

TORCHWOOD CHILDREN OF EARTH

Episode 3

By

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BLUE REVISIONS

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1 OMITTED
THRU
9

1 *
THRU
9

10 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3

10 *

IANTO leads the way, through an internal door, and
CAPTAIN JACK, GWEN & RHYS follow him through, into...

The most ENORMOUS, decaying, industrial space. A vast,
abandoned warehouse. Daylight through broken windows.

WIDE SHOT: they look tiny and insignificant.

IANTO
This is us. This is Torchwood. This is
home.

CUT TO:

11 INT. FLOOR 13 - DAY 3

11

LIFT SIGN, '13' illuminates, *ping*, lift door opens -

FROBISHER, MISS SPEARS, SECURITY MEN & AIDES stride out -

March along a SHORT CORRIDOR, and into -

FX DMP. The enormous room. Now emptier, smarter than in
ep.2, WORKMEN just clearing the area, carrying out
ladders, etc, maybe a final oxy-acetylene torch at work,
PRAC SPARKS.

*

Ground level, curved ranks of seating, like a mini United
Nation - smart desks with terminals - facing THE TANK, in
all its steel and glass glory. Awaiting its occupant.

Waiting for them: MR DEKKER. In his element.

MR DEKKER
Mr Frobisher, sir! Welcome to the
future.

CUT TO:

12 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3

12

RHYS has filled an old oil drum with paper, wood & lighter fuel, now holds out a cigarette lighter, cautious, flicks -

WHOOMPH, PRAC FIRE! The drum blazes, he jumps back.

RHYS

Woah, almost lost my eyebrows! Still, I'm good for something, see? Boy scout!

CAPTAIN JACK, GWEN & IANTO are seated nearby - on old crates, one broken chair, etc - as Rhys joins them.

GWEN

Like that's gonna work, in a place this size. I'm freezing.

RHYS

Anyone gonna see us in here? With the firelight and stuff?

IANTO

It was abandoned, back in the 90s. Used to be a Torchwood holding facility, Torchwood 1. Been rusting away for years.

GWEN

So what do we do? Just sit here?

CAPTAIN JACK

Worse than that. Have I got to stay in these clothes?

Small laugh from all, relieving the gloom.

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)

I mean, come on. Tracksuit bottoms. Not a good look.

GWEN

But they're arriving today. That alien voice-thing said, today. And we're stuck in the back end of beyond. Useless!

CAPTAIN JACK

Hey. We're together. The old team. We've survived worse than this, we're down but not out, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

GWEN

...yeah.

CAPTAIN JACK

Besides. Not sure how much fighting you should do, in your condition.

Said with a smile. But oops, big mistake.

RHYS

What does that mean?

GWEN

Ohh Christ. Jack!

RHYS

He knows you're pregnant? You told him before me?

GWEN

Rhys, he just happened to be there, it all happened so fast -

RHYS

Last to know! Bloody last to know!
Always Captain Jack Harkness, isn't it?
Thanks very much!

And he storms off. Gwen following -

GWEN

Oh don't be so stupid - !
(at Jack)
Just keep it shut, yeah?

And Rhys & Gwen stomp off, across the huge space. Wry:

IAN TO

All together. The old team.

CUT TO:

13 INT. FLOOR 13 - DAY 3

13

MR DEKKER in charge - and loving it - as FROBISHER & BRIDGET SPEARS stand back (SECURITY MEN & AIDES in b/g, on duty) -

MR DEKKER

Seals locked, and - release!

WORKMEN stand by BIG OXYGEN TANKS next to the CAGE, opening the valves. And with a thunderous roar -

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

GAS floods into the cage. White smoke, filling it.
Everyone watches, in awe, and revulsion.

MR DEKKER (CONT'D)

As per the 456 instructions. A
combination of 25% nitrosyl chloride,
22% hydrogen chloride, 20% nitrogen, 12%
fluorine, 9% hydrogen cyanide, 6%
acetone, 6% phosgene. In short, poison.
I'd hold on to your nose, Bridget!
Though come to think of, it, you've been
doing that for years.

FROBISHER

And that's what they *breathe*?

MR DEKKER

Breathe? Eat? Fart? We know nothing
about them!

MISS SPEARS

Excuse me, but... If we know the
composition of that gas, can't we work
out what sort of creature could live
inside it?

MR DEKKER

Could do. If we had all the time in the
world!

FROBISHER

So they arrive, and... then what?

MR DEKKER

The whole room's laid out, according to
456 instructions. Something of an
ambassadorial suite, I'd say. Or a
throne room. Who knows, maybe a
slaughterhouse!

MISS SPEARS

But... if they're arriving today,
then... how? How do they arrive, inside
that?

MR DEKKER

No idea.

MISS SPEARS

And who else knows about this?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

FROBISHER

Well. For all we know, they've sent the same instructions to every country in the world. We've said nothing, maybe everyone else is keeping quiet too.

MR DEKKER

Oh I don't think so. Whoever they are, they're coming for Britain.

MISS SPEARS

But why?

MR DEKKER

Exactly. Why is that, Mr Frobisher?

Frobisher glaring at Dekker; then he turns, marches out of the room, everyone following, except Dekker & workmen.

Dekker goes up to the glass. Touches it. Breathes in, imagining... Over this, bring in Brian Green as V/O, then -

MIX TO:

14 INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY 3

14

BRIAN GREEN to CAMERA.

All INTERCUT WITH SC.15-18, below.

BRIAN GREEN

In light of what is happening with our children, we have temporarily closed the schools. As an extra precaution, we have introduced a temporary curfew for everyone under the age of 18. Keep your children at home, where they'll be safe. The curfew takes effect immediately, and will continue until further notice. But rest assured. We are doing everything in our power to find out what's going on, and to safeguard our children, and all the people of this nation. Police leave has been cancelled, and army reserves are being placed on standby. Though only, I repeat, as a precaution. In the meantime, we are asking everyone to stay calm. And to go about your lives, as far as possible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

BRIAN GREEN (CONT'D)
There's nothing to suggest that we're in
any danger, and as soon as we find out
anything more, the public will be
informed in due course. And as always,
I thank you, for your trust, and for
your faith.

THIS SPEECH INTERCUT WITH:

15 INT. FROBISHER'S HOUSE - DAY 3 15

ANNA FROBISHER watches TV, worried; sitting with LILLY &
HOLLY. They're paying more attention to their Nintendos.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ALICE'S HOUSE - DAY 3 16

KITCHEN, STEVEN watching the broadcast on a portable TV.
ALICE watching too, but preoccupied. She clicks on her
mobile, calls for the hundredth time. Screen says: JACK.

Recorded voice says, again, 'This line is not available.'

Alice frustrated, scared. What's happened to him..?

CUT TO:

17 INT. RHIANNON'S HOUSE - DAY 3 17

Brian Green on TV.

REVEAL TWO DOZEN KIDS, between 5 and 11 (including DAVID
& MICA), all sitting, watching TV - though not too
organised, some chatting, or hitting each other, etc.

RHIANNON's with a MUM, who puts her KID down, gives
Rhiannon £10 - she's a temporary creche! - and the mum
walks out. Rhiannon goes back to making 100 sandwiches.

CUT TO:

18 INT. FROBISHER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY 3 18

LOIS at her desk, watching Brian Green on the TVs. Her
mobile rings. Screen says: GWEN.

Lois scared. Turns it off.

CUT TO:

19 INT. WAREHOUSE, SMALLER AREA - DAY 3

19

A quiet corner. GWEN trying her mobile, RHYS mid-rant.

RHYS
- even now you're not listening to me!
You're bloody phoning!

GWEN
I was trying Lois, that's all, she's the
only one who can tell us what's going on -

RHYS
Gwen, you're out of it now, all right?
You're not important! You're homeless.
We both are! Look at us, we're living
like rats! All because of your bloody
job!

He stops. Sits down. Good pause.

Then quiet, like a kid:

RHYS (CONT'D)
I want to phone my mum.

GWEN
You can't, sweetheart. They might be
listening.

RHYS
She's my mum.

GWEN
Oh come here.

She goes to him, hugs him. Intimate again, tempers gone.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Still. One good thing. We can't phone
my mum.

RHYS
Brilliant.

GWEN
Silver lining.

RHYS
But we can't live like this. The baby,
you need check-ups and stuff.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

GWEN

Rhys, according to that bio-scan-thing,
I'm 3 weeks pregnant. 3 weeks. It's
not even a blob yet.

(closer)

Tell you what, though. If it's a boy...

(pause)

Can we call him Jack?

RHYS

I'm chucking you!

GWEN

Your face!

Both hooting with laughter -

CUT TO:

20 INT. WAREHOUSE, SMALLER AREA #2 - DAY 3

20

INTANTO sitting on a staircase. Gwen & Rhys's laughter
echoing through the building, in the distance. Making
him a bit lonely. He's on his mobile, dials, then:

INTANTO

Yeah, it's me, listen, I can't talk,
just give her the thumbs-up, okay?
She'll know what it means.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. RHIANNON'S ESTATE - DAY 3

21

JOHNNY walking along, carrying a five y/o GIRL. A
NEIGHBOUR, good distance away, steps out of his door,
gives Johnny a thumbs-up. Johnny thumbs-up back.

JOHNNY

Brilliant! Thanks Mac!

And Johnny heads into the house -

CUT TO:

22 INT. RHIANNON'S HOUSE - DAY 3

22

JOHNNY & GIRL stepping into the bedlam of 2 DOZEN KIDS.
RHIANNON handing out cans of Coke.

JOHNNY

Mac says, thumbs up, Ianto's alive!

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

RHIANNON

Is that it? You daft sod, where is he,
what's he doing?

JOHNNY

Thumbs up, that was all, you're gonna
need a more complicated system.

(hands over girl)

And this is Eliza, she's lactose
intolerant, so no milk.

