

# **DOCTOR WHO**

**SERIES 8**

**EPISODE 8**

**"Mummy on the Orient Express"**

by

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## **SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 4)

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1	<u>OMMITED</u>	1 *
1A	<u>OMMITED</u>	1A *
1B	<u>INT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY</u>	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	<u>INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. DINING CAR - NIGHT</u>	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  
it's victim. We haven't yet seen it's 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.

CLARA

Wonderful.

THE DOCTOR

No it's not. It's the baggage car. But thanks for lying. Through *here* is the wonderful.

THE DOCTOR leads her toward the exit.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

First a little history lesson: 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

Trust me. You're gonna love this. It's an utterly 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.

CLARA

So is it a sort of historical re-enactment thing?

THE DOCTOR  
Absolutely. *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  
Oh who I am kidding? They're all over  
the shop.

CLARA  
Well the food's pretty amazing. That's  
something.

\*

THE DOCTOR  
Case in point: amazing food on a  
train? That's a travesty.

\*

CLARA  
(to WAITER)  
Excuse me, what am I eating?

\*

WAITER  
Venusian slug brains, Madam.

CLARA gags and takes a napkin from the WAITER.

\*

THE DOCTOR  
You see: a delicacy!

\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR doesn't notice CLARA behind him spitting up into the  
napkin. He turns to face her just after she's got rid of it. He  
pauses for breath and meets her eye. A moment of reality in the  
madness. He gestures around them.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
So what do you think?

\*  
\*

CLARA  
It's good.

\*

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah?

\*

CLARA  
Yeah. It's a good one. To end on.

7 CONTINUED:

7

A lot unspoken. But they can agree on this at least.

THE DOCTOR

I thought so. Shall we?

THE DOCTOR holds out the crook of his elbow and CLARA puts her arm through. 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. A sudden flash of regret. This will soon be over.

CLARA

Tell me about them. The planets.

THE DOCTOR looks at CLARA oddly. Really?

THE DOCTOR

Okay. Well... there was Obsidian, 'The Planet of Perpetual Night'.

Where the midnight feasts went on for days. Oh, and 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.  
We know *that* tune.

THE DOCTOR

Except... 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.

11 CONTINUED:

11

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.

CLARA defiantly holds up her glass. THE DOCTOR considers, then locates his and clinks it to hers.

CLARA (cont'd)

To the last hurrah.

THE DOCTOR

To the last hurrah.

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 - NIGHT 15

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 drink and a catch up. And we have absolutely nothing in common.

Back with CLARA. She nods, considering.

CLARA  
I need to turn him into a Greg.

DANNY  
Yep. 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... dull 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.

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 -

\*

\*

21 CONTINUED:

21

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.

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.

32 CONTINUED:

32

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

35 \*  
\*

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.

\*  
\*

35 CONTINUED:

35

THE DOCTOR  
Wake up sleepy head, time for  
breakfast.

\*

CLARA  
(on phone)  
Doctor, I'm in troubl -

\*

THE DOCTOR  
Fingers crossed it'll be awful. 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!*

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.

\*  
\*

48A CONTINUED:

48A

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.  
*Especially* 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

So. That wasn't *exactly* what I was  
expecting from our 'last hurrah'.

THE DOCTOR

On come on. If it *had* just've been a  
train in space you'd have been bored  
to tears.

CLARA

I agree.

THE DOCTOR blinks.

THE DOCTOR

You do?

CLARA

Yes. But I think we can do better.  
Just didn't seem enough of a high note  
to go out on, you know?

There's a lot unspoken here. THE DOCTOR smiles uncertainly.

THE DOCTOR

I see. Well I've got a... few other  
ideas.

CLARA

Maybe we could try a few. See if any  
feel right.

THE DOCTOR

As our last hurrah.

CLARA

Exactly.

THE DOCTOR begins priming the console.

THE DOCTOR

Because we wouldn't want to end on a  
*bad* one.

CLARA

God no.

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 (cont'd)

Danny! How are you?

DANNY

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

CLARA considers, looking around the TARDIS, at THE DOCTOR  
tinkering. She sags. She can't tell him. So she lies.

CLARA

(sotto)

Yep. Mission accomplished. He's a...  
Greg. I've gotta go. But I'll see you  
soon. \*

50 CONTINUED:

50

CLARA hangs up and pockets her phone, then turns to THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR

So... he's on board with you carrying  
on? Danny I mean.

CLARA looks like a deer in headlights.

CLARA

Yeah. He moans. But I think secretly  
he's like a big kid about all this.

THE DOCTOR nods, staring at her. Considering. Does he see  
though her? Finally:

THE DOCTOR

So - best of three?

CLARA smiles, but it's a little brittle.

CLARA

At the very least.

THE DOCTOR grins and decisively pulls a lever.

**END CREDITS**

\*