

Doctor Who 4  
Episode X

By  
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Shooting Script  
Yellow Revisions  
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DW4 - Ep X - Yellow  
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1 INT. TARDIS - DAY

1

REPEAT OF 3.13 SC.92. THE TARDIS in flight. THE DOCTOR walks around the console. Deep in thought. And then...

EXPLOSION! The Doctor's showered with debris!

He's on the floor. Coughing. Smoke in the air. He waves his hand to clear the air, looking up. Gobsmacked.

THE DOCTOR

What? But... what??

FX: WIDE SHOT, the PROW OF A SHIP, an old-fashioned liner, now sticking through the whole of the right hand wall of the Tardis, filling half the space.

The Doctor finds in the debris, a lifebelt. He flips it over. It says: TITANIC.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

*What??!*

(End repeat, new material.) He leaps to his feet, slams away at the Tardis console. Engines roar -

FX: the prow of the ship withdraws through the hole.

He slams more switches, the Time Rotor rising and falling, the sound of materialisation filling the air...

CUT TO:

2 INT. SMALL CUPBOARD - NIGHT

2

Tiny, dark linen cupboard, just big enough for...

FX: the TARDIS materialises.

THE DOCTOR comes out, still brushing himself down. Pats the Tardis, to make sure it's okay. Then opens the cupboard door, steps out.

CUT TO:

3 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 22 - CONTINUOUS

3

THE DOCTOR steps into -

Large space, reception desk, all wood & marble, more TITANIC signage, STEWARDS passing to and fro, and GUESTS in their finery, chatting, laughing. It all looks very 1912... almost. It's part luxury-liner, part hotel. And it's decked out for Christmas, nice big tree, nothing gaudy, all very period and classy. The Doctor walks through...

Men in black tie. Ladies in posh dresses. Staff looking immaculate. A WAITRESS in uniform - ASTRID, young, bright, feisty - walks past, carrying a tray. Then he sees -

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Two GOLDEN ANGELS, guarding a set of internal doors. THE HEAVENLY HOST. Like metal statues - tall, with beautiful gold, blank faces, simple tunics, hands locked in prayer, folded wings, glowing haloes suspended above by thin struts. One of them slowly turns his head. Looks at the Doctor.

Black eyes in a gold face.

The Doctor crept out, then distracted by seeing -

BANNAKAFFALATTA strolling past, in black tie; three foot tall, head like a spiky red conker.

The Doctor's getting the hang of it now, goes to porthole set in the wall.

CU the Doctor, framed in the porthole.

THE DOCTOR

Riiight....

CUT TO:

4 EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT

4

FX: LONG HERO FX SHOT, pulling back to see the whole ship - A SPACESHIP, exactly like the Titanic, but with mighty antigravity engines underneath. Keep pulling out wider, to see the vessel sailing majestically above the Earth. Over this:

TANNOY

The Titanic is now in orbit above Sol 3, also known as Earth, population: Human. Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Christmas!

CUT TO OPENING TITLES

5 OMITTED

5

6 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

6

Quiet and dark. A long room, rather than deep; computer banks, still with brass ship's fittings, and centre, a big, wooden SHIP'S WHEEL, facing windows, which look out on to BLACKNESS. An oil painting of the boss, Max Capricorn, stares down.

CREW operating controls, in smart 1912-ish uniform - NB, everything on board is only an approximation of the period. CAPTAIN HARDAKER stands centre - 60, wise, calm.

CAPTAIN HARDAKER

Orbit nice and steady. Good work, Mr Cavill. And maintain position.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CAPTAIN HARDAKER (CONT'D)

(more relaxed)

Now then, gentlemen, according to the traditions of the planet below, Christmas is a time of celebration. I think you might be entitled to a tot of rum. Just the one! Off you go, I'll keep watch.

The men head off, except MIDSHIPMAN FRAME, young, nervous.

CAPTAIN HARDAKER (CONT'D)

And you, what was it..?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Midshipman Frame, sir. Only just qualified, sir. First trip out!

CAPTAIN HARDAKER

Then you can stand down, Midshipman.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

But, um... Regulations say the Bridge has to be staffed by two crewmembers at any one time, sir.

CAPTAIN HARDAKER

Well said. Very good! Should be nice and quiet. It's only a Level Five planet down below, they don't even know we're here. Silent night, I believe they call it. A silent night.

And they stand together, on duty.

CUT TO:

7 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 22 - DAY

7

An advert, horizontal lines visible, seen on a TV screen. The Reception is empty except for MAX CAPRICORN to CAMERA - 50, bit of a showman, gold tooth, waxy black moustache,

MAX

Max Capricorn Cruiseliners, the fastest, the furthest, the best. And I should know, cos -  
(big smile, CU)  
My name's Max!

FX: his gold tooth goes *ding!*

Screen blips, footage replays, and PULL OUT TO REVEAL:

CUT TO:

8            INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT            8

Pulling out, Max Capricorn looped on a wall-screen. THE DOCTOR watching as he adjusts his bow-tie; he's back in his dinner suit. He's ready, he walks through -

CUT TO:

9            INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT            9

THE DOCTOR walks in.

Christmas decorations, tables & booths with GUESTS, milling around; dotted about, HEAVENLY HOST, standing perfectly still; then a dance floor, COUPLES dancing, then a stage, with SINGER & BAND, performing Winter Wonderland.

FX: CROWD REPLICATION, all having a good time.

The Doctor strolls through, looking round...

His POV: BANNAKAFALATTA, dancing away.

His POV: another table, MORVIN (male) & FOON (female), a large pair, tucking into buffet. They like their food. For some reason, they're dressed as cowboy & cowgirl.

Passing the Doctor, a BUSINESSMAN - RICKSTON SLADE, late-20s, sharp, ruthless - on his slim, futuristic mobile -

RICKSTON

- it's not a holiday for me, not  
while I've still got a vone, now  
just do as I say and sell - !

- as the Doctor heads towards a HEAVENLY HOST.

THE DOCTOR

Evening, Passenger 57, terrible  
memory, remind me, you would be..?

Its voice is calm, posh, neutral, movements smooth and controlled, rather than robotic.

HOST

Information: Heavenly Host.  
Supplying tourist information.

THE DOCTOR

Good! So, tell me again, cos I'm  
an idiot, where are we from?

HOST

Information: the Titanic is en  
route from Planet Sto in the  
Cassavalian Belt. The purpose of  
the cruise is to experience  
primitive cultures. This voyage  
is designated: Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

THE DOCTOR

Titanic, who thought of the name?

HOST

Information: it was chosen as the most famous vessel of Planet Earth.

THE DOCTOR

Did they tell you *why* it was famous?

HOST

Information: all designations are chosen by Mr Max Capricorn, President of Max/Max/Max/Max/Max -

He's broken, stuck, jerks his head with every 'Max' -

THE DOCTOR

Oops! Bit of a glitch -

He's about to sonic the Host, but three STEWARDS rush in -

CHIEF STEWARD

Sorry sir, we can handle this software problem, that's all, leave it with us, sir. Merry Christmas!

He presses a button on the back of the Host's neck -

It snaps rigid, upright, a statue, topples to the side - one Steward catches its torso, the other picks up its legs, and they carry it out, like a dummy. All fast and discreet.

Chief Steward walks with them, mutters to Stewards, angry -

CHIEF STEWARD (CONT'D)

That's another one down, what's going wrong with these things..?

The Doctor turns, distracted by a crash -

RICKSTON SLADE, still on his vone, yelling at the waitress, ASTRID - he's barged into her, making her drop her tray -

RICKSTON

Oh for Tov's sake, look where you're going! This jacket is a genuine Earth antique!

ASTRID

I'm sorry, sir -

RICKSTON

Yeah, you'll be sorry when it comes off your wages, sweetheart -

(walks off, on vone)

Staffed by idiots! No wonder Max Capricorn's going down the drain...

(CONTINUED)

The Doctor scoots over help Astrid pick up shards of glass.

THE DOCTOR  
There we go, careful...

ASTRID  
Thank you, sir, I can manage.

THE DOCTOR  
Never said you couldn't! I'm the  
Doctor, by the way.

ASTRID  
Astrid, sir, Astrid Peth.

THE DOCTOR  
Nice to meet you. Merry Christmas!

ASTRID  
Merry Christmas, sir.

THE DOCTOR  
Just Doctor, not sir.

ASTRID  
Enjoying the cruise?

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah, I suppose, I dunno. Doesn't  
quite work, a cruise, on your own.

ASTRID  
You're not with anyone?

THE DOCTOR  
No, just me, just... Used to be,  
but, um... No. What about you?  
Long way from home, Planet Sto.

ASTRID  
Doesn't feel much different. Spent  
three years working in the spaceport  
diner, then I come all this way,  
and I'm still waiting on tables.

THE DOCTOR  
No shore leave?

ASTRID  
We're not allowed, they can't afford  
the insurance. I just wanted to  
try it, just once...

Saying that, standing, both going to the window.

FX (and REPEAT): EARTH below them. Romantic image, the  
two framed against the spacescape. Both quiet, intimate:

(CONTINUED)

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Never stood on another world. I used to watch those ships heading out to the stars. Always dreamt of... Ohh, sounds daft.

THE DOCTOR

You dreamt of another sky. A new sun. New air. New life, the whole universe teeming with life, why stand still when there's all that life out there?

ASTRID

...yeah.

She's a bit dazzled. Hold, then break the moment -

ASTRID (CONT'D)

So! Um. D'you travel a lot, then?

THE DOCTOR

All the time. Just for fun. Well, that's the plan, never quite works.

ASTRID

You must be rich, though.

THE DOCTOR

Haven't got a penny.  
(whispers)  
Stowaway.

ASTRID

Kidding me.

THE DOCTOR

Seriously!

ASTRID

(laughing)  
No!

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes!

ASTRID

How d'you get on board?

THE DOCTOR

Accident! I've got this sort of ship-thing, I was just rebuilding her, left the defences down, bumped into the Titanic, here I am. Bit of a party, I thought, why not?

ASTRID

I should report you.

(CONTINUED)



9

CONTINUED: (4)

9

THE DOCTOR

Go on, then.

ASTRID

I'll get you a drink. On the house.

And she walks away, smiling.

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10 INT. HOST STORAGE, DECK 31 - NIGHT

10

*Slam!* the damaged, dead HOST from sc.9 is slammed up against a wall.

WIDER: CHIEF STEWARD stands back. Big signage, DECK 31. The area is full of deactivated HOST, some with wires running into the walls as though recharging, others in pieces, a disconnected Host head on a table, etc. (NB, this is Below Decks, all pipes and steam and oil.)

He goes over to an ENGINEER, who's giving hand-signals, 'forward,' to a FORK LIFT TRUCK, which has two deactivated HOST stacked up on its scoop, horizontally, like dummies.

CHIEF STEWARD

That's eight of them now, on the blink. One woman, she asked the Host to fix her necklace, it almost broke her neck. In First Class!

ENGINEER

I've been over the robotics, nothing. Like something's got into them, some sort of bug.

(to the truck)

Okay, park 'em in Bay 15.

The Fork lift truck turns.

CHIEF STEWARD

Tell you what, if you can't fix them... Throw them overboard.

He walks away, the Engineer goes over to the truck. Pause. Closer on the deactivated Host, closer...

And it slowly turns its head to watch the Chief Steward go. Dead black eyes.

CUT TO:

11 INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT

11

The SINGER starts Wish It Could Be Christmas Every Day, the dance floor livens up.

CUT TO a table of GLAMOROUS PEOPLE, cruel, laughing at:

MORVIN & FOON, cowboy & cowgirl, eating a basket of chicken wings. With dignity. THE DOCTOR slides in to join them.

THE DOCTOR

Something's tickled them.

FOON

They told us it was fancy dress. Very funny, I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MORVIN

They're just picking on us cos we didn't pay, we won the tickets in a competition.

FOON

I had to name all five husbands of Joofie Crystalle in By The Light Of The Asteroid, d'you ever watch By The Light Of The Asteroid?

THE DOCTOR

Is that the one with the twins?

FOON

That's it! Oh it's marvellous!

MORVIN

But we're not good enough for that lot, they think we should be in steerage.

THE DOCTOR

Can't have that, can we?

And he gives a discreet whirr of the sonic screwdriver -

PRAC FX: on the GLAMOROUS TABLE, the champagne bottle - centre of the table, in a ice-bucket - pops open on its own, champagne spraying all over the POSH GUESTS!

Morvin & Foon hooting!

FOON

Was that you?

THE DOCTOR

Maybe.

FOON

Oh we like you!

MORVIN

We do! I'm Morvin Van Hoff, and this is my good woman, Foon.

THE DOCTOR

Foon! Hello! I'm the Doctor.

FOON

I'll need a doctor, time I've finished with that buffet. Have a buffalo wing! They must be huge, these buffalo, so many wings!

TANNOY comes over:

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

TANNOY

Shore Leave tickets Red Six Seven  
now activated, Red Six Seven...

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(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

FOON

Ooh, Red Six Seven, that's us!  
Are you Red Six Seven?

THE DOCTOR

Might as well be!

MORVIN

Come on then! We're going to Earth!

CUT TO:

12 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 22 - NIGHT

12

MR COPPER, the SHIP'S HISTORIAN - 60, shambolic, in a tweed suit - holds up a sign, like a Saga Holidays rep, 6-7 on a red card. He stands at a small TELEPORT PLINTH, which has control buttons on top. 4 GUESTS already with him.

MR COPPER

Red Six Seven, this way, if you  
could convene, fast as you can,  
Red Six Seven departing shortly...

MORVIN & FOON hurry towards him, THE DOCTOR following -  
ASTRID just passing by -

ASTRID

I got you that drink -

THE DOCTOR

And I got you a treat! C'mon -

- he takes the tray, slams it down, pulls her across, fast -

- to join Mr Copper, the Doctor shows his psychic paper.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Red Six Seven, plus one.