RHIANNON

That's it now, Johnny, no more kids, I'm
full to bursting.

JOHNNY

It's a public service! Schools are
closed, people still go to work, don't
they? Life goes on!

RHIANNON

With you making a profit, yeah.

JOHNNY

Ten quid a kid. Hey, that could be our
slogan, ten quid a kid!
(heading out)

*

CUT TO:

*

23 OMITTED

23

*

AND

AND

24

24

CUT TO:

*

25 INT. ALICE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 3

25

ALICE holding her mobile, thinking... Makes a decision.
She kisses STEVEN's head, and walks to the door.

ALICE

Just popping over the road.
Won't be long.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE, STREET - DAY 3

26

ALICE walks across the road. It's a quiet, pleasant
street.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

End of the road: few shops, traffic lights, a CCTV camera.

Alice approaches a YOUNG WOMAN.

ALICE

Excuse me, I'm sorry, can I borrow your phone? I just need to call my sister, she's a bit worried, it's all this stuff with the kids, and my mobile's not working, is that okay? I won't be long.

The woman says 'Sure, yeah', hands over the phone.

Alice takes the phone, moving away. She's got a number on a scrap of paper, dials, talks quietly.

POLICE VOICE OOV

Hello, Cardiff Bay police station.

ALICE

Yeah, I'm trying to get hold of a Captain Jack Harkness, he works for Torchwood. I know it's not your department, but -

POLICE VOICE OOV

Can you give me your name and address?

ALICE

No, but I think he might have been in that explosion, and I can't get hold of him - he's got this private number, and he always answers it -

POLICE VOICE OOV

I'll need your name and address.

ALICE

I just want to know where he is.

POLICE VOICE OOV

I'll need your name and address.

(pause)

Name and address, please.

The voice is calm. Sinister. Alice alert... hangs up.

CUT TO:

27 INT. MONITORING DESK, ASHTON DOWN - DAY 3 27

COMPUTER SCREEN: "Captain Jack Harkness" suddenly appears, with a red flag. "PRIORITY ONE ALERT".

THE OPERATIVE on duty, types away, fast. During this, replay Alice's conversation from sc.26, audio only.

"TRACING NUMBER"

The name, address and photo of the Young Woman come up - the screen says "NO MATCH".

Fingers type on the keyboard, fast -

The screen changes. "TRIANGULATING SIGNAL". A map appears, zooms in to the street, and pinpoints the corner shop.

The screen changes again. "ACCESSING CCTV." And suddenly, the screen displays sc.26 from a CCTV POV.

"REWIND," finding, on screen: Alice walks up to the woman, borrows the phone, makes the call.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE - DAY 3 28

ALICE now walking back to her house.

At the opposite end of her street, a SECOND CCTV CAMERA.

CUT TO:

29 INT. MONITORING DESK, ASHTON DOWN - DAY 3 29

On screen: the feed from the SECOND CCTV CAMERA. It catches Alice, just heading into her house.

SCREEN IMAGE ZOOMS IN, identifying the HOUSE NUMBER, no.27.

OPERATIVE types away, "27 CROMER ROAD"...

ON SCREEN: "RESIDENTS", file on ALICE & STEVEN, social security numbers, family history, etc.

REVEAL JOHNSON, now standing behind the Operative, studying the screen.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

OPERATIVE

Name's Alice Carter, maiden name Alice Sangster, parents James and Mary Sangster, which is significant. Because James and Mary Sangster never existed - they were placeholder names, used in the early 70s, for personnel going into deep cover or witness relocation. In other words, the whole ID's a fake.

JOHNSON

Can you find out who she is?

OPERATIVE

I'm on to it.

On screen: CU ALICE, the image bristling with pixels.

CUT TO:

30 OMITTED

30

31 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3

31

CAPTAIN JACK, GWEN, IANTO, RHYS all sitting round, the oil drum burning. There's a crate/table in the middle, they're all putting stuff onto it.

CAPTAIN JACK

So, we've got... Guns, okay, and a pen knife. Laptop, now dead. Phones and credit cards, which they can trace. A Lem Sip. Book of stamps. Pair of contact lenses. And fifteen quid.

GWEN

Plus twenty five pence. With some bloody alien thing arriving today.

IANTO

We've still got a lot of Torchwood software, though. We've lost the Hub, but the software still exists on the server. Trouble is, we're gonna need more equipment, not to mention electricity.

RHYS

Well how are we gonna manage that? Hidden away like criminals.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

GWEN

(an idea!)

...well that's it, then. Brilliant!

RHYS

What is?

GWEN

Criminals. Thieves. Us.

CAPTAIN JACK

How d'you mean?

GWEN

They're treating us like criminals,
let's be criminals. Listen, I trained
with the police, I know every trick in
the book! Identity theft, credit card
scams, pickpockets, I've seen them all!
Come on! You, boys. You're gonna learn
some tricks!

CUT TO:

32 EXT. CAFE - DAY 3

32

MUSIC OVER SC.32-38.

MAN & WOMAN sitting outside a street bar/cafe. (He's a
got a newspaper, headline: THEY'RE COMING TODAY.)
They've got some empty glasses & plates.

IANTO appears. Just in trousers & shirt, no jacket, more
like a waiter; towel over his arm. Dialogue along the
lines of, 'Excuse me, sir, the bill comes to £15.50,'
'Thanks, yeah', the man hands over his credit card..

Ianto walks away, as though heading inside the bar...

Then, with the couple not watching, he flings the towel
away, runs for his life - !

CUT TO:

33 EXT. STREET - DAY 3

33

MAN on bench, his BRIEFCASE at his side. GWEN talking to
him, to his right; she's all charm & flirtation, 'Could
you tell me the way to..?' The man captivated.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

To his left, RHYS bobs in, nicks the briefcase, unseen, runs.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. CAFE #2 - DAY 3 34

Another COUPLE, outside another cafe. Their waiter, towel over arm, all smiles and teeth. It's CAPTAIN JACK.

He takes their credit card. Big smile.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. STREET - DAY 3 35

Another BUSINESSMAN, sitting on a wall, watching...

At a distance, IANTO & RHYS. Starting a fight. Rhys shoves Ianto, Ianto shoves him back, then they start to grapple...

Businessmen staring. Not seeing GWEN, nipping in, lifting up his laptop, scooting away.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. STREET - DAY 3 36

A MAN's loading coins into a parking meter. He's just beside his car - nice car! - having left the door open.

Behind him, CAPTAIN JACK just slides into the passenger seat, keys already in the ignition, revs up, drives off -

The man shouting 'hey!' etc, runs, but Jack's gone.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. STREET - DAY 3 37

A WOMAN, waiting for a bus. She hoists her shoulder bag over her shoulder. Her purse sticking out of the top.

CU, a hand sneaks in, behind her, grabs the purse.

But it's CLEM. He walks on, fast, the woman not seeing.

CUT TO:

38 OMITTED 38

39 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3

39

CU CAPTAIN JACK, in the glow of the new laptop & 3G modem:

CAPTAIN JACK
...just hack into the Electricity Board,
and... Let there be light!

Stabs a button.

And lights come on! They've now got one full-size computer & two laptops arranged in a triptych, on a ramshackle array of boxes & crates, with a few electric lamps all dotted about, all lit up. It's strangely homely.

GWEN
Oh yes! Britain's most wanted!

RHYS
Hey, how about that?

They turn to see that Rhys has used a piece of metal to scrape big letters on an oil drum: HUB 2.

CAPTAIN JACK
Guess that makes you an official member
of the team.

RHYS
You can stick it, mate. Get on those
computers, and get me home.

IANTO arriving, laden down with bags.

IANTO
I see we've got a new car outside.
Nice, very smart.

CAPTAIN JACK
Where've you been?! I thought you'd
been arrested.

IANTO
Just buying essentials. Technology's
one thing, but let's not forget the
creature comforts.
(unpacking)
Coffee, obviously. And, er...
(toilet roll)

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

GWEN

Oh thank God.

IANTO

And more importantly...

He starts chucking out clothes, throwing a shirt at Gwen, jeans, a sweatshirt at Rhys, pants, etc.

IANTO (CONT'D)

I didn't know your exact sizes, but I reckon I've got a good eye.

GWEN

Ohh brilliant, I am stinking!

RHYS

Nice one!

IANTO

And for you, sir...

He hands a big, hefty brown-paper parcel over to Jack.

IANTO (CONT'D)

Army surplus special.

CAPTAIN JACK

(big smile)

Oh you are kidding me...!

CUT TO:

40

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3

40

Feet walking down a staircase. Familiar Timberlands.

A DOOR slams open, kicked wide -

And CAPTAIN JACK is standing there. In his correct clothes. The shirt, the braces, the boots. The coat!

CAPTAIN JACK

I'm back!

GWEN, IANTO, RHYS (all in new clothes) laughing, clap him - sending the moment up, but genuinely loving it, whooping!

CUT TO:

41

OMITTED

41

*

CUT TO:

*

42 INT. PUB - DAY 3

42

Ordinary pub (same as 2.79). CLEM at the bar, in a bad state - without his medication - muttering, sniffing. He's emptying out the woman's purse, counting coins on to the bar. The BAR MAID's wary.

CLEM

Long time ago. But all coming back.
Isn't it? Cos that smell... Closer and closer. Happens today, it's always today, isn't it?

BAR MAID

Is that your money?

CLEM

Same as last time. Today and yesterday.
I knew they'd come back. Bastards
always come back. I can smell them.

The bar maid discreetly walking away - suspicious, that purse is clearly stolen - going out of sight.

CLOSER on Clem. Getting more and more lost in his thoughts.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Just like last time. Never stops, does it? Just like last time, isn't it, stop stop stop...

Closer and closer on him, and he squeezes his eyes shut -

FLASHBACK, images from 1.1 & 1.93, moors, light, kids...

