

THE WAR BETWEEN THE LAND AND THE SEA

Episode Four

by
Pete McTighe

Yellow Revisions

28/08/24



All rights reserved. No part of this script may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system of any nature, or transmitted, in any form or by any means including photocopying and recording, without the prior written permission of Bad Wolf Limited, the copyright owner. Licences issued by the Copyright Licensing Agency or any other reproduction rights organisation do not apply.

THIS SCRIPT IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL AND MAY NOT BE DISCLOSED TO ANY PERSON OTHER THAN THE ADDRESSEE WITHOUT THE PRIOR CONSENT OF BAD WOLF LIMITED.

If any unauthorised acts are carried out in relation to this copyright work, a civil claim for damages may be made and/or a criminal prosecution may result.

RECEIPT OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF ANY SORT. © BAD WOLF LIMITED 2024

1 INT. HOMO AQUA HABITAT, DIPLOMATIC CHAMBER - UNDERWATER 1

THE WATER crashes in, and -

Close on BARCLAY, in DRY AIR, wide-eyed, horrified, seeing -

GENERAL PIERCE and MIN, in DRY AIR, turning to him, shocked -

CUT TO -

GENERAL PIERCE and MIN UNDERWATER, shocked -

CUT TO -

GENERAL PIERCE and MIN reduced to THIN STRIPS of CLOTHING with GREY SOUP spreading from their empty collars. Pierce's EMPTY SLEEVE is extended, a spread of SOUP linking it to his separated, free-floating GLOVE.

BARCLAY now - THUMP!, immediately UNDERWATER, and -

SALT IS THERE - HOLDING HIM, clinging on to him like a wild thing, she SCREECHES, the most unearthly HOWL, and -

- he's NOT compressed, the HOWL summons a WILD SWIRL OF WATER AND BUBBLES around them, a spinning whirlpool, and -

- Barclay and Salt are now spinning, holding on to each other's hand, but barely, they're the centre of a vortex of wild water, spinning, spinning, spinning, hurtling round, out of control, faster, faster, faster -

- and RISING -

CUT TO:

2 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 2

KATE, crouched over CHRISTOFER's body, a dot of red laser light on her forehead.

Her POV: A MUZZLE FLASH from the tower block opposite --

She drops - the bullet EXPLODES into the wall behind her. She lies there, gasping, her PHONE on the floor, metres away.

KATE
(yells towards phone)
Shots fired! Man down, code red,
urgent assistance!

CUT TO:

3 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 3

SHIRLEY whips round to a nearby SOLDIER.

SHIRLEY
Code Red, all ground teams!
Sandown Building, Floor 35!

CUT TO:

4 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 4

KATE still with Christofer, protecting him even in death,
yelling at her PHONE:

KATE
Target building opposite, India
House, estimate Floor 35.

CUT TO:

5 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 5

SHIRLEY
Squad Three, Sandown Building,
Squad Four, India House -

CORPORAL JANE HART - newly promoted from Private, in the
emergency, but nervous - at her DESK:

JANE HART
Emergency comms from the Diplomatic
Zone, we have an event.

SHIRLEY
What does that mean?

JANE HART
A sonic pulse.

SHIRLEY
What does that mean?

JANE HART
Integrity lost.

SHIRLEY
Jane, please, what does that mean?

JANE HART
...they're dead.

A tiny second. Then Shirley is magnificent, takes control.

SHIRLEY

All comms through me, register:
Shirley Anne Bingham now in
command, Options 1 to 5 Schematics
installed, all stations on Red
Alert, tell me, what do we know?

CUT TO:

6

EXT. INDIA HOUSE - NIGHT

6

Riverside APARTMENT BLOCK - a UNIT TRUCK screeches up!

SOLDIERS jump out, armed, on the alert -

Bang! Tzing! BULLETS fired from the doorway of India House.
There's a MAN - seen only FROM A DISTANCE, 40, burly, ex-
forces - taking aim at them, he fires again -

UNIT troops take cover. Fire a VOLLEY OF SHOTS -

The man FALLS.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. KATE'S APARTMENT, BALCONY - NIGHT

7

KATE stands forward. Alone. The wind in her hair. The city
glittering around her. Blood on her hands. Behind her, the
broken window. Christofer's body on the floor.

She can hear sirens from the city below. She's fixing a
COMMS device to her ear. She can hear 'Shots fired. Suspect
down. No signs of life. Suspect terminated.' Quiet:

KATE

Who is he? Shirley? Do we know
who he is?

CUT TO:

8

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

8

SHIRLEY going to JANE'S DESK, having to be tough on COMMS.

SHIRLEY

Apologies, ma'am, I'll hand you
over to Inland Security, if you
could clear the line, thank you, we
have a situation -
(to Jane)
What are they saying?

JANE HART

We registered the collapse of the habitat. Eight kilometres down. I'm sorry, there's no way any human being could survive that.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. UNDERWATER

9

BARCLAY and SALT still SPINNING LIKE CRAZY in a VORTEX of WATER. Rising up, up, up.

And instinct makes them haul each other IN. Pulling. Closer to each other. Until they're together, staring at each other, surrounded by the wild swirl, and then...

She holds his head, Presses her mouth against his. It's like a KISS. Except she is FILLING HIS LUNGS with AIR.

Then, WHOOSH -

CUT TO:

10

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SUNSET

10

BARCLAY and SALT EXPLODE to the SURFACE - LIGHT! AIR!

It's beautiful. The sun setting on the horizon. Though the real world asserts itself as Barclay gasps for air, Salt still holding him, trying to calm him.

Wide: a Royal Navy WILDCAT HELICOPTER hovering thirty metres above them, its powerful downdraft rippling the ocean. WIDE HIGH SHOT, Barclay and Salt looking up.

Cut to TITLES.

CUT TO:

11

INT. UK NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

11

NEWSREADER to CAMERA.

UK NEWSREADER

...and we're getting news. From military sources. I'm sorry, this just in, at 5am GMT, but... it's being confirmed. There has been an underwater explosion, we're told, at the site of the diplomatic meeting.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 12
SHIRLEY and STAFF, watching Sc.11 on SCREEN, horrified.

SHIRLEY
What d'you mean, confirmed, where
did they get this?!

Sc.11, UK Newsreader CONTINUED:

UK NEWSREADER
And the Homo Aqua Ambassador has
issued a statement *claiming*
responsibility for the deaths of
the H2O diplomats.

SHIRLEY
What?!?

On SCREEN:

CUT TO:

13 INT. HOMO AQUA HABITAT - NIGHT 13
Only seen as VIDEO FOOTAGE INSERT. CU SALT to CAMERA,
grainy, under-lit hand-held footage against dark background.

SALT
This is a warning. To the human
race. Your diplomats are dead.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 14
BARBARA & KIRBY in night-clothes, watching Sc.13, horrified.

SALT (ON SCREEN)
Their blood and marrow now feed our
children.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK - NIGHT 15
Salt's video, Sc.13, on a giant LED screen. Sidewalks below
piled with plastic and trash.

SALT (ON SCREEN)
The same fate will befall anyone
who dares to enter our waters.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. SHIBUYA, TOKYO - DAY 16

Salt's Sc.13 video looming over Tokyo, Japanese subtitles.

SALT (ON SCREEN)
The time for diplomacy is over.
Our borders are defended, and
forbidden. The water of the world
will never be yours again.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 17

SHIRLEY furious, to STAFF, including STEVE.

SHIRLEY
Where is that from?! Steve, is
that real?

STEVE
Could be a deepfake.

SHIRLEY
Then find out!

CUT TO:

18 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT 18

The WARSHIPS ploughing through the waves.

CUT TO:

19 INT. SHIP CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 19

BARCLAY is exhausted. Wired. Battered. Drained. But now
determined to never give up.

He's talking to a CAMERA & SCREEN, to Shirley, Sc.20.

BARCLAY
It wasn't Salt. I can swear to
you, I'm a witness, the device was
exploded by Ted Campbell. Theodore
Campbell, he was...
(upset)
They all died.

FLASHBACK. Images from Sc.1. General Pierce, Min.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
They were crushed. Right in front
of me. One second flat, they were
gone.

(MORE)

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
(realises what he said)
One second flat. Oh my God.

He laughs. Wild. It becomes sobs. He covers his face.

Scene CONTINUES, INTERCUT with Sc.20, Control Room.

CUT TO:

20

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

20

INTERCUT with Barclay in Sc.19, SHIRLEY with CAMERA & SCREEN.

SHIRLEY
It's okay. Hey. It's all right.

