

VIGIL

Episode Three

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TAN REVISIONS

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1 EXT. UNDERWATER - PRE-DAWN

1

The ocean floor. Low, murky light. A roaming strobe picks out chunks of trawl swaying in the current. Darkness beyond.

BRANNING (O.S.)

Diving group found the Mhairi
Finnea's hull this morning, sir.
Winches, what's left of the
outrigger...

2 INT. SIGNAL ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY (DAWN) 2

Reveal Branning, Shaw and COLLEAGUES huddled around a compact monitor, watching playback of the sink site footage.

BRANNING

...and then there's this.

On the screen now: a cluster of flat, rectangular objects -- obsidian black -- lodged in the sea bed.

BRANNING (CONT'D)

Anechoic tiles. Ripped from the
submarine's skin on impact with the
trawler.

Shaw's eyes widen -- this is a significant lead.

BRANNING (CONT'D)

They're bagged up and on the way
back now, sir. Engineering's primed
to ID the class of boat.

Shaw studies the screen again -- the feed pushing in on the tiles, marine snow catching the light.

He allows himself a triumphant smile, then:

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Let's see the Russians talk their
way out of this one.

TITLES.

3 INT. TORPEDO ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY" 3

The bomb shop. Steel racks of Spearfish torpedoes, narrow grid walkways either side of them.

Overhead, system pipework THRUMS -- soothing almost.

After a moment -- Amy, Glover and Doc Doc enter through the main hatch and find Tube-3.

Glover works the mechanism and swings it open. Impassive but respectful.

Together, they carefully remove Burke's wrapped corpse and set him down -- working in silent harmony.

Doc Doc crouches, pulls the sheeting off and steps away.

Meanwhile, Amy tears a piece of coloured cloth, wets it with a bottle of water and runs it around Burke's mouth and hands.

She bags the cloth now, holds it up to the white-blue compartment light on the grille above. Studies it.

She numbly hands it to Doc Doc who studies it for a similar length of time, then hands it back:

DOC DOC
(horrified)
...oh my God.

Glover looks between the two of them. Concerned.

GLOVER
What is it?

Amy angles the bag, showing bleached flecks on the cloth.

AMY
See the discolouration? There's a substance dissolving the dye.

GLOVER
What does that mean?

AMY
Burke ingested some kind of toxin.
That's what killed him.

Glover takes this in.

GLOVER
(working it through)
Adams gave Burke mouth-to-mouth.
He's been unwell ever since.

Amy nods, trying to keep her cool.

AMY
This was pre-meditated murder.

The three of them stare down at Burke for a moment, dazed.

5

EXT. LOCH SIDE ROAD - DAY (DAWN)

5

Red sky above the banks. Kirkmouth across the water. To the East, dawn mist cloaks Dunloch and its docks.

Porter talks to the CSM on a shingle ridge, Jade's body laid out beneath them. FORENSICS work the shore nearby. Out on the water, police DIVERS climb in and out of a RIB.

Kirsten watches from the road -- blanket, damp hair, resolve in her eyes. Robertson joins with a flask, hands it to her.

ROBERTSON

Brought you some coffee.

Porter makes his way up the gravel path to the cars.

PORTR

How you feeling?

KIRSTEN

Warmer. Thanks for the jumper.
What's the verdict?

PORTR

Bit of bruising to the back of the neck, no other signs of struggle.
She was drowned, probably by someone a lot stronger than her.

KIRSTEN

She said she was meeting somebody, she wouldn't say who.

ROBERTSON

What about her belongings?

PORTR

Wallet in her jeans had a fiver and a few cards. No phone recovered yet.

KIRSTEN

She shared her location from here, so she definitely had it on her.

PORTR

I'll find out what network she was on--

KIRSTEN

She called me from an app, there won't be any records.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(off Porter)

It's still worth a try though.
Where are we on the USB?

PORTER

Digital forensics are on it.
"Purity" got the folder open.

ROBERTSON

(mulling, then--)

Ok, finish up here and let's get
her across for screens. Quick as
you can, please.

Porter nods, gives Kirsten a sympathetic look and heads back down to the shore.

KIRSTEN

This is a coordinated attack, sir.
First Burke, now his girlfriend.

He nods, troubled by the enormity of it.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I think we should treat it as one
investigation.

ROBERTSON

I agree.

KIRSTEN

There's something you need to see.

She pulls out her phone, shows him the photo from yesterday.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

That's the car that picked Jade up
from the police station yesterday.
I've just run the plates, the
owner's a guy called Mark Hill.

ROBERTSON

Do we know him?

KIRSTEN

(nods)

I met him at the Peace Camp. He
works for Patrick Cruden.

ROBERTSON

Ah Jesus, the SNP's golden boy?

Kirsten nods, her focus drifting to Jade's body being loaded onto a stretcher below. Robertson notes the dismay.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
That's not your fault.

Kirsten doesn't believe that. And Robertson can see it.

6 OMITTED

6

7 INT. MISSILES, TWO DECK, VIGIL - "DAY" 7

Amy, Glover and Doc Doc walk the passageway, Amy in front.

AMY
(to Doc Doc)
D'you think you can narrow down the substance, based on Burke's symptoms?

DOC DOC
I'm not a toxicologist.

AMY
But you've got a degree in medicine and that's one better than the rest of us. Will you at least try?

A slightly tense beat. They lower their voices as several JUNIOR RATES pass by.

DOC DOC
Of course I will.

AMY
Thank you. I need you to start straight away.

DOC DOC
I have a lot of other duties--

AMY
I'm not trying to give you orders, but if someone has brought poison on board, there's nothing stopping them from doing this again.

Doc Doc nods, then peels off. Amy and Glover press on.

AMY (CONT'D)
I'm not here to make friends.

GLOVER
I can see that.

They move through the hatch...

9

INT. BULLPEN, SCD, GLASGOW - DAY (MORNING)

9

A full house -- Kirsten, Robertson, Porter and the rest of the TEAM assembled. A short-throw projector beams side-by-side images of Burke and Jade onto the wall.

ROBERTSON

There's our Romeo and Juliet...

KIRSTEN

Hardly anyone knew they were a couple, but Jade Antoniak and Craig Burke were murdered a few days apart.

(beat)

Jade called me at 20.45 last night... She told me she was about to meet someone. She was scared.

(a breath)

As we know, she was dead by the time I got there.

(beat)

The day before she'd expressed suspicions. Of the Navy's involvement in Burke's death and of infiltration within the peace camp by MI5. There is no evidence for either of these accusations. But we do know she was collaborating with Craig Burke to gain access to information on Trident. And we suspect that information got her killed.

(beat)

Porter. Can you take us through the USB?

Porter changes the slide. Screenshot of the USB files folder.

PORTR

There's a mix of operational stuff--

ROBERTSON

Not stuff he should have had?

PORTR

No. We think most of it would have been classified and way above his paygrade. But there's also personal stuff on the crew. Couple of things stood out...

SLIDE: a drug testing report.

(MORE)

PORTR (CONT'D)

This is drug-testing of a hair sample. Burke paid for it at a private lab. It's positive for LSD. Nothing to ID whose hair he was testing, but if you look at the timing, Vigil had just got back from a mission to Port Havers in Florida. And if you look at the press around that mission...

SLIDE: newspaper report: "Rocking The Boat - elite British submarines run riot on US shore leave".

PORTR (CONT'D)

Fifteen crew arrested by the local cops for being drunk and disorderly and, allegedly, high on drugs as well.

ROBERTSON

What was the Navy's response?

KIRSTEN

They tested the whole crew. All came back negative. No LSD.

ROBERTSON

And Burke commissions this drug test when he gets back to the UK?

PORTR

(nods)

And the hair sample comes back positive for LSD.

The team take this in.

ROBERTSON

Contradicting the Navy's results.

