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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6A

EPISODE 1: 'Black Orchid'

by

Terence Dudley

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"DOCTOR WHO" - SERIAL 6A - EPISODE 1: 'Black Orchid'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
ADRIC
NYSSA
TEGAN
CRANLEIGH
LADY CRANLEIGH
ANN TALBOT
SIR ROBERT MUIR
LATONI
THE UNKNOWN (WELL SHOD)
BREWSTER
TANNER

N/S:

DIGBY
MAID
JAMES
POLICE CONSTABLE
CRICKETERS
FANCY DRESS BALL GUESTS
SERVANTS

* * * * *

SETS:

Dalton Hall Composite:
Hall and Stairs
Drawing Room
Bedrooms
Corridors

* * * * *

TELECINE:

Ext. Dalton Hall and cricket ground
Ext. Small Railway Station
Ext. Country Roads

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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6A

EPISODE 1: 'Black Orchid'

by

Terence Dudley

1. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(TWO PAIRS OF LOWER
LEGS AND FEET ARE
WRITHING TOGETHER,
SUGGESTING A COUPLE
LOCKED IN COMBAT.

ONE OF THE COMBAT-
ANTS (DIGBY) FALLS
INTO SHOT.

HIS EYES ARE WIDE
IN DEATH. HE WEARS
A SHORT, WHITE
JACKET.

THE VICTORIOUS FEET
DEPART.

THESE FEET ARE WELL
SHOD.

THE FEET MOVE OVER
A DRUGGETTED WOOD
FLOOR AND GO OUT
OF SIGHT.

ON THE DEAD MAN)

2. INT. ANN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(IN A FOURPOSTER BED
LIES A PRETTY,
FRAGILE LOOKING GIRL
WHO COULD BE NYSSA'S
TWIN SISTER. SHE IS
ANN TALBOT. SHE IS
ASLEEP. SHE HAS
BOBBED HAIR.

THE WELL SHOD FEET
MOVE SILENTLY ACROSS
THE FLOOR TO THE BED.

FROM BEHIND AN
UNIDENTIFIABLE SHAPE.

WE LOOK AT THE
SLEEPING ANN.

HEAVY BREATHING
AND A STRANGE,
GUTTURAL SOUND.

THE SHAPE MOVES
NEARER TO THE
SLEEPING GIRL.

SUDDENLY, AN ARM
COMES INTO SHOT
AND IS CROOKED
ABOUT THE NECK
OF THE SHAPE.

AN AMORPHOUS STRUGGLE
TAKES PLACE.

WE CANNOT IDENTIFY
THE OWNER OF THE
WELL SHOD FEET BUT
WE NOW SEE THE
ATTACKER IN CU.

HE IS A BRAZILIAN
INDIAN WITH SHOULDER
LENGTH BLACK HAIR
HELD BACK BY A YELLOW
BAND.

HE HAS A FEARSOME
WEDGED LOWER LIP
WHICH PROTRUDES FIVE
OR SIX INCHES.

THE WELL SHOD FEET
BECOME STILL AND
ARE BOURNE AWAY.

ANN WAKES, DISTURBED
BY THE NOISE.

SHE TURNS ON A LIGHT
AND LEAVES THE BED
FOR THE DOOR WHICH
SHE OPENS.

WE SEE A PANEL,
BY THE BED, CLOSING.

ANN HEARS THIS BUT
BY THE TIME SHE
TURNS THE PANEL HAS
BEEN CLOSED AND
THERE IS NOTHING
FOR HER TO SEE.

SHE IS VERY
FRIGHTENED.

SHE LOCKS THE BEDROOM
DOOR)

TELECINE 1:

A Small Country
Railway Station.
Day.

A steam train pulls
away from the deserted
platform as the Tardis
materialises.

END TELECINE 1.

3. INT. TARDIS. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR QUARTET
SURROUNDS THE
CONSOLE)

THE DOCTOR: What this time,
I wonder?

(HE ACTIVATES THE
SCANNER.

WE SEE PART OF
THE STATION AND
ITS NAME:
"CRANLEIGH HALT".

WE ALSO SEE THE
TAIL END OF THE
TRAIN PULLING
AWAY.

THE DOCTOR PATS
THE CONSOLE)

What's the matter, old girl?
Why this compulsion for planet
Earth?

TEGAN: Is that where we are?

NYSSA: Not again!

THE DOCTOR: A railway station.

(HE LOOKS AT HIS
CHRONOMETER)

Three o'clock on June the
eleventh nineteen hundred
and twenty five.

- 1/6 -

TEGAN: But I haven't been born yet.

THE DOCTOR: Interesting, isn't it? And no jet lag. Come on, let's take a look.

(HE MOVES TO THE DOOR)

- 6 -

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Railway Station.
Day.