BARCLAY
(pulls himself together)
Can I ask..? How old was Min?

SHIRLEY
28. If it's any consolation, it
must've been instantaneous.

BARCLAY
No, they knew. In that second.
I'm sorry, but they knew.

SHIRLEY
Okay, the most important thing for
you, now, is to get back here -

KATE
Thank you, Mrs Bingham - transfer
to my desk -

And KATE is there! At her desk. Change of clothes, she's
smartened herself up after that terrible night. She presses
a BUTTON, Barclay's screen BLIPS to her, Shirley's goes DEAD.

SHIRLEY
You shouldn't be here - !

KATE
Mr Pierre-Dupont, there is one
fundamental question. How the hell
did you survive?

BARCLAY
I'm not sure I did. I've got this
ringing. In my head. My spine
feels like... and my neck, I've got
this pain in my neck.

KATE

Nevertheless. You were 8
kilometres underwater. A pressure
that would crush steel. And yet...

Then she stops. The whole room discreetly looking at her
(NB, Barclay has no idea what Kate's been through).

KATE (CONT'D)

You were lucky. That was a very long night.

BARCLAY

Yeah.

KATE

We lost. Many good people.

BARCLAY

I'm sorry.

KATE

Me too. I was...

She could say so much...

Doesn't. But it's more intimate now, across the distance.

KATE (CONT'D)

Did you survive because of her?

BARCLAY

She... held me. Yes.

KATE

But this link between you. She chose you. Then saves your life. Why are you two are so connected?

BARCLAY

You know that broadcast is a fake, don't you? I mean, for God's sake, she's here, with us, you took her on board, she could've got away, she had the whole ocean, but she didn't, she stayed with me, now you've got her under lock and key. Why don't you talk to her?

KATE

We'll do that. On dry land.

BARCLAY

Then let me talk to her.

KATE

That's not possible. I have to remind you, we have five people dead, and that happened on Aquakind territory. In the eyes of the world, she's taken responsibility.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

I can offer you no compromise.
Salt is a prisoner of war.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ROOM ON BOARD SHIP - NIGHT

21

ARMED SAILORS guard a HUGE BOX.

It's the same size as the Doctor Who Zero Room, Ep.2.8.
Solid, bolted metal walls, with only a slim PANEL OF GLASS at
the front. Behind the glass, BLUE WATER.

Tracking in, and...

BANG! SALT slams into the GLASS! Staring out. Trapped.

CUT TO:

22 INT. CORNER OF THE SHIP - DUSK

22

A quiet space. BARCLAY alone. HANA with him, wary but kind.

HANA

You okay?

(no reply)

Soon as we're 1600 kilometres from
the coast, the air fleet can bring
us in. Home by tomorrow afternoon.

BARCLAY

Could you leave me alone?

HANA

D'you need a sedative, or..?

BARCLAY

Just.

Okay, she gets it, she goes.

Barclay holds his head. The RINGING NOISE. And the assault
of images, the General, and Min, and, more and more...

The breath-of-life KISS with Salt.

CUT TO:

23 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

23

KATE, staring at SCREENS, trying to get more information.
Working, working, won't stop.

Apart from that, it's quiet. Just one STAFF MEMBER in b/g, as JANE HART clears Louise Mackie's DESK. Just a small box, only a few things. SHIRLEY watching. Sombre.

JANE HART

I don't suppose there's ever going to be a body.

SHIRLEY

Don't think so.

JANE HART

That sketch pad. She was always drawing. Where should I take it?

SHIRLEY

Sergeant Lake, he can pass it on. Louise's mother lives in Kircaldy.

Kate quiet, still looking at her screen.

KATE

I'll take them. I will visit her mother. In person.

SHIRLEY

In Kircaldy? And when are you going to find time for that?

KATE

She died, under my instructions. I will find the time.

Shirley to Jane & the Staff Member.

SHIRLEY

Give us 10 minutes.

Both go, so they're alone; Shirley heads towards Kate.

KATE

Any word from undersea?

SHIRLEY

They've gone quiet. And you're going to need a personal guard.

KATE

I'm not being followed night and day.

SHIRLEY

Kate, someone tried to kill you, not Christofer.

KATE

We've identified him, here's the assassin.

- as Kate brings up on a DESK-SCREEN:

A MUGSHOT of the Sc.6 GUNMAN. 40, burly, shaved head.

Kate reads from the screen, as Shirley goes to her own desk to read the same screen.

KATE (CONT'D)

Miklos Constantinos. Born in Athens, 1985. Relieved of command from the Hellenic Army in 2010, then crops up as mercenary with pro-Gaddafi forces in Libya, 2011...

SHIRLEY

Gun for hire. But one of the best. He's been invisible since 2019. If there's a connection to Libya, then it's possible he was...

She stops, looks round.

She realises that Kate is crying.

She's simply crying.

And Shirley lets her.

Hold and hold.

Then, taking her time, Kate rebuilds herself. Wipes her face. Pushes her hair back. Deep breath.

Then normal.

KATE

So the question is. Who hired him?

CUT TO:

24

INT. DOWNING STREET, CABINET MEETING ROOM - DAY

24

PHOTO: the face of Miklos Constantinos on a LAPTOP SCREEN.

HARRY SHAW

This is nothing to do with us.

WIDER: Prime Minister HARRY SHAW with GENERAL GUNSBURG and GENERAL DUSSOLIER. Harry out of his depth, so scared.

HARRY SHAW (CONT'D)

Please tell me. This is absolutely nothing to do with us.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

We'd never be so stupid. If I wanted Kate Lethbridge-Stewart dead, I could do it in the blink of an eye.

HARRY SHAW

And you'll watch your tone. Sir. That woman serves this world in ways we can never imagine.

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

But still. We might be in trouble. We have links suggesting this man was employed by the Institute of Las Clementi. The same people who sent Ted Campbell on his mission.

(on screen: photo of Ted)

Campbell had Stage 4 pancreatic cancer. Happy to give his life for for the Institute, and their motives are clear, it's the Great Replacement Theory. Terrified of Homo Aqua replacing mankind.

HARRY SHAW

But. They are literally nothing to do with us. That explosion, there is no connection to us, not in any way, shape or form! Is there?!

GENERAL GUNSBURG

I can close the Institute, going in, with force, within two hours, hand them over to UNIT, case closed, Lethbridge-Stewart is safe.

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

But one problem remains.

Dussolier clicks on the SCREEN:

PHOTOS. Ted Campbell with Sir Keith Spears. Some London exterior, outside some dinner, shaking hands, normal stuff.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

Campbell was an associate of Sir Keith Spears. Your greatest donor. And your very good friend.

HARRY SHAW

But he's not part of it! Is he? That idiot?! The man's a clown!

GENERAL GUNSBURG

No, but the problem is, he invested £100,000 in the Las Clementi Institute in 2015. I don't imagine he's connected to the explosion, not for a single second, he's far too much of a coward. But the authorities will find the link, and if they investigate Sir Keith...

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

He's part of Severance.

HARRY SHAW, terrified.

HARRY SHAW

Oh my God.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

Exactly.

HARRY SHAW

We're connected.

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

It's... unlucky.

HARRY SHAW

That stupid man. What do we do?!

GENERAL GUNSBURG

Sir Keith Spears... is a major investor in privatised water companies. And lot of people are blaming the water companies for provoking the oceans.

HARRY SHAW

So..?

GENERAL GUNSBURG
Prime Minister. All I need to know
is that you give me permission. To
deal with this.

HARRY SHAW
With no connection to me?

GENERAL GUNSBURG
With no connection to you.

HARRY SHAW
Then do it.

CUT TO:

25 INT. PRIVATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, LONDON - NIGHT

25

The door opens.

It's SIR KEITH SPEARS, answering the doorbell.

But facing him, a MAN in BLACK LEATHERS & MOTORCYCLE HELMET
lifting up a GUN WITH SILENCER.

Bang!

WIDE SHOT. With Sir Keith lying dead, spreadeagled across
his own doorway, the MAN gets on his MOTORBIKE and ZOOMS
AWAY. HIGH ANGLE, on the TARMAC, spray-paint, big letters:

H2O

CUT TO:

26 EXT. CENTRAL LONDON HELIPAD - DAY

26

BARCLAY, blinking. The BRIGHT SUN dazzling him. He still
feels strange, since the water, head spinning, ringing, the
whack-whack-whack of HELICOPTER BLADES drumming in his head.

He looks up.