The team take this in.

PORTR

The other thing, in terms of Vigil's crew, is this photograph. It's a bit lewd.

ROBERTSON

Thank you, Mary Whitehouse. I reckon we'll cope.

Porter clicks for the slide. They turn to it.

PORTER

I've gone through Vigil's HR files
and got a pretty solid ID on her.

Now we see it: a POV-style photo. It's intimate, a WOMAN on a bed, half-naked. The image is grainy, but it's unmistakably--

PORTER (CONT'D)

The woman is Lieutenant Tiffany Docherty, ship's doctor. There's a man caught in the reflection. You can't see much of him but you can just make out a tattoo of a dragon on his upper arm.

ROBERTSON

Is it Burke?

They all study the shot. The PHOTOGRAPHER's arm is reflected in the dressing mirror in the corner.

KIRSTEN

Why would he have incriminating information on himself?

ROBERTSON

So is it leverage? Is he a blackmailer?

KIRSTEN

Could be. Or a whistleblower working with the Peace Camp.

ROBERTSON

Or just trying to sell this stuff to the highest bidder.

KIRSTEN

We don't know.

End of the presentation. Full lights come back up.

ROBERTSON

I want Miss Docherty vetted. And we need to look into whatever went on in Florida.

KIRSTEN

(to Porter)

Who's the guy Burke replaced for this patrol? The one who broke his leg?

PORTER

John Deerborne.

KIRSTEN

He would've been with the crew in Florida. I could talk to him?

ROBERTSON

Good. Get a coded message to DCI Silva. And let's get straight onto Cruden's office, see what this advisor's got to say for himself.

Kirsten's phone begins to RING. "BRANNING".

KIRSTEN

That's the Navy liaison.

ROBERTSON

Answer it.

Kirsten answers the call on SPEAKER.

KIRSTEN
Kirsten Longacre here.

BRANNING (O.S.)
Turn on News 24.

Porter does so. Finds a news report, volume low. On the TV: a REPORTER at the gates of Dunloch, accompanied by the strapline -- "SAILOR DEAD ON TRIDENT SUBMARINE". A snippet of the report can be heard:

REPORTER
...whether or not this influences the upcoming Trident vote remains to be seen, sources close to the government say...

The team stare at the screen -- slight disbelief.

BRANNING (V.O.)
Did this come from your end?

KIRSTEN
No. Maybe Burke's family--

BRANNING (V.O.)
We've also had questions about a dead activist who broke onto base.

Kirsten looks to Robertson. He shrugs, just as surprised.

KIRSTEN
It wasn't us. Honestly.

Branning cuts her call. Kirsten looks flustered, feeling the weight of it all -- Robertson's eyes on her.

Newsome sits opposite Amy and Glover -- distressed by the Burke update, quietly furious.

NEWSOME

So you very-publicly arrested my XO
for a murder you're now saying he
didn't commit?

AMY

(prickly)

Prentice is still guilty of assault
and obstruction of justice. Walsh
is guilty of drug possession. What
we haven't done yet is identify
Burke's killer.

NEWSOME

I specifically told you not to use
the word "murder" in front of the
crew. We've just had a reactor
scram and an enemy submarine
tailing us, I need them focussed.

AMY

Your second-in-command cost me two
days, trying to cover his own arse,
and we're still left with an
extremely dangerous person onboard
and very little evidence to work
with. If you value your crew's
safety, I suggest you focus on
helping me, not containing me.

A KNOCK on the door.

NEWSOME

WHAT?!

Hadlow enters.

HADLOW

(faltering)

Sir, you wanted the diagnostics on
the reactor. It's all clear. No
faults.

NEWSOME

So run them again.

HADLOW

All of them?

NEWSOME

Don't make me repeat myself!

Hadlow nods and exits, Amy registering Newsome's unenviable
stress levels. She softens her approach.

AMY

Lieutenant Docherty is researching toxins. There's also the question of how you'd handle and administer the poison.

GLOVER

You're on a boat with 140 highly-skilled engineers and technicians. If you're asking who's capable, I'd say any one of them.

NEWSOME

(to Amy)

So what now?

AMY

We know Burke didn't eat a meal when he was last in the mess, but of course we don't know how quick-acting the toxin was. With the limited time I've got left here I'd like--

NEWSOME

You have three weeks.

AMY

(beat)

What?

NEWSOME

Your stay with us has been extended. Orders from our superiors.

On Amy -- brittle, grappling with the implications.

AMY

(blurred)

I can't-- I mean, I'm not prepared for that.

NEWSOME

Those are your orders.

She stares at Newsome -- Glover noticing her quiet distress.

AMY

Will you excuse me?

Amy emerges from the wardroom. Reeling. Breathing shallow. Doing everything she can just to hold it together.

12

INT. SHAW'S OFFICE, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY (MORNING)

12

Shaw at his desk, Branning enters -- urgent, concerned.

BRANNING

We've studied the tiles from the
sink site, sir. The engineers are
unanimous.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

And?

A heavy beat, then:

BRANNING

It wasn't the Russians.

On Shaw's baffled expression.

13 OMITTED

13

14 EXT. ROAD NEAR ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY

14

Shrieks of sunlight. Patrick Cruden addresses a group of JOURNALISTS and SUPPORTERS (including Oakley) at the side of the road. Behind them -- an OB truck, MoD fencing beyond.

Kirsten gets out of her car and approaches the small crowd. Cruden seems slightly subdued. Distracted even.

CRUDEN

...I don't deny this area relies on Navy contracts, but consider what we could do with the tens of billions freed up by scrapping Trident. That's money to reinvest in this community and working communities like it around the country. Go ahead, Claire.

Kirsten settles on the fringes, scanning the sea of faces for Mark Hill. Meanwhile:

JOURNALIST 1 / CLAIRE

Do you have any response to reports that a sailor has died onboard HMS Vigil?

CRUDEN

Out of respect for a young man's family I'll say very little -- but I do find the Navy's silence on this worrying and I'll be taking it up with the Prime Minister.

Multiple questions flood in now. Over the hubbub:

HILL (O.C.)

You found us, then?

Kirsten turns. Mark Hill stands next to her, smarmy grin.

KIRSTEN

Mr. Hill. Thanks for meeting me.

HILL

Yeah, sorry it's on the move, it's a busy time with the vote coming up. The office said you had questions about an activist?

KIRSTEN

Jade Antoniak. She was seen getting into your car at Kirkmouth police station yesterday.

HILL

That's right, it was a favour.

KIRSTEN

Why were you doing favours for Ms. Antoniak?

HILL

(shaking his head)

I barely knew her. We've got other friends in the Peace Camp, I did it for them. Activists tend to be wary of police stations, don't they...

KIRSTEN

(beat)

You said "knew her".

HILL

So?

KIRSTEN

I didn't tell you she'd died.

HILL

(very slight beat)

Like I say, we've got plenty of friends in the Peace Camp.

KIRSTEN

Can I ask where you were around nine o'clock last night?

HILL

Yeah, girlfriend's 30th. Crown and Thorn. I got home around 3am, for God's sake don't tell the boss.

KIRSTEN

I'll need to check that.

Over the road, the rally is wrapping up. People on the move.

HILL

You can do what you like. Listen, we've got two more of these before lunch and I can't be holding everyone up...

Kirsten's phone pings. It's Porter -- sharing a contact card for "John Deerborne". She turns back to Hill.

KIRSTEN

I'd like you to come down to the station this afternoon. I've got a few more questions.

HILL

Are you asking or telling?

She stares at him. Not in the mood for games.

KIRSTEN

How's 2pm?

A thin smile from Hill as Kirsten exits. Across the way, Cruden eyes Hill. The smile fades. Nervy looks between them.

15 OMITTED

15

16 INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY"

16

Amy walks the passageway, still dazed by the news of her extended stay.

