

THE WAR BETWEEN THE LAND AND THE SEA

Episode Two

by
Pete McTighe

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1 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 1

Wide: A lone man pacing an enormous, grand old reception room by big windows. Light streaming in.

Close: It's BARCLAY; anxious, overwhelmed. Replaying the last few minutes in his mind --

CUT TO:

2 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 2

BARCLAY in the Hall, rabbit in the headlights - seconds after the end of Episode 1. Everyone staring; chattering, shock, questions.

Someone GRABS HIS ARM; A UNIT SOLDIER pulling him into the aisle. A SECOND SOLDIER snatches his PHONE.

SOLDIER 1
Come with us please.

Everyone watches as Barclay is escorted towards the main doors. More people start STANDING. Confusion, commotion --

SALT watching it all.

At his podium, Sir Jonathan looks to GENERAL PIERCE for direction, but he's in a panicked huddle with his AIDES.

SIR JONATHAN
(to Salt)
We suggest this meeting is
adjourned while we regroup.

GENERAL DOMINIQUE DUSSOLIER (40s, French Navy) watches Barclay pass by. She'll be important later.

Go close on Barclay as he's hustled out of the Hall -- glancing back towards the tank -- to SALT --

They lock eyes through the crowd -- before the doors slam closed.

CUT TO:

3 INT. CORRIDOR, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 3

KATE striding down the corridor with a face like thunder. CHRISTOFER IBRAHIM following, reading from a datapad.

CHRISTOFER
His name's Barclay Pierre-Dupont.
He's a Grade Ten, works in logistics.

KATE
Family?

CHRISTOFER

Ex-wife and teenage child.

KATE

Bring them in, put them in an interview room. I want his file on my screen by the time I get downstairs.

Kate veers into a lift, stabs the DOWN button.

CUT TO:

4

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

4

BARCLAY still pacing. Door opens; KATE strides in, holding a datapad, flanked by FOUR ARMED SOLDIERS.

KATE

Kate Lethbridge-Stewart.

BARCLAY

I know. I book your taxis.

A SOLDIER puts a CHAIR in the centre of the room. Kate motions for Barclay to sit. Petrified Barclay obeys; looks up at Kate and the armed soldiers behind her.

KATE

We weren't expecting this. Obviously.

BARCLAY

Me either.

KATE

So help me understand. Out of nearly eight billion humans on this planet... why do Homo Aqua want you as Ambassador?

BARCLAY

...I don't know.

KATE

What communication have you had with Homo Aqua prior to today?

BARCLAY

None. Never.

(then, genuine:)

I had a goldfish once, is that relevant?

KATE

This isn't a joke, Mr Dupont.

BARCLAY

I wasn't joking. He was called Simon.

KATE

(over)

Right now, a team of experts are trawling through every detail of your private life...

CUT TO:

5

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

5

FOUR I.T. WORKERS plus SHIRLEY, MIN, STEVE, CAPTAIN MACKIE; quick, methodical, at their computers with Barclay's PHONE. One scrolling through Barclay's TEXT MESSAGES. One scanning his private EMAILS. One scrolling his INSTAGRAM account, zooming in on his FRIENDS, running FACIAL RECOGNITION searches. Others highlighting BANK STATEMENTS, TAX RECORDS, INTERNET SEARCH HISTORY. And over this:

KATE (V.O.)

Every text message, every email, every photo and bank transaction. If you're hiding something, we will find it.

CUT TO:

6

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

6

Back to anxious Barclay.

KATE

And there'll be serious repercussions. For you, and for your family.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - DAY

7

BARBARA, bundled out of the house by UNIT SOLDIERS to a waiting VEHICLE, clutching her phone, bag and house keys. SOLDIERS are carrying a LAPTOP and DESKTOP COMPUTER.

BARBARA

Whatever he's done, I'm not a part of it.

The soldiers take her PHONE, usher her into the vehicle.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

We're not even together!

Car door SLAMS. And the vehicle screeches away.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. SCHOOL / INT. UNIT TRANSPORT - DAY 8

Outside SCHOOL GATES - KIRBY; bewildered, terrified, escorted into the back of a UNIT transport. Surrounded by ARMED SOLDIERS, sitting in front and behind. TEENAGERS in the playground are watching, taking photos.

The door SLAMS, the transport moves off. And Kirby tries really hard not to cry.

CUT TO:

9 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 9

Back to BARCLAY, defensive now.

BARCLAY

My family have nothing to do with this, they don't even know I'm here!

KATE, staring.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

I never asked for this, okay? But I want to help. And the thing is. You need me. Am I right?

(beat)

Well, am I right?

Hold on Kate. Her phone BEEPS. She checks it. Looks back at Barclay.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Is that about me? What have they found?

Kate turns and walks out as Barclay calls after her:

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Wait, what's happening??!

CUT TO:

10 INT. BBC NEWS STUDIO - DAY 10

FAST CUTS through Scs 10-14. NEWS AT SIX titles, then:

BBC NEWSREADER

The first day of H2O diplomacy has concluded with an abrupt change of Ambassador.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. IMPERIAL HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 11

SIR JONATHAN being rushed to a waiting car by UNIT SOLDIERS.

ROSE-MARIE (V.O.)
Sir Jonathan Hynes has made no
comment over his dismissal...

CUT TO:

12 EXT. IMPERIAL HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 12

ROSE-MARIE HUNT talking direct to camera.

ROSE-MARIE
...and the identity of the new
Ambassador has been suppressed.

CUT TO:

13 INT. THE TRINITY WELLS SHOW STUDIO - DAY 13

Host TRINITY WELLS, an editorial to camera.

TRINITY WELLS
This man is the most important
person on the planet, don't we have
a right to know who he is? Is he a
spy? An enemy agent? Is he a fish
in disguise?

CUT TO:

14 EXT. IMPERIAL HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 14

FELIX GLADSTOCK (50s, venal politician) interviewed outside.
Strapline: FORMER ALBION PARTY LEADER SLAMS HOMO AQUA.

FELIX GLADSTOCK
We cannot allow a foreign species
to dictate our diplomacy process.
This. Is. Dangerous.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. LONDON - NIGHT 15

The city, glittering, reflected in the THAMES.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EMPRESS HALL - NIGHT 16

KATE intercepts Prime Minister HARRY SHAW (60s, beleaguered),
with SIR JONATHAN HYNES.

KATE
Prime Minister.

HARRY SHAW
Kate.

He gives her an unexpected hug.

KATE

How's Alison?

HARRY SHAW

Medication's knocking her around.
But she's tough. And the grandkids
are cheering her up.

(down to business)

I'm afraid this Ambassador situation
is a problem. The H2O committee want
Sir Jonathan reinstated.

KATE

I think it's a mistake to challenge
Homo Aqua this early in the process.

HARRY SHAW

Look, I know he's a pain in the
arse...

SIR JONATHAN

I beg your pardon?

HARRY SHAW

Jonathan. You are.

(back to Kate)

But it's a no-brainer, look at the
deal he brokered in Kosovo.

SIR JONATHAN

I'm sorry Kate but you are to go
back in that room and tell her: we
choose our Ambassador, and the
committee's decision is final.

HARRY SHAW

I'd do it myself but... doesn't look
good, does it, if I'm the one in
there when war breaks out.

KATE

Not when you can blame UNIT.

HARRY SHAW

Sorry. That's not what I meant. And
maybe it's better woman to woman?
If that's what she is.

(to Sir Jonathan)

Is that what she is?

He has no idea.

HARRY SHAW (CONT'D)

Please Kate. We're relying on you.

Kate's not happy about this.

CUT TO:

17

INT. EMPRESS HALL - NIGHT

17

The hall is dark, mostly empty. This meeting is clandestine.

BARCLAY is escorted inside by two SOLDIERS. Bewildered, scared, no idea what's happening.

Up ahead: KATE stands at a distance from SALT and two HOMO AQUA, flanked by CHRISTOFER, HANA and SIR JONATHAN.

They wait as Barclay approaches. Then:

KATE

(to Salt)

Thank you for this unscheduled consultation. I am Kate Lethbridge-Stewart, Commander In Chief of the Unified Intelligence Taskforce and representative of the H2O committee.

SALT

Where. Are your people?

KATE

The committee has requested urgent action regarding the role of human Ambassador.

Salt watching them with suspicion. Kate indicates Barclay.

KATE (CONT'D)

Rather than appoint this civilian, they request that you trust in our original candidate.

Sir Jonathan.

SALT

You talk of trust. While meeting in secret. In the dark.

SIR JONATHAN

These negotiations are unprecedented, we must have an Ambassador with diplomatic experience...

SALT

Not unprecedented. Mediation has been attempted before. Look how that turned out.

KATE

I'd like to think we've learned from our mistakes.

SALT

Does the human race ever learn?

They have no answer for that.

SALT (CONT'D)
We would hear from the Ambassador.

All eyes on Barclay.

BARCLAY
...Oh. It's okay.

KATE
Mr Dupont is unprepared...

SALT
We would hear. *From the Ambassador.*

Barclay hesitates. Looks to the others, for permission, but they're just staring back at him. He looks back to Salt.

SALT (CONT'D)
Come closer.

Barclay takes a nervous step forward.

SALT (CONT'D)
Are you afraid?

BARCLAY
...I've seen what you can do.

SALT
Closer.

He does as he's told, takes another step; now he's standing just feet away from Salt. He looks round to the others again.

SALT (CONT'D)
Imagine they're not here. It's just you. And me.

BARCLAY
...Okay.

The two of them, staring at each other.

SALT
Hello.

BARCLAY
Um. Do you have a name? Is that a thing? 'Cause I'm Barclay. It's Scottish. My gran was Scottish.

