

TWB

Episode One

by
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Salmon Revisions

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SOUNDTRACK: SALT (Original Motion Picture Score)
by James Newton Howard. Listen while reading.



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EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN - DAY

0

Blue seas, blue sky.

A SPANISH FISHING TRAWLER. A battered old ship, with a crew of 6, all tough MIDDLE-AGED MEN. AGUSTIN, in charge, takes a SWIG OF WATER from a PLASTIC BOTTLE...

Then THROWS it overboard! Shouts to his men:

AGUSTIN
¡Súbela, súbela!

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
<Lift her up, lift her up!>

...as the side-trawl rises out of the sea. The NET bulging, heavy with a catch of SEA BASS and SEA BREAM.

AGUSTIN (CONT'D)
Tranquilo. Tranquilo. Nos quedan dos meses en ese cabrestante, está hecho polvo. Le sigo diciendo a Nicolas. Invierte en nosotros. ¡Gasta algo de dinero!

ENGLISH TRANSLATION (CONT'D)
<Steady. Steady. We've got two months left on that winch, it's knackered. I keep telling Nicolas. Invest in us. Spend some money!>

The winch turning.

Chains clanking, cables taut.

The net rising. Full of FISH, and WASTE PRODUCTS too.

And then...

Someone STANDS UP.

INSIDE THE NET.

A CREATURE is trapped, embedded in the haul, rising, erect, 6ft, taller, a man - not a man - it's silhouetted against the sea and the sky. It's tall. It's monstrous. It's wrong.

It's furious.

And its SCREAM is terrifying.

A high, wild, guttural cry. These tough, grizzled men STARE IN TERROR as a primal fear buried in the hind-brain kicks in. Mammals have not heard this sound for 66 million years.

CLOSER on its SCREAMING FACE: part fish, part reptile, the back of the head stretching out, and back, into beautiful fins. The flesh green and scaly. And the open mouth reveals that this is not a mask or a trick; a wet, monstrous gullet.

AGUSTIN picks up the rifle -

Bang! He shoots it dead.

The war begins.

CUT TO:

1

INT. BARCLAY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

1

A MOBILE vibrating. Bzz-bzz.

BARCLAY PIERRE-DUPONT wakes up.

He's late 30s. He's been a lad, in his time, but getting older. Divorcing. Short of money. Supports Arsenal.

Groggy, he reaches for his MOBILE. But it's dead.

Bzz-bzz. It's his *other* phone.

He bolts awake - shit! - pulls open the drawer on the bedside cabinet. The SECOND MOBILE simply says CALL 1.

BARCLAY

Oh no way.

CUT TO:

2

INT. BARCLAY'S FLAT, SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

2

Tiny room, single bed. KIRBY, a stropky non-binary teen, being woken up by their DAD, BARCLAY.

BARCLAY

Hey. Sorry. Sorry. Gotta get up.
It's me, c'mon, I'm sorry.

KIRBY

Wha..?

BARCLAY

I'm sorry babes, I've gotta go.
There's this thing in Scotland.
I'm not supposed to say but it's an
oil spill. They need me, and
you've got to go to your mum's.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. BARCLAY'S FLATS - NIGHT

3

London. Southwark, council flats. BARCLAY with a big DUFFLE BAG, KIRBY all resentful with a HOLDALL, hurry out. A JAGUAR with DRIVER waiting for them. Barclay approaching the rear door, on edge, knowing this will be difficult.

He opens it. Sitting in the back: SERGEANT HANA CHAKRI, 35, British Thai, in UNIT UNIFORM. (NB, Barclay not in uniform, he's UNIT'S CIVILIAN STAFF.) Both surprised.

BARCLAY
Oh. Right. Hello.

HANA
Why have they activated you?

Barclay realises Hana hasn't seen Kirby, behind him.

BARCLAY
I don't know. This is Kirby, my child, they're with me.

HANA
But...
(you idiot)
I'm in uniform.

BARCLAY
We need to drop them off at their mum's, in Fulham, it's on the way.

HANA
We can get a taxi in 2 minutes.

KIRBY
I'm old enough, I'm not a kid!

BARCLAY
You're not crossing London on your own, and that's just how it is, I'm sorry, but that's what's happening.

CUT TO:

4 INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

4

Driving through the night. BARCLAY uncomfortable, KIRBY sulking, HANA pissed off. Everyone awkward. Silence, then:

KIRBY
So why are you with soldiers?

BARCLAY
Because. With an oil spill. There might be... arguments.

And back to silence.

CUT TO:

5

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

5

A small terraced house in Fulham. BARBARA DUPONT, 36, British Ghanaian, BARCLAY'S soon-to-be-ex, in her DOORWAY. BARCLAY facing her as KIRBY heads in, goes upstairs, sullen. Barclay & Barbara a bit spiky, but they get on okay; Barc & Barb just married too young. Behind Barbara, lights are on, music drifts out, a dinner party winding down at 2am.

BARCLAY

Thanks. Sorry about this.

BARBARA

Can't be helped, I suppose. You and that bloody job, when are you back?

BARCLAY

Can't tell yet, I'll text you. Sorry to interrupt the party. Who's there, Clive and Kaleesha?

BARBARA

Yeah. And Stanley.

BARCLAY

Well. He would be. See you then -

He runs to the JAGUAR, Barbara closes her FRONT DOOR. Barclay gets in the back. HANA grim, as the car drives off.

HANA

You've broken so many rules.

BARCLAY

I know. Sorry. And. I meant to say. I'm sorry about Christmas.

HANA

If you can't drink, don't.
(of her mobile)
I checked. Apparently you're on board to replace Roger Trevithick, he's gone to Gibraltar, according to this. So we get you instead.

BARCLAY

(alarmed)

Is that what it says?

HANA

Yup.

And then she cuts it dead by getting busy on her MOBILE.

Barclay: gulp! Roger Trevithick is the worst news of all.

CUT TO:

5A

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

5A

DRONE SHOTS, the CAR driving through the city. Crossing a BRIDGE. The glint of dark water below.

CUT TO:

6

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - NIGHT

6

The JAGUAR pulls up.

Alongside a SECOND JAGUAR, a CESSNA CITATION SOVEREIGN, with SOLDIERS & STAFF on the tarmac (UNIT transport is a mix of military and private hire, staff 70% military, 30% civilian).

BARCLAY getting out, and HANA.

BARCLAY

Just. That thing about Roger Trevithick. Did that come from HR?

HANA

How should I know?
(salutes)
General.

GENERAL PIERCE approaching; he's 60, African-American (from Torchwood: Children of Earth). A good, strong soldier. He hands an IPAD to Hana; she takes it, heads off to the plane.

GENERAL PIERCE

Sergeant Chakri, welcome aboard.
(to Barclay)
And you are..?

BARCLAY

Barclay Pierre-Dupont, sir, I'm Roger Trevithick's replacement.

GENERAL PIERCE

(hands him an iPad)
The civilian. Read and assess.

BARCLAY

But. I meant to say. The thing about Roger Trevithick, did that come from HR, or..?

GENERAL PIERCE

Barclay Pierre-Dupont. Does that surname make you French?

BARCLAY

On my father's side, yeah.

GENERAL PIERCE

Très bien.

And the General walks on, to OTHER SOLDIERS. Barclay, out of his depth, not sure what to do, heads for the plane. The next stage of the worst journey of his life...

CUT TO:

7

INT. CESSNA - NIGHT

7

It's a 9-seater, single seats with an aisle. SEATED: HANA, plus CAPTAIN LOUISE MACKIE, 40, plus two ARMED SOLDIERS. At the back: CORPORAL PIP MORGAN, 28, blonde, smiley. Barclay knows him vaguely, heads for the seat opposite him.

BARCLAY

Hey there. Pip, isn't it?

PIP

Yeah. Barclay. Didn't think I'd see you on this sort of thing.

BARCLAY

I'm replacing Roger Trevithick.

PIP

Oh my God, he went to Gibraltar, that monkey scenario is so mad.

Barclay thinking: fuck, as GENERAL PIERCE addresses all:

GENERAL PIERCE

We arrive on Cabrera at 05.30, from there we get taken to the island of Dragonera, the village is called Cala Escondida, designated Prime Location. There's a lot to take in so I'd suggest you make a start.

And everyone including the ARMED SOLDIERS does so - iPads on, EARPODS in, all focused, intense, as the JET ENGINES START.

Except Barclay. He's getting more and more worried.

He taps his CODE into his iPad, a WHITE BOX says:

Access denied.

Tries again. Same thing. Again, again, again, can't get in.

Pip looks up. He's got access, and he's reading the files, mouths at Barclay, 'Wow'. Pip holds up his iPad, sharing:

CUT TO:

8 INT. CAVE - NIGHT 8

On Pip's iPad, HAND HELD CAMERA grabbing: a dark, wet CAVE, FIVE of the CREATURES! Furious and ATTACKING THE CAMERA -

CUT TO:

9 INT. CESSNA - NIGHT 9

BARCLAY glimpses barely a second of Sc.8 - what the hell?!? - then PIP grins, turns his iPad away, gets back to work.

Barclay trapped. He shouldn't be here. Shit.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. SKY - DAWN 10

The CESSNA in flight. Ahead, a glimmer of dawn.

CUT TO:

11 INT. CESSNA - DAY 11

Early light slanting through the windows. BARCLAY looking round. GENERAL PIERCE & CAPTAIN LOUISE MACKIE in muttered conversation. HANA & ARMED SOLDIERS on iPad & EARPODS. It's quiet enough for Barclay to shuffle round to Pip, who's glad to talk, excited. Across the aisle, whispered, intense:

PIP
Amazing, isn't it? Mind. Blown.

BARCLAY
Yeah, did you ever hear that story?
About the woman in the Post Room?

PIP
The one they shot dead?

BARCLAY
Is that true?

PIP
That's what they say.

BARCLAY
They actually shot her?

PIP
She leaked a load of documents.

BARCLAY
By mistake.

PIP

Well she won't do it again.

BARCLAY

But. The thing is. With Roger Trevithick. Look.

