

VIGIL

Episode Four

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SALMON REVISIONS

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1 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY" (DREAM) 1

OVER BLACK: A breeze brushes over the open sea.

Seagulls gawk, flapping their wings into the distance. The rhythm of the waves washes over us, hushing up and down...

Then, the wind goes still and we come back into the familiar hum of the submarine. It's not waves we're hearing but the sound of breaths... drawing loud and deep.

A pair of eyes drift open to hazy darkness, all sensory and dream-like. We're in POV, lying face to face with the ceiling. AMY is half-asleep in her bunk.

She glances towards the curtain, shimmering gently as footsteps echo towards it. A shadow drawing closer.

Amy's breaths sharpen. She can't seem to move as it lurks outside the curtain, pausing, then--

Suddenly wrenches it back. A FIGURE looms in the darkness.

Amy's eyes widen as it lurches forward, engulfing her POV as she heaves rapid breaths, trapped between the bed and the ceiling, when--

A jarring VOICE cuts through the air:

CRONIN (O.S.)
Code rate changed received on the broadcast.

GLOVER (O.S.)
Code rate change received on the broadcast.

2 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY" 2

Amy wakes with a gasp, hearing commotion behind the curtain. She rolls over, her vision still fuzzy. Cautiously peers out as-- a SHARP LIGHT floods through the open door.

She shields her eyes, blinking. SOMEONE hurriedly leaves. More footsteps thud past the door, voices calling out. Something's going on.

CRONIN
Weapons Engineering Officer to the control room.

GLOVER (O.S.)
Weapons Engineering Officer to the control room.

Amy climbs down from her bunk, still groggy.

She peers into the passageway as another group of crew members run past, urgently.

On Amy, trying to figure out if this is still a dream...

3 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 6 - 01.10

3

NEWSOME is looking at the monitors as the weapons engineering officer (WEO), HENNESSY enters. He and another officer are holding a paper message by its edges.

GLOVER

(to Newsome)

Weapons engineering officer is here, sir.

HENNESSY

Firing message received. In the clear.

MATTHEW DOWARD eyes them going past, heading for the safes. Newsome pulls a curtain around them as a JUNIOR RATING puts on a provost band and stands outside with a night stick.

Inside, Newsome opens the safe and pulls out the decoding equipment. They huddle over the message, checking the code as Hennessy makes notes, marking characters on a piece of paper.

HENNESSY (CONT'D)

WSRT, release time was 01.00 which was ten minutes ago, sir.

Newsome calls through the curtain.

NEWSOME

Ship Control, bring the submarine to Actions Stations Missile for a WSRT.

4 INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - DAY 6 - 01.12

4

Amy heads onto the passageway as an alarm sounds three times. Another deafening announcement.

GLOVER (O.S.)

Action Stations, Action Stations, Action Stations Missile for WSRT. All compartments close up, All compartments check communications with DCHQ on the DC Net.

Suddenly, the whole boat springs to life. Dozens of crew members emerge from their bunks, moving purposefully in all directions.

Amy moves aside, disorientated by the sudden flurry of movement. The crew have no choice but to push past her as they move hastily to their stations.

She spots ADAMS moving quickly back aft.

AMY

Adams--

He goes past, barely stopping.

ADAMS

Sorry!

Amy watches him walk away, then turns back to the stairwell when-- someone SHOVES her hard, sending her flying against the wall.

She WHACKS her head against a pipe. Everything spins.

5 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY"

5

Newsome hands a junior rating a set of dummy keys, then takes his chair in the control room, putting on a headset.

NEWSOME

(on full main broadcast)

The firing unit keys have been issued to able seaman Barlow.

(to WEO)

WEO command set condition 1SQ.

(on full main broadcast)

Set condition 1SQ.

(to the control room)

Bring the submarine to ordered launch depth.

Newsome eyes his crew, brimming with tension and focus.

6 INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY"

6

Amy glances up and down. Fast moving bodies slip past in eerie slow motion. The alarm whirs around her in circles.

She touches her forehead. There's blood on her fingertips.

As she staggers onwards-- a FACE suddenly appears in front of her. Mouthing words, slowly echoing towards her. It's JACKIE.

JACKIE

You alright there?

AMY

What-- what's going on--

Amy watches more crew zoom past for the control room.

JACKIE

Come on, let's get you to the
medic.

But Amy pulls away from her.

7 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS) 7

Amy stumbles through the doorway and hazily scans the room.
Everyone's in position, faces filled with concentration...

NEWSOME

(on full main broadcast)
WEO Command, target package 1-2-
Romeo-Whisky is released for
launch.

AMY

What does that mean?

Newsome looks up and sees her.

NEWSOME

(to a Junior Rating)
Get her out.

The JUNIOR RATING steps in to lead Amy away. She resists.

GLOVER

Command, we're at launch depth.

Amy turns to find GLOVER stood by navigation, behind the
sailor operating the afterplanes. He glances at her.

AMY

Wait-- what's happening?

NEWSOME

Out of the control room. Now.

GLOVER

Command, ship control is at 1SQ.

Amy's eyes widen as the boat starts to rumble. Glover sees
her panic, goes to intervene, taking her arm.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

(softly)

You've been given orders--

AMY

No.

She pulls away from him as he grabs her again, a little more
forcefully. This time, she shoves him. Hard.

8 INT. MISSILE CONTROL, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY" 8

Hennessy observes a control panel as he speaks into his headset.

HENNESSY
Command, WEO, weapons system in
1SQ.

After a moment, a green light appears. He unlocks a panel.

NEWSOME
Weapon System in 1SQ, WEO, Command,
roger.

He pulls out the nuclear trigger.

9 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS) 9

Amy struggles as Glover tries to restrain her.

NEWSOME
(to WEO, over headset)
WEO, Command, you have my
permission to fire.

AMY
What's happening?

Glover tries to manhandle Amy out but she trips, sending them both tumbling to the floor. Amy cries out.

Glover wraps his arms around her, holding her still.

GLOVER
Stop.

We jump into her POV, sliding sideways as every face in the control room turns to look at her.

NEWSOME
(on full main broadcast)
The WEO has my permission to fire.

Newsome reaches down to his panel and flicks a switch.

10 INT. MISSILE CONTROL, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY" 10

Close on the trigger as Hennessy squeezes it. Silence.

11 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY" 11

The room goes quiet. Glover whispers tightly into her ear.

GLOVER

It's a drill. It's just a drill.

Amy stops moving. Stares up at Newsome and the rest of the crew. All their troubled eyes on her. It's mortifying.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

(to Amy)

What are you doing?

Glover releases her, getting to his feet. Newsome looks at the smudge of blood across Amy's forehead.

NEWSOME

Get her to the sick bay.

GLOVER

Aye, sir.

Glover stretches a hand out but Amy doesn't take it. Instead, she struggles up on her own and hurries out.

12

INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS)

12

Amy marches away from the control room. Trembling. Still bleeding. Glover tries to follow.

GLOVER

Amy, wait--

But she doesn't. She quickens her pace.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

Amy!

He watches her disappear around the corner.

CUT TO:

TITLES.

13

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, MI5 OFFICE GLASGOW - NIGHT 6 - 01.10 13

KIRSTEN sits alone in a darkened interview room. Still shaken. Unsettled by the silence. Her worn expression tells us she's been there a while.

After a moment, the door springs open and in walk MICHAELS and KOHLI. Kirsten straightens up.

They sit across from her as she glances between them.

MICHAELS

You understand that breaching the official secrets act is a serious matter.

KIRSTEN

I don't believe I've done that.

KOHLI

You made a statement to the Navy
regarding an incident in Port
Havers.

Beat. Kirsten treads cautiously.

KIRSTEN

That's part of an ongoing enquiry.
You'll need to speak to my
superiors.

MICHAELS

We have.