SALT
My title will not translate. But you may call me 'Salt'.

BARCLAY
Salt. Okay. Hi.

A beat of connection between them. Their story begins.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm just a regular guy. I work in an office. I don't know about diplomacy or politics. I don't even own a decent suit.

SALT

We chose you for your humanity, and compassion. Not your expertise.

Barclay glances round, worried.

SALT (CONT'D)

Your leaders would replace you. But what do you want?

BARCLAY

I'm fine with whatever they decide...

SALT

No. What do you *really* think?

Barclay hesitates.

BARCLAY

I guess. This process is about everybody, right, the whole world? Not just the Prime Ministers and the Presidents. Real people, like me, who worry about their bills, and their kids. I'm a nobody, I get that. But I think... maybe it's time people like me had more of a voice.

SALT

We hear you. Ambassador.

Hold on the connection between them. Then --

SALT (CONT'D)

(to Kate and the others)

It is decided. Your request has been heard, and denied. Barclay will be present at dawn tomorrow. Or negotiations will end.

Barclay facing the others, worried he's overstepped.

CUT TO:

18 OMITTED 18

19 EXT. REAR OF IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 19

Two ARMED SOLDIERS escort BARCLAY out of a side exit, into a CAR PARK. A UNIT VAN is parked nearby, and an AMBULANCE.

BARCLAY

Where are you taking me? What about
my family?

They pass the ambulance -- Barclay sees a RED BODY BAG being
loaded inside by PARAMEDICS. ARMED SOLDIERS supervising.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Christ... who's in that?

The soldiers move him towards the Unit transport.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Please, I don't want to be shot.

Barclay is bundled inside. And the door SLAMS SHUT.

CUT TO:

20

INT. UNIT TRANSPORT - NIGHT

20

BARCLAY is shocked to find KATE sitting in the dark.

BARCLAY

...Are you going to kill me?

KATE

I forgot my gun.

Is she joking?

BARCLAY

...Really?

Kate moves her jacket aside, her gun in its holster.

KATE

No.

She's joking. Okay.

BARCLAY

I'm not a collaborator, or a spy.
And I wasn't disrespecting anyone,
if that's how it sounded. My mouth
was on autopilot. Same thing
happened when I proposed to my ex.
Took, like, twenty minutes to get
to the ring.

KATE

Barclay. I need someone I can work
with.

BARCLAY

(pragmatic; it's over)
Yes. Course you do, yes.

KATE

And I think I can work with you.

BARCLAY

(hang on, what?)

Five minutes ago you were trying to replace me.

KATE

I have to tread carefully. All UNIT wants is a peaceful settlement, but there are levels and levels of politics at play here. International rivalries that go way back.

BARCLAY

So it's like Eurovision.

She's amused by this, it helps break the ice.

KATE

It's nothing like Eurovision.

Then she leans forward, fired-up, hopeful.

KATE (CONT'D)

Truth is, I've spent my whole life fighting for this planet. Now, with your help, I get to build a better world. For everyone.

BARCLAY

I don't want to let you down. I keep thinking of that time I mixed up the taxis and you ended up in...

KATE

Splott. I remember. But Homo Aqua chose you for a reason. And I'm prepared to give you a chance.

BARCLAY

So what happens now?

KATE

Now. Your life changes.

CUT TO:

21	OMITTED- SCENE MOVED TO 22A	21
22	EXT. HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT	22

Modern five-star hotel; a UNIT TRANSPORT pulls up and BARCLAY climbs out with two SOLDIERS.

The soldiers escort him to the main entrance, where a queue of impatient DELEGATES from the Empress Hall are being processed by UNIT STAFF and stressed HOTEL CONCIERGE.

He can feel the delegates staring.

HANA (V.O.)
Security protocols. All delegates
and diplomatic staff are being
relocated.

Waiting to be processed, GENERAL DOMINIQUE DUSSOLIER takes
out her phone. Snaps a COVERT PHOTO of Barclay as he passes --

CUT TO:

23

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

23

Walk and talk: BARCLAY with HANA, two SOLDIERS behind.

BARCLAY
But for how long? What about my
family? Can't I call them?

They stop at a HOTEL ROOM DOOR, soldier KNOCKS -- swipes the
electronic lock, holds the door open.

BARBARA
Barclay?

KIRBY
Dad!

KIRBY and BARBARA are inside -- Kirby comes out, hugs him.

BARBARA
What the hell's going on??

BARCLAY
I know, I know...

BARBARA
We've been questioned like
criminals, they've taken our
phones... do you have any idea what
this is doing for Kirby's anxiety?!

Barclay clings to Kirby.

HANA
You're all confined to this room
for your own safety.

BARBARA
Why are we not safe??

HANA
I'll let Barclay explain.

BARCLAY
What about our stuff? Clothes, and
phones?

HANA

We'll organise some essentials and
I'll ask security about your devices.
Let's hope they didn't find anything
embarrassing in your browser history.

And she walks away, leaving Barclay with his stunned family.

BARBARA

Barclay what have you done?

CUT TO:

24

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

24

SCREENS show video footage of SALT and her guards returning
to the AIRLOCK. The PURPLE DECONTAMINATION LIGHT. The airlock
filling with water. And during this:

SHIRLEY

"We hear you." That's what she said to
him, "We". And if that's true, how was
she communicating with her people?

STEVE

Maybe she's wearing an implant.

MIN

They could have a shared conscience.

SHIRLEY

Or some kind of mycorrhizal network.

STEVE

Maybe they've mastered sound, in a
way we don't understand. Using
frequencies we can't even hear. Like
Mariah Carey.

KATE

I noticed something earlier, when
Sir Jonathan presented the flower.

Shirley spools the video back, replays from the point where
Salt smells the rhododendron.

KATE (CONT'D)

Everyone was focussed on her, but
look...

Kate switches to a different, wider camera angle, of the
water tank. ZOOMS IN on one of the floating HOMO AQUA GUARDS.

KATE (CONT'D)

The exact moment she inhales...

Onscreen: the Homo Aqua mimics Salt and *inhales too*.

KATE (CONT'D)

And also...

Kate zooms in on a PISCIMORPHA GRANDIS. Replays the footage. At the exact same moment, the giant fish shudders slightly.

KATE (CONT'D)

They all shared that experience.

CAPTAIN MACKIE

She's softening her language. And used sarcasm. Like she's learning, adapting.

SHIRLEY

They want an everyman as Ambassador. But is that what *she* is? Because she is extraordinary.

COLONEL CHRISTOFER IBRAHIM enters.

CHRISTOFER

Those remains are en route to the lab. And the H2O committee are kicking off, they want to see you.

Kate goes to leave with Christofer.

STEVE

So we're just accepting her choice of Ambassador?

Kate looks back to the screens: a close-up of SALT in the AIRLOCK, staring into camera. Water rising.

KATE

Their race has survived under the sea for millennia, with centuries of social, evolutionary and technological advantage.

Closer: the water level crosses Salt's eyes. She doesn't flinch, just maintains her powerful stare.

KATE (CONT'D)

She is running this show, whether we like it or not.

CUT TO:

25

INT. UNIT TOWER - LABORATORY - NIGHT

25

The RED BODY BAG on a laboratory table. UNIT pathologist DR KADIE BANGURA (60) looking on. ARMED SOLDIERS at the door.

Dr Bangura UNZIPS the bag. Inside -- the HOMO AMPHIBIA SACS gifted in the Empress Hall. She regards them with fascination, as nurse MARKO (20s, Eastern European) enters.

DR BANGURA

Didn't think you were on tonight.

MARKO

I volunteered. Didn't want to miss this.

DR BANGURA

Let's prep one for imaging.

Marko gently picks up one of the sacs --

Gently places it into a HI-TECH CT SCANNER. Presses a button. The sac slides into the scanner; the inside LIGHTS UP.

Dr Bangura closes in on the second sac, inspects it.

DR BANGURA (CONT'D)

We'll take tissue samples. Prep some slides.

Marko goes to a nearby bench, starts selecting glass slides.

Nearby DATA SCREENS begin displaying information; stats, metabolic analysis, scrolling data.

With his back to Dr Bangura, Marko takes out his PHONE and types a covert text message: 'I'm in.' Presses SEND.

CUT TO:

26

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

26

KATE stands at expansive windows with RED WINE in a TUMBLER GLASS. Staring down at the river.

Her apartment is modern, neat, everything in its place. Nice block in Chelsea, with a direct eyeline across the water.

Deep background; the door behind Kate opens and A MAN enters. Kate doesn't react, she knows who it is.

KATE

We're putting an enormous amount of pressure on one man. I hope he's up to it.

The man approaches, slowly drawing into focus. It's CHRISTOFER IBRAHIM, in his UNIT SOLDIER uniform. Kate's gaze remains fixed on the river.

CHRISTOFER

My father taught me to rely on instinct over intel.

He moves in behind her. Runs his hand around her belly.

CHRISTOFER (CONT'D)

To trust my gut. He'd say: "Ibné,
bel hayet, itikel 3ala elhemak."

KATE

He sounds very wise.

CHRISTOFER

He is, you should meet him.

Kate smiles that off. The push-pull of their relationship.

CHRISTOFER (CONT'D)

What does your instinct say?

KATE

I've seen ordinary people achieve
extraordinary things. Only they're
usually travelling with the Doctor.

CHRISTOFER

And Barclay has you. By his side.

He gently moves her hair aside. Kisses her neck.

KATE

The oceans cover seventy-one
percent of this planet's surface.
The human race is quite literally
surrounded. And if it comes to
war... I wonder whether we even
stand a chance.

He takes the glass from her hand.

CHRISTOFER

Let me take your mind off it.

And they kiss.