Clem with his eyes closed, remembering...

FLASHBACK: clearer images on the adults. SOLDIERS.
GUNS.

NEW FLASHBACK: a man puts his hand on Clem's shoulder -

Clem startled - a new memory - opens his eyes -

Just as the bar maid, no longer behind the bar, rounds the far corner, heading for him with TWO POLICEMEN -

BAR MAID

That's him -

And Clem runs - !

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

- doesn't even make it to the door - the police run, pile into him - Clem struggles, but one policeman forces his arm behind his back, shoves his head down on to a pub table. And as they handcuff him, Clem's desperate, gabbling:

CLEM

Don't take me, they'll get me, no don't take me, don't don't don't...

CUT TO:

43 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3

43

THREE COMPUTER SCREENS blink, shash, resolve into:

TORCHWOOD database (with the old Squid graphic underneath).

CAPTAIN JACK, GWEN & IANTO at three separate keyboards, RHYS behind them (he fetches them coffees throughout).

CAPTAIN JACK

We're in!

IANTO

Just like the old days!

GWEN

Here we go, I'll patch into the news channels, see what's happening.

RHYS

(coffee for Jack)

Black, no sugar, yeah?

CAPTAIN JACK

That's the one.

GWEN

No sign of anything. Empty skies.

She's on BBC News website: WORLD STILL WAITING.

IANTO

But where do we start, what are we looking for?

GWEN

Run a check on that Clement MacDonald, see if there's any change -and those names that Lois said, Captain Andrew
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

GWEN (CONT'D)

Staines, what was it? Ellen Hunt,
Michael something. All assassinated, at
the same time they tried to kill Jack.

IANTO

Andrew Staines, Ellen Hunt, and Michael
Sanders, mean anything?

CAPTAIN JACK

Nope.

GWEN

We need to get inside Whitehall -
(to Ianto)
Have you got the Eye 5 software?

IANTO

It's on the site, yeah, what for?

GWEN

Download it to the laptop -
(goes to the table)
- cos these aren't just contact lenses.
They're the Torchwood contact lenses.

IANTO

But what do we use them for? Who's
gonna wear them?

GWEN

There's only one person still talking to
us.

CUT TO:

44 INT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY 3

44

Lois waits in a queue, to buy her sandwich. The phone in
the shop rings, and the harrassed owner grabs it,
listens...

SANDWICH SHOP MAN

Is there a Lois in here? Lois Habiba?

LOIS

...that's me.

SANDWICH SHOP MAN

We're not a call centre, hurry up.

Lois lost. But she moves round, takes the phone off him.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

LOIS

Hello?

GWEN OOV

Lois. Just look to your left.

Lois looks round, through the window.

Good distance across the street; GWEN. On her mobile.

GWEN

Don't hang up. I need five minutes.
Just five minutes. Please.

CUT TO:

45 INT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY 3

45

Quiet corner. GWEN with LOIS; Lois scared.

LOIS

I've helped you once. And that's enough. If anyone finds out what I'm doing... it's treason. It's literally treason. Offences like this can be tried without a jury. They could do anything to me.

GWEN

I know, but you said they're building something at Thames House. We need to know what it is.

LOIS

That's the most secure building in the whole country. I can't exactly smuggle you in!

GWEN

You don't have to. Just keep your eyes open. Like this.

GWEN opens up her LAPTOP (one of the three from the warehouse), swivels it round to Lois.

A video feed of Lois's face is on screen. Lois confused...

LOIS

But... where's that coming from? That's not a webcam, that's... You.

Gwen staring at her.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

GWEN
Over to the right.

Gwen slowly swings her head right.

On screen: the POV swings, with Gwen's POV.

GWEN (CONT'D)
And over to the left.

She looks left, screen POV swings left.

GWEN (CONT'D)
And back.

LOIS
Where's the camera? On your jacket?

GWEN
In my eyes.

Lois stares. Right into Gwen's eyes.

CU, the curve of (ordinary) contact lenses in Gwen's eyes.

LOIS
...oh my God.

GWEN
Wear these, and they transmit the picture to us. We can see what's going on. And more than that, we've got lip-reading software. Look at someone when they're speaking, and it'll translate. Press enter, on that. Go on.

Lois presses ENTER on the laptop.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Now it's working. Say something.

LOIS
Like what?

On screen, a grid around Lois's mouth, and a flat Stephen Hawking-type-voice says: *LIKE WHAT*.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Oh my God, that's weird.

The computer speaks again: *OH MY GOD THAT WEED*.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

GWEN

And we can send you messages. Go on,
type in something, anything.

Lois types in 'Hello Gwen.'

'Hello Gwen' appears on the laptop screen.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Hello Lois.

LOIS

You can see that? In your eyes?

A second behind, VOICE: *YOU CAN SEE THAT, IN YOUR ICE*

GWEN

Good, isn't it?

JUMP CUT TO:

CU Gwen, taking her second contact lens out.

Puts it into the case, alongside the first, explaining:

GWEN (CONT'D)

If you wear these. We can find out
what's going on. And then, we can help.

LOIS

But I can't, what if they - I don't
know, scan for bugs, or something?

GWEN

They will, but these won't register. I
promise.

LOIS

I can't though. Giving you
information's one thing, but that's
putting me right on the front line.

GWEN

Lois, you're the only friend we've got
left -

LOIS

Even if I get back into Thames House, I
can't get on to Floor 13 - that's where
they're building this thing, but
Frobisher only takes Miss Spears with
him, I'm just the office girl!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

GWEN

Then you'll have to find a way to get
inside -

LOIS

But how?!

GWEN

I don't know, you'll have to think of
something -

LOIS

(stands)

I can't, I'm sorry, I've got to go -

GWEN

- just take them with you, I'm begging
you, think about it -

LOIS

I've really got to go.

GWEN

Lois, please, just take them.

LOIS

I can't.

GWEN

Please.

Lois struggling...

Then she grabs the contact-lens-case, walks out of the
cafe, fast, not looking back.

On Gwen. Wondering if she'll do it. B/G: RADIO VOICE,
ADR: the world still waiting, today's the day...

CUT TO:

46 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3

46

RHYS now in b/g, cooking some beans on a little gas
stove.

JACK & IANTO together, at the terminals (now only 2
screens). Nice & quiet between them, both typing away.
On Jack's screen, a file on FROBISHER, photo & details.

CAPTAIN JACK

Frobisher's the key to this.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)
He's just a civil servant, he's nothing.
What makes him start authorising
executions?

Pause, then:

IANTO
What did it feel like? I mean...
Getting blown up.

CAPTAIN JACK
Not the best of days.

IANTO
No, but... d'you actually feel it? Or
does everything go to black?

CAPTAIN JACK
I felt it.

IANTO
Shit.

CAPTAIN JACK
Yeah.

Pause, both keep typing, working. Then:

IANTO
D'you ever think... like, one day, your
luck's gonna run out? And you won't
come back.

CAPTAIN JACK
I'm a fixed point in time and space.
That's what the Doctor says. I think
that means it's forever.

IANTO
So... One day, you're gonna see me die
of old age. And you'll just keep going.

CAPTAIN JACK
Yeah.

Pause. Then a little smile. Horny:

IANTO
Better make the most of it then.

CAPTAIN JACK
Suppose.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

 IANTO
Like... right now.

 CAPTAIN JACK
Ianto, the world could be ending.

 IANTO
World's always ending. And that coat
does look good.

Jack smiles. Oh yes. Calls across:

 CAPTAIN JACK
Say, Rhys, d'you wanna... take the car
and go to those shops, by the wharf? We
need some more disks for this thing.
Should only take... twenty minutes.

 IANTO
Thirty minutes.

 CAPTAIN JACK
Thirty minutes.

 RHYS
I'll go later, the beans are almost
done!

Jack & Ianto turn back to their computers. Damn.

 CAPTAIN JACK
The beans are almost done.

 IANTO
Bloody beans.
 (computer beeps)
Hold on! Woah, that's nice, look - face
recognition software...

On his screen: CLEM, new POLICE PHOTOS, ie, standard
mugshot, profile & number, taken today, on his arrest.

 IANTO (CONT'D)
Arrested two hours ago. In London!
Refused to give his name, but that's
Clement MacDonald.

 CAPTAIN JACK
That's the man from the hospital -

 IANTO
Could be useful -
 (on mobile)
Gwen?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3) 46

SCENE CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH:

47 EXT. STREET - DAY 3 47

INTERCUT WITH IANTO, sc.46.

GWEN walking along, on her mobile.

GWEN

I gave her the contacts, but God knows,
I think she's too scared -

IANTO

No, got a new little mission. That
Clem's turned up, in Camden police
station of all places, arrested for
theft and minor affray, d'you think you
get him out?

GWEN

How do I do that?!

IANTO

You're the policewoman.

GWEN

Bloody hell. Okay. Anything else while
you're at it?

IANTO

Fillet steak would be nice.

GWEN

Don't push it, see ya -

She hangs up, gets in the car -

CUT TO:

48 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 48

JACK'S now pulled up Clem's photo on to his screen, too.

CAPTAIN JACK

I was too busy getting killed. So what
was his story?

IANTO

According to Gwen, it was your classic
alien abduction, back when he was a kid.
1965. He was living 10 miles outside
Arbroath, the Holly Tree Lodge, an
orphanage.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

But SLAM INTO CU JACK. Fuck. As an awful lot of things make sense. Ianto's voice distant in b/g (he's tapping away, looking at the screen, not noticing):

IANTO (CONT'D)

I looked up the files, the kids were taken away in November 1965, the Lodge was closing down, they were being taken to a second care home called Harbour Heights in Plymouth. Except, that's where the records stop, there's no trace of them arriving. I mean, it was the 60s, a lot of the paperwork's gone missing. But if what he's saying is true, maybe they never got there -

Jack quiet, clipped now, in a world of his own. Grim:

CAPTAIN JACK

Those people, show me those people.

