

THE WAR BETWEEN THE LAND AND THE SEA

Episode Five

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Blue Revisions

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1 EXT. WELSH BAY - NIGHT 1

FULL MOON. Moonlight on water.

A HOMO AQUA rises out of the sea. Stands proud. Silhouetted against an inky, starry sky.

It looks to the distance.

The GLITTERING LIGHTS of a SMALL, WELSH TOWN.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. STREET, SMALL WELSH TOWN - NIGHT 2

All is quiet.

A MAN walks his DOG down the street. A NOD at a SECOND MAN, also walking his DOG, the opposite way. A nightly ritual.

In the window of a HOUSE behind him, the GLOW of a TV.

CUT TO:

3 INT. ORDINARY HOUSE - NIGHT 3

A MAN & WOMAN watch TV. FOOTAGE of BARCLAY outside the hotel flanked by GUARDS. NEWSREADER V/O, 'Barclay Pierre-Dupont held under guard.'

The man pats his DOG, slumbering by his chair.

CUT TO SC.1, THE BAY. HOMO AQUA lifts a CONCH SHELL.

Blows. A piercing note.

CUT TO SC.2, STREET, the MAN'S DOG suddenly goes WILD, pulling at the leash! The man's 'Hey, hey, calm down!'

Further down the street, the SECOND DOG too, barking!

CUT TO SC.3, HOUSE, the DOG suddenly goes WILD, jumping, barking, the OWNER going 'Oy, oy, oy!'

CUT TO Sc.2, STREET, the DOG pulling, yanking, wild, out of control, until the MAN has to LET GO -

Further down the street, the SECOND MAN lets go -

- both dogs BOLT down the street -

CUT TO Sc.3, HOUSE, the WOMAN'S had enough, a bit scared, flings opens the BACK DOOR, the OWNER: 'Don't do that!' but she's saying, 'Let him go!' and BARKING DOG BOLTS OUT -

CUT TO SC.2, STREET, the Sc.2 DOG comes hurtling out - heading the same way as the first two dogs. More barking in the air, MAN and SECOND MAN look round, bewildered -

- more DOGS, from different houses, different directions, all CONVERGING, barking - one, two, three, four, five -

- all RUNNING in the SAME DIRECTION, a PACK -

CUT TO SC.1, WELSH BAY. The sound of barking in the air from the town, getting closer, and now there are TWO HOMO AQUA standing in the shallows. They haul up between them....

A NET.

CUT TO:

4

INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

4

SIR JONATHAN
You ate our dogs!

TIDE
You eat our fish.

SIR JONATHAN HYNES, the original ambassador from Ep.1, that great survivor, is back at the PODIUM. Facing TIDE, who stands with a new STAFF. Hall FULL, TENSE; HOMO AQUA GUARD, plus PISCIMORPHA GRANDIS in the TANK, facing ROWS of human PERSONNEL, government plus military, and STAFF. Including GENERAL DUSSOLIER and, separately, GENERAL GUNSBURG.

SIR JONATHAN
You can't eat our dogs.

TIDE
You can't eat our fish.

SIR JONATHAN
Our dogs are domesticated.

TIDE
Our fish are family.

CUT TO:

5

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

5

KATE and SHIRLEY at DESKS. Behind them, STAFF, including HANA, STEVE and JANE HART. All watching Sc.4.

SHIRLEY
The Ambassador from Vietnam would like it on record that taking offence at dog meat is racist.

KATE
It's a distraction. Aquakind are
playing with us. What are they
really doing?

An AIDE leans in, close, to give Kate a CUP OF TEA, but -
- in that second, it's CHRISTOFER, leaning in -
- and then he's GONE. Just an aide. Kate blinks.

CUT TO:

6 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY 6
KATE, with her PSYCHIATRIST, female, 36. Cool, calm office.

KATE
I keep seeing him. Every day.
Every time I go home...

CUT TO:

7 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT, PACKING - DAY 7
KATE, exhausted, carries a SUITCASE out of the BEDROOM.
Around her: PACKING CRATES. She's leaving. But she pauses,
looks around. Blinks. Because...

CUT TO:

8 INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 8
INTERCUT with Sc.7, CU Kate. The flat as it was. The old
days. And there's CHRISTOFER, in the KITCHEN, cooking.
There's CHRISTOFER, in a TOWEL, padding across the room.
There's CHRISTOFER, the many times they argued, furious.
There's CHRISTOFER. That kiss.

CUT TO:

9 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY 9

PSYCHIATRIST
And, when you see him, how does it
make you feel?

KATE
Oh, happy, obviously, I think it's
great.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

Don't be stupid, I know he's dead, it's PTSD, simple as that, I didn't come for a diagnosis, I just want to know: I'm on 20mg of paroxetine, can I double that to 40? Because I need to keep focused for work.

PSYCHIATRIST

I'm sorry, that's out of the question, I'll have to sign you off.

KATE

What for?

PSYCHIATRIST

You're clearly unfit. With the greatest sympathy, I can't risk you going back to work.

KATE

We are on the edge of a worldwide war. And there was an attempt on my life by people so ingrained in the government, or the army, or the establishment, I can't stop them, I can't prove anything, I just stood there while they murdered my lover. So I'm not going anywhere.

PSYCHIATRIST

I can't let you do that. I'm sorry but I've got no choice, I have to report this to your superior -

KATE

Your daughter is not your husband's.

PSYCHIATRIST

...I beg your pardon?

KATE

Elizabeth. It's my job to know everything. So I know. That you slept with his best friend, the friend found someone else, called Gillian, your marriage survived, your secret is safe. Until now. So. Prescription please.

The stare between them.

JUMP CUT: CU the PRESCRIPTION, written. Torn off the PAD.

Kate takes it. Walks to the door. As she goes:

KATE (CONT'D)

Same time next week. If there is a next week.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. RIVERSIDE, CENTRAL LONDON - DAY

10

KATE walking to her official CAR. Around her, CHAOS.

SIGNS being erected. 'DO NOT APPROACH THE WATER'. And 'NO DOGS'. SOLDIERS with COACHES evacuating STAFF from OFFICES. A loudhailer announcement: 'All homes and offices overlooking the water will be evacuated...' Kate on her PHONE:

KATE

What about Barclay? How is he?

CUT TO:

11

INT. TRAINING POOL - DAY

11

SLAM! BARCLAY goes UNDERWATER.

Barclay is wired up to a MEDICAL OXYGEN MASK, WIRES attached to his BODY. SCUBA DIVERS around him with UNDERWATER HAND-HELD scanners, monitoring him. He's like a rat in a lab.

CUT TO:

12

INT. DR BANNERJEE'S LABORATORY - DAY

12

UNIT LABORATORY, white and sterile. Not too sci-fi, but much sleeker and better equipped than the NHS.

BARCLAY in an MRI SCANNER.

BARCLAY'S EYE in HUGE CU, examined in a medical PHOROPTER.

BARCLAY on a RUNNING MACHINE, wired up to MONITORS.

CUT TO Sc.11 TRAINING POOL, as BARCLAY bursts out of the WATER, pulls off his OXYGEN MASK & WIRES, gasping for breath.

CUT TO Barclay, calm now, sitting with DR BANNERJEE; he's 35, geeky, gleeful, examining Barclay's ears.

BARCLAY

I keep getting headaches. And this whistling sound. I've got this rash on my neck. And my legs ache.

DR BANNERJEE

You were 8 kilometres under the sea, nothing survives that, you're something of a miracle, Mr Pierre-Dupont.

Bannerjee goes to sit opposite him, writes up his NOTES.

DR BANNERJEE (CONT'D)

That's a marvellous surname, where's it from?

BARCLAY

My father was French.

DR BANNERJEE

Amazing.

BARCLAY

People think it's posh. Truth is, my dad was a builder, he wasn't even that, he was unemployed, and anything he earned, he drank away. But I reckon, that's how I got into UNIT. Cos I've got a posh surname. And you lot are all Oxbridge.

DR BANNERJEE

If you weren't special before, you are now. The most famous man in the world, some say.

BARCLAY

That's the problem. She made me so important, and now she's gone... No one knows what to do with me.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. YARD BEHIND HOTEL - DAY

13

IMAGES with V/O BARCLAY, cont., from Sc.12.

HOTEL YARD, full of INDUSTRIAL BINS & LAUNDRY. UNIT SOLDIERS take BARCLAY out of a TRUCK, escort him towards the HOTEL.

At the WIRE FENCE: 100s of PEOPLE. Most of them holding up PHONES. All recording him, all YELLING.

Some ADORE him.

Some HATE him.

V/O BARCLAY

If they arrest me. People will complain. If they let me go.

(MORE)

V/O BARCLAY (CONT'D)
People will complain. They won't
just complain, they'll murder me.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

14

Empty. BARCLAY stands there. Not sure what to do.

V/O BARCLAY
So they put me back in the hotel.
Just me, everyone else has been
evacuated. It's like a prison.