The QUARTET come from
the Tardis and THE
DOCTOR locks the door.

The train has gone.

ADRIC: What's a railway station?

THE DOCTOR: A place where one
embarks and disembarks from
compartments on wheels pulled
along those rails by a steam
engine. Rarely on time.

NYSSA: What a very silly
activity!

THE DOCTOR: Think so? As a
boy I rather wanted to drive
one.

The QUARTET moves
through the station
entrance to the
forecourt.

A LIVERIED CHAUFFEUR
has fallen asleep
behind the wheel of
an open Rolls Royce.

He wakes up as THE
DOCTOR and CO. move
towards the car.

The CHAUFFEUR gets out of the car quickly and salutes.

TANNER: Good afternoon, sir. I'm Tanner, Lord Cranleigh's chauffeur.

THE DOCTOR: Lord Cranleigh?

TANNER: Yes, sir.

THE DOCTOR: We're expected?

TANNER: Oh, yes, sir. You are the Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Indeed.

TANNER takes his eyes from THE DOCTOR as he looks at the OTHERS and sees NYSSA for the first time. He stares hard. It makes NYSSA uncomfortable.

NYSSA: May I ask what you're staring at?

TANNER: I'm sorry, miss.

He opens the door of the car.

TANNER: Please, sir, if you don't mind. The game's already started. His lordship won the toss and decided to bat first to give you time to get here. The train's always late.

THE DOCTOR: That's very thoughtful of his lordship.

TANNER: Yes, sir, but I think we should hurry. His lordship is a first class bat but I don't know how strong his support is this year.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, you lot!

The QUARTET gets into the car, NYSSA leading the way.

TANNER again looks at her wonderingly. He closes the door after THE DOCTOR, gets back behind the wheel and drives off.

CUT

Int. Car.

TEGAN: Now what? Where are we going?

THE DOCTOR: To a cricket match.

TEGAN: Why?

THE DOCTOR: Why not?

CUT

Railway Station. Day.

A POLICE CONSTABLE, on his rounds, wheels his bicycle into the station.

He looks around and then sees the Tardis.

The CONSTABLE is confused.

CUT

The Rolls Royce
Pulling Through
Imposing Park Gates
And Bowling Along
A Drive. Day.

Dalton Hall is an impressive Gothic residence in the grounds of which a game of cricket is in progress.

In LONG SHOT the Rolls comes to a halt.

TANNER alights to open the door for his PASSENGERS.

A handsome YOUNG MAN hurries up to greet them.

CRANLEIGH: There you are, man! Good! I'm Cranleigh. Didn't expect four of you ...

CRANLEIGH breaks off, staring at NYSSA.

CRANLEIGH: Good Lord! (HE RECOVERS) I'm so sorry! Do forgive me staring, but you look exactly like my fiancée. It's quite uncanny.

THE DOCTOR: This is Nyssa.

CRANLEIGH: You must meet her.

THE DOCTOR: Tegan and Adric.

- 1/11 -

CRANLEIGH: How do you do?
You'd better pad up, Doctor.
Where's your gear?

THE DOCTOR: I regret I have
none.

(onto page 12)

- 11 -

CRANLEIGH: No matter. I'll fix you up. We're taking a terrible thrashing. Fifty four for eight. I made a duck.

NYSSA and ADRIC exchange glances.

CRANLEIGH turns to the others.

CRANLEIGH: If you'd care to stroll over to the marquee I'll rejoin you there.

TEGAN: Thank you.

CRANLEIGH: (TO THE DOCTOR)
Come on!

They stride off.

CRANLEIGH: (TO THE DOCTOR)
Smutty said he'd send someone useful with a bat.

THE DOCTOR: Smutty?

CRANLEIGH: Smutty Thomas.
Don't you call him Smutty at Guy's.

THE DOCTOR: No, as a matter of fact.

CRANLEIGH: Always Smutty at school. The wicket's very green and the ball's keeping low. Any good with the ball?

THE DOCTOR: Not bad.

CRANLEIGH: Good! Medium pace?
Slow?

THE DOCTOR: Fast.

CRANLEIGH: Top hole!

CUT TO a GROUP of
SPECTATORS.

It includes a handsome
woman of fifty. (The
Dowager LADY CRANLEIGH
and an authoratitive man
of the same age (SIR
ROBERT MUIR)

MIX

THE DOCTOR is going
great guns at the
wicket to the delight
of CRANLEIGH.

A scoreboard shows:
"CRANLEIGH C.C."
 "148
 9
 13"

CRANLEIGH approaches
LADY CRANLEIGH with
TEGAN, ADRIC and NYSSA.

CRANLEIGH: Mother, I'd like to
introduce Tegan, Adric.