THE HUGE BOX from Sc.21, Salt's PRISON, is being lowered down
on CABLES from a UNIT HELICOPTER.

CUT TO:

27 INT. THE BOX - DAY

27

SUNLIGHT slicing through the GLASS. The whole BOX OF WATER
sloshing and pitching, as SALT swims to look through the
glass, then the next wall, the next glass panel. Like a wild
creature, trapped, as her environment lurches.

At the GLASS, Salt's POV, looking DOWN:

CUT TO:

28

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON HELIPAD - DAY

28

Salt's POV: on the helipad, six UNIT VEHICLES. Thirty ARMED SOLDIERS. The city in the background.

And BARCLAY. Looking up at her.

CUT TO BARCLAY, now looking down to see, a hundred feet away, PHOTOGRAPHERS, JOURNALISTS and NEWS CREWS including ROSE-MARIE HUNT jostle for position behind SECURITY GATES.

Then he watches a BIG FLAT-BED TRUCK reversing into position. Ready to take the BOX on board. Once it's parked, the DRIVER HOPS OUT, following safety procedures, walks a distance away.

HANA's next to Barclay.

HANA

They'll look after her. She'll be safe.

BARCLAY

They said that to us.

Okay, she leaves him alone, walks away.

Now, with UNIT SOLDIERS waving it down, like MARSHALLERS on an airport runway, the BOX is LOWERED DOWN ON TO THE TRUCK.

And... thump, it SETTLES.

SOLDIERS clamber on to the truck, to set loose the helicopter cables, and to secure the box on to the flat-bed with CHAINS. Quite a lengthy, careful operation, during which...

Barclay and the driver glance at each other. A smile. They know each other, and Barclay heads over to him. The DRIVER is CHAPPIE BRISTOW, 28, Londoner, a happy soul.

CHAPPIE

Look at you, boss.

BARCLAY

Bit of respect, please.

Little manly-clap-on-back hug.

CHAPPIE

Mr Ambassador! I said to the boys, two weeks ago he was sitting in the office signing off my overtime! Now you're on TV! I said to the boys, I hope he's getting paid.

BARCLAY

Yeah, I'm good, I'm okay, y'know.

CHAPPIE

(more serious)

You all right though, boss? Cos that was mad, they said you were right at the bottom of the sea.

BARCLAY

It was... crazy, yeah.

CHAPPIE

(looking at the box)

And she's in there? The fish?

BARCLAY

...yeah.

CHAPPIE

Man, she's sushi.

BARCLAY

That's kind of offensive.

CHAPPIE

No, but c'mon! She's murdered all those people, mate. She's going to a laboratory and she's gonna be sliced and diced.

Barclay hears that, calm, looks around...

At the box. At the truck. At the driver's cab. At all the soldiers, all around. The press, far-off behind wire.

Barclay makes up his mind.

BARCLAY

So, I'd better get back to work. Starting right now. Give me the keys and I'll move her out.

CHAPPIE

No, I'm good.

BARCLAY

I know, but I can do it. Just give me the keys, yeah?

Chappie a bit doubtful.

CHAPPIE

They signed me on to this.

BARCLAY

And I'm in charge of the signatures, c'mon. Who's the boss?

And Chappie shrugs... GIVES HIM THE KEYS.

Barclay STRIDES over to the truck. So in charge.

As Barclay covers the distance, behind him, Chappie's thinking he's got it wrong. He goes to the nearest officer, which is Hana. Explains. She's... what? Sees Barclay.

HANA

Barclay, what are you doing?

But Barclay hops up into the CAB, slams the DOOR.

Hana running over.

HANA (CONT'D)

Barclay, stop it, get out of there!

CHAPPIE

Oh man, don't get me in trouble!

A SENIOR-RANKING SOLDIER yells, 'At arms!' SOLDIERS move fast, IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK - standing a good 20ft back - and raise GUNS, TAKE AIM, ka-chik!

Barclay GUNS THE ENGINE.

And he GRINS. A bit wild, a bit mad, enjoying himself!

Hana yelling at the SOLDIERS fastening the Box.

HANA

Get down! Get off the truck!

And they all JUMP OFF the truck, scatter.

At the WIRE, Rose-Marie, loving this, to her CAMERAMAN:

ROSE-MARIE

On Barclay, stay on Barclay. Oh get the guns! Show me the guns!

CUT TO BARCLAY, revving the engine. Savage glee.

GLASS PANEL of the BOX: SALT stares out.

And this is the standoff: Barclay, at the wheel, Hana stepping out to face him, a LINE OF SOLDIERS behind her. Beyond that, the WIRE GATES & ONLOOKERS. She's calm:

HANA

Barclay. This is not the solution. Now step down and I promise you, we can talk this through. And we can talk with Salt, okay? But just look around you. There is no way you're getting out of those gates.

BARCLAY

Like you're gonna shoot me! In
front of the press!

HANA

Like you're gonna drive right
through them!

BARCLAY

Who said I was going forward?

And he JAMS INTO REVERSE.

The TRUCK SHOOTS BACKWARDS.

Then Barclay's FOOT SLAMS ON THE BRAKE.

The truck SCREECHES TO A HALT, inches from the EDGE OF THE
HELIPAD, SMOKE from the WHEELS, and on the flat-bed -

The BOX KEEPS GOING!

CHAINS not 100% attached yet, RIP AWAY, as the box SLIDES -

- off the truck -

- through the air -

- off the edge of the helipad and -

- HITS THE WATER!

CUT TO:

29 EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

29

THE BOX SINKS underwater, and -

With WATER outside and inside, the DOOR doesn't stand a
chance, BURSTS OPEN! SALT in her element, SWIMS OUT!

CUT TO:

30 EXT. CENTRAL LONDON HELIPAD - DAY

30

CHAPPIE

Oh my God, don't blame me!

BARCLAY JUMPS DOWN from the truck -

And he's RUNNING -

HANA and SOLDIERS running after him -

HANA

Barclay, don't don't DON'T - !!

But Barclay JUMPS!

Through the air -

CUT TO:

31 EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

31

BARCLAY plunges UNDERWATER!

And there's SALT.

A moment of stillness as she HOLDS HIS HAND.

Then WHOOSH, she pulls him by the hand, and they STREAK AWAY into the black water, disappearing, a trail of bubbles, GONE.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. CENTRAL LONDON HELIPAD - DAY

32

HANA and SOLDIERS run to the EDGE.

BELOW: the THAMES. No sign of life.

HANA

Go down to the river! Spread out.
Get me boats on the water, now!

CUT TO the WIRE GATES, exultant:

ROSE-MARIE

Did we get that, did we get it?!

CUT TO Hana, grim, turning away from the water, on COMMS:

HANA

Sorry, ma'am, we have a problem.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

33

KATE in the middle of the room, all desks STAFFED now, with SHIRLEY, STEVE and JANE HART. Kate on COMMS:

KATE

He did what?

And she hears. She looks round. Barclay's FACE on SCREENS.

And she's so quiet, so still, so furious.

KATE (CONT'D)
Barclay. Bloody. Pierre. Stupid
name. Dupont.

CUT TO:

34 INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

34

News montage. Fast cuts:

UK NEWSREADER
Breaking news now, with reports
that the only survivors of the H2O
tragedy are *on the run*.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. CENTRAL LONDON HELIPAD - DAY

35

Seconds after Sc.28, ROSE-MARIE HUNT making the most of her
big moment, to CAMERA, with HANA & SOLDIERS running in b/g.

ROSE-MARIE
Barclay Pierre-Dupont released the
prisoner, into the Thames, right
here behind me, and then jumped in!
To join her! If he can survive
that water, then he's even more
extraordinary than we thought!

CUT TO:

36 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

36

Sc.35 On TV. KIRBY's upset. BARBARA (PHONE to her ear,
calling UNIT) comes to watch.

BARBARA
Oh my God, he jumped! He actually
jumped! Why did he do that?

ROSE-MARIE (V.O.)
We must remember. He's with a
confessed criminal. Who has
admitted to war crimes, and the
terrible deaths of 5 diplomats.

KIRBY
It's her. The Homo Amphibia. It
says online, she's controlling him.

CUT TO:

37 INT. CHINESE NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

37

Male NEWS ANCHOR, photos of Barclay:

CHINESE NEWS ANCHOR
(in Mandarin)
<The President has released a
statement condemning the actions of
traitor Barclay Pierre-Dupont.>

*

CUT TO:

38 INT. TRINITY WELLS SHOW STUDIO - DAY 38

TRINITY WELLS
Is Barclay Dupont a collaborator?
It certainly looks that way.