(moves closer, quieter)

I replaced him. For one day. Back in 2020. His wife had a baby and it was premature so he had to rush off and I just happened to be there. All I had to do was answer his phone. Which didn't even ring. So that was that. But then I went on file, as Roger Trevithick's replacement, and ever since then. I've sort of stayed there.

PIP

How was the baby?

BARCLAY

The baby was fine. But the thing is, I got stuck on the list in HR. Roger Trevithick's replacement. I'd get like, memos, and... there was this one time, I even got tickets to Japan, and I'd email back, saying, that's not me, I'm not Roger Trevithick's replacement. And they'd go, sorry, and I'd go, take me off the list, and they'd go yes, okay, we've done it, and then the same thing would happen again. I must have sent them like a dozen emails. All of them saying, I'm not Roger Trevithick's replacement.

PIP

So...?

BARCLAY

So I'm not Roger Trevithick's replacement. I'm Grade Ten.

Pip is horrified.

PIP

...ten? You're *ten*?

BARCLAY

They didn't really shoot that woman, did they?

PIP

Why didn't you say?!

BARCLAY

Because - they were - I wasn't -

Pip shrinks back in his seat, turns away as far as he can.

PIP

Don't talk to me. You haven't told me. I didn't show you anything.

BARCLAY

But what do I do?!

But Pip jams in earpods, cuts him DEAD.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP, CABRERA - DAY

12

CABRERA, an island in the Mediterranean. 05.30, bright sun already. BARCLAY'S nightmare goes on, as GENERAL PIERCE, CAPTAIN LOUISE MACKIE, ARMED SOLDIERS, plus BARCLAY, CORPORAL PIP and HANA, already disembarked from the JET, head for...

A UNIT CHINOOK helicopter.

JUMP CUT, Barclay clambers on, straps, buckle, click, he's given a HELMET & MIC to maintain comms. He jams it on. So unhappy. He's never been in a helicopter before. He's barely been abroad. Florida, Disneyland, twice.

The ROTORS WHINE, the helicopter rises. Barclay praying.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN - DAY

13

The HELICOPTER flying over beautiful blue seas.

CUT TO:

14

INT. AIRBUS HELICOPTER - DAY

14

BARCLAY looking down. Terrified. GENERAL PIERCE on comms:

GENERAL PIERCE

Remember: don't go in the water.
Don't even touch it. Not one drop.
As of now, the Mediterranean Sea is
hostile territory.

Barclay, even more terrified. What?!

PILOT OVER COMMS
Approaching now, arrival in six
minutes, the Island of Dragonera.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. MEDITERRANEAN & ISLAND OF DRAGONERA - DAY 15

And the helicopter soars over...

DRAGONERA. A jagged landscape rising out of the sea, like a fin. Villages dotted along the coast.

It's beautiful.

It's the first arena of the war.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. ISLAND OF DRAGONERA, VALLEY - DAY 16

The CHINOOK HELICOPTER soars between CLIFFTOPS.

JUMP CUT: BARCLAY, on the ground, in the valley, with all soldiers now changed into CAMOUFLAGE GEAR; GENERAL PIERCE, CAPTAIN MACKIE, HANA, CORPORAL PIP, TWO ARMED SOLDIERS being given HEAVY BACKPACKS by SOLDIERS already there.

And Hana & soldiers now arming themselves with GUNS. Barclay wide-eyed, as this gets more and more serious.

Also, a BOTTLE OF WATER and a CUP of THREE PILLS. Barclay on his own, watches Hana. She takes pills, water, Barclay does too. DURING THIS, GENERAL PIERCE addressing them all.

GENERAL PIERCE
These are basic anti-contams,
you'll be given repeat doses every
two hours, fast as we can, the
village is 15 minutes away.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. DRAGONERA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 17

Rough landscape. BARCLAY lagging behind, HANA, CORPORAL PIP & SOLDIERS yomping ahead. Barclay's fit enough, but this is all so mad. And hot! And kind of terrifying.

BEHIND Barclay: GENERAL PIERCE & CAPTAIN LOUISE MACKIE. Barclay aware he doesn't want the General to overtake him.

And as he rounds the coast, there's...

CUT TO:

18

EXT. VILLAGE OF CALA ESCONDIDA - DAY

18

A rough-and-tumble collection of houses, right on the edge of the SEA. But it's EMPTY of villagers. Just UNIT soldiers, positioned all the way into the distance.

They reach the housing, BARCLAY bewildered, reaching HANA and PIP, who are offloading their BACKPACKS, while CAPTAIN LOUISE MACKIE & the two ARMED SOLDIERS peel off (heading for the tents). HEAVY EQUIPMENT stands nearby, including 2 LARGE, BLACK FEATURELESS CASES. As GENERAL PIERCE catches up:

GENERAL PIERCE

The village has been evacuated,
we've put out a story about a spill
of toxic waste along the coastline.
(indicates the cases)
Now then. Sergeant?

Hana runs over, takes one case.

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)

And Barclay.

HANA

I can carry both, sir.

GENERAL PIERCE

(reminds her)
One civilian. At all times.

Barclay guesses he should take CASE 2. ALL march on:

As they march out of the village, there, in the distance: an OLD OUTHOUSE, maybe some sort of BARN. But much of it's concealed by PLASTIC TENTING with SOLDIERS on guard.

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)

They hung it far away from the
village. Like they were scared of
it. Even in death.

Barclay thinking: what?!

CLOSER: OUTHOUSE, Barclay looking up at the translucent two-storey PLASTIC SHEETING & SCAFFOLDING forming an entrance.

They head in. Barclay wide-eyed. Scared.

CUT TO:

19

INT. OUTHOUSE, DECONTAMINATION TENT - DAY

19

GENERAL PIERCE leads in BARCLAY & HANA, with their CASES, plus PIP. White POLYTHENE WALLS, with HAZMAT STAFF on duty, beside two 8ft TALL THIN POLES, like big electric heaters.

HAZMAT STAFF

Just stand where you are, please.

They stand between the two poles. Wait.

A HUM OF POWER. Building. Cranking up, up, up.

Barclay wondering, what the hell?

Then... PURPLE. BRIGHT PURPLE LIGHT. BZZZZ! This tent and the poles are a vast, powerful UVC DECONTAMINATION UNIT.

LIGHT OFF. Barclay blinking. The General leads them in...

CUT TO:

20

INT. outhouse, VILLAGE OF CALA ESCONDIDA - DAY

20

...and BARCLAY'S long, strange journey has led him here.

A CREATURE has been CRUCIFIED in here; hauled up on ropes, six feet in the air, arms splayed out, ropes tied to beams in the half-barn roof. The plaster wall of the house behind it.

A 6ft-plus BODY. Slightly human face. But with an extended snout. Though somehow elegant at the back of the head, the skull stretching out, backwards, into two long, beautiful fins. The flesh green and scaly.

NB, the DECONTAMINATION TENT surrounds this entire outhouse. The outhouse was built onto the house itself, so no proper floor was ever paved. The floor's well-trodden, baked earth.

That fact will be important.

Facing the creature: HI-TECH EQUIPMENT. HUGE RAISED LAMPS like an OPERATING THEATRE. A 6-ft-diameter CIRCULAR DEVICE like an MRI SCANNER. CONSOLES, TECHNICIANS in WHITE COATS & UNIT SERGEANTS & a LANCE-CORPORAL at work. Plus COLONEL TARIQ HASHIM, 40, Arab Muslim. He knows Pierce of old.

GENERAL PIERCE

Colonel.

COLONEL HASHIM

General. Quite a sight, isn't it?

And they take it in. Barclay stares, amazed. ALL amazed. The crucified position makes this seem both holy and unholy.

COLONEL HASHIM (CONT'D)

Caught 5 kilometres off the coast. They shot it dead but then thought they could make money out of it. Hauled it up. The Monster from the Deep.

(MORE)

COLONEL HASHIM (CONT'D)

We saw it online, declared it a hoax, flew in from Madrid, sealed the place off. But it's quite a find. It's the first time we've seen one exactly like this.

GENERAL PIERCE

In mythology and superstition, we called them Sea Devils. But we're better than that, now. Let's say... Homo Aqua.

MIN TSO, CHIEF TECHNICIAN, late 20s, Korean Chinese, non-military:

MIN

We think their species branched off from temnospondyls, so the correct name would be homospondyl erectus.

GENERAL PIERCE

I say Homo Aqua, cos that's what it looks like. Do we have a sex?

MIN

Difficult to say. The genitalia suggest a reptilian cloaca, which is found on both male and female.

GENERAL PIERCE

Was there a pearl?

Min holds up in TWEEZERS... A PEARL.

MIN

Plain and simple. Nothing artificial. Calcium carbonate, 60% aragonite, 40% calcite.

GENERAL PIERCE

Then I suggest we return it to its rightful place.

SOLDIERS move a yellow-metal SET OF STEPS in front of the creature. Min, careful, holding the PEARL in the TWEEZERS, walks up the steps, rising up to the creature's head.

During this, the General informing Barclay, Hana & Pip:

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)

Every time we find a creature like this. We find the pearl. It might be simple decoration, mankind has worn pearls ever since... God knows when. But every pearl gets analysed. And we've found nothing, no technology, no inscription.

(MORE)

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)

But still. Does it signify a
caste? Or belief. Or identity.

Min's face so close to the creature's. She lifts the tweezers up to its throat, at the join of the collar-bone.

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)

But the pearl is always located at the base of the throat. Actually embedded in the skin. We think it's placed there at birth.

Min presses the PEARL against the creature's skin. The skin allows it in; the pearl settles within the throat. Then, as Min retreats back down the steps:

HANA

It goes back at least 2,000 years, sir. The use of pearls as jewellery. It's said Cleopatra removed her pearl earring, dissolved it in vinegar, and drank it. In front of Marc Antony.

Barclay thinks: oh you swot.

GENERAL PIERCE

Could be useful. File that. Ready for the DeepScan?

HANA

Yes, sir.

She holds up her CASE. Barclay copies her.

BARCLAY

Yes, sir.