KOHLI

What happened in Port Havers is
highly-classified. Whoever leaked
it to you was breaking the law and
compromising national security. You
know that you're obliged to co-
operate with us. Failure to do so
could see you facing charges. Best-
case scenario, that's your career
gone.

MICHAELS

Who have you discussed Port Havers
with?

KIRSTEN

I haven't shared my information
with anyone.

Beat. Michaels and Kohli share a look.

KOHLI

You met with Patrick Cruden this
afternoon. What was the nature of
that conversation?

KIRSTEN

You've been following me?

KOHLI

Did you discuss Port Havers with
him?

KIRSTEN

He was trying to help me find Jade
Antoniak's killer.

KOHLI

You haven't answered my question.

Beat. Kirsten steadies herself.

KIRSTEN

I wouldn't ever compromise an investigation by sharing information with an interviewee.

KOHLI

Did he discuss Port Havers with you?

Beat.

KIRSTEN

He told me he suspects the Navy covered-up an incident in Florida, but he doesn't know what happened. He didn't tell me anything else.

MICHAELS

Who told you about Davies Marine?

Kirsten thinks carefully.

KIRSTEN

Do MI5 have information that could be relevant to Police Scotland's investigation? Because if so, we'll need to bring you in.

(beat)

Or we could assume we want the same things, and co-operate with each other?

MICHAELS

We'd welcome that.

KIRSTEN

Right. Good.

(beat)

So obviously you're concerned about the stuff Cruden leaks to the press. I assume you were aware of his relationship with Jade?

Michaels glances at Kohli. Unsure where this is going.

KOHLI

We're familiar with her.

KIRSTEN

Was MI5 running surveillance on Dunloch peace camp?

MICHAELS

We monitor them. Their activities, who they talk to. But it's light touch.

KIRSTEN

Why do you monitor them?

KOHLI

All the reasons you'd expect. Most of them are harmless, but not all of them, especially when they link up with other activist groups. There was a demo in August where it got violent and that was three groups co-ordinating their actions.

Kirsten notes that.

KIRSTEN

Jade told me you had operatives in the camp.

Michaels and Kohli share an uncertain look.

KOHLI

Did she say why she thought that?

KIRSTEN

Would you disclose it, if you did have operatives there?

KOHLI

It would be a discussion.

KIRSTEN

So shall we have that discussion? In the interests of co-operation?

MICHAELS

We can return to that, but first we need to know who told you about Davies Marine--

Suddenly, the door BURSTS open. It's ROBERTSON. Kirsten locks eyes with him, surprised. He turns to Michaels and Kohli.

ROBERTSON

You've had long enough to ask your questions. Anything else you can submit in writing.

(to Kirsten)

Let's go.

She rises, as do Michaels and Kohli.

MICHAELS

(to Robertson)

Whilst we respect your independence-

ROBERTSON

Gracious of you.

MICHAELS

There are issues of national security here. We need you to keep a dialogue open with us. We'd like to be informed of any leads you intend to pursue or--

ROBERTSON

We'll go through all the proper channels. Until then, goodnight.

Kirsten glances back at them, her suspicion still hanging as Robertson beckons her out the door.

14 INT. REAR ADMIRAL SHAW'S OFFICE, ROYAL NAVY BASE - NIGHT 6 14 01.18

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW is at his desk, looking over a report with the Pentagon insignia on it. BRANNING knocks and enters.

BRANNING

Sir, she's been released. Wouldn't confirm her sources but she insists that it wasn't Cruden.

Shaw takes that in.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

So it could still be one of ours?

Branning looks perturbed by that suggestion. Shaw offers her the report.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW (CONT'D)

Have a look at this.

As Branning glances over it--

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW (CONT'D)

Orders were given for a Los Angeles class submarine to follow Vigil and ensure safe passage from port.

BRANNING

This is all they've given us? No explanation as to why?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Apparently they don't feel the need to explain. So much for the special fucking relationship.

ROBERTSON

I had no choice in the matter. By the time they told me, you were already in with them.

KIRSTEN

They've been following me. Since I met with Cruden. Maybe earlier.

Robertson unlocks his car and opens the door.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

They said they want to co-operate.

ROBERTSON

Did you get anything out of them?

KIRSTEN

I asked about operatives in the camp. They didn't give me a straight answer. I've got a few ideas though.

ROBERTSON

Let's get you home, we can pick it up in the morning.

15A INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY" 15A

Amy cleans up her cut, covering it with makeup -- hands shaking as she tries to do this. She pauses -- takes a deep breath, stretches out her hands to rid the jitters, and tries again.

She startles as the door opens and Heather Cronin steps in.

CRONIN

Everything okay?

Amy senses that she has been talked about. She stiffens.

AMY

Could you ask the Cox'n to meet me?
I'll wait for him in his office.

CRONIN

Yes, ma'am.

16 INT. GLOVER'S OFFICE, VIGIL - DAY 6 - "DAY" 16

Another announcement drones over the main broadcast.

SHIP CONTROL (O.S.)

Fall out from Action Stations,
Second watch, watch dived, second
watch.

Glover knocks on the door. Finds Amy sat inside on her own. She glances up at him, her forehead no longer bleeding.

GLOVER

They said you were waiting for me.

Beat. He goes in, closing the door.

AMY

Why didn't you tell me it was a drill?

GLOVER

It's our job to complete the test as quickly as possible. Not to calm you down.

(beat)

Are you feeling better?

Amy nods.

AMY
You should sit.

He hesitates. Something feels off. She seems colder than usual. Eventually, he complies. Thick silence between them.

AMY (CONT'D)
Are you having an affair with
Tiffany Docherty?

Beat. He looks confused. Blindsided.

GLOVER
What?

AMY
I think you're the man in those
pictures. And that Burke was using
them to blackmail you.

Beat. He shakes his head.

AMY (CONT'D)
He wanted information about what
happened in Port Havers. The
accident with the two contractors.
You knew about that, didn't you?

GLOVER
I can't discuss that.

AMY
He was planning on leaking it to
the press, exposing the Navy's
cover up. And he needed you to help
him do it.

GLOVER
No, that's not--

AMY
If you won't be honest with me, I
can go to the Captain. We can have
this conversation in front of him.

Beat. That hangs in the air for a moment. Glover looks away,
his expression shifting to one of dark resignation.

GLOVER
So now you're blackmailing me too?

He meets her eye. Both understanding the admission he's just
made. Another beat.

AMY
You did help him then?

Glover hangs his head, nodding.

AMY (CONT'D)

When did he approach you?

GLOVER

A few weeks before the patrol.

Beat. Amy considers that.

AMY

Did you give him any evidence?
Proof of what happened?

GLOVER

There wasn't any. Even if there
was, I'd never have given it--

AMY

Surely he needed something, to go
to the press? Otherwise the Navy
would just deny the whole story.

Beat. Glover shrugs.

AMY (CONT'D)

And with that photo Burke could
keep asking you for more. He had
the power to end your career, your
marriage, your family.

He just looks at her, not saying anything.

AMY (CONT'D)

The only way that went away was if
Burke did.

The air suddenly shifts. Glover sits up.

GLOVER

Sorry-- are you implying that I had
something to do with Burke's death?

AMY

You were with him that day, after
the trawler was pulled down. And
you've been lying throughout this
investigation--

Glover suddenly stands up, slamming his fist against the
wall.

GLOVER

This is ridiculous. I didn't kill
Craig Burke! How-- how would I have
even done that?

There's a flicker of alarm on Amy's face as he towers over her. He sees it. Laughs painfully.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

You know, I don't really think it matters what you think anymore.

Amy frowns, sensing a shift in him.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

Not after today. That stunt you pulled in the control room--

AMY

Excuse me?

She's unnerved by his cruel expression. She's never seen him like this before.

GLOVER

They all think you're unhinged, you know that?