MR COPPER

Hurry up then, if you could take a  
teleport bracelet, both of you -

Morvin & Foon are already taking metal sci-fi BRACELETS  
from a rack, the Doctor & Astrid do likewise, muttering -

ASTRID

I'll get the sack.

THE DOCTOR

Brand new sky!

Astrid thinks: to hell with it!, thrilled, grabs bracelet.

The GROUP clusters together, facing Mr Copper at his plinth.

(CONTINUED)

MR COPPER

To repeat, I am Mr Copper, the ship's historian, and I will be taking you to Old London Town in the country of Yookay. Ruled over by Good King Wenceslas. Now, Human beings worship the great God, Santa. A creature with fearsome claws. And his wife, Mary. Every Christmas Eve, the people of Yookay go to war, with the country of Turkey. They then eat the Turkey-people, for Christmas dinner. Like savages!

THE DOCTOR

Excuse me, but... where did you get all this from?

MR COPPER

I have a first class degree in Earthonomics, now then, stand by -

BANNAKAFFALATTA

And me! And me! Red Six Seven!

BANNAKAFFALATTA, running towards them, waving a ticket.

MR COPPER

If you could take a bracelet, sir.

As Bannakaffalatta does so, then joins the others:

THE DOCTOR

But hold on - what's your name?

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Bannakaffalatta!

THE DOCTOR

Okay, Bannakaffalatta, but -

(to Mr Copper)

Isn't he going to stick out a bit?

MR COPPER

They have a saying on Earth, red spiky face is a good spiky face.

THE DOCTOR

But it's Christmas Eve down there, late night shopping, tons of people, he's like a talking conker - no offence - but he'll cause a riot, cos the streets are gonna be packed -

But Mr Copper presses a button on the plinth -

FX: THE GROUP disappears, teleport glow.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

13

FX: teleport glow, THE DOCTOR, ASTRID, MR COPPER, MORVIN & FOON, BANNAKAFFALATTA & the 4 GUESTS appear.

THE DOCTOR  
- with shoppers and parties and...  
Oh.

WIDE SHOT: absolute emptiness. No people. A low wind; newspaper blowing across, Christmas decorations swaying.

Mr Copper's waving an Earth-type credit card.

MR COPPER  
Now, spending money! I've got a credit card in Earth currency, if you want to buy trinkets or stockings or the local delicacy known as beef. And don't stray too far, it could be dangerous! Any day now, they start boxing.

BANNAKAFFALATTA  
Very good! Very good!

As the GUESTS start to spread out:

THE DOCTOR  
...it should be full, it should be busy, it's... Something's wrong.

But during all this, Astrid looking round, eyes wide.

ASTRID  
...but it's *beautiful*.

THE DOCTOR  
Really? D'you think? It's just a street, I mean, the Pyramids are beautiful, and New Zealand, and -

ASTRID  
It's a different planet! I'm standing on a different planet! There's like... concrete! And shops! Alien shops! Real, alien shops! Look, you can't see the stars! And it smells, it *stinks*, this is amazing! Thank you!

And she gives him a great big hug.

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah, come on, let's have a look -

He takes her hand, both run over to a free-standing NEWS-SELLER'S BOOTH.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

On duty, a 50 y/o bloke, STAN, Londoner. Comfy in his booth, with a thermos and a portable TV on a shelf. All the newspaper headlines say: LONDON DESERTED, etc.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Hi there, sorry, obvious question, um, where's everyone gone?

STAN

Scared.

THE DOCTOR

Right, yes, scared of what?

STAN

Where've you been living? London! At Christmas! Not safe, is it?

THE DOCTOR

But why?

STAN

It's them! Up above.

And he gestures to the portable, NEWS 24, clips of the 2.X SYCORAX SPACESHIP, straplines: *LONDONERS IN FESTIVE FEAR.*

STAN (CONT'D)

Christmas before last, we had that big bloody spaceship. Everyone standing on the roof!

TV: 3.X RACNOSS WEBSTAR, etc; *THIRD TIME UNLUCKY?*

STAN (CONT'D)

Then last year, that Christmas Star, electrocuting all over the place, draining the Thames.

ASTRID

This place is amazing!

STAN

This year, God knows what. So everyone's scarpered, gone to the country. 'Cept me, and her Majesty.

On TV -

CUT TO:

14 INT. BACKGROUND TBC - DAY

14

ROYAL CORRESPONDENT TO CAMERA; smart background (possibly Buckingham Palace?). News strapline: *ROYAL FAMILY WILL NOT BE MOVED.*

(CONTINUED)



14 CONTINUED:

14

ROYAL CORRESPONDENT

Her Majesty the Queen has confirmed that she will be staying in Buckingham Palace throughout the festive season, to show the people of London, and the world, that there is nothing to fear.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

15

STAN

God bless her. We stand vigil.

THE DOCTOR

Well, between you and me, I think her Majesty's got it right. As far as I know, this year, there's nothing to worry about-

FX: teleport glow, THE DOCTOR and ASTRID disappear.

On STAN.

STAN

...then again.

CUT TO:

16 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 22 - NIGHT

16

CU THE DOCTOR, outraged.

THE DOCTOR

I was in mid-sentence!

CUT WIDER, reveal all the GROUP back in original positions.

MR COPPER

Sorry about that, bit of a problem - if I could have your bracelets -

The CHIEF STEWARD striding over -

CHIEF STEWARD

Apologies, ladies and gentlemen and Bannakaffalatta, we seem to have suffered a power fluctuation, if you'd like to return to the festivities, and on behalf of Max Capricorn Cruiseliners, free drinks will be provided -

ASTRID - avoiding Chief Steward - whispers to THE DOCTOR:

ASTRID

That was the best. The *best*.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

And she runs away, the group dispersing. The Doctor with eyes lighting up; he loves a problem. To the Chief Steward:

THE DOCTOR  
What sort of power fluctuation..?

CUT TO:

17 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 17

CAPTAIN HARDAKER at a computer panel, MIDSHIPMAN FRAME At a second one. All calm and normal:

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
Seems to be power diverted to Deck 31, sir. Flared up, then it stopped.

CAPTAIN HARDAKER  
Nothing to worry about, she's an old ship. Full of aches and pains.

A beep from a different panel, Frame goes over -

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
Picking up a meteoroid shower, portside bearing West 56 North 2.

CAPTAIN HARDAKER  
Fairly standard for this part of space. Miles away.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
We can probably see it, sir.

Hoists up old-fashioned BINOCULARS, looks left.

FX: BINOCULAR POV, METEORIDS just little glimmers of light in space, heading left to right, not towards the ship.

CUT TO:

18 INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT 18

FX: CROWD DUPLICATION WIDE SHOT. SINGER now starting NEW CHRISTMAS SONG - so jolly, it's sinister. All fun, lively.

CUT TO CU SINGER, with dark Christmassy lyrics...

CUT TO MORVIN & FOON, eating trifle.

CUT TO RICKSTON SLADE, chatting up a BEAUTIFUL LADY.

CUT TO BANNAKAFFALATTA, dancing with a HANDSOME MAN.

CUT TO ASTRID, carrying her tray, a smile across the room -  
- for THE DOCTOR, who half-smiles back, though he's looking furtive, glances round -

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

THE CHIEF STEWARD & STEWARDS, the HEAVENLY HOST, dotted about the room, no one looking at him -

- and the Doctor scuttles over to a wall, finds a COMMS PANEL, computer screen & keyboard. The screen is playing the SC.7 Max Capricorn advert, low volume, over and over again, on a loop. The Doctor starts to sonic it.

CUT TO:

19 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 19

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME looking at a radar-type scanner. It shows three METEOROID BLIPS changing course.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

That's a bit odd, sir. The meteoroids are changing course. Still. We can put shields up to maximum, just in case.

CAPTAIN HARDAKER

As you were, midshipman.

Frame turns round to look - CAPTAIN HARDAKER operating computer controls, fixed, grim, quiet. Frame realises:

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Sir? You're magnetising the hull. It's drawing the meteoroids in, sir, I take it that's deliberate..? Bit of a light-show for the guests?

CAPTAIN HARDAKER

Something like that.

CUT TO:

20 INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT 20

THE DOCTOR's now got the comms-panel gutted, wires hanging out. Max Capricorn off-screen, replaced by a radar image.

GRAPHIC, RADAR: 3 meteoroid blips, heading in.

The Doctor grim, now. Slides over to a nearby window.

FX: HIS POV, the METEOROIDS now visible with the naked eye, still just glimmers of light in the distance, but...

CUT TO:

21 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 21

CAPTAIN HARDAKER still at working the controls, solemn, determined, MIDSHIPMAN FRAME worried, now - as they hear the weee-ooo piping sound of internal ship's comms -

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

THE DOCTOR OOV  
Is that the Bridge? I need to  
talk to the Captain -

SCENE CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH:

22 INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT 22

THE PARTY livening up in b/g, THE DOCTOR back at the COMMS.

THE DOCTOR  
- you've got a meteoroid storm  
heading in, west zero by north 2.

CAPTAIN HARDAKER  
Who is this?

THE DOCTOR  
Never mind that, your shields are  
down, check your scanners - Captain,  
you've got meteoroids coming in  
and no shielding!

CAPTAIN HARDAKER  
You have no authorisation, you  
will clear the comms at once.

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah, just look portside - !

- the Doctor's grabbed by a STEWARD, with the CHIEF STEWARD -

CHIEF STEWARD  
If you could come with me, sir -

CUT TO:

23 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 23

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME checking a computer panel, panicky -

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
- but he's right sir, the shields  
have been taken offline -

CAPTAIN HARDAKER  
Step away from there.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
But we need to re-energise them -

CAPTAIN HARDAKER  
I said step away, midshipman.

Midshipman Frame only now looking round -

To see CAPTAIN HARDAKER holding a GUN at him.

CUT TO:

24      INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT      24

CHIEF STEWARD & STEWARD discreetly frogmarching THE DOCTOR across the room, towards the doors, Chief Steward muttering:

   CHIEF STEWARD  
Nice and quiet, shall we sir?

   THE DOCTOR  
- listen to me, you've got a rockstorm heading for this ship, and the shields are down -

CUT TO:

25      EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT      25

FX: ROAAAAR!! as three METEOROIDS - burning balls of fire, trailing thick smoke - race through foreground, heading for the TITANIC, in the distance, above the EARTH.

CUT TO:

26      INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT      26

CAPTAIN HARDAKER holding his gun at MIDSHIPMAN FRAME.

   MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
I need to raise the shields, sir, please, let me raise the shields...

   CAPTAIN HARDAKER  
They promised me old men.

   MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
I'm sorry, sir?

   CAPTAIN HARDAKER  
On the crew. Sea dogs. Men who'd had their time. Not boys.

CUT TO:

27      OMITTED      27

28      INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT      28

THE DOCTOR breaks free - !

- runs back into room -

CUT TO ASTRID, seeing this, puzzled -

CUT TO MORVIN & FOON, seeing this, puzzled -

CUT TO BANNAKAFALATTA, now noticing -

- the Doctor jumps up on to the stage - pushes the SINGER aside (BAND keep playing) - the Doctor grabs the mic -

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

THE DOCTOR  
Everyone! Listen to me! This is  
an emergency! Get to the lifeb-

*Whap!* a GOLD HAND over his mouth.

A HEAVENLY HOST behind him, super-strong - CHIEF STEWARD &  
STEWARD pile in, grab the Doctor, haul him off -

CUT TO:

29 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 29

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME trapped, frantic.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
I'm sorry, sir, it's my duty -

And he runs for the computer panel -

*BANG!* PRAC FX, CAPTAIN HARDAKER fires -

CUT TO:

30 INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT 30

PARTY continuing, oblivious, rising in temperature.

THE DOCTOR being hauled out of the door by CHIEF STEWARD &  
STEWARD - the Doctor pulls free, yells at RICKSTON SLADE -

THE DOCTOR  
- look out the windows - !

- and the Doctor's gone, shoved out -

RICKSTON hangs up his vone. Curious, walks across...

ASTRID running out of the door -

MORVIN & FOON following, concerned for the Doctor -

Rickston reaches the windows. Stares out...

FX: HIS POV, THE METEORIDS, burning, much closer now...

CUT TO:

31 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 22 - NIGHT 31

THE DOCTOR being hauled out by CHIEF & STEWARD -

THE DOCTOR  
- if you don't believe me, then  
check the shields yourself - !

Behind them, ASTRID runs out -

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ASTRID

- sir, I can vouch for him -

MORVIN, FOON & BANNAKAFFALATTA next out of the Lounge -

MORVIN

- no, Steward, he's with us, he's  
just had a bit too much to drink -

From another direction, MR COPPER to the CHIEF STEWARD -

MR COPPER

Something's gone wrong, sir, all  
the teleports have gone down -

CHIEF STEWARD

Not now!

All heading towards a door at the far end -

CUT TO:

32 INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT

32

PRAC FX: small, low pane of glass in the window shatters.

RICKSTON stares down (no one else notices, partying away).

On the carpet, a TINY SMOKING STONE.

Rickston worried now, goes to a HEAVENLY HOST.

RICKSTON

You, there. Has anyone checked  
the external shielding?

HOST

Information: you are all going to  
die.

CUT TO:

33 OMITTED

33

AND

AND

34

34

35 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

35

CAPTAIN HARDAKER is calm, grave, though trembling, as he  
goes to the wheel, stands there. Captain of his ship.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME is on the floor. Shot in the side. But  
alive! Gasping, props himself up on one arm...

CU GRAPHICS, RADAR: the THREE BLIPS getting closer and  
closer to the centre (ie, the ship).

CUT TO:

36 INT. DOORS OF ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT 36

RICKSTON SLADE belts out of the Ballroom, yells -

RICKSTON  
- where's the Chief Steward?!

