, fast enough to quickly dust Chris's hair and shoulders.

He shivers, rubs his arms, tilts his head up to watch the snow.

From the end of the alley floats the sound of the TARDIS' engines. Chris, curious, walks towards the sound.

CHRIS
Hello? Hello?

From the shadows the Doctor rushes out, knocks Chris over, catches Chris' hand as he falls, then deftly pulls Chris to his feet.

THE DOCTOR
Hello! Where am I?

CHRIS
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
Yes! Excellent guess. My turn...mmm, London. Late 20th century.

He sniffs, claps his hands together.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Christmas. Oh, that's splendid.
Love Christmas.

CHRIS
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
We've already ascertained that.
Now it's my turn. Was I right?

CHRIS
Right?

THE DOCTOR
London, late 20th, Christmas?

CHRIS
Yes. Yes, right on all counts.

THE DOCTOR
Good. Great! That's sorted.
There was something else, though,
something, something--
(he stares at Chris)
Have you noticed anything odd?

CHRIS

Odd?

THE DOCTOR

Yes, odd. Here, tonight?

CHRIS

It's a building full of singers and musicians. I've seen a lot of odd. Could you be more specific?

THE DOCTOR

Yes, right. Musicians. None of them have tentacles? Too many fingers? Too many teeth?

Chris blinks, and the Doctor walks past him. He hurries after him.

CHRIS

I'm sorry, but what did you say?

THE DOCTOR

Tentacles, teeth--oh, too many shadows? Seen anyone with more than one?

CHRIS

Um, no. No, everyone's had the proper amount. Well, of fingers and teeth and shadows.

They reach the stage door, and the Doctor pulls out the sonic screwdriver, scans the door, the wall around it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

As for tentacles, well, I haven't really been on the look out. I will do from now on.

THE DOCTOR

That's a good lad.

He points the sonic at Chris, steps towards him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

If you see any, and this is very important, are you listening? Are you paying attention?

CHRIS

Yes, yes, I am.

The Doctor puts the sonic away, grasps Chris's shoulders.

THE DOCTOR

If you see any--tentacles, teeth,
fingers, shadows--any of that,
run.

CHRIS

Run?

THE DOCTOR

Yes. Run. Love the running!
Good for you, both overall and in
the getting-you-away-from-the-
monsters sense.

He turns around then, taking in the whole alley.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Everything seems normal. Why on
Earth did the TARDIS bring me here?
What's happening here tonight?

CHRIS

A concert. A Christmas Concert.

THE DOCTOR

Well, that's nice. Hardly seems
worth a million mile detour though,
does it?

He walks towards the street, Chris following after him.

CHRIS

Well, actually, I'm--

From the stage door, the security guard grabs Chris' arm as
he passes.

SECURITY GUARD

Where do you think you're going?
It's five minutes to, you need to
get to beginnings, you do.

CHRIS

But I--

The Doctor is a faint silhouette at the end of the alley.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to the Doctor)

I was hoping you could see me play.

SECURITY GUARD
 Don't worry, lad, I'll be listening
 on the wireless, won't I?
 (he pulls him to the
 door)
 Come in, now, and get your hands
 warm.

CHRIS
 (to The Doctor)
 Happy Christmas, Doctor.

INT. WINGS OF CONCERT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah stands in the wings as Chris approaches, surrounded by stage hands and younger musicians, including OLIVER QUINN, 16, good-looking, flirting heavily. She see Chris and shrieks in excitement--ignoring the "SHUSH" from the STAGE MANAGER-- and runs to Chris.

HANNAH
 Where have you been? I've been
 looking for ages--

Hannah grabs Chris's hand.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Oh my God, you're freezing. And
 you're hair--Chris, what did you
 do, roll around outside?

CHRIS
 (in a whisper)
 Hannah, I saw him.

Hannah tries to fix Chris's hair, brushes snow of her shoulders, while Chris stands there, a little stunned.

HANNAH
 Saw who? You're a wreck, Chris
 Moore, a wreck.

CHRIS
 Doctor...Hannah, Hannah, stop. I
 saw him. The Doctor.

Hannah stops, then cups Chris's face in her hands.

HANNAH
 Chris, you can't be serious. It's
 just your nerves--

CHRIS

I saw him. I spoke to him--

HANNAH

That's...fantastic, but now we need to focus. Focus, Chris, because tonight's important.

The wings are filling up with performers, bumping into the girls.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Tonight, Chris, we either get noticed--and then it's music for us, music and fame and fortune for the rest of our lives--or we don't, and then what?

CHRIS

I don't know, Hannah, I don't--

HANNAH

Or we don't, and it's being shop clerks and a life of could-have-been. So, chin up. Tonight, it's our dreams that could come true.

STAGE HAND

Vocalists, please, places on stage. Vocals, this way...

HANNAH

Toi Toi, Chris.

Hannah squeezes Chris's hand, and runs to the stage.

CHRIS

Toi toi...

STAGE HAND 2

Violin?

CHRIS

Sorry?

STAGE HAND 2

You're in the violin section?

CHRIS

Yes..

STAGE HAND 2

This way--watch your step...

Chris nods and follows, giving a quick glance around, as if looking for extra shadows, or tentacles...

As he turns back to the stage, the curtains behind him billow...though no one is there.

INT. ON-STAGE, CONCERT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The orchestra is TUNING up, as the House settles. Chris gives a little wave to Hannah, on the risers with choir, before taking his seat--the last in the violin section.

The MAESTRO walks on as the House lights dim. The Orchestra quiets down as he takes his place. He brings his hands up...and Bach's JESU, JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING begins.

MONTAGE--CONCERT

A) The strings begin, first the cello's, then the violins. Chris takes a deep breath and begins his part.

B) The Maestro beckons..

C) And the reed section comes in, one flute soaring high above

D) Hannah takes a deep breath, and the vocals join in, with the brass under them

E) The audience sits in silence, raptly watching the stage. The music is magic...

INT. CONCERT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The last strains of the violins fall away into silence. The audience APPLAUDS, a ROAR through the auditorium that merges with a larger, resounding EXPLOSION from outside...close enough to make the building shake, and the lights flicker.

The audience GASPS, SCREAMS come from the Orchestra. The lights flicker again...plaster dusts drifts from the ceiling.

SIRENS, faint but moving closer, from outside.

The Maestro looks towards the wings, and the Stage Manager shrugs as she talks frantically into a walkie-talkie.

The orchestra and choir are milling in panic, but Chris stays sitting. In the wings, the curtains billow for no reason.

CHRIS

Come on, Chris...pay attention.

The room shakes again, harder. The lights flicker, once, twice, and go out.

People SCREAM. Chaos in the dark. The emergency lights HUM into life. The ushers attempt to calm the audience members, but the audience is already panicking, pushing towards the doors, the maestro attempts to keep order on-stage; SCREAMS and CRASHES as people knock over chairs, music stands...no one is listening, soon it will be a stampede...

Calmly picking up his violin, Chris plays out one crystal note, high and sweet and sad, it pierces the NOISE, forces quiet. In the silence, the ushers regain control, the panic now contained.

The building shakes again, prompting more SCREAMS and SOBS, but the frenzy has died down.

MAESTRO
Everyone, off stage. Quickly,
now.

Quickly--but calmly--people exit to the wings.

INT. BACKSTAGE OF CONCERT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Chris searches for Hannah, finds her, grabs her hand. In his other he holds his violin. It would be hard to tell which is more important.

Hannah clings to him. There is another BOOM, and the ground shakes again.

CHRIS
Come on, we need to get outside--

He glances behind him, sees the curtains move again, and then with a ROAR, the door to the wings SLAMS shut.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Ok, now we should run. Run, Hannah.
(he raises his voice
above the crowd)
Everyone, quickly, out, out to the
alley! Quickly!