CUT TO:

39 INT. AUSTRALIAN NEWS STUDIO - DAY 39

AUSTRALIAN NEWS ANCHOR
Meanwhile, the Sixty Percent party
have demanded retaliation.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY 40

FELIX GLADSTOCK interviewed on his doorstep.

FELIX GLADSTOCK
This is *our* planet. They want to
steal our water, to ground our ships,
to bring the human race to a
standstill. Now they murder us in
cold blood.

CUT TO:

41 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 41

Match cut: same news footage of Felix Gladstock on a MONITOR.

KATE & SHIRLEY watching, weary. It's late and quiet in here.

SHIRLEY
The Americans have taken down the
Institute, so it looks like you're
safe. And if you don't stop work,
I'm gonna phone your daughter and
get her to carry you out.

KATE
She's in Dubai.

SHIRLEY
...did she know about you and
Christofer?

KATE

I thought no one did.

SHIRLEY

For what it's worth. We were all
very happy for you. I'm so sorry.

A moment between them, then:

KATE

I'll sign off.

SHIRLEY

Where will you go?

KATE

Hotel. I just need to get out.

Kate stands, but JANE HART is there with an IPAD. On screen:

BBC NEWS, headline: Sir Keith Spears gunned down.

JANE HART

I'm sorry, ma'am, Morris was asking
if we should look into this?

KATE

Act of terrorism. That's the
police, nothing to do with us.
(Jane turns to go)
No. Wait.
(pause)
Investigate.

JANE HART

Yes ma'am.

KATE

And with that. Good night.

And yes, she's going, at last, but... An ALARM sounds!

STEVE

Sensors triggered at the Thames
Barrier! We have lifeforms, ma'am!

And HANA is just arriving for a shift, shoves her stuff down,
shucks off her COAT at her DESK, immediately assessing:

HANA

Incoming, straight from the
Channel! Good evening everyone,
nice to be back, 9 lifeforms in
total. Heading in our direction.

Kate goes straight back to work.

KATE

Recall delegates and staff and security to the Empress Hall, Priority One Standby. Everyone on maximum alert.

SHIRLEY

But who's the ambassador?

JANE HART

Sir Jonathan is 40 minutes away. I'm trying Admiral Tavaréz but there's no reply -

KATE

I'll do it.

SHIRLEY

But. You're exhausted. You haven't had time to stop -

KATE

Are you saying I'm unfit for duty?

SHIRLEY

Yes.

KATE

Noted.

And Kate walks out.

CUT TO:

42 INT. EMPRESS HALL, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

42

Moonlight streaming in. A very different atmosphere, the room feels darker, more tense, more dangerous. Tension high as DELEGATES take seats, and the vast water tank STRAINS and CREAKS. CAMERA CREWS and JOURNALISTS on the gantries, more SOLDIERS at the perimeter, ready for anything.

ALL EYES on KATE as she walks in. Down the aisle.

She reaches the PODIUM. Stands there. Ready.

CUT TO:

43 INT. DOWNING STREET, CABINET MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

43

Prime Minister HARRY SHAW hurrying in, loose shirt, just out of bed, only two AIDES and GENERAL GUNSBERG in attendance.

HARRY SHAW

(to the aides)

Out, out, out, thank you.

(MORE)

HARRY SHAW (CONT'D)
(to Gunsberg)
What the hell is happening?

GENERAL GUNSBURG
Lethbridge-Stewart is taking
control, unelected, uncontested,
unauthorised, which we might be
able to use. Against her.

A look round; the aides have gone.

HARRY SHAW
I mean Homo Aqua. What do they
want? What do they know?

Scene CONT., INTERCUT with Sc.44 and Sc.45.

CUT TO:

44 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

44

SHIRLEY with HANA, JANE HART, STEVE and TECHNICIANS, watching
live feeds from the hall and multiple screens of data.

STEVE
We have 8 Homo Aquaform. And one
lifeform that's brand new.

SHIRLEY
What is it?

STEVE
Min would've loved this. I think
it's Homo Amphibia. But not one
we've met before.

Sc. CONT., INTERCUT with Sc.43 and Sc.45.

CUT TO:

45 INT. EMPRESS HALL, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

45

KATE staring at the TANK. The WHOLE ROOM holding its breath.

The TANK: a full guard, FOUR HOMO AQUA float on high. Two
lower down, more towards GROUND LEVEL (though still floating
upright), one left, one right, and in the AIRLOCK BOOTH at
the front: a flash of DECONTAMINATION LIGHT, BZZZT, and...

Inside the BOOTH, already empty of water, TWO HOMO AQUA
GUARD, step aside...

Revealing a NEW HOMO AMPHIBIA. Taller than Salt, more
imposing. Muscular, fierce; a square jaw and heavy brow.
Carrying a STAFF of TWISTED, MOTTLED IRON.

This is TIDE.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

STEVE

Homo Amphibia, male presenting.
Body mass index 22.4. Blood
pressure and heart rate both strong.
Cortisol and adrenaline off the
scale.

HANA

He's a warrior.

EMPRESS HALL: Tide stands there, taking in this human
environment for the first time. The faces of his enemies.

The room holds its breath. Then Kate is calm, controlled.

KATE

My name is Kate Lethbridge-Stewart,
Commander in Chief of the Unified
Intelligence Taskforce, but I stand
before you tonight on behalf of the
nations of this Earth -

TIDE

Why are you all insane?

KATE

...right.

TIDE

You came. To our world. And
killed yourselves. To make
everything that is happening worse.
Why in the name of the waters would
you do that? Why are you beasts of
such insanity?

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

SHIRLEY, JANE, STEVE, scrolling through TEXT like crazy.

STEVE

Page 5, paragraph 2.

JANE HART

No, go to page 6.

HANA

Try page 22, from the top.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

Kate watches her AUTOcue scrolling.

KATE

I'm, uh...

And she thinks... of Barclay.

FLASHBACK: Ep.2, Sc.44, Barclay removing his earpiece. And while she doesn't do that, she does SWIVEL the AUTOCUE SCREEN AWAY. Stands there on her own.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

Shirley can't help smiling.

SHIRLEY

Oh here we go.

CUT TO DOWNING STREET:

Harry and General Gunsberg watching.

HARRY SHAW

She's gone rogue.

GENERAL GUNSBERG

Even better.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

Kate at her finest.

KATE

I can only say. If you study the culture of this world. The thousands of years of fiction and stories and science and philosophy and... not one of us can answer your question. We are a species whose intelligence is running so fast, it's a thousand years ahead of our emotions. And that causes us to stumble and fall. Time and time again. And I'm sorry.

And now, Tide respects her.

TIDE

I accept that response.

KATE

And I'm addressing Ambassador..?

TIDE

My name is a wave on the currents through the coral and the sand, but you might call me... Tide.

KATE

Ambassador Tide.

TIDE
Now where is she?

KATE
Who?

TIDE
Ambassador Salt.

KATE
I... can't say.

TIDE
She is your prisoner?

KATE
Technically.

TIDE
You must understand. I ask this,
not in a bid for her freedom.

KATE
Then... what do you want?

TIDE
She chose to save a human life and
left Aquakind to die.

CUT TO DOWNING STREET, CABINET MEETING ROOM:

HARRY SHAW, not understanding.

HARRY SHAW
But they were underwater..?

GENERAL GUNSBERG
The weight of the ocean! That
would kill anything.

CUT TO EMPRESS HALL:

TIDE is now STRONG, FIERCE.

TIDE
We were murdered, while she helped
him. Salt has transgressed against
the laws of our nature. And the
fate she must suffer exists under
the sea, not upon the land. Now I
demand to know. Where is she?

CUT TO:

BARCLAY is staggering out of the water. Sinks to the ground.

SALT is with him. She's exhausted, too. Holds him.

A moment on the two of them. Claspng each other, recovering, wet and bedraggled and exhausted. But with the lights on the river, and the city glittering beyond them.... It's beautiful. A moment of tenderness.

They stay holding each other.

CUT TO:

47

INT. EMPRESS HALL, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

47

TIDE not angry, more fascinated by KATE.

TIDE
You lost her?

KATE
With his help.

TIDE
What is it, that binds those two together?

KATE
I've asked that myself. I thought you might know.

TIDE
Something is converging on them.

KATE
That sounds like mysticism.

TIDE
It is fact. The undersea is driven by immutable facts. The moon moves the seas which lap at the land, and these have been the facts for evermore. And now the currents are converging on these two. But why?