He looks at the CCTV CAMERA. Staring at him all day.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

15

A young, snide ROOM SERVICE WAITER has brought in a TRAY,
puts it down. A BEER, a GLASS OF WATER, and a PLATE with a
HOTEL CLOCHE over it. The waiter goes out - a sly look - as
Barclay holds up a HAND-GADGET against the beer, to SCAN it -

- bleep, GREEN LIGHT, display says SAFE, then he scans the
water, bleep, GREEN LIGHT, display says SAFE -

V/O BARCLAY
There's been so many death threats.
Everything I eat or drink has to be
scanned. I said, for how long,
they said, for the rest of my life.

- he lifts the cloche. FISH FINGERS.

BARCLAY
Oh very funny!

From the corridor, a WHOOP of nasty laughter, running away.

CUT TO:

16 INT. DR BANNERJEE'S LABORATORY - DAY

16

BARCLAY
And it hurts. My neck. And my
back. And my lungs.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM, SHOWER - DAY 17

BARCLAY in the SHOWER. Rubbing his neck, in pain.

CUT TO:

18 INT. DR BANNERJEE'S LABORATORY - DAY 18

BARCLAY
That's the only place I feel good.

DR BANNERJEE
Where?

BARCLAY
In the water.

CUT TO Sc.17, SHOWER, CONT. Barclay standing under the shower and closing his eyes. Water pouring over his face.

Like he could breathe it in.

CUT TO:

19 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - NIGHT 19

Closing down for the night, quiet. KATE still at her DESK. On SCREEN: A PHOTO of Sir Keith Spears. It's JANE HART'S report. She's standing next to Kate, on duty.

JANE HART
The same word. Severance. Buried so deep, it sends up a red flag.

KATE
Thank you. Good work.

JANE HART
All the same, ma'am, it can wait till tomorrow. You're not going to stay here all night, are you?

KATE
No. You're right. Maybe I should...

BUT THEN! SHIRLEY comes in, fast, with FOUR UNIT SOLDIERS, marching in PROFESSOR INIKO BELLO, 35. He's UNIT staff, an expert, loves his work, takes control of the room.

*

SHIRLEY
We've got trouble.

INIKO

*

Kate, I need access to all comms,
all screens to me, priority
override, open link to the T&P
database, my name only.

KATE

Granted.

(to the room)

This is Professor Bello, from
Tactics and Planning.

*

(to Iniko)

*

What have we got?

INIKO

*

You were right. From Day One.

SHIRLEY

They were hiding it. You said so,
it's all been a distraction.

INIKO

*

The diplomatic talks were just war
games. While they were doing
exactly what we thought they'd do.
Aquakind are melting the ice caps.

He clicks a SWITCH, and ALL THE SCREENS CHANGE:

FOOTAGE of the ICE-CAPS. Shots of vast CLIFF-FACES of ICE
tumbling into the sea. Stretches of cold water, with only
sparse icebergs dotted on the surface. All stare in awe.

INIKO (CONT'D)

*

They were clever, we were searching
with satellites, but we forgot how
good they are with water. They
positioned a layer of ice crystals
at 3 kilometres. To hide the heat.

KATE

So how did you find it?

INIKO

*

We didn't. They dropped the layer.
They want us to see.

KATE

What's the scale?

INIKO

*

At this rate, Antarctica will
double its loss. 300 billion tons
of ice per year.

KATE

Jesus.

SHIRLEY
That's 3 trillion litres of water.

INIKO
And worse than that. The Prince
Friedrich Ice Shelf...
(pulls up images)
It vanished. Today. That should
take years, that should take
decades, it melted in six hours. I
think that was a declaration.

*

SHIRLEY
What if they go beyond Antarctica?
What happens if they melt all the
ice in the world...?

INIKO
Sea levels will rise 100 metres
worldwide. And it's not just
water. All that carbon will be
released into the atmosphere.

*

KATE
We will flood. We will drown. We
will choke.

INIKO
They've won the war.

*

And in the IMAGES, the ice keeps falling.

CUT TO:

20	OMITTED	20
21	OMITTED	21
22	OMITTED	22
23	INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY	23

BARCLAY watching his TV. On SCREEN: WS ANGLE on Sc.24 below.
This is what he's reduced to, now. Far from the action,
watching on TV. INTERCUT with Sc.24, CUT TO him as and when;
he's still in pain, rubbing his neck, but concentrating.

CUT TO:

23A INT. PRIME MINISTER'S LOUNGE, DOWNING STREET - DAY 23A

Prime Minister HARRY SHAW, with AIDES and MINISTERS, sits to watch Sc.24. Worried, tense. INTERCUT with Sc.24, CUT TO him as and when, throughout, as his decisions grow heavier.

CUT TO:

24 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 24

The hall is FULL. Serious. GRIM. ROSE-MARIE & the CAMERA CREWS focused. GENERALS DUSSOLIER and GUNSBURG in their seats, as TIDE faces SIR JONATHAN. Both hostile, and polite.

TIDE

What is ice? But water in the form of land. We are restoring it to its natural state.

SIR JONATHAN

Nevertheless. With respect. It must be noted that we haven't -

TIDE

You started this! Humankind was melting the ice, long before we awoke. We have heatwaves, underwater, caused by you. So we're completing what you began.

SIR JONATHAN

With respect. We need to know -

TIDE

But you started this.

SIR JONATHAN

Nevertheless. I have to ask -

TIDE

You started this.

SIR JONATHAN

If we could just move past -

TIDE

This was started by you.

SIR JONATHAN

I don't think it's appropriate -

TIDE

You made this happen!

SIR JONATHAN
Oh for God's sake!

CUT TO:

25 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

25

KATE on COMMS, with SHIRLEY, HANA, STEVE and JANE HART & STAFF in b/g, all hushed, focused.

KATE
Sir Jonathan, if you could just...
Give him the floor, okay?

Cut to Sc.24, EMPRESS HALL, SIR JONATHAN steps back, sits.
And Tide relishes the moment, addresses the Hall.

TIDE
We find you... inexplicable. A
species which ruts and stinks and
fouls itself in every acre of the
land, and every channel of the
seas. You are filth and noise and
heat and excrement. So if melting
the ice brings your society to a
halt... then why should we stop?

Pause. Then, a concession:

TIDE (CONT'D)
But we have waited. A very long
time. We can wait a little more.
And offer you the chance to convene
your species. And change.
(at Sir Jonathan)
The Ambassador may speak.

Sir Jonathan stands, goes to his podium.

SIR JONATHAN
Thank you. By change, you mean..?

TIDE
I will instruct you for the last
time. Dismantle your industry.
Stop your chemicals. Find a way of
living on the land without harm.
Then... we might allow you.

SIR JONATHAN
Indeed, thank you, we think your
schedule of 5 years might not be -

TIDE
5 years is all you have.

SIR JONATHAN

I think. That might not...

TIDE

You have 5 years, or all the water
of the world will be set free.

Now Tide is supreme. To the Hall, the cameras, the world:

TIDE (CONT'D)

And be certain of this. Little
people. This was never a war.
This was an inconvenience. You
were the dirt that gathered while
we were away. But now we have
returned, and you will be cleansed.

CUT TO Sc.23, BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM, He buries his head in
his hands, helpless. He knows 5 years isn't enough.

CUT TO Sc.23A., PRIME MINISTER'S LOUNGE. Harry despairs.

CUT TO:

26

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

26

KATE sits back, SHIRLEY and HANA more angry, cynical.

KATE

5 years.

HANA

We can't clean a single river in 5
years, never mind the world.

SHIRLEY

That was a death sentence, Kate.
We've got 5 years to live.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PUB, LONDON - DAY

27

THREE POLICE CARS zoom past, FLASHING LIGHTS, SIRENS wailing.
The sense of emergencies, off-stage, a world in panic...

...as SOLDIERS disembark from a UNIT TRUCK, hit positions, on
GUARD, and BARCLAY emerges. Blinking. It's like this all
the time now; guards, protection, everywhere he goes.

They've pulled up outside a PUB. He's a bit nervous,
anticipating this meeting. But in he goes.

CUT TO:

28

INT. PUB, LONDON - DAY

28

BARCLAY and TWO SOLDIERS walk in.

It's a big place, a modern version of an old-fashioned pub, wood & brass, beer pumps, with a glossy shine. And EMPTY. Weirdly empty, CLOSED. The SOLDIERS with Barclay walk in and take positions around the edges, on alert, like bodyguards.

And far across the room... BARBARA and KIRBY.

Kirby RUNS to Barclay. Massive HUG, Kirby upset.

KIRBY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

BARCLAY

Hey hey hey, no, I know you had to do it, I understand darling, I told you, I completely understand...

And Barclay HUGS Kirby, kisses their head, so kind.

JUMP CUT.