IANTO

What people?

CAPTAIN JACK

Andrew Staines, Ellen Hunt, Michael Sanders, the ones who were killed, same time as me.

IANTO

Why, d'you think it's connected?

CAPTAIN JACK

Show me them!

Ianto worried now, clicks on the files. On screen: ANDREW STAINES, ELLEN HUNT, MICHAEL SANDERS, in their 60s & 70s.

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)

No, give me their history, show me them 40 years ago.

IANTO

What for?

CAPTAIN JACK

Just do it!

ON SCREEN: old photos of the three, B&W army photos.

On Jack. Shit, shit, shit. It's getting worse.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

 IANTO
 ...who are they? Jack? Did you know
 them?

Jack stabs buttons, ZOOM into CU, photo of young Andrew
Staines. Then young Ellen Hunt, then young Michael
Sanders.

Jack staring. Horrified.

 CAPTAIN JACK
 I never knew their names.

 IANTO
 Who were they?
 (no reply)
 Jack. Tell me. Did you know them?

And suddenly Jack stands -

- he's storming out of the warehouse -

*

 RHYS
 Oy! The beans are ready!

CUT TO:

49 OMITTED

49

*

CUT TO:

*

50 INT. MONITORING DESK, ASHTON DOWN - DAY 3

50

On screen: THE PHOTO of ALICE.

THE OPERATIVE typing away...

On screen: SECURITY UNLOCKED.

He reads, loving it, picking up the phone with a smile.

 OPERATIVE
 Alice Carter. I've broken the security
 wall. You're gonna love this.

CUT TO:

51 INT. WHITEHALL CORRIDOR - DAY 3

51

FROBISHER walking along, mobile rings, he answers:

 FROBISHER
 What is it? Any sign of Harkness?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

SCENE CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH:

52 INT. MONITORING DESK, ASHTON DOWN - DAY 3 52

INTERCUT WITH Frobisher, sc.51.

JOHNSON on her mobile, standing behind the OPERATIVE,
with Alice's details on screen.

JOHNSON

Sins of the past. Did you know that
he's got a daughter?

FROBISHER

Since when?

JOHNSON

Alice Carter. She was put into deep
cover way back in 1977, at the request
of her mother. Seeking to distance
herself from the life of Captain Jack,
can't blame her.

FROBISHER

Who was the mother?

JOHNSON

Woman called Lucia Moretti. Italian,
Torchwood staff from 1968 to 1975.
Deceased, heart disease, 2006. Natural
causes, that's rare for Torchwood. And
now, Alice Carter's got a child of her
own, his grandson. Could be useful,
what d'you want me to do?

FROBISHER

...bring her in.

JOHNSON

Just the answer I wanted.

CUT TO:

53 INT. FROBISHER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY 3 53

FROBISHER strides through, BRIDGET SPEARS at her desk,
LOIS at hers. He barks out commands as he passes
through:

FROBISHER

Still nothing from Jodrell Bank, but we
might as well get ready, Bridget, get
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
everything you need, we'll transfer to
Thames House -

And he's gone, into the Inner Office. Bridget stands,
starts grabbing files and stuff.

LOIS
What d'you want me to do?

MISS SPEARS
Exactly what you're doing now. Just
answer the phones.

LOIS
But... I could come with you. To Thames
House. I could help.

MISS SPEARS
I don't think so.

Bridget keeps packing. On Lois; her one chance.

LOIS
Thing is... Mr Frobisher asked me to
come.

MISS SPEARS
When was that?

LOIS
He said he wanted me. At his side.

MISS SPEARS
What for? Why on earth would he need
you?

LOIS
...it was a private conversation.

Pause. And Bridget realises what she means.

And she's *disgusted*. Starts walking round her desk,
slamming files and things on to the desk. Furious. Lois
still on edge, risking everything.

Awful moment as Frobisher suddenly walks back through,
from the Inner Office, oblivious to all this -

Lois looking at Bridget - is she going to say something?

But Frobisher just passes through, gone. Then:

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

MISS SPEARS

You're not the first, you know. Don't go thinking you're the first.

LOIS

...then I can come?

MISS SPEARS

Apparently so.

Lois starts grabbing files. Bridget tight with anger.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. CAMDEN POLICE STATION - DAY 3

54

GWEN approaching the building, on her mobile.

GWEN

Yes, I'm alive, you idiot, now shut up, I need some help -

SCENE CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH:

55 INT. CARDIFF POLICE STATION - DAY 3

55

INTERCUT WITH Gwen. Sc.54.

P.C.ANDY at the front desk, on the phone. Excited!

P.C.ANDY

But we need you! All those kids saying, we are coming. And that's today! I mean, what's it gonna be? Like a spaceship? Or Godzilla?

GWEN

Andy, just listen, I need you to release a prisoner into my care, from Camden police station, the address is Albany Street -

P.C.ANDY

What are you doing in Camden?!

GWEN

Does it matter?!

P.C.ANDY

It does to me.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

GWEN

I know, I'm sorry, but listen, I've got no ID, so you've got to vouch for me, he's only on minor charges so I can stand bail, you'll have to phone them, and fax a WC242A, don't use my name, use Lynda's, I'll say I'm Lynda, can you do that? Please? For me? Like now?

CUT TO:

56 INT. CAMDEN POLICE STATION, CELLS - DAY 3

56

Police cell. CLEM sits alone, exhausted.

Clank of the key, door opens, he looks up...

And there's GWEN, a POLICEMAN standing behind her.

GWEN

Clem..? Remember me?

A friendly face. He stays sitting; holds his arms out to her, like a child. And he starts to cry.

She goes to him. Holds him.

GWEN (CONT'D)

There you go. I've got you. It's all right. I've got you...

CUT TO:

57 INT. ALICE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 3

57

Alice comes downstairs, carrying washing. From outside: the sound of a dog barking.

CUT TO:

58 INT. ALICE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/HALL - DAY 3

58

Alice heads for the washing machine, STEVEN watching TV.

STEVEN

It's boring. I want to see aliens.

ALICE

Yeah. Be careful what you wish for. Put some cartoons on.

She busies herself...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

When the sound of the barking dog stops. With a yelp.

Alice aware. Alert.

She walks down the hall, to the front door...

CUT TO:

59 EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE - DAY 3 59

ALICE opens the door. Stands there. Listening.

Absolute silence. Unnaturally so.

And she knows, she just *knows*, something's wrong.

CUT TO:

60 INT. ALICE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/HALL - DAY 3 60

Alice goes back inside, hurries to the kitchen, keeps calm.

ALICE

Steven, come with me, we're going out,
quickly now.

STEVEN

But the telly said we've got to stay
inside.

ALICE

Never mind that. Come here. Now listen
to me.

(kneels by him)

We're going out, and we're gonna be
quiet, okay? Don't make a sound. Just
like those games your gran used to teach
us, remember?

STEVEN

(solemn)

Are we in trouble? Gran always said,
there'd be trouble.

ALICE

Then do everything she said. Just like
the games, okay? Nice and quiet. And
don't let me out of your sight. Come
on.

Alice grabs a large kitchen knife, and the chopping
board.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Alice puts the kitchen knife in her belt, and hefts the chopping block in one arm. She opens the back door, quickly, and leads Steven out.

As they hurry out -

CRASH! The front door is kicked in -

JOHNSON's TROOPERS burst in, armed -

CUT TO:

61 EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE, BACK GARDEN - DAY 3

61

ALICE & STEVEN now running down the path - but Alice pulls Steven to one side, hiding by the gate -

A TROOPER comes through the back gate -

Alice steps out, swinging the thick, heavy, wooden chopping board with both hands, *WHACK!* Knocks him senseless -

She abandons the board - takes the soldier's gun, grabs Steven's hand, darts out of the gate with him -

CUT TO:

62 EXT. PATH BETWEEN GARDENS - DAY 3

62

ALICE & STEVEN run out on to the path, terrified -

At one end of the path: TROOPERS. Running towards them.

Alice & Steven run the other way -

Troopers running, Alice & Steven running - it's hopeless, with a child, but they keep going -

But then JOHNSON & MORE TROOPERS appear at the opposite end of the path. Calm. Just stand there, blocking it.

Alice & Steven stop. The troopers behind them also stop, a good distance back.

Alice holds up her gun, stands in front of Steven. Troopers respond, aim guns, in front of & behind Alice.

ALICE
Get out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED:

62

JOHNSON

Go on then. Shoot. Let's see what happens. Are you as immortal as your father? Is the boy? We can put it to the test.

ALICE

Take me. Just let him go.

JOHNSON

No.

ALICE

He's only a kid.

JOHNSON

So?

Silence. Stand-off. Then Johnson less aggressive:

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Alice. If we wanted you dead, we'd have opened fire by now. Just put down the gun.

ALICE

Who are you?

JOHNSON

Put down the gun.

ALICE

If you hurt him. I'll kill you.

JOHNSON

Understood.

Pause. Then Alice throws the gun aside.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

And the knife.

Alice takes the kitchen knife out, and throws it aside.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Certainly your father's daughter, I'll give you that.

Alice turns to Steven -

ALICE

Come on, sweetheart -

But Steven has been behind her, so she only now sees:

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

Steven is blank faced. And he is POINTING.

One arm raised, finger pointing, 45 degrees, into the sky.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Steven, what are you doing? What is it..?

JOHNSON

What's he pointing at?

ALICE

Steven, stop it. Steven..?

Johnson looking round, in the direction of the point. Sky, trees, houses, there's nothing, but...

JOHNSON

It's them.

CUT TO:

63 INT. RHIANNON'S HOUSE - DAY 3

63

RHIANNON at the sink, washing kid's trousers, mid-moan:

RHIANNON

I'm paid extra for cleaning, tell your mum, that's another two quid -

But she realises there's SILENCE. Turns round -

And EVERY CHILD is SILENT, STANDING. POINTING. At her..?