He eyes her with disgust, pausing as he reaches the door.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

I was the only one who didn't.

With that, he goes out. Amy lets out a shaky breath.

17

INT. BULLPEN, SCD BUILDING - DAY 7 - 09.13

17

Kirsten enters. Finds PORTER trailing through CCTV of loch-side roads.

PORTR

Rough night?

KIRSTEN

I've not slept much.

She sits beside him.

PORTR

Going through all this footage from the loch-side... So far, not much.

KIRSTEN

There's something else we should look at.

(beat)

Jade told me she was in a train station on her way back from a protest and she recognised someone. She thought he was MI5. Maybe a camera picked it up?

PORTER

Do you know when? And which
station?

KIRSTEN

MI5 mentioned one that got violent
in August. We could start there?

Porter searches 'AUGUST TRIDENT DEMO'. A whole list of news
articles pop up: "Demonstrators clash with police..."
"Windows smashed in anti-Trident protest".

PORTER

Yeah. That was here in Glasgow.

KIRSTEN

Great, so let's look at both ends
of the line, Kirkmouth and Glasgow
Central. See if we can find Jade.

He nods as he starts typing into his computer.

18

OMITTED

18

18A

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY - TWO YEARS EARLIER - 13.18 (FLASHBACK)

Amy and POPPY (now 7) are sat eating ice creams on a bench
overlooking a green. Amy's is starting to melt. Poppy's made
a right mess. They're laughing at each other.

AMY

Is it good?

POPPY

So good.

Amy watches her, adoringly. Wipes a napkin over her chin.

POPPY (CONT'D)

Can you come to my choir concert
next week?

Amy is reminded to check her phone.

AMY

I should get you back.

POPPY

You said we'd go to--

AMY

I know, but we've run out of time.
Come on.

They begin walking away.

POPPY

Why doesn't she like you?

AMY

Who?

POPPY

Grannie.

AMY

We get on fine.

(beat)

People are complicated, Poppy. She
really misses your dad.

POPPY

But I'm not angry with you.

AMY

(beat)

Grief comes out in different ways
with different people. We have to
give her time.

POPPY

Are you lonely?

Amy forces a smile but it's painful, seeing Poppy look at her like this. She kisses her forehead.

AMY

I definitely wish I could see you
every day, if that's what you mean.
But you don't need to worry about
me.

Amy swallows back her feelings and takes Poppy's hand.

19

INT. KITCHEN GALLEY / MESS, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

19

Amy is seated near the galley, dark circles round her eyes, lost in her memories.

ABIOLA

Breakfast, Ma'am.

Amy breaks out of her thoughts to look up at Abiola as he delivers her a meal.

AMY

Oh-- thank you.

Around Amy the mess bustles with crewmen, including Doward and GARY WALSH (in his off duty clothes).

Amy glances at Walsh, a small nod of concern. He nods back, appreciating the gesture, then goes back to his breakfast.

HEATHER CRONIN slips behind the counter to see Jackie.

CRONIN

I just heard about your son.

Jackie puts down a bowl, nodding. Overcome with emotion.

JACKIE

Found out this morning. He's
getting out.

CRONIN

That's amazing!

Amy glances up hearing Cronin's exclamation.

Jackie wipes a tear from her eyes.

CRONIN (CONT'D)

They've just let him go?

JACKIE

I think there was new evidence or
something... anyway, he'll be back
home waiting for me.

CRONIN

I can't believe it!

She throws her arms around her. Jackie shushes her, noticing
that some have overheard from the nearby serving hatch.

JACKIE

(re: food service)

I need to get back to this, hen.

Amy's listening-in is interrupted by DOC DOC.

DOC DOC

DCI Silva, I need you in sick bay.

AMY

Why?

DOC DOC

I need to run a check-up on you.
Captain's orders.

Amy sees there's a Junior Rating stood behind DocDoc. Clearly
this isn't up for discussion.

Kirsten stands over Porter's shoulder, reviewing footage from
the train station.

PORTER

Here's Jade. This is just outside
Central station.

ON SCREEN: JADE finishes a fag across the road from the
station entrance.

KIRSTEN

There. She's seen something over
there. Do we have another camera?

She leans in as he pulls it up.

ON SCREEN: We see various people entering and exiting the
station. The other side of the road from Jade.

Kirsten's eyes narrow as she spots something.

ON SCREEN: A MAN approaches the crowd, wearing a BRIGHT
PURPLE ICE-HOCKEY JACKET.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Pause there. Is that an ice-hockey
jacket?

PORTER

Looks like it.

KIRSTEN

Jade mentioned someone she thought
was MI5 wearing one. Can you get in
closer?

ON SCREEN: We zoom in on the man's face, barely visible as he
waits amongst the crowd. He meets someone (their identity
obscured by a cap) the two men chat briefly.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

He's meeting someone

ON SCREEN (in the other window): Jade subtly takes a photo of
the two of them.

Kirsten leans forward.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

She got a photo of them.

ON SCREEN: And then the second man goes back inside the
station. The hockey jacket guy waits briefly and then moves
off down the street.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Have we got footage from inside the
station?

PORTER

Hasn't come through yet. Not sure
what we'd get on that guy though.
You can't make much out with that
cap.

KIRSTEN

What about the hockey jacket guy?
He's moving off down the street --
What else have we got?

PORTER

We've pulled all the local shops,
car parks, street cameras...

Porter scrolls through the footage, looking at various street footage, cross-referencing against a map of the area.

PORTR (CONT'D)

There's not much down here...

KIRSTEN

Is that a car park? Try that.

ON SCREEN: He rewinds through different views of a car park. Lifts, pay machines, rows of parked cars... until we glimpse Hockey Jacket man.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

There.

ON SCREEN: We see Hockey Jacket man get into a BLUE CAR. As he pulls out, Porter freezes the image and zooms in on the number plate.

PORTR

Gotcha.

Kirsten stares at it. *Finally.*

KIRSTEN

Let's get an address for that car.

21

INT. SICK BAY, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

21

A BRIGHT light shines against Amy's bloodshot eyes. Doc Doc peers into them, then flicks off her torch.

DOC DOC

You didn't take the pain killers.

AMY

I told you, I feel fine.

AMY (CONT'D)

Tiffany, what am I doing here?

Suddenly, there's a KNOCK at the door. Newsome enters, with Glover trailing behind him. Amy senses an ambush.

NEWSOME

Surgeon Lieutenant Docherty, can I have your report?

DOC DOC

DCI Silva's injury is superficial. No evidence of concussion. It's harder to say about the medication.

AMY

Sorry-- what is this?

NEWSOME

It was brought to my attention that you have a serious medical condition, for which you brought on board unauthorised medication.

Amy's face drops, quicker than she can hide it. She looks at Glover. Knows exactly where this has come from.

AMY

I don't know what's been said to you, but--

NEWSOME

(to Doc Doc)

What *exactly* are the effects of withdrawing from that medication?

DOC DOC

Trouble sleeping. Poor balance. Anxiety. Psychosis is rare, but it can happen.

NEWSOME

(to Amy)

I wonder if that might account for your outburst this morning?

Amy eyes Glover, confused.

AMY

(to Glover)

I never said anything about my medication to you.

GLOVER

You did mention it.

Beat. Amy realises how he knows that. Glances at Doc Doc, who looks away.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

We're worried about you, Amy. We're looking out for you, that's all.

AMY

(icy)

That's kind of you.

Amy looks back at Newsome.

AMY (CONT'D)

Captain, this is just an attempt to undermine me.

NEWSOME

I witnessed your behaviour.

AMY

I'd just woken up and...

She realises her account isn't helping her. She changes tack.

AMY (CONT'D)

(to Glover)

I didn't mention any medication to you. I'm sure of that. Lieutenant Docherty told you.

(to Newsome)

These two are having an affair. This isn't about me. This is about them trying to make me look--

NEWSOME

The Cox'n assures me there's been no inappropriate contact.

