DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 8

EPI SODE 8

"Mummy on the Orient Express"

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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(SHOOTI NG BLOCK 4)

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2 CONTI NUED:

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 wheel chair. She claws at the table cloth. Plates clatter and smash.

MRS PLTT On 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:

2

5

6

3 <u>OMITTED</u> 3

4 <u>OMITTED</u> 4

5 <u>EXT. ORI ENT EXPRESS - NI GHT</u>

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

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 CONTI NUED:

CLARA

Wonderful.

THE DOCTOR

No it's not. It's the baggage car. But thanks for lying. Through 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:

6

7

7 INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT

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.

The 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 reenactment thing?

7 CONTI NUED:

THE DOCTOR

Absol ut el y. det ai l.

attention to

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

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

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'.

SI NGER

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?

WAI TER

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

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 <u>EXT. ORI ENT EXPRESS - NI GHT</u>

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

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 MagO. Oand

8

9

CLARA

Sorry, another what?

CAPTAI N 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 enough. Let's say... intestinal parasites.

CAPTAIN QUELL smiles.

CAPTALN QUELL

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

CLARA

What happened to her?

CAPTALN 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 <u>INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CORRIDOR - NIGHT</u>

11

CLARA and THE DOCTOR confer in whispers in a corridor.

CLARA

There's a body and there's a monster. We know tune.

THE DOCTOR

Except... old ladies die all the time.

CLARA

Says the two thousand year old man.

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA I ooks 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.

Whip pan through the wall to the room next door, where we find

CUT TO.

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

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 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

*

*

15 CONTI NUED:

Whip pan back through the wall again -

CUT TO:

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

16

15

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

THE DOCTOR

(sot to)

Because you know what this sounds like don't you? (mock innocent) No, tell me. (scathing) A murmy that only the victim can see? (rolls eyes) I was being rhetorical. I know 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 DCCTOR's door.

CLARA

(sot to)

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 wheel chair, now wrapped in plastic, which THE DOCTOR has peeled back. He sonics a control screen into life. Bleeps sound.

PERKI NS (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.

18 CONTI NUED:

PERKLNS (cont'd)

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

THE DOCTOR st ands.

THE DOCTOR

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

PERKI NS

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.

PERKI NS

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?

PERKI NS

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 a chair that someone died in I feel just the same.

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

PERKI NS

Perkins. Chief Engineer.

THE DOCTOR shakes his hand.

THE DOCTOR

The Doct or. Nosey passenger.

PERKI NS

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

18 CONTI NUED:

THE DOCTOR

Keep talking.

CUT TO:

19 <u>INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CORRIDOR - NIGHT</u>

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

Mss... 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 met al 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. Error. Error. Error. Finally she stops, forehead against the metal door.

20 CONTI NUED:

20

CLARA

Are you okay?

MAI SI E

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,

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

l'msorry, l don't -

THE DOCTOR

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

PROF MOORHOUSE

I know what it , I happen to be -

21 CONTI NUED:

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 For et old: 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 <u>INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. KITCHEN / INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE CAR - 22</u> DAY

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 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 monster.

THE DOCTOR considers, then snaps on a smile.

THE DOCTOR

Isn't that everyone's dream? But you

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

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.

MAI SI E

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

Of ose 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.

CAPTALN 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

77 03/ 14 28 CONTI NUED: 28

THE DOCTOR

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

CAPTAIN QUELL sours.

CAPTALN QUELL

I have followed the procedure for accidental death to the .

THE DOCTOR

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

CAPTAI N 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.

CAPTAI N 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 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 . 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 paper work.

PERKI NS

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 quick.

PERKI NS

Yes, Sir. I'm obviously the murmy. Or I was already looking into this.

THE DOCTOR smiles. He likes this guy.

CUT TO:

30 OMITTED

_ _

31 INT. CARRIAGE 24 - NIGHT

31

30

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

MAI SI E (O. S.)

So this Doctor. He's your...?

CLARA

Friend. Kind of.

MAI SI E

'Kind of' as in...?

CLARA

As in sometimes I hate him Nothing romanticky. Not kind of... hate. Most of the time we just... travel

31 CONTI NUED:

31

MAISIE

Why?

CLARA

Oh, it's a long story.

MAISIE gestures around them

MAI SI E

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.

MAI SI E

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 -

MAI SI E

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.

DW8: 07/ 05		Orient Express by Jamie Mathieson - Shooting Script	-
32	CONTI NUED:		32
		PERKINS The lights went in the kitchen as well. Just before the chef sawit.	*
	PROF MOORHO	USE 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.	*
		PERKI NS Can we get a new expert?	*
		FADE TO:	*
33	EXT. ORIENT	EXPRESS - NI GHT	33
	The train b	arrels on through space.	
		CUT TO.	
34	INT. ORIENT	EXPRESS. CARRI AGE 24 - NI GHT	34
	CLARA and M by side.	AISIE trapped in their carriage, still seated side	
		MAISIE I think you should stick with him	
		CLARA What? 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 of. I am jealous. I've never been anywhere.	
	A beat. CLA	RA frowns.	
		CLARA You're on the Orient Express. In	
	MAISIE I aug	hs hollowly.	
		MAISIE Yeah, well. I've spent most of this trip in my cabin.	

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

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

MAI SIE (cont'd)
Look, my point is, speaking as... I
don't know - the self appointed
representative of... everyone with a
boring life.
to stay with him

CLARA

Real I y?

MAISIE is half laughing, but she believes it.

MAI SI E

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

CLARA thinks.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR Wake up sleepy head, time for breakfast. GUS (O. S.)

Call me Qus. 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 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 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 we're about to find out. Turns out the sonic is working - just not on the door we .

The sarcophagus door is slowly hinging open.