CUT TO:

48

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE, SOUTH BANK - NIGHT

48

A siren, far off.

BARCLAY and SALT look up as a UNIT HELICOPTER clatters along the Thames, its SEARCHLIGHT sweeping the water. Far away from them, but enough to put them both on the alert.

But they're on land, now. Barclay's turf. His time to lead.
He takes Salt's hand, leads her way, towards stone steps.

Fugitives, disappearing into the night.

CUT TO:

49

INT. EMPRESS HALL, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

49

KATE

We're trying to find them. But the
problem is, Ambassador.

(this is tough, but...)

If you intend to punish her. I
can't hand her over.

TIDE

Then yet again, we are at war.

He takes a step forward. Trying to understand her.

TIDE (CONT'D)

You're something of a warrior
yourself. And yet full of despair.

KATE

I suppose that describes my job.

TIDE

Despair that is new.

KATE

I... lost someone.

TIDE

That's good. You will strive to
prevent losses to come.

And he steps back. Sympathy gone. The old soldier.

TIDE (CONT'D)

Because we're tired of waiting.
And if we have to escalate the war
between us... then we will.

KATE

What does that mean?

TIDE

You have met Salt. You have met
Tide. Beware our third ambassador.

And he holds up his IRON STAFF, BANGS it on the floor!

TIDE (CONT'D)

Rust.

And RUST creeps across the metal, a DARK RED.

TIDE (CONT'D)

When water meets metal. The
blossom and beauty of rust. Our
greatest weapon.

All stare, RUST CREEPS, until the ENTIRE STAFF is RED.

TIDE (CONT'D)

Because water is not confined to
the seas. Water is in the air.
And we can make a weapon of that
water. To create rust. Eating at
your cities and cars and missiles,
until it brings your civilisation
down, from rust, into dust.

He clenches his FIST.

The STAFF SHATTERS into POWDER, and FALLS.

TIDE (CONT'D)

These negotiations are over.

He turns, to return to the Booth, the two HOMO AQUA GUARD
stepping in first so they stand BEHIND HIM now, facing out.

TIDE (CONT'D)

You will find Salt. You will
return her to us. And you will
advance the plans to change your
world... within five years.

KATE

That's impossible.

TIDE

Make it possible.

There's a HUM and clank, the Tank machinery coming to life,
but then Tide holds up his hand. The hum of machinery stops.

TIDE (CONT'D)

One more thing.

KATE

Yes?

TIDE

Change the name.

KATE

The name of what?

TIDE

Earth. Too dry.

He lowers his hand, and the DOORS CLOSE ON HIM.

CUT TO:

50 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 50

SHIRLEY, HANA, JANE, STEVE & STAFF, all stunned.

JANE HART

Oh, we got owned.

STEVE

We got rusted.

CUT TO:

51 INT. DOWNING STREET, CABINET MEETING ROOM - NIGHT 51

GENERAL GUNSBURG to Prime Minister HARRY SHAW, both grim, and General Gunsberg presses a BUTTON, brings up a PHOTO: Salt.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

We need to find her.

HARRY SHAW

What for..?

GENERAL GUNSBURG

We've tested the samples but we've never tried Severance on an adult Homo Amphibian. And they're the leaders, they're the prime species. If we can use Salt... I can end this war. Tomorrow.

CUT TO:

52 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 52

Huge, derelict space. MOONLIGHT through huge, dirty windows. Mostly, its a wreck, gutted, full of girders and rubble, brickwork & plaster. Deep background, POLYTHENE SHEETING, the signs of work beginning on restoration. And that's how they found the means to light a SMALL FIRE.

BARCLAY sits in front of it. Dry, now, but bedraggled, dirty. He's rubbing his back, in pain.

SALT a good distance away. She prowls the edges of the room. She's alert, somehow excited. She's never seemed so alien.

BARCLAY

I reckon I've got dysentery. And E. Coli.

(MORE)

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

And probably leprosy, that river is filthy. And my neck! Feels like it's been snapped.

And then she picks up a BIG STICK OF BROKEN METAL and SMASHES GLASS WINDOWS, smash, smash, smash! Barclay jumps up.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Oy! What are you doing?!

SALT

Glass is fascinating. Can you imagine? When we woke. And saw this world with all its structures.

BARCLAY

Well, watch your feet, you don't want to get a cut.

SALT

You're always so scared.

BARCLAY

I am terrified.

She takes an interest in him...

And she BOUNDS across the SPACE - an impossible (digi-double) bound, like a panther. She's almost feral, and now she's suddenly CLOSE. He's so scared of her... and yet so in awe.

SALT

You won't die. I cleaned you. Of protozoa. I took your breath and my gills filtered the dirt.

She tilts her head to one side. Her GILLS OPEN, gently.

BARCLAY

...amazing. You saved my life, down there. When you kissed me.

SALT

Is that what you call a kiss? The pressure of two orifices sealed together in order to preserve a hyperbaric shield for the maintenance of your lung capacity.

BARCLAY

Now. Don't start talking sexy.

Then she touches his neck, both sides, gently.

SALT

It's a good neck. Strong. You should possess gill-form lamellae. After all...

(MORE)

SALT (CONT'D)
(touches his ears)
You already have very good fins.

A moment. Then he realises.

BARCLAY
Oh is that a joke?

And she smiles, walks away.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
Finally. On the run. With the
people of both worlds chasing us,
you develop a sense of humour.

SALT
I am liberated.

And she TILTS HER HEAD BACK. UTTERS A CRY. More beautiful
than Sc.1's howl, a wild, long, keening, soaring noise, part
whale-song, part dolphin. Then she stops, smiles at him.

BARCLAY
We're supposed to be hiding!

She does it AGAIN. Then lowers her head.

SALT
It is ululation. Do you not?

BARCLAY
No.

She tilts her head back again. The CRY.

And then Barclay thinks, fuck it.

He YELLS! ROARS! BELLOWS! All his rage!

She is delighted. ULULATES!

He ROARS!

The two of them in the huge space. All their emotions
belting out, echoing round, freeing them. Glorious.

Then abruptly, her cry cuts off, she drops to her knees,
lowers her head into a PUDDLE OF WATER, and DRINKS DEEP.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
Oh! That's filthy! You bollocked
us, for dirtying the planet.

SALT
It is disgusting. But sometimes.
It is delicious.

BARCLAY

Yeah. I suppose our food is like that. The bad stuff tastes better than the good. Maybe we're not so different after all.

He watches; it's a BIG, DEEP PUDDLE which LOWERS as she DRINKS, down, down, and GONE. She smacks her lips, aaah!

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Or maybe we are.

JUMP CUT.

Barclay and Salt sit, close, at the fire. Quiet, musing.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

What's it like, down there? Under the water. D'you have... family?

SALT

We mate at random and spawn in our thousands.

BARCLAY

Right! Okay.

SALT

But we're capable of more. We have happiness, we have anger, we have love, we have... Oh, we have the water, Barclay. We live in the water, of the water, for the water. With so much passion.

BARCLAY

We must look like... apes to you, that's what we are, apes, clodding about on the land, like... apes!

SALT

You've been to the stars. You've mapped entire galaxies in the sky. We never did that. Maybe we're too proud of the water; maybe it weighed us down.

BARCLAY

If you went back... what would they do to you? Aquakind?

SALT

I would swim alone.

BARCLAY

But not, y'know. Executed or...?

SALT

Worse than that. I'd swim alone,
forever, in the vastness.

BARCLAY

Like a shark.

SALT

Sharks have a soul that is dead.
I would live with a dead soul.
(looks him, closer)
I think you understand that.
There's a loneliness in you.

BARCLAY

...d'you think? What does that
look like?

SALT

Hollow.

BARCLAY

...yeah.

SALT

You had a partner?

BARCLAY

I did. But now we're... divorced,
is that a thing for you?

SALT

You were together, now you're not.

BARCLAY

We were too young. And I was
stupid. We argued a lot, we argued
over really stupid things, we had a
kid, and that was wonderful, but...
I slept with someone else, then she
did, but, okay, I did it first, I
get that, but... it all fell apart.
Does any of this make sense to you,
am I sounding like an ape?!

And they both laugh a little.

SALT

I like the ape.

BARCLAY

Do you?

SALT

You people are so... constructed.
You apply fabric to your bodies.
Leather on your feet. And you walk
in the air with such pomposity.

BARCLAY

That's me.

SALT

But underneath. You burn. With animal heat. You're creatures of fire and doubt and envy and fear and laughter and lust and...