GENERAL PIERCE

Good-good, Morgan, you can join the team here and liaise with Sergeant Brock, thank you, Min, I think your team can stand down.

MIN

Thank you, sir. Let's pack up.

Technicians start to CLOSE the CIRCULAR DEVICE. Pierce and Hashim head out, Hana follows. Pip goes to the Lance-Corporal - a glance at Barclay, you liar - then he busies himself. Barclay alone for a second. He puts down his CASE.

He takes a step towards the creature.

Stares up. The most amazing thing he's ever seen.

Its face.

Its beauty.

Its crucifixion.

Barclay in awe.

Then, about to leave, looking at the creature, as a farewell -
He crosses himself.

A fleeting gesture, he's barely religious, just echoes of
childhood. But it's what his mother would have done.

In the war to come, that moment might save the world.

Then Barclay picks up his CASE, hurries out, gone.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. CLIFFTOP OVERLOOKING MEDITERRANEAN - DAY

21

The most beautiful view. Below, secluded BEACHES. Outcrops
of ROCK. And beyond: the SEA, the endless sea. Glittering
to the horizon. Distant, smaller islands faded in the heat.

PIERCE, HASHIM, HANA, BARCLAY & SOLDIERS arriving.

GENERAL PIERCE

There are worse places to work.
(to Hana)
Charge them up.

Hana walks forward, puts her CASE down to FACE THE SEA, pulls
its LEVER. It OPENS, revealing UNIT TECHNOLOGY inside. It
starts to THRUMMM with power, then Hana stands back, behind
the General and the Colonel, on guard.

BARCLAY clearly doesn't know what to do, but follows Hana's
movements, a beat behind, copying her - walks forward, pulls
lever, opens case, then stands back behind the General.

DURING THIS, fast, the military in silent action, SOLDIERS
bring forward fold-out CHAIRS, place them, facing the sea,
Pierce and Hashim sit like two elderly gentlemen on holiday.

To complete the illusion, one SOLDIER brings forward a FLASK
and two BEAKERS. Pours them a CUP OF TEA.

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)

Thank you. Cheers.

COLONEL HASHIM

Cheers.

And everyone stands on DUTY. These two perfectly at ease.

Barclay hot - he's sweating! - but listening to every word.

And throughout, almost unnoticed, the THRUMMM builds...

GENERAL PIERCE

I was stationed in Madrid, when I was in the regular army. 19 years old. I got so drunk one night... Long time ago.

(back to work)

I just wonder what they're doing here. I mean, it's a pond, the Mediterranean. It's got no depth.

COLONEL HASHIM

January 2020, there was an avalanche. Underwater. Lasting two days. Off the west coast of Africa, spreading over 12 hundred kilometres. Massive event. All hidden under the sea.

GENERAL PIERCE

You think it was them?

COLONEL HASHIM

It severed communications cables. Which I think is significant.

GENERAL PIERCE

They're waking up. And the world is two thirds water. If it's us against them...

And now the THRUMM is building up to...

BOOMPH! It peaks in a WAVE OF SOUND from the CASES. For Barclay, it's like being suddenly thrown underwater. No pain, no action as such, just... PRESSURE, in SILENCE. It's like the world goes black & white for a second, Barclay suspended, the sheer lack of noise suspending him...

...and back to normal. BRIGHT SUNLIGHT. Normal NOISE.

Pierce and Hashim STAND, shaking it off, Hana & soldiers too. Like they're used to it, Pierce amused by Barclay's blinking.

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)

Well, I think they heard that.

BARCLAY

...what was it, sir?

GENERAL PIERCE

A message. We said hello.

And the soldiers hurry in to fold up the chairs, Pierce and Hashim strolling back, all so civil. Barclay watches Hana - she closes the CASE, picks it up, follows them - so does he.

He hurries along with his case, hot, bothered, worried.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. VILLAGE OF CALA ESCONDIDA - NIGHT 22

A FULL MOON has risen over the VILLAGE. All quiet. SOLDIERS on GUARD. NEAR THE VILLAGE: the UNIT encampment, a series of military TENTS, like a Field Hospital. Peaceful. But tense.

CUT TO:

23 INT. CANVAS TENTS - NIGHT 23

UNIT accommodation, CANVAS TENTING, with cheap, thin ARMY CAMP-BEDS in rows. No divide between male & female, BARCLAY now a bit nonplussed as HANA strips off in front of him. She's not naked, just down to sportswear; she doesn't care, but he's very aware and awkward.

He's taking off his trousers and folding them neatly.

BARCLAY

Um. Can we use our phones yet?

HANA

No.

And she goes to bed, doesn't bother with a sheet - it's too hot - turns away from him.

Barclay just lies back. Oh, he wants to go home.

CUT TO:

24 INT. outhouse, VILLAGE OF CALA ESCONDIDA - NIGHT 24

CORPORAL PIP and PRIVATE BUSHRA ABDALLAH on duty; she's 19, Arab, tough, stocky, good fun.

The room quiet, still lit by ARC LIGHTS. The CREATURE still suspended. EQUIPMENT closed down, locked up. Idle chat:

PIP

...no, it's a true story, that's why people die. Most common domestic accident. They fall downstairs and break their necks.

BUSHRA

So what are you supposed to do?

PIP

You go like this, as you fall -
(arms out)
(MORE)

PIP (CONT'D)

You starfish. It jams you into the stairwell. You stop falling.

BUSHRA

But who's gonna remember that?
You're falling, you don't think,
what do I do? What kind of fish?

PIP

That's the point! No one remembers. So you die.

That's all chat. While unnoticed...

At the BASE OF A TABLE... WATER.

Beginning to POOL. Rising UP. Baked earth becoming liquid.

CUT TO:

25

INT. CANVAS TENTS - NIGHT

25

Silence. Only the sound of CICADAS.

BARCLAY in bed, under a thin, single sheet. Faint glow; he's secretly turned on his phone, huddles to hide it.

More bad news, texts from Barbara.

Need to talk Kirby's school, phone me.

Call me.

Your job's not this important. CALL ME.

Barclay sighs. He's in more trouble. And then...

The cicadas STOP. Sudden silence.

HANA sits upright in bed.

She and Barclay listen. Unnerved. What..?

CUT TO:

26

INT. OUTHOUSE, VILLAGE OF CALA ESCONDIDA - NIGHT

26

PIP turns, takes a step, but -

PIP

Oh what the..?

His feet are in MUD. He lifts his boot up. Messy.

PIP (CONT'D)
What's all this? Something's
leaking. Bloody hell.

BUSHRA
Careful, is it chemicals - ?

- she walks across and -
- steps into PROPER MUD. FEET sink, up to her ANKLES.

BUSHRA (CONT'D)
Woah.

PIP
What is it, is it water?

BUSHRA
I don't know, it must be. It's all
mud! Where's it coming from -

But then, with a sudden LURCH -

- she's pulled down to her WAIST. Scared now. The whole
floor getting WETTER, more FLUID, and -

The DESKS and CHAIRS and EQUIPMENT begin to lurch, SINK,
sliding down into the LIQUID GROUND. Slow but remorseless.

PIP
What the hell..?

He strides towards Bushra, but SINKS TO HIS SHINS -

PIP (CONT'D)
No no no. Hold on to me -

- he's stuck, reaches out his hand - she's too far away -

BUSHRA
I can't.

PIP
Bit more. Almost.

BUSHRA
No, I'm okay, I'm fine, I'm just -

And SCHWUP! She goes DOWN! UNDERWATER, in a second. GONE.

PIP
Oh Jesus -
(yells into comms)
We need help! *We need help!*

COMMS just crackle, blocked. He's trying to stride over to
where Bushra was but he's sinking, slowly, like a bog - but
speeding up, more WATER running in, now like quicksand -

Around him, DESKS, TABLES, CHAIRS are SINKING DOWN -
The BIG MRI SCANNER slides down into the MUD, SCHWUP, GONE.

PIP (CONT'D)
I said we need hel-

Schwup! He's PULLED DOWN. UNDERWATER. No sign of him. The floor is now A POOL of BLACK WATER. It RIPPLES. BUBBLES.

The last of the equipment VANISHES UNDERWATER.

The BUBBLES stop.

For a moment, silence. Just the rippling floor.

THEN WHOOSH, in a FOUNTAIN OF WATER -

A SECOND CREATURE, identical to the first, LEAPS UP from the WATER! It clings to its dead-kind, and YANKS. Hands pulling. Snapping the WIRES and ROPES holding up the body.

The WIRES set off the ALARMS.

CUT TO:

27 INT. CANVAS TENTS - NIGHT 27

ALARMS sound - HANA leaps out of bed -

- other SOLDIERS too, leaping into action. BARCLAY scared, pulling on his JACKET, but watching -

HANA checks her HOLSTER, her GUN - Barclay's POV whip-pans across, another SOLDIER, HOLSTER & GUN, then a THIRD SOLDIER, HOLSTER & GUN, all checking arms, fast. But Barclay unarmed!

CUT TO:

28 INT. outhouse, village of Cala Escondida - NIGHT 28

The final ropes snap, the CREATURE and the DEAD CREATURE'S BODY fall into the water with a HUGE SPLASH -

CUT TO:

29 EXT. VILLAGE OF CALA ESCONDIDA - NIGHT 29

GENERAL PIERCE, his jacket half-buttoned, RUNS to the house, the ALARM still sounding from the tented outhouse.

SOLDIERS run with him, HANA & BARCLAY joining -

They run into the DECONTAMINATION TENT -

CUT TO:

30

INT. DECONTAMINATION TENT - NIGHT

30

GENERAL PIERCE, BARCLAY & HANA run in, with 2 more SOLDIERS -
THREE SOLDIERS stop them; they were first here, they've been
into the outhouse, but now BLOCK THE WAY. PRIVATE JANE HART:
23, she's young, new, but good at her job, won't back down.

GENERAL PIERCE
What's happened?

PRIVATE HART
You have to decontaminate, sir.

The HUM OF POWER from the TWO POLES is already building...

GENERAL PIERCE
But what's happened in there?