She arrives at her bunk space -- taped to the door: a sheet of paper. "BEWARE OF THE PIG" scrawled in thick black marker. She stares at it a moment, then tears it down. She closes her eyes. Sharp breaths, struggling.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. CORRIDOR, SCD, GLASGOW - DAY (FLASHBACK)

17

Strip lighting on the blink. Amy stares at the hot drinks machine. Detached, a blank husk. Then:

KIRSTEN (O.C.)

Tea or coffee?

Amy turns round, looks at Kirsten.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Unless you're feeling masochistic, in which case, try the soup.

(beat, smiles)

I'm Kirsten Longacre. DS, I just transferred from CID.

AMY

Amy Silva. DCI. When did they put this machine in?

KIRSTEN

When the clamour for bad soup got too loud to ignore...?

(beat)

(MORE)

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I wanted to ask you something, if you don't mind.

AMY

What?

KIRSTEN

I've got my Inspector interview coming up and Robertson said you'd be the best person to help me prep.

AMY

(beat)

It's not a great time. Sorry.

Amy smiles politely, turns back to the drinks machine. Kirsten a bit thrown by the rejection.

KIRSTEN

Ok. No worries then. Can I buy you a hot chocolate?

AMY

Um-- it's okay. Thank you though.

KIRSTEN

I'd like to, unless you strongly object. Here we go.

Kirsten feeds the machine a £1 coin. As it CLUNKS into life:

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

So what would you say is the biggest mistake people make in their interviews?

Amy half-laughs at the cheek of Kirsten's gambit.

18

INT. WOMEN'S CABIN, VIGIL - "DAY"

18

Toiletries and empty pill case on the bed, Amy frantically searches every last pocket of her washbag. No luck.

AMY

(gently muttered)

...shit.

She snaps the pill case shut and starts to return the items. Among them -- a dog-eared passport photo of Poppy. Amy pauses, staring at it. Tara enters, jolting her.

TARA

Walsh's career's over. You realise that, don't you?

Amy turns around. Not best prepared for this.

AMY

That's not my decision.

TARA

He spent his childhood in and out of care. You seen the scars on his arms? His dad used to put fags out on him.

AMY

(beat)

I'm sorry to hear that--

TARA

He's got no prospects back home. You've wrecked our mate's life.

Amy's irked by this -- back in the room now.

AMY

He brought drugs onto a Royal Navy submarine to frame a crew member for possession. Those are crimes and my job is to investigate. It wasn't personal.

Tara scowls -- knows Amy's right but is too proud to let on.

TARA

Burke was up to stuff as well. Did you know that?

AMY

What kind of stuff?

(off Tara's reticence)

Look, the sooner I get answers, the sooner I can leave you all alone. I'd say that's win-win, wouldn't you?

TARA

What can you do for Gary?

A beat.

AMY

We'll say he co-operated. If he ends up in court, the judge will take that into consideration.

Tara considers that. Then decides.

TARA

Burke was keeping a shit-list. He told me, a couple of weeks ago. He had files on all of us.

AMY

What did you do about that?

TARA

Did what you're supposed to do.
Took it straight to the CO.

AMY

To Newsome...?

On Amy -- thrown by this. Then, a knock on the door.

HEATHER (O.S.)

Detective Silva, familygram.

19

INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS)

19

Amy steps out into the low-lit passageway. Heather thrusts a note in her hand.

HEATHER

Three in three days. You're
popular.

Two RATES pass by, glaring at Amy.

AMY

You reckon?

Heather shrugs, exits. Amy reads.

KIRSTEN (V.O.)

"Burke's girlfriend murdered last
night. No suspect yet."

Amy looks alarmed. Keeps reading.

KIRSTEN (V.O.)

"Look into Florida. Burke went
fishing, got a big haul...
Burke had photo of doc plus
another. Weak visual on him but
he's got my favourite book...
(beat)

I hope that makes sense. Cat's been
asking after you. She hopes you're
ok. So do I."

Amy re-reads the message. Doing the mental gymnastics.

20

EXT. THE SWAN'S PANTRY, KIRKMOUTH - DAY (MORNING)

20

Kirsten brings two mugs of coffee to a formica table, where
JOHN DEERBORNE (20s) waits -- crutch propped up on the side.

KIRSTEN

How is it?

DEERBORNE

The ankle? Least of my worries.
It's more the boredom. Might have
to take up knitting(!).

Kirsten half-smiles.

KIRSTEN

I wanted to talk to you about Port
Havers.

DEERBORNE

(beat)

Oh yeah?

KIRSTEN

The party boat stuff. You were
there.

DEERBORNE

Nope. I went across to Tampa. My
sister lives there.

KIRSTEN

But you must've heard about it from
other crew?

DEERBORNE

Run ashore, bit of skylarking.
You've been stuck at sea for weeks,
it happens.

KIRSTEN

What about Burke?

DEERBORNE

I heard he lost it and smashed up
his cabin, saying he got spiked
'cos he was tripping his tits off.

KIRSTEN

(intrigued)

Who'd want to spike him?

DEERBORNE

Listen, we all had to do piss
tests, we all got cleared. He was
just trying to shift the blame for
what he did, wasn't he?

KIRSTEN

Did the Navy believe him?

DEERBORNE

No. He got kicked off our boat,
lost his chances of a promotion.

KIRSTEN

And what do you think happened?

DEERBORNE

(beat)

Like I said, all the urine tests
came back negative.

KIRSTEN

That's not what I asked.

A stilted pause. Deerborne uncomfortable.

DEERBORNE

I wasn't there when it happened.

Another slight beat. Kirsten studies him, fidgeting with a sachet of sugar. There's something he's not saying.

KIRSTEN

Whatever you might have thought of him, Craig Burke's family are grieving. And now a young woman has been killed as well, which we think may be connected.

(beat)

If people had talked to us earlier, she might have lived. She was 24.

Kirsten shows Deerborne a photo of Jade -- she's sunlit, smiling gently. He considers it, conflicted. Then:

DEERBORNE

This can never, ever come back to me.

(off Kirsten's nod)

Look at Davis. There was a problem with Davis.

KIRSTEN

I don't know Davis. Is he crew?

Deerborne pulls himself up. Already regretting speaking.

DEERBORNE

I can't do this.

He gathers his crutch. Prepares to leave.

KIRSTEN

Please, is he--

DEERBORNE

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

Kirsten relents, but she's onto something.

21 INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 21

Low banks of grey cloud setting in outside. Dreary light. Kirsten drives the lochside road, dials Porter.

INTERCUTTING:

22 INT. BULLPEN, SCD, GLASGOW - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 22

Copies of bank statements and mobile phone records litter Porter's desk, various lines highlighted in bright pink. He answers the phone with a mouthful of crisps.

PORTER

Was just about to call you.

KIRSTEN

Is there a Davis on the Vigil crew list?

PORTER

Bear with.

He pulls up the crew list on his laptop. Scans it. Then:

PORTER (CONT'D)

No Davis. What's this about?

KIRSTEN

Florida. We need to find a Davis. Could be a past member of Vigil. You should try US Navy personnel at Port Havers as well.

PORTER

On it.

KIRSTEN

Also, the hair on Burke's drug test -- pretty sure it was his own. He was trying to prove he'd been spiked.

PORTER

Shit.

KIRSTEN

You were gonna call me?

PORTER

Yeah, Jade's bank accounts and phone records are in.

KIRSTEN

And?

PORTER

She got paid a grand a month by a limited company called Ansell Holdings. I've looked into it, and you'll never guess who the sole director is.

KIRSTEN

Who?

PORTER

Mark Hill.

A beat as this lands, then:

KIRSTEN

What about the phone logs, any calls last night?

PORTER

No, you were right, she must have been using an encrypted app. But I've been looking further back and that's when things get interesting. Over the past year, there's a pattern of late night calls with one number.

