

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 8

EPISODE 8

"Mummy on the Orient Express"

by

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PINK SCRIPT

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 4)

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1 OMMITED 1
1A OMMITED 1A
1B INT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY 1B

Darkness.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
Start the clock.

Close on a red digital read-out. It begins counting down from 1 minute, 06 seconds. It then moves as a transparent timer to the corner of the screen and stays there over the following scenes.

We hear the rattle of a moving train.

FADE TO:

2 INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. DINING CAR - NIGHT 2

Close on a bulb. It flickers and dims, then brightens again.

We move through a train dining car, filled with 1920's dressed chatting DINERS and WAITERS. Old opulence.

Close on leathery rotting feet, bursting through tattered bandages. This is the FORETOLD, it's feet dragging themselves down the aisle, advancing. Unnoticed by anyone.

Close on MRS PITT, a sullen old lady seated at a dining table. She is also in a wheel chair (covered in a shawl to hide it's high tech nature). She peers down the aisle, squinting, frowning.

MRS PITT
Is there some sort of fancy dress thing on this evening?

Seated opposite her, her long suffering granddaughter MAISIE (30).

MAISIE
I don't think so. Why do you ask?

MRS PITT
That fella over there. Dressed as a mummy monster thing.

MAISIE turns to look where MRS PITT is pointing, but everything appears normal from her point of view, the aisle empty. No sign of the FORETOLD.

MAISIE
Who do you mean? I can't see him.

MRS PITT

And this soup is cold. We're too far from the kitchen.

MAISIE

If you recall, Mammam, you asked to move away from the kitchens because of the noise.

MRS PITT

Oh, so this is *my* fault is it?

MAISIE

Of course not, Mammam. I'm sorry I -

MRS PITT grabs the arm of a passing MAITRE'D.

MRS PITT

You! Throw that man out of my dining car. It's disgusting. He's putting me off my soup.

The MAITRE'D looks down the aisle. No sign of the FORETOLD.

MAITRE'D

I'm sorry Madam. Which man?

Close on the hand of the FORETOLD, forefinger pointing directly at MRS PITT, as it slowly advances, the grim reaper selecting its victim. We haven't yet seen its face, but it appears to be a classic mummy, tattered bandages covering leathery flesh.

MRS PITT

'Which man?!' I will have your *job*! He's right there. Dressed as a monster.

MAISIE and the MAITRE'D exchange looks. MRS PITT catches this exchange and is suddenly afraid.

MAISIE

Mammam. There's no-one there. Are you feeling okay?

MRS PITT

Don't you *dare* lie to me girl. I won't be made a fool of. Tell him to stop. Right now.

MAISIE

Mammam there isn't anyone there. You're worrying me. Do you want one of your pills?

As the clock in the corner of the screen inches towards zero, the number gets larger...

2 CONTINUED:

2

MRS PITT begins to panic, attempting to wheel her chair from under the table, but there isn't room. The FORETOLD's hands reach out and clamp onto the top of her head. She begins to scream and recoils in her wheelchair. She claws at the table cloth. Plates clatter and smash.

MRS PITT

Oh no! Get it off! Get it off!

But from everyone else's point of view, MRS PITT is alone, having some sort of fit. MAISIE screams in shock. The MAITRE'D holds her shoulders.

The clock hits zero. MRS PITT slumps, dead, eyes glazed. DINERS rush to her aid and we pull back through the train window.

CUT TO:

3 **OMITTED**

3

4 **OMITTED**

4

5 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - NIGHT**

5

We pull further back to reveal 'ORIENT EXPRESS' painted the length of the carriage in large scrolled letters. We continue to pull back revealing more of the train and begin to realise it's not quite as we had supposed. What we had read as night is actually space.

Because the train is actually barrelling through the void. It's wheels are spinning, travelling on glittering tracks that fade into existence before it and disappear behind it. A dazzling nebula sits behind it.

OPENING TITLES

6 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. STORAGE CAR - NIGHT**

6

A shadowy baggage car with no windows, shelving stacked with suitcases, trunks and packing cases. Then the groaning wheeze of the TARDIS. It materialises, a beat, then the doors open and THE DOCTOR steps out, dressed in twenties tails. He holds out his hand for CLARA.

THE DOCTOR

Your train awaits, my lady.

CLARA accepts his hand and steps out dressed as a twenties flapper.

They are both on the face of it happy, but there is a brittle sad quality to it all. The last meal before the divorce. It's over. This is their one last hurrah.

CLARA takes in her surroundings.

6 CONTINUED:

6

CLARA

Wonderful.

THE DOCTOR

Baggage car. But thanks for lying.
Through here is the wonderful.

THE DOCTOR leads her toward the exit.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

There were many trains to take the
name Orient Express, but only one -

THE DOCTOR steps through a door into -

CUT TO:

7 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT**

7

The previously seen lounge car, now slightly redressed for the evening as an art deco Jazz club complete with JAZZ SINGER in the corner. Dancing and chatting PASSENGERS. WAITERS glide through with trays of finger food. Odd futuristic touches, but most of what's happening wouldn't look out of place in the 1920's.

There are also train GUARDS in evidence. They have holster mounted pistols, but are so stylized they feel like ornament.

Visible through the windows, the dazzling nebula that gives away that we're in space.

THE DOCTOR

- in space!

CLARA glances from the windows and smiles.

CLARA

Of course it is.

THE DOCTOR strides off through the room, showing off, CLARA in his wake.

THE DOCTOR

Completely faithful recreation of the original Orient Express. (Beat) Only slightly bigger. And in space. And the rails are actually hyperspace ribbons. But in every other respect: identical. *Painstaking* attention to detail...

A PASSENGER walks by with a blatantly futuristic oversized monocle the size of a fist.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Most of the time.

CLARA accepts a small pastry from a passing WAITER's tray and bites into it. Then the JAZZ SINGER reaches the chorus and we realise it's a jazz cover of 'Don't Stop Me Now'.

SINGER
Don't stop me now! I've having such a good time, I'm having a ball.

THE DOCTOR
Tiny bit out, now and then. I'll make a list of the mistakes, they'll appreciate that.

She's smiling - just a little sadly.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Oh, no, you're doing it again.

CLARA
Doing what?

THE DOCTOR
The smile.

CLARA
Yeah, I'm smiling.

THE DOCTOR
It's a *sad* smile. You're smiling *and* you're sad - it's two emotions at once, it's confusing. It's like you're having a malfunction.

CLARA
Sorry.

THE DOCTOR
I just thought this would be a good one to - you know -

CLARA
End it. Yes.

That word visibly hurts the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah.

7 CONTINUED:

7

CLARA

It is. Good choice. Good one to end
on.

A silence. A positive ache. Worlds unsaid.

Then THE DOCTOR smiles, offers his elbow.

7 CONTINUED:

7

THE DOCTOR

Shall we?

CLARA smiles. Takes him arm. They walk off into the crowd.

Passing them, coming the other direction, unnoticed, is a train GUARD wheeling a familiar empty wheelchair. The tearful daughter, MAISIE, follows. The PASSENGERS part. Some of the PASSENGERS cross themselves.

CUT TO:

8 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - NIGHT**

8

The train powers on through space. Off to one side, the swirling maw of a black hole. Over this we hear the bland soothing voice of the train's computer, GUS.

GUS

(o.s. on Tannoy)

Ladies and Gentlemen, if you would be good enough to look from the windows on the right of the train -

CUT TO:

9 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT**

9

Close on a screen showing a green thumbs up icon for GUS.

GUS (O.S.)

- you will be able to see the soaring majesty of the Magellan black hole.

CLARA and THE DOCTOR are standing holding champagne flutes, viewing the black hole through a large window. PASSENGERS surrounding CLARA and THE DOCTOR chatter.

THE DOCTOR

Ah, I remember when all of this was planets as far as the eye can see. Now all gone. Gobbled up by that hungry beastie.

CLARA smiles, watching THE DOCTOR. Pained again.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh, the smile again. I don't even know how you do that.

CLARA

I really thought I hated you, you know.

THE DOCTOR

Well thank God you kept it to yourself ... There was a planet called Obsidian - the planet of perpetual night ...

CLARA

I did hate you, in fact. I hated you
for weeks.

THE DOCTOR

Well, good, fine, cleared that up. And
there was this planet entirely made of
shrubs -

CLARA

I went to a concert once - can't
remember who. Do you know what the
singer said?

THE DOCTOR

It would be a frankly astonishing
guess if I did.

CLARA

He said "hatred is too strong an
emotion to waste on someone you don't
like."

She looks at him. Letting him absorb that thought.

THE DOCTOR

Were people really confused. *I'm*
confused. Did they all leave?

CLARA

Oh, shut up. Tell me about the
planets.

THE DOCTOR

Right, yes, good -

CLARA

I'm just trying to say, I don't hate
you. But I can't do this any more. Not
the way *you* do it.

THE DOCTOR

..... Are you finished? Can I
talk about planets now?

CLARA

Go!

THE DOCTOR

Well there was Thedion Four. Constant acid rain. Had a lovely picnic there once. Wearing a gas mask.

CLARA watches him as he talks. She's going to miss this.

MAISIE

That's a lie.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA turn to discover the recently bereaved MAISIE. Champagne flute in a shaking hand.

CLARA

I'm sorry?

MAISIE

That's a lie. What you said. Thedion Four was destroyed thousands of years ago. So you couldn't have been there.

CAPTAIN QUELL (50s) approaches, dressed in a more ornate version of the GUARD's uniform with a row of medals.

CAPTAIN QUELL

Miss Pitt? Are you okay? Are you sure you wouldn't rather rest in your room?

MAISIE looks as if she's about to start crying.

MAISIE

That man's a liar.

CAPTAIN QUELL and the GUARD share a look.

CAPTAIN QUELL

Perhaps if you'd allow Mr Carlyle here to escort you back... (beckons to a GUARD who leads MAISIE away) Sorry about that. I suppose it's understandable in the circumstances.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA share a look. No idea.

CLARA

Of course.

CAPTAIN QUELL

Don't believe we've been introduced. Captain Quell.

CLARA

I'm Clara and this is the Doctor.

CAPTAIN QUELL

Ah, another one.