PRIVATE HART
I'm sorry, sir, you'll be able to
see. Once you've decontaminated.

GENERAL PIERCE
Captain, tell me what's happened.

PRIVATE HART
They've gone, sir.

GENERAL PIERCE
What d'you mean?

PRIVATE HART
Everything's gone.

Then BZZZZ! BRIGHT PURPLE LIGHT. General Pierce, Barclay &
Hana blink. LIGHT OFF, they walk forward, to find...

CUT TO:

31

INT. outhouse, village of Calá Escondida - NIGHT

31

...it's EMPTY.

And SOLID. The floor is BAKED EARTH again. Water withdrawn.

GENERAL PIERCE, BARCLAY & HANA look round. No creature.
It's weird - all the EQUIPMENT'S GONE. That huge scanner...?
But no sign of trouble, no sign of a fight, no sign of...

GENERAL PIERCE
Who was on duty?

HANA
Corporal Morgan and Private
Abdallah.

GENERAL PIERCE
Then where are they? And where's
that thing?

IE, the CREATURE's gone, the ROPES and WIRES just hanging.

HANA
But we were just... seconds away.
They can't have got far.

But Barclay has seen...

A RUNG OF METAL. A handle..? Embedded in the earth. He
kneels by it. Brushes away a few flakes of soil. Is it..?

He tugs at it. It's buried, stuck. The earth is clearly
dry, dust, solid. No moisture. But he grunts, PULLS -

The earth gives, and he yanks HALFWAY UP -

A CHAIR. A metal pole chair. One of their chairs. But...

BARCLAY
...how did it...?

From OUTSIDE, BZZZZT, and more decontaminated STAFF step
through - COLONEL HASHIM, and four more SOLDIERS -

GENERAL PIERCE
Hold on, keep the area clear.

COLONEL HASHIM
But... they've stripped the place
bare, where did everything go? Who
was on duty?

But the General already knows. Grim, on his walkie-talkie.

GENERAL PIERCE
Corporal Morgan. Private Abdallah.
Please report your location.
(no reply)
Corporal Morgan, Private Abdallah -

HANA
We can search the village, sir -

But he silences her with a gesture. All tense now, watching.

GENERAL PIERCE
Corporal Morgan, Private Abdallah,
please report. Corporal Morgan,
Private Abdallah, please report.

And he's listening. He prowls round. Looking down.

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)
Corporal Morgan, Private Abdallah?

He goes on to ALL FOURS. Listening to the floor.

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)
Corporal Morgan, Private Abdallah.
Please report your location.

He finds one specific spot.

His ear close to the ground.

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)
Corporal Morgan. Private Abdallah.

And this close... he can hear HIS OWN VOICE.

UNDER the earth.

His voice is echoing from his own soldiers' comms.

And now, he's no longer a general, he's desperate, horrified,
as he rakes at the earth with his HANDS. Hana joins him.

Barclay staring, in horror, realising...

Pierce, Hana and a SOLDIER pull up CHUNKS of DRY EARTH -

And there's a HAND.

Pip Morgan's dead hand. Buried in dry earth.

They stop. Pierce sits back. Appalled.

Barclay stunned, walking forward.

BARCLAY
What's happened..?

He sees the hand.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
But... What's that? What is that?
(no one replies)
What is that?

CUT TO:

BARCLAY sits on the step of an empty HOUSE and SOBS. HANA
with him. She's stronger, but both shaken to the core.
(Someone brought the rest of their kit, fully dressed now.)

HANA

I think. People are saying.
They're not just *from* water. They
can manipulate water. Like they
could flood the room, and dry the
room, in seconds, I don't know.

BARCLAY

Who can?

HANA

...you've read the files.

BARCLAY

I haven't.

GENERAL PIERCE walking up, tired, grim.

GENERAL PIERCE

I wanted to say. Sorry you had to
see that.

BARCLAY

I'm the wrong one.

GENERAL PIERCE

If that was your first death -

BARCLAY

(can't stop, upset)
I'm here by mistake. I haven't got
clearance, I'm Grade Ten, I work in
transport, I'm a clerk, you were
meant to have Roger Trevithick, I
got sent here by mistake and I
don't want to be shot.

GENERAL PIERCE

What?

BARCLAY

Don't shoot me.

GENERAL PIERCE

Why would I shoot you?

BARCLAY

Cos I shouldn't be here.

GENERAL PIERCE

Are you saying... you're here by
accident?

BARCLAY

Yes sir.

But General Pierce has seen it all; calm, amused.

GENERAL PIERCE

And that, I suspect, is how history is made. One great big chain of mistakes. But still! The UNIT protocols state: at times of historical or cultural or political impact, a member of the civilian staff must stand alongside the military, as witness. And they could not be more civilian than you. Too late to turn back now, Barclay, good luck!

And Pierce strides away, fast.

HANA

I knew it. You're the wrong man. You're that idiot from transport.

BARCLAY

Hey.

HANA

I got a first class degree and did intensive training at St Andrews for three years to get here. You blundered in. By mistake.

BARCLAY

(to defend himself)

Yeah, but I once met the Doctor.

That stops her. Hana in awe.

HANA

No way.

BARCLAY

In the Tower. Last year. He walked past me. Said hello. Then he was gone.

HANA

What was he like?

BARCLAY

He was... vivid, y'know? And. Thing is. It was just this tiny little moment, and... I think about it every second of every day.

(pause)

That creature. What was it?

She sits back. The cicadas have returned; a quiet night on a beautiful Spanish island. A closeness between these two now.

HANA

The Unified Intelligence Taskforce
was created to deal with alien
lifeforms. But this species isn't
alien. They're from Earth. They
were here before us.

BARCLAY

...what does that mean?

HANA

We're not even the first human race. And before us... There was Homo Reptilia. And Homo Aqua.

BARCLAY

No.

HANA

You saw it.

BARCLAY

What, and they died out?

HANA

They hibernated. Underground. And this was when the Earth was young, cos the planet reformed around them, and sealed them in.

BARCLAY

No, but... where's the fossils? And the ruins and things?

HANA

It's before the fossil record even begins. But sometimes proof is found. And we hide it.

BARCLAY

What for?

HANA

Think about it. They were here first. Millions of years ago. So the planet... belongs to them. Technically, we inherited their world, but if they're not dead... What if they want it back?

But then she sees...

FAR-OFF, two SOLDIERS running. Towards the beach. She looks the other way. MORE SOLDIERS, running.

Hana jumps to her feet, ALERT, Barclay doing the same - just as PRIVATE HART runs up, scared -

PRIVATE HART

H.S.1 on the beach, Grid Nine.

Simultaneously, over Hana's w/t: 'Unit 5, HS1, Grid 9.'

HANA

Confirmed.

And they're already running.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. DIRT TRACK, OUTSIDE CALA ESCONDIDA - NIGHT 33

BARCLAY realises they're running DOWN. Towards the BEACH.

He's running with HANA, HART & SOLDIERS. Looking round, he sees more SOLDIERS spreading out across the CLIFFTOPS. ARC LIGHTS snap on, on the back of LORRIES along the cliff edge.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 34

It's a FULL MOON tonight.

BARCLAY, HANA & HART arriving on the BEACH. A beautiful, wide curve of sand, flanked by ROCKFACE & VEGETATION. FLARES in the SAND, burning into the night

A SOLDIER shoves a CAMERA in Barclay's hand, runs off -

BARCLAY

What's that for - ?

HANA

You're the civilian witness, you record everything. That could be our testimony, if we get killed.

BARCLAY

If we get what - ?!

But he follows, helpless, as she leads him towards a rough length of SANDBAGS & RAILINGS, built into the sand, like a ditch in warfare. As they run to it, Barclay taking in:

RANKS OF SOLDIERS on the beach facing the water, all with GUNS RAISED - SOLDIERS above on the CLIFFTOPS, ARC LIGHTS both up there and on GROUND LEVEL.

GENERAL PIERCE & COLONEL HASHIM at the centre of the bay, at a PODIUM: it's wired up with CABLES running to a sort of VIDEO VILLAGE, 20ft away, RACKS OF SCANNERS & DESKS & RECORDING DEVICES to monitor and analyse everything. All being hastily cabled up by OPERATIVES - it feels like this was thrown together in 5 minutes, but expertly so. At the back of the bay, a GENERATOR keeps all this running. ALSO, two uniformed UNIT CAMERA TEAMS setting up, fast, to record.

- Barclay also seeing -

SOLDIERS laying out SMOOTH DUCKBOARDS, fast, well-rehearsed, to make a PATH for STEVE CHESNEY, 23, bright, a boffin, to WHEELCHAIR himself to the Video Village, where he's needed.

- and then Barclay looks to see -

Two brave OPERATIVES run a CABLE down to the WATER'S EDGE, positioning a MIC & SCANNER, to face...

A CREATURE.

HOMO AQUA.

KNEE-DEEP in the SEA, facing the land. Like the Sc.20 creature. Tall. Reptilian. A PEARL in its throat. The head, the noble fins sweeping back. It stands unafraid.

Barclay, Hana and Hart position themselves at the SANDBAGS. Barclay holding his CAMERA up, recording everything.

And all eyes are on the Creature.

This is the first diplomatic engagement of the war.

GENERAL PIERCE

At my command. Arms down.

All soldiers LOWER THEIR GUNS. But still tense, ready.

The creature watching. Studying these people. Calm. Its eyes like the eyes of a fish, impossible to read.

Hana nudges Barclay, to put in his standard-issue comms EARPIECE. He does so, and now hears everything. On comms:

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT'D)

How are we on translation?

The VIDEO VILLAGE staffed by MIN, monitoring the creature's temperature, etc, and CAPTAIN LOUISE MACKIE: She handles translation; next to her, STEVE CHESNEY running the software.

STEVE

(on comms)

Aligned and running, three, two, one... and ready to calibrate, sir.

Then the Creature lifts its head, CALLS OUT. A greeting? A warning? A wild, high, keening. Beautiful, terrifying. Boosted by the mics and speakers, echoing all into the night.