CUT TO:

27

INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

27

Modern, tasteful hotel room. One bedroom with ensuite,
separated from a living area by double doors. Big windows
face north, over the RIVER and across to the city.

BARCLAY sits opposite a stunned BARBARA. In the background,
the TV is on - (muted) news programme, live feed to reporter
ROSE-MARIE HUNT outside Imperial House. STRAP LINE on screen:
IDENTITY OF HUMAN AMBASSADOR SUPPRESSED.

BARBARA

But you work in Admin, you're not
an Ambassador. You couldn't even
finish your wedding speech!

BARCLAY

Only 'cause your dad spilt wine all over it! On purpose!

KIRBY stands in the bedroom doorway, just awake.

KIRBY

So you're literally the person they're talking about on TV? Like, *all the time??*

BARCLAY

But you can't say a word, not to anyone.

BARBARA

Who we gonna tell? We're prisoners.

KIRBY

But Dad's famous!

BARCLAY

And - bright side, look at this view. And the room's amazing, it's huge.

BARBARA

Am I the only person living in the real world right now? What about work? And school? Kirby's got that coach trip on Thursday.

BARCLAY

Coach trip?? Oh I'm glad you've got your priorities straight - never mind the massive international crisis!

Exasperated Barbara goes to the minibar, opens it, takes out two mini gin bottles.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure the minibar's included.

BARBARA

Sue me.

She pours them into a glass and takes a swig.

KIRBY

So. If you're the Ambassador, do you get to make, like, actual decisions?

BARCLAY

No, there's a big committee who decide what to say, who create the policy, I just have to read it out.

KIRBY

But why you?

BARCLAY

I dunno. She just chose me.

BARBARA

"She"?

BARCLAY

Salt. Her name's Salt. Their Ambassador.

KIRBY

What's she like?

BARCLAY

Kind of like us. But she's... I dunno, she's beautiful.

BARBARA

Beautiful?

BARCLAY

Yeah.

BARBARA

She's a fish.

BARCLAY

She's not a fish. And she's not a person, she's something new. I'm not allowed to talk about it.

BARBARA

Convenient.

BARCLAY

What, you think I asked for this??

BARBARA

I have no idea! 'Cause it turns out my ex-husband - who can't even assemble flat-pack furniture - is a secret agent who lied about his job and is now saving the world! Excuse me if I have questions!

She heads for the bedroom.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Oh and you're sleeping on the sofa.

Slam! goes the door. Barclay and Kirby are left alone.

BARCLAY

You okay?

KIRBY
Can we have room service?

BARCLAY
Knock yourself out.

Kirby grabs the TV REMOTE, now loving this.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. WESTMINSTER - NIGHT 28

The Thames, rippling and flowing as London sleeps. Big Ben chimes 4am.

CUT TO:

29 INT. UNIT TOWER - LABORATORY - NIGHT 29

MARKO watching scrolling information on the DATA SCREEN.

Nearby, DR BANGURA finalises TISSUE SAMPLES on SLIDES.

DR BANGURA
(to Soldiers)
We're finished here. You can transport the remains.

SOLDIERS return the sac to its twin in the BODY BAG.

DR BANGURA (CONT'D)
Carefully please.

MARKO
Want me to pack the tissue samples?

DR BANGURA
Thanks Marko, I'll sort the data upload.

Marko comes over, starts placing the slides inside a small REFRIGERATED ORGAN BOX, ready for transport. Dr Bangura crosses to the DATA SCREEN, starts checking it.

No-one notices Marko slipping one of the SLIDES into his pocket. But we do.

CUT TO:

30 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 30

KATE is awake, in a dressing gown, working on her laptop, face illuminated by the screen. Beside her, in twisted sheets, CHRISTOFER sleeps.

Kate's phone LIGHTS UP and vibrates; a text message. She picks it up, reads. And her face falls. She drops the phone, opens a web browser and clicks through to a NEWS SITE. The lead news article, highlighted red:

'BARCLAY WHO? HUMAN AMBASSADOR IS UNIT EMPLOYEE.'

And below -- the PHOTOGRAPH of BARCLAY taken outside the hotel, looking overwhelmed.

On Kate. *Oh no* ---

CUT TO:

31 EXT. HOTEL - DAY

31

Slam into CHAOS. BARCLAY at the heart of it, pushed by SOLDIERS and HANA through a scrum of JOURNALISTS, CAMERA TEAMS and PHOTOGRAPHERS, all shouting his name, towards a waiting UNIT TRANSPORT.

TV VANS with SATELLITE DISHES. POLICE and UNIT SOLDIERS.

Media teams from all over the world are shouting questions, thrusting microphones, firing photos. It's overwhelming.

CUT TO:

32 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

32

BARBARA at the window, staring down at the (unseen) media throng. On the TV nearby, KIRBY watches a LIVE FEED from outside the hotel; BARCLAY being ushered to the UNIT van, reporter ROSE-MARIE HUNT watching.

(NB: Half-eaten breakfasts close by, on silver trays - they're being looked after).

CUT TO:

33 EXT. HOTEL - DAY

33

Reporter ROSE-MARIE HUNT, 40s, direct to CAMERA. In the background, BARCLAY gets into the UNIT TRANSPORT with HANA.

ROSE-MARIE

The H2O diplomacy committee are denying all interview requests. The only thing we *do know* about Barclay Pierre-Dupont, our new Ambassador, is that the world is watching.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

34

Proud KIRBY transfixed by the television.

KIRBY

(quiet)

Go on Dad.

CUT TO:

35

INT. CORRIDOR, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

35

KATE on the move. CHRISTOFER and SHIRLEY join her at a corridor junction.

KATE

Morning Colonel. Mrs Bingham.

CHRISTOFER

Commander.

They're cool with each other, professional; no-one's meant to know. But it doesn't go unnoticed by Shirley.

KATE

What do we know about the leak?

CHRISTOFER

The photo was emailed to the press by an anonymous source.

SHIRLEY

Except. I've cross-matched the image with CCTV from the hotel.

They stop; Shirley hands Kate her iPad, showing a profile of:

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

The photographer was General Dominique Dussolier, one of the French representatives.

KATE

Quelle surprise. She's been undermining NATO since she first drew breath.

SHIRLEY

And if she discredits UNIT, she gets more influence over the H2O committee.

KATE

Get the French Ambassador on the phone. I'm in the mood for a bollocking.

CHRISTOFER

Press Association is still demanding access to the Hall. I'm not sure we want to get them offside.

KATE

Fine, let them in. But no live TV. Fifty people maximum, anyone who steps out of line gets barred.

CUT TO:

36

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

36

BARCLAY paces the wood-paneled room, reading from a FOLDER thick with DOCUMENTS. He's wearing a new suit (tie undone); a SUIT BAG and PRICE TAGS on a sofa nearby. HANA enters.

BARCLAY

I was up all night reading these environment reports. I mean. No wonder they're pissed off.

HANA

That's the tip of the iceberg.

BARCLAY

Few more years, there won't be any icebergs.

(then, worried:)

Am I meant to learn this??

HANA

Everything's on your podium screen.

BARCLAY

(the reports)

Y'know, Kirby's been on at me for years about this. They've done marches and all sorts. What have I ever done?

HANA

...Is that a rhetorical question, I have no idea.

A knock at the door. GENERAL PIERCE enters.

GENERAL PIERCE

It's time.

On Barclay, setting himself.

CUT TO:

37

INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

37

MORNING SUN punching through the windows. The hall fills with DIPLOMATS and MILITARY OFFICERS. STEWARDS check lanyards with hand-held scanners, guide guests to their seats. SOLDIERS line the perimeter. PRESS cram every available space.

At the main doors, GENERAL DOMINIQUE DUSSOLIER waits at the head of the queue. A STEWARD goes to scan her lanyard, but two UNIT SOLDIERS intercept.

SOLDIER 1

General Dussolier.

SOLDIER 2
 Veuillez nous suivre, Général.
 L'autre côté.

The soldiers nod for her to head back the way she came.
 Confused, she turns -- finds two more SOLDIERS waiting.

With other VIPs now taking notice, she reluctantly obeys, to
 save face.

And marches from the room, followed by the soldiers.

CUT TO:

38

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EMPRESS HALL - DAY

38

BARCLAY hurrying down the corridor, keeping up with KATE.
 CAPTAIN LOUISE MACKIE, GENERAL PIERCE and HANA are with them,
 two SOLDIERS behind.

GENERAL PIERCE
 Just stick to the text on your
 screen and you'll be fine.

Captain Mackie hands Barclay an EARPIECE and MIC PACK.
 Barclay fumbles it into place.

CAPTAIN MACKIE
 Keep your body language and vocal
 tone neutral at all times. No
 crossed arms, no raised voice, no
 signs of aggression or impatience.

KATE
 Everything you say, or do, or
think, has to come through us.

BARCLAY
 What's the point of an Ambassador?
 If all I'm doing is reading.

KATE
 There is a team of forty-three people
 working round the clock on this
 document. UN diplomats and wartime
 negotiation experts vetting every
 last syllable. Prime Ministers,
 Presidents. Royalty. Frankly it's a
 miracle we got past the contents
 page. You cannot go rogue.

They pass GENERAL DUSSOLIER in an angry huddle with an AIDE
 and UNIT SOLDIERS. Barclay's party keeps moving, to the open
 Empress Hall doors.

GENERAL PIERCE
 Are we ready?

Barclay is terrified. But he nods.

KATE
We're all behind you.

BARCLAY
Yeah, literally. I'm the one
standing up there.

Kate puts a hand on his shoulder.

KATE
You can do this.

Then she moves off with Captain Mackie. Barclay is left alone
with General Pierce; quiet, vulnerable.