He grabs her hand and pulls her with him, following the crowd of people to the backstage door...

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Chris and Hannah burst outside, gasping. The orchestra mills around them.

Chris looks back, and sees the Doctor through the window of the door, inside, running down the hallway, sonic screwdriver out. Chris takes two steps towards the door, but Hannah pulls him back.

HANNAH

What are you doing? You can't go
in there!

Chris looks at her, annoyed for a flashing moment, then he nods. A crazy thought, to join the Doctor.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(crying, but still
pretty)

Chris, what was that? What
happened?

CHRIS

I don't know. Something...
(he looks around)
And I so excited to play tonight.
I didn't think I would be, but it
was...wonderful, while it lasted.

He wraps his arms around, she snuggles close, and for a second, despite everything, it seems like all of his dreams are coming true.

OLIVER (O.S.)

Hannah! Hannah!

Oliver pushes through the crowd towards Hannah and Chris. Hannah gives a cry and promptly starts crying again as she throws herself at him.

HANNAH

Ollie! I was so scared...

Chris watches, bitter and stymied, before turning away. Around him, people are sobbing, scared, but moving towards the street. Sirens, close now, grind to a halt, and the alley is painted with red light.

EXT. CONCERT HALL, CHRISTMAS, - MOMENTS LATER

Police and paramedics swarm in as Chris comes out of the alley.

The Maestro taps Chris on the shoulder.

MAESTRO
I see you brought your instrument.

CHRIS
Yes? Of course..I..yes?

MAESTRO
Good lad, that. I thought I'd
have some music, you know, to keep
people calm? Would you mind?

The Maestro gestures towards a number of MUSICIANS who raise
their instruments in half-salute.

CHRIS
Yes...Yes, I'd be honoured.

They walk over, Chris glancing once back towards Hannah before
he is greeted--warmly--by the other musicians, including
SUSAN TAN, 14, a flutist.

SUSAN
That was brilliant, what you did.
Playing that note.

CHRIS
Oh, thanks--

SUSAN
Susan.

CHRIS
Right, Susan. I've seen you about,
at rehearsal, right?

SUSAN
Right.

MAESTRO
Shall we, then?

The Maestro lifts up his hands and the MUSIC starts. Chris
looks away from Hannah, coming out of the alley in Oliver's
arms, and loses himself in the music...his chin resting
against the violin as he plays...at peace, and where he should
be, as snow falls and the sirens WAIL.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM, CHRISTMAS 2009 - AFTERNOON

Chris, now 27, sits intently in a plain rehearsal room,
staring at the music on the stand in front of him.

His fingers fly along the strings of his violin, his bow a blur of speed as he practices J.S. Bach's "CHACONNE" FROM PARTITA 02 IN D. When he plays, he is riveting.

His fingers fumble on an arpeggio, the music skips, falters. He drops the bow and violin and rests his head on the music stand.

His tutor, JOHN GUILLIAM--60's, sympathetic but stern--leans back into his chair with a SIGH.

JOHN

Now, Chris. You've got to relax there.

CHRIS

I know.

JOHN

You tighten up, you think about it. Your fingers move faster when you don't think about it. Think about what you are doing...

JOHN AND CHRIS

And the magic is gone.

CHRIS

Yes, I know.

John stands, stretches, as Chris packs up his violin.

JOHN

I know you know, but you seem to forget.

CHRIS

It has to be perfect. The concert's tonight, and all I can see is all the ways it'll go wrong...

Chris snaps the case closed, and stands, not wanting to finish the thought.

JOHN

This piece is optional. If you aren't ready, don't do it.

CHRIS

I think...that may be best. Not yet.

John nods, disappointed, then decides to say something.

JOHN
Chris, this is important. You
need to listen to me.

Chris stares at him, flustered by John's words.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Chris, are you paying attention?

CHRIS
Yes, yes--I'm--why did you--

Chris stops himself, visibly agitated, starts putting on his coat, hat, gloves. Each layer seems to make him close in, his shoulders dropping, eyes lowering--becoming nervous, timid.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Yes, yes, I'm listening.

JOHN
You're a phenomenal talent, truly
you are. But you must trust
yourself.

John reaches out, takes Chris' hand, places it over his heart.

JOHN (CONT'D)
This knows what to do. Stop letting
this,
(he taps Chris'
forehead, gently)
Make a mess of it all.

CHRIS
I'll work on it. I promise.

He scurries past him, head down.

John watches Chris leave, shakes his head as he calls down the hallway after him.

JOHN
Not really my point, Chris, lad.
Stop working and live, why don't
you?

EXT. BUSY LONDON COFFEE HOUSE CHRISTMAS 2009- MOMENTS LATER

Chris pushes the door open, removing his scarf and hat. As he moves to the counter, he is buffeted by people, who seem to not notice him at all. Tinny CHRISTMAS MUSIC competes with the noise of the crowd.

HANNAH
Chris! Oi! Over here!

Hannah, 25, waves excitedly from her table, near the windows. She is still lively, attractive--bubbly. Chris is still in love with her. Chris waves back, changes course to join her.

CHRIS
Oi, these crowds. There just a menace.

He carefully places his violin case under the table, takes off his coat.

HANNAH
Oh, I don't know, it's nice to see London crowded at Christmas again. It was so dreary when everyone was gone.

Hannah pushes a frothy cup towards Chris.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Sit, I got you a coffee.

Chris sits, looks at the cup.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What? Oh, no, I did it wrong again, didn't I?

CHRIS
It's all right. It's fine, really.

He scraps some of the foam off, takes a sip.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
See, sorted.

Hannah laughs, tosses her hair, aware of the looks she receives. Enjoying them.

HANNAH
How's your mum?

CHRIS
The same, really. She's ... fine. I got her a ticket for tonight.

HANNAH
Chris, why do that to yourself? She hasn't left the house since you were 12.

CHRIS
There's always hope, hey?

A quick, almost painful silence. Nothing really to talk about. Hannah fidgets, uncomfortable.

HANNAH
So...tonight.

CHRIS
I don't want to talk about it.

HANNAH
Oh, come on, you must be excited!

She looks closely at Chris.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Oh, Chris, no. You're not, are you? You're terrified!

CHRIS
I'm just...a little nervous.

HANNAH
Hah. You look like you're about to sick up that coffee. I know that look.

CHRIS
Leave off, Hannah.

Hannah scoffs--then remembers, and start digging through her bag while Chris watches, bemused.

HANNAH
Oh, no, what did I do with--did I not--oh!
(she brings out a
small, square wrapped
box)
Here it is.

She hands it to Chris, beaming.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Happy Christmas.

CHRIS
You shouldn't have, Hannah.

HANNAH
Nonsense. You're my oldest friend.
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Since primary school, isn't it?
 Ever since you rang that alarm,
 saving me from maths.

CHRIS
 Well then, the telling-off was
 worth it. If it saved you from
 maths.

Chris smiles at the memory, turning the package around.

HANNAH
 Oh, stop that and open it, I don't
 have much time, I'll be late to
 rehearsal as it is.

CHRIS
 Oh, but I thought we'd have all
 afternoon--

HANNAH
 So did I, but they changed the
 calls, didn't they? Open it!

CHRIS
 No, wait...

He brings out a clumsily wrapped package, hands it to Hannah.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Happy Christmas, Hannah.

They grin at each other and rip the paper off. Chris looks at his, a scarf--nice, but nothing amazing--as if it was a Stradivarius. Beams at Hannah. Happy she thought of him at all.

Hannah's smile falters as she opens the velvet box, revealing a silver charm bracelet with the comedy/tragedy masks and a concert hall charm on it.

HANNAH
 Oh, a charm bracelet. I had one
 like this in 5th form.