KIRSTEN

Hill?

PORTER

Nope... Cruden.

23

INT. RATINGS' CABIN, VIGIL - "DAY"

23

Walsh lies on his bunk, lost in thought. Tara appears in the doorway (but doesn't enter the room -- house rules).

TARA

You coming?

(off Walsh's blank look)

Burke's memorial. Everyone not on-watch is supposed to be there.

WALSH

Not sure I'm wanted, am I?

Tara nods, lingers a beat.

TARA

We're all here for you, you know that, don't you?

Walsh looks at her for a moment. Then grins.

WALSH

You're going soft, shipmate.

TARA

(affectionately)

Prick.

Comforted, she exits. Walsh rolls over, grin fading fast.

24

INT. TORPEDO ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY"

24

Burke's memorial, packed to the rafters. Crew sing an old sea-faring hymn -- it's a committed but slightly subdued rendition, a group undone by recent events.

CREW MEMBERS

*“...O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren's shield in danger's
hour...”*

24A INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - CONTINUOUS

24A

The hymn continues as a skeleton CREW go about their watch duties.

CREW MEMBERS (O.S.)

*“From rock and tempest, fire and
foe...”*

24B INT. PRENTICE'S OFFICE, VIGIL - CONTINUOUS

24B

Prentice shaves using a razor and a small mirror. He pauses briefly, staring at himself. Hold.

CREW MEMBERS (O.S.)

*“Thus evermore shall rise to
Thee...”*

24C INT. RATINGS' CABIN, VIGIL - CONTINUOUS

24C

Walsh lies on his bunk. He pulls out a bottle of whisky from beneath his pillow, takes a swig.

CREW MEMBERS (O.S.)

*“Protect them wheresoe'er they
go...”*

24D INT. TORPEDO ROOM, VIGIL - CONTINUOUS

24D

Back with Burke's memorial. Amy stands in the middle of it all, jostling for space as the hymn reaches its climax.

CREW MEMBERS (O.S.)

*Glad hymns of praise from land and
sea...”*

Amy re-reads the familygram from Kirsten. She scribbles a couple of notes on it, writing 'Disney World??' next to Uncle Vic's favourite place and puzzling over it for a second. And 'drugs...' next to Paisley case. Amy hesitates at:

KIRSTEN (V.O.)

*“...the partner has my favourite
book.”*

It doesn't click. Amy pockets the note and tries to watch Doc Doc but it's shoulder-to-shoulder as Glover steps forward to address the room.

GLOVER

Craig Burke was a force of nature, I think we can all agree that. He was passionate, and hugely talented. I know this has been a tough patrol, but today we've come together to give a valued member of our crew the send-off he deserved. Sir?

Quiet murmuring as Glover gives way to Newsome.

NEWSOME

Many of you will be aware that a few hours ago, two of our crew were detained for serious breaches. I'd like to clarify that those arrests were not directly related to Craig Burke's death. That investigation is ongoing and your cooperation is appreciated.

A tense silence as this information lands. Shock, confusion. One or two turn to look at Amy, increasingly claustrophobic in amongst them.

NEWSOME (CONT'D)

We are as we were at the beginning of patrol: a professional crew, committed to the mission and to each other, keeping Britain safe. That task remains paramount.

As Newsome speaks, Amy manages to barge her way to the back. She finds some space and collects herself. Glover observes, moving over to join her. Meanwhile, Doc Doc consoles a particularly tearful Jackie in the corner.

GLOVER

(arriving at Amy's side)

You ok? You look a bit--

AMY

What's with the cook?

GLOVER

Jackie's taken it hard. Her son's been in a bad place lately. It's tough being down here when that's going on.

AMY

What about Doc Doc?

GLOVER

What about her?

AMY

What was her relationship with
Burke like?

GLOVER

(snapping)

D'you think you could stop for five
minutes? This is a memorial.

On Amy -- admonished. More dirty looks from crew, chatter
building to a din.

24E EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

24E

MOURNERS gathered. A PRIEST mutters funeral rites as a coffin
is lowered into the ground.

CLOSE ON: a handful of earth as it lands on the lid. Hold.

Now we're behind a young girl, peering down into the grave
from above -- her little hands grubby.

ANGLE ON: Amy, close by. Eyes to the ground. She can't watch.

The little girl turns round and we recognise Poppy -- lost,
heartbroken. She reaches for Amy, but before their hands
meet...

SNAP BACK TO:

25 INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY"

25

Shaken, Amy walks the passageway, arrives outside a cabin.
She steels herself -- game face on -- and then enters.

26 INT. PRENTICE'S OFFICE, VIGIL - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS)

26

Prentice sits at the end of his bed, drying his face with a
hand towel. He stiffens at the sight of Amy, surprised to see
her.

PRENTICE

I have nothing to say to you.

AMY

They've told you about Burke?

He ignores her. She sits.

AMY (CONT'D)

I've got a few questions, and I'd
be grateful if you'd answer them.

(beat)

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

If you co-operate, I'll note it in my report. It'll help. You haven't lost everything, Mark.

PRENTICE

Lieutenant Commander Prentice. I haven't been discharged yet.

AMY

Maybe it won't come to that.

Prentice doesn't believe that for a minute.

AMY (CONT'D)

What's the worst thing about this situation for you?

Prentice considers this.

PRENTICE

It's that I let my men down.

(beat)

Vigil needs a strong XO. It's why the Admiralty posted me here in the first place. Newsome has some merits but discipline had slipped.

AMY

Is this anything to do with Florida?

PRENTICE

(nodding)

Port Havers, last year. The boat had gone across for missile servicing. Crew went out, things got out of hand. There was drinking, fighting in the street.

AMY

What about drugs?

A long beat.

PRENTICE

Burke caused a problem for the Navy there. He kept insisting that he'd been spiked. It created an obvious discrepancy with the official drugs test results.

AMY

And it implied that the Navy had falsified their findings.

PRENTICE

I doubt the Admiralty would have swept that under the carpet. Far more likely that the original urine samples were tampered with.

AMY

How are those tests taken?

PRENTICE

Back at base there's a strict protocol. I don't know how they did them abroad. Probably overseen by the doctor.

AMY

Lieutenant Docherty?

PRENTICE

You'd have to ask her.

AMY

Why didn't the Navy take Burke's
claims more seriously?

PRENTICE

I don't know.

AMY

I'm trying to think why they might have wanted to avoid more scrutiny. Did anything else happen with Vigil in that period?

PRENTICE

If it did, Command never shared it with me. We certainly don't need any more scandals.

Amy ponders this. Then gets up.

AMY

Thank you. I appreciate this.

PRENTICE

You're trying to keep the crew safe. That's all that matters.

There's genuine remorse there, which Amy notes.

27

INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS)

27

Amy pulls Prentice's door closed to find Glover standing right in front of her. They stare at each other.

GLOVER

Have you got permission to be in there?

28

INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY"

28

Newsome -- reading glasses on -- stands over a NAVIGATING OFFICER as he plots contacts. Walsh enters.

WALSH

Sir?

NEWSOME

(turns, glaring)

Get out of here.

WALSH

Sir, I have to talk to you.

29

INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS)

29

Walsh steps off. Newsome joins him, irritated.

WALSH

Am I still facing discharge? Now
you know I never planted the drugs.

NEWSOME

You brought heroin onboard, didn't
you? Has that changed?

WALSH

What about what happened in Port
Havers though? That was way worse--

This touches a nerve. Newsome rounds on Walsh -- it's the
sternest we've seen him.

NEWSOME

Are you threatening me?

WALSH

No, sir, I'd--

NEWSOME

You keep your mouth shut or
discharge will be the least of your
problems. Dismissed.

Walsh obeys -- rebuked, isolated.