Newsome doesn't seem surprised or unnerved. Amy looks at Glover, who is also seamlessly calm.

AMY

(to Newsome)

I need to interview the Cox'n under caution. Burke was digging up information on Port Havers. He was going to bring the whole boat down and the Cox'n knew about it. He's already admitted that Burke was blackmailing him.

Newsome glances at Glover.

GLOVER

I would never betray this boat.

NEWSOME
(to Amy)
Do you have any evidence?

AMY
(frustrated)
That's what I'm trying to do. I'm
trying to gather evidence and you
are failing to provide the
appropriate assistance.

NEWSOME
How so?

AMY
You failed to disclose the trawler
sinking. You failed to disclose
Port Havers--

NEWSOME
That's classified information that
has no bearing on this case.

AMY
That's not for you to judge.

Beat.

NEWSOME
DCI Silva, I can't have you in
questionable health, interrupting
drills, and making wild
accusations. I think you're unfit.
(beat)
You're relieved of your duties.

Beat.

AMY
You don't have the authority--

NEWSOME
I do. You'll take my cabin for the
rest of the day. You'll rest and
you'll follow Lieutenant Docherty's
advice regarding your health.

AMY
Wait. Stop.
(beat)
Someone on board Vigil is very
dangerous. I am trying to find out
who that is. And I need your full
support now.

Amy looks between the three of them. Will they listen?

NEWSOME

Convince the medic that you're fit
for duty, then perhaps we can
revisit this. If you can't do that,
you'll be confined to quarters for
the rest of the patrol.

(beat)

Lieutenant Docherty will escort you
to my cabin now.

DOC DOC

Yes, sir.

Doc Doc glances uneasily at Glover. Newsome regards Amy, then goes out, slowly followed by Glover.

Amy watches him go, the weight of his betrayal sinking in...

21A INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

21A

Newsome approaches the navigation team, calling everyone's attention. Glover is behind him.

NEWSOME

Captain in the control room!
Navigation, alter course to the south, head for the shipping lane.

He points to the shipping lane on the chart for the navigation team, including Anderton.

As he returns to his chair, he sees Glover still lingering by the door, pensive. Newsome beckons him closer.

GLOVER

(quietly)
We're changing course?

Newsome pauses, considering his answer.

NEWSOME

New orders. We need to take additional measures to avoid detection. Keep the team alert, Cox'n.

(beat)
No more close-quarters situations.

On Glover, affected by Newsome's trust in him.

GLOVER

Yes, sir.

NEWSOME

(to Anderton)
Slow speed, maintain depth between 50 and 60 metres.

ANDERTON

Yes sir.

Anderton begins plotting the course as Glover goes off.

22 INT/EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR, GLASGOW - DAY 7 - 10.52 22

Whirring sirens as a squad car tails Kirsten, whizzing through morning traffic. Porter sits beside her.

PORTER

Car's registered to a Peter Ingles,
44. Not much on him. No arrests.

Kirsten nods, speeding up.

23 EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS, SHAWLANDS - DAY 7 - 11.03 23

They pull up outside a small block of flats. The blue car seen in the footage is parked across the street. Kirsten clocks it as they emerge from hers.

KIRSTEN

Looks like someone's home.

They head for the building entrance, the uniforms from the squad car hanging behind as back up. As they reach the porch, Kirsten glances at Porter before ringing the buzzer.

Beat. No response. Porter bangs on the door. Still no answer.

Kirsten peers through a ground floor window. It's dark inside, she can just make out the outlines of walls and furniture. Porter bangs again. Beat.

Then a SUDDEN flash of movement, followed by a glimpse of light. A door opening? Kirsten reacts fast.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

He's on the move. There must be a back door.

She JUMPS over a stone-encased flower bed and takes off round the side of the block. The uniforms in quick pursuit.

As she rounds the corner, she can see there's another block with an alleyway running alongside. A MAN in a purple jacket (the same from the CCTV) pelts towards it.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Stop! Police!

Kirsten tears after him, Porter and the uniforms right behind her as the man disappears into the alley. Kirsten funnels in behind him, gaining pace.

She manages to get close but there's no space to get around. Only one way to intercept. She stays on his heels until she's inches away, then-- LEAPS forward, hurling herself onto him.

The two of them collapse to the ground in a frenzied heap. A struggle of movement as Kirsten tries to pin him down.

He's strong but the fall was hard. She's on his back. Drives an elbow into his shoulder, pulling his other arm back. He CRIES OUT in agony.

Kirsten recognises the cry. She looks down, noticing there's blood seeping from his shoulder onto her hand.

As Porter's scattered footsteps approach, Kirsten realises this is the man who attacked her in Amy's flat...

24

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, SCD BUILDING - DAY 7 - 11.43

24

Kirsten and Porter sit across from PETER INGLES. He looks pale, obviously in pain. There's a red stain over the shoulder of his jacket.

Kirsten glances at it as she pushes a picture of Jade in front of him. Watches for a reaction.

KIRSTEN

Do you recognise this woman?

Peter glances at it, impassive.

PETER

No.

KIRSTEN

Are you sure? Have another look.
Her name's Jade Antoniak.

He looks again for a long beat. Nothing.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

She'd have recognised you.

PETER

What do you mean?

This time, Kirsten doesn't answer. Peter huffs impatiently.

PETER (CONT'D)

If she recognises me, why don't you bring her in here? Maybe she can tell me what this is all about.

Porter glances at Kirsten as she eyes the red stain again.

KIRSTEN

What happened to your shoulder?

No answer.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Custody sergeant said you refused
medical attention.

PETER
I'm fine.

KIRSTEN
Are you sure?
(beat)
I think if we had you examined,
we'd find you've got a wound there.
Made by a pair of scissors, roughly
three days ago?

Another long silence. Kirsten watches him.

PETER
Mosquito bite. It's a bit itchy.

KIRSTEN
You left blood all over the carpet,
Mr Ingles. You're not getting out
of this one.

Beat.

PETER
I'd like to contact my lawyer now.

25 EXT. PETER'S FLAT - DAY 7 - 11.46

25

A FORENSIC TEAM searches around the communal bin shed. One of the forensics pulls out a black bag and empties out the contents.

Inside a wad of tissue, they find the remnants of a smashed-up SIM card. BRIGHT FLASHES as the pieces are photographed.

26 INT. CAPTAIN'S ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

26

Amy sits on the bed, exhaustion hitting hard. She glances at the junior rating, standing watch outside the door.

Doc Doc takes a set of pills out of her bag. She can't quite meet Amy's eye as she hands them to her.

DOC DOC
They're only antihistamines. I
can't force you to take them but I
hope you will.
(MORE)

DOC DOC (CONT'D)
 Coming off antidepressants can be
 really nasty. They'll help.

Amy looks up at her, sensing her guilt.

AMY
 I know you want to protect him. But
 trust me, covering for him won't
 help you.

Beat.

DOC DOC
 I'm not.

AMY
 You're going to go all-in on him?
 He's a liar.
 (beat)
 He's certainly lying to his wife,
 but you knew *that*. Does it matter
 that you can't trust him?

She finally catches her eye. Doc Doc shakes her head, hating this. She leaves the pills on the desk, heads for the door.

DOC DOC
 Get some sleep.

27 INT. OUTSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY" 27
 (CONTINUOUS)

The door closes. Doc Doc exhales against the back of it. She glances up to find Glover there waiting for her.

GLOVER
 How is she?
 Beat. They move away from the rating.

DOC DOC
 Not good.
 (beat, quieter)
 You should've told me you were
 going to the Captain.

GLOVER
 I was trying to protect you.

DOC DOC
 Were you?

There's a sharpness in her voice. He takes a step towards her, an attempt to reassure, but she pulls back.

DOC DOC (CONT'D)
 I have to go.