RECEPTIONIST  
He went that way, sir -

- and Rickston races towards the far door -

CUT TO:

37 INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #1 - NIGHT 37

A metal below-decks corridor, as THE DOCTOR's hauled along by STEWARD & CHIEF STEWARD, then ASTRID, MORVIN & FOON, MR COPPER, then BANNAKAFFALATTA - all simultaneous, wild -

THE DOCTOR  
- the shields are  
down, we're gonna  
get hit!!

MORVIN  
We'll look after him,  
give him to us -

CHIEF STEWARD  
You will cease and  
desist, sir -

MR COPPER  
- but nothing seems to  
be working -

ASTRID  
I can take him back  
to his cabin -

BANNAKAFFALATTA  
Big noise! Much shout!

- with RICKSTON SLADE bursting through the far end -

RICKSTON  
Steward! Oy! Steward!!

CUT TO:

38 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 38

CAPTAIN HARDAKER at the wheel, facing front; refusing to look left. Brave, ashamed. FRAME on the floor, in pain.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
...you're gonna kill us...

CAPTAIN HARDAKER  
I'm dying already. Six months.  
And they promised me so much money.  
For my family.

CUT TO:

39 INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #1 - NIGHT 39

THE DOCTOR held by the STEWARD; ASTRID, MORVIN, FOON, BANNAKAFFALATTA, MR COPPER, as RICKSTON yells at the CHIEF -

(CONTINUED)



39 CONTINUED: 39

RICKSTON  
- I'm telling you,  
the *shields* are *down!!*

THE DOCTOR  
Listen to him, *listen!*

CUT TO:

40 INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT 40

INTERCUT ACTION WITH CU TV IMAGE, HORIZONTAL LINES, SC.7,  
Max Capricorn saying 'The fastest, the furthest, the  
best/The fastest, the furthest, the best,' the phrase stuck  
on a loop, the FX *ding!* of his tooth, now becoming sinister.

THE SINGER in his element, the song wild and vicious.

CUT TO the back of the room. One POSH WOMAN calling her  
POSH BOYFRIEND over, to look out of the window...

CU, they look up, out. Delighted! Bathed in red light...

CUT TO:

41 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 41

CU CAPTAIN HARDAKER. Lit in red, from the left. So sad.

And he closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT 42

Lit in furious red, the POSH MAN raises a glass of  
champagne, saluting the OOV meteoroids.

POSH MAN

Cheers!

CUT TO:

43 EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT 43

FX: *FATOOOOOOM!!!* WIDE SHOT TITANIC as a MASSIVE BURNING  
METEOR SLAMS INTO THE SHIP!

CUT TO:

43A INT. ENTERTAINMENT LOUNGE - NIGHT 43A

(NB, shot facing AWAY from the central devastation.)  
GUESTS, running, screaming for their lives, as -

FX: A WALL OF FIRE rolls over them!

CUT TO:

44      OMITTED      44

45      INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #1 - NIGHT      45

THE DOCTOR, CHIEF STEWARD, STEWARD, ASTRID, MORVIN & FOON,  
MR COPPER, RICKSTON SLADE, BANNAKAFALATTA thrown around  
as the corridor slams about, lights flicker on and off -

PRAC FX: EXPLOSIONS, WALL PANELS bursting open - SPARKS  
showering down from the light-fittings -

STEAM jetting out of broken pipes, and WATER -

DW4 - Ep X - Yellow  
www.thewriterstale.com

45 CONTINUED: 45  
Madness, chaos, CAMERA SHAKE -  
CUT TO:

46 OMITTED 46

47 INT. HOST STORAGE, DECK 31 - NIGHT 47  
Room shaking, ENGINEER cowering beside his FORK LIFT TRUCK -  
PRAC FX: FIRE & STEAM belch out - METAL PIPES tumble down -  
- but with a *sch-chunk!* - CU HOST, its black eyes, as it  
jerks awake!  
CUT TO a SECOND HOST, a THIRD, standing upright -  
CUT TO:

48 EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT 48  
FX: A MASSIVE HOLE in the centre of the TITANIC, where the  
first meteoroid struck - it passed right through - and now  
two SMALLER METEORIDS punch all the way through, *one!*  
then quickly, *two!* - the mighty ship rocking -  
CUT TO:

49 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 1 - NIGHT 49  
(IE, a different Reception to Deck 22, though all receptions  
look the same.) LIGHTS flickering on and off, chaos, GUESTS  
& STAFF thrown everywhere as the whole room pitches about -  
HIGH SHOT of RECEPTIONIST looking up, screaming -  
PRAC FX/STUNT: *WHAM!*, huge GIRDER slams down on top of her -  
CUT TO:

50 INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #1 - NIGHT 50  
PRAC FX: CEILING COLLAPSES, timbers & girders and dust  
falling down - and FIRE ruptures out of the broken walls -  
- THE DOCTOR grabs ASTRID, both go down to the floor -  
CUT TO:

51 OMITTED 51

52 INT. HOST STORAGE, DECK 31 - NIGHT 52  
PRAC FIRE & STREAM continuing, but -  
6 HEAVENLY HOST stand in a line, regimented, impassive,  
unaffected by the chaos -  
CUT TO:

53      INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #1 - NIGHT      53

PRAC FX: STEAM, belches of FIRE, but...

The shaking subsides, slowly.

THE DOCTOR, holding ASTRID, lifts his head. OTHERS on the floor, covered in rubble... but alive. Foon's screaming.

                  THE DOCTOR  
                  Hush, hush, hush, *shut up!* Sorry!  
                  But just - just shhhh....

Silence. Pause. All looking round. Then:

                  THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
                  It's stopping...

CUT TO:

54      EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT      54

FX: LONG HERO FX SHOT [angle as sc.48], the TITANIC now with three holes along its length, the space all around the ship glittering with debris. It maintains its position, stays upright, groaning, like an injured beast. But then all the lights flicker and go off, one by one, like the ship is dying.

CUT TO:

55      INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #1 - NIGHT      55

(NB, lights off throughout the ship now, but NOT total darkness. Just nicely dark!) THE DOCTOR with ASTRID.

                  THE DOCTOR  
                  You all right?

                  ASTRID  
                  ...yeah. Think so, yeah.

                  THE DOCTOR  
                  Bad name for a ship. Either that,  
                  or this suit is really unlucky.

He stands, brushing off debris. He's distracted by a quiet tinny voice, 'My name's Max! *Ding!*/My name's Max! *Ding!*/My name's Max! *Ding!*' - COMMS PANEL, sc.7 stuck on a loop.

                  THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
                  Yeah, thanks, Max.

And he stabs the off button.

Then, action - the Doctor goes to the STEWARD, who's lying flat out; b/g, a low babble, recovery; ASTRID going to MR COPPER, clearing rubble off him, he's saying 'Oh dear, bit unfortunate...', MORVIN going to FOON, 'Are you all right,

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

sweetheart?' And she's crying, hugs him, RICKSTON dazed, 'My vone, where's my vone?', BANNAKAFFALATTA grunting 'Not good, not good', the CHIEF STEWARD standing, dazed.

The Doctor clears metal pipes off the Steward, checks his pulse. Looks across at the Chief Steward. No, he's dead.

Which triggers the Chief Steward into action:

CHIEF STEWARD

Everyone! Ladies and gentleman,  
and Bannakaffalatta... I must  
apologise. On behalf of Max  
Capricorn Cruiseliners. Um. We  
seem to have had a small collision -

Which provokes a sudden hysteria - all improvising round:

MORVIN

What d'you mean,  
small?

FOON

We could've been killed!

RICKSTON

D'you know how much I  
paid for my ticket?!  
Very bad! Very bad!  
Bannakaffalatta cross!

CHIEF STEWARD

If I could have silence. Ladies,  
gentlemen, please...  
(then bellows:)  
*Qui-et!!!*

Which works, they shut up.

In b/g, during the Chief Steward's speech below, the Doctor nips over to Astrid and Mr Copper, crouches beside them -

CHIEF STEWARD (CONT'D)

Thank you. I'm sure  
Max Capricorn  
Cruiseliners will be  
able to reimburse  
you for any  
inconvenience. But  
first, I would point  
out that we're very  
much alive, though I  
would suggest that  
each and every one  
of you is given the  
once-over by the  
ship's medic. Free  
of charge. If you  
could all stay here,  
while I ascertain  
the exact nature of  
the situation -

ASTRID

It's his arm...

MR COPPER

Nothing to worry about,  
just a scratch...

THE DOCTOR

Let me see...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

The Chief Steward turns to the door (the door they were heading towards) - *shunks!* the handle, releasing the seal -

The Doctor tending to Copper, only just seeing this - yells -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

*Don't open it - !!!*

FX: the DOOR - pushed away from the Chief Steward - is ripped off its hinges, door & Chief Steward are *schwupped!* through the air, through a ragged, metal hole beyond, where more corridor should have been, now leading into OPEN SPACE -

PRAC WIND blasts through the corridor - ferocious! -

COMMS PANEL flashing red: *VACUUM BREACH*

Astrid, Mr Copper, Morvin & Foon, Rickston, Bannakaffalatta holding on for dear life, clinging to anything -

THE Doctor flings himself against the COMMS PANEL, sonics -

CU Astrid, holding on to a pipe, blasted by wind, screaming -

The Doctor sonics, frantic - COMMS blips to: *OXYGEN SHIELD.*

FX: *bwip!* over the ragged hole, the ripple of a FORCEFIELD.

The wind stops.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Everyone all right? Astrid? Foon?  
(yeahs from all)

Morvin, Mr Copper? Bannakaffalatta?  
You, what's your name?

RICKSTON

Rickston Slade.

THE DOCTOR

You all right?

RICKSTON

No thanks to that idiot.

ASTRID

The steward just died!

RICKSTON

Then he's a dead idiot!

THE DOCTOR

All right, calm down - just stay still, all of you, hold on...

He makes his way down the corridor, towards the hole. Astrid follows him (others recovering in b/g).

They squat together at the ragged-metal edge.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (3)

55

FX: THEIR POV, SPACE BEYOND full of tumbling fragments of metal and little floating BODIES. Intercut with:

ASTRID

...what happened..? How come the shields were down?

THE DOCTOR

I don't think it was an accident.

ASTRID

(upset)

But... how many dead?

THE DOCTOR

We're alive. Just focus on that. I'll get you out of here, Astrid. I promise. Look at me. I promise.

And she gives a small smile.

ASTRID

Okay.

THE DOCTOR

Good. Now then. If we can get to reception, I've got a spaceship, tucked away, we can all get on board and... Oh.

FX: HIS POV, far-off, the TARDIS in space, gently tumbling.

ASTRID

What is it, what's wrong?

THE DOCTOR

That's my ship, over there.

ASTRID

Where?

THE DOCTOR

There, that box, that little blue box.

ASTRID

That's a spaceship?

THE DOCTOR

Oy, don't knock it.

ASTRID

Bit small.

THE DOCTOR

Bit distant.

ASTRID

Haven't you got a remote control?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (4)

55

THE DOCTOR

That would be a really good idea.  
One of these days.

ASTRID

But if you can manipulate the oxygen  
field, can't you just loop it out?  
Sort of, lasso the box back in?

THE DOCTOR

That's brilliant. Oh, that's  
brilliant! You're good, you are!

ASTRID

Try my best!

THE DOCTOR

Trouble is, when it's set adrift,  
it's programmed to lock on to the  
nearest centre of gravity. And  
that would be... the Earth.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT

56

FX: the TARDIS, with the WRECKED TITANIC in b/g, tumbles  
through frame, then falls fast, accelerating, towards the  
EARTH, becomes a glowing red dot as it disappears below.

CUT TO:

57 INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #1 - NIGHT

57

ASTRID

Maybe not then.

THE DOCTOR

Maybe not.

CUT TO:

58 INT. HOST STORAGE, DECK 31 - NIGHT

58

FX PRAC FLAMES still burning, SMOKE & STEAM, but calmer.

The ENGINEER, on the floor, backed up against the FORK  
LIFT TRUCK, trapped under a GIRDER. Heaves. Can't move.

ENGINEER

Don't just stand there, get this  
thing off me!

THE 6 HEAVENLY HOST - untouched by dirt - are simply  
standing, unmoving, a distance away. Observing him.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Host! That's an order! Help me!  
That's your job, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)



58 CONTINUED:

58

HOST

Information: we now have only one function.

ENGINEER

...and what's that?

HOST

Information: to kill.

It reaches up, unclips its HALO; it simply lifts free of the thin struts supporting it, PRAC LIGHT Halo still glowing

ENGINEER

(panicking)

What are you doing? I'm ordering you, stop it! Stop it, right now!

The Host aims the Halo like a Frisbee - throws -

FX: HALO whizzes towards CAMERA -

CUT TO REVERSE, FAST ZOOM IN to the Engineer's face, like a HALO POV, as he screams his last

CUT TO:

59 INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #1 - NIGHT

59

THE DOCTOR on COMMS (b/g, ASTRID and BANAKAFFALATTA helping MR COPPER, MORVIN & FOON, RICKSTON searching for his vone).

THE DOCTOR

Deck 22 to the Bridge, hello?  
Deck 22 to the Bridge, is there anyone there?

SCENE CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH SC.60.

60 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

60

Shattered. Girders, rubble, computers smashed (wheel still intact). PRAC FLAMES here and there.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME, in great pain, hauls himself to the COMMS.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

...this is the Bridge.

THE DOCTOR

Hello sailor! Good to hear you!  
What's the situation up there?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

...we've got air... the oxygen field is holding... But the Captain. He's dead.

Looking across: CAPTAIN HARDAKER buried by rubble. Panicky:

(CONTINUED)

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME (CONT'D)

He did it, oh my Vot, he took down  
the shields - there was nothing I  
could do, I tried, I did try -

THE DOCTOR

All right, just stay calm, tell me  
your name, what's your name?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Midshipman Frame.