All SOLDIERS: guns are DOWN, but TENSE, ready to fire.

Muttered:

HANA

Scared?

BARCLAY

Yeah.

HANA

Their ancestors. Hunted us. So
we've got a race memory, of terror.
We're born to be scared of them.

The Creature brings its cry to a HALT. Waits.

At Video Village, Captain Mackie & Steve are delighted.
Steve has a slim, black UNIT-TECH HEADSET as an EYE-TRACKING
DEVICE. ESTABLISH THIS: his EYE, moving the CURSOR on
SCREEN, opening translation windows.

STEVE

(on comms)

We're calibrated, sir, ready to go.

And General Pierce steps up to his podium. On MIC. He talks
to the Creature, his words being BROADCAST on SPEAKERS, while
he stays on separate comms to Captain Mackie & Steve.

But the SPEAKERS play his words, TRANSLATED; bursts of
guttural syllables, English converted into the Creature's
language, lagging a second or two behind the General's actual
words. Steve's eye-tracking working hard to transmit this.

When the General is on COMMS, it's private, to his STAFF.
When he's on MIC, it's broadcast, to the Creature. He can
toggle his mic ON & OFF to talk discreetly on COMMS.

GENERAL PIERCE

(on mic)

My name is General Austin Pierce.
I represent the Unified Military
Taskforce of the Combined Nations
of the Drylands of Earth. And I
welcome you into diplomatic
concord.

The creature tilts its head, like: what?

STEVE

(on comms)

Concord is a big concept, sorry,
can you think of another word?

COLONEL HASHIM

(to General Pierce)

Meeting.

GENERAL PIERCE

(on mic)

I welcome you into this diplomatic
meeting.

The creatures seems to accepts that. Thinks. Then:

CREATURE
<five syllables>

Steve's software converts this. Captain Louise Mackie's job now is to speak the translated words to General Pierce:

CAPTAIN MACKIE
(on comms)
You killed us.

BARCLAY
Oh God.

General Pierce so careful:

GENERAL PIERCE
(on mic)
You. Then. Took two lives. And
now. I suggest. We stop.

An almighty pause, then...

CREATURE
<one syllable>

CAPTAIN MACKIE
(on comms)
Agreed.

The whole bay: phew.

GENERAL PIERCE
(on mic)
I hope we can meet in peace.

CREATURE
<one syllable>

CAPTAIN MACKIE
(on comms)
Agreed.

GENERAL PIERCE
(on mic)
And learn from each other.

CREATURE
<one syllable>

CAPTAIN MACKIE
(on comms)
Agreed.

GENERAL PIERCE
(on mic)
And work to forge a friendship.
Between the land and the sea.

CREATURE
<one syllable>

BARCLAY
(guesses, to Hana)
Agreed.

CAPTAIN MACKIE
(on comms)
Agreed.

BARCLAY
Y'see?

CREATURE
<strong, sharp syllable>

CAPTAIN MACKIE
(on comms)
But!

The whole bay, tense again.

CREATURE
<four syllables>

CAPTAIN MACKIE
(on comms)
We do not agree.

BARCLAY
Uh oh.

CREATURE
<10 syllables, complicated>

The Creature stronger now, hard to translate, Mackie & Steve reading, trying their best, mutter to each other, fast:

CAPTAIN MACKIE
Um. Do not agree with..?

CREATURE
<20 fast syllables>

CAPTAIN MACKIE
(on comms)
We would talk to all your animals.

STEVE
(corrects her)
Humans.

CAPTAIN MACKIE
(on comms)
We would talk to all... humanity.

Everyone looks at the General. He's very careful:

GENERAL PIERCE

(on mic)

This. Is the purpose. Of
diplomacy. To agree. In private -

Interrupting -

CAPTAIN MACKIE

(on comms)

Sorry, it's not 'would', it's not
the conditional tense, sir, it's,
we all talk. All. All of us.

MIN

Oh my God, it means all of *them*.

Because Min's not watching screens, she's watching the sea.

MORE CREATURES emerge.

MANY more.

HEADS rising from the water. Then TORSOS. Standing UPRIGHT.
Tall, strong soldiers of the sea. They wade closer. Ten to
one side of the first creature. Ten to the other side.

Ten more behind each of them.

The HOMO AQUA ARMY, RISING UP. The FULL MOON behind them.

On the beach, fingers on TRIGGERS.

Barclay with his camera, amazed, filming them all.

General Pierce lifts his hand. And he has absolute
authority. No one is to move. No provocation.

But the tension, as the RANKS OF CREATURES reach KNEE DEEP in
the moonlit water, and STOP. 40 of them, 50, more..?

BARCLAY

We're dead.

COLONEL HASHIM

Repeat the declaration of peace -

GENERAL PIERCE

(fed up of him)

Yes I know!

(on mic)

I say again. We come in peace.

CREATURE

<one syllable>

CAPTAIN MACKIE

(on comms)

Agreed.

Barclay, Hana & Hart mutter 'Agreed,' phew, smile, relief.

But Steve is worried, to Captain Mackie:

STEVE

No, hold on, I'm sorry, we still haven't got the right translation, 'We all talk' is a layered statement, there's another concept embedded, could he say it again?

MIN

Don't refer to them as male.

GENERAL PIERCE

(on mic)

I ask you to repeat. Your previous statement. For translation.

CREATURE

<20 fast syllables>

STEVE

We are talking to the whole world.

CAPTAIN MACKIE

(on comms)

We are talking. To the whole world. Right now. Present tense.

GENERAL PIERCE

(on comms)

What do they mean? In what way?

But as he says that... there's a PING. And a BUZZ. And a BEEP. And more PINGS and BEEPS. All across the beach.

There are MESSAGES. On the General's military PHONE, on the Colonel's, on Min's, the SOLDIERS; they'd be on silent, but these are UNIT OVERRIDE TEXTS, an EMERGENCY. Mackie, Steve, Hana, and Barclay too, getting out phones, EMERGENCY TEXTS.

Reading them. The horror. As they realise...

BARCLAY

...what's going on?

General Pierce & Colonel Hashim, horrified:

COLONEL HASHIM

It's everywhere.

GENERAL PIERCE

It's happening all over the world.

CUT TO:

35

EXT. NEW YORK - EVENING

35

1am in Spain; 7pm in New York.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY against a cloudless evening sky.

TRACKING AWAY from Liberty Island, over to the Upper Bay...

Where the WATER begins to CHURN.

Back at the statue, PEOPLE begin to run to the edges, and the steps leading down to the water. Staring out.

On Manhattan, at the Battery, PEOPLE stop and stare...

The WATER CHURNS as though something underneath is TURNING. RISING. A HUGE STRUCTURE, underwater, slowly RISING.

It emerges...

It's CORAL. SHELVES OF CORAL. Huge, football-pitch-sized shelves, outstretched leaves of LAND, fanned out in display. Still rising. Water cascading from its open surfaces.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. SHANGHAI - DAY

36

1am in Spain; 7am in Shanghai.

The SKYSCRAPERS stand tall against a dawn sky, but below them, the WATER begins to CHURN.

Again, HUGE STACKS OF CORAL are RISING.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. NEW YORK - EVENING

37

The CROWDS on MANHATTAN & LIBERTY ISLAND stare.

Out in Upper Bay, the STACKS reach their PEAK and come to a HALT. And STANDING on the open leaves on display, looking out, like masters of all they survey...

HOMO AQUA.

REVERSE: Framed against the skyscrapers of New York.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. SHANGHAI - DAY 38

RISING from the waters, on top of CORAL REEFS, like kings & queens of their domain: HOMO AQUA.

The CROWDS on the shore STARE.

Some cheering! But mostly scared. That primal fear.

HOMO AQUA stares out at this world of sunlight.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. LONDON, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - NIGHT 39

1am in Spain, MIDNIGHT in LONDON.

BIG BEN chiming TWELVE, set against the same FULL MOON.

All along the Embankment, CARS & CABS have stopped - a screech of brakes.

*

But no one cares, DRIVERS getting out to stare at the THAMES.

People lining the RIVERBANK to stare, astonished.

In the RIVER: SHELVES OF CORAL have risen up, right in front of the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, before WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

And standing atop the reef: HOMO AQUA.

CUT TO:

40 INT. BBC NEWS STUDIO - DAY 40

SUDDEN, HARD CUT to MEDIA, HEADLINES, ENERGY. MUSIC DRIVING Sc.40-46, intercut fast, channel-hopping, layered with shots of DANGER: CROWDS rioting, SOLDIERS marching, GUNBOATS at sea, etc. But also shots of CELEBRATION: PARTIES, FIREWORKS over WATER, underwater shots of DIVERS swimming with WHALES.

BBC NEWSREADER to CAMERA.

BBC NEWSREADER
...and today, humanity reacts to
the simple fact: the species that
came before us has woken up.

CUT TO:

41 INT. CHINESE NEWS STUDIO - DAY 41

GRAPHICS: Chinese government determined to retain ownership of the South China Sea. MALE NEWSREADER, in CHINESE:

CHINESE NEWSREADER
Zhūxí céng biāoshi, rènhé
shēngchēng yōngyōu nànhāi
suōyōquán de qītú dōu jiāng
zāo dào jūnshì xíngdòng...

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
<The South China Sea will
remain the property of the
People's Republic of China,
and any attempt to claim
otherwise will be seen as an
act of war.>

CUT TO:

42 INT. US NEWS STUDIO - DAY 42

AMNN NEWS, the host TRINITY WELLS, 45 (a regular Whoniverse newsreader, always on the front line), to CAMERA:

TRINITY WELLS
...and the President has called for
a new age of cooperation. It's
being called H2O diplomacy.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. SCRUBLAND, SOMALIA - DAY 43

TV FOOTAGE, SCRUBLAND, MAHMOUD ALI ABDI, Nomadic Pastoralist, by his van (his home; he moves with the seasons).

MAHMOUD
We have 10 million people, without
water. I beg you, Homo Aqua! No
one else will save us.

CUT TO:

44 INT. THE EMPRESS HALL - DAY 44

A BRICK WALL being DEMOLISHED.