BARCLAY
I can't stop shaking.

CUT TO:

39 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 39

INTERCUT WITH:

40 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 40

EMPRESS HALL:

The hubbub of the Hall - DIPLOMATS taking seats, AIDES
fussing around them, STEWARDS supervising, SOLDIERS
patrolling.

Then BARCLAY enters. And takes the long walk down the aisle,
GENERAL PIERCE and HANA behind.

A hush begins to descend. Heads turn to watch him. The Hall
gets quieter with every step.

Just the clop-clop-clop of his shoes.

The click-click-click of CAMERAS on the gantries.

His anxious gaze fixed on the podium.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE takes up her position. Also in the room -- MIN,
SHIRLEY, CAPTAIN MACKIE, STEVE and TECHNICIANS.

KATE
Tell the press. No camera flashes.
And keep an eye on Barclay's obs.

Min watches a screen showing Barclay's stats.

MIN
Blood pressure 138 over 90. Bit
high. Pulse is 82 and steady.

KATE
(stabs a mic control)
Ambassador? You okay?

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY reaches the podium. The Hall heaving -- all eyes in his direction. PRESS snapping pictures.

KATE (V.O.)
Ambassador? Barclay?

BARCLAY
(oh - she means him!)
Hi. Sorry. I'm okay.

Behind him, second row, the MILITARY HUB; General Pierce and his AIDES with their SCREENS and MICS and TECH.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE
Alright. Good luck everyone. Mrs Bingham?

SHIRLEY
(on comms)
Open seals.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY watching wide-eyed as WATER FLOODS the TANK.

DELEGATES all watching behind him. The sloshing water, the creaking glass. SHAPES in the water. Arcing around the tank as the water settles -- elegantly completing their arrival.

As before; two FIVE-FOOT golden PISCIMORPHA GRANDIS a metre off the floor; big blank eyes, gulping mouths, question-mark stance.

Metres above them; two HOMO AQUA, staring down fiercely at the assembled crowd.

And at the AIRLOCK BOOTH, two more HOMO AQUA entering, with a third shape behind them.

The booth BZZZZZZes. PURPLE LIGHT. Decontamination. Then the booth begins to EMPTY, water draining into the floor grates.

Barclay watches as the airlock EMPTIES. He swallows hard.

The airlock door OPENS. The two Homo Aqua stride forth, then separate. Revealing SALT. She locks eyes with Barclay. He stares back at her.

Silence falls in the room. Everyone watching. Waiting.

On his screen, text begins to scroll. Barclay's overwhelmed.

BARCLAY
Um. Hello again.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

CAPTAIN MACKIE
That's not scripted.

KATE
(into mic)
Barclay.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY
Sorry...

His mouth is dry; he picks up a GLASS OF WATER. Takes a shaky sip. Sets it down, then looks to his screen.

His script: *I BID YOU WELCOME, AMBASSADOR.*

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
I bid you welcome, Ambassador...

He's nervous, slightly stilted as he reads:

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
...and bring to session this
diplomatic congress.

Silence from Salt. So he continues to read:

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
On behalf of all nations, I would
like to say how sorry I am, about
your children.

Salt staring back at him.

SALT
Are you a parent?

Barclay glances at his screen. It's blank, just a flashing cursor.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

Upstairs they weren't prepared for this. But Kate is:

KATE
(to the room)
Yes he's a parent, teenage child,
Kirby.
(into mic)
Barclay just say yes.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY

Yes.

(then)

And I can't imagine what that was like for you.

SALT

Your apology is appreciated.

Hold on the look between them. Then:

KATE (V.O.)

(from Barclay's earpiece)

Now back to the text please.

Barclay looks to his screen, and reads:

BARCLAY

We begin today by hearing proposals to formalise our peace treaty.

SALT

But first. We request.
A glass of water.

On Barclay. *Did he hear right?*

BARCLAY

Um...

Barclay looks round, towards GENERAL PIERCE, already whispering with his AIDES.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Can we... Is that...?

One of the AIDES stands, starts filling a CLEAN GLASS from a GLASS WATER BOTTLE.

SALT

Water. *From the river.*

The aide stops pouring, confused.

BARCLAY

From the *river?*

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

STEVE

What, they drink river water?

KATE

(into mic)

Barclay. Read the screen.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

Onscreen, text being typed in real-time.

BARCLAY

"We will arrange that immediately."

Nearby, GENERAL PIERCE whispers to a confused AIDE:

GENERAL PIERCE

I don't care who's getting it, just
do as she asks!

CUT TO:

41 EXT. IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 41

UNIT SOLDIERS clamber into VEHICLES --
Which SCREAM away from Imperial House --

CUT TO:

42 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 42

BARCLAY reads from the screen at his podium.

BARCLAY

If I could return to the agenda,
we'd like to (discuss proposals)...

SALT

(over)
We will wait.

Barclay looks to the screen. It's blank for a moment, then a
hastily-typed message pops up: OK.

BARCLAY

"Okay". They said okay.

And he stands there, in silence. The whole room poised.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. RIVER ACCESS ROAD - DAY 43

UNIT VEHICLES thunder towards the river, brake hard.
ARMED SOLDIERS clamber out, and start running.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. MILLBANK PIER - DAY 44

BYSTANDERS on the pier are startled by the armed SOLDIERS
running towards them. Boots pounding the ground.

PLATOON LEADER

Clear the area please. Right now.

Soldiers usher bystanders away.

PLATOON LEADER (CONT'D)
Eyes on the water. Don't turn your
backs, not for one second.

Five soldiers train their guns on the river, poised.

Then one of the soldiers lowers a MILITARY KIT BOTTLE into
the river, tied with cord. Fills the bottle. And raises it.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CORRIDOR, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 45

The same UNIT SOLDIER slowly empties his KIT BOTTLE into a
tall GLASS, held by a STEWARD, wearing DISPOSABLE GLOVES.

The water is BROWN. FILTHY. Three-quarters full, the STEWARD
moves off with the glass.

CLOSE ON: The glass, carried away. BROWN WATER swirling.

CUT TO:

46 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 46

INTERCUT WITH:

47 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 47

EMPRESS HALL:

Doors swing open. CLOSE ON: The glass, carried into the room.
The long walk down the central aisle, to the podium.

Placed down, before the STEWARD retreats. Then TILT UP to
find Barclay.

BARCLAY
(reads)
The glass requires decontamination,
shall I place it in the airlock?

SALT
The water is not for us.
It is for you.

Barclay hesitates. Looks to the screen. It's blank.

BARCLAY
Sorry, I don't understand.

SALT
You will drink it.

On Barclay. *Shit.*

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE
 (into mic)
 Hold on, Barclay.
 (to the room)
 Get me intel on the water.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

Barclay staring. The blank screen. Salt waiting.

SALT
 You will drink.

BARCLAY
 Um...

He glances round at GENERAL PIERCE, in a frantic huddle with his AIDES.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
 Just... actually drink it?

Salt nods.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

SHIRLEY checks data on her screen.

SHIRLEY
 E Coli's guaranteed. Dysentery,
 meningitis and Legionnaires' disease.
 We're talking, what, 300ml? If he
 drinks that, it could kill him.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY's hand closes around the glass. He raises it, regards the BROWN WATER.

KATE (V.O.)
 Barclay do not drink the water.

BARCLAY
 (a whisper)
 But what do I say?

KATE (V.O.)
 Stand by.

Barclay waits. Text appears on his screen. He starts to read:

BARCLAY
 With respect, I am unable to drink
 this.

SALT
 Why?

BARCLAY
The water is contaminated.

SALT
Why?

Barclay looks to the screen for instructions.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE
She knows why. Skip to 16,
Paragraph 12.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY
(reads)
We are aware of the current
pollution crisis, and are (putting
measures in place to reverse
environmental damage)

SALT
(over)
These are the words of a
politician. Vetted and craven and
hollow. You would answer.

Barclay considers that.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE
No Barclay, stick to the script.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

Barclay hesitates. Everyone poised, waiting.

KATE (V.O.)
(from his earpiece)
Barclay?

Barclay glances across to General Pierce. Pierce subtly
shakes his head.

KATE (V.O.)
Ambassador, refer to your screen.

Barclay looks to the screen. A message FLASHING: 'CONTINUE
WITH PREPARED TEXT'. Then underneath: 'It is important that I
am in constant contact with the Diplomatic Control Room'.

Barclay looks back at Salt.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE
(into mic)
General Pierce, what's he doing?

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

GENERAL PIERCE
(to Barclay)
Read the screen. Move it along.

KATE (V.O.)
Barclay?

Everyone watching Barclay. Salt waiting. And then --
Barclay REMOVES HIS EARPIECE.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

Everyone shocked. He's going rogue. Already.
Kate inhales. Hopes for the best.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

Barclay meets Salt's stare, and speaks from the heart:

BARCLAY
We were stupid. That's the truth of
it. The planet's going to hell
right now because of our ignorance.
'Cause we didn't understand the
consequences.

SALT
But now you do.

BARCLAY
Yeah. Now we do.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

CAPTAIN MACKIE
This is too risky...

KATE
No, wait...

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY
Every day, water companies are
pumping poison and sewage into our
oceans and rivers. And dishing out
bonuses to their bosses.

Uncomfortable silence. Tracking in on stony-faced SIR KEITH
SPEARS (50s, business/energy mogul) among the seated guests,
beside GENERAL GUNSBURG. We'll see more of them later.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

And the thing is. We're letting it happen. They're getting away with it 'cause people aren't speaking up. We're sitting home, watching TV and scrolling on our phones and cooking tea and thinking it's someone else's problem. But it's not. It's *my fault*. I did this. Everyone in this room, everyone on the planet played their part. Now we have to help fix it. Our kids know this. Our kids are way ahead of us so why aren't we listening? Today's the day we start. Today's the day we stop being so bloody stupid.