THE DOCTOR

Nice to meet you, sir -

Rickston interrupting, having found -

RICKSTON

My vone's not working! I paid a  
fortune for this thing!

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, not exactly top of the list -  
Mr Frame, what about the lifeboats?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

They're all offline. Like it's  
deliberate...

THE DOCTOR

What's the state of the engines?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

They're um... Hold on...

He has to pull himself to another panel, groans with pain -

THE DOCTOR

Are you injured?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

I'm all right...  
(consults readout)  
Ohh, Vot. They're cycling down.  
Power's gone.

THE DOCTOR

That's a Nuclear Storm Drive, yes?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Yeah.

THE DOCTOR

And the moment they're gone, we  
lose orbit?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

(realises)  
The planet...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

THE DOCTOR  
Oh yes. If we hit the planet, the  
Nuclear Storm explodes. And wipes  
out life on Earth.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT

61

FX: the stricken TITANIC groaning, with THE EARTH below.

CUT TO:

62 INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #1 - NIGHT

62

INTERCUT WITH BRIDGE, SC.60 CONTINUED.

THE DOCTOR on COMMS to MIDSHIPMAN FRAME.

THE DOCTOR  
Midshipman, you need to fire up  
the Engine Containment Field and  
feed it back into the Core -  
Midshipman Frame starts stabbing buttons -

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
That's never gonna work - !

THE DOCTOR  
Trust me, it'll keep the engines  
going till I can get to the Bridge.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
But we've got an automatic SOS,  
they'll be sending rescue ships,  
they can stabilise the Titanic -

THE DOCTOR  
Wait a minute... Rickston, did  
you say your vone's not working?

RICKSTON  
Oh now you're interested!

THE DOCTOR  
Give it to me. Give it!  
(inspects it)  
But this is Solar Plus Vone. It  
should work anywhere.

RICKSTON  
That's what I was saying!

THE DOCTOR  
Mr Frame. There's no signal.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Someone's transmitting a blanketing field, nothing's getting out, not even the SOS. No one's coming, no rescue ships. We're on our own.

Everyone's listening to this; FOON starts to cry.

FOON  
We're going to die!

BANNAKAFFALATTA  
Bad people! Bad!

MR COPPER  
Are you saying  
someone's done this  
on purpose?

ASTRID  
But why? We're just a  
cruise ship!

The Doctor hangs up the comms, faces them:

THE DOCTOR

Okay, okay, just hush! First things first. One, we're gonna climb through this ship. B, no, two, we're gonna reach the Bridge. Three, or C, we're gonna save the Titanic. And coming in at a very low four, or D, or that little i-v in brackets they use on footnotes, why? Right then! Follow me -

He starts heading off, back the way they first came -

RICKSTON

Hold on, who put you in charge?  
Who the hell are you, anyway?

THE DOCTOR

I'm the Doctor. I'm a Time Lord. I'm from the planet Gallifrey in the constellation of Kasterborous, I'm nine hundred and three years old, and I'm the man who's going to save your lives and all six billion people on the planet below. Got a problem with that?

RICKSTON

...no.

THE DOCTOR

In that case... Allons-y!

CUT TO:

An ordinary lower-decks stairwell, wrecked, pipes and girders & rubble everywhere; the door at the bottom is pushed open, debris falls away, and THE DOCTOR leads ASTRID, RICKSTON, MR COPPER, MORVIN, FOON & BANNAKAFFALATTA through.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR  
Careful, now. Follow me.

He heads up, stepping over debris. As they ascend:

MR COPPER  
It's rather ironic, but this is  
very much in the Christmas Spirit.  
It's a festival of violence!  
Humans, they say, only survive the  
season, depending on whether they've  
been good or bad. It's barbaric!

THE DOCTOR  
Actually, that's not true, Christmas  
is a time of peace and thanksgiving  
and, oh what am I on about? My  
Christmases are always like this!

Towards the top of the first staircase, he's found a  
deactivated, broken HOST, sprouting wires and cables.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
We've got a Host! Strength of  
ten! If we can mend it, we can  
use it to shift the rubble.

MORVIN  
We can do robotics! Both of us!

FOON  
We work in the Milk Market, back  
on Sto, it's all robot staff.

THE DOCTOR  
See if you can get it working.  
(moves on)  
Now, let's have a look...

He & Astrid carry on up, reach the first landing, look up:

A TANGLE of METAL GIRDERS & STRUTS has fallen, blocking  
the top of staircase 2, before the landing. The tangle is  
deep, but with a gap, a small tunnel, centre.

ASTRID  
It's blocked.

THE DOCTOR  
So what do we do?

ASTRID  
We shift it.

THE DOCTOR  
That's the attitude! Rickston!  
Mr Copper! And you, Bannakaffalatta -  
look, can I call you Banna? It's  
gonna save a lot of time.

(CONTINUED)

BANNAKAFFALATTA

No! Bannakaffalatta!

THE DOCTOR

All right then, Bannakaffalatta,  
there's a gap, in the middle - see  
if you can get through -

Bannakaffalatta heads up staircase 2, towards the  
gap/tunnel, the Doctor, Astrid, Mr Copper, Rickston follow -

On staircase 1, Morvin & Foon sit, to work on the Host.  
The blank gold face staring up. (NB, it's lost its Halo.)

CUT TO Bannakaffalatta, crawling through the jagged gap.

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Easy! Good!

CAMERA SHAKE: the whole ship lurches -

PRAC dust, bits of rubble, tumble down, everyone tense...

It stops. But the Tangle is creaking, ominously.

RICKSTON

This whole thing could come crashing  
down, any minute.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, Rickston, I forgot, did you  
get that message?

RICKSTON

No, what message?

THE DOCTOR

Shut up.

CUT TO Bannakaffalatta - he's climbed through, reaching  
the top landing, which is relatively clear.

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Bannakaffalatta made it!

ASTRID

I'm small enough, I can get  
through...

And she heads through the gap, it creaks:

THE DOCTOR

Careful.

ASTRID

No, I'm fine...

(CONTINUED)

RICKSTON

Thing is, how are we gonna get Mr  
and Mrs Fatso through that gap?

THE DOCTOR

We make the gap bigger. So start!

As they get to work on the staircase 2, clearing metal,  
CUT BACK TO Morvin & Foon on staircase 1, clipping the  
Host's wires together, by hand. But Foon heard Rickston,  
and she starts to cry:

MORVIN

Heyyy, come on, sweetheart. Don't  
listen to him.

FOON

No, but it's all my fault, though.  
The tickets.

MORVIN

We won them, fair and square.

FOON

I know. But I never told you...  
I dialled the competition line  
five thousand times. That's five  
thousand credits, we might as well  
have paid for the tickets. I've  
been hiding the vone bill for months  
now.

MORVIN

Five thousand credits..? You spent  
five thousand credits?

FOON

Don't hate me.

And Morvin starts to laugh. Really laugh.

FOON (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

MORVIN

Five thousand!

FOON

But we'll never pay that off.

MORVIN

I know! We'll have to work for  
twenty years! You mad bloody woman!

FOON

(starts to smile)  
You're not cross..?

(CONTINUED)

MORVIN

Does it matter? Look at us! Who cares about money?! Oh, you drive me barmy! I don't half love you, Mrs Van Hoff, c'mere -

And he gives her a big hug, both laughing.

CUT TO staircase 2, Morvin & Foon's laughter echoing up, the Doctor, Rickston & Mr Copper clearing the gap:

RICKSTON

What happened, did they find a doughnut?

CUT TO the top landing on the far side of the tangle, Astrid now there, hauling out a plank of metal, calling through:

ASTRID

I can clear it from this side, just tell me if it starts moving...

Putting the plank down, she sees Bannakaffalatta, behind her, on the floor, heaving for breath. Goes to him -

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Bannakaffalatta, what's wrong?

But Bannakaffalatta puts a finger to his lips; ssssh.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

(hushed)  
What is it?

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Can't say.

ASTRID

Are you hurt?

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Ashamed.

ASTRID

Of what..? If you tell me, I can help.

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Poor Bannakaffalatta.

And he opens his shirt.

Underneath, his torso is METAL, with blinking lights.

ASTRID

...you're a cyborg!

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Had accident. Long ago. Secret.

(CONTINUED)



63 CONTINUED: (5)

63

ASTRID

No, but everything's changed, now!  
Cyborgs are getting equal rights.  
They passed a law, back on Sto,  
you can even get married.

BANNAKAFFALATTA

(cheeky)  
Marry you!

ASTRID

Well, you can buy me a drink, first.  
But it's different, these days,  
you don't have to hide any more.  
Come on, let's recharge you.

She presses buttons, his lights blink, he breathes deep.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

There you go. Just sit there for  
a bit.

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Tell no one.

ASTRID

I promise.

She gets back to work, pulling out another sheet of metal.

THE DOCTOR OOV

What's going on up there?

ASTRID

Oh, I think Bannakaffalatta and I  
just got engaged.

She gives him a big smile, Bannakafalatta's chuckling away!

CUT TO:

64 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

64

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME's now stripped off his jacket, opened his  
shirt, has just patched up his bullet wound, using a first  
aid kit. In great pain. Then, the weee-ooo of comms -

He scrambles to the comms-panel, wincing.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

This is the Bridge.

CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH -

CUT TO:

65 INT. KITCHEN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

65

INTERCUT WITH SC.64, BRIDGE & MIDSHIPMAN FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Same as Ship Corridor #1, only with pots and pans in the debris, PRAC FLAMES here and there. A KITCHENHAND - 18 y/o lad - is on COMMS (the comms screen playing sc.7 on a loop), with five other dazed KITCHEN STAFF in b/g.

KITCHENHAND

...this is Kitchen Number Five.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

How many of you are there?

KITCHENHAND

Six of us. Just about. Are we the only ones left alive, sir?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

No, there's more on Deck 19 - hold on, if I reverse the scanner...

He presses buttons. On screen, GRAPHICS: a grid-layout of the Titanic, with a good few dozen BLIPS all over the ship.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME (CONT'D)

Life signs! There's about... fifty, sixty people, still alive, all over the ship, hold on...

GRAPHICS: grid zooms in, 6 BLIPS in KITCHEN 5.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME (CONT'D)

I can see you! Kitchen Five, there you are! Listen, everyone's heading for the Bridge, don't go portside, there's no air, can you make your way starboard?

KITCHENHAND

We're stuck, the doors have sealed.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Can you force them open?

KITCHENHAND

We've tried, they must be jammed or something, we can't get out - no, wait a minute -

*Clank!* the Kitchenhand and the 5 survivors turn, look -

The handle on the door is turning, the seal hissing open.

KITCHENHAND (CONT'D)

It's opening, there's someone on the other side!

Door swings open -

FIVE HEAVENLY HOST standing there, impassive.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

Kitchenhand - big smile!

KITCHENHAND (CONT'D)  
Ohh thank Vot for that, we've got  
Host! The Host are still working!

Now stay on the Bridge, Kitchen corridor remains OOV:

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
That's brilliant, tell them to  
clear a path to the Bridge.  
(silence)  
Yeah? Did you get that? Kitchen  
Five, report. Hello, Kitchen Five?

And then, suddenly, OOV: screaming! Blood-curdling.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME (CONT'D)  
Kitchen Five, what's happening?  
Kitchen Five?! Report!

KITCHENHAND OOV  
It's the Host!! *It's the Ho-*  
Comms are abruptly cut off. Silence.

Midshipman Frame looks back at the scanner.

GRAPHICS: Only 4 blips of light remaining in Kitchen Five.  
Which then go out, one by one.

CUT TO:

66 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

66

THE DOCTOR & RICKSTON on the staircase 2 side of the tangle  
as MR COPPER heads through the widened gap, but the COMMS  
gives a weee-ooo. The COMMS PANEL (playing sc.7) is back  
down on the first landing, the Doctor goes down; MORVIN &  
FOON are mending the damaged HOST on staircase 1 below.

MORVIN  
Almost done!

THE DOCTOR  
Good good good!  
(on comms)  
Mr Frame, how's things?

SCENE CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH:

67 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

67

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME on COMMS, urgent, looking at:

GRAPHICS: the Titanic grid, with more and more BLIPS going  
out, all over the ship.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Doctor, I've got life-signs, all over the ship... But they're going out, one by one.

THE DOCTOR

What is it, are they losing air?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

No, one of them said it was the Host, it's something to do with the Host -

CUT TO:

68 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

68

THE DOCTOR turns round in horror as -

MORVIN

It's working!

And the damaged HOST jerks awake!

And grabs MORVIN by the neck, throttling him!

FOON screaming, ripping out wires, as the Doctor runs down -

THE DOCTOR

Turn it off, turn it off!

FOON

I can't!! Let him go!

Morvin choking, the Doctor sonicking the Host's hand, but -

THE DOCTOR

Won't work - double deadlock!

Gaaaah!, he prises the Host's hand off - Morvin falls back -

FX (PRAC?) SPARKS on the Host's body - still broken, trailing wires - juddering and jerking, it tries to stand -

HOST

Information: kill/kill/kill -

THE DOCTOR

Go! Quickly, get upstairs -

- said, shoving Morvin & Foon up the stairs - and yelling up to Rickston, who's looking down from staircase 2 -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Rickston! Get them through!

RICKSTON

No chance!

- and he dives through the gap -

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

The Host lashes out with its metal hand, karate-style -

PRAC FX: bannister splinters into pieces -

The Doctor runs back up to the first-landing COMMS -

THE DOCTOR

- it's the Host, they've gone  
berserk, are you safe up there?

CUT TO:

69 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

69

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME heads for the door - *ahhhh!*, he's racked with pain, sinks to his knees - from the floor, he looks -

There's a plain, narrow metal corridor leading to the Bridge. And 3 HOST are walking calmly towards him!