CLARA

Sorry, another what?

CAPTAIN QUELL

Oh we've got Doctors and Professors
coming out of our ears on this trip.
So what are you a Doctor of?

THE DOCTOR

Now there's a question that doesn't
get asked *nearly* enough. Let's say...
intestinal parasites.

CAPTAIN QUELL smiles.

CAPTAIN QUELL

I'm beginning to think Miss Pitt was
right about you.

CLARA

What happened to her?

CAPTAIN QUELL

You mean you really don't know?

CUT TO:

10 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - NIGHT**

10

The train barrels on through space, moving away from the black
hole.

CUT TO:

11 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

11

CLARA and THE DOCTOR confer in whispers in a corridor.

CLARA

There's a body and there's a monster.
Can't you ever just get on a train?
Did a wizard put a curse on you about
mini-breaks?

THE DOCTOR

Might be nothing. Old ladies die all
the time. That's pretty much their job
description.

CLARA

And the monster?

THE DOCTOR

Seen by no-one but her. Which probably
means it wasn't there. A dying brain.
Lack of oxygen. Hallucinations. (off
CLARA's reaction) Sometimes people do
just die. And she was over a hundred.

CLARA

Says the two thousand year old man.

THE DOCTOR

Clara, you almost sound as if you *want* this to be something. Do you? Just so we're clear.

CLARA looks annoyed.

CLARA

No. Of course not. Listen, you think it's nothing, that's good enough for me.

THE DOCTOR

Are you sure?

CLARA

Course I'm sure.

He raises his glass to her.

THE DOCTOR

To our last hurrah then.

She reaches for her glass -

CLARA

I mean, *last*, yes, but it's not like we'll never see each other again.

THE DOCTOR

Isn't it?

CLARA

Is it?

THE DOCTOR

I thought that's what you wanted.

CLARA

But you'll come round, won't you? For dinner, or something. Do you do that - do you come to people's houses for dinner?

THE DOCTOR hesitates a tiny beat - the big lie.

THE DOCTOR

... Of course. Why wouldn't I?

CLARA

I thought maybe you'd find it boring.

THE DOCTOR

Is it boring?

11 CONTINUED: 11
CLARA hesitates a tiny beat - the big lie.

CLARA
No.

CLARA defiantly holds up her glass.

CLARA (cont'd)
The last hurrah.

THE DOCTOR
The last hurrah.

They clink.

FADE TO:

12 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - NIGHT** 12

The train barrels through space.

CUT TO:

13 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CORRIDOR/CCTV - NIGHT** 13

Close on a CCTV camera.

A very narrow traditional train like corridor viewed through the CCTV. We view PASSENGERS walking down the corridor.

CUT TO:

14 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. THE DOCTOR'S ROOM - NIGHT** 14

THE DOCTOR is lying on his bed, coat off but otherwise fully clothed, hands behind his head. He's talking to himself, Gollum style, different attitudes as he answers his own questions.

THE DOCTOR
(sotto)
It's nothing. *Definitely* nothing.
Ninety nine percent sure. (scathing)
Really? Ninety nine percent? That's quite high. That the figure you're sticking with? (abashed) Okay, okay.
Seventy five. (shock) Well that's jumped a bit! You've just lost twenty four percent!

14 CONTINUED: 14
Whip pan through the wall to the room next door, where we find -

CUT TO:

15 INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CLARA'S ROOM - NIGHT / INT. DANNY'S LOUNGE - 15
NIGHT

CLARA also lying on her bed facing the ceiling talking, but this time on her mobile to DANNY. She's under the covers and in her pyjamas.

DANNY (O.S.)

A train in space. Sounds pretty cool.

CLARA

So what are you saying: just because he's brought me somewhere cool I shouldn't dump him.

DANNY in pyjama bottoms and a t-shirt, lying on a sofa. TV on, but muted.

DANNY

Well one, you can't dump him because he's not your boyfriend, and two, 'dumping' him sounds a little... scorched earth. You still *basically* get on. (eureka) You know what you need to do? Turn him into a Greg.

Back on the train CLARA frowns.

CLARA

A what? Who's Greg?

DANNY settles into his topic.

DANNY

My best mate at school. But he emigrated to Spain when I was sixteen. Now we meet up maybe once a year. We have a nice dinner and a catch up. And we have absolutely nothing in common.

Back with CLARA. She nods, considering.

CLARA

The Doctor will come to dinner.

DANNY

Yeah. And in the meantime, just enjoy your space train. Least it's not dangerous.

CLARA thinks. Should she tell him?

CLARA

Yeah. It's pretty... boring really.

15 CONTINUED: 15
Whip pan back through the wall again -

CUT TO:

16 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. THE DOCTOR'S ROOM - NIGHT** 16

Back with THE DOCTOR. He's out of bed and pacing.

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)

Because you know what this sounds like
don't you? (mock innocent) No, *do* tell
me. (scathing) A mummy that only the
victim can see? (rolls eyes) I was
being rhetorical. I know *exactly* what
it sounds like.

THE DOCTOR pulls on his coat and reaches for the door.

CUT TO:

17 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 17

THE DOCTOR strides into the corridor and walks up to CLARA's
door. He moves to knock, then stops himself. He considers for a
long beat, then lowers his fist, spins on his heel and strides
off down the corridor. Even before he's out of sight...

CLARA's door opens and she emerges in a dressing gown. She
knocks lightly on THE DOCTOR's door.

CLARA

(sotto)

Doctor. Are you awake? Doctor?

CLARA knocks a little harder - and the door swings open,
revealing the empty room and still made bed.

CLARA looks annoyed. What else did she expect?

CUT TO:

18 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT** 18

A dingy cluttered carriage. Pipework and tool benches. Behind
the scenes. Shoved in a corner, the deceased Mrs Pitt's
wheelchair, now wrapped in plastic, which THE DOCTOR has peeled
back. He sonics a control screen into life. Bleeps sound.

PERKINS (O.S.)

Beautiful bit of kit isn't it, sir?

Stepping from the shadows, a grimy grease monkey in his
fifties: PERKINS. A futuristic spin on a train engineer, with
distinctive cap and dungarees.

PERKINS (cont'd)

The Excelsior life extender. Like driving around in a portable hospital.

THE DOCTOR stands.

THE DOCTOR

Yes well. Didn't do Mrs Pitt a lot of good, did it?

PERKINS

Well you've got me there, sir. Certainly got me there. Maybe it malfunctioned.

THE DOCTOR

I don't think so. The records show that the machine did everything it could to keep her alive.

PERKINS

Yes. And almost drained the battery doing it.

THE DOCTOR looks at PERKINS shrewdly. He's smarter than he looks.

THE DOCTOR

What do you know?

PERKINS

I know that when I find a man fiddling with a chair that someone died in it's best to play my cards close to my chest.

THE DOCTOR smiles. Finally. Some sport.

THE DOCTOR

Really? Well, when I find a man *loitering near* a chair that someone died in I feel just the same.

A beat. They're both fighting smiles now. PERKINS holds out his hand.

PERKINS

Perkins. Chief Engineer.

THE DOCTOR shakes his hand.

THE DOCTOR

The Doctor. Nosey passenger.

PERKINS

Please to meet you Doctor. Course there's a rumour that someone... or *something* else might be responsible.

18 CONTINUED:

18

THE DOCTOR

Keep talking.

CUT TO:

19 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

19

CLARA emerges again from her bedroom, now dressed. She begins walking one way down the corridor when she finds MAISIE walking toward her the other way. MAISIE is dressed in a dressing gown and is carrying a high heeled stiletto shoe. She looks a little unhinged.

CLARA

Hello? Are you okay?

MAISIE ignores her and walks past. CLARA watches her go, then notices she's only wearing one slipper. CLARA sags, then hurries to catch up with her.

CUT TO:

20 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. BAGGAGE CAR - NIGHT**

20

MAISIE strides through the baggage car with CLARA at her heels. CLARA activates her phone, using it as a torch.

CLARA

Miss... Pitt, wasn't it? (no answer)
Are you alright? Do you need help?

MAISIE

My name's Maisie. I'm not mad.

CLARA

I didn't say you were. But you've had
a bad day. I think anyone would...
need a little help after a day like
today.

They've reached the end of the carriage where we find a sealed metal door marked 'CARRIAGE 24' 'Private Company Property'. MAISIE presses a green button above a keypad to open the door. An error noise sounds, the door still closed.

MAISIE

Computer? Open the door.

A screen above the keypad lights up with a red thumbs down.

GUS (O.S.)

Call me Gus. I'm afraid this door can
only be opened by executive order.

MAISIE presses it again. And again. And again. Error. Error. Error. Finally she stops, forehead against the metal door.

CLARA

Are you okay?

MAISIE

They won't let me see her body. They should let me see her body. Shouldn't they?

CLARA

I don't see why not. It's in there is it?

MAISIE nods mutely, like a child.

CLARA (cont'd)

Well listen: I've got a friend who's very good with locks, so... do you want to come with me? Help find him?

CLARA hopefully holds out a hand. Without warning MAISIE raises her stiletto over her head and smacks the heel into the keypad. The heel embeds deep within. It sparks and the door opens. MAISIE stumbles through into the darkness beyond.

CLARA (cont'd)

Or... you could do that. That works, too.

CLARA sighs and follows, phone torch raised. Close on a brass CCTV camera looking blankly on. CLARA is two steps into the darkness when the door begins to slide smoothly shut behind her. She spins in alarm, but the door cuts off our view of her with a clunk.

CUT TO:

21 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE - NIGHT**

21

A distinguished looking PROF MOORHOUSE (50s) is drinking alone in a booth. THE DOCTOR sits opposite. He's wired.

THE DOCTOR

What's the most interesting thing about the Foretold?

PROF MOORHOUSE

I'm sorry, I don't -

THE DOCTOR

You know; The Foretold: mythical mummy. The legends say if you see it, you're a dead man.

PROF MOORHOUSE

I know what it *is*, I happen to be -

THE DOCTOR

Emil Moorhouse, professor of alien mythology. I'm the Doctor: pleased to meet you. (pumps his unresisting hand) So: most interesting thing about the Foretold: go!

PROF MOORHOUSE sighs, irritated but complies.