Kirby far across the room, playing a VIDEO GAME with one of the SOLDIERS. Other soldiers still on guard but distant. They've all left Barclay and Barbara alone, to talk. It's all so strange, suspended, an empty pub in daytime; she's got COFFEE, he's got BEER. But there's an intimacy, a sadness.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

We met over there.

BARBARA

You were drunk.

BARCLAY

I was just a little bit happy, that's all. Happy and lucky.

But then suddenly, her real fears:

BARBARA

Are we all going to drown? Is that what's going to happen? Are all of us going to drown?

BARCLAY

I don't know.

BARBARA

But if anyone knows, it's you! You're their bloody friend, why are you always so useless?!

Okay. Hold the pause. He just lets her calm down.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

We had a visitor. From UNIT, he was one of your lot, he said, we've got to look at the future, he said, what about you and Kirby? You're connected to Barclay, and tempers are high, you won't be safe.

BARCLAY

Nice of him.

BARBARA

He said, it's UNIT's job, to protect you. For life. He said, we can move you, y'know, you could live in a safe house. On higher ground. Like, one of those gated communities. With security.

BARCLAY

How long for?

BARBARA

The rest of our lives. I said, the world is going bankrupt with the war, what if it all collapses, what if we're stuck behind gates and you can't protect us any more? He said, well. He just said, well.

BARCLAY

(quiet, scared)

Can I see you? Can I visit?

BARBARA

Oh God, yes. That's the first thing I said. Absolutely. You can see us whenever you want, you can see Kirby absolutely any time. You've got to believe me, that's the first thing I said.

BARCLAY

Okay.

BARBARA

I really did.

BARCLAY

Okay.

BARBARA

That's honestly what I said.

BARCLAY

Okay, I believe you, I do.

(upset)

(MORE)

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

I can visit you, behind gates.
What happened to us?

BARBARA

You fell in love with a fish.

Pause.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Sorry.

BARCLAY

Sure.

BARBARA

Well. You did. Did you?

BARCLAY

I don't know.

(then)

Would I have a key? To the gates?

BARBARA

I don't know.

Pause. And then he's raw. Barbara lost.

BARCLAY

I just keep thinking. I wish. I
could hear her.

BARBARA

What d'you mean?

BARCLAY

Salt. We had this connection.

BARBARA

You said that to me, once.

BARCLAY

But we did.

And he's so fierce, she listens now. He's tearful.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

I keep thinking. We're 60% water.
So I'm 60% water. And whale song
travels for thousands of miles, so
I thought. Maybe she can hear me.

He leans in close. Quiet. Aware of the soldiers. A secret.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Some of the lads. Are on my side.

BARBARA

In what way...?

BARCLAY
Every night...

CUT TO:

29 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 29

BARCLAY lies in BED. On his side. Curling the DUVET around him. But actually WIDE AWAKE, hiding in his hand...

A small, slim black ELECTRONIC PENCIL. And he PRESSES a SWITCH. A RED LIGHT on the pencil blinks 3 TIMES.

Then he shoves the duvet off, in his BOXERS. Looks up.

The CAMERA above. Its RED LIGHT blinks 3 TIMES.

CUT TO:

30 INT. HOTEL CCTV ROOM - NIGHT 30

UNIT SOLDIER with a BANK OF CCTV SCREENS, including Barclay's Hotel Room. Also, CORRIDORS, FOYER, etc. A quiet night.

The SCREEN of Barclay's room FLICKERS - a light BLINKS 3 TIMES - then settles on an IMAGE of Barclay STILL IN BED.

CUT TO:

31 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 31

BARCLAY, dressed, with a little RUCKSACK, opens his DOOR, secretive. To the UNIT GUARD, WILLEM, 28, Dutch.

BARCLAY
Thanks.

WILLEM
I didn't see anything.

And Willem FACES THE OTHER WAY as Barclay runs down the corridor. At the far end: a FIRE DOOR. He barges through.

CUT TO:

32 INT. HOTEL STAIRS - NIGHT 32

Concrete STAIRS, staff access only. BARCLAY hurries down.

CUT TO:

- 33 EXT. HOTEL ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 33
- Dirty alleyway, BINS & POOLS OF WATER. BARCLAY hurries out of a FIRE DOOR. RUNS down the alley. None of this is unknown to him; he's done this before.
- CUT TO:
- 34 EXT. STREET NEAR HOTEL ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 34
- An ordinary parked CAR, nothing flash. BARCLAY runs up. He gets the KEYS, hidden on top of the FRONT WHEEL. Gets in.
- Drives off, fast.
- CUT TO:
- 35 EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT 35
- BARCLAY'S CAR drives down the quiet MOTORWAY.
- Barclay at the wheel. Determined. Looks at:
- SIGN: HERNE BAY. Added SIGN: Do not approach the coast.
- CUT TO:
- 36 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE CAR PARK - NIGHT 36
- BARCLAY'S CAR pulls up. He gets out, with RUCKSACK.
- The area is SEALED OFF with POSTS and BARBED WIRE, SIGNS saying 'St Emelia's Bay', but also, 'BEACH & SEA OUT OF BOUNDS,' 'ACCESS FORBIDDEN,' and 'NO DOGS.' But there's a gap in the posts - BARCLAY knows it, he slips through. Runs.
- CUT TO:
- 37 EXT. HEADLAND OVERLOOKING ST EMELIA'S BAY - NIGHT 37
- BARCLAY running along.
- Below him: a quiet, secluded BEACH. SAINT EMELIA'S BAY, 10 miles from Herne Bay, a relatively minor beach, unguarded.
- CUT TO:
- 38 EXT. ST EMELIA'S BAY - NIGHT 38
- BARCLAY runs along the sand, towards the SEA. Puts down his RUCKSACK. Starts STRIPPING OFF.
- CUT TO:

39 EXT. THE SEA, ST EMELIA'S BAY - NIGHT 39

BARCLAY wading through the freezing water.

He gets so far. Then he puts his head UNDER THE WATER.

Barclay's face in the black, cold water.

And he SCREAMS.

He rises up. Gasps for air. Goes under again.

And SCREAMS.

This is what he does.

He goes to the water and screams for her.

CUT TO:

40 INT. PUB, LONDON - DAY 40

And BARCLAY has told BARBARA his story. So quiet, so raw.

BARCLAY

Every night. I call her name.

I keep on trying. Every single

night. And I never hear a thing.

He's crying, now.

And Barbara, who still loves him so much, goes to him. She holds him, rocks him, cradles him, kisses his head. Then KIRBY'S there, Barclay so glad, big hug, the three of them.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. ST EMELIA'S BAY - NIGHT 41

WS, SPY-CAM NIGHT-TIME FOOTAGE, Sc.38 continued. BARCLAY drying off, getting back into his clothes. Watched by...

CUT TO:

42 INT. PRIVATE MEMBERS' CLUB - NIGHT 42

The shine of mahogany. Dark wood, velvet, bookcases of books never read. An exclusive London Club, members' only. GENERALS DUSSOLIER and GUNSBERG sit in a private room. A WAITER leaving, having served them. Dussolier has asparagus with a poached egg, Gunsberg has crab bisque.

The GUARD from Sc.31, WILLEM, stands nearby, like a butler.

And on the table, as they eat: A LAPTOP, playing Sc.41.

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

We think he's calling for her.
Then he drives back. Hides in his
hotel. Tries again the next night.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

But he doesn't get a response?

WILLEM

We don't talk much, I have to keep
my distance. But I'd say not.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

Maybe Salt has gone.

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

Or maybe she can't hear him. He's
on the English Channel, the French
have put bafflers in the water,
along the coast. Sonic disruption.
They're trying to interfere with
aquakind communications. And maybe
they're stopping Salt.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

Anything you can do?

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

I could ask for a pause. Then
maybe. She gets through.

GENERAL GUNSBURG

And then... Severance.

Pause. And then, a little haunted:

GENERAL DUSSOLIER

I never said yes. For the history
books. My name is not on this.

And they eat. The clink of cutlery.

CUT TO:

43	OMITTED	43
44	OMITTED	44
45	OMITTED	45
45A	INT. DOWNING STREET, CABINET MEETING ROOM - DAY	45A
	HARRY SHAW at work. In front of him, TECHNICIANS installing SIX HI-TECH BIG SCREENS, facing Harry. A KNOCK -	

- and KATE walks in, with LAPTOP and DOCUMENT.

HARRY SHAW
Sorry. Haven't got time.

KATE
I need your signature on this.

Kate hands over the DOCUMENT, he gives it a quick read.

HARRY SHAW
You didn't need to bring it in person.

KATE
I'd also like a word.

HARRY SHAW
(to the technicians)
If you could give us two minutes?
Thank you, boys.

The technicians start to leave, Harry signs the document.

KATE
Quite some hardware.

HARRY SHAW
We are convening. All 195 countries of the world, plus Non-Member Observer States, and the States of Limited Recognition, excluding the Holy See which won't yet recognise Aquakind as God's creations. You could call it the biggest Zoom in the world.