She quickly moves off, Glover's eyes lingering after her. He glances back at the closed door. Glowering.

28

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, SCD BUILDING - DAY 7 - 12.24

28

Porter pushes a picture of the fragmented SIM card in front of Peter as he continues staring into space.

KIRSTEN

If you didn't know Jade Antoniak, how do you explain us finding this at your flat?

PORTR

A digital forensics examination has managed to recover 17 of the 20 integrated circuit card numbers. They're a match with her SIM card.

Silence.

KIRSTEN

Was it you she was meeting, the night she died? Or did you go after her because you realised she was onto you? Did you know she'd taken photos of you and your colleague?

Peter's eyes briefly meet Kirsten's then drop again.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Why were you targeting her?

PORTR

You should co-operate.

(re: the SIM)

This. The blood stains. See the big picture here.

KIRSTEN

There was someone with you when you broke into my flat. Is it him you're trying to protect here?

Kirsten snaps, losing her patience--

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Mr Ingles, are you an MI5 intelligence officer?

Beat. Something shifts. Peter slowly gazes up at her... a look of wry amusement on his face. Kirsten holds his gaze.

Suddenly, they're interrupted by a SHARP KNOCK. Peter glances up, almost like he was expecting it.

PETER

This has been fun.

Porter goes to find Robertson behind the door, beckoning Kirsten out with a very sober expression on his face...

29 OMITTED

29

30 OMITTED - MOVED TO 28

30

31 INT. ROBERTSON'S OFFICE, SCD BUILDING - DAY 7 - 12.28 31

Robertson leads Kirsten in to meet with Kohli and Michaels.

KIRSTEN

Come to collect someone?

ROBERTSON

Kirsten. It's not that.

Kirsten is thrown.

MICHAELS

The man's name isn't Peter Ingles.
His name is Piter Vasiliev.

KOHLI

He works for the Russian embassy
and he has full diplomatic
immunity.

KIRSTEN

He's not--

MICHAELS

He's a GRU intelligence officer.

A beat as this sinks in.

KIRSTEN

He's a spy?

MICHAELS

Yes. And we have to let him go.

Kirsten looks to Robertson. This can't be right.

KIRSTEN

He killed Jade. And he's the man
who attacked me. Him and another--

ROBERTSON

There's nothing we can do.

KIRSTEN
We can't let him go!

KOHLI
The only thing we could do is talk to the Russian embassy and ask them to waive his immunity. And we've done that and it's a "no". The whole system's built on the same thing, all around the world. If he's registered and has full-immunity all we can do is expel him.

MICHAELS
He'll leave the country today. And after that the Foreign Office will take it up as an issue--

KIRSTEN
(furious)
It's not an "issue". He murdered a girl who was barely in her twenties!

Beat.

MICHAELS
I feel the same way. But I'm afraid we have no choice in the matter.

32

INT. RECEPTION, SCD BUILDING - DAY 7 - 12.37

32

Kirsten watches from the sidelines, ashen, as a PAIR OF UNIFORMS lead Peter Ingles towards the security gate.

Robertson appears at her side, looking just as indignant as they watch Peter walk onto the street, a free man...

33

INT. CAPTAIN'S ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - 12.56

33

Amy paces around the tiny floor space, steadyng her breath. The walls seem to lean in on her, the space getting tighter. She looks at the clock: 12.56pm. Barely half the day gone.

She sits on the bed, holding the tablets Doc Doc gave her in her palm. She stares at it, considering... not sure if she trusts it. But after a moment, she resigns. Goes to the sink and swallows them with a flush of water. Gazes at her puffy, red eyes in the mirror.

KIRSTEN (V.O.)
You look knackered.

33A INT. BULLPEN, SCD BUILDING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

33A

Amy sees Kirsten on the other side of the room. On the phone. It's long past the end of the day. A JANITOR hoovers in the background. Kirsten turns towards Amy - catching Amy looking at her. Amy smiles awkwardly before looking back down at her work.

Moments later:

Kirsten appears at Amy's side. They are still a little awkward.

KIRSTEN

Shouldn't you be calling it a day?

AMY

Three new cases this week. There'll probably be another one tomorrow.

Beat. Kirsten doesn't move.

KIRSTEN

When's the last time you were home before nine?

Amy glances up, uncomfortably exposed.

AMY

There's a lot to do here. That's all.

KIRSTEN

Got it.

Kirsten goes to leave. Amy stares after her, suddenly torn.

AMY

I hate going home. And at least here I'm being useful.

Kirsten pauses not sure what to say.

AMY (CONT'D)

I can finish up though. If you want to... Have a drink or something?

Kirsten takes Amy in and then resumes walking away. Amy goes back to her case-file, quietly disappointed-- when suddenly, her coat DROPS on top of it.

KIRSTEN

Come on then.

Beat. Kirsten eyes her, firmly. Amy softens. She puts on the coat and follows Kirsten.

34

OMITTED - MOVED TO SCENE 18A

34

35 INT. BULLPEN, SCD BUILDING - DAY 7 - 12.58

35 *

Porter works on Peter's laptop. Kirsten, Robertson, Michaels and Kohli are at loggerheads.

*
*
*

KOHLI

If you'd kept us updated on your investigation, like we asked, we wouldn't be in this situation.

*
*
*

ROBERTSON

I don't accept that.

*
*
*

KOHLI

We could have watched him. Maybe found out who he works with.

*
*
*

Kirsten bristles at that.

KIRSTEN

Wasn't it *your* job to know that in the first place?

*
*
*

KOHLI

Do you have any idea how many Russian Intelligent officers are currently operating in the UK?

*
*
*
*

Kirsten and Robertson look unimpressed.

MICHAELS

Our sources gave no indication that he was active in this way.

*
*
*

ROBERTSON

Who are these sources? Can we speak to them?

MICHAELS

We already have. And none of them were aware of Vasiliev recruiting or working in the Dunloch area.

*

KOHLI

Intelligence officers with diplomatic cover usually just run agents. They keep their hands clean. So this level of interference is practically unheard of.

*

*

KIRSTEN

Well Jade Antoniak managed to figure out something was going on!

*

*

Before it can kick off, Porter --

*

PORTR

I think I have something.

*

*

ROBERTSON

Thank god for that.

*

*

They gather round.

*

*

PORTR

I found this. It's a thread about fishing... that Peter Ingles has been posting online from this laptop. Someone's responded with more.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

When no one seems to get it.

*

*

*

*

*

*

Excitement in the room.

*

*

*

*

*

KOHLI

It's possible... We could decode them. Look for encryptions in the pixels.

*

*

*

*

*

KIRSTEN

Who were they being sent to?

*

*

Michaels takes the mouse from Porter, clicks onto the respondent's username.

*
*

MICHAELS

*
*
*
*

We'll look at the responses but it's likely they were sent on a public network.

ROBERTSON

*
*

How often were these exchanges?

Porter scans through them.

*
*
*
*

PORTR

Few times a week. Mostly concentrated over a fortnight, before they stop.

KIRSTEN

*
*
*

When was the last one?

PORTR

*
*

Says here, the thirtieth of August.

Kirsten and Robertson share a look. A dawning realisation.

KIRSTEN

*

That's the day before Vigil went out for patrol.

36

INT. MEETING ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY 7 - 13.26

36

Rear Admiral Shaw and Branning have just been briefed by Kirsten. Michaels, Kohli and Robertson all present.

KIRSTEN

Based on evidence found at Vasiliev's flat, we're sure he was responsible for Jade's death. And given the pattern of messages he sent, we think it's possible he was in contact with someone on the boat.

BRANNING

So there could be a Russian asset onboard Vigil?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

No. I don't believe that. They're all vetted.

KOHLI

You have hundreds of sailors. People slip through.

Shaw looks gravely concerned.