LADY CRANLEIGH: How do you do?
What enchanting names!

CRANLEIGH: And this is Nyssa.

LADY CRANLEIGH stares.

LADY CRANLEIGH: How extraordinary!

CRANLEIGH: Isn't it?

LADY CRANLEIGH: (SUDDEN
REALISATION) Worcestershire!

CRANLEIGH: Apparently not.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Nyssa, did you
say?

CRANLEIGH: Yes.

LADY CRANLEIGH: (TO NYSSA) I
beg your pardon, my dear. You
must be a Worcestershire Talbot.

NYSSA: (VERY PUZZLED) No.
I'm not.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Are you quite
sure?

NYSSA: Quite sure.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Robert?

SIR ROBERT: Uncanny! Quite
uncanny!

LADY CRANLEIGH: Two peas in
a pod. Positively two peas
in a pod!

NYSSA: I beg your pardon?

LADY CRANLEIGH: My dear, you
must forgive a pardonable
curiosity. Where are you from?

NYSSA: The Empire of Traken.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Really.

The applause has
distracted HER LADYSHIP.

THE DOCTOR has hit a
four.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Your Doctor
substitute has made your score
almost respectable, Charles.

CRANLEIGH: Perfectly ripping
performance. Better player
than Smutty.

MIX

CRANLEIGH'S SIDE now
in the field.

The score board reads:
GUY'S HOSPITAL
"44
3
21"

A MONTAGE of SHOTS
of THE DOCTOR bowling.

Wickets tumble one
after the other.

A ball strikes a stump
from the ground and
ALL the PLAYERS begin
to leave the field.

CRANLEIGH claps THE
DOCTOR on the shoulder.

CRANLEIGH: Ripping performance,
old man! Come and meet the
mater! (cont ...)

CRANLEIGH and THE
DOCTOR come up to LADY
CRANLEIGH.

CRANLEIGH: (cont) Mother, may I present the Doctor.

LADY CRANLEIGH: How do you do?

THE DOCTOR: How do you do?

LADY CRANLEIGH: Doctor? Who?

CRANLEIGH: I'm sorry, mother, he'd like to remain incognito. I think we should respect that after what he's done today.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Of course.

SIR ROBERT: First rate, sir.

CRANLEIGH: Sir Robert Muir, the Chief Constable.

THE DOCTOR and SIR
ROBERT shake hands.

THE DOCTOR: How d'you do.

SIR ROBERT: A superb innings! Worthy of the Master.

THE DOCTOR: The Master?

SIR ROBERT: The other doctor, W.G. Grace.

THE DOCTOR: Oh yes, of course. Thank you.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Are you able to stay for the ball, Doctor?

CRANLEIGH: You must. I insist. All of you.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

LADY CRANLEIGH: We have one every year in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children.

TEGAN: It's fancy dress, isn't it?

CRANLEIGH: Yes.

TEGAN: We haven't any costumes.

SIR ROBERT: And I was thinking how charming yours was.

TEGAN exchanges a look with NYSSA.

CRANLEIGH: Costumes are no problem. We keep a selection for last minute guests. I'm sure we can fix you up. (TO THE DOCTOR) How would you like to take a cocktail to your bath?

THE DOCTOR: Well, certainly a cold drink.

CRANLEIGH: Come along then.

ADRIC: What do you do with a cocktail in a bath?

CRANLEIGH: Drink it, my young friend.

A look between ADRIC
and NYSSA.

A general drift towards
the Hall.

LS Hall.

CRASH ZOOM in on an
upper window.

It is barred.

Between the bars a
CU of LATONI, the
Indian.

END TELECINE 2.

4. INT. DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

(ON A TABLE WITH
A RICH ARRAY OF
BOTTLES.

THERE ARE ALSO
GLASSES AND AN
ICE BUCKET.

A BUTLER IS
PREPARING A COCK-
TAIL.

CRANLEIGH, HIS
MOTHER, SIR ROBERT,
THE DOCTOR, NYSSA,
TEGAN AND ADRIC)

CRANLEIGH: When the weather
is fine we hold the ball on
the front terrace. We so
enjoy the light, summer
evening. And my mother casts
spells on the weather.

THE DOCTOR: Lady Cranleigh
is a bewitching Lady.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Where have
you been hiding this young
man, Charles? In future I
expect to see much more of
him.

CRANLEIGH: I will give you
a fixture list, Doctor. You
must let me know when you may
be available to play again.

LADY CRANLEIGH: There is more
to life than cricket, Charles.

(ANN TALBOT ENTERS.

CRANLEIGH GOES TO
HER)

CRANLEIGH: Ann, my dear. Come
and meet the hero of the day
and ...