(moves closer)

We watched you for so long. From under the sea. We could feel you, burning on the land. I think we'd always have come to find you. Because your heat is irresistible.

(even closer)

Is that fear?

BARCLAY

...what?

SALT

Your heartbeat. Racing.

BARCLAY

...it's not fear, exactly.

*

She moves closer. Both so intense.

SALT

Your heart is clamouring now.

BARCLAY

My heart. And my head. Cos we
were gonna die, eight kilometres
deep, and I've got this ringing in
my ears, and this pain, and when
you created that hyperbaric
thing... I felt so much better.
With your mouth. Against mine.

And she kisses him.

They separate. He's amazed. They both are.

SALT

I find you... unique.

BARCLAY

I thought your skin would be cold.

SALT

I can regulate my body. For you.

BARCLAY

Yeah, I'm kind of... regulating my
body for you.

SALT

So I see.

BARCLAY

Is that okay?

SALT

It's wonderful.

*

And they KISS. More and more passionate.

*

Barclay and Salt together, in the middle of this huge space,
in the middle of the city, in the middle of a war.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. REAR OF IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

53

KATE finally leaving work, through a side-door. As she
walks, she sees, ahead, a FLICKER OF LIGHT.

She walks closer.

CANDLES. TEA LIGHTS, in an alcove, a little SHRINE.
PHOTOGRAPHS, NOTES, CARDS, little POSIES OF FLOWERS. It's
for those who died underwater. Kate looks.

And there's Christofer, of course. And Min. Only 28. The
photo off-duty, laughing in a bar. Poor Louise Mackie, with
her husband. And General Pierce. God, she's hardly had time
to give him a thought. That fine soldier. A veteran. A
kind man. Gone, and she hasn't had a second to mourn him.

And then Christofer. Off-duty photos. He's laughing,
drinking. Nights when she was never there.

Kate looks. And then she walks away.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. LONDON ROAD - NIGHT

54

KATE sits in her CAR. She cries and cries.

CUT TO:

55 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

55

BARCLAY and SALT, post-sex, in FIRELIGHT. Quiet, intimate.

SALT

The name I chose is appropriate.
Because you taste of salt.

BARCLAY

You taste of... I don't know.
Horizons.

(then he laughs)

I thought I knew who I was.
(MORE)

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

I thought, I have a job, and a kid,
and I might get laid now and then
and I'll save a bit of money and
live in a flat when I'm old and go
and watch the Arsenal every week.
And now. I'm with a woman. Who's
a fish.

*

(pause)

Has this ever happened before? A
human and Homo Amphibia?

SALT

When we last walked this world.
Humans were tiny little mammals,
like rats. So. No. There has
been no rat sex.

BARCLAY

Good!

SALT

I think so.

BARCLAY

So what does that make us..?

SALT

Something new.

Then ROAR, CLATTER OF BLADES. A SEARCHLIGHT sweeps through
the glass, a helicopter passing outside.

They freeze. Then it passes.

SALT (CONT'D)

Are they searching for us?

BARCLAY

The city's on red alert, but I
reckon they want to find you, yeah.

SALT

You work with the army. Is there
no one you can trust?

BARCLAY

I don't know. My lot are tough.
We're beyond the police, we're
beyond the army, we're the top. If
you disobey the rules. You vanish.

SALT

The woman. In charge.

BARCLAY

Kate Lethbridge-Stewart.

SALT

She's a good soul.

BARCLAY

But how to get to her? Cos we can't trust anyone, Salt, I trusted that mission, undersea, and...

He can't help it - IMAGES, FLASHBACKS, Min, General Pierce, and with that, the RINGING in his ears, the pain in his neck -

SALT

Hey.

And she move in close, holds him.

BARCLAY

It's okay.

SALT

You're safe.

BARCLAY

Thank you.

They separate, just a bit.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

You don't have to stay with me. You could just... swim away.

SALT

The moment I enter the water. They will know. They will find me. And they will punish.

And now, he stands, assertive, taking control. He's actually getting better at this.

BARCLAY

Right. So. Options. We need to get out of the city, cos everyone's on red alert, it's lawless, out there, and you're Public Enemy Number One, and so am I, we're gonna be shot in the street. But if we can get out. If we can get to North Wales. I know some people there. This one bloke. He'd help. He'd hide us, off the grid, he's nuts. But then we could work out what to do, I could get a message to Kate, we could talk, we could try.

*

SALT

I can live? In this North of
Wales?

BARCLAY

Oh my God, it's got lakes. And
waterfalls. It's beautiful.

SALT

I could live in lakes and
waterfalls.

BARCLAY

Yeah.

SALT

I could be the witch of the
waterfall.

BARCLAY

Yeah.

SALT

Live in the waterfall with me.

And they kiss. Then, excited:

SALT (CONT'D)

How do we get there? Both the land
and the sea are closed to us.

Barclay's got his PHONE. Up-to-date model, so it's
waterproof, but that still doesn't help, because...

BARCLAY

They'll be tapping my phone. One
call and they'll find me, but...
(has an idea, smiles)
Did I tell you? It's lawless out
there?

CUT TO:

56

EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR THE THAMES - NIGHT

56

A narrow ALLEY, piled high with REEFS OF PLASTIC DEBRIS. And
dirty anyway, all wet brick and FIRE ESCAPES.

A weedy LAD in a hoodie walks along, AIRPODS in, world of his
own. He's probably up to no good, which is just as well, as -
HISS!

SALT JUMPS DOWN in front of him!

She's like a WILD THING, hands splayed, like she could attack
any second, and she HISSES AT HIM again! He's terrified -

LAD

Oh my God -

- but in that second, BARCLAY's there, BEHIND HIM, and Barclay is so much bigger and tougher than him, he wraps his arms around the lad, FROM BEHIND, holding one of the lad's arms, tight, while reaching round to dig in the lad's jeans pocket with his other hand - the lad whimpering, while Barclay is nice and calm, almost friendly about it -

BARCLAY

All right all right all right, I've got you, just calm down, it's gonna be fine, all I want is your phone, don't move, don't try to run or she will eat you alive, she will eat you like bait, mate, have you got it? Isn't that right, Monstro?

Salt hisses!

Barclay finds the LAD'S PHONE.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Here we go, that's the one, thank you, what have you got, face lock? Smile for the camera, sonny.

Barclay holds up the PHONE to the lad's face, it UNLOCKS.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Thank you for your service to king and country, and if you tell anyone about this, she will find you at midnight and eat you, off you go -

- and he LETS GO.

The lad RUNS, back the way he came, terrified.

Barclay smiling. A plan has actually worked.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Good team.

SALT

Shall I hiss again?

BARCLAY

No we're done.

CUT TO:

BARCLAY carefully typing out a NUMBER from his PHONE, on to the LAD'S PHONE. SALT watching; this is so strange to her.

BARCLAY

My family's phones... will be monitored... But Kirby's got a second phone. In secret. Cos Barbara, my ex, she insists on reading texts, she said you're not old enough yet, which drives Kirby mad, so I was sly and did a dad-thing to buy favours and got Kirby a second line...

SALT

When you speak of family. Your heart shudders. You love them.

BARCLAY

I do. And I don't want to get them in trouble, but...

He stands. Weighing the moment. The lad's phone in hand.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Okay.

And he presses CALL.

CUT TO:

58

INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

58

The LIVING-AREA ROOM. KIRBY, with SETTEE & BLANKETS as their bed, tired but wide awake, wired. Scrolling on their PHONE. The TV's on at low-level in the background. On SCREEN:

FOOTAGE of Barclay's escape, Rose-Marie etc.

Then BZZZ BZZZ, a vibration.

A second, then Kirby realises - oh! Other phone!

- they move fast, open their RUCKSACK, pull out a SECOND PHONE. Caller says UNKNOWN, but -

KIRBY

Hello?

BARCLAY

Kirby, it's me.

KIRBY

Oh my God!

CONTINUES, INTERCUT with Sc.59, Barclay in the warehouse.

CUT TO:

59

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

59

INTERCUT with Sc.58, Kirby in the Hotel.

BARCLAY on the PHONE, fast, intense. SALT watching.

BARCLAY

Don't say my name, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm okay, I haven't got much power on this phone -

KIRBY

- where are you - ?

BARCLAY

- you've got to be careful what you say, they could've wired the room, they will have wired the room for definite, just be very careful, say that I'm Lizzie, okay? Say that I'm Lizzie, I'm Lizzie, yeah?

KIRBY

...Lizzie, are you okay?

BARCLAY

I am, I'm fine, I promise you. But I need to speak to mum.