KIRSTEN

We don't have solid evidence of it yet. We're just trying to establish any possible connection to Burke.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

As in, Burke was a Russian asset? Or that he was killed by one?

ROBERTSON

These are the questions.

KIRSTEN

We think Burke was a whistleblower.

KOHLI

I can't see the Russians targeting him over that. If anything they'd encourage a whistleblower. Embarrassing us is a win for them.

ROBERTSON

Unless he was going to talk about Russian spies in the navy..?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Come on. This is fanciful stuff.

Branning glances at Shaw.

ROBERTSON

It's easy to dismiss a hypothesis.
Harder to disprove it.

Ice.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

(to Shaw)

Now, we've presented an area of
concern. But what about you? Is
there anything we should know?

(beat)

None of us are used to opening our
books to each other. But we can't
afford to hold back now.

Beat.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

We've not heard anything about
Russia. However...

(beat)

There are concerns around the
trawler that sank off Barra Head.

KIRSTEN

At the peace camp they're saying it
was dragged down by a submarine.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

It was.

Beat.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW (CONT'D)

It was an *American* submarine. We
identified that from the tiles that
came off when it hit the trawler
net. We confronted them and they've
now admitted it.

(beat)

They'd been shadowing Vigil since
she left port.

On Kirsten, *what does that have to do with this?*

ROBERTSON

Why would they do that?

MICHAELS

They won't disclose that. We
thought it might have been an
exercise in seeing what their kit
was capable of, but they say it was
operational. Which means they were
worried about something.

ROBERTSON

Why wouldn't they tell you more?

MICHAELS

I think in the light of Mr Peter Ingles, they're going to have to give us something.

She looks at Shaw. Beat.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

I'll have the conversation.

37 OMITTED - MOVED TO 21A

37

38 INT. CAPTAIN'S ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY" 38

Amy's asleep. Breathing unsteadily, eyelids flickering-- when the door suddenly TUGS open. She sits up with a start.

It's just Jackie, holding a tray of food.

JACKIE

Oh, I didn't mean to wake you. I just brought you some scran.

AMY

That's okay. Thanks Jackie.

Jackie comes in and puts the tray down on the desk. Amy sits up, regaining some composure. Manages a smile.

AMY (CONT'D)

That's good news earlier. About your son. Must be a relief.

Jackie glances back at her, a little uneasy.

JACKIE

Yes, it is.

AMY

What happened to him?

JACKIE

He just-- he made some bad choices. Teenage stuff. Got in some bother.

AMY

Has he been in prison?

(beat)

I'm not judging. Believe me, I see kids make mistakes all the time.

Jackie hesitates, turning her back on her.

JACKIE

Sorry love, I shouldn't be talking
to you.

Amy frowns. That's a weird response. Jackie backs away.

AMY

Oh, I--

JACKIE

I've left you some extra pudding to
cheer you up.

Jackie smiles, not meeting Amy's eye. Then dashes out the door. Amy stares after Jackie, confused. *What was that?*

39

INT. KITCHEN GALLEY, VIGIL - DAY 7 - MOMENTS LATER

39

Jackie returns to the galley, grabbing her apron to start the evening meal prep. As she goes to fasten it, she feels something in the front pocket.

It's a paper note. She casually unfolds it and reads. Her eyes shifting, confused-- then alarmed.

She glances around the empty galley. There's nobody there.

40

INT. SHAW'S OFFICE, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY 7 - 13.33

40

Shaw video-conferences with ADMIRAL KATHLEEN SCOTT (wearing US Navy Uniform). A Pentagon insignia.

ADMIRAL SCOTT

I don't believe we have more to discuss. You've had our report and our apology.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Our security services think a GRU officer might have been involved in a murder here. One that's connected to our operations.

ADMIRAL SCOTT

Well, that's what they do, right?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Your report said you followed Vigil for "operational reasons". Were you concerned about Russia planning something with Vigil?

ADMIRAL SCOTT

I've told you what I can.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
With respect, I think you might
need to do better than that.

ADMIRAL SCOTT
With *respect*, sir, as our ally you
might assume we had your interests
in mind when we followed your boat.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
Is it standard for you to escort
us, without our knowledge?

ADMIRAL SCOTT
No.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
Would you care to volunteer a
reason why you did so on this
occasion? Costing four Scottish
trawler-men their lives.

ADMIRAL SCOTT
(beat)
It was an operational matter.

Shaw sighs, realising he's going to have to have to share
more than he'd like to.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
Cards on the table here.
(beat)
There's circumstantial evidence to
suggest that Russian intelligence
may have managed to get an asset on
board Vigil. A traitor in the crew.
(beat)
Were you aware of that?

Beat.

ADMIRAL SCOTT
No.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
So what *were* you aware of?

41 INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

41

Gary Walsh (still in his off-duty clothes) heads down a
passageway towards the Rear Core Monitoring System (RCMS)
panel. He quickly checks that it's secure, tousling the
padlock.

As he goes to move it back, he notices something strange.
Takes out a torch, closely examining the lock.

WALSH
 (calling out)
 Sir? Could you have a look at
 something?

Hadlow comes down the passageway, surprised to see him.

HADLOW
 Walsh, what are you doing down
 here? You're stood down.

WALSH
 I know, sir. I've been coming down
 to check the panel... found this.

Walsh shows him the underside of the padlock.

WALSH (CONT'D)
 It looked fine before but when you
 turn the other side--

As he shines the light on it, there are a pair of tiny
 scratches on the back. Signs of jimmying.

WALSH (CONT'D)
 We used to jimmy locks all the time
 when I was a kid.

He flashes his torch towards the side of the panel. More
 scratches on the metal casing.

WALSH (CONT'D)
 That's been tampered with.

They share a look of brewing concern.

HADLOW
 Keep this to yourself until I've
 spoken to the Captain.

WALSH
 Yes, sir.

Walsh watches him go, glad to have proven himself again.

Rear Admiral Shaw, Branning, Michaels, Kohli, Robertson and
 Kirsten are discussing the call with Admiral Scott.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
 The Americans were worried about
 the patrol. But rather than share
 their concerns, they chose to
 shadow Vigil out of port.

ROBERTSON

Why wouldn't they inform you?

MICHAELS

There's been a breakdown in trust.
Port Havers did real damage.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

And they didn't want to risk their source either. They know it's a big operation for the Russians. If we'd changed plans at the last moment it might have exposed their asset.

KOHLI

What is the Russian plan?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

They don't know.

That hangs in the air for a moment.

MICHAELS

(to Shaw)

We'll need to brief Downing Street.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Branning, will you set that up?

BRANNING

Yes, sir.

Branning departs.

KIRSTEN

Can you call Vigil back without a replacement ready?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

They won't want to do that. We'd need proof of an active threat.

KIRSTEN

Will you at least inform the Captain?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Yes. But the question is: what can Newsome to do about it? If there's a traitor and Newsome puts guards on key systems, they'll realise what's going on. And that alone could push them to act.

(to Robertson)

If there is a traitor on Vigil, our priority is to find out their name. That's how we'll keep Vigil safe.

43 OMITTED MOVED TO 33A

43

44 INT. CORRIDOR, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY 7

44

Robertson and Kirsten stand over Kirsten's laptop, going through a series of scrolling code. Branning walks over and joins them.

KIRSTEN

This is everything we've deciphered from the message board. We're still trying to trace the responses.

ON SCREEN: There's a mixture of code and decipherable words.

ROBERTSON

This is decoded? Can hardly put two words together.

BRANNING

Hang on, those three letters--
'E.R.V.'

ON SCREEN: The same pattern of letters are repeated.

KIRSTEN

Does that mean something to you?

Branning stares at the screen, troubled.

BRANNING

E.R.V. Services. They contract for us.

(beat)

They make ventilation systems.

ROBERTSON

For the boats?

Branning nods, looking increasingly worried.