RHIANNON (CONT'D)

What is it? Stop it. Stop it!

They keep pointing. Rhiannon scared, shifts to one side...

No, they're not pointing at her; they just keep pointing in the same direction, arms up at 45 degrees. At what..?

CUT TO:

64 INT. FROBISHER'S HOUSE - DAY 3

64

HOLLY & LILLY - standing separately - BLANK, POINTING.

ANNA's kneeling by Lilly, trying a different tack - upset, but trying to be kind, talking to her gently:

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

ANNA

Can you hear me? Lilly, it's mum, just
look at me. Look at me...

CUT TO:

65 EXT. CAMDEN POLICE STATION - DAY 3

65

GWEN's parked Johnny's car a way down the street from the
police station. She and CLEM were about to get in...

But Clem has stopped. Standing, blank. POINTING.

GWEN

Clem? What is it? What's there..?

She looks in the direction he's pointing. Empty sky...

CUT TO:

66 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3

66

An ALARM sounding from the computers - RHYS running
across the space, fast, to join IANTO at the terminals -

IANTO

- it's all of them, the kids -

RHYS

What are they saying?

IANTO

They're not, they're just pointing -

CUT TO:

67 INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY 3

67

NEWSREADER to CAMERA.

NEWSREADER

...yet again, every child has stopped,
every single child in the world. There
seems to be no reports of speech. Only
that they're indicating something in the
sky.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. RHIANNON'S HOUSE - DAY 3

68

RHIANNON running out, as JOHNNY runs up -

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

JOHNNY
- it's on the news, they're pointing -

RHIANNON
I know, but they're pointing over there,
what's over there??

CUT TO:

69 OMITTED 69

70 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3 70

IAN TO rattling away on the keyboards, RHYS watching.

IAN TO
It says, all the children in America are
pointing east... And all the children
in Europe are pointing west.

RHYS
It's us. They're pointing at us.

CUT TO:

71 INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY 3 71

BRIAN GREEN faces his PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY. Formal:

PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY
Children in Scotland are pointing south.
While on the south coast, they're
pointing north. Which would suggest...

CUT TO:

72 EXT. RHIANNON'S HOUSE - DAY 3 72

RHIANNON & JOHNNY staring at the horizon.

RHIANNON
...if you go far enough in that
direction... That's London. They're
pointing at London.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. LEAFY SUBURBAN ROAD - DAY 3 73

(IE, a road near Frobisher's house, though that's not
clear yet.) CAPTAIN JACK screeches the car to a halt,
gets out -

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

In B/G, ADR RADIO VOICE: 'They all seem to be pointing towards the capital...' As Jack stares to the horizon...

CUT TO:

74 INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY 3 74

NEWSREADER

...it's being said that children in London appear to be pointing towards the centre of the city...

CUT TO:

75 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3 75

IANTO

...they're pointing at Thames House.

Beat. They look at each other. Then IANTO & RHYS run! (IE, into the warehouse, heading for an internal stairs.)

CUT TO:

76 INT. THAMES HOUSE CORRIDORS - DAY 3 76

FROBISHER, MISS SPEARS & LOIS just arriving, the women carrying files & briefcases, to relocate offices...

But the PRESS OFFICER runs towards them -

PRESS OFFICER

It's happening - !

And they all run! The opposite of sc.7, all legging it -

CUT TO:

77 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - DAY 3 77

IANTO & RHYS burst out of a door, on to the roof -

CUT TO:

78 INT. THAMES HOUSE CORRIDORS/LIFT - DAY 3 78

FROBISHER reaching the lift - turning to MISS SPEARS, LOIS, PRESS OFFICER, stopping them from entering -

FROBISHER

I'm sorry, you just stay here -

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

MISS SPEARS PRESS OFFICER
But you can't go up Mr Frobisher, you haven't
there on your own - got authorisation -

But the lift door closes on them - on Lois, damn,
excluded -

CUT TO:

79 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - DAY 3 79

INTO & RHYS scanning the skies in one direction...

RHYS
Can't see anything -

Both FLINCH, sound of a thundercrack - !

FX: in the distance (DMP London skyline) A COLUMN OF FIRE
unfurls, a tight, contained PILLAR OF BOILING FLAME,
ripping down, towards the location of Thames House -

CUT TO:

80 EXT. STREET - DAY 3 80

CLEM still pointing, GWEN staring in that direction -

FX: THEIR POV, CLOSER on the COLUMN OF FIRE.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. THAMES HOUSE - DAY 3 81

FX: WIDE SHOT, THAMES HOUSE with the COLUMN OF FIRE
shafting right down through its roof -

CUT TO:

82 INT. THAMES HOUSE CORRIDORS - DAY 3 82

STAFF running to & fro - MISS SPEARS & LOIS standing
still, scared of the ALARM, the TANNOY: 'This building is
now in lockdown, repeat, this building is now in
lockdown...'

CUT TO:

83 INT. FLOOR 13 - DAY 3 83

ALARM sounding. Lift opens, FROBISHER runs out -

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

- he's thinking fast, grabs a chair from the corridor, jams it across the lift door, to stop it closing, to stop anyone else getting up here - then he runs -

- into the room. ARMED GUARDS on duty - tense, guns at the ready (across their torsos, but not being aimed) - MR DEKKER standing back, as FROBISHER sees -

FX: WIDE SHOT inc ROOF, the COLUMN OF FIRE shafting down - through the roof, but intangibly, not destroying anything - and into the TANK, which SHINES WITH BOILING FLAME. *

PRAC LIGHT making Frobisher, Dekker, guards, flinch back -

FX: CU TANK, filled with churning LIGHT & FLAME.

CUT TO:

84 INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY 3 84

BRIAN GREEN stands at his window. Calm.

REPEAT FX (81.1 ONLINE INSERT): CU GREEN, the COLUMN OF FIRE reflected in the glass.

CUT TO:

85 INT. FLOOR 13 - DAY 3 85

FROBISHER flinching back from the PRAC LIGHT...

Which then dies.

Frobisher terrified. Lowering his arm. Staring...

CUT TO:

86 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - DAY 3 86

IAN TO & RHYS, staring as...

FX: THE COLUMN OF FIRE rips away, into nothing, gone.

CUT TO:

87 INT. RHIANNON'S HOUSE - DAY 3 87

RHIANNON & JOHNNY running back in.

ALL THE KIDS still blank, pointing. They intone, as one:

CHILDREN
We are here.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

Pause.

Then they all snap back to normal - arms down - all mid-chat, mid-fight, mid-running, like it never happened.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. STREET - DAY 3 88

CLEM back to normal, but blinking, dazed.

CLEM

...it's them. They're back.

GWEN now beside him, shoving him in the car -

GWEN

Come on, then. You're connected to them, we need to find out how -

CUT TO:

89 INT. THAMES HOUSE CORRIDORS - DAY 3 89

STAFF still running - but the ALARM stops dead.

HIGH SHOT on MISS SPEARS & LOIS, both looking up, fearful. Wondering what's up there...

CUT TO:

90 INT. FLOOR 13 - DAY 3 90

MR DEKKER stands well back. FROBISHER on his own, as he steps forward...

There is something in the gas-filled TANK. A shape. A huge, jointed shadow. Stirring.

Frobisher sotto, to the guards.

FROBISHER

Arms down. At your sides.

They put their guns to their sides.

Frobisher moves a little closer...

The smoke in the tank stirs, clears a little...

Glimpsing - only glimpsing - the CREATURE inside the gas. THE 456: a huge, three-headed, eyeless beast, with raw, red, wet skin, like its flesh has been stripped.

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED:

90

Stunted arms. For all its mass, it seems to float within the tank.

Frobisher, deep breath, okay; a little closer...

Suddenly, no warning - the 456 SCREECHES! Heads jerk up, fast, like it's whinnying -

Frobisher terrified!

Then the 456 settles. Pause. Then...

And its voice comes through SPEAKERS. Calm, deep, male.

THE 456

Speak.

FROBISHER

...my name is John Frobisher. Permanent Secretary to the Home Office, of the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland.

(pause)

Earth.

(pause)

On behalf of the Human Race...

But suddenly, the creature SHUDDERS, SCREECHES again -

One head tilts forward. Sprays YELLOW VOMIT on the glass.

Frobisher so out of his depth, appalled.

The creature keeps going! Jerking, sicking up gouts of thick yellow, on the glass, on the floor -

And then, just as abruptly, it stops.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

...is there something wrong?

No reply. Silence.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

D'you want me to continue..?

No reply. Frobisher decides to forge on:

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

Then, um... If I could request, for the purpose of communication... We have no name for your species. What are you called?

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED: (2)

90

THE 456

You call us 456.

FROBISHER

That's correct.

THE 456

Then that is our name.

Then it goes mad! For no reason! Shuddering, SCREAMING, wild animal howls, loud, all three heads twisting in the fog, YELLOW SPRAY hitting the glass and the floor - one head slamming against the glass, hard - the red, peeled flesh very visible for a second, then pulling back -

Frobisher backing right away now, as the bellowing seizure goes on, and on, and on, like it's going to break out of the tank - Frobisher looks at Dekker, but he's backed right against the wall, just as scared, though transfixed -

And then it stops.

Long silence.

Frobisher just lost, he just can't tell how this thing works, what it means, what's good or bad or normal or wrong. But he takes a step forward again.

FROBISHER

If I could request. On behalf of my government. What is it that you want?

No reply.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

Can you hear me?

No reply.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but I need to know, before I approach my superiors, what exactly do you want?

No reply.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

I must ask the 456, officially, your purpose in visiting -

THE 456

Speak.

(CONTINUED)

FROBISHER

...I am speaking.

THE 456

We would speak.

FROBISHER

With who?