MEN swing HAMMERS, breaking through plaster, brickwork, bringing it all down. Fast, furious work.

WIDER, revealing this is a high, wide, bright CHAMBER; the EMPRESS HALL at GROUND LEVEL of IMPERIAL HOUSE, on the banks of the Thames, in the centre of London.

It's a huge VAULT of a room, THREE STOREYS HIGH - airy, white walls, with a classical feel, tall columns - and now being made even bigger, as WORKMEN knock through, making it twice the size by expanding into two adjoining HALLS. Floor space: 7,000 SQUARE METRES; roughly a FOOTBALL PITCH.

It has WINDOWS, matching the IMPERIAL HOUSE EXTERIOR.
Sunlight slants in, plaster-dust in the air. And outside...

CUT TO:

45

EXT. IMPERIAL HOUSE, LONDON - DAY

45

A CRANE lowers a HALF-SECTION of CONCRETE PIPE into place.

The PIPE is HUGE. INTERNAL DIAMETER 10 METRES, so it needs to be constructed in SECTIONS. WORKMEN hammering, welding.

The PIPE is forming a TUBE, a HUGE TUNNEL. SEGMENTS of PIPE lead from the waters of the THAMES, up onto the EMBANKMENT, into IMPERIAL HOUSE; the RIVER-FACING WALL of Imperial House has been partly demolished to allow the tunnel access.

CRANES around Imperial House lowering more sections.

SPARKS, welding, hammering, on a HUGE SCALE.

Sc.44 & 45 INTERCUT - pipes, tunnel, bricks, the sheer hard work - with TRINITY WELLS now in London. To CAMERA:

TRINITY WELLS

The first official meeting with Homo Aqua will begin here, on the banks of the Thames, inside Imperial House. Behind me, that's the construction of what's being called the Waterway. Via this tunnel, the so-called Homo Aqua will meet with mankind. Above sea level.

CUT TO:

46

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

46

MUSIC ENDS as Sc.45 becomes NEWS FOOTAGE on TV.

It's on TV in BARBARA'S HOUSE. But she's busy. The world changes, but real life carries on. By day, Barbara works in Housing for Hammersmith & Fulham, and in her spare time, she runs a FOOD DELIVERY service for CHARITY; she's now scooping CHICKEN CURRY out of a BIG PAN, into 30 TUPPERWARE BOXES.

BARCLAY sits in the kitchen - jacket on, not stopping - tapping on his phone. Kitchen KNOCKED THROUGH into the LIVING ROOM, KIRBY fascinated by Homo Aqua footage on TV.

BARCLAY

...so I can't do the 17th or the 24th, and I don't know yet about the 31st, sorry.

BARBARA

Oh bloody hell. You can't do that.
That job of yours is useless.

(calls through)

Kirby, your dad says he can't take
you for the next three weekends
because he's not bothered.

BARCLAY

Is that a problem, Kirbs?

KIRBY

(doesn't even look)

No.

BARCLAY

(to Barbara)

You see?

BARBARA

What about me? I've got plans.

BARCLAY

Yeah, so, I just put 3,000 quid in
your account. Is that okay?

BARBARA

What d'you mean?

BARCLAY

What I said.

BARBARA

You did not. Where's that from?

BARCLAY

I got promoted. Thank you. But
apparently my job is useless.

BARBARA

If I'm getting 3,000 pounds, how
much did you get?

BARCLAY

Oh that's nice.

(calls through)

Kirby, I put 200 in your account.

KIRBY

Uh-huh.

BARBARA

Funny thing is, with these Sea
Devils, it's got Kirby watching
proper TV again, like the old days.

KIRBY

You can't say Sea Devils. They're called homospondyls, and don't laugh! Homo does not mean gay.

BARBARA

It does if you're my age.

Laughing now:

BARCLAY

So Homo Aqua is Gay Water.

BARBARA

That's them. The gaywaters!

BARCLAY

That's what you've been drinking, Kirby. Too much gay water.

KIRBY

Shut up!

But Kirby's laughing too.

BARBARA

So what's this promotion, what are you doing?

BARCLAY

Just. More admin.

CUT TO:

47

INT. THE EMPRESS HALL - DAY

47

SUNLIGHT shining through...

THE WINDOWS of the Empress Hall. The work is COMPLETE; fringes of raw brickwork show where walls once stood. But the hall is light, wide, high, airy, nothing dark or wooden.

And it's HUGE.

In one half, the SEATING has been laid out. ROWS of LONG DESKS with a CENTRAL AISLE. Desks with LAMPS & TERMINALS at a low laptop-level. There are 12 ROWS of DESKS stretching back, seating 12 to each row. SEATS along the edges of the hall too, and at the back, for ANCILLARY STAFF. REMOTE CAMERAS but also CAMERAS & CAMERA TEAMS throughout the room.

Now the DOUBLE DOORS at the back of the Hall open, PEOPLE walk in, STEWARDS check LANYARDS, indicate SEATS. This whole process can be JUMP-CUT, to keep it moving, but still, let it take its time, with a diplomatic formality. Even grandeur. A sense of CEREMONY. But TENSION MOUNTING. From here to the end of the episode: MUSIC, ticking, lurking, building.

First, GENERAL PIERCE & COLONEL HASHIM & HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS. NAVAL OFFICERS too, including GENERAL DOMINIQUE DUSSOLIER (40, French Navy) and GENERAL GUNSBERG (US Army). Plus representatives of the 25 chosen U.N. COUNTRIES, each AMBASSADOR with TWO STAFF.

Then BARCLAY, HANA, PRIVATE HART and 5 SOLDIERS from the Spanish Beach, designated First Witnesses, now. Nervous, but excited. Much of this through BARCLAY'S EYES, the size of it all, the importance. And ahead, he sees...

THE TANK.

A huge monolith. Empty, for now. But it's a MIGHTY GLASS STRUCTURE, a HUGE BOX with a strong COPPER RIVETTED FRAME. 10m x 8m x 6m, it's practically the size of a HOUSE.

At the front of the tank, built into the GLASS: a BOOTH, the size of an ELEVATOR CUBICLE. All glass. An AIRLOCK.

Everything has been built around this. The room, the tunnel outside, the seating. All for the TANK.

Everyone finding seats. HUSHED. Barclay & Hana glance, wow!

They're not so important, 8 ROWS BACK, with Barclay on the central aisle. They boot up their terminals.

On the OPPOSITE SIDE of the AISLE, SECOND ROW, the MILITARY GATHER: more of a CLUSTER of SCREENS, an organisational HUB. EVERYONE puts on EAR-COMMS, GENERAL PIERCE also with MIC. He has PRIVATE COMMS, a one-to-one with the Control Room...

GENERAL PIERCE
General Austin Pierce in Grid K2,
Seat B4, morning everyone.

CUT TO:

48

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

48

A LOW, DARK ROOM, busy, UNIT STAFF at SCREENS. Monitors show ANGLES on the EMPRESS HALL & the EXTERIOR of Imperial House.

Sitting at the back, on COMMS & TERMINALS: MIN, plus CAPTAIN LOUISE MACKIE & STEVE CHESNEY on translation duty.

At her own desk: SHIRLEY BINGHAM. Her team built the tank.

And arriving at her CENTRAL DESK: KATE LETHBRIDGE-STEWART. In charge of the whole thing. Stronger than she's ever been.

EVERYTHING in this room is kept low, quiet, controlled.

And Kate is magnificent. INTERCUT with ALL, Sc.48 & 49.

KATE

A very good morning to you, General Pierce. And to everyone, for the record, and for history, my name is Kate Lethbridge-Stewart, Commander-in-Chief of the Unified Intelligence Taskforce. UNIT has been chosen to lead these talks, because we stand above and outside all countries, borders, governments and oceans of the world. We represent humanity. But today. We represent all life on Earth. And I hope this will be the start of a great endeavour. To find peace. Between all of our kindred species.

(pause)

To begin the formal proceedings. Confirm, Downing Street online, good morning Prime Minister.

CUT TO:

48A INT. DOWNING STREET CABINET OFFICE - DAY

48A

At the table: HARRY SHAW, Prime Minister. A nervous, clever man. Surrounded by MINISTERS and AIDES, all watching the Empress Hall on a BIG SCREEN.

HARRY SHAW

Good morning, Kate. Extraordinary days. I spent a long time working hard to get the people's vote... now we've got new people.

And INTERCUT with 48A with all the action that follows, Harry watching, scared, hopeful, exhilarated.

Sc.48 CONT., Kate at the mic, checking:

KATE

White House online. Hall of the People, Beijing. National Congress of Brazil...

CHRISTOFER

We have all 195 nations, ma'am.

KATE

And do we have the Ambassador?

CUT TO:

49

INT. THE EMPRESS HALL - DAY

49

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG, SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF, INTERCUT with Kate's speech, Sc.48, then...

GENERAL PIERCE
Approaching now.

And walking down the CENTRAL AISLE: SIR JONATHAN HYNES. He's 66, dapper, white hair. Conservative MP, 1983-1997, then UK Ambassador to South Africa, retired. Chosen for being safe.

INTERCUT with Sc.48, CONTROL ROOM, Shirley shrewd, dry.

SHIRLEY
Apparently, he had lobster thermidor last night. Against our advice. Let's hope that's not a major crime, down below.

KATE
Thank you, Mrs Bingham, let's concentrate, eyes on the task.

SHIRLEY
Yes ma'am.

General Pierce smiling at this, STANDS to greet Jonathan.

GENERAL PIERCE
Good to see you, sir.

SIR JONATHAN
Very special day.

GENERAL PIERCE
Absolutely.

As Sir Jonathan moves on to take the FRONT ROW with STAFF...

CUT TO Sc.48, CONTROL ROOM:

KATE
Mr Saint Lewis, how's the Waterway?
Are we ready to go?

CUT TO:

50

EXT. RIVERBANK, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

50

INTERCUT with CONTROL ROOM, Kate on comms.