45 INT. TORPEDO ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

45

Glover strides down the grid walkway, passing the steel torpedo racks. He glances over his shoulder, making sure no one is around as he stops just shy of tube 3, the one Burke's body is being stored in. His eyes harden.

BURKE (V.O.)

What are we doing here?

Glover touches the tube. A beat. Then he SMACKS his hands against it, over and over. So hard he might hurt himself.

Eventually he rests his forehead on the metal, leaning into it, sliding to the ground. His face contorts with fury.

Like he's trying to squeeze out some kind of emotion, some despair, but nothing comes. Just heaving breaths.

45A INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

45A

Newsome steps aside with Hadlow. Speaking in hushed tones.

NEWSOME
Are you absolutely sure?

HADLOW
Yes, sir. Walsh found clear signs of tampering. It's the only other explanation for the reactor scramming like that.

NEWSOME
Sabotage?

Hadlow nods. Newsome looks horrified.

HADLOW
I already spoke to everyone on watch during the scram. None of the back 'afties saw anything--

NEWSOME
Say no more for now. We'll have to investigate-- without drawing attention.

HADLOW
Yes, sir.

He goes off. Newsome glances around the control room, sickened by the prospect of a traitor within their ranks.

46 INT. CAPTAIN'S ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

46

Amy lays on her side, drifting back to sleep, when there's a KNOCK on the door. She sits up, listening-- as the door opens. It's PRENTICE. She's surprised to see him.

AMY
What are you doing here?

PRENTICE
I was about to ask the same. I came to see the Captain and instead I find a rating guarding the door.

AMY
I've been confined to quarters.
Again.

Beat. Prentice looks sympathetic. He closes the door.

PRENTICE

The Captain may have his faults but
he has to make difficult choices.
This is a demanding job.

AMY

I don't know if I trust him.

PRENTICE

I think you can.
(beat)
I appreciate you might find that a
little rich coming from me.

AMY

I know which lies you told and why
you told them.
(beat)
As it stands, you're the only
person on this boat I trust.

Prentice nods to that. Appreciates it. Amy glances towards
the untouched slab of cake on the desk.

AMY (CONT'D)

Do you know anything about what
happened to Jackie's son?

Prentice nods, saddened.

PRENTICE

Oh... that's a terrible situation.
He's in Indonesia, locked up on
drugs charges.

Amy looks up.

AMY

Indonesia?

PRENTICE

(nodding)

They're very strict. Long prison
sentences and not much anyone can
do about it. They execute drug
smugglers. I think he got ten
years.

AMY

He's getting out. Jackie found out
this morning.

Beat. Prentice ponders that.

AMY (CONT'D)

I thought she seemed quite evasive.

PRENTICE

Not sure it's something she's proud of.

AMY

How long's he been in jail?

PRENTICE

Not sure. Maybe a year?

AMY

Was he in the process of an appeal?

PRENTICE

He appealed last year. Got turned down.

AMY

So one year into a ten-year sentence and he's being let out, just like that?

Amy glances at the cake again... her mind ticking.

47

OMITTED - MOVED TO 45A

47

48

INT. MEETING ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY 7 - 14.18

48

Kirsten and Robertson re-enter the meeting room, where Rear Admiral Shaw, Michaels and Kohli are already assembled around the table. Branning enters behind them.

They're now facing a screen depicting a suited MINISTER in a Westminster office. An atmosphere of tense formality.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Secretary of State for Defence, this is Detective Chief Superintendent Robertson and DS Kirsten Longacre. They're here to update you personally on their investigation.

Shaw nods to Kirsten. She clears her throat. All eyes on her.

KIRSTEN

We've been uncovering a series of coded messages sent between Peter Vasiliev, also known as Peter Ingles, and an unknown associate, who we have reason to believe might be a crewman on board Vigil.

SECRETARY OF STATE

How do you know that?

KIRSTEN

Their communications stop the day before Vigil went out on patrol. And given the content of the messages--

She nods at Branning. A diagram of a submarine appears on screen. It shows the ventilation system across the boat.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

This came from E.R.V. Services, the company you use to supply the ventilation systems on trident submarines. According to them, a code we found in one of the messages refers to the operation of this bit of kit. The atmosphere management plant.

The diagram zooms in on the generator.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

If someone were to tamper with this, it would be very dangerous for everyone on board.

She glances at Shaw, who offers her a nod of support.

SECRETARY OF STATE

What else do the messages say?

MICHAELS

We're still trying to decode them. It could take weeks--

SECRETARY OF STATE

Then how can we be sure this is their plan?

ROBERTSON

We also have two murder victims who we know are connected. We might not have the full picture but you can see the implications.

KIRSTEN

Will you call Vigil back?

A few glances at Kirsten. She's junior to be asking such a direct question.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

I should clarify that's not our official recommendation yet.

KIRSTEN

But given everything we've discovered you have to consider it.

She looks to Shaw. He glances at the Minister, sympathetic to Kirsten's question.

SECRETARY OF STATE

It's a continuous at-sea deterrent.
I think we'd need to see more
before abandoning that. And of
course breaking the deterrent might
be what they want. And that's if
there even is a "they". None of
this is proven, is it?

KIRSTEN

There's plenty of evidence though.
Our colleagues are going through
receipts that Ingles kept. There's
a payment for drinks in a cafe in
Dumbarton. We'd already gone
through Craig Burke's bank
statements and he was in Dumbarton
that day as well.

SECRETARY OF STATE

Burke is the dead man, isn't he?

KIRSTEN

Murdered. Which implies he was a
target, not an operative.

ROBERTSON

Possibly he was both.

SECRETARY OF STATE

Look-- Next week I have to give a
speech calling on MPs to spend four
billion on replacement warheads.
This really isn't the moment to
fall apart. Not if you want your
funding.

(beat)

I think you have to keep going.

KIRSTEN

Minister, if something happens to
the crew of Vigil -- could you live
with knowing that you knew there
was a problem but you didn't bring
them home?

Beat. She stares at the Secretary of State.

SECRETARY OF STATE

I'll think it over.

The screen goes blank. Robertson smiles at Kirsten. Pleased.

50 EXT. SHIPPING VESSEL, OPEN SEA - NIGHT 7 - 20.11 50

A large shipping vessel bellows its horn into the night sky. Its towering bow powers through the black waves, blissfully unaware of what lurks beneath...

51 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY" 51

Calm, focused work. Doward and Kierly are both on watch at the sonar banks. Hennessy and Newsome in quiet discussion.

52 OMITTED - MOVED TO 54A 52

53 INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY" 53

A voice comes over the main broadcast as Glover walks.

SHIP CONTROL (O.S.)
Watch stand to, close quarters.

54 INT. CAPTAIN'S ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY" 54

Amy sits up as the same announcement goes out.

SHIP CONTROL (O.S.)
Watch stand to, close quarters.

She goes to the door, peering through the window as the junior rating on watch, runs off towards the control room. She waits a moment, then tries the door handle. It's unlocked.

She opens it, glancing up and down the passageway. There's commotion further down, but for now the coast is clear.

She heads out, closing the door behind her.

54A INT. COMMS WIRE ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY" 54A

SCREECHING and WRENCHING from one of the compartments. Hennessy runs over with a rating. Together, they heave open the compartment to reveal a coiled, wire mechanism.

The wire is shooting upwards at rapid speed.

HENNESSY
Must have been snagged on
something.

Suddenly there's a loud CRACK. The screeching stops. They glance at each other, start pulling the wire back down.

55 OMITTED

55

56 INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

56

Amy keeps her head down as she passes a group of oncoming crew members. She goes into the women's bunk room.

57 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS) 57

Amy glances up. There are a couple of closed curtains, people sleeping inside, but most bunks are empty.

She goes to Jackie's bunk. Silently pulls back the curtain to lift up her pillow and blanket. She fishes out an old paperback, but there's nothing else there.