30

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY (AFTERNOON) 30

LAURA MICHAELS and JAY KOHLI (both late 30s, both MI5) sit at
a large boardroom-style table. They rise as Shaw enters.

KOHLI

Rear Admiral Shaw.
(offering his hand)
Jay Kohli. And this is Laura
Michaels.

He stares at them.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

As far as I'm aware, we are not at
war with the United States. Is that
correct?

MICHAELS

We're not at war, sir, no.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Then perhaps MI5 could explain to me why a Los Angeles-class submarine took a fishing trawler down three days ago while covertly tracking HMS Vigil.

(beat)

Because objectively, it's a staggering act of hostility from a supposed ally.

Kohli and Michaels take this in.

KOHLI

You can be assured this wasn't sanctioned by us. We'll talk to the Pentagon immediately.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Please do. And can you ask them why we had to send the divers in to get this information.

MICHAELS

I think we all know the answer to that, sir. There's still considerable tension because of the incident at Port Havers.

Shaw glares

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

So this is our fault? You're intelligence. Find some.

A stand off.

MICHAELS

We will. But perhaps we should use the time we have to discuss Craig Burke and Jade Antoniak? The Director is extremely concerned.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

I bet he is. The whole thing is a mess and it needs to be dealt with. Quickly.

A terse silence. Noses out of joint on both sides.

Walsh loiters outside the wardroom as Hadlow finishes paperwork inside. He waits for Hadlow to leave, hugging the adjacent wall to avoid being seen, then slips inside.

30B INT. WARDROOM, VIGIL - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS)

30B

Walsh heads straight for the safe and swipes a set of keys from within. He takes a clumsy slug of whisky. Blinks slowly.

31 INT. TORPEDO ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY"

31

Glover and Amy enter the relative seclusion of the bomb shop.

GLOVER

Prentice is facing a court martial.
You shouldn't be speaking to him
without a chaperone.

On Amy -- consumed, pacing.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

Amy?

AMY

Are you being honest with me?

On Glover

GLOVER

What are you talking about?

AMY

Burke was gathering information about the crew? Tara told me she took it to Newsome. Did you know about that?

GLOVER

For God's sake, that was nothing! Newsome would've told him to stop gossiping. I doubt Burke was even doing it, he was probably just trying to get a rise out of Tara.

AMY

And the Port Havers drug tests?

GLOVER

(beat)

Most people were relieved when all the tests came back negative.

AMY

Burke wasn't.

(beat)

You knew that, didn't you. But you didn't tell me.

GLOVER

I didn't think it was relevant. He had a whole pile of petty grievances. That doesn't make them all real.

(beat)

I've helped you. I've gone over and above -- and you know that. I can see you're not coping down here but I'm not the enemy.

Tense beat. Amy defensive, glaring. Glover relents.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

Just tell me what you want to know and I'll tell you.

AMY

Was Lieutenant Docherty involved in carrying out the drug tests?

GLOVER

Yes.

AMY

Is there anything else you can think of that I might need to know about her?

GLOVER

No. What's this about...?

A beat. Amy hesitates.

AMY

I've had a message from my colleagues on land.

(beat)

Burke's girlfriend was murdered yesterday.

GLOVER

What?

AMY

(nods)

I've also been told that Burke had an illicit photo of Lieutenant Docherty with someone.

GLOVER

Really? Who?

AMY

I don't know, I can't decipher my colleague's message. But Docherty's got access to pharmaceuticals on board and she knows how to use them. She told us she gave him paracetamol for a headache. Add in her involvement with the Florida drugs tests, and she had motive, means and the opportunity to kill Burke. I want to talk to her now.

On Glover -- knocked sideways. Then, bleakly:

GLOVER

You'd better lead the way then.

Walsh staggers along the passageway, eyes glazed. He stops at the gun cabinet. Regards it for a long beat -- a man staring into the abyss...

32A EXT. CITY CHAMBERS, GLASGOW - DAY (AFTERNOON) 32A

Low winter sun. Kirsten hurriedly approaches a vast municipal building.

33 INT. ENTRANCE, CITY CHAMBERS, GLASGOW - DAY (AFTERNOON) 33

A grand lobby. Kirsten spots Mark Hill holding court with a group of COUNCILLORS. He catches her eye and excuses himself.

HILL
(checking watch)
Has it gone 2pm?

KIRSTEN
That's not why I'm here. Where's
your boss?
(off Hill's reluctance)
I'm aware Mr. Cruden's not big on
optics, but I do wonder whether
being dragged out of the city
council by police might be an
exception to the rule?

34 INT. LIBRARY ROOM, CITY CHAMBERS, GLASGOW - DAY (AFTERNOON) 34

Kirsten, Hill and Cruden assembled around an ornate table. A jug of water sits untouched between them.

KIRSTEN
I'd like to talk about Ansell
Holdings. Why were you paying Jade?
And why use a shell company to do
it?

Cruden and Hill share a brief look.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I think the two of you were paying
her for Trident information and
then leaking it to the press. I
think you briefed them about
Burke's death, just today.

HILL
This is nonsense. And it certainly
has nothing to do with Patrick.

KIRSTEN
Jade's phone records tell a
different story.
(to Cruden)
If you can't tell me why you and
Jade had late-night calls going
back a year, maybe I should ask
your wife?

On Cruden -- a doomed look in his eyes.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Mr. Cruden, did you have anything
to do with Jade's death?

A heavy pause. Then:

CRUDEN

Can you give us a minute, Mark?
(off Hill's look)
It's ok.

HILL
I'll be just outside.

He rises and exits, leaving Cruden and Kirsten alone.

CRUDEN
It's not what you think.

KIRSTEN
What do I think?

CRUDEN
An affair. It's not that.
(heavy beat, then--)
She was my daughter.

Silence. Cruden fighting the emotion of it.

CRUDEN (CONT'D)
I had a fling with her mother, back
in my CND days. Jade came to see me
last year. It was hard. But we were
getting there, you know?

KIRSTEN
What about the company?

CRUDEN
I asked Mark to set it up.

KIRSTEN
Why?

Cruden looks ashamed. Filled with self-loathing

CRUDEN
So I could give Jade an allowance.
My wife didn't know about her. She
still doesn't.

Cruden falters. Buried pain surfacing.

CRUDEN (CONT'D)
How did Jade die? Is it true she
was drowned?

KIRSTEN
I'm afraid so.

CRUDEN
(quietly)
Jesus Christ.

KIRSTEN
Look, I understand this is
difficult.
(MORE)

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

But if there's anything you think
might be relevant to the
investigation, I need you to share
it with me.

CRUDEN

(beat)

She said she was being followed.

KIRSTEN

When did she tell you that?

CRUDEN

Recently. She'd had her laptop
stolen, she was convinced MI5 had
people in the Peace Camp.

KIRSTEN

Why would MI5 be following her?

CRUDEN

Because of Craig Burke. You know
about the USB stick.

KIRSTEN

I can't comment on that.

CRUDEN

She told me you had it.

(beat)

Burke saw himself as a
whistleblower. He thought if he
shared bits and pieces with Jade
it'd drive up safety standards. A
few weeks ago he got nervous. He
told her he was onto something,
some incident in the States. He
said a guy had got packed off to
the Middle East.

KIRSTEN

A cover-up?

CRUDEN

I don't think he had all the detail
and he felt conflicted about it
anyway.

KIRSTEN

Why?

CRUDEN

Because he had something that
showed the boats weren't fit for
purpose. He believed in the
deterrent and he thought this could
spell the end of it.

KIRSTEN

Really? He told you that?

CRUDEN

(shaking his head)

I asked to meet him but he
wouldn't. Everything went through
Jade.

(beat)

I should never have put her in that
position.

On Cruden -- tortured by it all. Broken.

CRUDEN (CONT'D)

She deserved so much better than
me.