CHRIS
 You don't like it.

HANNAH
 (not quite convincingly)
 Nonsense, I love it.

Hannah gathers up her bags.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And that's me, then. Have to go,
or the director will scream.

She kisses Chris's cheek, leaving a smudge of lipstick.

CHRIS

I've got a ticket for you, for the
concert.

HANNAH

Ta for that, then. Rehearsals are
crazy now, but you know I'll try.

CHRIS

Yes--

Hannah is already gone, through the crowd and out onto the street. Chris watches her with longing until she disappears, then starts gathering up the torn paper on the table.

A pretty SHOP GIRL approaches her table, smiling. Chris, shyly smiles back...

SHOP GIRL

Can I borrow this chair? Thanks
much.

She doesn't wait for an answer, but takes the chair. Chris picks up the last piece of paper--revealing the charm bracelet, forgotten by Hannah. Chris stares at for a second, hurt and embarrassed, before he scoops it up, grabs his violin and quickly leaves the shop.

EXT. LONDON STREET CHRISTMAS 2009 - MOMENTS LATER

Chris walks through the crowds, not quite crying but close.

A KID, running and not looking, runs into Chris; the violin goes flying, skidding across the sidewalk, kicked by passer-bys into a small side street.

The kid laughs and keeps going. Chris chases after the violin into a little alley, pushing his way through the crowds, ignoring the CRIES of the people he rudely shoves.

EXT. LONDON SIDE STREET CHRISTMAS 2009 - MOMENTS LATER

The violin has skidded into a pile of garbage, the case covered in dirty snow and mud, scraps of paper sticking to it.

Chris rushes to it.

CHRIS
No, no, no, no...

He picks it up, carefully, searches his pockets for something to clean it with, finds Hannah's scarf. Debates. Shoves it back in his pocket, pulls the scarf from his neck and wipes the case clean.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
All right, clean you up, you should be fine, right girl...

He opens the case, breathes out a SIGH of relief as the violin itself is undamaged. Carefully, he closes the lid, latches it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Okay, then, all's well...

He stands, then stares in astonishment as the Doctor sprints into the alley, past Chris, and crouches behind a trash bin. A moment later, three SANTAS race past the alley.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Doctor?

The Doctor pokes his head around the bin, SHUSHES Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Are you hiding from Santa?
(Chris points to the street)
Cos they just went by, three of 'em.

THE DOCTOR
Did they?

The Doctor pops up from behind the bin, dusts himself off.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Excellent. Safe as houses, then.

He takes a quick step towards Chris, who stumbles backwards.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Why did you do that?

CHRIS
What?

THE DOCTOR
Why did you back away?

CHRIS
I--you were coming at me, so I--

THE DOCTOR
Well yes, but that's what happens,
isn't it? People, things, life
itself--they all come at you, don't
they? Why back away?

CHRIS
Well--you were running away. From
Santa!

The Doctor grins at Chris.

THE DOCTOR
Well yes, yes I was. Wasn't Santa,
by the, way, just dressed like
him, devious little fish they are--
but I was running, albeit away,
but also, ipso facto, towards
something, wasn't I?

CHRIS
Fish?

THE DOCTOR
Don't get distracted. Forget the
Santa-fish for a moment. I know
you.

He stops, very, very close to Chris, becoming still.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
How do I know you?

CHRIS
I'm Chris. Chris Moore...

THE DOCTOR
A-ha! Chris Moore, they're-not-my-
friends Chris Moore, tentacles-
teeth-and-fingers Chris Moore.

He claps Chris on the back, delighted to remember.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Never forget a face. And that
means something, when I say it.
Lots of faces to remember.

The Doctor goes to the street, peers around the corner.
Looks back at Chris.

THE DOCTOR
All right, so...Chris Moore, this
is important. Are you listening?
Are you paying attention?

CHRIS
Yes. Yes, I am.

THE DOCTOR
Which way did they go?

CHRIS
Pardon?

THE DOCTOR
The Santa-fish. Come on, keep up,
what were we just talking about?

CHRIS
Um, that way?

Chris points the direction the Santas had gone.

THE DOCTOR
That's good. More than good,
really. Not very bright, the Santa-
fish. Still deadly. But dumb.

The Doctor turns the corner--and Chris rushes after him.

EXT. LONDON STREET CHRISTMAS 2009 - MOMENTS LATER

Chris hurries after the Doctor, violin clutched protectively
against his chest.

CHRIS
Oi, Doctor, wait--wait--

Chris reaches the Doctor, grabs his arm. The Doctor wheels
around as Chris lets go, quickly, stunned at his nerve.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Sorry, sorry, I-it's just that I--

THE DOCTOR
Well? What? Haven't got a lot of
time, deadly Santa-fish about, who
knows what is following them. So
what?

CHRIS

I looked you up, you know. On the internet.

THE DOCTOR

Bah, the internet. Why humanity puts so much faith in it amazes me. It's just a big hash of data. Trust me, Chris Moore, the internet...lies. Almost as badly as people.

CHRIS

Well yes, but--Doctor. I wanted to ask favour, if you would.

That gets the Doctor's attention...he zeros in on Chris, suddenly very intent. The Christmas crowds ebb and flow around them.

THE DOCTOR

Ask me a ... favour? You can't come with me, taking a little break from that, enjoying the solitude, so on, so forth--

(winds down as he realizes...)

That's not what you meant, was it?

CHRIS

No, no I--

(laughs, uncomfortable)

I think you might be a little too much for me.

THE DOCTOR

Too much? Well, Chris Moore, I don't know who taught you how to ask a favour but starting out with an insult isn't usually how it's done.

CHRIS

No--I didn't mean it like that, it's more a critique of me, really...

THE DOCTOR

Mmm, maybe, I can see that...what is this favour?

Chris fidgets with his violin, suddenly unsure of how to say it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Out with it, quickly, quickly.

CHRIS
Could you--only it's I've an important concert tonight, and the last two times I've seen you--well the only two times I've seen you--things had a tendency to blow up, somewhere near by, and I was just hoping you could maybe, if you it wasn't a bother, blow something up far away from my concert?

Chris breathes at the end, looks at the Doctor nervously.

THE DOCTOR
Far away from your concert?

Chris nods.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
What kind of concert?

CHRIS
A Christmas one. I play violin
(he holds up the case)
It's my first solo performance... it's a huge honour, people keep telling me--

THE DOCTOR
Right, right...Stop talking. Just, stop.

Chris stops talking. Looks around. Embarrassed now.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'm in the middle of possibly saving the world, and you want me to be considerate of your...concert?

CHRIS
Well, yes, if it's not too much trouble, I mean saving the world, that's big stuff, I know, but...well, this concert's rather important to me...

THE DOCTOR
You do realize, no world, no concert at all?

CHRIS
Well, yes.

The Doctor studies Chris for a second, intensely. Chris-- somehow gathering his courage--stares back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

If it's not a bother.

THE DOCTOR

Look, it's not up to me where things blow up. People always think that, but it's not me. Granted, sometimes I'm the spark that sets it off, but I'm not the one who placed the explosives. Well, not usually. Sometimes I am, but only because there's a nest, or something's holed up in a basement...

He takes in Chris' dazed expression.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Short form answer, I will try to not blow up anything near you tonight.

The Doctor claps Chris on the shoulder.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

All good then? Sorted? Brilliant, I'm off.

The Doctor grins and turns away, quickly disappearing into the crowd.

A second later, the Doctor pops into view, comes back to Chris.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Just to be clear, we are talking metaphorical explosives. At least on my part. Because I don't do that. No explosives, no guns... Other people do, though. Not arguing the blowing-up part. Only clarifying. Got it? Excellent.

And then the Doctor grins, again, and races off, leaving a stunned Chris. It takes Chris a moment to realize his hand is still up, mid-farewell wave, and he quickly, sheepishly, lowers it.