Then, she lifts up the mattress, carefully pushing back the curtain for more light. She stops, suddenly.

Under the far side of the mattress, there are a series of stains along the sheet - where a toxin has dissolved the dye.

A flash to ep 3. Amy runs a cloth over Burke's mouth and holds it to the light, seeing the same discoloured marks...

Amy lets the mattress flop down. A stunned beat. It was Jackie who poisoned Burke.

She hurriedly pulls the sheet off the bed, heads back into the passageway-- only to run straight into the guard who's come there to find her.

AMY

I need to speak to the Captain,
right now.

58 INT. SHAW'S OFFICE, ROYAL NAVY BASE - NIGHT 7 - 20.14 58

Rear Admiral Shaw gulps down the last of his scotch. Bracing himself for something. He eyes the Royal Navy flag on his wall. Then stands up, heading off somewhere.

59 INT. SIGNAL'S ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - NIGHT 7 - 20.16 59

Shaw strides down the hallway and enters the signals room.

The two SIGNALS OFFICERS jump to their feet, startled to see him. He doesn't usually come here himself.

SIGNALS OFFICER

Sir?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Get an urgent message to Vigil.
They're to return to port
immediately. Get a response on
receipt of the order.

SIGNALS OFFICER

Yes, sir.

A stunned glance between the officers. Then one of them hurriedly taps into his keyboard.

60 OMITTED

60

61 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

61

Newsome talks to Hennessy on the phone

HENNESSY (V.O.)

Until the comms wire is repaired,
we'll have to float the buoy to
receive incoming messages--

NEWSOME

No, it's too loud. We've already
caused a racket.

He thinks, sighing as he reaches his conclusion.

NEWSOME (CONT'D)

Just get it fixed. Until then,
we're on our own.

Newsome puts down the phone.

Amy enters, escorted by the Junior Rating. Newsome sees her.

NEWSOME (CONT'D)

Why are you out of the cabin?

AMY

I know who poisoned Burke. I just
found this in Jackie's bunk.

She shows him the staining on the sheet.

AMY (CONT'D)

I think it's connected to her son.
He was just released from drugs
charges in Indonesia-- believe me,
those don't go away overnight.

Newsome examines the sheet, his expression unreadable.

AMY (CONT'D)

I need to speak to her right away.
(beat)
Captain, I need you to trust me on
this.

Beat. He looks at her, then picks up the phone.

NEWSOME

Ship control, full main broadcast,
Petty Officer Hamilton to the
control room. Immediately.

On Amy, glad she's finally being listened to.

61A INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

61A

Glover's on the move when he hears the announcement go out.

SHIP CONTROL (O.S.)

Petty Officer Hamilton, report to
the control room. Petty Officer
Hamilton, report to control room.

Glover pauses, finding that strange. He changes direction,
swiftly heading aft.

62 OMITTED

62

63 INT. AMY'S FLAT - NIGHT 7 - 20.21

63

Kirsten unlocks the door as cat springs towards her, meowing
around her feet. She glances towards the living room, hearing
music playing. The sound of laughter...

Kirsten scoops the cat up and goes through.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 INT. LIVING ROOM, AMY'S FLAT - (FLASHBACK)

64

Amy is by the record player, changing songs. She glances
round to see Kirsten pouring another glass of wine. Kirsten
laughs, watching Amy drunkenly sway to the music.

KIRSTEN

Don't let anyone say you don't know
how to throw a party.

AMY

It's all your fault.

She takes the bottle off Kirsten and has a swig. Stretches a
hand out to pull her in. She chuckles, obliging.

But as soon as they're face to face, Amy stops dancing. Just stands there, staring into Kirsten's eyes. After a moment, she kisses her.

Kirsten goes with it for a second, then pulls back.

KIRSTEN

What are you doing?

Amy looks at her, sincere.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

You said you weren't into women.

AMY

I like you.

KIRSTEN

(half amused)

You like me...

AMY

I want to be with you.

She takes her hand.

KIRSTEN

Tell me that when you're sober.

AMY

I'll feel the same. I mean, I'll have a headache, but... I will.

Kirsten looks into Amy's eyes, for the first time seeing that her guard is down. She's vulnerable.

Amy kisses her again, hesitant at first, then lets herself fall into it. Things starting to intensify, when--

Kirsten's phone RINGS.

65

INT. LIVING ROOM, AMY'S FLAT - NIGHT 7 - 20.23

65

Kirsten's snatched from the memory. Suddenly Amy's gone and she's alone with the cat in the empty living room.

She looks at her phone. Robertson. She answers.

ROBERTSON (V.O.)

(on the phone)

They've messaged the boat to come back. They did it half an hour ago.

On Kirsten, triumphant.

KIRSTEN

That's great.

There's a long silence.

ROBERTSON (O.S.)

Vigil was meant to respond. They've not heard anything back. They should've done by now.

Kirsten's face fills with dread. She lets cat jump down.

KIRSTEN

What does that mean?

(beat)

Sir? What does it *mean*?

66

INT. AIRPORT HANGER - NIGHT 7 - 20.27

66

A car pulls up towards an airfield. Peter Ingles emerges from the backseat, following the DRIVER towards a hanger. In the distance, the low RUMBLING of a plane engine.

Peter hangs behind to make a phone call. Waits for a beat, as someone answers.

PETER

It's me. I'm leaving now. There's nothing more I can do for you.

(beat)

You won't hear from me again.

You're on your own.

He hangs up, continuing towards the hanger. The noise of the engine begins to speed up...

66A

INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY"

66A

Another announcement drones on.

SHIP CONTROL (O.S.)

Loss of all broadcasts, loss of all broadcasts.

Newsome's looking at the screens by the sonar banks. He's annoyed with the SIX PERSONNEL seated there including Doward and Kierly.

NEWSOME

We're in the shipping lanes. We keep a wide berth of anything that could chew up the comms wire. You know that.

KIERLY

Sir, it was their bearing and the sea surface. We just didn't hear it until--

NEWSOME

Sharpen up.

DOWARD

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

Amy, impatient, joins Newsome.

AMY

It's been five minutes, there's no sign of her. I'm going to go and look for her.

Newsome is reluctant but preoccupied. He nods.

NEWSOME

Bring her to the wardroom when you find her.

She nods, heading off.

67

INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - DAY 7 - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS)

67

Amy rushes down the passageway, dodging oncoming crew mates. Heather Cronin runs in the other direction.

AMY

Have you seen Jackie?

HEATHER

No. But I think the Cox'n went to look for her.

Amy freezes, taking that in. She changes direction.

68

INT. GLOVER'S OFFICE, VIGIL - DAY 7 - MOMENTS LATER

68

Amy looks into Glover's office. It's completely empty, no sign of him or Jackie. She spots his jacket, left discarded on the sofa. Beat.

She moves across the passageway, looking into the kitchen galley. No one in there either.

69

INT. MISSILE DECK, VIGIL - DAY 7 - MOMENTS LATER

69

Amy approaches the missile deck, decides to head down a quieter passageway, on the side of the missile tubes.

She goes past a doorway, glances inside-- then suddenly stops in her tracks. Goes back. It's the food store.

Amy goes inside, scanning the shelves when she freezes-- seeing a pair of feet splayed out on the ground.

On Amy, slowly moving closer. Her face drops.

Jackie is lying there in a pool of vomit. Her eyes open but lifeless. Pupils pinpricks. Her face is contorted with rivulets of snort and tears. She has died painfully.

Amy covers her mouth, retreating to the passageway.

AMY

Oh god--

Suddenly, there's a FLURRY of movement just behind her.

Amy turns, glimpsing a FIGURE in a standard fire-drill gas-mask coming towards her.

Her face contorts with alarm but before she can react, they run straight into her, TACKLING her to the ground.

As they both hit the floor--

SMASH TO BLACK.