PROF MOORHOUSE

It would have to be the time limit. Given before it kills you. I can't think of any other myth that's so specific. How does it go?...

FADE TO:

22 INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. KITCHEN / INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE CAR - DAY 22

Close on a light bulb. It flickers and dims, then brightens.

A futuristic looking kitchen. A young CHEF (20s) is mopping the floor, rhythmically bobbing his head in time to music through futuristic earbuds.

A dark silhouette is approaching him from behind down a corridor. Is it the FORETOLD? The tension builds...

PROF MOORHOUSE (V.O.)

'The number of evil twice over... Those who bear the Foretold's stare... have sixty six seconds to live.'

The CHEF turns and looks terrified.

Filling the screen with a boom, the count down clock set at 01.06 It begins to count down and moves to the corner of the screen.

We cut back to THE DOCTOR and PROF MOORHOUSE. Clock still counting down.

THE DOCTOR

No. Nice try. Very atmospheric. But that's not it. Try again.

PROF MOORHOUSE is annoyed.

PROF MOORHOUSE

A cynical man might say you were simply pumping me for information.

THE DOCTOR shrugs and speedily info dumps to prove otherwise.

THE DOCTOR

The myth of the Foretold first appeared over five thousand years ago.

In some stories there is supposed to be a riddle or secret word that will stop it. Some characters try to bargain with it. Offer riches. Confess sins. Always to no avail.

PROF MOORHOUSE

So you know a little mythology.

THE DOCTOR

I know a lot. Because every now and again it turns out to be true.

PROF MOORHOUSE warms to his topic a little.

PROF MOORHOUSE

That's the appeal though, isn't it? Earth legends are such dry, dusty things. And *always* fiction. But out here in the stars, anything's possible. (sotto) That's why I got into this field to be honest. Hoping one day to see a *real* monster.

THE DOCTOR considers, then snaps on a smile.

THE DOCTOR

Isn't that everyone's dream? But you still haven't answered my riddle: What's the most interesting thing about the Foretold?

PROF MOORHOUSE considers.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Well you can't run from it, that's for sure.

Back with the CHEF, who is now running through crowded kitchens. He's shouting, but we can't hear him. He pulls at the lapels of other CHEFS and points behind him. They look bewildered - there's nothing there. The CHEF is pulling down racks of dishes to block the FORETOLD's progress.

PROF MOORHOUSE (V.O.)

Some accounts talk of people trying. But it never works.

The CHEF dives into a walk in freezer and slams the door.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

23

We rejoin the CHEF panting inside, a carving knife held out before him protectively. No sign of the FORETOLD. All he can see of the outside world is a small frosted square.

PROF MOORHOUSE (V.O.)
Because however far you run, somehow
the creature is always right behind
you.

The CHEF bats away something tickling his face in the manner of
someone absently swatting a fly. But it isn't a fly... It's
bandages, hanging from the hands of the FORETOLD. The CHEF
realises, turns and screams. The FORETOLD's hands clamp onto
his head as it looms over him in the freezer.

The clock reaches zero. The knife clatters to the floor and the
CHEF topples, suddenly alone. Eyes glazed. Dead.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT**

24

Back with THE DOCTOR and PROF MOORHOUSE.

THE DOCTOR
Nope. Even colder.

PROF MOORHOUSE
I give in. Tell me.

THE DOCTOR looks past PROF MOORHOUSE to the bar. The BARMAN is
in shock on the phone. Other STAFF MEMBERS are hurrying through
a door marked 'Private'. Something is up.

THE DOCTOR
Mrs Pitt. The old woman that died.

PROF MOORHOUSE looks skeptical.

PROF MOORHOUSE
Look, I wish it was something more,
but it was just old age. Nothing
supernatural.

THE DOCTOR
Well that's my answer.

PROF MOORHOUSE
Her *death*? I don't -

THE DOCTOR stands.

THE DOCTOR
No. The fact that you were here to
witness it. Excuse me Professor.

THE DOCTOR heads toward the 'Private' door.

CUT TO:

24A **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

24A

The empty TARDIS. A phone rings on the console. Echoing around the empty space. After a few rings it clicks.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
(on voicemail)
You've reached the Doctor. Please
leave a message after the beep. Beep!

Followed by a real beep.

CLARA (O.S.)
(sotto on phone)
Doctor. It's Clara. If you get this,
come quickly. We're trapped in
carriage twenty four.

CUT TO:

25 **INT. CARRIAGE 24 - NIGHT**

25

A gloomy carriage, stacked with dusty metal boxes. A sealed metal door at one end. To preserve a reveal we don't see the other end... yet.

CLARA hangs up her phone, then turns it into a torch again, resting it on a shelf to light her work. She has pulled off the keypad next to the door and is attempting to hot-wire it.

MAISIE sits nearby, despondent. All conversation is whispered.

MAISIE
Do you know what you're doing?

CLARA
Nope. But I just need to be *slightly*
more skilled than a high heeled shoe.

MAISIE smiles at the joke, then her face falls.

MAISIE
Do you ever wish... bad things on
people?

CLARA isn't really listening, scowling at the keypad.

CLARA
Oh yeah. All the time. Whoever
designed this door for a start.

MAISIE is staring into the middle distance, eyes glazed.

MAISIE
She wasn't really my mum. She just
made me call her that. She was my
Gran.... Do you know why I wanted to
see her body?

25 CONTINUED:

25

CLARA stops work and looks wary. Is another shoe about to drop?
She turns to look at MAISIE, worried.

CLARA

Because... you loved her very much and
were... missing her?

MAISIE snorts a hollow laugh and shakes her head.

MAISIE

You obviously never met her. No, I
just felt... really guilty. Like I've
been... *picturing* her dying for years.
Like a daydream. Not really *meaning*
it. Least I don't *think* I did. But now
it just feels like... I *made* this
happen.

MAISIE starts softly sobbing. CLARA sits beside her and puts a
comforting arm around her.

CLARA

Hey, hey. Listen: you didn't do
anything wrong. Difficult people can
make you... feel all sorts of things.
(this is obviously resonating) But you
didn't kill her. She just died.

MAISIE looks toward the other end of the carriage with worry.

MAISIE

Are you sure about that?

We reveal the other end of the carriage and realise why they've
been whispering. There is a large ominous person shaped
sarcophagus standing against the wall. It's made of a golden
metal and looks high tech, but should have enough black inlay
to look sinister.

CUT TO:

26 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. FREEZER - NIGHT**

26

Close on the dead face of the CHEF. A high tech hand scanner
passes over his face, held in the hand of the train's MEDIC.

Wider, revealing CAPTAIN QUELL addressing a cluster of STAFF.

CAPTAIN QUELL

He simply died of a heart attack, no
doubt congenital. And if I hear anyone
spreading rumours to the contrary,
they'll be getting off at the next
station, termination papers in hand.
Are we clear? Right. Dismissed.

26 CONTINUED: 26
The STAFF begin to shuffle out. Close on the zip of a body bag closing over the CHEF's face.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 27

CAPTAIN QUELL is the last one to leave, to find THE DOCTOR leaning on the wall outside, within earshot of everything.

THE DOCTOR
I think we need to talk.

CAPTAIN QUELL
I'm sorry Doctor, passengers are not allowed -

THE DOCTOR produces the psychic paper.

THE DOCTOR
I'm not a passenger. I'm your worst nightmare.

CAPTAIN QUELL looks at the psychic paper and sags.

CAPTAIN QUELL
A mystery shopper. Oh great.

THE DOCTOR winces, then looks at the psychic paper.

THE DOCTOR
Really? *That's* your worst - okay.
Fine. Yes. I am a mystery shopper. And I'm very disappointed with... your breakfast bar, I could do with an extra pillow... (clicks fingers) Oh yeah, and all the *dying*.

CUT TO:

28 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. OFFICE - NIGHT** 28

A plush managerial office, all dark red leather, with a framed painting of the train behind a desk. On the facing wall, certificates of the Captain's qualifications and military citations. CAPTAIN QUELL opens a drawer and pulls out a bottle of scotch and two glasses. He pours himself a generous measure.

CAPTAIN QUELL
This isn't exactly within your job description.

CAPTAIN QUELL raises the bottle in offer. THE DOCTOR shakes his head and turns to peer at the wall mounted certificates.

THE DOCTOR

Oh come on, Captain. If we all followed our job descriptions where would we be? Good question, glad you asked. Well for a start *you'd* be *doing something* instead of climbing inside a bottle.

CAPTAIN QUELL sours.

CAPTAIN QUELL

I have followed the procedure for accidental death to the *letter*.

THE DOCTOR

Oh I'm sure you have. And I'm sure you do *just* enough of your job to avoid complaints.

CAPTAIN QUELL

You don't know anything about me.

THE DOCTOR stands leaning on the desk over CAPTAIN QUELL. This suddenly feels like an interrogation. He nods at the wall behind him.

THE DOCTOR

Wounded in battle. Honourable discharge. And this is just a guess, but I think you've had the fight knocked out of you. You expected this to be a nice cushy desk job where you could just keep your head down until retirement. Well I'm sorry, but as of today, that dream is over.

CAPTAIN QUELL sags. THE DOCTOR is obviously bang on.

CAPTAIN QUELL

There is no evidence of any attack or other party involv -

THE DOCTOR is suddenly angry.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, let's wait around for evidence while the bodies pile up. Or: here's a crazy thought - we could try and *stop* this. Oh why am I even talking to you?

THE DOCTOR moves to leave in disgust. CAPTAIN QUELL looks suddenly desperate.

CAPTAIN QUELL

What would you have me do?

THE DOCTOR pauses on the threshold.

28 CONTINUED:

28

THE DOCTOR
Your job. Failing that: stay out of my
way.

THE DOCTOR leaves. CAPTAIN QUELL is left alone, crushed,
ashamed. He knocks back his scotch.

CUT TO:

29 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

29

Outside, THE DOCTOR discovers PERKINS, who is leaning against
the wall and has plainly been eavesdropping. PERKINS
immediately starts handing him paperwork.

PERKINS
Passenger manifest... plan of the
train and... a list of stops for the
past six months.

THE DOCTOR narrows his eyes.

THE DOCTOR
Quick work, Perkins. Maybe too quick.