(HE BRINGS HER TO
NYSSA)

THE DOCTOR: Great Scott!

(THE TWO GIRLS
STARE AGHAST.

TEGAN AND ADRIC
EXCHANGE ASTOUNDED
LOOKS)

CRANLEIGH: Ann Talbot, my
fiancee. This is Nyssa.

(THE GIRLS SLOWLY
SHAKE HANDS AND
STARE, UNBELIEVINGLY)

The Doctor.

(MURMURED GREETINGS
ARE EXCHANGED BUT
ANN CAN'T TAKE HER
EYES FROM NYSSA)

And this is Tegan ... and
Adric.

(MORE MURMURED
GREETINGS)

THE DOCTOR: Quite fantastic!
Even the voice is similar.

ANN: (SUDDENLY) Worcester!
Have you an uncle Percy?

NYSSA: No.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Not a
Worcestershire Talbot.

ANN: Then where are you from?

NYSSA: Traken.

ANN: Where's that?

SIR ROBERT: Near Esher isn't it?

(THE BUTLER PUTS
THE COCKTAIL ON A
SILVER TRAY HELD
BY A FOOTMAN.

THE FOOTMAN TAKES
THE COCKTAIL TO
LADY CRANLEIGH)

ANN: Could there be Talbots
near Esher?

LADY CRANLEIGH: Not possible.
The hunt isn't good enough.

(SHE TAKES HER DRINK)

CRANLEIGH: What may I offer
you, Doctor? Brewster can
make absolutely anything
quite superbly.

THE DOCTOR: I have a terrible
thirst. Perhaps a lemonade
with lots of ice.

CRANLEIGH: Ann?

THE DOCTOR: The same as the
Doctor, please.

CRANLEIGH: (TO TEGAN) My
dear?

TEGAN: A screwdriver, please.

(ADRIC LOOKS A LITTLE
STARTLED)

CRANLEIGH: A screwdriver,
Brewster!

BREWSTER: Milord.

(CRANLEIGH TURNS TO
NYSSA)

NYSSA: (STILL ABSTRACTED BY
ANN) Thank you. I'll have
the same.

CRANLEIGH: Orange squash for
the children, Brewster.

BREWSTER: Milord.

(NYSSA AND ADRIC
EXCHANGE A LOOK.

THE DRINKS CONTINUE
TO BE DISPENSED.

TEGAN MOVES AWAY
TO A TABLE ON
WHICH IS A BLACK
ORCHID.

IT HAS BLACK SEPALS
AND GOLD LIPS)

CRANLEIGH: Bob?

SIR ROBERT: My usual, please.

CRANLEIGH: A Tom Collins,
Brewster.

BREWSTER: Milord.

(ANN TAKES NYSSA
A LITTLE APART)

ANN: Are you really from
Esher?

NYSSA: I don't even know
where Esher is.

TEGAN: How beautiful.

(LADY CRANLEIGH
MOVES TO HER)

LADY CRANLEIGH: A black
orchid. It is very beautiful,
isn't it? It was found on
the Orinoco by my elder son.

TEGAN: Of course! I thought
the name was familiar.
George Cranleigh, the
botanist, the explorer.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Yes, but the
Brazilian forest took its
toll. He never returned from
his last expedition two years
ago.

TEGAN: I'm sorry.

(LADY CRANLEIGH MOVES
TO LOOK AT A PORTRAIT
ON A WALL.

THE SUBJECT RESEMBLES
CRANLEIGH)

LADY CRANLEIGH: Ann was engaged to him. But, I'm delighted to be able to say, we're still going to have her in the family.

(SIR ROBERT INDICATING
ANN AND NYSSA)

SIR ROBERT: If Charles marries the right girl.

(THERE IS A GENERAL
CHUCKLE)

ANN: Nyssa what?

NYSSA: Just Nyssa.

ANN: But you can't be.

NYSSA: I am.

ANN: (TO LADY CRANLEIGH)
Nyssa doesn't even know where Esher is.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Which shows great taste. Never mind, Nyssa. Our curiosity has been vulgar enough. It's high time we all changed.

CRANLEIGH: I'm for a bath. If the ladies will excuse us I'll show you to your room, Doctor. Bring your drink. You, too, young man.

(CRANLEIGH, THE
DOCTOR AND ADRIC
GO OUT)

LADY CRANLEIGH: Perhaps you'll
do the same for the young
women, Ann, my dear?

ANN: Of course.

5. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(LATONI, THE INDIAN,
MOVES ALONG A NARROW
CORRIDOR APPROACHING
A STOUT WOOD DOOR
WITH HEAVY METAL
REINFORCEMENT.

HE PRODUCES A LARGE
KEY AND UNLOCKS THE
DOOR.