CUT TO:

70 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

70

On the top landing, ASTRID and MR COPPER are pulling FOON, squealing, through the gap - BANNAKAFFALATTA still helpless, RICKSTON just standing back - all fast, panicky -

ASTRID

Come on! You can do it - !

MR COPPER

It's gonna collapse -

Mr Copper's Herculean, holds up the tangle, which is creaking ominously, PRAC FX DUST & RUBBLE trickling down -

MR COPPER (CONT'D)

Rickston, Vot damn it, *help me!*

RICKSTON

No way!

CUT TO THE DOCTOR, now backing up staircase 2, MORVIN behind him at the tangle, the HOST spasming and advancing -

THE DOCTOR

Morvin! Get through!

CUT TO:

71 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

71

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME, in agony, lurches to his feet, throws himself at a lever in the wall, pulls it halfway down -

The metal door *schwups!* across, cutting off THE 3 HOST -

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 71

But *clang!* - a HOST HAND stops the door from closing -

CUT TO:

72 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 72

THE HOST, still lurching up staircase 2 -

THE DOCTOR stuck, with MORVIN struggling through the gap -

THE DOCTOR

Mr Van Hoff, I know we've only  
just met but you'll have to excuse  
me -

And he gives Morvin's arse a good shove -

- Morvin's shoved through to the other side -

ASTRID

Doctor, come on! Get through!

But the Doctor turns back to the Host -

THE DOCTOR

Information override! You will  
tell me the point of origin of  
your command structure.

HOST

Information: Deck 31.

THE DOCTOR

Thank you!

And he dives through the gap -

Astrid & Morvin pulling him through - Mr Copper holding on -

MR COPPER

- can't hold it - !

THE DOCTOR

Let go - !

All throw themselves back on to the landing -

The Host is in the gap/tunnel, its HAND reaching out -

PRAC FX: huge chunk of GIRDER slams down through the centre  
of the gap/tunnel - smashing the HOST'S HEAD into pieces!

CUT TO:

73 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 73

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME heaves at the lever, all the way down -

The METAL DOOR closes, cutting off the HOST'S HAND -

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

The hand clangs on to the floor.

Midshipman Frame hauls himself round, to look - the door has a central porthole, now filled with an impassive unmoving HOST's face. Staring at him.

CUT TO:

74 INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #2 - NIGHT

74

Corridor as others: wrecked, rubble, PRAC FLAMES here and there. RICKSTON, MORVIN & FOON, BANNAKAFFALATTA (now recovered), MR COPPER then THE DOCTOR & ASTRID hurry through a BIG METAL DOOR - the Doctor sonics, it slides shut.

Foon's spotted a shattered metal hostess-style-trolley -

FOON

Morvin, look! Food!

RICKSTON

Oh great, someone's happy.

MORVIN

Don't have any, then.

But Rickston's starving, joins them - Astrid takes charge -

ASTRID

All right, that's my job, share it out, careful with the water, we might need that...

All except the Doctor gather round the trolley, settle, eating, a moment's rest. The Doctor goes to the COMMS; a distance away, back by the door, so this can be sotto. The comms screen is playing sc.7 on a loop, 'My name's Max!', *ding!* the Doctor impersonates it:

THE DOCTOR

*Ding!*

(then on comms)

Mr Frame? Still there?

SCENE CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH:

75 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

75

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME back on COMMS.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Yes, sir. But I've got Host outside, I've sealed the door.

THE DOCTOR

They've been programmed to kill, why would anyone do that?

(CONTINUED)

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

That's not the only problem, Doctor. I had to use a maximum deadlock on the door. Which means... No one can get in. I'm sealed off. Even if you can fix the Titanic, you can't get to the Bridge.

THE DOCTOR

Okay. Right. Fine! One problem at a time. What's on Deck 31?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

That's down below, it's nothing...

He brings up the TITANIC GRAPHICS GRID, which also pops up on the Doctor's comms panel. Both study it.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME (CONT'D)

Just the Host Storage Deck, that's where we keep the robots.

THE DOCTOR

But what's that...?

On DECK 31 GRAPHIC, a small rectangle of absolute black.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

D'you see? That panel of black, it's registering... nothing. No power, no light, no heat.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Never seen it before.

THE DOCTOR

100% shielded, what's down there..?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

I'll try intensifying the scanner.

THE DOCTOR

Let me know if you find anything. And keep those engines going!

Hanging up, as Astrid brings the Doctor some food, and both hunker down, to eat.

ASTRID

Saved you some. You might be a Time King from Gaddabee, but you still need food.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah. Thanks.

ASTRID

Although, you're looking good for nine hundred and three.

(CONTINUED)



75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

THE DOCTOR

You should see me in the mornings.

ASTRID

Okay.

Little smile between them, cheeky.

Mr Copper's heading over to them.

MR COPPER

Doctor! Must be well past midnight,  
Earth time. Christmas Day.

THE DOCTOR

So it is. Merry Christmas.

ASTRID

This Christmas thing, what's it  
all about?

THE DOCTOR

Long story. I should know, I was  
there. I got the last room.

MR COPPER

But if the planet's waking up,  
can't we signal them? They could  
send up a rocket or something.

THE DOCTOR

They haven't got spaceships.

MR COPPER

No, I've read about it, they've  
got shuffles. Space shuffles.

THE DOCTOR

Mr Copper, this degree in  
Earthonomics, where's it from?

MR COPPER

...honestly?

THE DOCTOR

Just between us.

MR COPPER

Mrs Golightly's Happy Travelling  
University and Dry Cleaner's.

ASTRID

But d'you mean you lied to the  
company? To get the job?

MR COPPER

Wasted my life on Sto.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (3)

75

MR COPPER (CONT'D)

I was a travelling salesman, selling this and that, just junk and tat, always on the road. I reached retirement with nothing to show for myself. Not even a home. And Earth sounded so... exotic.

THE DOCTOR

S'pose it is, yeah.

ASTRID

How come you know it so well?

THE DOCTOR

I was sort of, um... few years ago, I was sort of made, well... sort of homeless, and... There was the Earth.

Pause.

MR COPPER

Thing is. If we survive this, there'll be police, and all sorts of investigations... The minimum penalty for spacelane fraud is ten years in jail. I'm an old man, I won't survive ten years!

*Whunk!* a blow to the metal door, from the other side -

THE DOCTOR

We've got Host! Move! Come on!

- instant panic! They're all up and on their feet, moving, hopping and hauling themselves over debris -

PRAC FX: *whunk!* the centre of the metal door buckles -

CUT TO:

76 INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #3 - NIGHT

76

As other corridors, wrecked. The little gang of THE DOCTOR, ASTRID, MR COPPER, RICKSTON, MORVIN, FOON & BANNAKAFFALATTA hurry over debris - behind them, the echo of the *whunk!*

They reach a BIG DOOR & ARCHWAY, the Doctor sonics it, the door slides back -

CUT TO:

77 INT. CANYON - NIGHT

77

Door slides back, THE DOCTOR stops dead - !

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

FX: it's a huge Death Star-style CANYON, except the walls aren't smooth, they're all jagged metal, where many floors have fallen through as a result of the collision.

THE DOCTOR, ASTRID, MR COPPER, RICKSTON, MORVIN, FOON & BANNAKAFALATTA are safe on a wide LEDGE, with a railing, in front of the DOOR ARCHWAY. And in front of them:

FX: THE STRUT. (In fact, a BRIDGE - only called the Strut here to differentiate it from the Ship's Bridge.) Like a huge, long, thick, horizontal piece of metal has fallen, and stuck, lodging across the gap, from their ARCHWAY to an identical ARCHWAY, on the opposite side. The Strut's jagged & broken, about 3 feet wide, 6 feet deep; like a tree across a river. (NB, STRUT is PRAC BUILD in most shots, its surroundings seen in FX shots; for non-FX shots, the canyon walls around it could be a pitch-black void..?)

RICKSTON

Is that the only way across..?

THE DOCTOR

On the other hand: it is a way across.

ASTRID

Look, the engines are open.

Peering down:

FX: at the bottom of the drop, half a mile down: a huge glowing ball, a CORE OF ENERGY, slowly rotating.

THE DOCTOR

Nuclear Storm Drive. Soon as it stops, the Titanic falls.

MORVIN

But that thing, it's never gonna take our weight.

RICKSTON

You're going last, mate.

THE DOCTOR

It's nitrofine metal. Stronger than it looks.

MORVIN

All the same, Rickston's got a point, me and Foon should go la-

- no warning - the railing in front of Morvin snaps, and he drops like a stone -

FX: MORVIN falls down into the canyon, towards the glowing Core, screaming all the way!

(CONTINUED)

FOON  
Morvin! *Morvin!!*

She drops to her knees, screaming over the edge - others shocked, step back - Astrid & the Doctor grabbing Foon -

RICKSTON  
I told you!

MR COPPER  
Shut up, just shut up, *shut up!*

FOON  
Bring him back! Can't you bring him back? Doctor, bring him back!

THE DOCTOR  
I can't, I'm sorry, I can't -

FOON  
You promised me!

THE DOCTOR  
I know, I'm sorry, I'm sorry...  
And he's just hugging her now, as she sobs.  
Behind them, from the corridor, louder *whunks!* and a crash -

MR COPPER  
Doctor, I rather think those things have got our scent.

RICKSTON  
Well I'm not waiting -

And he starts across the Bridge - scrambling -

THE DOCTOR  
Careful - ! Take it slowly!

A few feet across, the Bridge shudders, creaks, Rickston stops, drops to all-fours, terrified -

FX: HIGH SHOT, RICKSTON frozen on the STRUT, the CORE below.

RICKSTON  
Oh my Vot, ohh my Vot...

The Doctor leaves Foon, to stand and call across -

THE DOCTOR  
You're okay! Step at a time.  
Come on. You can do it.

Rickston stands. Wobbles. Balances. A step at time...

In the Archway, louder crashes from the corridor beyond -

77 CONTINUED: (3)

77

MR COPPER  
They're getting closer.

THE DOCTOR  
I've got to seal us off...

He sonics the door, it slides shut.

MR COPPER  
Leaving us trapped, wouldn't you say?

THE DOCTOR  
Never say trapped. Just...  
inconveniently circumstanced.

CUT TO Rickston. Careful steps over the uneven surface...

His foot slips, dislodging METAL SLATES -

FX: WIDE SHOT, Rickston all-fours, SLATES falling down...

RICKSTON  
I'm okay, I'm okay...

CUT TO Foon & Astrid, on the floor of the Archway.

FOON  
He might be all right, maybe there's  
a gravity curve down there, I dunno,  
he might be unconscious...

ASTRID  
I'm sorry, Foon. He's gone.

FOON  
What am I gonna do without him?

And she hugs Astrid, crying.

CUT TO Rickston - deep breath, he *runs* the last length -

- reaching the OPPOSITE ARCHWAY, hugs the wall. (It has a similar surrounding ledge; its door closed.)

RICKSTON  
Yes! Oh yes! Who's good?!

MR COPPER  
Luck of the devil.

THE DOCTOR  
Bannakaffalatta, you go next.

BANNAKAFFALATTA  
Bannakaffalatta small!

And he scampers across the Bridge...

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

Slowly!

FX: WIDE SHOT, Bannakaffalatta now edging slowly across...

PRAC FX - *whunk!* - the Archway door behind them buckles -

MR COPPER

They've found us!

THE DOCTOR

Astrid, get across, right now -

ASTRID

What about you?

THE DOCTOR

Just do it, go on!

Astrid starts across, one careful step at a time -

The *whunks!* get louder, PRAC BUCKLING of the metal -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Mr Copper. I don't think we can wait, after you. Don't argue!

And Mr Copper starts across...

FX: WIDE SHOT, Bannakaffalatta halfway over, Astrid following, then Mr Copper, all slow, slipping, wobbling...

The Doctor kneels by Foon, *whunks!* in b/g...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Foon, you've got to get across.

FOON

What for? What am I going to do without him?

THE DOCTOR

Just think, what would he want? He'd want you safe, wouldn't he?

FOON

He doesn't want anything, he's *dead!*

CUT TO Rickston, in the opposite Archway, yelling across -

RICKSTON

Doctor! I can't open the door! It's locked, we need that... whirring key thing of yours -

THE DOCTOR

I can't leave her!

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (5)

77

RICKSTON

You'll get us all killed if we  
can't get out!

The Doctor trapped - argh! - *whunk!, whunk!, whunk!* -

THE DOCTOR

Mrs Van Hoff. I'm coming back for  
you. All right?

She doesn't even look at him, just crying.

And he's got no choice, he starts across the Strut...

Bannakaffalatta, just over halfway, calls back:

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Too many people!

THE DOCTOR

Oy. Don't get spiky with me.  
Just keep going!

FX: WIDE SHOT, Bannakaffalatta, then Astrid, then Mr Copper,  
then the Doctor, all edging across the creaking Strut -

CUT TO Foon, shuffling back into the corner of the Archway,  
curling into a ball, crying, the *whunks!* above her.

CAMERA SHAKE, the Strut jolts! - they drop to all fours -

ASTRID

It's gonna fall - !

THE DOCTOR

No, it's just settling. Keep going.

Astrid gets to her feet, continues taking careful steps...

CUT TO the Doctor, edging along on all fours, and then...

He stops. Stands. Looking round. Because...

The *whunks* have stopped.

Ominous silence. Hushed:

ASTRID

...they've stopped.

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Gone away.

THE DOCTOR

But why would they give up..?

RICKSTON

Never mind that, keep going!

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR  
But where've they gone?

MR COPPER  
Ohh, I'm afraid we forgot the  
traditions of Christmas. That  
angels have wings.

And he's looking up.... The others look up, in dread...

FX: A HOST descending, serene, METAL WINGS UNFURLED.

FX: WIDE SHOT, REVEAL FIVE FLYING HOST descending upright  
from above, around the Strut, wings unfurled, glorious.  
They stop mid-air, suspended, forming a circle a good few  
feet above the Strut, removing and holding their Haloes...