KIRBY

She's asleep.

BARCLAY

(of his phone)

I've got 10%. Tell her to call me back. On this number. Tell her to call me from the bathroom, tell her not to talk in public, Kirby, have you got that?

KIRBY

Are you with her?

BARCLAY

I am, and it's good, it's fine, I swear, I love you. I love you so much. Kirby. Please.

CUT TO:

60

INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

60

BARBARA'S BEDROOM. She blinks awake as KIRBY switches on the BEDSIDE LAMP. Holding the SECOND PHONE.

BARBARA

Hey, honey. What is it? You okay?

But Kirby is crying. Barbara sitting up, alarmed.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Oh sweetheart, what's wrong, what's happened? Is it your dad?

But Kirby just WALKS OUT.

Crosses the LIVING-AREA ROOM.

Opens the HOTEL DOOR. Two UNIT GUARDS outside.

And now Kirby is crying so much, their heart breaking.

KIRBY

You need to hear this too.

CUT TO:

61 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

61

BARCLAY on the LAD'S PHONE, more intense, with hope that his plan's working. SALT smiling as his confidence grows.

BARCLAY

I just need the car, that's all, I promise you'll get it back, well, you might not get it back straight away but you will get it back, I've just got to get out of the city.

CONT. INTERCUT with Sc.62, Barbara & Hotel Room.

CUT TO:

62 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

62

INTERCUT with Sc.61, Barclay, Abandoned Warehouse.

LIVING-AREA ROOM. BARBARA on KIRBY'S SECOND PHONE.

BARBARA

And you're with... Salt?

BARCLAY

I'm sorry, but I need to protect her. Trust me. It'll make sense. So they can't stop you leaving the hotel, but you'll need a permit, to drive the car across London at night, if you look in that leather folder, in my stuff, the one with a zip, d'you know the one I mean?

WIDEN during this, to see BARBARA sitting on the SECOND PHONE, surrounded by FOUR UNIT SOLDIERS and one UNIT CAPTAIN.

All on EARPIECES, so they can hear Barclay. And as Barclay talks, one soldier has got the LEATHER FOLDER, unzips it...

BARBARA
I've got it.

BARCLAY
There's a permit, in there, white card, red around the edges, with a big letter U in the middle, put that in your windscreen, you'll get through anywhere.

And the soldier HOLDS UP THE U-PERMIT.

Deep background: BEDROOM, KIRBY on the BED, watching, upset, but shoved in a different room in case they make a noise.

BARBARA
And where d'you want to meet?

BARCLAY
Most of the roads are closed off. But you can get through to Festival Bridge. 30 minutes' time? We'll be coming from the south.

BARBARA
You and her?

BARCLAY
Honestly. Trust me. I promise you, she's on our side.

BARBARA
...okay. Festival Bridge.

Sc.61, Barclay hangs up. Big grin.

BARCLAY
We did it!

CUT TO:

63 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

63

BEDROOM: KIRBY crying, as BARBARA hugs them.

KIRBY
I just want him safe.

BARBARA
I know, darling.

KIRBY
It says online, she's a monster.
It says she eats people.
(MORE)

KIRBY (CONT'D)

There are videos, I've seen them,
she eats her own children.

From the DOORWAY, with SOLDIERS EXITING in b/g, the UNIT
CAPTAIN says, 'Mrs Dupont? We need you, right now.'

Barbara, scared, so out of her depth.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. LONDON RIVERBANK - NIGHT

64

BARCLAY and SALT run through the dark. Like animals in the
night. A HELICOPTER, just missing them, strafing the night
with its SEARCHLIGHT, its thunderous clatter.

They duck, dive, keep running.

CUT TO:

65 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

65

SHIRLEY in a SLEEPING BAG at the back of the room, on an army-
style CAMP-BED, being woken by JANE HART.

SHIRLEY

For God's sake.

JANE HART

It's Barclay, ma'am.

SHIRLEY

Oh it bloody would be.

She's getting up as KATE, dishevelled, STRIDES IN. All FAST:

KATE

One hour's sleep, thank you, Mr
Dupont, now what have we got?

HANA

He made contact with his family,
rendezvous, Festival Bridge, 20
minutes, Captain Hannigan is taking
a squad from the north -

KATE

That's less than a kilometre, you
know Barclay, he trusts you, go!

And Hana RUNS OUT. Jane now at her DESK, and STEVE at his.

JANE HART

We've got Captain Khumalo in St
Saviour's, she's moving in to give
us coverage from the south.

KATE
And this is Barclay *and* Salt?

JANE HART
Barclay and Salt, ma'am.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 66

A BLACK dark-windowed EXECUTIVE CAR gliding through the empty streets like a sleek metal shark. Inside...

CUT TO:

67 INT. EXECUTIVE CAR - NIGHT 67

GENERAL GUNSBURG in the back, being chauffeured. The car has FULL COMMS, a SCREEN & KEYBOARD, and he's on EARPIECE.

GENERAL GUNSBURG
What do we have?

SERGEANT ABRAMS, British Army, on comms:

V/O, SERGEANT ABRAMS
UNIT intercept, Dupont and the creature, SE1 8XT, grid 44 by 56.

GENERAL GUNSBURG
You have full authority. Get me the amphibian.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. LONDON RIVERBANK - NIGHT 68

SERGEANT ABRAMS - 30, tough, ambitious - yelling at his SOLDIERS as they clamber on board a TRUCK.

SERGEANT ABRAMS
Move, move, move!

And TWO TRUCKS of SOLDIERS race away.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. FESTIVAL BRIDGE - NIGHT 69

A bridge spanning the Thames, centre of the city. (IF POSSIBLE, it should look like a stretch away from Westminster Bridge, roughly where Waterloo Bridge is, with Big Ben & Houses of Commons visible in b/g on certain shots.)

Wide: HEADLIGHTS in the night -- a LONE CAR approaching from the north, slowly heading for the bridge.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. FESTIVAL BRIDGE, SOUTH APPROACH - NIGHT 70

BARCLAY and SALT moving low and fast, using the cover of piles of swept-up PLASTIC.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. FESTIVAL BRIDGE - NIGHT 71

The CAR drives onto the BRIDGE from the NORTH.

Comes to a halt halfway.

Headlights blaze, we can't see who's inside.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. FESTIVAL BRIDGE, SOUTH APPROACH - NIGHT 72

BARCLAY and SALT at the SOUTH END of the BRIDGE, still hiding, huddled behind a pile of PLASTIC and DEBRIS, with a view of the bridge. Watching, but RAILINGS block the view.

BARCLAY

I can't tell. Is that my car..?

CUT TO:

73 EXT. FESTIVAL BRIDGE - NIGHT 73

CAR HEADLIGHTS go out. Now visible: the U-PERMIT in the WINDSCREEN, and the DRIVER'S DOOR opens, out steps -

BARBARA.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. FESTIVAL BRIDGE, SOUTH APPROACH - NIGHT 74

BARCLAY

It's her! C'mon!

He grabs Salt's hand, BIG GRIN, and they RUN for the bridge.

CUT TO:

75

EXT. FESTIVAL BRIDGE, NORTH APPROACH - NIGHT

75

FAR BACK, to the NORTH, on the approach the bridge, UNIT TRUCKS wait in DARKNESS, LIGHTS OFF. HANA just arriving and getting into in the CAB of the lead truck.

HANA

What have we got..?

She watches through INFRA-RED BINOCULARS. Her POV:

BARBARA & CAR, mid-bridge. Far beyond that, BARCLAY and SALT now appearing on the road, heading for Barbara at the centre. But Hana's clever, knows something is wrong. On COMMS:

HANA (CONT'D)

Sorry, Control, I've got nothing to the south? I thought we had Captain Khumalo covering the south approach?

CUT TO:

76

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

76

KATE, SHIRLEY, JANE HART, STEVE & OPERATIVES watching CCTV & UNIT TRUCK-POV images of Festival Bridge on SCREENS. But with the first realisation that something is wrong...

KATE

Where's Captain Khumalo?

JANE HART

Not getting a reply. Everything's gone quiet, south of the river.

SHIRLEY

What d'you mean, quiet?

JANE HART

Captain Khumalo? Can you report?

CUT TO:

77

EXT. FESTIVAL BRIDGE, SOUTH APPROACH - NIGHT

77

Jane's voice from Sc.76, unanswered. UNIT CAPTAIN KHUMALO and FOUR UNIT SOLDIERS have HANDS HELD HIGH, being marched away, under arrest at GUNPOINT, by BRITISH ARMY TROOPS.