KATE
Convening, how often?

HARRY SHAW
Every day, if we have to. We have 5 years to rebuild civilisation.

KATE
What's Severance?

And now, the last technician has left. That soft thunk of a door closing, which means they're alone. Kate sharper.

HARRY SHAW
...in what way? I've no idea, what d'you mean?

KATE

It's a word. Picked up on comms.
It was buried inside one of Sir
Keith's final messages.

She presses a button on her laptop: Sir Keith Spears images
appear on ALL 6 BIG SCREENS.

HARRY SHAW

Sad loss. He was a good man.

KATE

He was murdered and we don't know
why.

HARRY SHAW

We do. The police were very
clear. It was a protest against
privatised water. And I might
remind you, Sir Keith did not
belong to the government.

KATE

But the word Severance crops up
in your comms too.

HARRY SHAW

I'm sure it does, it could have a
thousand meanings. You could
call Brexit a form of severance.

KATE

But you don't. The word has only
appeared since the arrival of
Homo Aqua. Its context has been
scrubbed, someone clever has
tried very hard to hide it, but
my staff are really very good.

HARRY SHAW

Then what do you think Severance
is?

KATE

You tell me.
(then more passionate)
Oh for God's sake, I can *help*.

And she means it. Moves closer. Kinder:

KATE (CONT'D)

These are extraordinary days,
sir. The pressures on you are
immense. And times like this,
people can panic. And do the
wrong thing. I thought, maybe,
if you're in too deep. If you
need someone...

And oh, he's tempted. She's even closer.

KATE (CONT'D)

Trust me. There's always a way out. I can find it for you.

He looks at her, but...

HARRY SHAW

I don't know what you mean.

Moment broken. She steps back, takes the document. Brisk:

KATE

Good. Thank you, sir. And if I might say. A task of this size is beyond you. The economy will collapse within six months, you'll be voted out, the next lot will storm into power promising anti-aqua legislation, the war will begin all over again, and on and on and on it goes, but I will still be here. Waiting. And I promise you, Harry. Once you're out of office and history has swept you aside. There will be a reckoning. With me.

And Kate goes.

Harry scared. So out of his depth. With only one option left. He fiddles with his PHONE. Sends a BLEEP.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

46

GENERAL GUNSBERG just getting out of his OFFICIAL CAR.

His PHONE BLEEPs. He considers it.

Sends a BLEEP.

CUT TO:

47 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

47

BLEEP.

Its the PHONE of WILLEM, Barclay's guard. He receives the message with a heavy heart. Realising.

It's time.

CUT TO:

48

INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

48

TV showing FOOTAGE OF ICEBERGS. Doom-laden commentary.

A KNOCK, and WILLEM lets himself in with a TRAY - another PLATE & CLOCHE and a GLASS OF BEER - but it's a balancing act, with the CARD-KEY, so Barclay leaps forward to help -

BARCLAY

- hey, I've got it -

WILLEM

- thanks -

- Barclay takes the TRAY, carries it to a TABLE, freeing Willem up - and Willem is SO FAST, swivels, picks up the HAND-GADGET, the food scanner from Sc.15, POCKETS it, REPLACES it with an IDENTICAL HAND-GADGET. All DURING:

WILLEM (CONT'D)

Great, yeah, it's just burger and chips. But that's the funny thing. Hotel burgers are always good.

BARCLAY

That's cos they incinerate them.

WILLEM

Cheap meat, cooked to death, you can't beat it. Cheers, then.

BARCLAY

Cheers.

And Willem heads out.

Barclay gets the HAND-SCANNER. Tests the BEER, BLEEP, green, safe, lifts the cloche, tests the BURGER, BLEEP, green, safe.

Watching the TV, Barclay sits on the bed, swigs the BEER.

CUT TO:

49

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR & BARCLAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

49

WILLEM holds up the same ELECTRONIC PENCIL that Barclay had in Sc.29. The corridor CCTV CAMERA red-light BLINKS 3 TIMES.

The LIFT DOORS OPEN.

MEN & WOMEN in HAZMAT SUITS step out. Six of them. A TEAM.

CORRIDOR: they start to SEAL THE CORRIDOR OFF with a POLYTHENE CURTAIN. Fast, experts. One gives a HAZMAT SUIT to Willem. He gets into it. It's all fast, rehearsed.

Using POLES, they erect a POLYTHENE BOOTH outside Barclay's room. This takes SECONDS, FAST CUTS, clink, strip, done. It's a simple version of the decontamination tents seen at the Cala Escondida Outhouse in Ep.1, and on the Empress Hall Tank. With one of the 1.19 TALL, THIN POLES.

Two HAZMATS wheeling a MEDICAL TROLLEY down the corridor.

WILLEM and one HAZMAT step into the POLYTHENE BOOTH. The pole HUMS. Then BZZZZ, the PURPLE UVC DECONTAMINATION LIGHT.

They enter the ROOM.

Barclay was sitting on the bed; he's now fallen back on to the mattress, UNCONSCIOUS. His BEER spilt on the CARPET.

Fast, efficient: the HAZMAT guy pushes up Barclay's SHIRT.

Willem picks up the BEER GLASS. He's got a HI-TECH HAND-VACUUM to swoop up the beer stain on the carpet.

More UVC LIGHT from the BOOTH and HAZMATS wheel in the TROLLEY. OPEN it. Inside...

TEST-TUBES of LIQUID in a COOLING SOLUTION, wisps of DRY ICE.

CU, HYPODERMIC being filled from a TEST TUBE.

The first HAZMAT swabs skin on Barclay's stomach.

Barclay is INJECTED.

Another HAZMAT hands Willem an IDENTICAL GLASS OF BEER. Willem tips it, spilling it on to the carpet exactly where the original glass fell, recreating the spill.

Barclay's shirt pulled back down.

UVC LIGHT in the BOOTH, the HAZMATS and MEDICAL TROLLEY leaving. Starting to evacuate the room, fast.

Willem SWAPS the HAND-GADGETS, taking his and putting the original back. And then he stands over Barclay.

Sad for him, for a second.

Then he SPRAYS Barclay's face with an ATOMISER. A FINE MIST.

Barclay's eyes begin to ROLL. Stirring.

CORRIDOR: the HAZMATS leave SO FAST, a vanishing act. The BOOTH: clink, strip, fold, GONE. Further down the corridor, the POLYTHENE SEAL: yank, stripped, folded, GONE.

The HAZMATS getting into the LIFT.

BEDROOM: Barclay blinks, sits up. Ohh, he fell asleep, he spilt the beer. But... what time is it?

CORRIDOR: HAZMATS in the lift, Willem has stripped off his HAZMAT SUIT, throws it at them, lift DOORS CLOSE, he RUNS -

- back down the corridor -

- so he's STANDING THERE, on duty, all normal, as Barclay OPENS THE DOOR, a bit groggy.

BARCLAY
Fell asleep.

Willem stays impassive as Barclay RUNS OFF, down the corridor, following his old Sc.31 routine.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. STREET NEAR HOTEL ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 50

As Sc.34, BARCLAY finds the KEYS, gets in.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT 51

As Sc.35, BARCLAY'S car drives down the motorway.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. ST EMELIA'S BAY - NIGHT 52

As Sc.38, BARCLAY strips off on the sand.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. THE SEA, ST EMELIA'S BAY - NIGHT 53

As Sc.39, BARCLAY wading out, till he's waist-deep in the WATER. He puts his head under the water.

He SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. ST EMELIA'S BAY - DAWN 54

First light. BARCLAY on the SAND. He's dried, dressed, but this is what he does, every time; he waits. Until the last possible moment, when he can still drive back unseen.

He stands, and he watches the water.

The endless sea.

He's done this so many times. And never given up. Though he's tired, now. So tired. Heavy-hearted.

And yet...

He realises. Before he sees anything. He rubs his neck, a deep sensation shivering through him.

He wonders.

He stares.

And at last...

SALT.

Emerging from the sea.

And he RUNS. Still-dressed. He runs into the sea, he strides through the water, deeper, deeper, deeper.

Until they're facing each other, both happy and yet cautious.

BARCLAY

I called to you. Every night.

SALT

I knew you'd be to the south of the land, but I couldn't hear.

(then she smiles)

You people are so funny in your clothes.

BARCLAY

Oh. Thanks. Really?

But then they RUSH to each other. HOLD each other, intense.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

I thought I'd never see you again.

And they KISS.

Then, as they separate:

SALT

We don't have much time.

BARCLAY

But. We could go. Anywhere. Down the coast, or. I don't know. No one knows I've gone, we could... I don't know, anything, anywhere!

SALT

Your civilisation is falling.
They're melting the ice, but I
swear, they never told me, there
are tides within tides. But you
can still help humanity.

BARCLAY

For God's sake! No one listens to
me. I'm nothing! You made me
special, for one moment, and now
both of us are reduced to this.