CHRIS

Well. That's that, then.

Chris hugs his violin for a moment before he moves on.

INT. CONCERT HALL DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A proper dressing room. Mirrored, with lights around it, a table, cupboard. Even a small couch and a low table with water and flowers on it. Chris, in formal wear, fidgets with his bow tie in the mirror.

Behind him the door opens, and Susan, 25, enters. She lacks Hannah's vivaciousness, but is quietly--serenely--pretty.

SUSAN
Knock, knock?

Chris turns, smiles in delight.

CHRIS
Susan, of course. Happy Christmas!

SUSAN
Happy Christmas! Are you excited?
Oh, look at your dressing room.
They have me in with the chorus.
Each girl gets 16" of counter space.
(she laughs)
It's not pretty.

CHRIS
You're welcome to use mine...I
mean, I hardly know what to do,
with all the space...I...

SUSAN
Who sent the flowers? They're
lovely.

CHRIS
Hannah. She ended up not being
able to come, flowers in her stead.

SUSAN
Well, at least...that's something.

A silence--tense, but not uncomfortable.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Are you doing the Chaconne, tonight?
I've heard you practicing...

CHRIS
No. It's not ready.

SUSAN
Oh. I thought it sounded great.
Earlier...

Another silence. Slightly uncomfortable.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I got you a present. It's not
much...

A little shy, almost nervous, she hands him a gift, a medium sized box, nicely wrapped.

CHRIS
Oh, you didn't have to do that--I
didn't--

An idea hits him, and he makes a quick decision.

CHRIS
I didn't have time, that is, to
wrap yours.

He goes to his coat pocket, pulls out the red velvet box that has Hannah's charm bracelet. Opens it quickly, his back to Susan, and pulls off the comedy/tragedy mask, leaving only the Concert Hall charm.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
For you.

She takes it, opens it. A huge smile.

SUSAN
Oh, Chris, it's gorgeous. It's
lovely. Oh, thank you!

She hugs him, surprising both of them, but doesn't break the embrace. Their faces are close, kissing distance. They stare at each other, Chris *chooses* and leans in--

A KNOCK on the door, springing them apart.

CHRIS
Yeah, it's open--

STAGE HAND 3 pokes his head in.

STAGE HAND 3
Mr. Moore, the tickets you reserved
are still at the box office.

CHRIS
Oh. Right. Ta for checking.

Stage Hand 3 nods, closes the door as he leaves. Susan and Chris look at each other, shy now.

SUSAN
I guess I should--

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)
Five minutes, five minutes to top
of show.

SUSAN
I really should go, then.

She leans up, kisses his check.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Toi toi, Chris.

CHRIS
Toi toi.

Susan slips out the door. Chris looks at the present in his hands, then opens it.

It's a simple wooden box, but the wood has been polished to a rich, almost living sheen. Chris sets in on the counter, opens it. Set in rich blue velvet are violin cleaning tools--polish, cloth, strings for the bow--and a set of heavy silver cuff links, square with a violin stamped into them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Oh, very nice.

He takes off his cuff links, replaces them with Susan's gift.

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)
All performers to the stage, please.
All performers to the stage.

Chris takes one final look in the mirror, straightens his cuffs, and leaves the room.

INT. BACKSTAGE OF CONCERT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Chris walks into the wings, and sees Susan, standing quietly, flute in her hands. She sees him, waves. He waves back, takes a step towards her, then stops when she turns towards a MUSICIAN next to her, laughing at something he says.

Hurt flashes across Chris' face, followed by a resigned sadness--until he notices the glint of silver--his charm bracelet--on her wrist, and she looks back, smiles just at him. A moment later, she is gone, through the curtains, on stage.

STAGE HAND 3

Mr. Moore? Soloists enter here,
sir. In just a moment.

Chris nods. Clears his throat. Checks his instrument, his bow, takes a deep, shaky breath as the other soloists enter, to loud APPLAUSE.

STAGE HAND 3 (CONT'D)

Sir? Now, please?

Chris almost takes a step back, stops himself--a realization, of what the Doctor meant--

CHRIS

(in a whisper)

Don't step back, then.

He walks, quickly, into the light, through the curtains. The APPLAUSE grows.

EXT. CHURCHYARD, CHRISTMAS EVE DAY, 2016 - MORNING

Chris, 31, in a morning suit--complete with top hat, waits in a snow covered courtyard of a church. He fiddles with his boutonniere, checks the time on his mobile. Sticks his hands in his pockets and whistles--badly.

HANNAH

For a professional musician, you
cannot carry a tune.

Chris turns, sees Hannah, 30, in the walk-way, smiles in real happiness.

CHRIS

Hannah, you made it!

They meet, half-way, for an embrace. Hannah is still pretty, though she seems harder, more jaded.

HANNAH

Best mate getting married, of course
I made it. Susan's a lucky woman.

CHRIS

Ah, well, I'm a lucky man. Did
whats-his-face, Tyler?, could he
make it?

HANNAH

No.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

And by no, I mean not to your wedding, and neither in a relationship. Tyler is no more, alas.

CHRIS

Ah, Hans, I am sorry. He had so...much..promise.

Chris can barely keep a straight face, and Hannah swats him.

HANNAH

Ah, shut-it, you, or I'll tell Susan the 'charm bracelet that started everything' was meant for me.

At Chris' shocked look:

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, Chris. She showed it to me. Ages ago.

CHRIS

I didn't think you'd notice. Or care, for that matter.

HANNAH

I didn't, then.

She smiles at him, sideways and self-deprecating.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Now, however, I think younger me was a fool. An oblivious fool.

CHRIS

Now you're just winding me up.

HANNAH

No, never. You're my one true friend, aren't you?

She reaches up, plants a kiss on his cheek.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You deserve her, Chris. She's the best.

CHRIS

I guess you'll have to be content to be second fiddle, now.

Hannah LAUGHS and GROANS at the pun, slapping Chris' arm.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Will you quit hitting me?

HANNAH
I've got to keep you humble, don't
I?

SUSAN'S MOTHER comes running out, see Chris.

SUSAN'S MOTHER
Chris, you can't be here, Susan
can't get to the church without
you seeing her. Go on, then, get
inside.

Chris stares at her, bemused.

SUSAN'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
I mean it, lad, move along now.

HANNAH
I should go get my seat, anyway.
Stay close, not much longer now.

She squeezes Chris' hand, and runs back into the Rectory.
Chris watches her for a moment, than turns, sharply, and
walks back around the Church.

EXT. SIDE YARD OF CHURCH, CHRISTMAS EVE DAY 2016 - MOMENTS
LATER

Chris, walking along the side of the Church, stops when he
hears the sound of the TARDIS' engines. He stops, changes
direction, heads towards the HUM of the TARDIS.

EXT. CHURCH ALLEY, CHRISTMAS EVE DAY 2016 - MOMENTS LATER

The TARDIS martializes at the end of the alley. Chris, who
has never seen it before, stares at it in astonishment.

A second later, the Doctor pops out. He pats the side of
the TARDIS, and looks around.

THE DOCTOR
You!

CHRIS
Me?

THE DOCTOR

Chris Moore. The they're-not-my-friends-fingers-teeth-tentacles-don't-blow-up-my-concert Chris Moore. Ha!

The Doctor laughs, reaches out, grabs Chris' hand. Pumps it than claps it.

CHRIS

And you're the Doctor. You look the same. I read that, that you are either completely different or you don't change. But you really...don't.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, well, all the running. Keeps me young. Now. You. Why are you dressed like that? And why do you keep bumping into me?

The Doctor takes two quick steps towards Chris, who does not back away, even though the Doctor is now face to face to him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh, good. No more backing away for you, then? That's good. No, more than good, really, that's brilliant.