THE 456

The world.

Pause. Frobisher scared of the answer.

FROBISHER

Why?

THE 456

We would speak.

FROBISHER

Right, but... perhaps we do things differently. But we would consider this to be a diplomatic liaison. Does that make sense? We are both, in a sense, ambassadors. And according to protocol, ambassadorial procedure is not made public. You wouldn't be speaking to the entire population, but to their elected representatives. That's... well, that's how it works. That's all I can offer. Is that acceptable?

Good, long pause. Then:

THE 456

Yes.

FROBISHER

Good. Thank you.

THE 456

Bring them.

FROBISHER

Thank you.

He's about to go, but, damn, he's got no choice...

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

I have one condition. Does that make sense, d'you understand that? A condition?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED: (4)

90

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

(no reply)

But... The 456 have made contact with this country before. Many years ago. It would be better if... I mean, given the nature of that meeting...

(deep breath)

It would ensure the smooth-running of diplomatic relations between Earth and the 456 if that previous encounter was kept off the record. By off the record, I mean, private. Between us. Can you do that?

Long, long silence. Frobisher staring; trying to read the body language of this thing, but it's impossible. Then:

THE 456

Yes.

FROBISHER

Thank you.

THE 456

Soon.

FROBISHER

I'm sorry?

THE 456

Return. Soon.

FROBISHER

I will. Thank you.

And he turns, walks out, wanting to run.

As soon as he gets into the small corridor outside, he's shaking, literally shuddering, in shock. Then MR DEKKER appears, in a similar state.

MR DEKKER

Bloody hell.

Frobisher slides his back down the wall, till he's sitting on the floor. Shaking, sweating. Recovering.

CUT TO:

91

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3

91

INTO & RHYS at the computers.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

IAN TO
It's all kicking off now. Just when we
need Jack.

They're watching, on screen:

CUT TO:

92 INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY 3 92

NEWSREADER
- the area around Thames House is being
cordoned off, but the government is
refusing to make a statement - though
there are signs of activity at Downing
Street -

CUT TO:

93 EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY 3 93

NEWS FOOTAGE, with straplines: *World looks to London,*
etc.

Official black car, COLONEL ODUYA (from ep.1) steps out.

NEWSREADER OOV
- these images from five minutes ago -
that's been identified as Colonel Oduya
of the Unified Intelligence Taskforce -

JUMP CUT TO official black car, GENERAL PIERCE - US
soldier, tough military man, in his 50s - steps out,
heads in -

NEWSREADER OOV (CONT'D)
- and this is coming live, that's
General Austin Pierce, representative of
the US armed forces, heading inside -

CUT TO:

94 INT. 10 DOWNING STREET, BRIEFING ROOM A - DAY 3 94

Wood-panelled room, long table. BRIAN GREEN at the head;
calm, inscrutable. Also seated: the PARLIAMENTARY
SECRETARY, COLONEL ODUYA, GENERAL PIERCE, both these men
with suited AIDES, 6 aides in total. And Pierce is
furious:

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL PIERCE

I have been asked to convey, from the President of the United States, his absolute fury. Those were his exact words, sir. Absolute fury. Is that understood?

BRIAN GREEN

Very much so.

GENERAL PIERCE

That landing wasn't spontaneous. It was planned, it was prepared, by you. Don't go calling this diplomacy, Mr Green - you have established a court! The sovereign court of Great Britain! In direct contradiction of the statutes of the United Nations.

BRIAN GREEN

We were acting under orders.

COLONEL ODUYA

Did they threaten you?

BRIAN GREEN

I think we can say, the sheer existence of the 456 is a threat.

GENERAL PIERCE

Nevertheless, you have an alien ambassador, on British soil -

PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY

It has to be said, that Britain has claimed no rights of territory or ownership over species 456 -

GENERAL PIERCE

But it's *here*! You've damned well got it, right here!

COLONEL ODUYA

And at every stage of these negotiations, you have excluded UNIT. When we're specially trained to deal with these situations.

BRIAN GREEN

And I apologise. But the President is welcome to enter Floor 13, as is every other leader of the free world, I would be honoured -

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL ODUYA

Except that's impossible.

GENERAL PIERCE

And you know it. We will not move the President into a location that's had no security screening. That would take days to organise, weeks!

BRIAN GREEN

Then I offer to withdraw.

GENERAL PIERCE

...what does that mean?

BRIAN GREEN

I won't usurp the United States, or any other nation. I suggest that dialogue with the 456 is taken out of my hands. And conducted by the civil service.

GENERAL PIERCE

They're still British.

BRIAN GREEN

But not elected, with no authority of state. That's exactly what we need. Middle men. John Frobisher has already spoken to the 456, I suggest that he continues.

COLONEL ODUYA

I'd suggest that UNIT steps in.

BRIAN GREEN

I wish it were so. But the 456 chose Britain. They designated the location. Beyond my control. What d'you want to do, anger them?

Silence. Less formal, now:

BRIAN GREEN (CONT'D)

Look. Frobisher's a good man. And better than that, he's expendable. So what d'you say?

GENERAL PIERCE

Do we have your absolute guarantee that you won't enter the room?

BRIAN GREEN

My absolute guarantee.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (3)

94

Pause. Then:

GENERAL PIERCE
Then that's agreed.

COLONEL ODUYA
Agreed.

And Green relaxes; he's just got exactly what he wants.

CUT TO:

95 INT. THAMES HOUSE CORRIDORS - DAY 3

95

FROBISHER, MISS SPEARS, LOIS, PRESS OFFICER, sitting on chairs in a corridor, just waiting. Frobisher's mobile rings, he leaps to his feet, walks away from the others...

FROBISHER
Prime Minster, sir?

On Frobisher. Slow track in on him. And as he hangs up...

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
...shit.

CUT TO:

96 INT. FROBISHER'S HOUSE - DAY 3

96

HOLLY runs through, all smiles, ANNA following, on her mobile, passing through the LIVING ROOM -

ANNA
- oh, but I'm the last to know. My own husband, and he won't tell me what's going on. I've got the girls, pointing at the sky, and he won't say! No, there's nothing, I keep flicking through the news channels, but no one's saying anything...

And she walks through the living room, not seeing -

CAPTAIN JACK.

Standing still, in shadow, not saying a word. Dark, grim. Anna continues ADR, from the other room. He just waits.

Then Anna walks back through.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

ANNA (CONT'D)

I know. Yeah. If I hear anything, I'll let you know. Bye.

She hangs up. Thinks. Sighs. Puts her phone down, hurries out the way she came.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Lilly! Downstairs, please, I want you where I can see you...

And she's gone.

On Jack. Utterly calm. Silent as a burglar, he quietly walks forward. Picks up the mobile. Pockets it...

And vanishes away, like he was never there.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. SIDE-STREET - DAY 3

97

SMALL STREET, GRIDLOCK - maybe just a long-lens blur of stationary cars, in front of and behind Johnny's car, horns beeping, GWEN & CLEM stuck in traffic. Gwen on her mobile, giving the horn a blast now and then -

GWEN

- oh that's so bloody Jack, you should've stopped him! Well I don't know! We're gonna be ages, it's gridlock, bloody London. Half the people's panicking and trying to get out, the other half's trying to get in...

But during that... Slowly, CLOSER on Clem.

Remembering...

FLASHBACKS, sc.1.1, 1.93, the light, and then...

CUT TO:

98 EXT. MOORS - NIGHT X

98

CU YOUNG CLEM. Scared. Transfixed by the PRAC ALIEN LIGHT.

Then THE MAN's hand on his shoulder. The shoulder the older Clem now keeps twitching towards.

REVERSE, young Clem turning towards the man. Eyes wide.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

YOUNG CLEM
What's in there? Who is it?

CUT TO:

99 EXT. SIDE-STREET - DAY 3

99

CLEM snapping his eyes open -

GWEN now off the phone, looking at him, kind:

GWEN
It's all right, Clem. You're with me.
You're safe.

CLEM
Keep remembering more. It's not just
them, up above. It's the man. He's
come back. After all these years. I
can smell him.

GWEN
What man? Who was he?

CLEM
The same man, isn't it, isn't it?
(more upset)
I knew he'd come back for me.

GWEN
Right. Time I got you a nice cup of
tea. And a hot dog. D'you like hot
dogs? I bloody love 'em.

Said, revving up, gunning the engine -

And Gwen drives the car off the road, on to the pavement!
Scorches along, past the traffic, sends a bin flying -
nothing's going to stop her!

CUT TO:

100 INT. THAMES HOUSE CORRIDORS - DAY 3

100

FROBISHER with the PRESS OFFICER, handing over lots of
paperwork. They're surrounded by 8 AIDES, smart, young
men & women in suits. All fast & busy:

PRESS OFFICER
- I'm recommending we start at 19
hundred, that gives us another two
hours, now this is Louise, she can
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

PRESS OFFICER (CONT'D)
advise on international diplomatic
protocols, same goes for Samuel, he can
advise specifically on Asian policy, the
Americans are demanding a video link,
which means that everybody else wants a
video link so Luke's coordinating
that...

Further down the corridor, MISS SPEARS & LOIS. Sitting,
watching the chaos around Frobisher. Frosty:

MISS SPEARS
There's a creature in that room. It's
powerful, and it's toxic, and it's
capable of God knows what. I bet you're
glad to be trotting after John Frobisher
now.

CUT BACK TO Frobisher, his mobile rings - as the Press
Officer talks, he looks at the mobile screen: ANNA.

PRESS OFFICER
- Stuart's the linguistics expert, he
can help out, if there's a problem with
translation -

FROBISHER
Excuse me, I'd better take this.

He walks off down the corridor, answering the call.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
I was gonna phone you. God, I wish I
was home right now. Just tell the
girls, there's nothing to worry about...