Kirsten eyes him, knows the feeling.

35 INT. STAIRWELL, CITY CHAMBERS, GLASGOW - DAY (AFTERNOON) 35

Kirsten descends. She pulls out her phone -- four missed calls from Porter. Dials him.

PORTER (O.S.)
Got an update on Davis. Sort of.

KIRSTEN
Go on.

PORTER (O.S.)
Well, no sign of him on any Dunloch
HR files, and that's going back
five years. I've also spoken to US
Navy at Port Havers. Same thing.
But I did notice something else.
There's a guy on Vigil's crew list
from Port Havers, a few weeks later
he's gone. Ross Harmison -- junior
rate. Probably nothing but--

KIRSTEN
Transferred to the Middle East?

PORTER (O.S.)
Bahrain. HMS Riffa. How d'you know
that?

She exits the building.

35A EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CITY CHAMBERS, GLASGOW - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Kirsten approaches her car. The conversation continues.

KIRSTEN
You looked him up?

PORTER (O.S.)
Tried. Been told he's on
operations.

KIRSTEN
Put me through to Robertson.

PORTER (O.S.)
Can't. He's in briefing MI5.

Kirsten freezes.

PORTER (CONT'D)
They showed up out of the blue,
half an hour ago.

KIRSTEN
Ok. I'm coming in.

She thumbs off and notices a BLACK SALOON on the corner --
engine idling, a couple of FIGURES inside.

As she gives it a closer look, the car lurches into gear and
speeds off out of sight. Kirsten unsettled.

36

INT. RECEPTION, SCD, GLASGOW - DAY (AFTERNOON)

36

Kirsten marches into the building, just as Robertson is showing Michaels and Kohli out.

Immediately after they depart--

KIRSTEN

How much did you tell them?

He looks at her, slightly miffed by her tone.

ROBERTSON

As little as possible...

Kirsten takes a breath, that's something at least.

37

OMITTED

37

38

INT. SICK BAY, VIGIL - "DAY"

38

Amy and Glover enter, Doc Doc at her computer.

AMY

How are you getting on?

DOC DOC

I think we're looking at three options based on Burke's symptoms. There's a drug called Pilocarpine, used to treat glaucoma. Also Muscarine, which is naturally occurring -- found in toadstools.

AMY

And the last one?

DOC DOC

Organophosphates. You see them in a range of forms -- pesticides, flame retardants and nerve agents.

Amy studies her, the surrounds, the draws of pharmaceuticals. Doc Doc notes this along with Glover's grave expression.

DOC DOC (CONT'D)

What's going on?

AMY

My colleagues have been investigating the cover-up of some drug-test results. The tests done on Vigil's crew when you were last in Florida. I believe you cheated them and I'm offering you the chance to be honest with me about it now.

(off Doc Doc's faltering)

I'm tired, Tiffany. Don't get on the wrong side of me today.

Doc Doc looks to Glover. He nods, quietly.

DOC DOC

I swapped some of the samples.

AMY

(beat)

Whose?

DOC DOC

I won't give you their names. I was ordered to get the samples ready for transfer to the lab. I switched them for clean urine.

AMY

Where did you get it?

DOC DOC

I knew the tests were going to happen, so I had a bit of time. I paid some American recruits.

AMY

Were you pressured into doing it?

DOC DOC

No.

AMY

I don't believe you. Why then?

DOC DOC

Because these are my friends. And I knew they'd messed-up.

(beat)

People leave their families at short notice, for long stretches.

(MORE)

DOC DOC (CONT'D)

You're asking them to put up with loneliness, and boredom, and a total lack of privacy. When we come alongside people let off steam. It's coping, and they don't deserve to lose their careers over it.

A beat. It's almost convincing, then:

AMY

No. You're covering. You were told to do it, weren't you?

DOC DOC

I take full responsibility.

AMY

That's a very carefully worded answer.

Doc Doc stares, knows Amy's onto her.

AMY (CONT'D)

Burke's girlfriend was killed yesterday. I heard this morning.

Amy studies Doc Doc's reaction -- genuine shock.

AMY (CONT'D)

Did they try and pressure you into anything else?

DOC DOC

Like what?

AMY

Burke was poisoned by someone on this boat.

Doc Doc laughs, incredulous.

DOC DOC

You think it was me? Why would I do that?

AMY

I know about the photo.

DOC DOC

What photo?

AMY

The photo Burke had. You, with a man. Was he blackmailing you?

DOC DOC

What are you talking about?!

(beat)

Burke was upset about the drugs tests. He knew they'd been cheated and that caused problems for him, but he never mentioned... Like... There was no blackmail.

(beat)

Please -- what's this photo?

It's a sincere plea. Amy and Glover share a look -- what now?

39

INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY"

39

Adams appraises the Remote Core Monitoring System panel -- contained within a padlocked wall-mounted box. Hadlow overseeing it.

Adams takes the padlock in his hands, notices something strange.

ADAMS

Sir? You might want to look at
this.

Scratches on the lock mechanism. Signs of jimmying. They look
at each other -- concern mounting.

40 OMITTED

40

41 OMITTED

41

42 OMITTED

42

43 INT. KITCHEN, AMY'S FLAT - DAY

43

Kirsten in her comfies, spoons cat food into a bowl and whistles. Cat sits staring at her.

KIRSTEN

(realising)

Dog-whistling a cat. No wonder
you're off with me...

She stands in the kitchen for a brief moment, feeling a bit hopeless. She opens the fridge, grabs a bottle of beer but she's forgotten where the opener is kept. She pulls open several drawers. They're cluttered, disorganised.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(muttered, to Cat)

Place has fallen apart without me.

She rifles through another drawer -- keys, instruction manuals, old bills. Beneath it all, an old photograph. She pulls it out -- it's Amy and Kirsten in happier times. She stares at it for a long beat, and then -- with purpose -- discards the beer and finds her laptop on the dining table.

She pulls up her search browser, Googles: "Davies Royal Navy". Nothing interesting. Half-shrugs -- of course, nothing interesting.

Now she tries "Davies Navy Florida", trawling through the results -- again, nothing doing. Clutching at straws.

Then she Googles: "Davies US Port Havers". Trawls through again. Scrolls down endlessly, then a specific search result catches her eye -- "DAVIES MARINE SERVICES -- PORT HAVERS, FL" -- she clicks on the link. Frowns.

She starts clicking through various links now, tapping away at her keyboard. Furious activity.

Finally, she grabs her phone, dials Robertson and waits. When he answers:

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Got something. It's big.

44 INT. MISSILES, TWO DECK, VIGIL - "DAY" 44

Amy and Glover walking. Amy chewing things over, mind addled.

GLOVER
What you thinking?

AMY
I'm thinking she was telling the truth.
(beat, thought occurring--)
What if we've been looking at the wrong person?

GLOVER
How d'you mean?

AMY
The photo. D'you have any idea who Doc Doc could've been sleeping with?

Glover thinks, then shakes his head.

GLOVER
If it was anyone on the crew I'd have known--

They're interrupted by a CLUNK overhead. They look up, on the gangway directly above stands Walsh -- swaying, erratic, gun in hand. He locks eyes with Amy through the grille.

45 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - NIGHT 45

Kirsten and Robertson wait in silence. After a moment, Shaw and Branning enter.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
I don't have long.

ROBERTSON
That's fine.

Kirsten slides a folder across the table, containing the illicit photos of Doc Doc, and Burke's commissioned drug test. Robertson gives them both a moment to look over the material.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
You'll note the date on that drug
test.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
(looks up)
What is all this?

ROBERTSON
We were hoping you could tell us.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
I've never seen this material
before.

BRANNING

Where did you get this information?

ROBERTSON

It's come to light during the course of our investigation. Craig Burke left it on a digital storage device.