The CHIEF ENGINEER, JACKSON SAINT LEWIS, 50, Jamaican, with Jamaican accent, in Hi-VIS JACKET, on EARPIECE & MIC COMMS:

THE WATERWAY TUNNEL complete, leading from the river, into the half-demolished front of Imperial House. Beyond that, WIRE FENCING; beyond that, CROWD, and TV VANS, ARMY on guard.

JACKSON
Stress is holding. Seals checked
and secure. Al6 been's fixed. The
only way to see if this works is to
do it. You've got quite a crowd.

CONTROL ROOM: Kate watching the EXTERIOR on MONITORS.

KATE
All under control.

RIVERBANK: Jackson sees 3 CAMERA DRONES hovering.

JACKSON
Bit of a drone problem, I think.

KATE
Ready for that. Take them out!

SOLDIERS by Imperial House raise RIFLES... BANG!

A DRONE's shot out the air!

CUT TO the WIRE FENCING, an ITALIAN NEWS VAN, *Primo Rapporto*, doors open to show MONITORS & STAFF inside. Screens FIZZ as the drone's shot down, staff: 'Ci hanno abbuttuto! Censura!'(<'They have shot us down! Censorship!')>)

But soldiers take aim again, and...

CUT TO:

51 INT. THE EMPRESS HALL - DAY

51

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, COLONEL HASHIM, SIR JONATHAN, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG, SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF all watching, as:

Now seen from INT. HALL, through the WINDOWS, the two DRONES outside being SHOT DOWN! It all says calm, in here.

BARCLAY
But did they see us?

HANA

It's one-way glass. Didn't you
read anything?

BARCLAY

Yeah, but. My family don't know
where I am, they'd flip.

Suddenly, a TALL, THIN, POSH ANGRY MAN looms over Barclay.

ANGRY MAN

Thanks to you, I'm not even allowed
in this room. Very well done!

And he storms off to the DOUBLE DOORS. Barclay to Hana:

BARCLAY

Roger Trevithick.

They're dying to laugh! But then see -

GENERAL PIERCE has turned round. Gives them a nod. (He
likes his little team, his first witnesses.)

CUT TO:

52

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

52

SHIRLEY, MIN, MACKIE, STEVE & STAFF at work. KATE calm,
steely.

KATE

Positions. And good luck to all of
us.

Now entering, COLONEL CHRISTOFER IBRAHIM.

CHRISTOFER

To confirm, the perimeter is now
secure, ma'am, all stations at Gold
Standard.

KATE

Thank you, if you could not
interrupt.

He takes that, just stands there, on duty, impassive.

But a wry glance from Shirley; those two don't fool her.

KATE (CONT'D)

We have all comms focused and
recording, back-ups online. Good,
good. Mrs Bingham. Let's begin.

SHIRLEY

(on comms)

Open seals 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, start at
50 PSI for 60 seconds, go.

CUT TO:

53 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

53

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM,
PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG, plus
SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF present, as:

EVERYONE hears the pumps start up. All fall silent, tense.

CUT TO:

54 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

54

KATE, SHIRLEY, MIN, CHRISTOFER, MACKIE, STEVE & STAFF.

GRAPHICS display REPRESENTATIONS of what's happening. A CROSS-SECTION of the WATERWAY, in which the WATER-LEVEL RISES (NB, rising upwards horizontally).

SHIRLEY

Add booster pumps 1, 2, 3 and 4.

CUT TO:

55

EXT. RIVERBANK, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

55

PING! A RIVET flies out of the WATERWAY, at riverbank level, WATER SPRAYS OUT. Huge pressure.

JACKSON

Rivet blown, Section 45, moving in.

Jackson's team moves FAST - RAISING STEPS up to the rivet-hole, SEALANT, a CONCRETE PATCH, WORKERS getting soaked by the spray but not stopping, they're experts, nailing it down.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Rivet, Section 45, sealed.

CUT TO:

56

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

56

KATE, SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, MACKIE, STEVE & STAFF watch: WATER-LEVEL graphic rising.

SHIRLEY

Coherence maintained.

(a grim smile)

Open seals 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21. And... Flood the tank.

CUT TO:

57

INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

57

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG, plus SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF wide-eyed, as...

WATER FLOODS into the TANK!

On a MASSIVE SCALE. Flooding in from SUPPLY PIPES at the rear, WHOOSH! A WAVE swills round, BAM!, hits the GLASS.

Barclay staring. Oh God.

General Pierce. Grim.

Front row, Sir Jonathan. Tense.

The tank begins to FILL UP.

And it CREAKS.

The glass. The metal edges. Creaking.

EVERYONE is TERRIFIED. NO ONE moves.

But at least the water is CLEAN. Beautiful and BLUE.

CUT TO:

58 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

58

KATE, SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, MACKIE, STEVE, STAFF, tense.

SHIRLEY

Filters working 96%, water is
clean. Dissolved Oxygen levels at
8 milligrams per litre.

KATE

Take it up to 100 PSI.

CUT TO:

59 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

59

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM,
PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG, plus
SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF watch, as...

WATER floods in, stronger.

ALL staring.

CRACK!! Like glass BREAKING!

EVERYONE flinches!!

But it holds. Just settling.

Everyone recovers. Muttered:

BARCLAY

Couldn't they fill it before we
came in?

And now, the WATER is CALMING. As it reaches the top.

Rising, the final inches, and...

STOPS. The TANK IS FULL.

It sits there. Creaking... But holding.

CUT TO:

60

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

60

KATE, SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, MACKIE, STEVE & STAFF watch:

KATE
940,000 litres. Well done, Mrs
Bingham.

SHIRLEY
Thank you, ma'am.

KATE
Now. Everyone ready?

She looks round. Nods from all.

KATE (CONT'D)
Let's welcome our guests.
Open Waterlock 1.

On the GRAPHICS: a TUNNEL UNDERGROUND, beneath the WATERWAY;
just as UNIT's built a Thames Tunnel, Homo Aqua has built its
own extension, from the sea, beneath the Flood Barrier,
linking to the Waterway half a mile beneath London. A TUNNEL
with a GRAPHICS WALL now lifting, to allow access.

CUT TO:

61

INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

61

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM,
PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus
SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS staring at the TANK. Distant
NOISES unnerving everyone. Clanks, clunks. Grinding noise.

General Pierce follows GRAPHICS on SCREEN. Mutters on COMMS:

GENERAL PIERCE
Looks like we have six lifeforms.

CUT TO:

62

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

62

KATE, SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, MACKIE, STEVE & STAFF watch.

KATE
And a seventh.

GRAPHICS show the FLOODED WATERWAY with 6, then a 7th RED
DOT, moving from the RIVER to IMPERIAL HOUSE. MIN amazed.

MIN

Four Homospondyl Erectus, AKA Homo Aqua. Two of an unknown lifeform. One of a second unknown. Three different lifeforms in total.

CUT TO:

63

INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

63

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF watch, on alert.

General Pierce calm:

GENERAL PIERCE

General Pierce to all troops, red status. Confirm. Red status.

SOLDIERS lining the edge of the room, with backs to the wall, subtly shift so they are DIRECTLY FACING the TANK.

Everyone spots this. Rattling with tension now.

CUT TO:

64

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

64

KATE, SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, MACKIE, STEVE & STAFF watch.

The GRAPHIC RED DOTS approach...

KATE

And here they come.

CUT TO:

65

INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

65

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF staring...

CAMERA TEAMS focus, as...

TWO HOMO AQUA swim into the tank. And it's the first time they've been seen UNDERWATER, they're so much more elegant.

The room now gazing with AWE.

(And there are BIG GLASS OVERFLOW PIPES on each side of the tank; as lifeforms enter, water's displaced and chugs out.)

THE 2 HOMO AQUA SWIM to complete a perfect ARC and come to rest on the left and the right, about 3M up, floating, suspended in a standing position. At the same time, from the back of the tank, a second PAIR of HOMO AQUA COME FORWARD. In beautiful ARMOUR. They don't walk, they simply glide forwards while standing. They settle, stand either side of the ELEVATOR-AIRLOCK BOOTH.

It's so formal. So beautiful. Astonishing!

All staring. Truly, new life on Earth.

CUT TO:

66 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

66

KATE, SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, CAPTAIN MACKIE, STEVE & STAFF watching, tense, on alert, Kate steeling herself:

KATE

Two unknown lifeforms entering.

CUT TO:

67 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

67

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF, all craning to see, the OVERFLOW PIPES chug, chug, chugging again, as...

TWO HUGE FISH swim forward. These fish are roughly the SIZE of a HUMAN, and they adopt a HUMAN STANCE; they swim forward to left and right - further in towards the airlock booth than the two Homo Aqua above, but only 1 metre off the ground.

Their heads are literally GOLDFISH in subtler marine colours; the body then curves round and down like a question mark, as though they're standing, the body narrowing into a tail. FIVE FOOT FISH. Staring out. Mouths gulping. They stay in this position, on guard, FINS steadying them.

And they UNNERVE EVERYONE. The blank eyes. The mouth, the non-stop gulp, gulp, gulp. The notion of fish *standing*..?

Everyone wants to shiver. Suppresses it. But ONE MAN, Row 9, can't take it, stands, walks out FAST, going to be sick.

HANA

This is just...

Speechless, Barclay too.

CUT TO:

68 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 68
KATE, SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, MACKIE, STEVE, STAFF in awe.

KATE
What are we saying?

MIN
I'd call them piscimorpha grandis.

CAPTAIN MACKIE
Welcome to piscimorpha grandis.

SHIRLEY
Does that mean Big Fish?

MIN
Yup.

KATE
Focus, thank you. Final lifeform
approaching.

The GRAPHICS RED DOT shows a FINAL DOT entering the TANK.

CUT TO:

69 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 69
BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM,
PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus
SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF, all staring, amazed.

The GLASS OVERFLOW PIPES chug, water displacing.

The two lower Homo Aqua move in to stand right in front of
the ELEVATOR-BOOTH AIRLOCK. It's all GLASS, but whatever
this new lifeform is - a glimpse, in the background? - it's
approaching from BEHIND THEM. Can't be SEEN.