SCENE CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH:

CUT TO:

101 EXT. LEAFY SUBURBAN ROAD - DAY 3

101

INTERCUT WITH SC.100, Frobisher on his mobile.

Similar location to sc.73, quiet lane near Frobisher's
house. CAPTAIN JACK next to the car, on the stolen
mobile.

CAPTAIN JACK
Oh I'll tell them that, Johnny boy, and
then I'll tell them that their father
tried to have me killed, how about that?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

FROBISHER

...that's my wife's phone, how did you get my wife's phone?

CAPTAIN JACK

This is 1965, isn't it? All of this, because of 1965. Frobisher, tell me, is it them? Have they come back?

FROBISHER

Yes.

CAPTAIN JACK

That's why you tried to have me killed. Along with Andrew Staines and Ellen Hunt and Michael Sanders - all of us dead, so no one could say anything, is that it?

FROBISHER

I had no choice.

CAPTAIN JACK

I've got a choice, d'you want to hear my choice? I could blow this thing sky-high. I could tell the world! Unless you get me into Thames House. I demand to talk to the 456 myself.

Silence. As though Frobisher's tempted. Quieter:

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)

Think about it.
The fact that they've come back proves that they can't be trusted. You need me.

Then, deep breath:

FROBISHER

Captain, we have your daughter, and your grandson, Alice and Steven Carter, they're in our custody -

CAPTAIN JACK

You've what?!

FROBISHER

- I promise, nothing will happen to them, I absolutely promise. As long as you agree, to say nothing.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

CAPTAIN JACK

Yeah? Well how about I go back into that house, right now, and get your children? And your wife??

FROBISHER

Except you won't. Because you're a better man than me.

(pause)

I'm sorry, Jack.

And Frobisher hangs up.

END ON JACK. Phone dead. All alone in an empty street.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. LONDON SKYLINE - NIGHT 3

102

Sun setting.

ADR RADIO VOICES, still wondering: no news from Thames House. What's happening inside there..?

CUT TO:

103 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 3

103

CLEM now wolfing down a tin of hot dogs. GWEN handing him a cuppa, RHYS smiling. IANTO in b/g, at the terminals.

GWEN

There you go.

RHYS

Save some for the rest of us, mate!

CLEM

He's your husband, yeah?

GWEN

Oh yes. My beloved.

CLEM

Nice house, isn't it?

They laugh, it's the first time he's said anything normal.

GWEN

We do our best!

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

RHYS

It's got shower facilities. You stand under the skylight.

CLEM

I've stayed in worse.

(of Ianto)

And who's the queer?

Not laughing any more.

IANTO

Oy. It's not 1965 any more.

CLEM

He's queer. I can smell it.

Nasty pause. Clem just wolfing hot dogs.

Alarm beeps from the computer. Ianto gets back to work:

IANTO

Seems to be movement. Cordon around Thames House has gone up to red.

Gwen & Rhys run over to join him -

CUT TO:

104 INT. THAMES HOUSE CORRIDORS - NIGHT 3

104

PRESS OFFICER hurrying along, the 8 AIDES filing past him -

PRESS OFFICER

- if the support staff could take the stairs, the lift is reserved for Mr Frobisher and his personal staff, fast as you can -

(passing Frobisher)

Best of luck, sir -

- and he's gone. FROBISHER with MISS SPEARS & LOIS. He's terrified. Psyching himself up.

FROBISHER

Big moment. History!

But on Lois. Wondering what to do...

CUT TO:

105 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 3

105

GWEN, IANTO & RHYS at the computers, CLEM way off in b/g.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: 105

RHYS
What d'you think's in there?

GWEN
God knows. That's why we need Lois.

IANTO
No sign of her. Lenses inactive.

CUT TO:

106 INT. THAMES HOUSE CORRIDORS - NIGHT 3 106

FROBISHER handing papers to MISS SPEARS, nervous, as the
PRESS OFFICER appears at the far end, calls out -

PRESS OFFICER
Two minutes!

- and he's gone again.

LOIS
Um. I'm just gonna... Pay a visit.
And she walks away. Trying not to hurry.

CUT TO:

107 INT. THAMES HOUSE WOMEN'S TOILETS - NIGHT 3 107

LOIS hurries in. It's empty. Goes to the sink.

She gets out the contact lenses.

Deep breath. Can she do it..? Should she?

Hands shaking.... She opens up the case.

CU, the LENS on her fingertip, as she lifts it up towards
her eye...

CUT TO:

108 INT. WAREHOUSE, MAIN AREA - NIGHT 3 108

Beep from the computer - GWEN, IANTO & RHYS delighted -

IANTO
Online! She's doing it!

CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH:

109 INT. THAMES HOUSE WOMEN'S TOILETS - NIGHT 3

109

INTERCUT WITH WAREHOUSE.

LOIS now putting in the second lens. Blinks, stares at herself in the mirror, getting used to it.

LOIS's POV: ON-SCREEN in the warehouse.

GWEN

Good girl!

RHYS

I said she would!

Gwen types: thank u

On screen (ie, in Lois's eyes): thank u

Lois blinks, alarmed, says to her reflection:

LOIS

Oh God! Don't do too much of that.

Warehouse, COMPUTER VOICE: *OH GOD DON DO TOO MUCH OF THAT.*

GWEN

Sorry.

RHYS

She can't hear you.

GWEN

I know.

LOIS

Is that you, Gwen?

COMPUTER VOICE: *IS THAT YOU GWEN*

Gwen types: yes its me

LOIS (CONT'D)

Right then. Good luck.

COMPUTER VOICE: *RYE THEN GOOD LUCK*

Ianto stabs a button. Smiley emoticon appears on screen.

GWEN

Oh don't do that, I hate smileys.

Lois turns, heads out.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

POV on screen goes all hand-held and shakey.

RHYS

Woah, it's a bit Blair Witch.

IANTO

That's Cloverfield, these days.

RHYS

Whatever. Took me a while to get used to those things.

IANTO

What, you've used the lenses?

RHYS

That's why Gwen had them.

GWEN

I took them home. For a bit of... Fun.

IANTO

Fun?

GWEN

Yeah.

RHYS

Y'know. Fun.

IANTO

Been there, done that.

(pause)

It is fun.

WAREHOUSE SC.108 CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH:

CUT TO:

110 INT. THAMES HOUSE CORRIDORS/LIFT - NIGHT 3

110

INTERCUT WITH WAREHOUSE.

FROBISHER & MISS SPEARS getting into the lift, LOIS hurrying to join them, gets in. Also seen from:

WAREHOUSE: the LOIS POV, on screen.

IANTO

That's him, that's John Frobisher -

RHYS

Bastard!

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

LOIS POV on screen; she's automatically gone to the back of the lift, with Frobisher standing front, so the Lois POV is of the back of his head.

RHYS (CONT'D)

Fat lot of good that is, back of his head, he could be saying anything.

LIFT: all 3 face front. Frobisher nervous. Miss Spears cold; since Lois's revelation, she despises Frobisher.

FROBISHER

I suppose it's an honour. Given this position.

MISS SPEARS

Then again. The Prime Minister has guaranteed that diplomatically, he cannot enter Floor 13, so whatever happens in there, whatever goes wrong... History will say, it wasn't his fault.

FROBISHER

D'you mean... he's using me?

MISS SPEARS

You don't get to be Prime Minister by accident.

On Frobisher; sweating.

Ping, lift door opens, they step out -

CUT TO:

111 INT. FLOOR 13 - NIGHT 3

111

FROBISHER, MISS SPEARS & LOIS step out - the corridor is now lined by the PRESS OFFICER, THE 8 AIDES & MR DEKKER. Waiting, scared. As Frobisher's party walks past them, they all follow...

And walk into the ROOM.

FX DMP CEILING. Again, the 456. In its tank. Stirring.

*

Aides spread out, take their seats. All of them terrified; all professional enough to hide it.

Miss Spears going to her place, horrified, can't stop staring. Frobisher hesitating by a desk, sorting out papers, straightening his tie.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

Two aides go operate to CAMERAS ON TRIPODS.

Lois standing right at the back, boggling!

WAREHOUSE: LOIS POV of the tank, all staring.

RHYS

What the hell is that..?

Gwen types: get closer.

FLOOR 13: Lois discreetly shakes her head.

WAREHOUSE: behind them, CLEM's slowly approaching.

GWEN

Clem, come on, come and see. Don't be scared, it's miles away.

(he comes closer)

What d'you think? Ever seen anything like that before?

CLEM

Can't smell it from here. Is that what tried to take me?

GWEN

I think so, yes.

FLOOR 13. Frobisher stands forward. (Everyone now in seats; she's got no official position, so Lois stands back, to the left, while the Press Officer stands back, to the right; Mr Dekker also standing back, to one side.)

Frobisher glances at the CAMERAS, aide gives him the nod -

CUT TO:

112 INT. 10 DOWNING STREET, BRIEFING ROOM A - NIGHT 3 112

BRIAN GREEN sits with COLONEL ODUYA, GENERAL PIERCE, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY & AIDES watching on video-screen. All three wired up with earpieces, personal comms.

On screen: FLOOR 13 CAMERA POV of the 456.

BRIAN GREEN

Seen anything like it before?

COLONEL ODUYA

Never.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

SCENE CONTINUES THROUGHOUT sc.113, reaction shots.

CUT TO:

113 INT. FLOOR 13 - NIGHT 3 113

INTERCUT WITH WAREHOUSE.

INTERCUT WITH DOWNING STREET, BRIEFING ROOM A.

FROBISHER steps forward. And it begins:

FROBISHER

Thank you.

If I might bring into session, the first diplomatic congress between the representatives of Planet Earth, and the representatives of the 456. / I bring you formal greetings from the United States of America; from the People's Republic of China; from the Holy See of Vatican City; from the Russian Federation and associated states; from the Commonwealth of Australia; from the provinces and territories of Canada, and Japan, and the Hellenic Republic; from the Islamic Republic of Iran and the Republic of Iraq; from the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia; and it must be stated on the record that any country not named herein does not indicate their withdrawal from this dialogue and reflects only the timespan within which this summit has been declared.