SALT

The tides. Still head towards you.
Currents are converging and I don't
know why, but maybe it's for this.
You've got to go back.

BARCLAY

But we could escape.

SALT

Go back. And tell them. To ask
for accord.

BARCLAY

...accord?

SALT

Tell your people. To ask aquakind.
For accord. The word carries an
ancient weight, that every one of
my kind will have to respect.

BARCLAY

But what does it mean?

SALT

If you know what it means, there's
every chance humankind will try to
stop you. But find the ones you
trust. Send out a signal to the
seas, ask them for accord, and we
might survive. All of us.

BARCLAY

But I don't understand -

- she KISSES HIM.

Then she turns, DIVES under the surface.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

No - !

And he tries to follow, he strides, then submerges himself,
swims under the surface, heavy in his clothes...

But there's no sign of her, the water dark.

He's scared of getting out of his depth. Stands. Up to his neck, treading water, gasping. But alone again.

The horizon is empty.

But he has work to do.

CUT TO:

55

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

55

BARCLAY with KATE, SHIRLEY, HANA & STEVE. Barclay came straight here, to find Kate, so his clothes have soaked, and then dried. He's a mess.

The room is rarely so empty, all secretive, tense.

BARCLAY

She said. Accord. Just that word, accord. That's all I know.

KATE

But it could help?

BARCLAY

Don't ask me to make sense of it. All I know. Is that I trust her.

HANA

Accord, dictionary definition: to give someone status. Or to be harmonious or consistent with.

KATE

I like harmonious.

SHIRLEY

I'm loving harmonious.

BARCLAY

She could be showing us a way out.

SHIRLEY

Barclay mate, you don't half stink.

BARCLAY

I've been in the sea. I keep finding sand.

STEVE

If I could suggest..?

Steve comes forward. He's nervous, rarely part of top-level decisions. But this lot are becoming a close-knit group:

STEVE (CONT'D)

If we ask the governments of the world for permission, to send a signal to aquakind... well, that's three months of debate, at least.

HANA

And then they'll say no.

KATE

They'll do more than that, they'll try to stop us.

STEVE

But. We send aquakind parcels of information every day. Just basic diplomacy. So I could... filter the word accord into the signal.

KATE

Disguised.

STEVE

Exactly. Use my eye-tracking, and it doesn't leave a key-print. I don't think a translator on the land would notice it. But in the eyes of Homo Aqua, there's a convex eye-spot, they literally gather more light than we do, which means if the word accord is embedded in the message... they'll see it.

SHIRLEY

And then what?

KATE

We'll find out.

SHIRLEY

Bit of a risk.

KATE

Word is. The gathering of the 195 Nations is currently asking how many nuclear strikes the ocean can take. That's the risk.

BARCLAY

But we're UNIT, and that's what UNIT does. We save the world. And if that means acting against the government... we do it.

KATE

(smiles at Barclay)
The clerk from transport.

BARCLAY

I'm only here by mistake, remember?

KATE

We're not completely beyond the laws of the land. We could all be arrested for treason.

BARCLAY

Okay.

STEVE

Fine.

HANA

Good.

SHIRLEY

What would Christofer say?

Pause.

KATE

(to Steve)

Make it happen.

STEVE

Yes ma'am!

CUT TO:

56

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

56

STEVE enters, with BARCLAY (same day, but he's now tidied up and changed clothes), KATE and SHIRLEY. HANA's already at one of the desks, waiting for them.

Again, that quiet, secret night-time feel. UNIT SOLDIERS on duty in b/g, but all DESKS EMPTY. Just these conspirators.

KATE

(to the soldiers)

Cameras off. Sub rosa protocols. I will monitor your personal comms for the next 30 years to make sure not a word of this gets out, is that understood?

SOLDIERS: gulp, yes ma'am. Steve reaching Hana.

STEVE

I've taken the word accord, and packaged it, enhanced it, and hidden it, it's ready to go.

HANA
I'll cross-channel it. And this
will transmit to all the oceans of
the world.

STEVE
Press send!

Hana stabs a BUTTON.

On her SCREEN, a PULSE. It's accompanied by a three-note
MOTIF, a delicate, flute-like noise, REPEATING.

SHIRLEY
How do we know they're listening?

BARCLAY
We just have to hope.

On all the DESK SCREENS:

The OCEANS OF THE WORLD. With SIGNALS PULSING at locations
across the globe. The visual PULSE, and the MOTIF. The
THREE NOTES calling for accord, repeating over and over.

Instinctively, they all look up, at the tank. At the WATER.

CUT TO:

56A EXT. SEAS AT NIGHT - NIGHT 56A
WATER reflecting the MOON, the THREE-NOTE MOTIF transmitting.

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED 57

58 EXT. FOOTAGE OF THE SEA - DAWN 58
SUN RISING over a CALM SEA, as the THREE-NOTE MOTIF repeats.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. FOOTAGE OF DEEP SEA - DAY 59
STOCK FOOTAGE, the epic wildness of the open sea, so far from
land. The churning Atlantic. Vast waves on an impossible
scale. And the THREE-NOTE MOTIF repeating, repeating...

CUT TO:

60 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 60

BARCLAY wakes. SUNLIGHT blinding him. But it's better, today, maybe he's waking up with hope. He wonders.

CUT TO:

61 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 61

Quiet. Only a couple of GUARDS in b/g. SHIRLEY at work, at a DESK; she built this TANK, it's undergoing maintenance.

SOLDIERS open the DOORS, KATE comes in.

KATE

Any word?

SHIRLEY

Nope. The water's quiet.

KATE

It's been days.

SHIRLEY

Maybe this accord-thing sent them back into hibernation.

KATE

We should be so lucky.

SHIRLEY

Then what are they doing?

CUT TO:

62 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 62

NO staff, just STEVE, with KATE & SHIRLEY. This room's normally buzzing, in daytime, but now it's low-key.

STEVE

It's strange, we've got nothing, it's gone silent out there. All across the oceans. And it wasn't the accord signal, things went dead before we sent it.

KATE

Running silent, that's what they call it on submarines. When you turn the engines off. To avoid detection.

SHIRLEY

Which means they're planning something..?

KATE
Or hiding. Or scared.

SHIRLEY
Scared of what..?

CUT TO:

63

EXT. SPANISH BEACH - DAY

63

CAPTION: PLAYA DEL PASOS. 50km from Barcelona.

A wide, beautiful BEACH. Blue seas, blue sky. So calm; feel the fresh breeze, after the claustrophobia of London.

But the war hasn't gone. REVEAL, on the land: FENCING & SIGNS: NO ESCARSE AL AGUA - <'DO NOT GO NEAR THE WATER'.>

SOLDIERS patrolling, SPANISH ARMY.

Then one of them points, '¿Què és eso?' - <'What's that?'>

Down on the water's edge...

A BODY..?

They run down the slopes, to the sand.

Approaching the body, a huddled, seaweed-wrapped mass.

They turn the body over. A dead HOMO AQUA. Its skin has changed. Grey. More barnacled. The barnacles like scars.

Soldier points. 'Por allí!' <'Over there!> A distance away -

Another BODY.

Beyond that, two more BODIES, entwined.

WIDER: another body, 6 or 7 scattered across the bay.

CUT TO:

64

EXT. IRISH BEACH - DAY

64

CAPTION: ST BRIGID'S BAY, 25km from Londonderry.

SOLDIERS running down slopes. On to a BEACH.

Where a BODY lies huddled. They turn it over. HOMO AQUA.

But widen to REVEAL, as the soldiers keep running; to one side of the bay, on the rocks, washed up by a strong tide...

DOZENS OF BODIES.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. AUSTRALIAN BEACH - NIGHT

65

Caption: ANTIGONE BAY, 20km miles from Sydney.

SOLDIERS wading through SURF. Behind them, ARMY TRUCKS with SEARCHLIGHTS wheeling in, braking fast, an air of emergency.

Soldiers alert, GUNS raised, aiming at the BODIES, as they SPLASH through the surf, finding BODY after BODY. 'This one's dead.' 'This one's dead, sir.' 'This one's dead!'

CUT TO:

66 EXT. HONG KONG - NIGHT

66

CHINESE REPORTER to CAMERA. In Chinese:

CHINESE REPORTER
Jīn wān zhèlǐ de chāngjìng
lǐng rén nányí zhìxìn.
Zhènggè gāngkǒu dōu bèi
fēngsuǒle. Gāngkǒu lǐ duī
mǎnle shītī. Méiyǒu rén
zhīdào fāshēngle shénme shì.
Zhīshì... yī bō yòu yī bō de
Homo Aqua, tāmen dōu sǐle.
Tāmen dōu sǐle.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION
<Incredible scenes here
tonight. The entire harbour
has been blocked. The port
is full of bodies. No one
knows what's happening.
There's just... tide after
tide of Homo Aqua, they're
dead. They're all dead.>

WIDE SHOT: REEFS OF DEAD HOMO AQUA filling the BAY.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

67

Manhattan. The WATER dotted with HOMO AQUA, BODY after BODY.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. LONDON EMBANKMENT - DAY

68

Hand-held. Reporter ROSE-MARIE HUNT urgent, to CAMERA, pushing through CROWDS, to get to the river's edge.