He grins at Chris, steps around him, circles him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

But you haven't answered my question.

CHRIS

(bemused, a little stunned)

Which one? You've asked me three--

THE DOCTOR

All of them, then. In order, if you'd be so good.

Chris thinks for a second, then, ticks each answer off on his fingers:

CHRIS

I'm getting married and Susan--my fiancée--always wanted her groom in a morning suit, with a top hat, so here I am; I think it's more a case of you bumping into me; and yes, thanks, it's all forward for me now.

The Doctor thinks for a second, nods.

THE DOCTOR

Well, of course a top hat. Top hats are cool. Why do you think it's me bumping into you?

CHRIS

Because I stay here, and you come and go. It's my life you keep intersecting with your--your blue box and your fish Santas.

THE DOCTOR

Santa-fish.

CHRIS

Whatever.

THE DOCTOR

Very different, Santa-fish and fish Santas.

CHRIS

I wouldn't know, would I?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, it's rather simple. Santa-Fish are alien beings that show up before a bigger, badder alien being. Fish Santas are fish sticks cut into the shape of Santas. Less evil, better with custard.

The Doctor taps Chris' chest.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Still, why you? Three times, always at Christmas.

CHRIS

Four, now.

THE DOCTOR

Four times. That's...interesting.
A puzzle, even. I like puzzles,
sometimes. Well, usually.

A church bell RINGS, Chris hears them. A moment, then a decision. Chris smiles at The Doctor, points to the ringing bells.

CHRIS

That's me--I mean--that's--I have
to go.

The Doctor reaches out, grabs Chris' shoulder, stopping him in his tracks.

THE DOCTOR

Chris Moore, are you listening to
me? Are you paying attention?

CHRIS

Yes--um, sure--But I--

THE DOCTOR

You have a point.

CHRIS

I--what?

THE DOCTOR

Your life. I keep bumping about
in your timeline...well, other
people's timelines, plenty of people
in this particular corner of space-
time know me...but still. It's a
coincidence.

CHRIS

(laughs uncomfortably)
Well, that's it then. Coincidence.

THE DOCTOR

I hate coincidences. They never
are.

CHRIS

Never are what?

THE DOCTOR

Just coincidence. So what is it
about you?

Chris shakes his head, holds up his hands in a 'I-don't know' gesture.

CHRIS

Doctor--I'm just a bloke. I play violin, I'm about to get married. I'm nothing...special.

THE DOCTOR

Right. Right then, nothing-special- Chris Moore. It's your wedding. Can't keep your bride waiting, can you? Off you go, then.

Chris hesitates, but the church bell RINGS again.

CHRIS

You aren't going to blow up my church, are you?

THE DOCTOR

No promises, but it's not on the agenda.

Chris grins at the Doctor--an open, excited grin of someone who's life seems to be going the right way.

CHRIS

If you want, Doctor--it would be an honour--if you attended.

THE DOCTOR

(surprised, touched)

It would be my honour, I'm sure, but I'm afraid I have...pressing business.

Chris nods, disappointed but understanding.

CHRIS

Of course, right. Well.

THE DOCTOR

You could come along, if you wanted.

CHRIS

I'm...I'm about to get married.

The Doctor grins, walks back to the Tardis.

THE DOCTOR

Of course, but it's a time machine, isn't it? Go, have an adventure, all of time and space...then back here, no time passed.

CHRIS
Lots of things being blown up?

THE DOCTOR
Well, usually it's more the running
then explosions but there's a fair
bit of 'BOOM' involved, yeah.

CHRIS
It sounds...amazing.

The Doctor beams, pats the TARDIS affectionately.

THE DOCTOR
It is.

He opens the door, steps in.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Coming?

CHRIS
Doctor...no. I can't. I'm getting
married. I want to do that...I
want to do that next.

THE DOCTOR
Not many people get an offer like
this. And I only make it once.
Well, usually. Almost always.
Are you sure?

The Doctor steps out of the TARDIS, head cocked. Perhaps in
disapproval? Approval? Disbelief?

CHRIS
Even if you could get me back to
the very second after we leave--I
want to marry Susan now, not later.

THE DOCTOR
Well then. That's...different.
Rather brilliant. Definitely
special.

Chris shrugs, nervously, but not backing down.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Good on you, Chris Moore.
Congratulations, and all that.

The church bell RINGS a third time. The Doctor reaches out,
grabs Chris' hand. Grasps it firmly, but doesn't shake it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I think we'll meet again, Chris
Moore. Keep safe.

Men's VOICES come from around the corner; "Where is he,"
"God, what if he's done a runner?"

CHRIS
Thank you, Doctor. I mean it.

He turns, runs back towards the church, then stops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Doctor--I mean it, though--don't
blow up my church!

The Doctor is already in the TARDIS though, door shut. The
TARDIS engines start to HUM as Chris watches.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, CHRISTMAS EVE DAY, 2028 - DAY

Chris, 47, older, a touch of grey at his temples, sits, fully
dressed, on an exam table while DOCTOR SMITH fusses with a
chart.

DR SMITH
Saw you at the Christmas concert
last year, you were quite good.

CHRIS
Thank you. I'm glad you enjoyed
it.

Dr. Smith flips the chart closed, looks at Chris. He's unsure
how to start.

DR SMITH
It is treatable now.

CHRIS
But no cure.

DR SMITH
No. Not as such. Perhaps within
the decade, maybe the next two.

A brief silence.

CHRIS
(as a poor joke)
On the bright side, it's not carpal
tunnel.

Dr. Smith gives an obligatory CHUCKLE.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
So, what's next then?

DR SMITH
Well, we've caught it early, which is good. There's drug therapy, of course, but I highly recommend DBS. It's had a high success rate in controlling symptoms.

CHRIS
Like the tremors?

DR SMITH
Like the tremors.

CHRIS
Will I be able to play?

Dr. Smith takes off his glasses, SIGHS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Well, that's a no then.

DR SMITH
You'll be able to play, for awhile. Symptoms progress slowly, you know. Eventually, however...

CHRIS
Yes. Well. Let's talk about this DBS, then.

EXT. CITY STREET, LONDON, CHRISTMAS EVE DAY, 2028 - DAY

Chris exits the Doctor's office building, breathing hard, rapidly. Whatever strength had got him through the doctor's visit is deserting him. He leans against the wall of the nearest building, bends over.

CHRIS
Damn, oh, damn.

He straightens up, tries to button his coat--but his fingers shake and tremble, fight him. In disgust he gives up, walks away, coat unbuttoned.

INT. MOORE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, CHRISTMAS EVE, 2028 - EVENING

A nice, semi-detached home, a well-equipped kitchen, but messy, scattered with the detritus of family. Crayons, toys, children's drawings. Susan, 44, is cooking dinner. She looks fit, slightly older. Content, if slightly frazzled. GEMMA MOORE, 7 and SIMON MOORE, 4, sit at the kitchen table, chattering at each other.

Through the archway is a living room, similarly messy, with a small Christmas tree and a few lights quickly thrown up. With love, if not care.

GEMMA

Mum! Simon's made Santa green.

SUSAN

No one said Santa can't be green,
Gemma, leave it alone.

GEMMA

But Mum--

Chris comes in from the front, smiles at Susan across the children's heads. She smiles back.

CHRIS

What is this now? Santa's green?

SIMON

Christmas lights are red and green.
Shouldn't Santa be?

Chris LAUGHS, tousles Simon's hair, kisses his forehead. Leans across the table to tug Gemma's hair.

CHRIS

It makes sense to me, Gemma.

SUSAN

Dinner will be ready soon. Do you
want to wash up?

CHRIS

Yes, won't be a moment...Tommy's
asleep?