AS HE OPENS IT AND
MOVES INTO THE ROOM
BEYOND HE IS HIT ON
THE HEAD BY AN
UNSEEN ASSAILANT.

LATONI DROPS TO THE
FLOOR.

A POKER FALLS TO
THE FLOOR NEXT TO
HIM.

THE WELL SHOD FEET
STEP OVER THE INERT
LATONI AND MOVE
OUT OF SHOT)

6. INT. DOCTOR'S BEDROOM. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR STANDS
BY THE BED HOLDING
UP A FANCY DRESS.

IT SHOULD BE
FLAMBOYANT AND SUCH
THAT IT COMPLETELY
CONCEALS THE IDENTITY
OF THE WEARER)

CRANLEIGH: I must flatter
myself and call that an
admirable choice.

THE DOCTOR: It certainly is.
What are you going to wear?

CRANLEIGH: Ah, that's better
left as a surprise. Now I
must attend to the young man.
What was his name?

THE DOCTOR: Adric.

CRANLEIGH: Scandinavian?

THE DOCTOR: Not quite. He's
Alzarian.

CRANLEIGH: Never could remem-
ber all those funny Baltic
bits. Geography was never my
strong point. My brother stole
all the thunder there. A
positive Odin. Until later.

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

(CRANLEIGH GOES OUT.

THE DOCTOR INSPECTS
HIS FANCY DRESS.

HE PUTS DOWN HIS
LEMONADE AND TAKES
OFF HIS COAT.

HE THEN TAKES HIS
DRINK INTO THE
BATHROOM)

7. INT. ANN'S BEDROOM. DAY.

(ANN IS BEING HELPED
INTO HER COSTUME
BY A MAID)

ANN: Will it go any tighter?

(THE MAID MAKES
AN ADJUSTMENT)

That's much better. Thank you,
Alice.

(THE DRESSING
CONTINUES.

THE PANEL BY THE
BED, OPENS NOISELESS-
LY AND THE WELL
SHOD FEET APPEAR.

THE FEET STOP IN
THEIR TRACKS, THERE
IS A MOMENT'S HESITATION,
AND THEN THE FEET
WITHDRAW.

THE PANEL CLOSES
NOISELESSLY.

THE DRESSING IS
COMPLETE.

ANN POINTS TO A
CARDBOARD BOX)

Bring that!

(ANN AND THE MAID
GO OUT, THE MAID
BEARINGING THE BOX)

8. INT. TEGAN/NYSSA BEDROOM. DAY.

(THIS IS ANN'S
ROOM REDRESSED.

TEGAN AND NYSSA ARE
GETTING DRESSED.

TEGAN HUMS)

NYSSA: What are you humming?

TEGAN: Charleston. It's a
great dance, too.

NYSSA: You know the dances of
this period?

TEGAN: I know the Charleston.
I learnt it for a play I was
in at school.

NYSSA: How's it performed?

TEGAN: I'll show you.

(TEGAN SINGS AND
DANCES THE 'CHARLESTON'.

NYSSA WATCHES)

NYSSA: Is that dancing?

(TEGAN STOPS DANCING)

TEGAN: It wasn't that bad.

NYSSA: No. It's that on Traken our dancing is much more formalised and far more complex.

TEGAN: You dance?

NYSSA: It was part of my training. And although I say it myself, I'm considered quite good.

(A TAP ON THE DOOR
AND IN COMES ANN
FOLLOWED BY THE
MAID)

ANN: My dears, I've had an absolutely ripping idea!

NYSSA: (OF ANN'S COSTUME) Oh, how lovely! That's lovely!

ANN: My dear, I'm so glad you think so. Look!

(SHE SIGNALS TO THE
MAID WHO OPENS THE
BOX AND TAKES OUT
A COSTUME IDENTICAL
TO THE ONE WORN
BY ANN)

There! With the head-dress nobody, but nobody, will be able to tell us apart. Isn't that topping?

(NYSSA IS WON OVER)

NYSSA: Quite topping!

(GIRLISH LAUGHTER
ALL ROUND, INCLUDING
THE MAID)

ANN: Just as long as I don't
show this.

(SHE PULLS DOWN THE
NECK BAND OF HER
COSTUME)

TEGAN: A mole.

ANN: Yes. (OF NYSSA) You
haven't got one, have you?

NYSSA: No.

ANN: Good.

(TEGAN LOOKING FROM
ONE TO THE OTHER)

TEGAN: Just as well, I suppose.

9. INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM. DAY.

(THE ROOM IS EMPTY:
THE FANCY DRESS
STILL ON THE BED.

WE HEAR THE DOCTOR
SINGING IN THE
BATHROOM "I want to
be happy".

THE PANEL BY THE
BED OPENS NOISE-
LESSLY AND THE
WELL SHOD FEET
APPEAR.