Tense silence in the hall.

Salt staring back at Barclay.

SALT

I think. You are my favourite human.

Barclay laughs at that. Glances round to the room, to share the win. But stony faces are staring back at him.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

Everyone on tenterhooks, looking to Kate for her reaction.

But she's quietly impressed.

CUT TO:

48	OMITTED	48
49	OMITTED- MOVED TO SC 26A	49
50	EXT. HOTEL - DAY	50

A UNIT TRANSPORT approaches the hotel. Outside, a cluster of JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS spring into action.

CUT TO:

51	INT. UNIT TRANSPORT - DAY	51
----	---------------------------	----

Inside the vehicle -- BARCLAY, with HANA and SOLDIERS. Cameras FLASHING outside the windows.

CUT TO:

52	INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY	52
----	---------------------------------	----

BARCLAY pacing the room, tie undone, wired, exhilarated.

BARCLAY

I feel. Amazing. I'm sorry but I do. It's like. I wanna run. I just wanna run, for miles. I have so much energy right now.

KIRBY just smiling. Even BARBARA.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

What?

KIRBY

You're ridiculous.

BARCLAY

I was thinking about you today. When I was standing there, like a lemon. Thinking about everything you'd told me, all those hippie mates of yours.

KIRBY

They're not hippies, and that's not even a word anymore.

BARCLAY

And I wish I'd listened sooner. But I'm listening now, I promise you.

BARBARA

Who even are you?

BARCLAY

I dunno. But I think I like it.

And they're laughing. The craziness of all this.

KIRBY

You're on telly again. You're always on telly.

Barclay looks to the TV; ROSE-MARIE outside Imperial House reporting direct to camera. Strap line: HOPES PINNED ON TOMORROW'S H2O MEETING.

BARBARA

They're saying you were passionate. "*Passionate*".

BARCLAY

That's me.

BARBARA

You haven't been passionate since Christmas two thousand and ten!

BARCLAY

Oy Oy.

Kirby thinks this is hilarious.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
I need a drink.

BARBARA
Here.

She picks up a half-empty glass of wine and hands it over.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
We're out of river water.

Barclay takes a sip. And smiles. And they're standing there like old times, when they were happy.

BARCLAY
I think it just hit me. That this is history. Right now, in the making. And I'm part of it. I'm an historical figure. Me. Isn't that crazy?

Barbara takes the glass off Barclay and has a sip.

BARBARA
('casual')
So what's she like? Your fishy Ambassador?

BARCLAY
I dunno.

BARBARA
Yes you do, you just talked to her.

Barclay catches the tone in her voice.

BARCLAY
...Are you jealous?

BARBARA
Please.

KIRBY
She is.

BARCLAY
Oh my God you are, you're jealous.

KIRBY
Can we order food now?

BARBARA
Sure.

Kirby uses the REMOTE on the wall-mounted TV. Scrolls to a ROOM SERVICE MENU.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
I'll have the fish.

CUT TO:

53 OMITTED 53

54 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 54

An informal meeting: KATE with SHIRLEY, GENERAL PIERCE, CAPTAIN MACKIE, MIN, STEVE and TECHNICIANS.

GENERAL PIERCE
Aquakind have provided us with detailed demands for environmental regulation.

DATA scrolling on a MAIN SCREEN.

KATE
The Greens have been trying to achieve these targets for decades.

SHIRLEY
The timeframe will be a challenge.

GENERAL PIERCE
The H2O committee is consulting with industry on that. Moving on, the French consulate has lodged an official complaint over General Dussolier's removal from the Hall. They want her reinstated.

An ID photo of GENERAL DUSSOLIER on a screen.

KATE
Tough. They've seen the evidence.

GENERAL PIERCE
She's denying it. And she has influence, I think it's dangerous to shut her out.

Kate simmers, then:

KATE
Fine. We've got bigger problems.

CAPTAIN MACKIE
Meanwhile, we've been debating communication theories, how the Homo Aqua Ambassador is able to send and receive information seemingly instantaneously.

MIN
We're looking into oceanic mycelium networks.

From her terminal, Min brings up images on the main screen; mycelium fungus threads on land.

GENERAL PIERCE

Mycelium... that's the mushrooms.

MIN

Mushrooms are the *reproductive organs* of mycelium networks.

STEVE

Wait. I'm eating *reproductive organs* on my toast?

MIN

Mycelium networks are fungal threads believed to connect individual plants and trees to share and recycle vital minerals.

SHIRLEY

A lot of these theories are debatable.

MIN

Yes, I know. But if algae and fungi interact in a similar way when in water... Or if *water itself* forms some kind of network...

CAPTAIN MACKIE

Homo Aqua, Amphibia, Grandis... all these species could potentially be interconnected.

GENERAL PIERCE

Like a hive mind.

On the screen: photos from Episode 1, close-ups of the Homo Aqua strung up in the outhouse.

KATE

What if the pearl is their connection point?

SHIRLEY

Or filter.

KATE

They're so far ahead of us, it's difficult to comprehend. We're literally children. Playing guessing games.

CUT TO:

55

INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

55

CU: Empty dinner plate, remains of SALMON SKIN, a few CHIPS.

Wider: BARCLAY clearing up, stacking plates on a ROOM SERVICE TRAY, covering them with a CLOCHE. He looks to BARBARA on the couch, sipping wine. Watches her, thoughtful.

BARCLAY
I wish. I'd been better for you.
When we were... you know...

BARCLAY (CONT'D) BARBARA
Together. Married.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
We were both a bit useless.

BARCLAY
I was worse.

A beat of understanding between them. Barbara's about to reply when:

KIRBY (O.S.)
Dad!!

KIRBY hurries out of the bedroom with an ECOLOGY MAGAZINE --

KIRBY (CONT'D)
There's a drone outside.

Barclay looks to the WINDOW. To the DRONE hovering outside with RED BLINKING LIGHT.

BARBARA
Oh my God.

BARCLAY
Get away from it.

BARBARA
Are they spying on us??

BARCLAY
Get away from the window.

Barclay RIPS CURTAINS across the window.

KIRBY
Look there's another one!

A SECOND DRONE has popped up at the other end of the window. Barclay hurries over, DRAGS more curtains to block its view.

BARBARA
I'm going out there...

Barbara goes to storm out but Barclay holds her back.

BARCLAY
Wait, it's not safe.

Barbara wrenches free. There's a knock at the door.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
Keep the curtains shut.

Barclay crosses to the door, opens it. HANA is outside, SOLDIERS hurrying past to deal with the commotion.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
There's drones at the window.

HANA
It's the press...

BARCLAY
This is a private space, there's a teenager here for God's sake...

HANA
We're on it.

Barclay moves out into the corridor.

CUT TO:

56 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

56

BARCLAY keeps the door ajar.

BARCLAY
Listen this isn't working, you can't keep my family cooped up in here, it's not fair...

HANA
Let me talk to HQ. Maybe we can get them moved to a safe house. Meanwhile these might help.

Hana hands him three MOBILE PHONES in a zip-lock bag.

BARCLAY
(calls out)
Bar? Got our phones back.

HANA
All communication will be monitored for your own safety.

BARBARA appears around the door, grabs the phones.

BARBARA
Thank God. Kirby?

She goes.

HANA
There's something else, Kate wanted you to see.

HANA hands Barclay an iPad. A simple onscreen UNIT graphic: WENLEY MOOR ARCHIVE and a password box.

HANA (CONT'D)

Homo Aqua and Reptilia archive,
retrieved from a hibernation site.
Your eyes only.

BARCLAY

What's the password?

HANA

Password.

BARCLAY

Seriously.

HANA

It's on your email. But don't read
before bed or you'll never sleep.

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED 57

58 EXT. LONDON BACK STREET - NIGHT 58

A POSH CAR idles out front of an abandoned block of shops.

A TAXI pulls up behind. MARKO (the lab nurse) clambers out,
hurries over to the first car. Raps on the back window.

Window goes down --

SIR KEITH SPEARS (seen with the PM earlier) sitting inside.

SIR KEITH

Make it quick.

Marko hands over a PADDED ENVELOPE. Sir Keith checks the
contents: a USB stick, TISSUE SAMPLE SLIDES in zip-lock bags,
and a small freezer CHILL PACK to keep them cold.

Nods to Marko, satisfied. Hands over some PAPERS.

SIR KEITH (CONT'D)

Your citizenship is approved.
Welcome to Britain.

Window goes up --

MARKO

What about my mother? Hey what
about my mother?!!

And the car drives away.

CUT TO:

59 EXT./INT. SIR KEITH'S HOUSE, KENSINGTON, LONDON - NIGHT 59

Over SIR KEITH'S shoulder, as he walks up the gravel driveway of a detached upmarket Kensington property. A DOORMAN opens the front door, ushers him in --

Continuous shot: a HOUSEKEEPER approaches to take his coat, Keith hands it over and walks through the house --

SIR KEITH
Thanks Maria.

Passing expensive ART on the walls, tasteful decor --

ESTHER SPEARS (40s), Business Executive and Sir Keith's wife intercepts -- quick kiss --

SIR KEITH (CONT'D)
Hello darling.

ESTHER
Can't stop, the gallery opens
Friday and Sue's got Covid, it's
been chaos.

SIR KEITH
Fill me in later.

ESTHER
Your guests are in the dining room.

Esther heads upstairs. Sir Keith enters a main DINING ROOM, where GENERAL DUSSOLIER and GENERAL GUNSBURG (50s, American war hero), sit at a table with wine, smoked salmon, crackers, caviar and posh cheeses.