SUSAN

Just put him down, so quiet if you
can.

CHRIS

Right.

Chris walks up the stairs. Susan, concerned, watches him go.

INT. MOORE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, CHRISTMAS EVE, 2028 - LATER

Chris comes down the stairs as Susan is finishing up the dishes.

CHRIS
Two stories each, the brats.

SUSAN
Ah, well, it's Christmas tomorrow.
They're excited. By the way, did
your Mum say when she wanted us?

Susan bends over closes the dishwasher door, turns it on. It's quiet, start-up hum sounds momentarily like the TARDIS-- Chris starts, looks out the window, before placing it.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

CHRIS
Pardon?

SUSAN
You're white as a sheet.

CHRIS
Tired. What did you say?

SUSAN
Did your mum set a time? Only
with Christmas morning, and church,
and my family, and your concert,
tomorrow's going to be fairly
packed.

CHRIS
She didn't say. She'll be happy
whenever we get there. Your mum
has a timetable, I expect?

Susan laughs, brings a teapot and cups to the table. Chris joins her.

SUSAN
She has requested our presence for
Christmas dinner no later than 4.

Chris reaches for the teapot, but can't grab the handle, his hand twitches and spasms.

Susan grabs it, tries to hold it, but Chris jerks it away.
With a SIGH, Susan pours tea, sets a mug before him.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Drink your tea, then tell me what
the doctor said.

CHRIS
I imagine you know what he said.

SUSAN
Parkinson's, then.

CHRIS
Yes.

SUSAN
Did he recommend a treatment?

CHRIS
I'd rather not talk about it, Susan

SUSAN
Chris, I--

CHRIS
I said, I'd rather not.

Angry--frustrated--Chris walks out, slamming open the back door, letting snow and a cold wind in.

EXT. MOORE'S HOUSE, GARDEN, CHRISTMAS EVE 2028 - MOMENTS
LATER

Chris stands, coatless, in the small garden, between a creaky swing-set and a tumbling-down shed.

He stares up into the sky, the stars. He doesn't cry, or scream, but he is grieving, deeply mourning. Life will be different, from now on.

CHRIS
Doctor, if you can hear me--I'll
go now. I'd like to pause. It's
all gotten to be a bit much...I'd
like to wait a bit, I think, before
the next part, because the next
part seems to be fairly frightening;
what do you say, Doctor, perhaps a
new galaxy for Christmas?

The sky is silent, the stars brilliant but cold. Chris waits. Nothing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Well then. That's that. Silly to ask. You're a busy man. I know that.

Chris looks into the kitchen, at Susan, still sitting at the table, hands cupping her tea.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Still, Doctor, what am I going to do?

The stars don't answer. After a moment, he goes inside, sits at the table with Susan, taking her hands.

INT. CONCERT HALL DRESSING ROOM, CHRISTMAS DAY, 2028 - NIGHT

Same dressing room, a little older. Like Chris. The box from all those years stand open on the counter, cuff links glinting in the velvet.

Chris fusses in front of the mirror, straightening his bow tie. Checks his hand for tremors, but it is steady. Stares in the mirror. SIGHS.

A KNOCK at the door, and Susan enters. Dressed as a guest, not a performer.

CHRIS

How did you escape the children?

SUSAN

It's lovely to see you too, dear.

CHRIS

Sorry, love, sorry.

He moves towards her, and she steps into his embrace.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Are you crying?

Susan pulls back, wipes her eyes, shakes her head.

SUSAN

Only a little. You look so wonderful, in that suit. I've always liked you in it.

CHRIS
Well, I'll still have the suit,
don't worry.

Susan laughs, rests her hands on his chest.

SUSAN
So, I came back with news, actually,
not just to molest you in your
dressing room.

CHRIS
I don't mind the molestation.

He kisses her. After a moment, she pulls away, laughing.

SUSAN
There's no time--

STAGE MANAGER (O.S.)
Performers to stage, please. All
performers to stage.

SUSAN
See?

CHRIS
(teasingly)
You timed that, just to stuff me.

SUSAN
Chris--

She's uncertain for a moment; then musters her courage.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Your mum. She's here.

Chris, who had been fixing his waistcoat, goes very still.

CHRIS
You're not serious.

SUSAN
I told her. When we were there,
today--I told her it's your last.
Her last chance.

CHRIS
Susan, I specifically asked you--

SUSAN
Was I just to let her miss you?
She deserved it--you deserve it.

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS
How is she?

SUSAN
Petrified. She seems better with
the children, but I should get
back.

Chris nods as Susan opens the door.

CHRIS
Susan?

SUSAN
Yes?

CHRIS
Thank you.

SUSAN
Of course, love.

STAGE MANAGER (O.S.)
Mr. Moore, to the stage. Mr. Moore,
please report to the stage.

Susan hugs him, then, whispering in his ear:

SUSAN
Do the Chaconne, tonight.

Chris steps back, visibly nervous at the thought.

CHRIS
No, Susan, I don't want my last
concert to be a laughingstock--

SUSAN
Do it anyway. You've worked on it
for thirty years. It's perfect,
now.

She kisses him, quickly.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Toi toi, love.

INT. CONCERT HALL, CHRISTMAS, 2028 - MOMENTS LATER

Chris takes his place as first chair, soloist. A smattering
of APPLAUSE as he sits himself.

He does not look out into the audience. Instead, he focuses on the Maestro, takes a deep breath, and brings his violin up. The first strains of J.S. Bach's "CHACONNE' FROM PARTITA 02 IN D float out.

The music rolls over the audience, a solo violin soaring, sad and joyful, grieving and at peace.

As he plays, he sees his mother, sitting beside his daughter, Susan, on the other side, his son, beside her, staring at Chris in rapt silence, and Hannah, next to his son, pointing towards Chris on stage.

He plays, finger's flying, bow moving, absorbed in the music. Remembering:

SERIES OF SHOTS

A. 7-years-old, and the Doctor kneeling, grinning at him

B. 15-years-old, Hannah rolling on his bed, giggling

C. 15-years-old, and the Doctor beaming at him

D. 26-years-old, the Doctor hiding behind the bin, then walking towards him

E. 26-years-old, Susan hugging him in the dressing room

F. 31-years-old, the Doctor patting the TARDIS, inviting him in

G. 31-years-old, Susan coming down the aisle, in her dress

H. His children, in quick, vivid photographs, babies, toddlers...walking, smiling...

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. CONCERT HALL CHRISTMAS, 2028- MOMENTS LATER

The piece ends; Chris slowly lowers the violin. The concert hall ROARS to life, applause like a force. He bows, points to his family, bows again.

The audience keeps CLAPPING.

Chris, crying and laughing, keeps bowing.

EXT. CITY STREET, WEST END, LONDON - CHRISTMAS EVE, 2039 -
EVENING

Christmas time, London. CHRIS MOORE, 57, walks with his shopping through the crowd. He is tall, good-looking, though his hair is mussed and his socks mis-matched. Behind him banners welcome crowds to the "West End Historic Shopping District" and electric lights glint against a dusting of snow.

He manoeuvres through the crowd with ease, when, cutting through the sound of the crowds and the TINNY CHRISTMAS MUSIC, the TARDIS' engines PULSE.

Chris stops, looks around, almost dazed.

CHRIS
Doctor...?

He spots an alley, cuts through the crowd, mumbles apologies, intent on the alley. The sound of the TARDIS' engines gets LOUDER.

EXT. ALLEY, CHRISTMAS EVE- MOMENTS LATER

Chris peers around the corner as the TARDIS martializes.

CHRIS
Oh, Doctor, why now?

The door of the TARDIS pops open, and the Doctor steps out. Stares, mildly confused, at Chris.

THE DOCTOR
Hallo?

CHRIS
Hello, Doctor. And yes, you're right. Early 21st, London, Christmas.