PERKINS
Yes, Sir. I'm obviously the mummy. Or
perhaps I was already looking into
this.

THE DOCTOR smiles. He likes this guy.

CUT TO:

30 **OMITTED**

30

31 **INT. CARRIAGE 24 - NIGHT**

31

CLARA sits, despondent, staring at her phone. MAISIE sits
beside her. All conversations still whispered.

MAISIE (O.S.)
So this Doctor. He's your...?

CLARA
Friend. Kind of.

MAISIE
'Kind of' as in...?

CLARA
As in sometimes I hate him. Nothing
romanticky. Not *that* kind of... hate.
Most of the time we just... travel
together. Around the universe. At
least we did. This is our last trip
together.

MAISIE

Why?

CLARA

Oh, it's a long story.

MAISIE gestures around them.

MAISIE

I don't think we're going anywhere soon.

CLARA snorts a laugh. Good point. She takes a deep breath.

CLARA

He's not an... easy man to get along with. And sometimes what he doesn't tell you... could kill you.

MAISIE

No, no, no. That's not a story. Stories start with 'Once upon a time'. Try again.

CLARA considers, then shrugs. Nothing better to do.

CLARA

Okay. Once upon a time... there was a girl called Clara -

MAISIE

Better.

CLARA looks wistful.

CLARA

- and she met a very... strange man. Called the Doctor.

CUT TO:

32 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT**

32

Close on CCTV footage of MRS PITT's death, her body convulsing.

Close on THE DOCTOR's stop watch. He decisively stops it.

THE DOCTOR is sitting with PERKINS in his repair shop, surrounded by printouts, train plans, monitors. To one side, PROFESSOR MOORHOUSE consults a text filled tablet.

THE DOCTOR

Sixty six seconds. It fits the myth. And did you notice the lights flicker?

On another screen, the CHEF is shown running.

PERKINS

The lights went in the kitchen as well. Just before the chef saw it.

PROF MOORHOUSE stands and approaches with a tablet.

PROF MOORHOUSE

In all the accounts there any aren't mentions of Achilles Heels. Any weapon used on the Foretold has no effect. It's supposedly immortal. Unkillable. Unstoppable.

THE DOCTOR, PERKINS and PROF MOORHOUSE share looks.

PERKINS

Can we get a new expert?

FADE TO:

33 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - NIGHT**

33

The train barrels on through space.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CARRIAGE 24 - NIGHT**

34

CLARA and MAISIE trapped in their carriage, still seated side by side.

MAISIE

I think you should stick with him.

CLARA

What? *That's* what you took from all that? What about all the times I nearly died? And that stuff on the moon?

MAISIE

Look, if half of what you just told me is true, then you've been to places and done things that most people never *dream* of. I am *insanely* jealous. I've never been anywhere.

A beat. CLARA frowns.

CLARA

You're on the Orient Express. In *space*.

MAISIE laughs hollowly.

MAISIE

Yeah, well. I've spent most of this trip in my cabin.

'Guarding the luggage'. Mother doesn't
trust the staff. (corrects herself)
Didn't... trust the staff.

MAISIE has a moment of darkness, remembering the death. CLARA
touches her shoulder to comfort, but MAISIE ploughs on.

MAISIE (cont'd)

Look, my point is, speaking as... I
don't know - the self appointed
representative of... everyone with a
boring life. *You owe it to us.* You
have to stay with him.

CLARA

Really?

MAISIE is half laughing, but she believes it.

MAISIE

Yes. Really. All the people who've
never had an adventure - and never
will. Who live dull grey lives. Who
would do *anything* to be in your shoes.
You owe it to us. Stay with him.

CLARA thinks.

CUT TO:

35 INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CARRIAGE 24 / INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. REPAIR SHOP
- DAY

PERKINS and PROF MOORHOUSE sit dozing at terminals, paperwork
surrounding them. THE DOCTOR is still awake, studying a
blueprint of the train. The lighting scheme subtly changes,
moving from night to day. A subtle hum of machinery awaking.

A thought strikes him. He pulls out his pocket watch to check
the time, then looks over at a steampunk style phone handset in
a cradle on the wall. He pulls the handset from the cradle at
full stretch then yanks the cord hard to pull it free from the
unit. He studies the handset for a beat, then sonics it and
puts it to his ear to make a call. With the hanging cord he
looks delusional. He sits back down.

In carriage 24 a noise intrudes. A jaunty ringtone. CLARA
scrabbles for her phone. On the screen, a picture of a stick
insect in a top hat and the word DOCTOR. She swipes ANSWER.

CLARA

Doctor!

Back in the repair car with THE DOCTOR. He's back to studying
the train plans.

THE DOCTOR

Wake up sleepy head, time for
breakfast. Knowing this train it'll
taste amazing.

*
*

CLARA

(on phone)
Doctor, I'm in troub -

THE DOCTOR

Can't even get *that* right. Bad food on
trains is *traditional*. I want
congealed egg nightmare and toast you
could shave with and I want it *now!*

*
*

CLARA

(on phone)
Doctor, please just list-

THE DOCTOR

Oh and by the way. There's been
another mummy killing. So I think our
last hurrah just got interesti -

CLARA

(shouted on phone)
I'm trapped!

A beat, then THE DOCTOR stands up.

THE DOCTOR

What? Where are you?

CUT TO:

36 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. BAGGAGE CAR / INT. CARRIAGE 24 - DAY**

36

THE DOCTOR strides through a baggage car with the phone still
between his ear and shoulder. He reaches the sealed metal door
marked 'CARRIAGE 24' 'Private Company Property'.

THE DOCTOR

(into phone)
I'm here. Is that you?

THE DOCTOR bangs the door with his fist.

Inside the carriage, CLARA with her phone to her ear. A dull
thud as he hits the door.

CLARA

(into phone)
Yes. I hear you. That's us.

Outside, THE DOCTOR winces and pulls the stiletto from the
keypad. It sparks.

THE DOCTOR

Computer? Can you open the door,
please.

GUS (O.S.)

Call me Gus. I'm afraid this door can
only be opened by executive ord -

THE DOCTOR

Okay. Forget it.

THE DOCTOR produces the sonic, points it at the door and
activates it. The sonic's tone is fluctuating.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

And the sonic's suddenly not working.

CLARA

(on phone)

What do you mean it's not working?
Why?

THE DOCTOR pockets the sonic and starts pressing the broken
keypad. Error noises sound.

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. Some sort of suppression
field at a guess. And I *have* to guess
because as I mentioned: it's not
working. What were you even doing
here?

CLARA and MAISIE inside.

CLARA

I was looking for you. Mr 'Nothing to
Worry About'.

THE DOCTOR

So I should have woken you? Dragged
you out of bed because I had a hunch?
I thought you didn't want to do this
anymore.

CLARA

(on phone)

Look, can we save this till later
because I *think* we might not be alone
in here. There's a sarcophagus.

THE DOCTOR freezes.

THE DOCTOR

You think it's in there?

CLARA and MAISIE are alerted by a grating sound. They turn and
look worried.

CLARA

I *think* we're about to find out. Turns
out the sonic is working - just not on
the door we *need*.

36 CONTINUED:

36

The sarcophagus door is slowly hinging open.

Outside with the DOCTOR, the lights suddenly flicker around him. His eyes widen.

THE DOCTOR

I think it's coming.

Filling the screen with a boom: 00.01.06 counting down. It moves to the corner of the screen and stays there.

THE DOCTOR moves up a gear. He yanks at the number-pad pulling it free, exposing wiring. He begins putting wires together as if hot-wiring a car. A loud klaxon alarm begins to sound.

Inside the tomb, the darkness inside the sarcophagus is revealed, dry ice flooding out. A dark shape within...

CLARA turns her phone into a torch once more and slowly raises it to point at the interior. She sags with relief, then brings the phone to her face.

CLARA

Doctor. It's okay. It's full of...
bubble wrap!?

The inside of the sarcophagus looks like a cryogenic pod, all padded white leather, wall lined with tech. And wads and wads of bubble wrap. It looks like it came straight out of the factory. But the number is still counting down...

Outside, THE DOCTOR is bewildered.

THE DOCTOR

What? But the lights...

There is movement behind THE DOCTOR. Is it the FORETOLD?

CAPTAIN QUELL (O.S.)

Doctor, move away from the door.

THE DOCTOR turns to discover CAPTAIN QUELL flanked by two armed GUARDS. THE DOCTOR turns back to the panel and keeps working.

THE DOCTOR

My friend's inside.

CAPTAIN QUELL

Then they're in trouble, too. I checked with head office. There is no 'mystery shopper' on board. You're not even on the passenger list.

CAPTAIN QUELL gestures to his GUARDS. One covers THE DOCTOR with a gun while the other slaps a cuff on one of his wrists.

THE DOCTOR notes the gun, sags and speaks into the phone, still held between ear and shoulder.

THE DOCTOR

Clara, I'm going to have to call you
back.

THE DOCTOR hangs up, pockets his phone and allows his other
hand to be cuffed in front of him. CAPTAIN QUELL gestures and
THE DOCTOR is lead ahead of them through the baggage car.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I've got to be honest, I am going to
have to mark you down for this.

CAPTAIN QUELL

You are not a mystery shopper. For all
I know you're the one behind these
killings.

THE DOCTOR

Oh come on, Captain. You don't believe
that for a *second*. How many people
have to die before you stop looking
the other way?

CAPTAIN QUELL looks troubled as they pass through a door into -

CUT TO:

37 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE - DAY**

37

- the lounge. But there is a commotion in progress. PASSENGERS
screaming, running. A CRAZED GUARD has his gun drawn, eyes
wild.

CRAZED GUARD

Get back! Get back!

He fires directly in front of himself, apparently at thin air.
Furniture shatters. PASSENGERS dive for cover. CAPTAIN QUELL
and his GUARDS run to the CRAZED GUARD.

CAPTAIN QUELL

What are you doing, man? Stand down.
That's an order.

We show the CRAZED GUARD's point of view: the FORETOLD is
looming over him, hands clamped to his head. The CRAZED GUARD
fires directly into the FORETOLD's chest to no effect - the
bullets are passing straight through.

CAPTAIN QUELL has to dive for cover.