But from / INTERCUT WITH WAREHOUSE: LOIS POV is behind Frobisher. Consternation!

IAN TO

He's got his back to us!

GWEN

I can see that!

She types: move!!

FLOOR 13: Lois frozen.

WAREHOUSE: Gwen types: cant see, need his moth.

RHYS

Need his moth?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

GWEN

Shut up!

Retypes: mouth.

Lois takes a deep breath. Quietly, discreetly, she moves round to the side, still keeping well back.

Miss Spears glances at her.

LOIS POV, creeping round to a side-angle on Frobisher.

GWEN (CONT'D)

That's it, come on, good girl...

CLEM

You've got eyes. You've got eyes in the room.

Lois has now gone as far as she can go.

IANTO

Software's not so good in profile.

Frobisher now finishing his formal speech:

FROBISHER

And according to the rules of protocol, established by the United Nations in the directives of 1968, I must ask you to state whether these greetings are accepted.

WAREHOUSE: this comes out as COMPUTER VOICE: *CORDIN TO RULESO PROTOCOL ESTxxx BY THE UNITED NATION IN DIRECTIVES OF 1968 I MUD ASK YOU TO STAY WHETHER THESE...*

GWEN

That's okay, that's not bad...

IANTO

It's working.

Gwen types smiley emoticon.

RHYS

You hate smileys.

GWEN

Shut up.

FLOOR 13: silence. Frobisher unsure.

FROBISHER

Do you understand me?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

(silence)

I repeat, according to the rules of
protocol, established by the United
Nations in the directives -

THE 456

Yes.

FROBISHER relaxes a little, & Miss Spears & the aides //

WAREHOUSE: more consternation!

RHYS

What was that, did it speak?!

GWEN

It hasn't got a mouth, it's got bloody
speakers!

CLEM

(giggling)

Hasn't got a mouth!

Gwen typing, fast: cant hear??????

FLOOR 13, on Lois - shit! But she's got a clipboard,
writes on it, fast, then looks down -

WAREHOUSE: LOIS POV, writing on clipboard. Shorthand!

RHYS

It's bloody shorthand!

IANTO

No, I can read it, that's... 'It says
yes.'

GWEN

This is a nightmare!

FLOOR 13: since // Frobisher continues, bit more
confident. (And everything Frobisher says on LOIS POV,
also coming out as a bastardised version in COMPUTER
VOICE.)

FROBISHER

Then I thank you, on behalf of the
United Kingdom, and the United States of
America, and the People's Republic of
China, and the Holy See of Vatican City,
the Russian Federation, the Commonwealth
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3)

113

FROBISHER (CONT'D)
of Australia, the provinces and
territories of Canada, and Japan, and
the Hellenic Republic, the Islamic
Republic of Iran and the Republic of
Iraq, and the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia...
I think it might be easier if we take
those names as read from now on, don't
you?

Little ripple of laughter around the room, nervous
relief.

- but the 456 BELLOWS! SCREECHES! The beast rising,
shuddering in the smoke - more YELLOW VOMIT - !

WAREHOUSE: LOIS POV shoots over to the tank -

FLOOR 13: everyone terrified! FROBISHER stands his
ground.

One young aide feels sick, hurries out of the room.

DOWNING STREET, BRIEFING ROOM A -

GENERAL PIERCE
What's it doing?

COLONEL ODUYA
I don't know.

FLOOR 13: Lois scribbles, frantic, shorthand:

WAREHOUSE: Ianto reads:

IANTO
'What's it doing?'

RHYS
What, is that what it said?

IANTO
No, that's Lois, saying that!

Gwen types: god knows

FLOOR 13: and the 456 stops. Settles.

The silence is almost worse than the noise.

FROBISHER
...are you all right?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (4)

113

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

(silence)

I'm sorry, but I can't help being concerned, is there a problem?

The SPEAKERS play his voice back, fast, high-pitched, *'Imsorrybuticanthelpbeingconcernedisthereaproblem.'* And the 456 shudders, a little. Like it's laughing. Mocking.

Frobisher with no bloody idea now!

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

...do you want me to continue?

THE 456

Yes.

FROBISHER

Right then. Well. In the spirit of co-operation, we have a formal request. We ask you not to use our children for communication. In case certain parties or territories might consider that a violation. Is that acceptable?

All waiting, in Floor 13, the warehouse, Downing Street...

THE 456

Yes.

Relief, from all. ///

FROBISHER

Thank you. And, as a gift, and as welcome to this world, we have prepared a document summarising our culture and history, and this document can be made available to you immediately. Though its format remain undetermined. Said format remains of your choosing, though this does not constitute a request for information on, or transfer of, specific 456 technology...

But from ///, CUT TO:

DOWNING STREET, BRIEFING ROOM A, General Pierce on earpiece:

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (5)

113

GENERAL PIERCE

Ask it, why it came to Britain.

BRIAN GREEN

Hardly top of the agenda.

GENERAL PIERCE

Ask the question.

FLOOR 13: an aide, with earpiece, writes down Pierce's question, crosses the floor to Frobisher - who's saying the /// speech - gives him the paper, retreats.

Frobisher sweating, this mean trouble.

FROBISHER

Um. And I have been given a request for specific information. It has been asked... Why the 456 chose Great Britain as its... chosen, uh... point of embarkation.

THE 456

Why?

FROBISHER

If you could remember... the *condition*. Of our meeting. In which you might... answer the question.

THE 456

We came here...

Silence. All waiting.

Lois scribbling, then glancing down:

WAREHOUSE, Ianto reading shorthad:

IANTO

'We came here...'

GWEN

Because??

IANTO

That's all it's said!

FLOOR 13, all waiting...

THE 456

You have no significance. You are middle men.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (6) 113

DOWNING STREET - Pierce and Oduya laugh! Though Green's relieved that the 456 didn't say more.

WAREHOUSE: reading LOIS POV's shorthand.

IANTO

'...you are middle men.'

GWEN

But that's not true. They've come here now, cos they've been here before, why's it lying?

IANTO

It's Frobisher, he's got that thing to lie, they're on the same side.

Clem, unnoticed, looks up. Sensing... Sniffs...

CUT TO:

114 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 3 114

CAPTAIN JACK steps out of his car. Grim, defeated.

Walks slowly towards the warehouse...

CUT TO:

115 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 3 115

GWEN, IANTO, RHYS screen-watching, not noticing...

CLEM. Alert. He breathes in deeper, scenting...

FLASHBACK. The HAND on his shoulder. The MAN.

CUT TO:

116 INT. FLOOR 13 - NIGHT 3 116

FLOOR 13, the 456 stirs; three heads closer to the glass.

Lois scribbling all this down:

WAREHOUSE: Ianto reading out the shorthand:

THE 456

We have a request.

FROBISHER

By all means.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

THE 456
We want a gift.

FROBISHER
Of course. But... what nature of gift,
exactly?

THE 456
A gift.

FROBISHER
Gladly. But what d'you want?

THE 456
We want your children.

Absolute silence, now. Everyone terrified. Then:

THE 456 (CONT'D)
We will take your children.

And suddenly - it BELLOWS! RISES! SCREECHES!

DOWNING STREET:

COLONEL ODUYA
What does it mean, children?!

WAREHOUSE: LOIS POV, she's scribbled: *children!!!!*

RHYS
...what the hell for??

Clem's agitated, staring towards the door.

CLEM
They want to take them. Like they did
before. Like the man did. He's coming
back, he's coming back -

GWEN
Clem, not now, just wait -

CLEM
He's coming, he's coming, he's...

And he's pointing. At the door.

As CAPTAIN JACK walks in. Stands there. Sees Clem;
knowing there's no way out of this.

Gwen, looking, realising this is worse than she
thought...

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

116

FLOOR 13: the 456 settles again. Frobisher trapped.

FROBISHER

I'm sorry, but there might be a problem,
with translation - by children, you
mean..?

THE 456

Your descendants. The offspring of the
Human Race.

FROBISHER

...how many?

THE 456

Ten percent. We want ten per cent. We
want ten per cent of the children of
this world.

CUT TO:

117 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 3

117

IAN TO reading LOIS'S POV on screen:

IAN TO

'Ten per cent...'

But he's turning, cos behind him -

CLEM backing away, GWEN holds him; she's staring at
CAPTAIN JACK. RHYS watching, horrified. Jack just
quiet, sad.

CLEM

- he hasn't changed, he's the same, he's
the same, all those years, how can he be
the same - ?

GWEN

Jack, what's he on about?

CAPTAIN JACK

Clement MacDonald. Just another name.
It was easier, if you didn't know the
names.

RHYS

You were there..? In 1965.

CLEM

He was the man!

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

And on CU Clem, FLASHBACK -

CUT TO:

118 EXT. MOORS - NIGHT 3 118

On YOUNG CLEM; the HAND on his shoulder. He turns...

CAPTAIN JACK looking down at him.

YOUNG CLEM

What's in there? What is it?

CAPTAIN JACK

Just go. Into the light.

YOUNG CLEM

It's safe, though. Isn't it?

CAPTAIN JACK

Yeah. It's safe.

CUT TO:

119 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 3 119

CLEM scared, holding on to GWEN; she's fearing the worst, but trying to fight it. CAPTAIN JACK so still, so quiet.

GWEN

- no, but that's what he does, he fights them, he fights aliens, isn't that right, Jack?

CAPTAIN JACK

No.

GWEN

Then why were you there?

CAPTAIN JACK

I gave them the kids. It's all my fault. 1965, I gave them 12 children.

GWEN

...what for?

CAPTAIN JACK

As a gift.

END OF EPISODE 3.3