SIR KEITH
Sorry to keep you.

GENERAL GUNSBURG
Hey, you take your time, look at
this spread.

He hands Marko's PADDED ENVELOPE over to General Gunsberg.

SIR KEITH
Tissue samples. 'Know thine enemy'.
(the food)
Haven't eaten all day.

He sits, takes a cracker and cheese.

GENERAL GUNSBURG
Have you seen their demands?

SIR KEITH
"Environmental management", they
make it sound so innocuous.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

It's the death of the energy industry. Of your livelihood.

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

We've run simulations. Look at the impact of war and the pandemic on Western economies, and multiply that by a hundred.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

We are sliding into recession.

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

The public are already panicked - my mother was in the bank today emptying her account!

SIR KEITH

Which one?

GENERAL GUNSBURG

The President's sole focus is to protect the stability of the US economy.

SIR KEITH

And mine is to protect my companies.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

That's what we hoped you'd say. But with UNIT running the diplomacy, there's constant opposition.

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

Kate Lethbridge-Stewart has influence. With the H2O committee and with your Prime Minister.

SIR KEITH

Not to worry, Harry's attention is divided at the moment. And he always listens to his biggest donor.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

Good. We'll need you onside when we brief him.

Sir Keith skewers a piece of smoked salmon with a toothpick.

SIR KEITH

You had me at 'recession'.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 60

Looking up at the hotel -- the glow of occupied rooms. And a WHITE PLASTIC BAG. Cartwheeling in the wind.

CUT TO:

61 OMITTED 61

62 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 62

BARCLAY sits on the sofa in sleepwear, in the dark, face illuminated by the iPad screen. Stunned.

On screen: Incredible, vivid still images. A WHITE CITY of SPIRES and PYRAMIDS in the desert, ornately carved MINARETS and BRIDGES. Thousands of TINY FIGURES - people?? - dwarfed by the buildings.

Huge DINOSAURS - TITANOSAURS - used like pack-horses, massive building blocks of CALCIUM on their backs, or dragged behind them on ropes.

The image is labelled 'HOMO REPTILIA METROPOLIS, PANGAEA. CURRENTLY EGYPT'.

He swipes -- more images, a COASTAL CITY this time, with vast sweeping bridges leading directly into the OCEAN. Connecting land and sea. Tiny FIGURES meeting, interacting. Labelled: 'CONJUNCTION CITADEL, PANGAEA. CURRENTLY SIBERIA'.

Close on: key words and phrases alongside the images: '...species dominated the planet up to 95 million years ago...', 'evolutionary branches split between the land and the sea...' 'a vast civilisation', 'calcium infrastructure decayed', 'catastrophic climate change', 'retreated underground', 'advanced cryogenic technology'. Then one final word: 'hostile'.

Barclay swipes back again at the image of the DESERT CITY. The scale of it, the beauty. It's astonishing.

And then he sees -- a little PLAY ICON at the corner of the screen he missed before.

He hits it -- and the ancient world COMES ALIVE. A panning shot across this incredible environment; the SPIRES and PYRAMIDS, the TITANOSAURS, the tiny figures. The scale of it.

Barclay stares at the footage in wonder.

KIRBY (O.S.)

Dad?

KIRBY has exited the bedroom. Barclay closes the iPad.

BARCLAY

Couldn't sleep?

Kirby sits beside him, sleepy but worried.

KIRBY
I just read your speech online.

BARCLAY
It was more of a ramble.

KIRBY
Made me proud though.

BARCLAY
(touched)
Really?

KIRBY
But those drones. All the attention.
I mean, are you gonna be safe? Doing
this?

BARCLAY
Yeah course.

KIRBY
Do you promise?

BARCLAY
Yes. Absolutely.

KIRBY
Can we come and watch sometime?

BARCLAY
Security's crazy. But I'm only half
a mile down the road. Lean out that
window, you can probably see me.

Barclay puts his arm around Kirby, reassuring them.

KIRBY
The whole world's changing.

BARCLAY
Maybe it's for the best.

And they sit there, thinking about that.

CUT TO:

63

INT. IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAWN

63

New morning. BARCLAY is led inside, in his smart suit,
briefed by HANA and accompanied by UNIT SOLDIERS.

HANA
Your family will be moved to a safe
house this morning. We're separating
civilians from diplomatic staff.

BARCLAY

Can I see them before they go?

HANA

Sorry, you're here all day.

Suddenly ROSE-MARIE is there, with a CAMERA OPERATOR, microphone shoved at Barclay.

ROSE-MARIE

Barclay. Hi, Rose-Marie Hunt.
Nice suit.

HANA

No interviews.

Soldiers get between them, move Rose-Marie aside.

ROSE-MARIE

What can you tell us about Homo
Aqua's demands? How confident are
you that we can achieve what they
want?

HANA

He has no comment.

ROSE-MARIE

How you coping under the pressure?
What happens if you mess this up?

Piquing Barclay's anxiety as they keep moving.

CUT TO:

64 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

64

INTERCUT WITH:

65 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

65

EMPRESS HALL:

The giant watertank SWELLS and CREAKS, the water settles.

SALT exits the tank. Takes her position, opposite BARCLAY.
Staring him down.

BARCLAY

...Hiya.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

Cups of coffee steaming. KATE watching; she hasn't slept.

KATE

(on comms)

No. Text on screen please.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

Barclay nods. Swallows. Checks his screen.

BARCLAY

Once again I bid you welcome, and
bring to session this diplomatic
congress.

SALT

What is your response to our
demands?

Watching from their seats: GENERAL DUSSOLIER, SIR KEITH and
GENERAL GUNSBURG.

BARCLAY

World leaders have consulted with
climate scientists and private
enterprise on the subject of ocean
pollution. We can guarantee a fifty
percent reduction by 2065. Further
reduction will then be exponential.

SALT

2065.

BARCLAY

Correct.

SALT

Fifty percent.

BARCLAY

Yes.

SALT

Explain.

BARCLAY

It will take time to raise the
finance and resources to tackle the
problem, but world governments are
committed to making it a priority.

SALT

Forty years.

BARCLAY

Yes.

SALT

This is unacceptable.

BARCLAY

An operation of this scale will
stretch our resources to their
limits.

(MORE)

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

We regret we cannot guarantee a significant reduction of ocean pollution in a shorter time frame.

SALT

So this. Is your final offer.

BARCLAY

(reads)

You've waited millions of years beneath the ocean. Now we're asking for just forty more years to reset. To give you what you want.

SALT

You are asking. For fifteen thousand revolutions of the sun. When scores of us are dying every day. Should we wait while your engines deafen us, while your trawlers ravage our home, while we choke on your plastic and sewage? We cannot hear. Or see. Or breathe. So tell me why we should live. Like this. For just one day longer.

BARCLAY

(unscripted)

...I'm so sorry.

SALT

I believe that you are sorry. But are your leaders?

BARCLAY

(looks to screen, reads)

The world is united in its desire for meaningful change.

Salt absorbs that. Doubts it.

SALT

Do they wish. That they could achieve this sooner?

BARCLAY

(reads)

Yes. Of course.

SALT

Do they want. To accelerate this process?

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

Slowly tracking in on Kate. She senses a trap.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY

(reads)

We are committed to undoing the
damage we have inflicted on our
planet.

SALT

How committed?

BARCLAY

(reads)

It is our greatest desire.

SALT

Then we will grant it.

A long silence in the Hall. Barclay confused, looks to his
blank screen, looks round to General Pierce, with HANA.

BARCLAY

(unscripted)

Um. Sorry, what do you mean?

SALT

Your greatest desire. Is happening.

And she turns to face the windows.

Barclay follows her lead, looks round.

All eyes swing to the windows. Outside there's the faint
pitter-patter of what sounds like rain. Growing heavier.

The skies start to darken, the light dims. And it's raining.
Except it's not rain -- it's something else.

PUSH IN on Barclay, realising something's very wrong.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

SHIRLEY looks up towards the roof. There's a muffled
clattering sound. Like hail. But not.

SHIRLEY

You hear that?

Everyone looking up. Except Kate, focussed on her screens.
Watching a feed from outside the building.

PHONES start RINGING. Messages PINGING.

CHRISTOFER

Is it a storm?

KATE stands, grave. And we PUSH IN.

KATE
That's no storm.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. LONDON STREET / INT. UNIT TRANSPORT - ROAD - DAY 66

Craning down over a UNIT TRANSPORT waiting in traffic -- following a PLASTIC BAG, buffeted by the wind --

It grazes the car window, flies off. KIRBY looks round, from the back seat. BARBARA beside them.

In the reflection of the window: a DARKENING SKY. PLASTIC BAGS and MICROPARTICLES swirling --

What the hell?? --

CUT TO:

67 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 67

A ripple of confusion through the Hall. Panic. Phones PINGING. Delegates including GENERAL DUSSOLIER, SIR KEITH and GENERAL GUNSBURG moving to the window, others hurrying for the exit to see for themselves.

And SALT just stares at BARCLAY. Cold.

SALT
We are cleaning up your mess.

On Barclay's dread.

CUT TO:

68 OMITTED 68

69 EXT. LONDON STREET / INT. UNIT TRANSPORT - ROAD - DAY 69

Back to the car, moving now. BARBARA and KIRBY staring out of the windows.

KIRBY
What's happening?

BARBARA
...I don't know.

Outside: PANDEMONIUM. PASSERS-BY running for cover; traffic slowing. PLASTIC BOTTLES tumbling out of the sky, PLASTIC BAGS twisting and dancing in the wind.

KIRBY
It's plastic. And rubbish.

The transport skids to a halt -- the road blocked with traffic. Drivers stopping, staring upwards.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Mum...