ROSE-MARIE
Even here. In the heart of London.
One thing is obvious. They're
dying. Homo Aqua is dying.

TOP SHOT of the WATER:

BODIES of HOMO AQUA. (NB, in dying, they face downwards in the water, so the image isn't too ghastly.)

CUT TO:

69 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

69

BARCLAY on his MOBILE. On his TV: Sc.68 NEWS FOOTAGE: *Homo Aqua bodies found worldwide*. He's scared, thinking of Salt:

BARCLAY

Is it all of them? Is it everyone?
Can I speak to Kate? Cos this
isn't accord, this is something
else, who's done this?!

CUT TO:

70 INT. CORRIDOR, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

70

KATE, SHIRLEY, HANA and STAFF, hurrying along.

CUT TO:

71 INT. UNIT TOWER, LABORATORY - DAY

71

LAB from 2.23 & and 2.26A, now revealed to have a GLASS-WALLED SECTION, overlooking an OPERATING THEATRE. KATE hurries in, with SHIRLEY, HANA & STAFF, to look down on...

The UNIT PATHOLOGIST from 2.23, DR KADIE BANGURA. In full HAZMAT CLOTHING. And on the SLAB...

The body of a HOMO AQUA. Voices on COMMS through the GLASS:

KATE

What have we got?

DR BANGURA

Some sort of viral infection. It's like the gills get blocked. I'd say, they shed scales like we shed skin, but the shedding has stopped, which means the excess scales build up and... they drown.

SHIRLEY

All of them? Is this Homo Aqua, or Homo Amphibia too?

DR BANGURA

I think it's all of them. But no other lifeforms. Only aquakind.

KATE

What about us, are we safe?

Dr Bangura taking off her HEADGEAR.

DR BANGURA

That's the strangest thing -

KATE

Careful!

DR BANGURA

- there's no danger. Not any more.
It's like I'm finding the aftermath
of a virus, without the virus
itself. Which means...

KATE

A virus that's been designed.
That's front line warfare, viruses
programmed to strike and then
decay, that's... Oh for God's
sake. That's human technology.

SHIRLEY

It was us.

KATE

I didn't see it happen.
(realises)
Severance.

And she's silent, now, as that sinks in.

DR BANGURA

What are your people saying, what's
the level of contagion out there?

HANA

90%, on first evidence. A 90%
death rate. Worldwide.

SHIRLEY

We think aqua-kind are connected by
an algae network. This proves it.
One virus has circled around all
the oceans of the world.

DR BANGURA

Story of the human race. From the
moment Homo Sapiens learnt to walk.
We meet a new species. We
slaughter them.

Kate's hand goes to her EARPIECE, as...

V/O STEVE
Ma'am, we've got a signal.

CUT TO:

72 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

72

STEVE at his DESK - all stations manned, an air of emergency.
On MANY SCREENS: a PULSE-WAVE, repeating over and over.

STEVE
It's in deep aquanese, it's the
same signal repeated over and over
again. I think it's an S.O.S.
They're calling for help.

CUT TO:

73 INT. BARCLAY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

73

BARCLAY staring at the TV, on edge, FOOTAGE: stories of
CELEBRATION. A KNOCK, then HANA opens the door; behind her,
WILLEM, she's used his KEY. Urgent:

HANA
Barclay, I'm sorry, they need you
at the Empress Hall.

BARCLAY
What for?

HANA
You're the Ambassador.

BARCLAY
Hana, that's gone, I'm nothing, I'm
the man who is literally nothing.

HANA
The request has come, to revert to
Day One. They say, they want it as
it was, for the final session.

BARCLAY
Who does?

HANA
Homo Amphibia.

BARCLAY
But. Which one?

She doesn't know, he doesn't wait for an answer, just - ZOOM,
he moves SO FAST! - jacket, wallet, key - out!

CUT TO:

74 INT. CORRIDOR, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

74

BARCLAY now striding along with KATE, HANA and STAFF, all FAST, urgent. Mid-conversation:

BARCLAY
- but is it her?!

KATE
- we don't know, concentrate on the task in hand, you'll be on the earpiece to me, we have scripts, with options, we'll find the words, if there's a pause, just wait, and we will find the right section -

BANG, through the DOORS into the EMPRESS HALL -

CUT TO:

75 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

75

BUSIER THAN EVER. Every last space packed with DELEGATES, AMBASSADORS, MILITARY, STAFF, all nationalities, the BACK WALL SCAFFOLDING stacked with CAMERAS, REPORTERS, including ROSE-MARIE HUNT & CAMERA CREW. And there's an excitement in the air that hasn't been there before. They don't need to be scared, any more. Now, there's a sense of victory.

HANA & STAFF stay back, BARCLAY and KATE striding down the AISLE towards the PODIUM. Watched by:

GENERAL DUSSOLIER, in her seat.

GENERAL GUNSBERG in his seat.

And in one row: PRIME MINISTER, HARRY SHAW. A CHINESE DELEGATE arguing with Harry's staff - there are no other world leaders here, Harry is breaking the rules, but:

HARRY SHAW
I'm sorry, this is a pivotal moment, I demand a seat.

Barclay and Kate reach the podium. Muttered, quiet:

BARCLAY
Do we know anything more? About the virus? How did it happen?

KATE
Nothing. We have suspicions. But can't prove anything.

And she looks at:

General Dussolier. General Gunsberg. And the Prime Minister. In return, they hold her stare. Uncaring.

KATE (CONT'D)

Good luck.

BARCLAY

Thanks.

She walks back down the aisle, Hana heading towards her.

HANA

Ma'am, there's a message, from Dr Bannerjee, it says Priority One -

KATE

Not now. Stay with Barclay.

And Kate pushes past -

CUT TO:

76

INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

76

STAFF at DESKS, including SHIRLEY, JANE HART and STEVE. Procedures & graphics as Ep.1, Sc.60 onwards.

JANE HART

Tank is stable and maintaining integrity. Open Waterlock 1.

STEVE

We have three lifeforms.

KATE arriving at her DESK.

KATE

Identify them.

STEVE

Two Homo Aqua. One Homo Amphibia.

KATE

Which one?

SHIRLEY

Is it her?

CUT TO:

77

INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

77

ALL WATCHING.

TWO HOMO AQUA swim into the TANK, to formal guard positions within the tank, HIGH UP, one to the LEFT, one to the RIGHT.

But BARCLAY is staring, HOPING, as...

A SWIRL of WATER, obscuring, and then clearing to reveal...

SALT.

She swims, then DESCENDS to the ELEVATOR-BOOTH AIRLOCK.

Barclay so happy. So upset.

CUT TO Sc.76 CONTROL ROOM, all relieved to see Salt.

CUT TO Sc.77 EMPRESS HALL, reactions. Some happy to see Salt (she was easier to deal with than Tide). HANA happy for Barclay. ROSE-MARIE sensing a good story. Some scared to see Salt; GENERALS GUNSBURG & DUSSOLIER and HARRY SHAW.

And the EYELINE is right between Barclay and Salt as the AIRLOCK BOOTH empties of WATER. BZZZ, the UVC LIGHT.

A cool glance from some; the UVC hardly worked, did it?

Then the FRONT DOORS OPEN, and Salt steps out.

She walks forward to her podium. The distance between her and Barclay, at his podium. The terrible formality.

But for a moment, in the look between them, nothing else matters. He could cry. Maybe he does. And she'd love to be above such emotion, but can't; vast tides moving within her. They simply look at each other. So much lost.

The cold stare of Generals Dussolier and Gunsberg.

Salt recovers. Calm. Addresses the room.

SALT

I have come to inform mankind. The war is over. You have won. We are defeated. We grant you victory.

They can't help it: A SIGH around the room, the RELIEF.

CUT TO CONTROL ROOM, Kate on comms.

KATE

Go to page 3, the second section.

On Control Room SCREENS, and Barclay's, the text scrolls to a certain PAGE. Barclay reads.

BARCLAY

On behalf of the people of the land. We would offer any help. In the restoration of...

(he gives up, goes off-script, heartfelt)

I'm sorry.

KATE

Barclay, stay on message.

BARCLAY

I'm so sorry. What's happened?
Down there, what's it like?

SALT

We are destroyed.

Hold. She's devastated. Could lose it. Right on the edge.
All stare. But she's so strong, pulls it back together.

SALT (CONT'D)

The virus brought fire. To the
world of water. And we burnt.

BARCLAY

But you survived.

SALT

One in ten. As though by design.