THE HESITATION,
AS IN SCENE
SEVEN, AND THEN
THE FEET ADVANCE.

AT THIS MOMENT THE
DOCTOR'S VOICE
BECOMES LOUDER.

THE FEET PANIC
SLIGHTLY AS THEY
REALISE THEY ARE
CUT OFF FROM THE
PANEL.

THEY LOOK AROUND
FOR ANOTHER WAY
OF ESCAPE, SEE
THE MAIN DOOR,
CROSS TO IT, AND
EXIT.

THE DOCTOR COMES
IN FROM THE BATH-
ROOM AND SEES THE
OPEN PANEL)

THE DOCTOR: Hallo. Who's
there? (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES
TO THE OPEN PANEL
TYING THE BELT OF
HIS DRESSING GOWN.

THE DOCTOR THEN
PEERS INTO THE
OPENING)

THE DOCTOR: (cont.) Hallo.

10. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(AS THE DOCTOR
COMES FROM THE
BEDROOM THE
PANEL CLOSES
BEHIND HIM.

HE TURNS AND
ATTEMPTS TO
OPEN IT WITHOUT
SUCCESS.

HE TRIES A
LITTLE LONGER
AND THEN
ABANDONS THE
ATTEMPT IN
FAVOUR OF
EXPLORATION.

HE MOVES DOWN THE
CORRIDOR,
EXAMINING THE
WALLS)

11. INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM. DAY.

(THE MAIN DOOR OF
THE ROOM OPENS.

THE WELL SHOD FEET
APPEAR AND CROSS
THE FLOOR TO THE
BED.

UGLY, MUTILATED
HANDS PICK UP THE
COSTUME.

THE FEET RETURN TO
THE DOOR, THE
COSTUME TRAILING
WITH THEM.

THE FEET AND
COSTUME GO OUT AND
THE DOOR CLOSES
BEHIND THEM)

12. INT. CORRIDOR. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR HAS
PROGRESSED TO
ANOTHER PART.

HE FEELS ALONG
THE WALLS
SEARCHING FOR
AN EXIT)

THE DOCTOR: Why do I always let
my curiosity get the better of
me?

TELECINE 3:

The south terrace of
the Hall:

A small band plays,
or appears to play
dance music of 1925.

There is an elaborate
buffet where BREWSTER,
TWO FOOTMEN and TWO
MAIDS hover in readi-
ness.

The servants are the
only members of the
gathering not in fancy
dress.

LADY CRANLEIGH moves
among her guests.

CRANLEIGH is dancing
with ANN, SIR ROBERT
with TEGAN.

NYSSA is with ADRIC.

NYSSA: I rather think this
will be fun. I think you
have to ask me to dance.

ADRIC: Why?

NYSSA: Because that's what
everybody else has been doing.

ADRIC: What! All these
people?

NYSSA: Not me, you idiot!
Each other. Come on! Ask
me!

- 1/40 -

ADRIC: I don't think I can do this.

NYSSA: Yes, you can. Just follow me. Come on!

They dance off.

NYSSA leading,
ADRIC following
stylelessly.

SIR ROBERT: I hope Lord Cranleigh has the right girl. It's a little naughty really.

TEGAN: I think it's a great giggle.

SIR ROBERT: A great what?

TEGAN: Giggle.

SIR ROBERT: Giggle. Ah, yes.

We join CRANLEIGH
and ANN.

CRANLEIGH: There is one way of not getting you mixed up.

ANN: What's that?

CRANLEIGH: To have every dance with you.

ANN: Foiled again! You're the host.

The dance comes to an end.

- 40 -

NYSSA and ANN wave to each other and then, as if by pre-arrangement, they run to join each other watched by the amused guests.

They flit about the terrace and then disappear behind some masonry.

LADY CRANLEIGH is not sure she approves of this.

When the girls re-appear they curtsy to the guests who applaud delightedly.

LADY CRANLEIGH is mollified.

The band strikes up again.

The "TWINS" rejoin ADRIC and CRANLEIGH.

ADRIC: Nyssa?

"TWIN": Guess!

They dance.

CRANLEIGH: Ann?

"TWIN": Guess!

They dance.

SIR ROBERT: We might have known they'd be up to something. Now no-one can tell them apart.

TEGAN: I can.

SIR ROBERT: How?

TEGAN: That's a secret.

ADRIC and his
"TWIN".

"TWIN": Where's the Doctor?

ADRIC: I don't know.

"TWIN": What's he wearing?

ADRIC: I don't know that,
either.

"TWIN": You should ask Lady
Cranleigh to dance.

ADRIC: I don't do it very
well. Anyway, I'd rather
eat.

He crosses to the
food table.