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.

CAPTAI N QUELL

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

THE DOCTOR

Ch come on, Captain. You don't believe that for a . 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.

CAPTALN QUELL

What are you doing, man? St and 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.

CAPTALN QUELL Looks stunned. The moment hangs. THE DOCTOR moves

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 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 OCTV 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

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.

PERKI NS

Tel eport er?

THE DOCTOR is looking delighted.

THE DOCTOR

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

CAPTAI N 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

39 CONTI NUED:

39

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 DCCTCR 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

(sot to)

And kills at regular intervals.

CAPTALN QUELL

Then just ... 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.

PERKI NS

Looks like they've thought of that.

PROF MOORHOUSE

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

PROF MOORHOUSE is suddenly spotlit, his vital signs appearing 80.96r784s.801i90re, fti OrgphoBe24s80velling to capture his every word. His heart beat suddenly fills the cabin.

THE DOCTOR) Tj 1 0 0 1 240 725662 Tm - Keep denf, ml Are the bandages old or new?

PROF MOORHOUSE

Q d.

PERKI NSI m2eat 60m TwTw (O d. w (PROF MOORHOUSE) 6 (O d

39 CONTI NUED:

39

PROF MOORHOUSE

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

THE DOCTOR

What? What are you doing?

PERKI NS

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 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. SCI ENTI STS and the MEDIC rush forward to scan and possibly revive.

PERKI NS

Zer o.

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.

PERKI NS

It's recording every death.

THE DOCTOR

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

THE DOCTOR (cont ' d)

So I

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

42 CONTI NUED: 42

CLARA

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

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

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44 CONTI NUED: 44

THE DOCTOR

Don't mention it.

CUT TO:

45 OMI TTED

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.

PERKI NS

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.

PERKI NS

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?

PERKI NS

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.

PERKI NS

How do you know that we can't?

THE DOCTOR thinks. A realisation.

THE DOCTOR

It's picking off the weakest first.
Somehow sensing the illness. The fake organs. Even 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 I want to know about it.

47 CONTI NUED:

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 SCI ENTI STS 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?

CAPTALN 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.

CAPTAI N 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 evebrows. CAPTAIN QUELL shrugs.

COLONEL QUELL

For the record, it didn't even flinch.

PERKI NS

Forty seconds.

CAPTALN QUELL

Someone shut that man up.

THE DOCTOR

Where is it now?

CAPTALN 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 out stretched, pointing, just about to touch the back of THE DOCTOR's head.

Close on THE DOCTOR's face as the FORETOLD's pointing hand

He's totally oblivious but CAPTAIN QUELL gasps.

CAPTAI N QUELL

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

PERKI NS

(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.

CAPTAI N QUELL

(starting to panic)
You want me to move? Because I could certainly do that.

THE DOCTOR

47 CONTI NUED:

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.

PERKI NS

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

THE DOCTOR

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

PERKI NS

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

THE DOCTOR's eyes widen. Eureka! A SCI ENTI ST hands PERKI NS 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 it is, it's doing it. In fact I take back the 'explains everything' comment. Frankly, I was jumping the gun.

PERKINS holds out the tablet.

PERKI NS

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

On of course. That makes sense.

CUT TO:

48 <u>INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. CARRIAGE 24 / INT. ORIENT EXPRESS. LOUNGE - 48 DAY</u>

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

(sot to)

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

THE DOCTOR pacing in the lounge.

THE DOCTOR

Her bad day, her bereavement, her little breakdown, puts her in its crosshairs.

Every simulation we've run confirms it.

CLARA is desperate.

CLARA

(sotto)

But i't's out there with you. If we stay in here -

THE DOCTOR

(on phone)

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

CLARA Looks desperate and moves even further from MALSIE. 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, as it kills her. If it happens in there it'll be a waste. So bring her to us.

48 CONTI NUED:

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. What ever it takes to get her here.

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

MAI SI E

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.

MAI SI E

I 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.

MAI SI E

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.

MAI SI E

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

Ch he's been trying to entice me here for years. Free tickets. Mysterious summons. Even phoned the TARDIS once which is an easy number to get, let me tell you.

CLARA

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

THE DOCTOR

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

CLARA Looks furious.

48A CONTI NUED: 48A

CLARA

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

MAISIE is looking confused.

MAI SI E

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.

PERKI NS

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.

MAI SI E

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 CONTI NUED:

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

PERKI NS

Thirty seconds.

Olose 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) Ch, and your... 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.

PERKI NS

Ten seconds.

The FORETOLD is I oom ng over THE DOCTOR now, hands out stretched. Almost touching his head.

48A CONTINUED:

48A

THE DOCTOR

And all that tech inside you,

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.

PERKI NS

Zer o.

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.

MAI SI E

I can see it again.

CI ARA

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

PERKI NS

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.

PERKI NS

(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 ?

THE DOCTOR meets her eye.

THE DOCTOR

So was he.

48A CONTI NUED: 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.
when he has a built in teleporter.

CLARA

Great. So use it.

THE DOCTOR

Needs a bit more work...

SCI ENTI STS have started to sway and pass out.

CLARA

Doct or !

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

)7/ 05/ 14 49 CONTI NUED:

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
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.

CI ARA

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.

49

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?

MAI SI E

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.

PERKI NS

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

On you did, did you?

PERKI NS

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

THE DOCTOR

Really? So whoever I 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

PERKI NS

No. Sorry, Doctor, but I don't think I do. That job. Could... 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.

PERKI NS

You too, Doctor. And good luck.

PERKINS I eaves 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 what I was expecting from our 'last hurrah'.

THE DOCTOR

On come on. If it 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

Exact I y.

THE DOCTOR begins priming the console.

THE DOCTOR

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.