No one likes to move position to stare, but they're dying to!

The THIRD LIFEFORM is shorter than Homo Aqua. Hidden, as the
two Homo Aqua guards lift their palms to the glass. A cue.

CUT TO:

70 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 70
CHRISTOFER, MIN, CAPTAIN MACKIE, STEVE & STAFF watching.
KATE to SHIRLEY:

KATE
That's the signal for the airlock.

CHRISTOFER

Ma'am. We don't know what that third lifeform is.

KATE

Then our first gambit is to trust them, Colonel. Open the doors.

Shirley has got no choice, operates controls.

CUT TO:

71

INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

71

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF watching, as...

The AIRLOCK BOOTH DOOR OPENS on HOMO AQUA'S side. The booth floods with WATER in a single second, WHUP!

The Homo Aqua step forward, so they're standing inside the AIRLOCK BOOTH. The THIRD LIFEFORM moves forward with them.

Barclay staring. Can he see..?

Through glass, behind and between the hulking Homo Aqua guards, a shape, a green-blue marine colour, and is that...

An EYE?

A *human* eye?!

He gets the weird feeling it's looking at HIM.

The BOOTH goes BZZZT! PURPLE LIGHT. Decontamination.

Then, with a GLUG, the AIRLOCK BOOTH begins to EMPTY. Water disappearing down through grilles in the floor. The water level lowering, lowering... Homo Aqua now standing in AIR.

Everyone straining to see, desperate to know; the GLASS FRONT DOORS of the BOOTH open, the two HOMO AQUA step forward.

They step to the SIDE, to position as GUARDS, and reveal...

HOMO AMPHIBIA.

She identifies as FEMALE. She is humanoid; VERY human, her skin-scales iridescent, shimmering with all the hues of the oceans. GILLS in her neck. The SKULL-FINS sweeping back. Fringes of FINS along her ARMS. The equivalent of a woman in her 30s; haughty, proud, looking at the room with no fear.

CUT TO:

72 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 72
KATE, SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, MACKIE, STEVE, STAFF amazed.

MIN
I'd say... homomorpha sapiens,
or... to simplify, Homo Amphibia.

CUT TO:

73 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 73
BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM,
PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus
SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS and STAFF watching, as...

TWO TECHNICIANS scuttle forward - like expert stage crew - to
place a MIC & PODIUM 2 metres in front of the Homo Amphibian,
and then scuttle away. DURING THIS:

Barclay and Hana, hushed.

HANA
Amazing.

BARCLAY
They killed two of us, remember?

HANA
We killed them. That's what this
is for. To stop.

At the FRONT: the Homo Amphibian walks to her PODIUM.

Sir Jonathan steps forward to his own PODIUM & MIC; his
podium has a SCREEN, scrolling with information. The two
opposing podiums 3 metres apart. As he reaches position...

CUT TO:

74 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 74
CHRISTOFER, SHIRLEY, MIN & STAFF at work, as...
KATE to CAPTAIN LOUISE MACKIE & STEVE:

KATE
Ready with translations?

STEVE
Up and running, ready to go.

CUT TO:

75 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 75

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF watching, all TENSE.

SIR JONATHAN at his podium. As he talks, SPEAKERS translate him into HOMO AQUA SYLLABLES.

SIR JONATHAN
I bid you welcome. On behalf of
the Human Race. I stand here as -

HOMO AMPHIBIA
We do not need translation.

Woah!, a MURMUR throughout the HALL & CONTROL ROOM, shock!

CUT TO:

76 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 76

KATE, SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, MACKIE, STEVE at work.

STEVE
Ha! Did we learn *their* language?
No, we did not.

KATE
Save the comments.

CHRISTOFER
Concentrate on the task, everyone.

CUT TO:

77 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 77

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS and STAFF, all watching:

SIR JONATHAN
Your English is excellent.

HOMO AMPHIBIA
My integrirovali so vsemi
vashimi yazykami.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
<We integrated with all your
languages.>

CUT TO:

78 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 78

A little panic - SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, CAPTAIN MACKIE & STAFF - but KATE looks at STEVE -

STEVE
That's Russian - ?!

CUT TO:

79 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

79

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF, all watching.

SIR JONATHAN calm, replies in Russian.

SIR JONATHAN Ya nadeyus', chto oba nashikh obshchestva smogut integriruvat'sya.	ENGLISH TRANSLATION <I hope that both of our communities can integrate.>
--	---

Which earns him Homo Amphibia's respect. A nod.

GENERAL PIERCE
(mutters)
Well played, old man.

SIR JONATHAN
I bring you greetings from the
United Nations of this world we
call Earth, a symbolic title of
Indo-European origin that bears no
disrespect to the oceans, seas,
lakes, rivers and waterways around
us. And I bring you... a gift.

A STAFF MEMBER steps forward, puts, on a plinth next to Sir Jonathan, a GLASS BOX containing a PLANT. A PURPLE BLOOM.

SIR JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Rhododendron nivale. The dwarf
snow rhododendron. A flower that
grows at the highest point on
Planet Earth, on the slopes of
Mount Everest, 4 miles above sea
level. Perhaps never seen by your
kind.

He lifts the GLASS CASE. Cautious, not knowing if these creatures have a sense of smell.

SIR JONATHAN (CONT'D)
It carries a scent, or a flavour,
or an essence, you will never have
known before.

Homo Amphibia inhales. Sir Jonathan replaces the case.

SIR JONATHAN (CONT'D)

This is given with respect, and the hope of peace between our species.

HOMO AMPHIBIA

We have a gift for you. We bring you... my children.

Everyone: what?

The TWO HOMO AQUA GUARDS step forward. They have, since they arrived, worn a SASH - PLANT MATTER, like bladderwrack seaweed, blending into their skin - attached to a WEBBED POUCH, 18" long, packed full, across their backs. It's looked like part of a warrior's bearing, but now they unhook -

- they reach into the POUCHES and THROW DOWN -

- TWO SACS. They hit the floor. Wet and glistening.

Curled up, SOLID SHAPES in a MEMBRANE. A glimpse of alien life, BEAK, EYE, FIN, curved into a HEAVY, SOLID BALL.

Dead.

Shock throughout the room. Some STAND to see, horrified.

HOMO AMPHIBIA (CONT'D)

My children should have been born, at the turn of the Third Cold Current. But they choked. On your oil. And plastic. And excrement.

CUT TO:

80 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

80

CHRISTOFER tense, MIN, STEVE, CAPTAIN MACKIE & STAFF, suppressed panic. But KATE & SHIRLEY controlled, on COMMS:

SHIRLEY

Skip to sixteen!

KATE

Sir Jonathan, it's sixteen Paragraph 10, it's okay, we're ready for this, focus everyone.

CUT TO:

81 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

81

BARCLAY, HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG plus SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS and STAFF, worried, as:

SIR JONATHAN'S feed SCROLLS to Sixteen Para 10.

SIR JONATHAN
I must state. With vigour. That
we recognise this problem. And...
our solutions are remarkable...

HOMO AMPHIBIA
We do not know you.

SIR JONATHAN
I'm Ambassador, Sir Jonathan Hynes -

HOMO AMPHIBIA
You are not known to us. We would
speak... with him.

And she POINTS.

EVERY SINGLE HEAD in the room turns, turn, turns...
...all the way down EIGHT ROWS of SEATING to FIND...
BARCLAY. What?!? He literally double-takes.

BARCLAY
...me?!

CUT TO:

82 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

82

KATE, SHIRLEY, CHRISTOFER, MIN, CAPTAIN MACKIE, STEVE &
STAFF, all seeing Sc.81 on screen - and now they panic!

KATE
Who the hell is he?

CAPTAIN MACKIE
He's nothing, he's no one, he's one
of the team, he's just a witness!

CHRISTOFER
He's the mistake! He was there by
mistake!

KATE
Give me full intel on him, NOW!

CUT TO:

83 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

83

HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE
JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG, SOLDIERS,
AMBASSADORS, STEWARDS & STAFF staring, as BARCLAY stands.

BARCLAY

I'm sorry. Um. No. I think
you've got the wrong man.

HOMO AMPHIBIA

You showed respect.

And she TOUCHES THE PEARL at the base of her throat.

ALL SCREENS in the HALL and CONTROL ROOM fizz, then SHIMMER
as if the IMAGE has become more WATERY, showing...

CUT TO:

84 INT. outhouse, village of Cala Escondida - DAY 84

On SCREENS in Sc.83, 85. WATERY IMAGE of the end of Sc.20,
seen from the POV of the DEAD CREATURE. Seen from the PEARL
in its throat. That's what the pearl does. It records.

A NEW ANGLE on the crucial moment: BARCLAY crossing himself.

CUT TO:

85 INT. THE EMPRESS HALL - DAY 85

HANA, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART,
GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBURG, plus SOLDIERS, AMBASSADORS,
STEWARDS and STAFF watching, puzzled, but...

GENERAL PIERCE understands this first, a smile, mutters:

GENERAL PIERCE

Oh, good boy.

BARCLAY with EVERYONE STARING.

BARCLAY

But. That's just. A thing.

HOMO AMPHIBIA

You respected. Our fallen kin.
When no others did.

CUT TO:

86 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 86

SHIRLEY, CHRISTOPHER, MIN, STEVE, MACKIE; KATE furious!

KATE

What, are they Christians now?!
Someone tell me what's going on!

CUT TO:

87

INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

87

HANA, GENERAL PIERCE, SIR JONATHAN, COLONEL HASHIM, PRIVATE JANE HART, GENERALS DUSSOLIER & GUNSBERG, SOLDIERS and EVERYONE watching, as BARCLAY & HOMO AMPHIBIA stare across the room. The war and the world turn around this moment.

BARCLAY

I'm not even religious.

HOMO AMPHIBIA

There are no Gods. But we saw your kindness. And we see you. Will you stand as Ambassador? And talk on behalf of the entire Human Race?

Everybody

Looks

At

Barclay.

And...

BARCLAY

(shrugs)

Okay.

END OF EPISODE ONE