BARCLAY

I don't know. I swear.

SALT

No, not you. But there are others.

She looks at the room. Merciless. For all her losses, Salt
is completely in command. Dussolier, Gunsberg, Harry Shaw,
still meeting her stare, though a little unnerved, now.

SALT (CONT'D)

There are creatures in this room
who want a prize. For winning the
war. They desire our technology.
But there are oceans, unknown to
you, running deep beneath the
mantle of this world, and we have
sunk our prizes, deep down below.
Lost to you, forever. But more
than that.

And now, she seems to be specifically staring at those three.

DURING THIS: Closer on Dussolier, Gunsberg and Harry Shaw.
Close enough to see a bead of sweat form on a forehead.
Pressure in the air, Salt's power and menace so great.

SALT (CONT'D)

You thought you'd chosen your
weapons well. Because a virus
contains no water. And yet. It
rides the back of a water molecule
like a parasite upon a host. And
we can read. Every drop. Stained
with these fingerprints of yours.

(MORE)

SALT (CONT'D)

And let me tell you, people of the land; water is patient. Water just waits. Water wears down the tallest clifftop, it outlasts stone and metal and skin. So I promise you. Water will find you, one day.

CU Harry Shaw. Scared. As though knowing...

CUT TO:

77A INT. HARRY SHAW'S SHOWER - DAY

77A

Ten months' time. HARRY SHAW, no longer the Prime Minister, voted out just as Kate said, nevertheless lives in comfortable retirement in a nice, posh house...

...which is no use to him now as he stands in the SHOWER. The SHOWER-HEAD dribbles to nothing, and SHOWER-WATER, in the spray-pattern of the shower head, POURS OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

CUT TO:

78 OMITTED

78

78A OMITTED

78A

79 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY

79

CU GENERAL GUNSBERG. Scared.

And CU GENERAL DUSSOLIER, scared. As though both know...

CUT TO:

80 OMITTED

80

81 OMITTED

81

82 EXT. IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

82

Two years' time. A sleek, OFFICIAL CAR. With BLACK WINDOWS. But the car seems to be... rocking.

At the bottom of the DOOR, WATER is pouring out.

Then at the REAR DOOR WINDOW, through blackened GLASS: GENERAL DUSSOLIER. Suspended. Drowning. Banging at the glass. The entire car is FULL OF WATER. And LOCKED.

WINDSCREEN: GENERAL GUNSBURG appears, BANGS AT THE GLASS.
Holding his breath. Wild, desperate, trapped.

Pull away, the car shaking, leaking, sealed. A tomb.

CUT TO:

83 INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY 83

KATE into her MIC. Some sort of justice for Christofer.

KATE
Any requests for extra security.
Will be denied.

CUT TO:

84 INT. EMPRESS HALL - DAY 84

Kate's voice like acid. GENERAL DUSSOLIER weakens; she walks out of the Hall, fast, terrified, past HANA. GUNSBURG and HARRY SHAW watching her go, all chilled to the bone.

And then SALT looks at BARCLAY. To pass judgement on him.

But she is kind.

SALT
Some are innocent. And ignorant.
And will be safe.

Barclay puzzled. Not knowing, but wondering...

BARCLAY
But the accord..?

SALT
Will never happen.

BARCLAY
What was it?

SALT
It was a way of two species
joining, and sharing, and
celebrating. Which is now lost.

CUT TO Sc.83, CONTROL ROOM, Kate interrupting -

KATE
Barclay, the first offer, page 15.

CUT TO Sc.84, EMPRESS HALL, as Barclay's SCREEN SCROLLS.

BARCLAY

We can. We can offer help. We would grant you... land.

(smiles, weary)

That's the wrong word. It means land beneath the sea.

(formal again)

There is a haven. A trench, in the Pacific Ocean, 3,000 kilometres long. 60 kilometres wide. And 12 kilometres deep. The deepest place on Earth. This can be your home. We will protect your boundaries. From pollution, and sound, and viruses. And we can rebuild our relationship. As two species on the same Earth. We can be friends.

SALT

We will accept this offer. If you give this land its true name.

(pause)

A hunting ground. We will live there. In full knowledge of what you will do to us.

She lifts her HAND.

ALL SCREENS, Empress Hall & Control Room, SWIM, as though the surface is made of WATER. They resolve into an IMAGE:

Big-game hunting.

A HUNTER in SAFARI GEAR, with his HARPOON, one foot on the plump, scaly, dead body of a PISCIMORPHA GRANDIS. His prize.

Salt holds the room with her stare.

SALT (CONT'D)

We will do whatever you want. Because we are terrified of you.

(pause)

Thus ends the war.

She TURNS. The AIRLOCK-DOORS open.

CHATTER starts in the room - excitement, outrage, fear, questions, so many questions - but Barclay calls out -

BARCLAY

- but there's more to say -

SALT TURNS inside the BOOTH, WATER rising up. And as it SURROUNDS her, she relaxes, becomes more herself. So sad.

Barclay is a little voice in the noise:

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Will I see you again?

She looks at him.

All that could have been.

But the INTERNAL DOORS to the TANK open, and she rises up...

And SWIMS AWAY.

The two HOMO AQUA GUARDS join her. They curl in the WATER, a moment of beauty, then a SWIRL OF WATER, and they are GONE.

BARCLAY sits down on the nearest seat. Heavy. Defeated.

Cut to Sc.83, CONTROL ROOM, KATE exhausted.

KATE

Everyone. Green Shoot protocols.
Congratulations. Or shame on us
all, I'm not sure which.

CUT TO Sc.84 EMPRESS HALL. Behind Barclay, the CHATTER
RISES, movement, everyone talking, some laughter, some anger,
what next, what next, what next? General Gunsberg stands,
hurries out, followed by, separately, Harry Shaw.

Barclay left alone.

What will he do now? How can he -

CRACK.

Silence. Everyone STOPS. STARES.

At the TANK.

And CRACK!

Another FRACTURE. The GLASS. Right across its front. The
huge GLASS WALL OF PRESSURE. Creaking.

EVERYONE: Oh fuck.

And they start to RUN!

CUT TO Sc.83, CONTROL ROOM, KATE into MIC:

KATE (CONT'D)

Abandon the Hall! Everyone out,
out, out, right now!

CUT TO Sc.84, EMPRESS HALL, and EVERYONE is PANICKING! Some
people grab LAPTOPS, etc, some people abandon them, RUNNING,
or having to SHUFFLE ALONG the bloody rows, hurry up! Out of
my way!

SOLDIERS taking control, 'This way, fast as you can, don't run, this way!' but some soldiers just legging it - CAMERA CREWS leap from scaffolding, running with EQUIPMENT -

And BARCLAY just sits there.

As the GLASS goes CRACK!

The PRIME MINISTER is TERRIFIED. Runs along a row, 'Out of my way!' People stumbling and BLOCKING HIM. And he's VICIOUS, SAVAGE, he SHOVES a WOMAN, she goes flying -

And ROSE-MARIE HUNT is there. With her STILLS CAMERA. Snaps every second of it, the Prime Minister, the woman, the SHOVE -

CUTAWAY: BROADSHEET NEWSPAPER, PHOTO: Prime Minister Harry Shaw caught Dead-Zone-fashion, snarling, teeth bared, pushing a woman out of the way, HEADLINE: *Shame of the Nation* -

- then back to the PANIC and RUNNING -

CRACK! WATER beginning to HISS out of the CRACK.

And Barclay just sits there.

Ready.

And then.

HANA is there. The woman he began this journey with, so long ago. And she's kind, smiling, takes his hand.

HANA

Come on. Let's go.

He smiles, nods, like she's just asked him for a drink.

BARCLAY

Okay.

He stands, leisurely. Now the last to leave, and they WALK towards the aisle. Hana wanting to run, but she won't leave him, as he simply decides to WALK.

Down the aisle. Behind them, the TANK going CRACK! CRACK! And Rose-Marie won't miss a story, walks with them, frantic:

ROSE-MARIE

Mr Dupont, anything to say?

BARCLAY

Yeah. We won. How about that?

Tell them we won. We won the war.

He's head-up, both confident and bitter, walking out of the Empress Hall for the last time, TWO SOLDIERS heaving at the DOORS, as BEHIND THEM, in the SAME SHOT, SMASH!, the ENTIRE TANK SHATTERS, BOOMPH!, a HUGE FLOOD OF WATER is RELEASED -

- and the doors go *SLAM!*

CUT TO:

85

INT. CORRIDOR, UPPER FLOOR, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

85

A long, bare corridor. KATE in a chair, SHIRLEY nearby. They're exhausted, they've found refuge in any old corner. At the FAR END: fuss, action, clattering, people dealing with a major flood one floor below. But it all seems so far away.

KATE

I've got to find somewhere to live.

SHIRLEY

I said to Lawrence, Kate could stay with us, he said no.

KATE

Fair enough.

SHIRLEY

You've never got on.