Barbara follows Kirby's eyeline --

BARBARA

Oh my God.

Up ahead, the heavens have opened. The streets are POUNDED by DEBRIS falling from the sky; a vast SHOWER of PLASTIC pelting down, sweeping towards their transport like a rainshower. Pedestrians RUNNING, cars honking --

Chunks of PLASTIC large and small. Broken bottles and lids. Cotton bud sticks, takeaway boxes, straws, plastic bags. Fishing line. Nets.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Turn the car around! Turn it around!

The UNIT DRIVER tries to reverse but another CAR moves in, brakes right behind.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Get us out of here!

The car in front moves slightly, giving the UNIT driver enough room to swing the wheel --

Barbara and Kirby staring at the TORRENT OF PLASTIC heading straight for them --

As the car lurches -- and SPEEDS AWAY --

CUT TO:

70 EXT. MEDITERRANEAN BEACH - DAY

70

A YOUNG FAMILY making sandcastles; MUM, DAD, LITTLE GIRL. Watching the horizon, in awe, as a TORNADO of plastic and rubbish is SUCKED out of the ocean, and UP, into DARK CLOUDS.

CUT TO:

71 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

71

SHIRLEY and STEVE at their screens.

SHIRLEY

It's happening everywhere, all at once. The plastic's coming out of the oceans and into our cities!

STEVE

Not just the oceans, it's coming
out of the Thames! Out of the Nile,
the Hudson...

CUT TO:

72 INT. IMPERIAL HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY 72

KATE and CHRISTOFER hurry down stairs.

KATE

Lock down the building, get
everyone to the lower levels.

An ALARM starts WHOOPING.

CUT TO:

73 OMITTED 73

74 OMITTED 74

75 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 75

INTERCUT WITH:

76 EXT. LONDON STREET / INT. UNIT TRANSPORT - DAY 76

EMPRESS HALL: Chaos in the Hall. The alarm WHOOPING. Most
DELEGATES leaving, SOLDIERS and STEWARDS ushering them away.

BARCLAY left standing at his podium, staring in horror at an
unrepentant SALT.

HANA comes racing up to him with a SOLDIER escort.

HANA

We need to leave.

KATE comes striding down the aisle, with CHRISTOFER and
GENERAL PIERCE. Joins BARCLAY and HANA, facing SALT.

KATE

You have to stop.

SALT

But this is what you wanted.

On the HUMANS. Appalled. Helpless.

Barclay's phone starts vibrating in his pocket; he takes it
out, moves aside.

BARCLAY

Are you okay?

CUT TO BARBARA & KIRBY:

Barbara's phone on loudspeaker:

BARBARA
Barclay what's happening??

CUT TO BARCLAY:

BARCLAY
They're cleaning up the oceans.
The plastic, the pollution. All of
it. They're giving it back.

CUT TO BARBARA & KIRBY:

BARBARA
We're in a car, it's chaos...

CUT TO BARCLAY:

BARCLAY
What?? You're outside???

KIRBY (V.O.)
We've just left the hotel, we can't
get back...

BARCLAY
God's sake, get to the Hall, tell
the driver. Imperial House.

CUT TO BARBARA & KIRBY:

BARBARA
(yelling to the driver)
Imperial House, go to Imperial
House...

And Barclay starts running --

CUT TO:

77

EXT. IMPERIAL HOUSE / INT. UNIT TRANSPORT - DAY

77

OUTSIDE TRANSPORT:

The UNIT TRANSPORT speeds along the road close to Imperial
House --

Then BRAKES, stuck behind gridlocked TRAFFIC. Drivers getting
out to look, or to run. The sensible ones staying inside.

PLASTIC thundering down.

CUT TO INSIDE TRANSPORT:

KIRBY
There's nowhere to go.

UNIT DRIVER

Don't worry, okay, I'm gonna get
you --- (safe)

WHAM!!! Something SMASHES onto the front of the vehicle --
the windscreen EXPLODES, the whole car LURCHES -- the roof
CAVES IN around the driver --

Kirby SCREAMS -- Barbara holds Kirby tight --

The sound of a LOUD SMASH from nearby. Another (unseen) car
wiped out. SCREAMING.

BARBARA

Kirby listen to me. We'll have to
run for it but I need to help the
driver.

KIRBY

Is he... (dead?)

BARBARA

No don't look at him. Listen. When
I give the word, get out and run.
(points to Imperial House)
Straight up those steps, and find
your dad, okay? I'll be right
behind you.

Kirby nodding, terrified.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Promise me. Just run.

KIRBY

I promise.

BARBARA

One. Two. Three!

Kirby flings the door open -- and RUNS --

CUT TO OUTSIDE TRANSPORT:

It's CHAOS. People running, plastic tumbling out of the sky.
KIRBY hurries for Imperial House, glances back, sees a rusted
front-loader WASHING MACHINE has caved the front of their car
in. They turn back --

See a huge TRACTOR TYRE bouncing in their direction! Kirby
darts out of the way -- the tyre rolls past --

Kirby takes cover by a parked car as plastic THUNDERS DOWN;
looks around; overwhelmed, traumatised ---

CUT TO INSIDE TRANSPORT:

Barbara has leant over to the caved-in front section - she
checks the (mostly unseen; no blood) driver.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Hey. Can you hear me? I'm gonna get help...

No reply. She carefully puts her hand through twisted metal to check the pulse on his neck. But he's dead.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

Her phone rings; she answers.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Barclay...

CUT TO OUTSIDE TRANSPORT:

BARCLAY hurries out of the main entrance, phone to his ear, scans the chaos and panic outside, horrified. All around, PLASTIC thunders down!

BARCLAY

Where are you?

CUT TO INSIDE TRANSPORT:

Barbara flings open the car door --

BARBARA

Don't worry about me, find Kirby!

And RUNS --

CUT TO:

78	OMITTED	78
79	OMITTED	79
80	OMITTED	80
81	EXT. IMPERIAL HOUSE, LONDON - DAY	81

BARCLAY edges down the steps, scanning the chaos --

Up ahead, a dazed KIRBY takes shelter.

KIRBY

Dad! Dad!

Barclay sees Kirby and sprints, dodging PEDESTRIANS --

He gets closer, looks up -- sees a TWENTY FOOT RUSTED ANCHOR plunging out of the sky, right towards Kirby --

He SPRINTS like he's never sprinted before --

Tackles Kirby --

The anchor EXPLODES into the road just feet away! Obliterates the tarmac. The ground QUAKES.

And they look at each other. Alive.

Barbara races towards them.

Around her, people run for cover or cry inside cars.

PASSENGERS flee a STRANDED DOUBLE DECKER BUS, tangled with SEAWEED and FISHING NETS.

She reaches Barclay and Kirby -- hugs Kirby fiercely --

BARCLAY

We're okay. But we gotta run.

Barclay leading the way, back towards Imperial House --

CUT TO:

82 INT. BBC NEWS STUDIO - DAY

82

BBC NEWS READER to camera, professional but fraught:

BBC NEWSREADER

Reports are coming in from all over
the world, from dozens of major
cities ---

CUT TO:

83 EXT. NEW YORK - MANHATTAN - DAY

83

Wide shot: looking back at the Manhattan skyline from the Hudson river. PLASTIC thundering down on the city.

CUT TO:

84 OMITTED

84

85 OMITTED

85

86 OMITTED

86

87 INT. THE TRINITY WELLS SHOW STUDIO - DAY

87

TRINITY WELLS

All across Manhattan, the sky is
raining plastic.

CUT TO:

88 INT. CHINESE NEWS STUDIO - DAY 88

CHINESE NEWS ANCHOR
(in Mandarin)
All citizens should find shelter.
Get to shelter immediately.

CUT TO:

89 INT. RUSSIAN NEWS STUDIO - DAY 89

RUSSIAN NEWSREADER
(in Russian)
This is some kind of attack!

CUT TO:

90 INT. UK NEWS STUDIO - DAY 90

UK NEWSREADER
Police have issued a directive: the
streets are not safe, everyone
should stay indoors, do not go
outside...

CUT TO:

91 EXT. LONDON FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY 91

High above the Square Mile; PLASTIC and DEBRIS moving like a
TIDAL WAVE, like a TSUNAMI.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 92

Shaky phone footage; PEOPLE huddled under cover. Hugging.
Praying. KIDS crying.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. IMPERIAL HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 93

Horrified BARCLAY, with BARBARA and KIRBY, under shelter on
the steps. Flanked by KATE, CHRISTOFER and GENERAL PIERCE.

All staring in disbelief.

BARCLAY
...What have they done?

GENERAL PIERCE
They're declaring war.

Wide: on the six of them, standing at the heart of a plastic
apocalypse.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

94

Close-ups: Tracking across RUSTED METAL. Old BOLTS and RIVETS. BARNACLES, clinging on. A century of ALGAE and SEAWEED. Across ROTTING PORTHOLES. Ancient, broken glass.

Wider: to reveal it's the PROW of an OLD SHIP. An OCEAN LINER; once proud, now devastated, eaten by the elements and broken in two. A *barely-legible* name on the hull: 'TITANIC'.

An NYPD HELICOPTER wipes frame; track with it, go wider to reveal the WRECKAGE, ejected from the sea, now slap-bang at the heart of the NEW YORK FINANCIAL DISTRICT, in a river of PLASTIC and DEBRIS.

AMERICAN NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

One hundred and fourteen years
after she began her maiden voyage,
the Titanic has finally reached her
destination.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. NEW YORK FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

95

Sirens blaring. Female REPORTER to camera; breathless, excited by the chaos. Behind her, the wreck of Titanic.