The abandoned "TWIN"
is immediately
swooped upon by an
exotic guest and is
swept away.

END TELECINE 3.

13. INT. CORRIDOR. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR IS
RETRACING HIS
STEPS, WORKING
ALONG THE OTHER
WALL)

THE DOCTOR: Why didn't I leave
after the cricket?

TELECINE 4:

The dance on the terrace continues.

LATONI appears.

In the circumstances his appearance excites little interest.

LATONI crosses to LADY CRANLEIGH who is dancing with a guest.

LADY CRANLEIGH stops dancing.

LADY CRANLEIGH: (TO GUEST) I must ask you to excuse me.

Guest gives a small bow.

LADY CRANLEIGH leaves the dance.

ADRIC looks about him and sees both "TWINS" with their partners.

He smiles.

LADY CRANLEIGH takes LATONI a little apart to a spot where they are not observed.

She speaks quietly but fiercely.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Latoni! What are you doing here? Go back to your quarters at once!

LATONI: My friend has
escaped.

LADY CRANLEIGH: What?

LATONI: He hit me from
behind and escaped.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Where
was Digby?

LATONI: Digby has gone.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Gone!
Where?

LATONI: I don't know.
I have not seen him
today.

LADY CRANLEIGH: Come
with me!

END TELECINE 4.

14. INT. CORRIDOR. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR AS
BEFORE.

SUDDENLY HIS SLOW
MOVEMENT IS
ARRESTED AS HE
FINDS SOMETHING OF
INTEREST)

THE DOCTOR: At last ...

(HE WORKS A LITTLE
ON THE WALL.

SOMETHING GIVES
WAY AND A PANEL
SWINGS INTO
ANOTHER LIGHTER
CORRIDOR)

15. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THIS CORRIDOR
DIFFERS FROM
THE OTHER IN
THAT IT IS
PART OF THE
LIVING
ACCOMMODATION
OF THE HALL
AS DISTINCT
FROM MERE
ACCESS TO A
PRIEST HOLE.

THE DOCTOR
COMES THROUGH
THE PANEL FROM
THE DARKNESS
OF THE OTHER)

THE DOCTOR: ... wherever
this is.

(THERE ARE A
NUMBER OF DOORS
ALONG THE WALL,
WHICH ARE
ENTRANCES TO
FITTED CUPBOARDS,
ALTHOUGH THEY
LOOK AS THOUGH
THEY ARE DOORS
TO ROOMS.

HOPING IT WILL
SET HIM ON HIS
WAY BACK TO HIS
OWN ROOM, THE
DOCTOR OPENS
ONE OF THE
DOORS BUT
FINDS A
CUPBOARD FULL
OF BOOKS.

THE DOCTOR PICKS
ONE UP TO LOOK
AT IT.

IT IS A
BOTANICAL WORK.

HE CLOSES THE
DOOR AND MOVES
ON TO ANOTHER.

THIS ONE IS
FILLED WITH
NEATLY STACKED
ARTICLES OF
MEN'S CLOTHING:
SHIRTS, COLLARS.
UNDERWEAR ETC.)

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Terrace. Day.

On the terrace a dance comes to an end.

The "TWINS" leave their respective partners for a moment, moving towards each other.

ADRIC goes to them.

SIR ROBERT is still with TEGAN.

SIR ROBERT: My dear, you deserve a better dancer than I. We must find you someone your own age.

TEGAN: You're bonza dancer, Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT: That, surely, is a great giggle.

We see the "TWINS" momentarily together in LS with ADRIC approaching them.

The band strikes up a Charleston and the GUESTS go into the dance with zest.

TEGAN does the dance expertly.

ADRIC stops and watches TEGAN admiringly, as do the "TWINS".

After a moment a GUEST approaches one "TWIN" for the dance.

The "TWIN" goes into
the Charleston with
him.

ADRIC moves to the
other "TWIN".

ADRIC: Enjoying yourself,
Nyssa?

"TWIN": Nyssa? Can you be
sure, Adric?

ADRIC: (GRINNING) Yes.

He points to the
DANCERS.

ADRIC: You can't do that.

"TWIN": Can't I?

She swings into
the dance effortlessly.

ADRIC is both crest-
fallen and amused.

"TWIN": Come on! You do it!

ADRIC: Never!

The "TWIN" dances on.

END TELECINE 5.

16. INT. HALL/STAIRS. DAY.

(DOWN THE MAIN
STAIRCASE COMES
AN UNIDENTIFIABLE
GUEST WEARING THE
COSTUME APPORTIONED
TO THE DOCTOR.

THE UNKNOWN CONTINUES
ON OUT OF SHOT)

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Terrace. Day.

On the terrace the
Charleston comes to
an end.