THE DOCTOR
Well, that's splendid. I--

THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS
Love Christmas.

CHRIS
(with a chuckle)
I know. You've said. Once or twice.

The Doctor steps closer to Chris, intrigued. Examines his face, circles him. Then:

THE DOCTOR

Ha! Chris Moore! The they're-not-my-friends-fingers-teeth-tentacles-don't-blow-up-my-concert-no, thanks-got-to-get-married Chris Moore.

The Doctor LAUGHS, CLAPS his hand.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

It is good to see you.

Steps back, looks, really looks at Chris.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I missed a decade then, did I?

CHRIS

Wasn't a very good one, anyway. Lots of hospitals, and doctors--the non-time-traveling kind.

THE DOCTOR

Not as fun, then.

CHRIS

Definitely not.

A brief silence. The Doctor seems to be waiting for something.

THE DOCTOR

Well, then? Out with it.

CHRIS

Out with what?

Suddenly The Doctor seems old. Too old, and weary. Resigned into acceptance. Something has happened, something which seems to have hurt the Doctor--maybe broken him a little.

THE DOCTOR

The recriminations. What I did, what I didn't do. Come now, you must have a speech? Everyone always does. Tell me, Chris Moore of London-Town, on this Christmas Day--what did I do to you?

Chris is staggered, stunned--then, almost tender.

CHRIS
 Doctor, I did prepare a speech.
 Actually.

THE DOCTOR
 Of course you did, come on, then,
 out with it.

CHRIS
 The first time I met you, I was
 very...alone. Dad gone, Mum...not
 well.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. LONDON SCHOOL-YARD, CHRISTMAS-TIME, 1989 - DAY

A fire alarm BLARES. Children mill about. 9-year old Chris is being scolded by MISS BARROWS. 8-year-old HANNAH watches. Mid-scolding, there's a loud RUMBLE and then a electrical CRACK, and dust and smoke pour out of the school's windows. Miss Barrows rushes off, leaving Chris, who stands alone, dejected. Hannah walks straight over.

YOUNG HANNAH
 Did you pull the alarm?

YOUNG CHRIS
 Yeah. Miss Barrows is going to
 call my mum--

Hannah throws her arms around him, stunning the young boy.

YOUNG HANNAH
 That was the most brilliant thing
 ever.

The children grin at each other.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. ALLEY, CHRISTMAS EVE, 2039 - MOMENTS LATER

Chris sets down his packages. His hands are shaking. He shoves them in his pockets.

CHRIS
 I hadn't a friend, really, until
 Hannah. She encouraged my playing;
 forced me to audition for the Youth
 Centre.

Chris give The Doctor a half-smile.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
So thank you, first for that.

THE DOCTOR
(still suspicious)
You're welcome.

CHRIS
Then there's the time I was 16.
The second time.

THE DOCTOR
Your concert I ruined? By blowing
things up?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CONCERT HALL, CHRISTMAS, 1997 - NIGHT

Chris plays, with the other musicians, outside the concert hall. Lights from the emergency vehicles light Chris' face in a revolving shadow play as the Maestro watches, seeing something.

CHRIS (V.O.)
The concert where Maestro noticed me. And arranged for a scholarship, private lessons. Because I played outside, for him, while people were evacuated. Because you had blown things up.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. ALLEY, CHRISTMAS EVE, 2039 - MOMENTS LATER

The palsy tic is shuddering through Chris' body, though he attempts to hide it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
It's also where I first noticed Susan. So, thank you for that.

THE DOCTOR
Stop thanking me, Chris Moore.
You have no idea the things I have done.

CHRIS

I don't know you very well, fair enough. But I know what you did for me. The next time I saw you, you told me something very important.

The Doctor shakes his head.

THE DOCTOR

You shouldn't listen to me, not all the time. Any of the time, really.

CHRIS

You told me not to step back. Do you remember that?

THE DOCTOR

To be honest, it was a little fuzzy. Was I hiding behind a trash bin?

CHRIS

No, you had stood up by then.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL CHRISTMAS, 2009- EVENING

Chris steps on stage, sees Susan, who smiles at him. He smiles back, takes his first chair spot. The lights blind him, hiding the audience, and then there is the music...

CHRIS (V.O.)

I realized that maybe forward wasn't so bad. Forward took me to Susan, to the Symphony. To everything my life became, for the next twenty years.

FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. ALLEY, CHRISTMAS EVE, 2039 - MOMENTS LATER

Chris seems to be breathing slightly heavier than needed, but he still smiles. The Doctor shakes his head.

THE DOCTOR

All of that, would have happened.

CHRIS

No. No, until you said that I had already decided to not go to that concert. I--I was planning any number of silly things.

THE DOCTOR

Sillier than wearing tails and playing an instrument made of horse hair and balsa wood?

CHRIS

A fair bit sillier, yes.

The Doctor stares at him. Not convinced yet. Whatever has happened to the Doctor, it has scared him.

THE DOCTOR

I asked you to come with me. I don't do that often. You refused.

CHRIS

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

Did you know? Is that why? Did you know what I do to them, my companions?

CHRIS

Doctor--

THE DOCTOR

Never mind. Finish your prepared speech, because I won't see you again after this, Chris Moore.

CHRIS

(concerned, but
continuing)

The next time, at my wedding.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CHURCHYARD, CHRISTMAS, 2016 - MORNING

Hannah hugs Chris, then she runs towards the church. Chris watches her go, suddenly torn. Looks towards the church entrance, then turns and walks quickly the other way.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I wasn't walking around the nave.

(MORE)

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I was walking away. Seeing
 Hannah...everything suddenly seemed
 skewed. I panicked.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. ALLEY, CHRISTMAS EVE, 2039 - MOMENTS LATER

Chris can't hide the shaking, and he gingerly leans against
 the wall.

CHRIS
 And then you asked me to--to go.
 And what I wanted...crystallized.
 I wanted Susan. I wanted to marry
 Susan. So I did.

THE DOCTOR
 Happily ever after?

CHRIS
 As happily as you can get, and
 still be human, I think. 23 years
 and counting, at least.

THE DOCTOR
 So, you are telling me, no regrets?

CHRIS
 Maybe one.

THE DOCTOR
 Just one? Yes, then, out with it.

CHRIS
 I wish you had seen me play, Doctor.
 I was really very good.

THE DOCTOR
 That's all?

CHRIS
 Yes.

THE DOCTOR
 Well, that's easy. Well, not easy.
 But--ah-ha, Chris--
 (The Doctor THUMPS
 the TARDIS)
 No regrets today!

Chris tries to take a step, falters, gasps out breaths against the tremors as he digs into his pockets, grabs a small keyfob--like to a house alarm.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Are you all right? What are you doing?

CHRIS
I'm fine. As good as can be expected. Shouldn't have stayed out this long, did too much today.

He doubles over, spasms shaking him. The Doctor grabs him, holds him upright.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Don't freak out...

Chris presses the one large button on the key chain. He spasms, hard, almost seizes.

THE DOCTOR
Chris Moore, you have a very upsetting bent towards understatement.

Chris' spasms stop, for a second he stays still, leaning against The Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
What is wrong with you, Chris Moore?

Chris wearily opens his eyes, shakes his head, straightens up slightly. The young-old man and the ancient-young time-lord, eye to eye.

CHRIS
Nothing you can fix, Doctor. Ha. That's funny.

He sees the Doctor's face, shrugs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Maybe not.
(he hods up the key chain)
Deep Brain Simulation. Controls the tremors, usually don't do it in public. Frightens the locals.

Chris takes a few deep breaths, lets a spasm pass through him.

THE DOCTOR
All right, Chris, all right.
There's a good lad. You're very
ill, aren't you?

CHRIS
It comes and goes.