AMERICAN NEWS REPORTER

Just one of the impossible sights on
the streets of New York today. Streets
that are now unrecognisable.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. WESTMINSTER, LONDON - DAY

96

High and wide: Westminster also rammed with PLASTIC and RUBBISH. HELICOPTERS buzzing over the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

UK NEWSREADER (V.O.)

World leaders have called for calm
as the cleanup operation begins.
Major cities around the world
remain paralysed, with a damage
bill in the tens of billions.

A strapline on screen reads: STORM H2O. EMERGENCY CURFEW IN
FORCE, ALL UK CITIZENS MUST STAY AT HOME.

CUT TO:

97 INT. UKBN NEWS STUDIO - DAY

97

NEWSREADER at their desk.

UK NEWSREADER
Former Albion party leader Felix
Gladstock has branded Storm H2O as
"a call to arms".

CUT TO:

98 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

98

News VT, outside a country cottage. FELIX GLADSTOCK; venal, furious. A snake in a suit, with his WIFE (40s) and two SONS (12 and 13).

FELIX GLADSTOCK
Every citizen of this planet is now
at war. We cannot allow these
monsters to terrorise our children,
to devastate the civilisation we've
worked so hard to build. It's time
to fight back. To unite against our
common enemy.
(down the barrel)
Homo. Aqua.

CUT TO:

99 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

99

INTERCUT WITH:

100 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

100

EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY, waiting nervously at his podium. All eyes are on him; the hall rammed with more MILITARY and DIPLOMATS than ever before. HANA seated. More MEDIA, cameras everywhere.

People are shaken, their world changed. Faces grave, eyes stinging. Quiet and angry. The future of the planet hinges on this day. This moment. And everyone knows it.

The airlock DECONTAMINATION LIGHT goes BZZZZZ.

SALT and her two GUARDS exit into unforgiving silence.

Barclay swallows. Looks at his TEXT SCREEN. And begins.

BARCLAY
Ambassador. We approached this
congress in good faith, but your
actions have jeopardised the
diplomatic process. Humanity wants
a peaceful settlement, not war.

SALT
This war began a long time ago, and
it was started by you. Now, we have
simply returned what is yours.

Barclay looks to his screen. The prepared text: 'We are addressing the pollution crisis as a matter of urgency...'

Then he looks up, ignores it.

BARCLAY

Look. There's words here I'm supposed to say. But the fact is, you're cleverer than we are. That's obvious.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

Fierce KATE monitoring a live feed on SCREENS with her team; SHIRLEY, CAPTAIN MACKIE, STEVE, MIN. CHRISTOFER observing.

SHIRLEY

He's off script again.

KATE

This is like working with the Doctor.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY

And I understand why you did this, really, I do. But it was a mistake. People were hurt, my family were out there in that - they could've died! And now things are worse. Now we're scared, and when humans are scared, they do terrible things.

SALT

Are you threatening us?

BARCLAY

No. Sorry, no. Definitely not.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE

(on comms)

Enough Barclay. I mean it, or God help me I'll come down there. Get back to the text.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY

(reading)

The United Nations of the Earth demand an armistice agreement, with immediate effect, for the duration of these talks. To safeguard humanity and protect a path towards long-term peace.

Barclay looks up, meets Salt's cold stare. Waits.

SALT

There will be three conditions. One:
that pollution of oceans and waterways
ceases with immediate effect.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE

We expected this. Addendum 2,
Paragraph 1.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY

World governments are working with
industry on urgent solutions to
this crisis.

Salt appears to consider that. Then nods.

SALT

Our second requirement is formal
designation of borders.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE

Prepared for that too.
Okay, this is good.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY

We are happy to consider large
areas of all seas that are
exclusive to Homo Aqua.

SALT

Areas are not acceptable to us.
We require. All water.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE

(on Comms)

What does she mean? Clarify that.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

BARCLAY

Sorry... "all water"?

SALT

The entirety of all oceans and
waterways.

Stunned silence in the hall. Barclay's screen is BLANK.

BARCLAY

Um...

AUSTRALIAN DIPLOMAT (O.S.)

Sorry. Excuse me.

Barclay turns. An AUSTRALIAN DIPLOMAT (40s, male) is standing.

AUSTRALIAN DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

We're an island nation. Under this proposal... are we permitted passage across the oceans?

SALT

No.

A ripple of shock through the hall.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

SALT (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

The human race evolved to live on land. Not in the waters, or the sky.

SHIRLEY

She said "sky". Do they want the skies now??

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

GENERAL GUNSBERG stands, interrupts:

GENERAL GUNSBERG

You live in the ocean, the skies are not your concern.

SALT

Pollution from your planes heats the air. Which in turn heats the water. The air above the ocean *is* the ocean. This is our space.

DIPLOMAT TED CAMPBELL (50s) stands:

TED

Are you seeking to ground *all air transport*??

SALT

Transport over land is your concern. Transport across water will not be permitted.

GENERAL GUNSBERG

But that's ridiculous.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE
Barclay you're losing control.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

But Barclay can't get a word in.

SIR KEITH
Trade between continents is an
essential function of the modern
world!

A delegate from SIERRA LEONE (60s, male) stands.

SIERRA LEONE DELEGATE
Yes, our continent relies on food
imports.

SALT
We will take questions from the
Ambassador.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE
Barclay.

CAPTAIN MACKIE
There's no prep for this, we don't
have responses.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

GENERAL GUNSBERG
Why is the air yours? You can't
have the *air*!

SALT
We will take questions from the
Ambassador.

SIERRA LEONE DELEGATE
You're amphibian! You don't own the
sky! You cannot starve our people!

BARCLAY
Everybody please...

More DELEGATES springing up, emboldened by the chaos.

AUSTRALIAN DIPLOMAT
You're holding us hostage.

SIR KEITH
What about bridges? Can we cross
bridges?

GENERAL DUSSOLIER
What about the Channel Tunnel?

TED

The world cannot function without
cross-continental travel.

The Sierra Leone Delegate is out of his seat and striding
angrily towards Salt.

SIERRA LEONE DELEGATE

How dare you! How dare you come in
here and dictate the future of the
human race!

SOLDIERS tense. Salt's GUARDS take up a defensive position.
GENERAL PIERCE stands, ready to block the delegate --

The delegate strides forward, furious, jabbing his finger --

SIERRA LEONE DELEGATE (CONT'D)

You are condemning developing
countries to death!

SALT

ENOUGH!

Something's happened to Salt. Her scales SHIMMER -- her
features MORPH in SECONDS into something different.

A squarer jaw, thicker neck, more muscular body. Deeper
voice. In an instant, Salt is something else.

Something MALE. This is impossible, astonishing.

The Sierra Leone Delegate FREEZES on the spot, terrified.

Barclay is stunned.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

SHIRLEY

Woah...

SALT TWO

(on screen)

We will take questions from the
Ambassador *only*.

MIN

Voice has changed. Her intonation
is male.

KATE

Never mind the voice. *Look at him.*

SHIRLEY

I'm getting spikes in testosterone,
cortisol and ketotestosterone.

STEVE

So she's a man now?

SHIRLEY

I don't know.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

Barclay, shocked. Salt is silent and furious. Glaring.

BARCLAY

Sorry. They're sorry, they'll shut up now.

(turns, snaps)

Shut up and sit down.

The Sierra Leone delegate retreats. Other standing delegates obey, sit down. A hush descends. Barclay looks back to Salt.

Scales RIPPLE -- the features resolve into FEMALE form.

The process is incredible. And beautiful. And it takes a moment for Barclay to process.

Barclay speaks from the heart again, not reading:

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Like I said, people are scared. They fear what they don't understand. They don't mean to offend.

Salt stares at him for a beat. Then nods.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE

Well done Barclay.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

Barclay looks back to the screen. Reads.

BARCLAY

We'll need time. These proposals aren't something we can solve in days, or weeks. Or even months.

(beat)

But while we negotiate, we insist on a formal armistice, to maintain peace between our species.

SALT

We have given two conditions for this armistice. There is a third, and it is simple. We stand here, in your rooms of concrete and steel. And dust. And light. Burning our eyes and our lungs. And we will endure no more.

Salt touches the PEARL in her neck.

SALT (CONT'D)

So our next meeting. Will be here.

All across the hall, EVERY SCREEN flickers.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

Upstairs, every screen and terminal GLITCHES. The image resolves into --

A WORLD MAP. The same map on every screen in the building. Honing in with a series of zooms -- to the sea --

MIN

Atlantic Ocean.

The map zooms closer. A RED DOT onscreen, in the middle of the ocean. And TEXT: 0.1667°S, 18.2500°W, 7.761M.

STEVE

How are they doing this??

KATE

Check those co-ordinates.

SHIRLEY

North of the Equator, off the coast of West Africa.

KATE

Is it an island?

MIN

No.

STEVE

They want to meet on a ship?

SHIRLEY

What's the third co-ordinate?
South, West, what's 'M'?

KATE

Barclay, that's open water. Please clarify the third co-ordinate.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

Before Barclay can ask, Salt has heard the question:

SALT

Your metric unit for length. And depth.

And Barclay realises:

BARCLAY

You want us to meet... underwater?

SALT

You talk of peace and equality. So
prove your commitment. And meet us
in our world.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

Shirley and Min checking their laptops.

SHIRLEY

Romanche Trench, one of the deepest
waterways on the planet. Twenty
five thousand feet. Five miles
down.

MIN

Manned submersibles have imploded
at less than half that.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

On Barclay, hearing the commotion.

KATE (V.O.)

Barclay don't agree to anything.

SALT

Will you meet us, Barclay? At the
bottom of the ocean?

The whole room looks to Barclay. And he stares back at Salt.
And he's so scared. But he says:

BARCLAY

Okay.