A SOLDIER approaches, with a message.

KATE

No.

The soldier GOES.

SHIRLEY

I keep thinking. The times when the Doctor is nowhere to be seen.

KATE

He said to me, once. I save the human race. I don't shape the human race. You can get that wrong all on your own.

JANE HART approaching, with a MOBILE.

JANE HART

Ma'am, there's a message.

KATE

I said no.

JANE HART

I'm sorry but he insists, it's Dr Bannerjee. Barclay's doctor. He says it's Priority One.

Kate takes the phone.

KATE
Kate Lethbridge-Stewart.

And everything...

STOPS.

On Kate. As she listens.

And the world changes around her.

Hold and hold as everything turns.

MUSIC rises up.

This Mortal Coil, Song to the Siren. Rising, soaring, driving the action, defining the action from now on.

As Kate realises what must be done.

CUT TO:

86

EXT. YARD BEHIND HOTEL - DAY

86

MUSIC over:

As Sc.13, BARCLAY being taken out of a UNIT TRUCK by SOLDIERS. Escorted towards the SERVICE DOORS of the HOTEL.

Again, the CROWD, 100s at the WIRE FENCE. Yelling. Some loving him. But the hatred is weaponised now, snarling, vicious. Because they've WON. White hot fury.

Barclay approaching the doors, when...

A UNIT CAPTAIN steps out of the hotel. Stop. Sorry. Change of plans. They've got to go BACK. They've got to go OUT.

Barclay confused, what? What's happening?

The only way out is for the YARD GATES to OPENED.

The CROWD RUSHING forward.

MORE SOLDIERS RUN to help. To form a GUARD as Barclay is marched out of the YARD. What for? Why? But the soldiers just hustle him along, 2 lines of TROOPS forming a corridor.

THIS CLOSE, the crowd is TERRIFYING. Yelling. Many turning their backs to get Barclay in the b/g of a SELFIE. The ferocity is bizarre, suspended in the music.

Barclay jostled, scared, bewildered. This is his life, now, how is he ever going to live like this?

He only realises what's happening, as...

The TWO LINES OF SOLDIERS lead to a CAR.

Soldiers open the DOOR.

They SHOVE Barclay into the PASSENGER SEAT.

And KATE is at the wheel. She says, buckle in.

She twists the WHEEL.

The car SCORCHES OFF.

CROWD RUN, follow, HAMMERING at the car.

Inside, it's a BOX OF NOISE, Barclay SCARED, wild faces at the windows, running with them. Kate grim. But determined.

WIDE SHOT: the CAR ACCELERATES, CROWD falling back.

Barclay and Kate drive away.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

87

MUSIC over:

KATE'S CAR. Driving in the same direction as Sc.35.

CUT TO:

87A INT. CONTROL ROOM, IMPERIAL HOUSE - DAY

87A

MUSIC over:

A BLIP, on a GRAPHICS MAP, Kate's car, heading for the coast.

The room SILENT. All with the MAP ON SCREEN.

SHIRLEY. HANA. STEVE. JANE HART.

All watching with HOPE. Profoundly moved by what's happening here. Hana is tearful, but in awe, willing Barclay onwards. Because they've all been told...

CUT TO:

88 EXT. CAR IN MOTION - DAY

88

MUSIC over, all seen through the windscreen or side windows.

KATE is talking to BARCLAY.

Telling him the truth.

Barclay amazed.

And as part of the story:

CUT TO:

89 INT. DR BANNERJEE'S LABORATORY - DAY

89

MUSIC over:

DR BANNERJEE on the PHONE. Excited by his discovery.

INTERCUT with Sc.85, CORRIDOR cont., CU KATE on the PHONE.

Dr Bannerjee with an X-RAY of Barclay on a WALL-LIGHT-BOX.

Barclay's head.

Barclay's NECK.

BCU, bristling PIXELS, letters typing out: ACCORD.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. CAR IN MOTION - DAY

90

MUSIC over:

BARCLAY is crying, now.

JUMP CUT.

BARCLAY on his MOBILE. So sad. Explaining.

CUT TO:

91 INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - DAY

91

MUSIC over:

KIRBY on their MOBILE. Crying.

Behind Kirby, BARBARA. Deep b/g, UNIT SOLDIERS, on permanent guard. (After the hotel's evacuation, Barbara and Kirby came back here.) And now Barbara comes forward, to hug and curl around Kirby from behind, as the phonecall goes on.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. MOTORWAY, HARD SHOULDER - DAY

92

MUSIC over:

The CAR has stopped. BARCLAY now standing, on his PHONE.
KATE standing a distance away. CARS whizz past f/g.

And Barclay, though upset, is smiling now.

Saying goodbye. I love you.

CUT TO:

93 INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - DAY

93

MUSIC over:

KIRBY and BARBARA, together, sharing the PHONE. Upset, and yet smiling, laughing, wild with emotion. Saying goodbye, goodbye, I love you, dad, I love you Barclay, goodbye.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE CAR PARK - DAY

94

MUSIC over:

As Sc.36. The FENCING is still there, but some SIGNS fallen, some GONE, stolen as souvenirs of a time in history.

KATE'S CAR pulls up. KATE & BARCLAY getting out. Hurrying through the gap, Barclay's excitement building now, wild.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. ST EMELIA'S BAY - DAY

95

MUSIC over:

BARCLAY on the SAND. Running ahead of KATE.

And she's falling back now. She can only watch.

Barclay ripping his CLOTHES OFF.

Then running into the SEA.

He WADES through the water, heading out, out, out.
Unstoppable. Every few strides, he DUCKS HIS HEAD under.

He YELLS UNDERWATER.

Calling to her.

Kate at the water's edge, watching.

CUT TO:

96

EXT. THE SEA, ST EMELIA'S BAY - DAY

96

MUSIC over:

SALT rises from the WATER.

BARCLAY stops. Stares at her. So happy.

They're waist-high in the water. As she approaches.

FAR BACK, ON THE BAY: Kate, watching.

Hoping.

Salt reaches Barclay.

And she's so confident, so in control of this moment, as she reaches out. Puts one hand behind his head. Brings him close to her. Into the deepest kiss.

Kissing her, Barclay breathes in.

And...

GILLS OPEN along his neck.

Beautiful GILLS.

Three fronds, each side of his NECK - that pain in his neck, all this time, now reaching maturity -

And he feels ECSTATIC.

They separate, and he dips below the WATER, Salt too.

UNDERWATER: Barclay can BREATHE. He is overjoyed as his lungs fill with WATER, but oxygen filters through his neck. And it feels wonderful. It feels *natural*.

He laughs. And Salt is so happy too. They kiss.

Joy.

Both RISE ABOVE THE SURFACE AGAIN. Look back at Kate.

Kate is smiling.

Because this is Accord. This is the thing that could have brought peace between the land and the sea. For humankind and aqua-kind to be the same. They've lost that chance; but maybe it survives, still, in this ordinary man.

Kate lifts one arm, in farewell.

Barclay and Salt look at her, with respect.

Then they turn away from the land.

They DIVE UNDER THE WATER.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

97

MUSIC over:

BARCLAY and SALT.

Now in the DEPTHS. They swim, they circle, they spiral.

Then they swim away, into the darkness.

Gone.

Music OUT.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. ST EMELIA'S BAY - DAY

98

KATE LETHBRIDGE-STEWART stands alone and watches the sea.

But they're gone. Just the wind and the waves.

Kate turns and walks away.

END on the sea.

The eternal sea.

CUT TO CREDITS.

But then...

CUT TO:

99 EXT. HEADLAND, OVERLOOKING ST EMELIA'S BAY - DAY

99

KATE walks along the rough, narrow PATH. Wrapped against the cold, lost in thought. Barclay. The world. And Christofer, always Christofer. But a distance away...

A JOGGER. A tall, tough man in his 30s, heading towards her.

Still running, he takes a SWIG from his PLASTIC WATER BOTTLE. Then CHUCKS IT AWAY. Still heading for Kate.

She STOPS, blocks the path, holds out her hand. Stop.

KATE

No, no no.

He jogs to a halt - still a good 20ft away from her - plucks out his airpods, half-puzzled, half-annoyed.

JOGGER

Sorry? Is there something wrong?

KATE

Just. That bottle. Could you go back and pick it up?

JOGGER

Could I what?

KATE

Could you go back and pick it up?

JOGGER

What for?

KATE

If you could, thank you.

JOGGER

Sorry love. It's gone now.

KATE

Well, go back and pick it up.

JOGGER

You pick it up.

KATE

I'm asking you, please go back and pick up that bottle.

JOGGER

And what if I don't?

Kate Lethbridge-Stewart pulls out her GUN.

AIMS it at him.

KATE

Pick it up.

He's terrified.

She aims at him with all the anger of the world.

KATE (CONT'D)

I said, pick it up. *Pick it up!*
PICK IT UP!

END.