CU HOST, Halo in hand.

HOST  
Information: kill.

THE DOCTOR  
Arm yourself! All of you!

And he rips a stick of metal out of the Strut's loose floor -  
Astrid does the same - and Mr Copper, and Bannakaffalatta -

CU HOST, it throws its Halo -

FX: WIDE SHOT [FX SHOT 77/11 CONTINUED], all FIVE HOST  
throw HALOES - the Haloes swoop and glide through the air,  
deadly frisbees -

FX: the Doctor swings his stick like a bat, SPARKS FLY as  
he hits a Halo, sends it zinging away -

FX: ASTRID swings, hits a Halo, spins round to hit a second -

FX: Mr Copper swings, awkward, but hits a Halo -

FX: WIDE SHOT, the Haloes not stopping, programmed to keep  
attacking, swooping up and round the canyon to attack again -

CU Doctor, swinging, hitting -

CU Astrid, swinging, hitting -

CUT TO Rickston, cowering back in his Archway -

CUT TO Foon, curled up but watching, crying, in her Archway -

FX: Bannakaffalatta swings, hits a Halo -

FX: the Doctor misses, a Halo slices across his arm - rips  
the sleeve, wounds him - aaah! -

(CONTINUED)



77 CONTINUED: (7)

77

FX: Mr Copper on his knees, lashes out - misses, a Halo slices across his shoulder, cuts him -

INTERCUT all this with CU Host, staring down, impassive -  
CU Astrid, swinging, but desperate -

ASTRID

I can't...

But Bannakaffalatta throws down his stick -

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Bannakaffalatta stop!

- rips open his shirt, metal torso -

BANNAKAFFALATTA (CONT'D)

Bannakaffalatta proud!

- he stabs his buttons - his lights flash like crazy -

ASTRID

(realising)

No, don't - !

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Bannakaffalatta cyborg!

FX: Bannakaffalatta stands proud as *whuppp!*, a pulse of energy - a blue circular ripple - blasts out of his body -

FX: WIDE SHOT; the transparent blue circle ripples out from Bannakaffalatta, across the canyon, over the Host -

CU Host - PRAC SPARKS, it jerks, shudders, malfunctioning -

FX: WIDE SHOT, Host & Haloes deactivated, drop like stones -

One Host slams down flat, dead as a dummy, on to the Strut, along with a Halo, between the Doctor and the first Archway -

But Bannkaffalatta's now lying on the Strut. Dying. Astrid scrambles over - steps to the far side of him - Mr Copper & the Doctor following.

THE DOCTOR

Electromagnetic pulse. Knocked out the robotics, Bannakaffalatta, that was brilliant!

ASTRID

But he used all his power.

BANNAKAFFALATTA

...did good..?

ASTRID

You saved our lives.

(CONTINUED)

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Bannakaffalatta happy.

ASTRID

We can recharge you, we can get you to a powerpoint, all we need to do is plug you in.

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Too late.

ASTRID

No, but you've got to buy me that drink, remember?

BANNAKAFFALATTA

Pretty girl.

He smiles.

Closes his eyes.

And Bannakaffalatta dies.

Silence. All looking down.

Astrid crying a little, pulls his shirt across the metal, out of respect.

Then Mr Copper gently reaches down to Bannakaffalatta's torso, starts to unclip a metal baton from the main panel.

MR COPPER

I'm sorry, forgive me, but...

ASTRID

Leave him alone.

MR COPPER

No, but it's the E.M.P. transmitter, he'd want us to use it. I used to sell these things, they'd always give me a bed for the night, in the Cyborg Caravans. Good people.

Pulls it free; the baton is a bit like a gun.

MR COPPER (CONT'D)

If we can recharge this, we can use it against the rest of the Host. A weapon! Bannakaffalatta might have saved us all.

RICKSTON

D'you think? Try telling him that.

Rickston means, behind them -

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (9)

77

The HOST which fell on to the Strut is lurching, but getting to its feet (wings folded now), picking up its Halo -

HOST  
Information: reboot.

RICKSTON  
Use the E.M.P.!!

Mr Copper & Astrid frantic, with the baton, clicking buttons -

MR COPPER  
There's no power,  
it's dead -

RICKSTON  
Doctor! Give me that  
key! Throw it! Doctor,  
throw it to me!

ASTRID  
It's gotta have  
emergency!

The Host now upright, calm, lifts its arm to throw...

The Doctor faces it, Astrid & Mr Copper cower behind him.

THE DOCTOR  
No! But! Hold on! Override!  
Loophole! Security Protocol...  
ten! Um, 666? Uhh, 21? 45678?  
I don't know, 42? Oh! One!

The Host stops. Lowers its arm.

HOST  
Information: state request.

THE DOCTOR  
Good! Right. You've been ordered  
to kill the survivors, but why?

HOST  
Information: no witnesses.

THE DOCTOR  
But this ship's gonna fall on the  
Earth and kill everyone, and the  
Human Race has got nothing to do  
with the Titanic, so that  
contravenes your orders, yeah?

HOST  
Information: incorrect.

THE DOCTOR  
But... why d'you want to destroy  
the Earth..?

HOST  
Information: it is the plan.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (10)

77

THE DOCTOR

What plan?

HOST

Information: protocol grants you only three questions, these three questions have been used -

THE DOCTOR

Well you could've warned me!

HOST

Information: now you will die.

And it lifts up its arm...

Astrid & Mr Copper back away, Rickston cringes, the Doctor picks up a metal stick, readies himself, the last defence...

The Host holds its Halo in front...

Ready to throw...

When a loop of rope goes over its head, around its chest - Foon, standing behind it - and she's been in her cowgirl costume, all this time, now using the lasso from her belt, the other end wrapped tight around her wrist.

FOON

You're coming with me.

And she jumps -

The Host is yanked with her - !

FX: Foon and Host tumble down, down, down, into the Core.

Silence. Astrid upset, crying, Mr Copper hugs her. The Doctor sinks to his knees on the Strut, exhausted.

Hold.

Then the Doctor lifts his head. Fire in his eyes.

THE DOCTOR

No more.

CUT TO:

78 INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #4 - NIGHT

78

An open doorway blocked by a GIRDER, but with a *gaaaah!* - THE DOCTOR pushes it, it topples. The Doctor leaps into the corridor - wrecked, as others, some PRAC FLAMES - ASTRID, MR COPPER & RICKSTON following. Energy, top speed:

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

Right! Get yourselves up to Reception One, once you're there, Mr Copper, you've got staff access to the computer, try to find a way of transmitting an SOS, Astrid -

(takes the baton)

- you're in charge of this, once it's powered up, it'll take out Host within 50 yards, but then it needs 60 seconds to recharge, got that? Rickston, you take this -

(the sonic)

- I've pre-set it, just hold down that button, it'll open the doors, Do Not Lose It, got that? Now go and open the next door, go on, go!

(Rickston runs off)

Mr Copper, you've been injured, I need you fighting fit -

Grabbing First Aid Box off the wall, throws it to Mr Copper -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Astrid, where's the powerpoints?

ASTRID

Over here -

She runs to a wall, the Doctor joins her, and as he holds the baton next to a wall-plug, which lights up -

THE DOCTOR

D'you see, when it's ready, that blue light comes on, there.

Both quieter now, more intimate:

ASTRID

You're talking like you're not coming with us.

THE DOCTOR

There's something down on Deck 31. I'm gonna find out what it is.

ASTRID

But what if you meet the Host?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, I'll just... have some fun!

ASTRID

(smiling)

Sounds like you do this sort of thing all the time.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

THE DOCTOR

Not by choice. All I do is travel,  
that's what I am, just a traveller.  
Imagine it! No tax, no bills, no  
boss. Just the open sky.

ASTRID

...I'm sort of... unemployed now.  
I was thinking, that blue box was  
kind of small, but... I could  
squeeze in. Like a stowaway.

THE DOCTOR

...I suppose.

ASTRID

Was that a yes or a no?

THE DOCTOR

It's not always safe.

ASTRID

Then you need someone to look after  
you. And I've got no one back on  
Sto, no family. Just me. What  
d'you think? Can I come with you?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah. I'd like that, yeah.

Big smile between them. Then -

CAMERA SHAKE - the corridor lurches, PRAC RUBBLE - and  
this time, the corridor *keeps* shuddering, as the Doctor  
leaps to a COMMS PANEL (screen still playing sc.7):

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Mr Frame, still with us - ?

CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH -

CUT TO:

79 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

79

BRIDGE SHAKING, MIDSHIPMAN FRAME on COMMS:

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

It's the engines, sir. Final phase!  
There's nothing more I can do,  
we've only got eight minutes left -

BIGGER CAMERA SHAKE -

CUT TO:

80      EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT      80

FX: THE WRECKED TITANIC, creaking, groaning, small GOUTS OF FLAME around the ENGINES, fragments flying out -

CUT TO:

81      INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #4 - NIGHT      81

CAMERA SHAKE slowly subsiding, THE DOCTOR on COMMS:

THE DOCTOR  
Don't worry, I'll get there.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
But the Bridge is sealed off!

THE DOCTOR  
Yep! Working on it! I'm gonna  
get there, Mr Frame. Somehow!  
(the baton beeps)  
All charged up!

He shoves the baton to ASTRID, runs back to the first door -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Mr Copper, look after her. Astrid,  
look after him. Rickston, look  
after yourself. And I'll see you  
again. That's a promise -

ASTRID  
Hold on a minute. There's an old  
tradition on Planet Sto...

She's taking a BOX out of the rubble, carries it to him.

THE DOCTOR  
I've really got to go -

ASTRID  
Just wait.

She plonks the box in front of him.

Stands on it.

Then grabs his jacket, pulls him in for a good kiss!

Then lets go, both smiling.

THE DOCTOR  
That's a very old tradition.

ASTRID  
See you later.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh yes.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

He stands back, still looking at her. Presses the button, the door slides shut, he's gone.

CUT TO:

82 INT. CANYON - NIGHT 82

THE DOCTOR runs back across the STRUT.

CUT TO:

83 INT. STAIRWELL #2 - NIGHT 83

Rubble, etc. ASTRID, MR COPPER & RICKSTON heading up...

CUT TO:

84 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 84

THE DOCTOR hurrying down...

CUT TO:

85 INT. SHIP CORRIDOR #5 - NIGHT 85

RICKSTON sonics open the door, it slides back - THREE HOST standing there!

Rickston runs back, terrified -

RICKSTON

Do it - !

MR COPPER & ASTRID are further back, she holds up the baton -

ASTRID

Stand by!

FX: *whuppp!* THE BLUE RIPPLE bounces out from the baton -

*SLAM!* CU HOST'S HEAD hitting the floor, deactivated.

Mr Copper, Astrid and Rickston overjoyed, whooping!

CUT TO:

86 INT. KITCHEN CORRIDOR - NIGHT 86

THE DOCTOR heading along, as fast as he can - bodies of kitchen staff in the debris (no faces visible) - when -

THREE HOST appear at the far end.

The Doctor turns back -

THREE MORE HOST at the opposite end. They unclip Haloes...

(CONTINUED)



86 CONTINUED:

86

THE DOCTOR  
Wait wait wait, Security Protocol  
One! D'you hear me? One! One!!

They pause.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Okay. That gives me three  
questions. Three questions to  
save my life, am I right?

HOST  
Information: correct.

THE DOCTOR  
No, that wasn't one of them, I  
didn't mean it, that's not fair!  
Can I start again?

HOST  
Information: no.

THE DOCTOR  
No no no, that wasn't a question  
either! Oh blimey. One question  
left. One question. So! You  
have orders to kill the survivors,  
but survivors must therefore be  
passengers or staff, but not me,  
I'm not a passenger, I'm not staff,  
go on, scan me, you must have  
biorecords, no such person on board,  
I don't exist, therefore, you can't  
kill me, therefore, I'm a stowaway,  
and stowaways should be arrested  
and taken to the nearest figure of  
authority, and I reckon the nearest  
figure of authority is on Deck 31,  
final question, am I right?!

HOST  
Information: correct.

THE DOCTOR  
Brilliant! Take me to your leader!  
Always wanted to say that.

CUT TO:

87 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 1 - NIGHT

87

Door opens, ASTRID bursts through with the baton -  
FOUR HOST scattered around the room, all turn -  
FX: BLUE RIPPLE bounces out of the baton -  
CU one Host, it judders, drops dead.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

WIDE SHOT, all four Host lying dead in the rubble, as MR COPPER & RICKSTON follow Astrid in. The room's wrecked, but not too bad. Astrid in charge now:

ASTRID

Rickston, seal the doors, make this room secure. And keep an eye on the Host - Mr Copper, try the computer, we need that SOS!

CUT TO Rickston, going to a second door, sonicking it.

That done, he stops. Gets his breath. Sinks to the floor. Curls up. Quietly, Rickston starts to cry.

CUT TO Astrid, now on the far side of the room. She checks a dead Host, but then looks up...

She's right next to the RACK OF TELEPORT BRACELETS.

She picks one up. Realises...

Goes to a nearby COMMS PANEL (still playing sc.7).

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Bridge, this is Reception One.

SCENE CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH -

88 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

88

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME, wrestling with controls, while on COMMS -

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Who's that?

ASTRID

Astrid Peth, I was with the Doctor, tell me, can you divert power to the teleport system?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

No way. I'm using everything I've got to keep the engines going.

ASTRID

Just one trip, I need to get to Deck 31.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

And I'm telling you, no!

ASTRID

(stronger)

Mr Frame. It's for the Doctor. He's gone down there, on his own, and I can't just leave him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

ASTRID (CONT'D)  
He's done everything he can to  
save us, now it's time we did  
something for him.

Frame hesitates. Damn it! Then stabs buttons...

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
Giving you power...