THE DOCTOR
Then we haven't much time, do we?

CHRIS
For what?

THE DOCTOR
To see you play, of course. A
Christmas wish, say.

The Doctor cups Chris' face, close and intimate.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
It has been a ...bad time for us
both, Chris. I think--I would
very much like--to do this for
you.

CHRIS
I'd rather not be a bother, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR
Let me rephrase. I need to do
this. Something simple. Yes.
That's...close. Everything's been
terribly complicated, lately.
This could help, maybe. At least,
it couldn't hurt.

The Doctor moves back, picks up Chris' packages, helps Chris
towards the TARDIS. Pauses at the door. Grins, like he
hasn't since he landed.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Go on in.

He knocks the door open. Chris, properly awestruck, wonders
in. The Doctor follows.

INT. TARDIS, CHRISTMAS EVE 2039 - MOMENTS LATER

Chris stares around him, so taken by the TARDIS he doesn't
notice his hand trembling. The Doctor does, though.

CHRIS
 She's lovely, isn't she? Bigger
 in than out, though I'd suppose
 that makes sense, who can live in
 a police box?

He grins at the Doctor.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 You're a lucky man, to have her.

THE DOCTOR
 I like to think so.

The Doctor hops up to the control panel, pauses.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 Where to? And when, for that
 matter?

CHRIS
 What do you mean?

THE DOCTOR
 Which concert do you want me to
 see?

CHRIS
 Are you serious? Any concert?

THE DOCTOR
 Sure. Well, any that I wasn't
 already at. Get's a bit tricky,
 having to avoid oneself. Plus I
 never know where to park the TARDIS.

Chris shakes his head, as if to clear it. Thinks for a
 moment.

CHRIS
 My last one. 11 years ago,
 tomorrow. That one, I think.

The Doctor stares at him, searching for something--finds it.

THE DOCTOR
 2028 it is, then. I'd hold on,
 Chris Moore!

The Doctor LAUGHS as he throws the switch, and the TARDIS
 engines begin to HUM.

INT. CONCERT HALL, MEZZANINE CHRISTMAS 2028 - NIGHT

The TARDIS martializes in the deserted lobby area of the mezzanine. The Doctor steps out, and a moment later so does Chris. He looks stronger, though his hands still tremor.

CHRIS
We don't have tickets...

The Doctor waves the Psychic Paper.

THE DOCTOR
Psychic Paper. Tells people what we want. Sometimes what they want. Sometimes it doesn't work at all. Usually does, though. Come on!

The Doctor picks a direction, starts walking.

CHRIS
Doctor. Doctor! This way.

The Doctor comes back towards Chris, they go the other way, around the Mezzanine to a door marked "Balconies," Guarded by a stern-looking USHER. The Doctor flashes the Psychic paper, and the Usher pushes open the door.

USHER
Enjoy the show.

THE DOCTOR
We will, thank you.

INT. CONCERT HALL, BALCONY HALLWAY, CHRISTMAS 2028 - MOMENTS LATER

The Doctor races along the hallway, with Chris behind him, trying doors.

THE DOCTOR
Oops, sorry! Continue on.

Closes door 1.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Not that one.

Opens the next one.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Terribly sorry, continue on.

Closes door 2.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Not that one, either.

Chris shakes his head, but follows behind him

The Doctor opens Door 3.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Ah, perfect, come on, come on.

INT. CONCERT HALL, BALCONY, CHRISTMAS 2028 - MOMENTS LATER

The Doctor closes the door behind Chris, then use the Sonic Screwdriver to lock it. Chris looks at him, curious.

THE DOCTOR
No interruptions this way. I hear
it's a terrible hazard, people
just barge in.

Chris can't help it, he laughs out loud. For a second, he seems neither old, nor infirm. The Doctor beams at him, then steps forward, intent.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Oh, look, there you are.

46-year-old Chris, in evening wear, walks out onto the stage. Waves at the applause.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You don't look at all happy.

CHRIS
I had just found out I had
Parkinsons. Little over 24 hours
previous. I daresay I was too
numb to feel anything.

The Doctor is quiet for a moment; deeply saddened and somehow respectful.

THE DOCTOR
Chris Moore, you are a wonderful
man, I think.

Chris smiles at him, then turn towards the stage.

CHRIS
This piece--practiced this all my
life, was always to scared to play
it.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

See, even Parkinson's was a blessing, in a way. Figured if I went tit's up, I could blame the disease.

Chris laughs, a little bitterly.

THE DOCTOR

I'd like to think I'm a little bit of a higher class blessing than a neurological disease, any way.

CHRIS

Shh.

46-year-old Chris has started playing. The music fills the hall. 57-year-old Chris SIGHS, and closes his eyes.

The Doctor listens, and reverberates. The music cries, and he follows, soars, and he flies, softens and so does he. Whatever had happened--whatever terribly complicated thing he has just come from--has been soothed.

As the last strains died away, the Doctor turns to Chris, who opens his eyes and smiles at The Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Chris Moore, you are the most extraordinary man. I am...honoured to have known you.

CHRIS

(exhausted, but touched)
Doctor, I think I'd very much like to go home now.

Chris is not doing well; over-use and fatigue make it hard for him to stand; the Doctor, without complaint, offers a arm, which Chris takes gratefully.

As the Concert Hall swells with APPLAUSE, the Doctor and Chris slowly go back to the TARDIS.

EXT. MOORE'S HOUSE, GARDEN, CHRISTMAS EVE 2039 - MOMENTS LATER

The TARDIS slowly materializes in the Moore's garden, narrowly missing the swing set and the shed.

After a moment of solidity, the door opens, and the Doctor gently helps Chris out, following him into the garden.

THE DOCTOR
You've got all your things?

CHRIS
Yes, thank you Doctor.

The Doctor nods, turns to the TARDIS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I shan't see you again, shall I?

THE DOCTOR
No, Chris Moore, probably not. It has been my privilege, though.

CHRIS
Doctor, I have something important to say.

The Doctor stops, one foot in the TARDIS, back to Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Are you listening? Are you paying attention?

The Doctor turns back, eyes intent on Chris. He seems poised on a knife edge--he could become very dangerous, soon. Some of the tension the Concert had leeches from him returns.

THE DOCTOR
I am, Chris Moore.

CHRIS
I don't think you should travel alone, Doctor. I don't think it agrees with you.

THE DOCTOR
Don't go much further, Chris.

Chris takes a step closer, reaches out one trembling hand, grabs the Doctor's.

CHRIS
People like to blame things, Doctor, you know that. Easier to blame the man putting out the fire for the steam, than look for the person that set it.

The Doctor stares at him, captivated.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're a miracle. A blessing. A good man. And it is my honour, my privilege, to have known you.

Chris clasps the Doctor's hand in his own.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It would be my deep, deep regret, if you didn't have Christmas dinner with us.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, no, I couldn't. I don't--I'm meant to be somewhere.

CHRIS

You're telling me your time machine can't get you to your dinner, no matter what?

THE DOCTOR

No, no, it could, time and space are, well, it's a, well, short answer, yes. It could. Could even take a few days off, between them.

Chris beams at him, and before the Doctor can say anything else, he calls out.

CHRIS

Susan, love. Got another for dinner.

(normal voice)

Come in, say hello. No regrets, Doctor. Not tonight.

The Doctor smiles as Susan comes to the door.

SUSAN

Come in, you'll freeze to death out there--Chris, is that a police box?

CHRIS

Come on then, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

No regrets tonight, then.

CHRIS

No, sir.

Chris guides the Doctor into the warm spill of light from the kitchen. Susan EXCLAIMS, and then the teenage voices of Chris' children join the fray, quieting as the door closes, a square of light from the window falling across the dark blue of the tardis...

END OF EPISODE