The CRAZED GUARD convulses - and is suddenly alone. He
collapses, dead. The clock reaches zero.

The ship's MEDIC runs to scan the CRAZED GUARD, then shakes his
head at CAPTAIN QUELL.

37 CONTINUED:

37

CAPTAIN QUELL looks stunned. The moment hangs. THE DOCTOR moves in front of him and pointedly holds up his handcuffed wrists. CAPTAIN QUELL considers, then sags.

CAPTAIN QUELL (cont'd)
Turns out it's three. (off THE DOCTOR's confusion) The amount that had to die before I stopped looking the other way.

CAPTAIN QUELL gestures to a GUARD, who pulls the cuff keys from his pocket and moves to THE DOCTOR. But THE DOCTOR has already pulled off the cuffs. He's in a hurry. He tosses them at the bewildered GUARD.

THE DOCTOR
(to CAPTAIN QUELL)
Thank you.

THE DOCTOR crouches next to the body of the CRAZED GUARD and sonics him. The sonic still sounds like it's malfunctioning. He curses under his breath and pockets it. PERKINS appears at his elbow.

PERKINS
Same as the others?

THE DOCTOR nods. A crowd is gathering, more and more PASSENGERS filtering into the room, including PROF MOORHOUSE. Worried. Chattering. Some sobbing in shock. THE DOCTOR stands, strides forward and claps his hands.

THE DOCTOR
Ladies and gentlemen. If I could have a moment of your time.

Every eye is upon him. Sudden gravitas.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
There is a monster on this train. That can only be seen by those about to die. If you do see it you have exactly sixty six seconds to live.

Murmurs of alarm from the already freaked out PASSENGERS.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
But that's not even the strangest thing. Do you want to know what is? ... You. The passengers. Experts in alien biology, mythology, physics. If I had to pick a team to analyse this thing, I'd pick you guys. And you know what? I think someone has.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Doctor, I hardly think so. I won my ticket in a very exclusive company raffle. Are you suggesting it was rigged?

THE DOCTOR

(loudly to room)

Hands up: who here won their ticket?

A couple of hands tentatively go up. PROF MOORHOUSE looks deflated. THE DOCTOR keeps walking.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

- or were given their ticket by...
their boss - (more hands go up) -
- or a friend, or a mysterious benefactor (more hands go up). Someone with immense power and influence has orchestrated this whole trip. Someone who I have no doubt is listening right now.

THE DOCTOR ends his speech peering up at a CCTV camera. We see it's point of view, fisheyeing him.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Well? Are you going to step out from behind the curtain? Give us our orders?

CUT TO:

38 **EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY**

38

Quick shot of the exterior of the train barrelling through space. Then its hyperspace ribbons under the wheels fade and it begins to float, engines dead. It's suddenly silent. Dead in space. It begins to slowly drift.

CUT TO:

39 **INT. LOUNGE - DAY**

39

Inside the lounge, PERKINS is narrowing his eyes.

PERKINS

The engines. They've stopped.

PASSENGERS peer from the windows, worried. Then metal shutters slide into place, blocking all the doors with a clunk. PASSENGERS scream.

A beat, then panels slide back on multiple cupboards and tables. Hydraulically moving into place, Thunderbirds style: monitors, keyboards, handheld scanners in racks, autopsy tables.

39 CONTINUED:

39

Descending from the ceiling, bright rings of autopsy style lights, clusters of boom microphones and cameras on goosenecks. The room is suddenly transformed into a high tech lab under extreme surveillance.

THE DOCTOR grins as he peers at a few of the new toys.

THE DOCTOR

And the facade drops away. For what use are a bunch of scientists without a lab?

A beat, then several PASSENGERS and GUARDS around the room suddenly shimmer and disappear.

Quick shots of the same thing happening in other rooms of the train.

Back to the lounge. PERKINS reacting with shock.

PERKINS

Teleporter?

THE DOCTOR is looking delighted.

THE DOCTOR

No. Hard light holograms. They were never really here. Fake passengers to make up the numbers.

CAPTAIN QUELL

That was my best guard.

A beat, then a variety of monitors spark into life with the green thumbs up of GUS. A jolly fanfare sounds.

GUS (O.S.)

Good morning everyone. Around the room you will find a variety of scientific equipment. Your goal is to ascertain The Foretold's true nature, probe for weaknesses with a view to capture, after which we will reverse engineer it's abilities. Isn't this exciting?

The PASSENGERS look at each other incredulously.

CAPTAIN QUELL

Who gave you this mission? Who programmed you?

GUS (O.S.)

That information has unfortunately been wiped from my memory.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

Of course it has. Plausible
deniability.

GUS (O.S.)

If you are unhappy with my response,
you may wish to contact customer
services.

THE DOCTOR

You said 'capture'. Implying you don't
control it. But somehow you got it on
board this train. How?

GUS (O.S.)

There is an artefact, an ancient
scroll. I have highlighted it for your
convenience.

The very end wall of this carriage is filled with sepia
photographs depicting the history of the train. A spotlight
picks out an oddity: a framed piece of cloth or parchment, like
an unfurled scroll or papyrus, covered in faded cuneiform
symbols and shapes. The bottom edge is charred. THE DOCTOR
walks to stand before it curiously.

GUS (O.S.) (cont'd)

For reasons currently unknown, the
Foretold appears in the vicinity of
this artefact.

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)

And kills at regular intervals.

CAPTAIN QUELL

Then just *maybe*... we should throw
this thing straight out the airlock.

CAPTAIN QUELL reaches for the parchment with both hands.

THE DOCTOR

No!

CAPTAIN QUELL is thrown backwards by a blast of arcing
electricity. He's stunned, but otherwise fine. The MEDIC helps
him to his feet.

PERKINS

Looks like they've thought of that.

PROF MOORHOUSE

What if we say no? Down tools. Refuse
to work.

GUS (O.S.)

That is your choice, of course. But it would be very upsetting were you all to die at the hands of the Foretold.

PERKINS

So hurry up before it kills you.

THE DOCTOR

But even if they agree to this, how are they supposed to study a creature that they can't even see? We don't even know it's species. I mean 'A mummy in bandages' is hardly a classification.

Unnoticed by anyone, the lights flicker a little.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Approximately one point eight metres tall. Apparently human.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly! That's *just* the kind of thing we need to know.

But PROF MOORHOUSE is carrying on. Monotone. He's breathing heavily. In shock.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Looks injured. Favouring right leg.

THE DOCTOR gets it. He moves to his side.

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)
Start the clock.

PERKINS hits a button. Close on a familiar set of red numbers counting down on a monitor from 00.01.06. They then move to the corner of the screen.

Some of the SCIENTISTS instinctively pick up hand held scanners. One SCIENTIST is shaking with fear, the scanner pointing at the ground. CAPTAIN QUELL, gently takes the scanner from his hands and takes over. PERKINS also has a scanner.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Actually seeing it. In the flesh. Not quite as... rewarding as I thought it would be.

THE DOCTOR is snapping his fingers, impatient.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry to hear it. What can you see? Details.

39 CONTINUED:

39

PROF MOORHOUSE is suddenly spotlit, his vital signs appearing on various monitors, microphones swivelling to capture his every word. His heart beat suddenly fills the cabin.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Of course, of course. It just looks like... a man in bandages, I don't know what else I can -

THE DOCTOR

Are the bandages old or new?

PROF MOORHOUSE

Old.

PERKINS

Fifty seconds.

THE DOCTOR

Whole? Ragged?

PROF MOORHOUSE

Ragged. Falling off him in places. There isn't really much more that I can tell you -

THE DOCTOR

Listen. We can't see it. You can. Tell us what you can see. The *smallest* detail, might help save the next one.

PROF MOORHOUSE locks eyes with THE DOCTOR.

PROF MOORHOUSE

'The next one'. Because you won't be able to save me.

THE DOCTOR

Yes. That was implied. You are probably going to die. So make it *count*. Details please.

CAPTAIN QUELL and PERKINS share a look. Bit harsh. PROF MOORHOUSE is ashen. He starts backing away, but the wall is only a few feet behind him. He gives details, but it's babbled.

PROF MOORHOUSE

It's flesh... some of it is visible... leathery. Ancient looking. Like peat bog preserved.

PROF MOORHOUSE trails off.

THE DOCTOR

Keep talking! Don't waste this chance!

PROF MOORHOUSE suddenly changes gear.

PROF MOORHOUSE

I call for parley! I wish to delay my death! To *bargain* with the Foretold!

THE DOCTOR

What? What are you doing?

PERKINS

Twenty seconds.

PROF MOORHOUSE

Some of the myths say that if you can find the right words, make the right offer then -

THE DOCTOR

This is not a myth. This is real. This is happening. Now. Stuff your superstitions. Tell us what you see!

Sudden fear fuelled defiance to THE DOCTOR from PROF MOORHOUSE. His heart beat now faster than ever.

PROF MOORHOUSE

This is my life! My death! And I will fight it how *I* choose! (to the FORETOLD) I offer you my soul. I confess all sins. All my worldly goods. Please... don't.

PROF MOORHOUSE starts sobbing then flinches and convulses, gripping something that only he can see. Then he finally collapses, dead. His heart beat cuts out. SCIENTISTS and the MEDIC rush forward to scan and possibly revive.

PERKINS

Zero.

THE DOCTOR sags. A beat of silence. THE DOCTOR approaches the monitor showing the icon of GUS.

GUS

We apologize for any distress you may have just experienced. Grief counselling is available on request. On the bright side, I'm sure you've all collected a lot of data. Well done everyone!

THE DOCTOR looks coldly furious. The moment hangs. PERKINS approaches him, eye to the ceiling.

PERKINS

It's recording every death.

THE DOCTOR

Of course it is. That's what we're here to study: our own demise.

39 CONTINUED: 39
He turns, determined.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
So let's get to work.

FADE TO:

40 **EXT. TRAIN - DAY** 40
The train drifting, engines dead.

CUT TO:

41 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE - DAY** 41
The SCIENTISTS are deep into their research. Close on keyboards clacking, sensor arrays being adjusted. The corpses of the CRAZED GUARD and PROF MOORHOUSE lie on tables being scanned and probed. THE DOCTOR is moving from SCIENTIST to SCIENTIST giving orders and reading monitors. One SCIENTIST is sobbing.