CUT TO:

89 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 1 - NIGHT

89

MR COPPER ripping wires out of a dead Host, when -

DW4 - Ep X - Yellow  
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(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

ASTRID

Mr Copper. I'm going to find him.

MR COPPER

...good luck.

FX: teleport glow, ASTRID disappears.

CUT TO:

90 INT. HOST STORAGE, DECK 31 - NIGHT

90

TWO HOST lead THE DOCTOR in, as guards. A THIRD HOST already there, standing sentinel. The Doctor looking up...

FX: DMP WIDE SHOT, looking up, a hole ripped through the floors of the Titanic, leading up above, huge height.

THE DOCTOR

Wow. That's what you'd call a fixer-upper. Come on then, Host with the most. This ultimate authority of yours, who is it?

The third Host goes to the wall - actually a hidden DOOR. Host presses a button, the door slides back...

PRAC STEAM blasting out, like a seal's been broken. Beyond, black space. But with lights glinting from inside...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Ohh, clever, that's a Omnistate Impact Chamber. Indestructible! You could survive anything, in there, you could sit through a supernova. Or a shipwreck.

Something glides out, into the light...

Clanking, whirring, lights shining...

It is a METAL BOX, 5 feet tall, 3 feet wide, blinking with computer panels, though driven by great big industrial wheels. Laced with tubes; it's a mobile life-support for the SEVERED HEAD on top: pale and ghastly, white cataract eyes, it sticks out of the top of the box, plugged into the tubes, a ventilator hissing away. As it glides out:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

But only one person could have the power and the money to hide themselves on board like this.

(imitates advert)

And I should know, cos...

MAX

My name's Max.

And the HEAD OF MAX CAPRICORN smiles -

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

FX: his GOLD TOOTH goes *ding!*

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, it really does that!

MAX  
Who the hell is this?

THE DOCTOR  
I'm the Doctor, hello!

HOST  
Information: stowaway.

MAX  
Kill him.

THE DOCTOR  
No! But you can't, not now, come on, Max, you're giving me so much good material! Like... how to get a head in business. D'you see? Head? Head? No? Head?

MAX  
Ohhh, the office joker.

THE MAX-BOX trundles towards the Doctor, wheels clanking, gears grinding, the box hissing STEAM. Ghastly smile:

MAX (CONT'D)  
I like a funny man. No one's been funny with me for years.

THE DOCTOR  
Can't think why.

MAX  
A hundred and seventy six years of running the company have taken their toll.

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah, but... nice wheels.

CUT TO the far end of the room, ASTRID sneaking through a gap in the wall. Crouching down, hidden by debris, watching -

MAX  
A life support system, in a society that despises cyborgs. I've had to hide away for years, running the company by hologram.  
(turns to -)  
Host! Situation report!

HOST  
Information: Titanic still in orbit.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Let me see...

DW4 - Ep X - Yellow  
[www.thewriterstale.com](http://www.thewriterstale.com)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

90

He turns, whirrs, clanks, going to a ledge, with a railing, at the end of the room.

FX: WIDE, LEDGE, THE MAX-BOX perched above canyon walls.

MAX (CONT'D)

We should've crashed by now, what's gone wrong..?

FX: HIS POV, the drop, then the CORE OF ENERGY far below.

MAX (CONT'D)

The goddamn engines are still running, they should have stopped.

THE DOCTOR

But when they do, the Earth gets roasted, I don't understand, what's Earth got to do with it?!

MAX

This interview is terminated -

THE DOCTOR

No, but hold on, wait! I can work it out, it's like a task, and I'm your apprentice, just watch me -

Max clanks back towards him, fascinated...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

- so! The business is failing, then you wreck the ship, so that makes things even worse... Oh! Yes! No. Yes! The business isn't failing, it's failed, past tense!

MAX

My own board voted me out. They stabbed me in the back.

THE DOCTOR

If you had a back.

CUT TO Astrid, creeping carefully across the space, just a few feet, keeping low, heading for something...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So! You scupper the ship - wipe out any survivors, just in case anyone's rumbled you - and the board find their shares halved in value. Ohh, but that's not enough, no! Cos if a Max Capricorn ship hits the Earth, it destroys an entire planet - outrage back home, scandal! The business is wiped out!

(CONTINUED)

MAX

And the board thrown in jail, for  
mass murder.

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90 CONTINUED: (5)

90

THE DOCTOR

While you sit there safe, inside  
the Impact Chamber.

MAX

I have men waiting to retrieve me  
from the ruins, and enough offworld  
accounts to retire to the beaches  
of Penhaxico Two. Where the ladies  
are fond of metal, so they say.

The Doctor *furios* now:

THE DOCTOR

So that's the plan. A business  
plan. A *retirement* plan!! Two  
thousand people on this ship, six  
billion underneath us, all of them  
slaughtered, and why? Because Max  
Capricorn's a loser!

MAX

(*furios*)  
I never lose!

THE DOCTOR

You can't even sink the Titanic!

MAX

Oh, but I can, Doctor! I'll cancel  
the engines from here -

CU Max's panel, a BIG RED LIGHT flashes, *veep-veep-veep* -

CUT TO:

91 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

91

BIG RED LIGHT flashes, *veep-veep-veep* -

PRAC EXPLOSIONS on the computer banks!

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

No no no - !

CUT TO:

92 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 1 - NIGHT

92

SLIGHT CAMERA SHAKE, the room trembling, just a little.  
MR COPPER & RICKSTON look up, PRAC FX DUST trickling down...

RICKSTON

What's happening..?

CUT TO:

93     INT. HOST STORAGE, DECK 31 - NIGHT

93

SLIGHT CAMERA SHAKE, room trembling -

ASTRID hidden, but looking round, making up her mind...

THE DOCTOR furious -

                  THE DOCTOR  
You can't do this - !

                  MAX  
Hold him!

The two HOST flanking the Doctor grab his arms, iron grip.

                  MAX (CONT'D)  
Not so clever now, Doctor.

                  THE DOCTOR  
Oh d'you think? Like I said: watch  
me.

                  (at the third Host)  
You there, Host! Security Protocol  
One! Three questions! You work  
for Max Capricorn, yes?

                  HOST  
Information: correct.

                  THE DOCTOR  
Max Capricorn is a cyborg, yes?

                  HOST  
Information: correct.

                  THE DOCTOR  
But according to your society,  
cyborgs are inferior, so you should  
accept my commands instead of his,  
yes? Yes? What d'you say, yes??

                  HOST  
Information: no.

                  THE DOCTOR  
What?! Why's that then?

                  HOST  
Information: your three questions  
have been used.

                  MAX  
But I can answer that. They're  
robots, Doctor. To them, cyborgs  
are practically family.

                  THE DOCTOR  
Information: damn!

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Nice try, though. Shame we couldn't work together, you're rather good. All that banter, and yet not a word wasted. But it's time for me to retire. The Titanic is falling; the skies will burn; let the Christmas inferno commence.

He turns away, hissing, clanking.

MAX (CONT'D)

Host. Kill him.

While the two Host hold the Doctor, gripping his arms, the third HOST, standing across the room, takes down its Halo.

The Doctor struggling like mad -

The Host takes aim...

When...

ASTRID  
Mr Capricorn!

Max turns -

The Doctor turns -

CU ASTRID.

JUMP CUT WIDER, Astrid in a seat.

JUMP CUT WIDER, Astrid in the seat of the FORK LIFT TRUCK!

ASTRID (CONT'D)

I resign.

CU her hand slamming off the handbrake -

CU FORK LIFT TRUCK WHEELS, racing -

The FORK LIFT TRUCK speeds across the room -

CU THE MAX-BOX grinding, Max furious, turning to face it -

CU Astrid, driving, fierce -

CUT TO The Doctor, trapped, still held tight -

THE DOCTOR

- Astrid, don't - !

WHAM! CU Astrid thrown forward, jerking back -

WIDER: THE FORK LIFT TRUCK and THE MAX-BOX, slammed up against each other, two machines, both with engines at full throttle, both straining, neither one giving way -

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

CU MAX-BOX WHEELS, spinning, PRAC FX SMOKE & SPARKS -

CU FORK LIFT TRUCK WHEELS, spinning, PRAC FX SMOKE -

CU Astrid's foot on the accelerator - it won't go down all the way -

The Host throws its Halo at Astrid -

FX: Astrid flinches, but the Halo hits the cage of the driver's seat, SPARKS, zings away -

CU ASTRID, cranking the gears up...

CU MAX, snarling at her...

FX: the *ding!* of his GOLD TOOTH.

THEN SLOW MOTION: Astrid looks across at the Doctor.

SLOW MOTION: the Doctor, trapped, looking at Astrid. Knowing what she's going to do. He says quietly, *no...*

Normal speed again - she cranks the gear up to maximum -

- Astrid's foot slams all the way down on the accelerator -

CU FORK LIFT WHEELS, PRAC SMOKE, but they suddenly SHOOT FORWARD, fast -

WIDE SHOT, the FORK LIFT TRUCK scooping up the MAX-BOX, and racing forward, fast -

FX: HIGH SHOT, TRUCK & MAX-BOX shooting towards the edge, the railing, with the drop below -

RAILING FOREGROUND - it SHATTERS, broken by the Max-Box being pushed through, the fork lift truck following, fast -

BCU Astrid, tilting fast, dropping -

Both HOST suddenly release the Doctor, jerking hands up in a surrender position (ie, control over them broken), leaving him to belt forward -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

*Astriiiiiid - !*

At the edge, his POV -

FX: with the MAX-BOX furthest down, screaming its way down into the depths, the FORK LIFT TRUCK beside it, on Astrid: she's free of the driver's cage, but is falling, falling, falling, down, down, down, looking up at the Doctor...

On the Doctor.

FX: the SHAFT empty now. A last flare of power from the CORE, then it dies, fades to black.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (3) 93

The Host gently bow their heads, hands in prayer position; their default, but now like a lamentation.

And now HOLD THE CU ON THE DOCTOR. Devastated. Staring down. CAMERA SHAKE increases.

But the noise fades down, to silence.

And the music soars; an aria.

On the Doctor.

MIX his CU with images from...

MIX TO:

94 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 94

SLOW MOTION. SOUNDLESS, music only.

PRAC EXPLOSIONS from the computer banks, beautiful in slow-motion, sparks arcing, with MIDSHIPMAN FRAME desperate, trying to use the controls, but having to shield himself.

And though there's no sound, he is yelling 'Doctor! Doctor, help me!' Over and over again...

MIX TO:

95 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 1 - NIGHT 95

SLOW MOTION. SOUNDLESS, music only.

MR COPPER & RICKSTON cowering against a wall.

PRAC RUBBLE & DUST falling down, as they look up, imploring. Both shout 'Doctor!', again and again. Begging for help.

But there is none.

No help, no hope.

MIX TO:

96 INT. HOST STORAGE, DECK 31 - NIGHT 96

SLOW MOTION, SOUNDLESS. Music only.

On THE DOCTOR, as he walks back into the room.

Lost. Alone.

PRAC RUBBLE falling around him, but it's like he doesn't notice, doesn't care.

NORMAL SPEED, though still soundless, music only, as the Doctor stands between the two Host again. Their heads bowed.

He stands there.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

So tired.

Then, eyes dead, he just lifts his hand.

Clicks his fingers.

Both Host slowly raise their heads.

Still grim, the Doctor offers out both his arms, the crook of his elbows. Both Host hook arms round his elbows.

The Doctor looks up, cranes his head right back.

The two Host look up.

FX: WIDE SHOT, the two HOST now with WINGS UNFURLED, and they FLY! Carrying the Doctor with them, three-in-a-row, whooshing up, up, up into the DMP heights -

CUT TO:

97 INT. FX SHAFT - NIGHT

97

FX: TWO HOST, holding THE DOCTOR between them, fly up, up, up, through the gutted ship, the b/g shaft whizzing past behind them, floor after floor (the 2.1 LIFT SHAFT b/g) -

FX: TIGHTER THREE SHOT, B/G WHIZZING PAST, all still looking up as both Host raise their outer arms, fists clenched in a punch -

FX: CU HOST'S FIST, B/G WHIZZING PAST -

CUT TO:

98 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

98

CAMERA SHAKE, PRAC RUBBLE falling, MIDSHIPMAN FRAME cowering on the floor, in pain, but then -

PRAC FX: THE TWO HOST with arms aloft PUNCH THROUGH THE FLOOR! Floorboards shattering, flying away -

The top half of their bodies staying in the hole as THE DOCTOR hauls himself up the rest of the way. All smiles!

THE DOCTOR  
Midshipman Frame! At last!

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
But the Host -

THE DOCTOR  
Controller dead, they revert to  
the next highest authority. And  
that's me!

CUT TO:

99      EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT      99

FX: THE TITANIC groaning, beginning to tilt downwards towards the Earth, more GOUTS OF FLAME from the engines -

CUT TO:

100      INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT      100

CAMERA SHAKE - ROOM TILTING DOWN - THE DOCTOR running to the Wheel, MIDSHIPMAN FRAME on his feet (Host now gone) -

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

- there's nothing we can do, there's no power, the ship's gonna fall -

THE DOCTOR

What's your first name?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Alonso.

THE DOCTOR

You're kidding me.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Why...?

THE DOCTOR

That's something else I've always wanted to say. Allons-y, Alonso!

And he grips the Wheel as the whole room LURCHES - !

CUT TO:

101      EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT      101

FX: THE TITANIC tilted downwards at 45 degrees, suspended for a second - and then it drops! Hurling towards EARTH!

CUT TO:

102      INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT      102

THE WHOLE ROOM TILTING DOWN - WIND BLASTING THROUGH - THE DOCTOR at the Wheel, like a maniac - spinning it!

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME holding on to the computer banks for dear life - yelling all the way - !