SERGEANT ABRAMS walks forward - he's got his TRUCKS there, in darkness, and he looks through his own INFRA-RED BINOCULARS.

His POV: the REVERSE of Hana's POV, BARCLAY and SALT running towards BARBARA and the CAR.

SERGEANT ABRAMS
Targets sighted.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. FESTIVAL BRIDGE - NIGHT

78

BARBARA waiting, guilty. She's wearing an EARPIECE.

KATE (V.O.)
(from earpiece)
Hold your position.

CUT TO BARCLAY & SALT:

BARCLAY and SALT sprint across the bridge towards the car --

BARBARA watching, tense.

Barclay and Salt -- running --

and running --

and running --

Then --

BARBARA
Barclay RUN IT'S A TRAP!

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

CUT TO HANA, NORTH SIDE -

HANA
Go go go!

HEADLIGHTS FLARE on the NORTH SIDE - HANA'S 3 UNIT VEHICLES
FILLING the width of the BRIDGE - they roar FORWARDS -

BARCLAY and SALT skid to a halt, a distance from the car.

They turn round -

But from the SOUTH SIDE - they've been HIDDEN IN DARKNESS,
further back than Barclay & Salt's hiding place in Sc.72 -
another FLARE OF HEADLIGHTS.

CLOSER: SERGEANT ABRAMS in the CAB of his ARMY TRUCK.

SERGEANT ABRAMS
We've got them, go go go!

And Abrams's 3 ARMY TRUCKS roar forwards -

Barclay and Salt, TRAPPED, a good 5 metres away from Barbara
and the car, at the centre of the bridge, as on either side -

UNIT TRUCKS from the NORTH -

ARMY TRUCKS from the SOUTH -

And an ARMY HELICOPTER thunders into the sky, that massive CLATTER OF BLADES and WIND, turning everything to CHAOS -

CUT TO:

79 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

79

KATE
Who the hell are they??

JANE HART holds a PHONE out.

JANE HART
General Gunsberg.

SHIRLEY
He's intercepted our comms.

Kate snatches the phone.

KATE
General, you will withdraw! This
is a UNIT operation!

CUT TO:

80 INT. EXECUTIVE CAR - NIGHT

80

GENERAL GUNSBURG
Complain to Geneva, we have a war
criminal on British soil.

CUT TO:

80A INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

80A

ALL FAST. STEVE at his desk -

STEVE
Ma'am, I've got confirmation -

KATE
Not now!

STEVE
But Salt's confession, it's a
deepfake, it's coded Las Clementi,
she never said those things -

ON HIS SCREEN, and thrown to a SCREEN NEAR KATE: the Sc.13
FOOTAGE of SALT, now breaking down into a WIREFRAME MODEL.

KATE
General Gunsberg, we have proof,
Salt is not a criminal -

CUT TO:

80B INT. EXECUTIVE CAR - NIGHT

80B

GENERAL GUNSBURG
I will happily examine that proof.
In the morning. Right now, we have
a murderer on the loose.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. FESTIVAL BRIDGE - NIGHT

81

INTERCUT with Sc.79 And Sc.80.

BARCLAY and SALT staring, wild, to the left, to the right -

UNIT vehicles SPEEDING from the north, SCREECH TO A HALT and
STOP, 10 METRES behind Barbara's car. TROOPS swarm out, take
up positions, form a LINE, GUNS TRAINED on Barclay and Salt.

From the SOUTH, the 3 ARMY TRUCKS brake, 15 metres away.

HANA jumping from her TRUCK to take command, yells:

HANA
Barclay, stay where you are!

SERGEANT ABRAMS and his SOLDIERS leap out, take up position,
form a LINE, GUNS also pointed at Barclay and Salt.

SERGEANT ABRAMS
Both of you! Do not move!

The HELICOPTER hovers overhead, its downdraft whipping the
bridge. SEARCHLIGHT blasting, making it all so FIERCE.

GUN VIEWPOINT, cross-hairs, infra-red b&w image, on Barclay
and Salt, seen from the NORTH.

GUN VIEWPOINT, cross-hairs, infra-red b&w image, on Barclay
and Salt, seen from the SOUTH.

HANA
You will both walk towards us!

SERGEANT ABRAMS
You are prisoners of the British
Army, you will surrender to us!

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM:

KATE with the phone -- General Gunsberg on loudspeaker.

KATE
General! You do not command
British troops!

GENERAL GUNSBURG (V.O.)
Whitehall has given me authority.

KATE
We have a civilian on the bridge!

CUT TO FESTIVAL BRIDGE:

BARBARA is terrified, trapped, covering her head, sobbing.

HANA makes a gesture, 'Get her,' and a UNIT SOLDIER runs forward, takes Barbara's arm -

- but Barbara is so scared, she shakes him off, so the soldier GRABS her arm, to HAUL her back to the UNIT line -

- but Barclay's furious -

BARCLAY
- leave her alone -!

- and he RUNS -

- shoves the soldier away from Barbara -

- but now to TWO UNIT SOLDIERS run forward, GRAB Barclay, one by each arm - and the first soldier grabs hold of Barbara's arm again, and hauls her back to the UNIT line -

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
No - ! Salt - !

Salt is now alone, centre of the bridge.

Sergeant Abrams taking aim.

His CROSSHAIRS. On Salt.

CUT TO EXECUTIVE CAR.

GENERAL GUNSBURG
Private comms to Sergeant Abrams.
(click)
We don't actually need her alive.
Her body is all that we need.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM.

KATE
I can't let you do this. Unit
troops, target soldiers, north
axis, grid 49.

SHIRLEY

What?!

CUT TO FESTIVAL BRIDGE:

UNIT SOLDIERS swing GUNS. To aim at the ARMY!

CROSS-HAIRS, now aiming at the ARMY SOLDIERS.

Barclay, trapped, held tight, yells:

BARCLAY

Salt! Go to the river! Go!

SALT, scared, runs to the RAILINGS lining the BRIDGE.

Army soldiers SWING THEIR AIM to follow.

CUT TO EXECUTIVE CAR & CONTROL ROOM.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

Open fire at my command.

KATE

On my command. Fire at will.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

Those are British soldiers on
British soil, you wouldn't dare.

Kate's stare is wild, raging, at the end of the longest day.

KATE

You'll wait a long time, General.
Before I give way.

SHIRLEY

Kate. Don't.

KATE

On my command!

CUT TO FESTIVAL BRIDGE.

Salt at the edge, surrounded, all in HELICOPTER LIGHT & WIND.

ARMY GUNS trained on her.

UNIT GUNS trained on the army.

Barclay held tight by SOLDIERS.

And then Salt...

ARCHES her head back.

Ululates!

She SCREAMS TO THE SKY, the wildest call. Like an insane whale-song, spiralling higher, higher, higher -

ALL DEAFENED!

UNIT SOLDIERS flinch - this is being relayed through comms, soaring wildly - all pulling out EARPIECES - Hana too, ouch!

ARMY SOLDIERS, ow! Pull out EARPIECES, in pain, lower guns.

Sergeant Abrams, feedback in his head, pain, DROPS his gun.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM, feedback - ow! Everyone, Kate, Shirley, Jane Hart, Steve, all operatives, rip out earpieces -

CUT TO EXECUTIVE CAR, General Gunsberg, the cry, ouch - !

And the only person NOT AFFECTED... is Barclay.

His two guards are flinching, gasping, though still HOLDING HIM TIGHT, and yet, Barclay seems to be in tune with Salt. In accord. Chaos all around, but he's so calm.

He finds her beautiful.

And Salt stops. Lowers her head.

Everyone else stunned. Blink, recovering.

Quiet, across the distance.

BARCLAY

Go.

SALT

I love you.

And she leaps up on to the RAILING.

And DIVES.

A graceful arc, from the bridge, to the river, and -

Salt is GONE.

For a second, everyone is in awe.

Then all the tension snaps, there's a mess of action, UNIT soldiers run, army withdrawing, Hana storming across to have it out with Sergeant Abrams, and -

- Barclay seizes the moment, yanks himself out of his GUARDS' GRIP, runs to the RAILING where Salt jumped -

- barely a second of freedom, his guards run up, GRAB HIM again, pin his arm back, shove him against the railing -

But Barclay can now see the river below.

The racing black water. No sign of Salt.

Barclay yells into the night.

BARCLAY

I'll find you! I will find you,
Salt! And you will never swim
alone. I swear. You will never!
Swim! Alone!

END OF EPISODE FOUR.