THE DOCTOR
Check the brains for hallucinogens. I want to rule that out. And scan the visual cortex. And you! If you're going to cry, do it quietly. It's very distracting.

THE DOCTOR moves to the wall mounted scroll. He stands for a beat, peering at it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(to himself)
And what is it about this... that keeps it coming back? (louder to room)
Okay. New project. (points to parchment) Why is this important? The Foretold certainly thinks it is. I want full spectrum analysis, every scanner on it, any possible interpretation of these symbols.

GUS (O.S.)
I am afraid analysing the artefact is not part of your assignment.

THE DOCTOR
Well tough. As someone currently facing certain death, I say that it is.

The SCIENTISTS begin to bring scanners toward the parchment.

GUS (O.S.)
Please return to analysis of the Foretold.

THE DOCTOR

Or what? What are you going to do to us? Send in a monster to pick us off one by one?

The green thumbs up icon becomes a red thumbs down.

GUS (V.O.)

If you do not return to analysis of the Foretold steps will be -

On a nearby desk, a familiar steam punk handset trailing a cord rings with a jolly classical ringtone.

THE DOCTOR

(suddenly breezy)

Sorry. Got to take this - (picks up phone) Clara! Talk to me.

CUT TO:

42 **INT. CARRIAGE 24 / INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE - DAY**

42

CLARA has opened one of the boxes lining the walls of the carriage. She is working through reams of printer paper. Phone to her ear. MAISIE is working on another box.

CLARA

Okay. First things first. The sarcophagus is actually a (reading) 'Secure Stasis Unit'.

THE DOCTOR

(on phone)

Yes. It's where they want us to put the Foretold if we capture it.

CLARA looks annoyed.

CLARA

Would have been good to know.

Back with THE DOCTOR in the lounge.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry. Teeny bit busy. What else?

GUS (O.S.)

Please terminate your call and return to work.

THE DOCTOR turns his back on the monitor showing GUS, ignoring him.

Back with CLARA reading from her paperwork.

CLARA

We've found some paperwork in here.
Passenger manifests from other ships.
Maisie recognises a couple of the
names. These are *missing* ships.

Back with THE DOCTOR. Shocked realisation.

THE DOCTOR

We're not the first.

GUS's thumbs down screen is beginning to flash red.

GUS (O.S.)

Please terminate your call and return
to work or measures will be taken.

CLARA reads through her paperwork.

CLARA

No. I've got progress reports: 'The
Gloriana'. Spent three days getting
picked off by the Foretold. All died.
Performance marked as 'Poor'.

CUT TO:

43 **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. KITCHENS - DAY**

43

KITCHEN STAFF hunkered down, waiting, trapped behind pressure
doors. They react to a deep clunk and a hydraulic hiss.

GUS (O.S.)

Warning. Decompression imminent.
Please vacate the area. Warning.
Decompression imminent. Please -

Suddenly wind is roaring through the kitchens. Pots and pans
sucked away. The KITCHEN STAFF are holding on for dear life.

CUT TO:

44 **INT. CARRIAGE 24 / INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE - DAY**

44

CLARA reading reports to THE DOCTOR

CLARA (O.S.)

(on phone)

The 'Valiant Heart'. Forty two crew.
Lasted four days. Performance:
'Promising'.

GUS (O.S.)

Please terminate the call and return
to work.

44 CONTINUED:

44

Behind THE DOCTOR, whiteboards covering the windows are slowly sliding up. CAPTAIN QUELL, in shock, appears at THE DOCTOR's elbow.

CAPTAIN QUELL

I think you should do as it says.

THE DOCTOR turns, then his eyes flick to the window. He looks in shock.

We reveal the view from the window. Several KITCHEN STAFF, dead and frozen, spin and drift slowly, frost covering their faces. Simultaneously horrific and beautiful.

THE DOCTOR

(into phone)

I'm sorry Clara. I have to go.

THE DOCTOR hangs up. GUS's monitor immediately turns green with a cheery tone and the logo of a thumbs up. THE DOCTOR walks numbly to stand in front of one of GUS's monitors.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Why?

The whiteboards slide slowly back down to cover the windows.

GUS (O.S.)

I'm sorry. I know that must have been distressing for you. But if you are disobedient again, I will decompress another area containing less valuable passengers.

THE DOCTOR

Less... valuable... passengers?
(sudden thought) How does it choose?

PERKINS

Well, I'm assuming; qualifications -

THE DOCTOR

No. Not the computer, *The Foretold*.
How does it choose who to kill? We've been assuming it's just random. But what if it's not? (to room) I want full histories on all victims. Medical. Personal. Social. (to monitor) I take it studying the victims is allowed?

GUS

It certainly is! Well done.

THE DOCTOR smiles humourlessly.

44 CONTINUED: 44

THE DOCTOR
Don't mention it.

CUT TO:

45 OMITTED 45

46 EXT. TRAIN - DAY 46

The train drifting, engines dead.

CUT TO:

47 INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE - DAY 47

Passport style photos on a monitor of the victims so far; MRS PITT, the CHEF, the CRAZED GUARD, PROF MOORHOUSE. PERKINS is reading from a tablet.

PERKINS
Doesn't seem to be any pattern. Their travel history, interests, health. All over the shop.

THE DOCTOR
Health? Are we sure? Mrs Pitt, the first victim: over a hundred, surely the frailest passenger on board.

PERKINS
But the next to go, the chef, was young and fit. It's random.

THE DOCTOR curses and turns away, thinking. He finds himself facing the framed scroll. He double takes. Someone has placed a small lit candle below it, next to some credit card sized pieces of plastic and a jewelled brooch. THE DOCTOR looks incensed. He points at it and addresses the room.

THE DOCTOR
What is this?

PERKINS
Just a little memorial. For the dead.

THE DOCTOR picks up some of the plastic chips.

THE DOCTOR
No. It's not. It's a shrine. It's an offering. (louder, to room) Do you really think you can barter with this thing? Pray to it?

Some of the PASSENGERS look ashamed.

PERKINS
How do you know that we can't?

THE DOCTOR rounds on PERKINS.

THE DOCTOR

Oh for - you're an *engineer*. Act like one. (louder, to room) All of you. You're *scientists*. Superstition like this is beneath you.

PERKINS

So science and spirituality are what? Mutually exclusive?

THE DOCTOR

This is no spirit, I can guarantee you that.

PERKINS

How? How can you possibly know -

THE DOCTOR

Because they never are. I have been alive... a very long time. And I have yet to meet a ghost or a God that didn't turn out to be... I don't know - sentient gas. Or technology masquerading as magic. This is no demon. Or ghost. Or curse. It is real. And I will *show* you it.

CAPTAIN QUELL

The Chef was ill.

THE DOCTOR and PERKINS turn to look at CAPTAIN QUELL.

THE DOCTOR

What?

CAPTAIN QUELL

A rare blood disorder. Not contagious, but we kept it quiet -

THE DOCTOR

(realising)
Because he worked with food. And the next one? The guard?

CAPTAIN QUELL

He wasn't ill as such, but he did have synthetic lungs implanted last year. Replacement after cancer.

PERKINS is flipping through notes on a tablet.

PERKINS

And Professor Moorhouse... it seems he was *physically* fine... but suffering from... here we are: 'regular panic attacks' after a car crash last year.

THE DOCTOR thinks. A realisation.

THE DOCTOR

It's picking off the weakest first.
Somehow sensing the illness. The fake
organs. Even *psychological* issues.
Which means... we can figure out who's
next! (sudden energy) I want full
medical records of everyone still
alive on board. If someone's had a
cold I want to know about it.

CAPTAIN QUELL looks worried. He pulls THE DOCTOR to one side.

CAPTAIN QUELL

(sotto)

You really think it can sense
psychological issues?

THE DOCTOR

Seems that way. Why?

CAPTAIN QUELL looks ashamed.

CAPTAIN QUELL

(sotto)

When you said I'd 'lost the stomach
for a fight'... I wasn't wounded in
battle as such. My unit was... bombed.
I was the... sole survivor. Not a
scratch on me. But post traumatic
stress... nightmares. Still can't
sleep without pills.

THE DOCTOR

Then you're probably next. Which is
good to know.

CAPTAIN QUELL looks appalled.

CAPTAIN QUELL

Well not for me.

THE DOCTOR

Well obviously not for you. You're
going to die. I mean from a *research*
point of view.

The lights flicker slightly.

CAPTAIN QUELL

You know, for a Doctor, your bedside
manner leaves a lot -

CAPTAIN QUELL trails off. He's ashen, looking past THE DOCTOR.
The DOCTOR follows his eyeline and cottons on.

THE DOCTOR
(to himself)
Well there's goes our head start.
(louder) Perkins, start the clock!

Like a well oiled machine, PERKINS hits the button to start the clock and the SCIENTISTS pick up their scanners and begin scanning the air in front of CAPTAIN QUELL. The number fills the screen and then moves into the corner as usual.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
What can you see?

CAPTAIN QUELL
Almost feels... out of focus. Gives me
a headache just looking at it.

CAPTAIN QUELL draws his gun and points it in front of him.

THE DOCTOR
That didn't work before.

CAPTAIN QUELL
What kind of soldier would I be, dying
with bullets in my gun?

CAPTAIN QUELL pulls the trigger rapidly. The gun roars. Furniture shatters from bullet impacts. CAPTAIN QUELL holsters his gun. THE DOCTOR raises his eyebrows. CAPTAIN QUELL shrugs.

COLONEL QUELL
For the record, it didn't even flinch.

PERKINS
Forty seconds.

CAPTAIN QUELL
Someone shut that man up.

THE DOCTOR
Where is it now?

CAPTAIN QUELL
Approximately twenty feet in front of
me. And closing.

THE DOCTOR walks to stand twenty feet in front of CAPTAIN QUELL. We still haven't seen the FORETOLD.

THE DOCTOR
Am I close?

Shocking reveal of the FORETOLD. It's right behind THE DOCTOR, arm outstretched, pointing, just about to touch the back of THE DOCTOR's head.