A FIERCE RED LIGHT flares up, fills the room -

CUT TO:

103 EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT 103

FX: THE TITANIC plummeting through the upper atmosphere,  
at 45 degrees, BURNING, HULL GLOWING RED -

CUT TO:

104 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 1 - NIGHT 104

TIGHT ON MR COPPER & RICKSTON pressed against the wall,  
all now TILTED DOWN at 45 degrees, yelling, helpless, as  
DEBRIS shifts and tumbles down on top of them -

CUT TO:

105 INT. BRIDGE - DAY 105

Red light gone, stark daylight now streaming through - THE  
DOCTOR at the Wheel, yelling with exertion as he spins it -  
the TILT of the room lessening a fraction -

CUT TO:

106 EXT. FX SHOT - DAY 106

FX: THE TITANIC no longer glowing + not burnt, it's a tough  
old ship - now levelling up a few degrees, but still  
plummeting down, down, down through blue skies -

CUT TO:

107 INT. BRIDGE - DAY 107

THE DOCTOR at the Wheel, manic, spinning it, MIDSHIPMAN  
FRAME holding on, as the Doctor glances down -

ON SCREEN GRAPHIC: a map of LONDON, zooming in to one  
particular spot, marked with a red DANGER sign.

The Doctor holds the Wheel with one hand, grabs an old-  
fashioned BAKELITE PHONE receiver off the computer bank -

THE DOCTOR

Hello, yes, um... could you get  
me Buckingham Palace?

CUT TO:

108 INT. NEWS 24 STUDIO - DAY 108

HORIZONTAL LINES VISIBLE, NEWSREADER to CAMERA:

NEWSREADER

...and as dawn rises over Great  
Britain, it seems that, this year,  
the City of London has escaped  
alien intervention...

CUT TO:



- 109 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY 109
- WIDE SHOT, with roads empty. The flag is flying.
- NEWSREADER OOV  
The Queen has remained in residence,  
in defiance of extraterrestrial  
attack...
- Voice fades down, SLOW ZOOM in, sound of a RINGING PHONE.
- CUT TO:
- 110 INT. BRIDGE - DAY 110
- THE DOCTOR on the phone -
- THE DOCTOR  
- listen to me, Security Code 771,  
now get out of there!!!
- CUT TO:
- 111 EXT. FX SHOT - DAY 111
- FX: blue skies, THE TITANIC levelling, levelling, levelling,  
but still racing downwards -
- CUT TO:
- 112 INT. POSH MARBLE STAIRCASE - DAY 112
- BACK TO CAMERA, an OLD WOMAN in a nightie & curlers running  
downstairs with TWO LIVERIED FOOTMEN, and a CORGI -
- CUT TO:
- 112A EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 112A
- HIGH ANGLE on STAN, running from his NEWS-SELLER'S BOOTH,  
waving an angry fist at the sky.
- STAN  
Don't you dare, you aliens! Don't  
you dare!!
- CUT TO:
- 113 INT. BRIDGE - DAY 113
- CU THE DOCTOR, heaving at the Wheel, teeth gritted, like  
he's physically pulling the Titanic up, the room levelling  
back slowly towards the horizontal...
- CUT TO:
- 114 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY 114
- The Palace stands proud....

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

FX: THE TITANIC, reaching the perigee of its downward curve, swoops in from behind the Palace...

And just misses, by an inch! Sails overhead!

CUT TO:

115 INT. BRIDGE - DAY 115

Room now horizontal, beginning to tilt slightly upwards, THE DOCTOR heaving at the wheel, now grinning -

CUT TO:

116 EXT. AGAINST SKY - DAY 116

FX: LOW ANGLE, TITANIC heading slowly upwards in b/g; the old woman standing, now framed against the sky, waving.

THE QUEEN

Thank you, Doctor! Thank you!

CUT TO:

117 EXT. FX SHOT - DAY 117

FX: THE TITANIC, more graceful now, on an upward incline, heading back to space, though at less steep an angle, sailing through the blue skies of Christmas morning.

CUT TO:

118 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 1 - DAY 118

Daylight now streaming in, the room tilting upwards a little, debris falling away from MR COPPER & RICKSTON, still pressed up against the wall. They can't believe it. They made it! Both start to laugh.

And they hug each other, crying, overjoyed.

CUT TO:

119 INT. BRIDGE - DAY 119

Room now tilting upwards. MIDSHIPMAN FRAME slumped against the back wall, shattered, recovering. And THE DOCTOR slides down to sit with him. Exhausted:

THE DOCTOR

Used the heat of re-entry to fire up the Secondary Storm Drive. Unsinkable. That's me.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

...we made it.

THE DOCTOR

Not all of us.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

Pause. Then suddenly -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Teleport! She was wearing a  
teleport bracelet!!

And he's running - !

CUT TO:

119A INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 1 - NIGHT

119A

(The Titanic's back in space now, dark outside; stable, but with lights still off.) MR COPPER & RICKSTON recovering, as THE DOCTOR runs in - going straight to the TELEPORT PLINTH, starts stabbing controls -

THE DOCTOR  
Rickston! Sonic - !!!

Rickston throws the sonic, the Doctor catches it -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
- Mr Copper, the teleports, have  
they got an emergency setting?

MR COPPER  
I don't know, they should have -

THE DOCTOR  
She fell, Mr Copper. She fell.  
What's the emergency code?

MR COPPER  
Let me...

And he runs to the plinth, helps the Doctor, both frantic.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME enters, still in pain.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME  
What the hell are you doing..?

THE DOCTOR  
We can bring her back!

MR COPPER  
If a passenger has an accident, on  
shore leave - if they're still  
wearing their teleport, their  
molecules are automatically  
suspended and held in stasis... if  
we can just trigger the shift...

THE DOCTOR  
There!

And they look, in awe:

(CONTINUED)

119A CONTINUED:

119A

FX (AND REPEAT): centre of the room, with a beautiful, blue star-like shimmer, ASTRID appears. Transparent; like a ghost. She just stands still, lost, her voice faint.

ASTRID

...I'm falling.

THE DOCTOR

Only halfway there, come on!!

And he's ripping out wires and sonicking like crazy.

FX: Astrid stays transparent.

ASTRID

...I keep falling.

THE DOCTOR

...feedback the molecule grid...  
Boost it with the restoration  
matrix, no no no! Need more phase  
containment...

MR COPPER

(quiet, kind)

Doctor...

THE DOCTOR

No, if I can just link up the  
surface suspension...

MR COPPER

Doctor, she's gone.

THE DOCTOR

I just need to override the safety,  
I can do this, I can do it -

MR COPPER

Doctor. Let her go.

THE DOCTOR

I can do *anything*!!

And he kicks the plinth, savage.

And then stops.

Looks across the room.

FX: Astrid, fading a little.

ASTRID

...stop me falling.

MR COPPER

There's not enough left, the system  
was too damaged.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

119A CONTINUED: (2)

119A

MR COPPER (CONT'D)

She's just atoms, Doctor. An echo,  
with the ghost of consciousness.  
She's stardust.

Mr Copper, Midshipman Frame, Rickston look on in respectful  
silence. As the Doctor walks forward.

THE DOCTOR

Astrid Peth. Citizen of Sto. The  
woman who looked up at the stars  
and dreamt of travelling.

He faces her.

FX: Profile to profile, the Doctor and a transparent Astrid;  
she stares at him, lost, begging for release.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There's an old tradition.

FX: they kiss.

Then as they separate, the Doctor lifts up the sonic.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Now you can travel forever.

He whirrs it.

Across the room, the PORTHOLE opens - black space beyond,  
FX: blue ripple of the oxygen field outside.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You're not falling, Astrid. You're  
flying.

FX: Astrid loses corporeal form, becomes a shimmer of blue  
light, tiny stars, blowing gently across the room, towards  
the porthole...

CUT TO:

120 EXT. FX SHOT - NIGHT

120

FX: THE TITANIC suspended in space, back in a peaceful  
orbit above the Earth, damaged, but still majestic. And  
the shining STARDUST of Astrid Peth sails away from the  
ship, swirling past CAMERA for a second...

Then spiralling away into space, dispersing, gone.

CUT TO:

121 INT. TITANIC RECEPTION, DECK 1 - NIGHT

121

Some time later. Lighting back on. Still filled with  
rubble, but with some order restored.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

WIDE SHOT, THE DOCTOR, MR COPPER & RICKSTON scattered across the space, just sitting there, stunned, still recovering.

CU on the Doctor. Lost in thought.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME enters - now patched up, proper bandages. During this, on the Doctor, as he wanders over to the row of TELEPORT BRACELETS, picks one up, idly.

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

I've sent the SOS. Rescue ships should be here within twenty minutes. And they're digging out the records on Max Capricorn, should be quite a story.

MR COPPER

They'll want to talk to all of us, I suppose..?

MIDSHIPMAN FRAME

Should think so, yeah. Is there any of that water left?

MR COPPER

Of course...

He hands him a water bottle. Midshipman Frame swigs, wanders over to the far end of the room, tired.

Mr Copper goes to the Doctor, sotto:

MR COPPER (CONT'D)

I think one or two inconvenient truths might come to light. Still. My own fault. And ten years in jail is better than dying.

RICKSTON

Doctor...

Rickston's walking towards them. Tearful, broken, honest.

RICKSTON (CONT'D)

I never said... Thank you.

And he suddenly hugs the Doctor, tight.

But then, as he pulls out of the hug, wiping his face, the old Rickston is recovering, that glint in his eye.

RICKSTON (CONT'D)

Funny thing is, I said Max Capricorn was falling apart. Just before the crash, I sold all my shares. Transferred them to his rivals.

(smiles)

It's made me rich. How about that?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

Rickston wanders away, more his old self, on his vone:

RICKSTON (CONT'D)

Salvain? Yeah, I know, just listen -  
check the Stock One Thousand, tell  
me the price on Majestic Cruises...

The Doctor still staring. Boiling. Mr Copper quiet, wise:

MR COPPER

Of all the people to survive.  
He's not the one you would have  
chosen, is he?  
(no reply)  
But if you could choose, Doctor.  
If you could decide who lives and  
who dies. That would make you a  
monster.

The Doctor looks at him properly. Smiles.

THE DOCTOR

Mr Copper.

Hands him a teleport bracelet.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I think you deserve this.

Mr Copper realises what he means, puts on the bracelet, as  
the Doctor gets a second bracelet, puts it on.

Then the Doctor looks across the room. Midshipman Frame,  
far across the space, knows what he's about to do.

And Midshipman Frame stands tall. Salutes the Doctor.

The Doctor salutes him. And then...

FX: TELEPORT GLOW, the Doctor & Mr Copper disappear.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. HILLSIDE OVERLOOKING CITY - NIGHT

122

SNOW falling. TWO SMALL FIGURES trudging across the barren,  
empty hillside, THE DOCTOR & MR COPPER.

MR COPPER

...so, Great Britain is part of  
Yooropee, and just across the  
British Channel, you've got Great  
France and Great Germany...

THE DOCTOR

No, just France and Germany, only  
Britain is great.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

MR COPPER

And they're all at war with the  
continent of Hamerica?

THE DOCTOR

No, well, not yet, you could argue  
that one.... There she is!

Far off, in the snow: THE TARDIS.

JUMP CUT TO THE DOCTOR & MR COPPER next to the Tardis.  
The Doctor patting it, wiping snow off. They're on the  
brow of the hill, the lights of a city glittering far-off.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Survive anything!

MR COPPER

Between you and me, I don't even  
think this is proper snow, I suspect  
it's the ballast from the Titanic's  
salvage, entering the atmosphere.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah. One of these days, it might  
snow for real.

Which is just chat, to delay the awkward moment:

MR COPPER

So! I take it, you'll be going?

THE DOCTOR

The open sky.

MR COPPER

And... what about me?

THE DOCTOR

I travel alone. It's best that  
way.

MR COPPER

Then what am I supposed to do?

THE DOCTOR

Give me that credit card.

Mr Copper hands it over, the Doctor studies it, sonics it.

MR COPPER

It's only petty cash. Spending  
money. All done by computer, I  
didn't really know the currency, I  
thought a million might cover it.

THE DOCTOR

A million pounds?

(CONTINUED)



122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

MR COPPER  
Enough for trinkets.

THE DOCTOR  
Mr Copper, a million pounds is worth fifty million credits. \*

MR COPPER  
How much..?!

THE DOCTOR  
Fifty million, and fifty six. \*

MR COPPER  
...I've got money.

THE DOCTOR  
Yes you have!

And Mr Copper takes the card. Incredulous. Then stands back, exultant, laughing to the skies.

MR COPPER  
Oh my word. Oh my Vot. Oh my goodness me, yee hah!

THE DOCTOR  
It's all yours. Planet Earth. Now *that's* a retirement plan. Just you be careful, though!

MR COPPER  
I will, I will, oh I will!

THE DOCTOR  
No interfering. I don't want any trouble. Just... have a nice life.

MR COPPER  
I can have a house! A proper house! With a garden! And a door! Oh, Doctor! I'll make you proud!

He grabs the Doctor, kisses his cheek -

Then runs off, into the snow, towards the city, yelling:

MR COPPER (CONT'D)  
I can have a kitchen! With chairs! And windows! And... plates!

THE DOCTOR  
Um... where are you going?

MR COPPER  
No idea!

THE DOCTOR  
Nor me.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (3)

122

The Doctor turns to the Tardis, gets out the key.

But Mr Copper stops, calls back, a silhouette in the snow.

MR COPPER

Oh, and Doctor!

(pause)

I won't forget her.

The Doctor just nods. Then looks up.

FX: NIGHT SKY, and in amongst the snow, just for a second, there's a glimpse of shining BLUE STARDUST, then gone.

Then the Doctor looks back across the night.

THE DOCTOR

Merry Christmas, Mr Copper.

And the Doctor goes into the Tardis.

FX: the ancient grind of engines, and the Tardis fades away, obscured by the snow, gone.

END OF EPISODE 4.X

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