Branning looks at Kirsten, who gives little away.

KIRSTEN

Was Tiffany Docherty pressured into cheating the drugs tests done in Port Havers?

Robertson gives her a look, dislikes the gung-ho approach.

BRANNING

Absolutely not.

ROBERTSON

(clarifying)

But you can see how that might be a legitimate line of inquiry, based on what we have here.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

I hardly know what you have, it's the first time I'm seeing it.

Kirsten pushes his Navy mugshot over. Shaw eyes it, poker-faced.

KIRSTEN

Does the name Ross Harmison mean anything to you?

ROBERTSON

Kirsten. This isn't an interrogation.

KIRSTEN

Harmison was a junior mechanic with Vigil. Shortly after the boat was in Port Havers he was transferred to HMS Riffa. I'd like to know if there was a particular reason for that?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

The submarine service isn't for everyone. Ratings are allowed to apply for transfers.

KIRSTEN

Can we talk about Davis Marine then?

Branning frowns at this, looks to Shaw -- a flicker of concern on his face.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

It's a naval services company, based out of US Port Havers. 18 months ago, there were local press reports of two Davis Marine contractors drowning in the harbour. I've looked at the dates. This happened the morning after Vigil's crew got wasted.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

(bristling, impatient)

What does this have to do with your investigation?

KIRSTEN

It's a little strange, isn't it? Two contractors going for a dip in a deepwater harbour on a Tuesday morning?

(beat)

I've got sources who suggest these deaths were linked to Vigil, and a cover-up took place. We've also been told by multiple sources that Jade thought the Navy or MI5 was watching her and possibly knew about her relationship with Craig Burke. There have been a lot of leaks recently. Was the Navy concerned that Burke might tell Jade what he knew about Port Havers?

BRANNING

(incredulous)

Can we be clear here? Are you suggesting the Royal Navy murdered Craig Burke and Jade Antoniak?

Robertson cuts this off.

ROBERTSON

We're fact-finding. Part of our job is to ask difficult questions. The question is about whether the Navy knew Burke was a security risk.

Shaw studies them both. Then:

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

If we'd had reason to believe he was a security risk, ask yourselves if we would have let him back on board.

BRANNING

The Peace Camp always thinks they're being spied on. It helps them feel important.

KIRSTEN

I'm confident someone was watching me earlier.

BRANNING

That wouldn't be us. The armed forces don't spy on the police. This isn't North Korea.

A pause.

ROBERTSON

Ok then. Thank you for your time today.

KIRSTEN

(turns to Robertson)

That's it...?

Robertson looks at her, put out by the insubordination.

ROBERTSON

We've asked our questions, they've been good enough to answer them. That will do.

Robertson rises, visibly annoyed with Kirsten as they exit. Shaw watches them go, his eyes darkening.

Amy walks the gangway towards Walsh at the far end. Gun still in his hand. Glover climbs the ladder, catching her up.

AMY

(sotto)

Let me speak to him.

Glover nods. Cautiously, she proceeds towards Walsh.

AMY (CONT'D)

You ok, Gary? Shall we have a talk about what's going on?

WALSH

You've fucked me, you know that?
I've got nothing left.

AMY

I was sent here to try and understand why someone died.

WALSH

Ah'm not to blame for him dying!

GLOVER

No one's saying that, Gary.

WALSH

Prentice planted the gear on him, not me.

AMY

Yes. Prentice admits that.

GLOVER

You're not gonna be blamed.

WALSH

Harmison kills whoever an' he gets a transfer out of it! Bit of sunshine and a nice new gig--

GLOVER

Gary, mate--

WALSH (CONT'D)

How's that justice? I've done my job -- I almost died doing my job on this patrol! -- and who's got my back?

Amy takes in Walsh's revelation.

GLOVER

Maybe just put the gun--

WALSH

The point is it's not fair.

(beat)

Ah, fuck it.

Walsh raises the gun to his head. Finger on the trigger, with focussed intent. Amy and Glover horrified. Glover about to speak. Amy silences him, cutting across.

AMY

Gary, listen to me. I don't know you well. Ok? But I know there are people on this boat who think a great deal of you, whether you're in the service or not.

WALSH

You don't understand.

AMY

You're wrong. You're wrong, I do
understand. I'm not gonna tell you
how great life is because I've been
exactly where you are.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

I watched my boyfriend die and it
was my fault.

Walsh looks at her, heavy gulps.

AMY (CONT'D)

His mum won't let me see the girl
we brought up together. It broke
me. But I know something you don't
right now.

WALSH

What's that?

AMY

There are still bits of light.
Something or someone will make
things seem worth it again. And
then you think: maybe if I keep
going I'll feel like that more and
more.

Glover's eyes flit between the two of them -- Walsh's will
seems to be weakening.

AMY (CONT'D)

You have to try and picture that
now. Because if you do this,
there's no going back. You won't
get any of those moments.

A long pause, and then Walsh crumples, dropping the gun. Amy
rushes to steady him while Glover recovers the weapon.

Hold on Amy, adrenaline pumping...

DISSOLVE TO:

47

OMITTED

47

48

INT. PUB, GLASGOW - (FLASHBACK)

48

Loud music now, busier. Amy and Kirsten perched on stools at the bar. They're drunk, laughing hysterically. Eventually:

AMY

I don't normally do this.

KIRSTEN

Good, no-one should *normally* drink this much whisky.

AMY

But it's a special occasion.

KIRSTEN

Very true. Here's to fucking up my interview(!).

Amy laughs, a genuine unguarded moment.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

You look different when you're having a good time.

On Amy. Thrown by Kirsten's candour. Disarmed even. Tries not to show it.

AMY

Yeah? How's that?

A pregnant pause, then Kirsten lurches forward and kisses Amy. It's clumsy, Amy kissing back briefly then pulling away.

KIRSTEN

Sorry, I shouldn't have--

AMY (CONT'D)

(completely thrown)
I don't... I'm not..

They both trail off.

AMY (CONT'D)

I should go.

She exits, the music soars.

50

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, ROYAL NAVY BASE - NIGHT

50

Shaw in his office, whisky on the go. Dials a number, then:

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
We've got a situation up here,
something that needs containing.

51 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY"

51

Newsome on the bridge. Heather approaches with a note stamped "TOP SECRET CO EYES ONLY".

HEATHER
Sir, signal from CTF 345.

Newsome opens it, angle on the message: "FAO: 506 CDR NEIL NEWSOME / SUBJECT: TRAWLER UPDATE / 1. ANECHOIC COATING DISCOVERED AT SITE IDENTIFIED AS US NAVY LOS ANGELES-CLASS FAST ATTACK SUBMARINE..."

NEWSOME
(horrified, instinctive)
Jesus Christ.

Heather frowns, Newsome suddenly aware of her eyes on him.

NEWSOME (CONT'D)
(curt)
Thank you.

Heather takes her cue and exits. Out on Newsome's dismay.

52 INT. GLOVER'S OFFICE, VIGIL - "DAY"

52

Amy sits with a groggy Walsh. He works on a cup of coffee.

AMY
Can I get you anything else?

WALSH
Nah.

AMY
I'm sorry, but I need to ask you this. Back there you mentioned an incident that happened with someone called Harmison. Was that in Florida?

He looks up, ponders -- fuck it.

WALSH
Aye. It was when we were over in Port Havers for missile servicing.

AMY
Last year?

WALSH

Yeah. We docked, and straight away most of us got let off for a bit of shore leave, Harmison included. Duty watch had the reactor on "cool down" for maintenance. Harmison got back to relieve them early doors, but he was still half-pissed and coming down off god knows what. So he had a kip. Didn't notice the cold water hose failing.

AMY

Is that serious?

WALSH

Aye, it should'nae happen. The reactor temperature was sky-rocketing and he was fast asleep. The generators were over-pressurised, we had 70 bar of steam flying round corroded old pipes and naebody had a clue.