Close on THE DOCTOR's face as the FORETOLD's pointing hand *emerges from his face!*

47 CONTINUED:

47

He's totally oblivious but CAPTAIN QUELL gasps.

CAPTAIN QUELL

It's... passing through you. Like a ghost.

PERKINS

(consulting scanner)

It's not a hologram. Twenty seconds.

THE DOCTOR

If you move, will it follow?

We move back to not seeing the FORETOLD.

CAPTAIN QUELL

(starting to panic)

You want me to move? Because I could certainly do that.

THE DOCTOR

Keep looking at it. But back away. Quick as you like.

CAPTAIN QUELL complies, backing away. PASSENGERS move aside. He's almost out of the room when he reacts.

CAPTAIN QUELL

It's teleported away. Definite energy discharge. Like an underwater shimmer -

CAPTAIN QUELL turns to react with shock. We still can't see the FORETOLD.

CAPTAIN QUELL (cont'd)

Ah. Now it's behind me.

He backs away in the opposite direction.

CAPTAIN QUELL (cont'd)

It's teleporting again. Short hops. Closing the distance. I think this is it. Still, suppose it's not a bad way to go. Blood pumping. Enemy at the gate and all that. Better than some home.

CAPTAIN QUELL locks eyes with THE DOCTOR.

CAPTAIN QUELL (cont'd)

And thank you. For waking me up. Ah. Its reaching for me. Hands... on my head.

CAPTAIN QUELL shudders, convulses and falls. The MEDIC and SCIENTISTS run forward.

PERKINS

Zero.

A beat. THE DOCTOR thinks furiously. He's got something.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

A teleporter. Which means tech. Then sixty six seconds... to do what? Seems very specific. Too specific for organic. So then - more tech? A countdown clock? Charging something?

PERKINS looks irritated.

PERKINS

A man just died in front of us. Can we not just have a moment to -

THE DOCTOR

No. We can't. People with guns to their heads don't have time to mourn. (to room) What tech do we know that takes sixty six seconds to charge? Or change state? Anyone?

A sea of blank SCIENTIST faces looking back at him. THE DOCTOR is frustrated.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh come on! Am I surrounded by idiots? If only I could see this thing!

PERKINS is shocked.

PERKINS

Don't even joke about that.

THE DOCTOR

Oh I'm not joking. Because I tell you now, one minute facing me and this thing is over.

PERKINS looks appalled.

PERKINS

You know Doctor, I can't tell if you're a genius or just incredibly arrogant.

THE DOCTOR

Both. On a good day. (new thought) But no! It's *ancient* tech. Of course it is. This thing's been around for centuries. How? Tech that keeps it *alive*? Draining energy from... the living?

47 CONTINUED:

47

THE DOCTOR snatches up a scanner and moves to scan the corpse of CAPTAIN QUELL. He punches a few buttons and looks victorious.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Deep tissue scan. He's been leached of almost all energy on a cellular level. The heart attacks are just a side effect.

THE DOCTOR victoriously tosses the scanner for PERKINS to catch. He studies the readings.

PERKINS

It's not just a mummy. It's a vampire.
(beat) Metaphorically speaking.

THE DOCTOR

But why wait sixty six seconds to drain us? Why not just pounce?

PERKINS

Phase. Moving energy out of phase. Takes about a minute doesn't it?

THE DOCTOR's eyes widen. Eureka! A SCIENTIST hands PERKINS a tablet. He begins to read...

THE DOCTOR

Yes! That's why only the victims can see it. It's moving them out of phase to steal their energy. You... are a genius. Explains everything. Well most things. Granted, we still don't know *what* it is, *how* it's doing it. In fact I take back the 'explains everything' comment. Frankly, I was jumping the gun.

PERKINS holds out the tablet.

PERKINS

Doctor. I think we know the next victim.

THE DOCTOR takes the tablet. His eyes flick across it. A eureka moment. He looks victorious.

THE DOCTOR

Oh of course. That makes *perfect* sense.

CUT TO:

48 INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CARRIAGE 24 / INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE - DAY 48

Close on MAISIE, busy looking through boxed records, oblivious. CLARA is at the other end of the carriage, ashen, phone to her ear. She turns away from MAISIE.

CLARA

(sotto)

She's had a bad day. That's all.

THE DOCTOR pacing in the lounge.

THE DOCTOR

Clara, it doesn't care! Her bad day, her bereavement, her little breakdown, puts her *squarely* in its crosshairs. *She's next.* Every simulation we've run confirms it.

CLARA is desperate.

CLARA

(sotto)

But it's out there with you. If we stay in here -

THE DOCTOR

(on phone)

This thing can *teleport*. We need her here. Even the computer agrees.

CLARA looks desperate and moves even further from MAISIE. If she heard this...

CLARA

(sotto)

So you can save her? Right?

Back with THE DOCTOR, who looks irritated.

THE DOCTOR

Of course not. Why would you think that? This is just another chance to observe it in action.

CLARA looks sour.

CLARA

(sotto)

As it kills her.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, *of course* as it kills her. If it happens in there it'll be a waste. So bring her to us.

CLARA

(sotto)

How exactly? She'll never agree to
this.

Close on THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

I don't know: lie to her. Tell her I
can save her. Whatever it takes to get
her here.

Back with a shocked CLARA. MAISIE is finally cottoning on.

MAISIE

What's he saying?

CLARA lowers the phone. She looks tormented. She attempts a
smile.

CLARA

He says... he says he can save you.

MAISIE looks confused.

CUT TO:

48aA **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. BAGGAGE CAR - DAY**

48aA

Close on the high-heeled shoe lying in the shadows next to the
door to Carriage 24. The icon turns into a green thumb and the
door slides open. MAISIE and CLARA emerge, CLARA leading.

MAISIE

I *knew* he'd get us out of there. I
told you. He's a good man.

CLARA looks pained, but MAISIE can't see her face.

CLARA

Yes. Yes he is.

MAISIE is wittering, blasé.

MAISIE

And to be honest I don't know how
convinced I am by this 'trauma sense'
thing, but if the Doctor says he can
save me anyway...

CLARA is looking tormented. They are approaching the TARDIS.
CLARA narrows her eyes, thinking.

FADE TO:

48A **INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE - DAY**

48A

The DOCTOR tinkering with machinery. The door to the lounge opens. CLARA and MAISIE enter. MAISIE holds out her hand to shake.

MAISIE
Hello again. I'm Mais-

THE DOCTOR
Good for you.

THE DOCTOR immediately and brusquely grabs MAISIE's wrist, scans it, then scans her head. He doesn't even meet her eye. MAISIE's smile fades.

CLARA
We passed the TARDIS on the way here.

THE DOCTOR pauses, wary.

CLARA (cont'd)
Thought about getting inside. Hiding.
Or just pulling levers and hoping for
the best. But we couldn't even get in.
There was a forcefield around it.

THE DOCTOR
Really? Probably Gus. Blocking our
escape route.

CLARA
But how does he even know what it is?
Because if he knows what it is, then
he knows what you are.

THE DOCTOR is rumbled but tries to talk his way out.

THE DOCTOR
Oh he's been trying to entice me here
for years. Free tickets. Mysterious
summons. Even phoned the TARDIS once
which is *not* an easy number to get,
let me tell you.

CLARA
You *knew*. You knew this was no
'relaxing break'. You knew this was
dangerous.

THE DOCTOR
No. I didn't know as such... I mean I
hoped, certainly.

CLARA looks furious.

CLARA

You see. *This* is why I'm leaving you.
This. You lied. Again. And now you've
made *me* lie. You've made me your
accomplice.

MAISIE is looking confused.

MAISIE

What? Sorry - when did you lie? Clara?

A beat. CLARA looks ashamed. The lights flicker slightly.

CLARA

Maisie. I'm so sorry. I -

But MAISIE is looking past CLARA. Ashen. MAISIE points.

Reveal of her mirror image, the pointing FORETOLD walking
towards her.

PERKINS

Do we start the clock?

THE DOCTOR realises what's going on and strides toward them. He
scans MAISIE's head then holds up the scanner readout to
MAISIE's face. He clicks his fingers to get her attention.

THE DOCTOR

Focus. You see that? That's all your
grief, your trauma, your resentment.

THE DOCTOR presses the scanner to the side of his head and
pulls a trigger. His head recoils as if he's just used an
electric paddle. He winces, staggering.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

And now it's mine.

The FORETOLD disappears. MAISIE looks shocked.

MAISIE

It's gone!

We reveal the FORETOLD again, now visible from THE DOCTOR's
point of view.

THE DOCTOR

No it's not. Not for me. Because now
it thinks I'm you. Start the clock.

PERKINS hits the button to start the clock. The clock fills the
screen, then moves to the corner. THE DOCTOR grins.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Hello. Pleased to finally meet you.
I'm the Doctor and I will be your
victim this evening. Are you my mummy?

48A CONTINUED:

48A

THE DOCTOR walks right up to the FORETOLD, just out of reach, and studies it as it lumbers towards him. Slowly backing away as it advances. Inches away.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

People rarely get this close, for good reason, but you can't hurt me until my time is up. (beat) I think. So are there magic words, something that will stop you in your tracks?

THE DOCTOR suddenly winces, clutching his head. He turns to look at MAISIE.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You *really* didn't like your gran did you? (turns back to the FORETOLD) There's something visible... under the bandages.

PERKINS

Thirty seconds.

Close on a patch of Khaki under the bandages covered in familiar black cuneiform stencilling. THE DOCTOR clutches his head and turns to MAISIE again.

THE DOCTOR

Oh and by the way, you weren't paranoid. She really did poison your pony. (back to FORETOLD) Markings. The same as... the scroll. (to MAISIE) Oh, and your... *father*. Sorry.

MAISIE looks stunned. THE DOCTOR strides to the scroll.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

A tattered piece of cloth. Attached to a length of wood. That you will kill for. Over and over. Why does that ring a bell? Because that doesn't sound like a scroll. It sounds like.... a flag. And if this is a flag... then that makes you a soldier. Is that it? Are you a soldier? Wounded on the battlefield. In a forgotten war. Thousands of years ago. Near death. But they've worked on you, haven't they son? Filled you full of kit. State of the art phase camouflage. Personal teleporter.

PERKINS

Ten seconds.