As the music for
the next dance
begins the UNKNOWN
approaches ADRIK'S
"TWIN" and, wordlessly,
invites her to dance.
She accepts happily,
winking at ADRIK.

END TELECINE 6.

17. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR,
MOVING ALONG
THE CORRIDOR,
COMES TO A
DEAD END.

HE'S ABOUT
TO RETURN
WHENCE HE
CAME WHEN
THE CARVING
ON ONE WALL
CATCHES HIS
ATTENTION.

HIS FINGERS
EXAMINE IT
AND PART OF
IT GIVES
UNDER THEM.

A PANELLED
DOOR SWINGS
AWAY FROM
HIM.

HE GOES
THROUGH
THE OPENING
TO-)

18. INT. SMALL ANNEXE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR COMES
INTO A SMALL
ANNEXE FROM
WHICH ASCEND
SOME STAIRS.

HE BEGINS TO
CLIMB)

19. INT. LANDING. DAY.

(A SMALL LANDING,
AT THE HEAD OF
THE STAIRS,
GIVES ACCESS TO
A HEAVY WOOD
DOOR WITH METAL
REINFORCEMENT.

THE DOOR IS
AJAR.

THE DOCTOR
COMES UP THE
STAIRS, SEES
THE DOOR AND
CAUTIOUSLY
MOVES TO IT
TO ENTER)

THE DOCTOR: Hallo.

20. INT. DETENTION ROOM. DAY.

(A BED-SITTING
ROOM WHICH IS
LUXURIOUSLY
FURNISHED.

IT HAS A
FIREPLACE.

THE WINDOW IS
BARRED.

THE DOCTOR
LOOKS ABOUT
THE ROOM.

HE MOVES TO
A TABLE, PICKS
UP A BOOK AND
OPENS IT.

IT IS PRINTED
IN PORTUGUESE)

THE DOCTOR: Interesting ...
Portugese.

TELECINE 7:

Ext. Terrace. Day.

The dance continues.

The UNKNOWN steers
the "TWIN" towards
the house.

END TELECINE 7.

21. INT. SMALL ANNEXE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
ENTERS THE
ANNEXE FROM
THE STAIRS.

HE THEN
CROSSES TO
THE PANEL
AND PASSES
THROUGH TO-)

22. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
MAKES HIS
WAY ALONG
TO THE DOORS)

THE DOCTOR: One of these
must take me out of here.

(HE TRIES A
DOOR, BUT HE
IS BACK WITH
THE BOOKS.

HE TRIES ANOTHER
AND THIS TIME HE
FINDS THE
GROTESQUELY
TWISTED BODY OF
DIGBY. HE'S DEAD.

THE DOCTOR REACTS)

23. INT. HALL/STAIRS. DAY.

(THE UNKNOWN
AND "TWIN"
DANCE INTO
THE HALL.)

THE UNKNOWN
HALTS THE
DANCE AND
STARES AT
HIS PARTNER)

"TWIN": That was great fun.

(NO REPLY)

Shall we go back to the
terrace?

(NO REPLY.
"TWIN" IS
BECOMING
CONCERNED)

I'm afraid we must return to
the others.

(IN ANSWER A
GUTTERAL SOUND
COMES FROM THE
UNKNOWN)

Who are you? (cont ...)

(THE "TWIN"
TRIES TO
BREAK PULL
AWAY, BUT
THE GRIP
ON HER
TIGHTENS)

"TWIN": (cont) Let me go!

(THE UNKNOWN
BEGINS TO
PULL HER
AWAY)

Stop it! Let me go, whoever
you are!

(THE "TWIN"
NOW BEGINS
TO FIGHT,
BUT THE
UNKNOWN
HAS GREAT
STRENGTH)

Help! (AND AGAIN) Help!

(JAMES, THE
FOOTMAN,
APPEARS
CARRYING AN
ICE BUCKET
CONTAINING
EMPTY BOTTLES.

HE PUTS THIS
DOWN AND COMES
TO THE "TWIN'S"
AID.

THE UNKNOWN
IMMEDIATELY
RELEASES HIS
VICTIM AND
TURNS ON THE
FOOTMAN.

JAMES IS SPUN
AND TAKEN BY
AN ARM ROUND
THE NECK.

THE "TWIN"
TRIES TO HELP
BUT IS TOTALLY
INEFFECTUAL.

THE FOOTMAN
FALLS TO
THE FLOOR,
HIS EYES
WIDE.

THE "TWIN"
LOOKS ON IN
HORROR AND
FALLS IN A
FAINT, HITTING
HER HEAD.

THE UNKNOWN
LOOKS DOWN
AT HER AND
THEN HIS
HANDS MOVE
SLOWLY TO
HER AS HE
STOOPS)

FADE OUT