AMY

So what happened?

WALSH

I was back aft running hydroplane checks. There were two contractors in the turbine room, local guys. One of the pipes must've cracked under the pressure because I heard screaming and by the time I got there--

He trails off. Then, gravely

WALSH (CONT'D)

They'd been cooked alive.

On Amy -- Jesus Christ.

AMY

What did you do?

WALSH

I legged it to the the manoeuvring room, woke Harmison up and we called the EO to initiate cool down procedures. And thank God we caught it when we did -- few degrees hotter and we were looking at another Fukushima. I'm talking Level 7 hydrogen explosion, catastrophic. We were that close.

(beat)

(MORE)

WALSH (CONT'D)

Too late for those poor bastards
though.

Amy takes this in.

AMY

Did Newsome know?

WALSH

Aye, he had to. It got hushed-up pretty quickly. Me and Harmison and the others who were there, taken into a cabin and told to sew our mouths shut.

AMY

And Burke knew?

WALSH

Aye. God knows how he found out. But then again he had shit on everybody. Probably squeezed it out of someone.

Beat. Walsh reflecting.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Harmison messed up big time. But the truth is these boats are on their last legs and naebody wants to talk about it. There's too much at stake. Burke talked a lot of shit but he was right about that.

On Amy, computing it all. Glover appears at the door.

GLOVER

(to Walsh)

Medic's ready for you. I'll take you next door.

Walsh gets up, grim-faced.

AMY

Lie down, sober up.

(off Walsh's weary nod)

You're a decent man, Gary. I'm gonna make sure you get the help you need.

He exits. Before Glover follows:

AMY (CONT'D)

(firm)

Don't be long. We need to speak to Newsome.

GLOVER

Yes, ma'am.

Glover exits. Amy sits, draws breath. Eyes briefly wandering to the photos fastened to the bulkhead in front of her -- Glover's family. One catches her eye in particular -- at the far end -- it's him on the beach with his kids.

Amy takes a closer look, she's spotted something.

She pulls out the familygram from Kirsten -- specifically the coded reference to Doc Doc's lover: "...partner has my favourite book." Amy thinks, bells ringing.

FLASH TO:

53 INT. BEDROOM, AMY'S FLAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 53

Dim lighting. Amy stirs in bed, rolls over to find Kirsten totally engrossed in a book.

Amy frowns, glances at the alarm clock on the side -- 4.36am (!). She rolls her eyes, lifts Kirsten's arm and nuzzles into her, heading back to sleep. Kirsten's eyes don't leave the page throughout.

Angle on the book: a very well-thumbed copy of "THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO".

54 INT. GLOVER'S OFFICE, VIGIL - "DAY" 54

Back with Amy, as before, looking at the same photo of Glover on the beach with his kids. He's topless. There, on his upper arm: a tattoo of a dragon.

On Amy -- realisation dawning that Glover is Doc Doc's lover, and all the incriminating implications...

55

INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR, GLASGOW - NIGHT

55

Kirsten drives homeward, spent. Wide, craggy streets of blackened sandstone. Tarmac slick with rain.

She switches lanes and notes a BLACK SALOON doing the same in her rear view -- following. It's the same car from outside the city chambers earlier.

She gently pumps the break, slowing enough to get eyes on the registration. Grabs the receiver.

KIRSTEN

DS Longacre to Control. Can you run a plate for me?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Go ahead.

KIRSTEN

Aye, I'm coming up on the Clyde Tunnel, looks like a black saloon tailing me -- yankee, charlie, two zero, oscar, golf, x-ray.

*
*

The cars enter the tunnel, heading south.

55A

INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR, CLYDE TUNNEL, GLASGOW - NIGHT 55A
(CONTINUOUS)

Kirsten checks the rear view mirror, a little on edge. Her pursuer is still there.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Nothing in the system, sarge.

On Kirsten -- worried now.

KIRSTEN

Do we have any cars in the area?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Checking for you now.

Kirsten watches the rear view closely.

OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're looking at five to ten minutes. It's a busy one tonight.

KIRSTEN

Shit, shit...

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sarge? Am I sending units?

On Kirsten -- shaken, thinking. An idea strikes.

KIRSTEN

Where's the nearest multi-story car park?

56 INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY"

56

Glover exits sick bay, walks the passageway to the women's cabin, looks each way -- then enters...

57 INT. WOMEN'S CABIN, VIGIL - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS)

57

Glover briefly checks that the other bunks are unoccupied. He shuts the door and turns to face a waiting Doc Doc. His being here is transgressive.

DOC DOC

You know you can't be in here.

(when he doesn't leave)

How did he get the photo?

GLOVER

He stole my phone.

DOC DOC

You didn't tell me. Why didn't you tell me?

He moves towards her, takes her face in his hands.

GLOVER

Listen, there are a lot of things going on here.

It's uttered gently, but there's a suggestion of menace there. She holds his stare then pulls away.

DOC DOC

It's ok. I won't say anything.

(beat)

You should go.

On Glover's expression -- cold, detached.

58 INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR, GLASGOW - NIGHT

58

Kirsten exits the Clyde Tunnel. She checks her rear view again. The saloon appears not far behind.

She turns off the main road onto a side street and drives towards a multi-story car park, barriers up. She drives in.

59 INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR, MULTI-STORY CAR PARK, GLASGOW - 59
NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Strip lights glow amber overhead. The place is largely deserted. Eerie. Kirsten grabs the receiver, frantic now.

KIRSTEN
Control, I'm here, Renfrew Street entrance. Where's my back up?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
ETA three minutes, at least.

KIRSTEN
They're supposed to be here!

She dumps the receiver and drives up the levels, the black saloon close behind. Panic setting in.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Shit, shit, shit.

She makes it out onto the roof of the car park and an inevitable dead end. She stops the car on the far side. No way out. She reaches for the receiver again.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I'm on the roof. I'm decamping, repeat, I am decamping.

59A EXT. CAR PARK ROOF, GLASGOW - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 59A

Kirsten exits the car, wielding her badge as the saloon continues towards her, stopping a few feet ahead.

KIRSTEN
Police. I've back up on the way.

She shields her eyes from the saloon's headlamps, doors flung open either side.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Who are you, why are you following--

Two FIGURES step into the light -- Michaels and Kohli.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
(suspicious)
I know you, you're MI5.

MICHAELS
(firm)
Get in the car, please.

Michaels gestures towards the back door. Kirsten stares, this doesn't feel right.

KIRSTEN

I'm not going anywhere with--

KOHLI

We've reason to believe you've
breached the Official Secrets Act.

Kirsten absorbs this, then:

KIRSTEN

What...?! No, no that's not--

KOHLI

You can cooperate, or you can make
things a lot worse for yourself.

He opens the back door of the saloon now. Waits. Kirsten incredulous. Kohli and Michaels unmoved.

KOHLI (CONT'D)

It's up to you.

Sirens seem to DWINDLE in the distance. On Kirsten --
indignation giving way to fear.

60 INT. GLOVER'S OFFICE, VIGIL - "DAY" 60

Amy rifles through Glover's belongings. Head swimming. She gets up, legs weak, steadyng herself on the bulkhead. She swings the door open to exit, finds Glover standing in front of her in the passageway. Crackling tension. Then:

GLOVER
Did you get anything else out of
Walsh?

She doesn't answer.

GLOVER (CONT'D)
Everything ok?

AMY
Tired. I might sleep a bit.

She makes to leave but Glover blocks her path. He frowns.

GLOVER
What about Newsome?

AMY
He can wait. Can you move, please?

A long beat, and then Glover obliges. Amy exits, skittish.

Glover watches after her, eyes narrowing. Baleful. Hold on him -- and then smash to black.

END OF EPISODE