The FORETOLD is looming over THE DOCTOR now, hands outstretched. Almost touching his head.

THE DOCTOR

And all that tech inside you, *it just won't let you die*. Won't let the war end. Keeps you fighting to defend the flag. Won't let you stop until the war is over. (realisation) We surrender.

PERKINS

Zero.

And the FORETOLD has frozen. Hands an inch above THE DOCTOR'S head.

Close on MAISIE. She squints, looking worried. The image of the frozen FORETOLD is fading in. She looks worried.

MAISIE

I can see it again.

CLARA

It's okay. I think... we all can.

PERKINS

Do I start the clock?

THE DOCTOR

No. The clock... has stopped.

Nobody breathes. Then the FORETOLD'S hands retract to hang limp at it's sides. Then slowly, the right hand raises to it's temple in a jerky approximation of a salute. THE DOCTOR nods.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(sotto)

You are... relieved soldier.

Beat.

PERKINS

(to himself)

He's not the only one.

Dust begins pouring from it's bandages. At first tiny trickles, soon a flood. It finally folds in itself, collapsing in a cloud of dust.

THE DOCTOR steps forward, crouches and reaches through the bandages, into the pile of dust. He pulls out a web of wires attached to an metal egg sized cluster and shakes off the dust. He holds it up to the light.

CLARA

We were fighting *that*?

THE DOCTOR meets her eye.

THE DOCTOR

So was he.

48A CONTINUED:

48A

THE DOCTOR walks over to a workbench and begins to scan the tech. CLARA joins him. Unfinished business.

CLARA

Listen. What I said -

THE DOCTOR

Save it. We're not out of the woods yet. (louder) Well, Gus, looks like we solved your little puzzle. An ancient soldier driven by malfunctioning tech.

GUS's icon becomes a thumbs up.

GUS (O.S.)

Thank you so much for your efforts. They are greatly appreciated. Your findings and the harvested technology will be forwarded onto the interested parties.

THE DOCTOR is adjusting and tweaking the tech.

THE DOCTOR

Glad to be of service. So what's our reward?

GUS's icon turns into a thumbs down.

GUS (O.S.)

Unfortunately, survivors of this exercise are not required.

THE DOCTOR

Well there's a shocker.

A hissing noise begins to sound in the cabin.

GUS (O.S.)

To end your lives, but preserve your findings, air will now be removed from the entire train. We hope you have enjoyed your journey on the Orient Express. Please be sure to fill out one of our customer service questionnaires before you expire.

THE DOCTOR

(to CLARA)

Now I'm going to mark them up for the ambience, but mark them down for all the death. What do you think?

CLARA

Hilarious. I take it you know a way out?

THE DOCTOR is still fiddling with the tech.

THE DOCTOR

The enemy of my enemy is my friend.
*Especiall*y when he has a built in
teleporter.

CLARA

Great. So use it.

THE DOCTOR

Needs a *little* bit more work...

SCIENTISTS have started to sway and pass out.

CLARA

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

Couple of minutes. Max. I'll give you
a shout.

CLARA's eyes are fluttering. All around her people are
dropping. THE DOCTOR is gripping onto the bench to steady
himself as he works away.

We move to CLARA's point of view and everything takes on a
dream like quality. Her last view is of THE DOCTOR feverishly
working away. But he too is blinking and swaying. CLARA
stumbles and falls, eyes flickering as she passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

49

EXT. ALIEN PLANET. BEACH - DAY

49

CLARA blearily awakes. She looks confused. She has a blanket
around her shoulders and is lying on another blanket amidst
some sand dunes. But the sand is blue tinted and arm sized
shards of crystal protrude from the ground all around. On the
horizon, the vague lights of a city.

To one side, the TARDIS. To the other side the embers of a
fire. THE DOCTOR is sitting beside her staring into the fire.

CLARA sits up and turns to THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

Hello again. You sleep well?

CLARA is frowning. What just happened?

CLARA

Weren't we just... on a train?

THE DOCTOR

What? Oh, that was ages ago.

CLARA

And...?

THE DOCTOR

And we got off the train.

CLARA raises her eyebrows. Don't make me ask. THE DOCTOR rolls his eyes. Do I really have to tell you it all? Okay.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The teleporter worked. Eventually. Beamed everyone into the TARDIS. No casualties. Lots of sleeping beauties. I tried hacking Gus from the TARDIS, find out who set it all up, but he *really* didn't like that. Activated some fail-safe thing. Blew up the train.

CLARA

Blew up the train?

THE DOCTOR

Blew up the train. But we got away. Then I dropped everyone off at the nearest civilised planet. Which is here. You seemed happy asleep so I just left you.

CLARA digests all this.

CLARA

So you saved everyone?

THE DOCTOR looks at her levelly.

THE DOCTOR

No. I just saved you and left the rest to suffocate. This is all just my cover story.

CLARA looks at him witheringly. He grins and looks into the fire.

CLARA

When you made me lie... to Maisie -

THE DOCTOR

I couldn't risk Gus figuring out my plan and stopping me.

CLARA

So you pretended. To be heartless.

THE DOCTOR considers her for a beat.

THE DOCTOR

Would you like to think that about me?
Would that make it easier? Because I
didn't know for sure I could save her.
I couldn't save Quell. Or Moorhouse.
There was a good chance she'd die too.
At which point I would have just moved
onto the next one. And the next one.
Until I beat it. (beat) Sometimes, all
the choices you have are bad. And you
have to choose anyway.

The moment hangs. CLARA stares into the fire, then is
distracted by a heat hazed vision. Approaching through the
dunes, MAISIE, arms full of driftwood. She smiles at the sight
of CLARA awake. CLARA stands and walks to meet her.

CLARA

Hey. You okay?

MAISIE

I'm alive. Thanks to him.

THE DOCTOR rolls his eyes at the sentiment.

THE DOCTOR

You're welcome. I'm just going to go
and er -

THE DOCTOR stands and walks to enter the TARDIS, leaving MAISIE
and CLARA alone.

MAISIE

You told me he could save me. And he
did.

CLARA smiles, holding back.

CLARA

Yes he did, didn't he?

MAISIE

And he's saved me in other ways. All
my grief and pain and sadness. He took
it all. For good. I'm *free*.

MAISIE looks so happy. CLARA can't bring herself to tell her
the truth. CLARA looks from MAISIE to the TARDIS, thinking.

CUT TO:

50 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

50

PERKINS is wiping his hands on a rag, looking impressed. A
panel is missing from the console, innards exposed. THE DOCTOR
stands beside him, proud.

PERKINS

Quite a vehicle you have here, Doctor.
Won't pretend to understand half of
it. Having said that, did notice a
couple of your drive stacks need
replacing.

THE DOCTOR grins.

THE DOCTOR

Oh you did, did you?

PERKINS

Yeah. You should get someone in. And a
job like that takes forever.

THE DOCTOR

Really? So whoever I *did* get, I
suppose it might just be easier to
have them... stay on board for a
while. Don't suppose you'd know of
anyone?

This is almost a direct offer. PERKINS' smile fades. Things
have changed between them.

PERKINS

No. Sorry, Doctor, but I don't think I
do. That job. Could... *change* a man.

THE DOCTOR nods. He gets it.

THE DOCTOR

Yes. It does. Frequently. Well I won't
keep you. Goodbye, Perkins. Good to
meet you.

THE DOCTOR holds out his hand. PERKINS shakes it.

PERKINS

You too, Doctor. And good luck.

PERKINS leaves the TARDIS, almost bumping into CLARA on the way
out, who looks surprised to see him. CLARA closes the door and
approaches the console.

THE DOCTOR is adjusting the console. Back to business as usual.

CLARA

... Do you love it?

THE DOCTOR

Love what?

CLARA

I know it's scary and difficult, but
do you love being the man making the
impossible choice?

THE DOCTOR

... Why would I?

CLARA

Because it's what you do. All day,
every day.

THE DOCTOR

It's my life.

CLARA

Doesn't have to be. Is it like - ...

THE DOCTOR

Like what?

She considers. Braves the word.

CLARA

An addiction.

He looks gravely at her. Uncomfortable, doesn't like getting in
this deep.

THE DOCTOR

You can't really tell if something's
an addiction, till you try to give it
up.

CLARA

And you never have.

THE DOCTOR

Let me know how it goes.

THE DOCTOR heads to his console - busies himself. Absenting
himself from a difficult conversation.

On CLARA: watching. Considering. Maybe about to speak.

50 CONTINUED:

50

They meet each other's eye, both fighting smiles.

Then CLARA's phone rings. The image on the phone of DANNY's face. CLARA winces and turns from THE DOCTOR as she answers.

CLARA

Danny! How are you?

DANNY

Fine. So is it done? Is he a 'Greg'?

CLARA considers, looking around the TARDIS, at THE DOCTOR tinkering. Not listening - far enough away that we believe he wouldn't hear.

CLARA

(sotto)

Yep. Mission accomplished. I've Gregged him. I've gotta go. But I'll see you soon. And listen...

DANNY

What?

CLARA

... I love you.

DANNY

I love you, too.

CLARA

No accounting for taste.

Hangs up.

Turns to THE DOCTOR. Hesitates. Decides. Terrible decision:

THE DOCTOR

Was that Danny? What did he want?

CLARA

... He's fine with it.

THE DOCTOR

... I'm sorry.

CLARA

Danny. He's fine with you and me, knocking about. It was kind of his idea that we stop, but he's decided he doesn't mind. And neither do I. To hell with the last hurrah, let's keep going!

THE DOCTOR

Big change of heart...

CLARA

They happen.

THE DOCTOR

Seriously?

CLARA

Long as you get me home, safe and on time, everything's great. Sorry, I had a wobble. Forget about it. Now shut up, and gimme some planets.

THE DOCTOR - re-energised. Bounds to the console.

THE DOCTOR

Well I'm glad you said that cos remember that one made entirely of shrubs ... ?

Breaks off, stares at her, suddenly uncertain.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Are you *sure* about this?

CLARA

Are you? Have you ever been sure?

THE DOCTOR

No.

CLARA grins.

CLARA

Then what are you waiting for. Let's go!

He slams the controls. They grab the console as the TARDIS spins...

END CREDITS