

VIGIL

Episode One

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TAN REVISIONS

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Late spring, late-afternoon. Slow-rolling Atlantic waters, with a breeze bringing darker clouds from the south-west.

SUPERIMPOSE: BARRA HEAD, SCOTLAND

A fishing trawler, the *Mhairi Finnea*, sails on an eastward bearing, moving at two knots with her trawl (net) out. Her CREW OF THREE loiter on the aft deck, one TRAWLER-MAN keeping an eye on the steel cables dragging the trawl. The other two, WILSON and BLUEY, talk as they work, casually, unhurried.

WILSON

... yeah, you'd know him. Big feller. Pals with Davey. Just ask him to see his tattoo and he'll show you.

BLUEY

Yeah, I'm not going to do that, so you may as well tell me.

WILSON

(laughing)
Alright.

The third trawler-man glances over at them, grinning and shaking his head as he goes about his work. The other two chat on in the background.

WILSON (CONT'D)

So he wants to put his girlfriend's face on his shoulder. So he gives the guy a photo of the two of them at his mum's place.

(beat)

He takes a look halfway through the job and the guy's putting his mum on there.

BLUEY

Shut up!

WILSON

Hundred percent true!

The diesel engine THRUMS at low-revs.

INSIDE THE WHEELHOUSE

The SKIPPER glances at the fish-finding active-sonar. The display is busy -- a picture of activity beneath the boat, rendered as a hundred specks. They are chasing a shoal of herring swimming 200m down.

SKIPPER
 (calling back)
Nice little shoal going under us.

He glances through the port-side window. The great rock cliffs of Barra Head are visible to the north-west.

The Skipper's eye returns to his sonar screens in time to see something uncanny. His fish-finder sonar screen is *progressively emptying* of fish. It is a moving darkness, a vast void made from the absence of sonar echoes.

It begins to dawn on him that he might be looking at a--

ON DECK

With a brutal jerk, in an instant the trawler goes from progressing at two knots to travelling in reverse at five.

Wilson is flung from his perch on the rails, flying back onto the deck. Their primary net drum is half-ripped from the decking.

The stern is pulled down into the water, the trawler listing.

2 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY"

2

Commander NEIL NEWSOME is seated.

At the sonar banks, wearing headphones, Passive Sonar Operator CRAIG BURKE listens intently. Screens in front of him fill with incoming data -- target motion analysis. Acoustic chaos.

CRAIG BURKE
(turning to Newsome)
Sir, permission to put the sound on
loud-speaker?

Newsome nods. Speakers now pipe in alien sounds -- CLANKS, RENDING, ENGINE NOISE.

NEWSOME
What is that?

CRAIG BURKE
I think it's a trawler, sir. We
were tracking one.

NEWSOME
Yes, but what's *happening* to it?

3 INT./EXT. TRAWLER, OFF BARRA HEAD - DAY 3

Seawater is drowning the stern of the boat. The bloodied Skipper screams out of the cabin window--

SKIPPER
Get the raft off!

On a bright, calm day, the Atlantic is swallowing a boat built for winter storms.

4 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY" 4

Anyone not watching their screen is watching the Captain. The ship's XO, 2nd in command, is MARK PRENTICE (snippy).

NEWSOME
Did it collide with something?

CRAIG BURKE
There's nothing else for miles.

The audio feed: the STUTTER and POPS of the trawler sinking.

CRAIG BURKE (CONT'D)
Those are depth implosions. It's
gone down really fast.
(beat)
Should we go up, sir?

NEWSOME
How close was it to us?

CRAIG BURKE

Very close. I'd say less than a mile.

Newsome, Prentice and other SENIOR OFFICERS including the youthful Engineering Officer, HADLOW (posh), now huddle around the sonar banks.

PRENTICE

What kind of size trawler?

CRAIG BURKE

Mid-size. Maybe six crew.

NEWSOME

And you can't tell me what happened?

CRAIG BURKE

It was very sudden. A lot of impact noise. It's going to take some time to analyse the--

NEWSOME

We don't have time. Could it have been another boat?

CRAIG BURKE

If it was, we didn't hear it.

That thought is not at all comforting.

Newsome gives his orders:

NEWSOME

Silent routine.

(beat)

Officer of the Watch, I have the submarine. Ship Control, port ten.

Steering begins the turn, repeating the Commander's order. Navigation plots it.

Newsome is about to return to his commander's chair when--

CRAIG BURKE

Sir, they won't have had time to radio. It happened too fast.

NEWSOME

Turn around and do your job.

CRAIG BURKE

We have to go up and help.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Prentice speaks quietly to a junior rating, HEATHER CRONIN.

PRENTICE

Cronin. Go and get the Cox'n. And shake Kierly.

HEATHER CRONIN

Aye, sir.

Heather hurries out.

BACK WITH BURKE/NEWSOME

Burke stands, flushed. Refusing to back down from this.

CRAIG BURKE

What about the *Antares*?

NEWSOME

You are unable to tell me what has happened. Without that information, I will always prioritise caution. Sit down.

CRAIG BURKE

We know there'll be men in the water up there.

Prentice crosses the control room to confront Burke, his anger barely suppressed.

PRENTICE

Do your damn job!

Cox'n ELLIOT GLOVER arrives and reports to Prentice.

GLOVER

You wanted to see me, sir?

PRENTICE

(re: Burke)

Get him out of here.

Glover looks to Newsome for confirmation -- a small but meaningful acknowledgement of the officer hierarchy.

NEWSOME

(to Glover)

Get Kierly on watch.

PRENTICE

She's already on her way, sir.

Burke faces down Prentice. Combative, close.

CRAIG BURKE

You're going to let them die.

PRENTICE

Obey. Your. Orders.

CRAIG BURKE

(to Prentice)

And you'll talk to their wives and
kids, yeah?

NEWSOME

Cox'n. Get Burke out of here.

Glover leads Burke out of the Control Room. Burke shoulders
Prentice as he passes him.

As Burke and Glover exit, TARA KIERLY -- just-woken --
arrives. The faintest smirk as she passes them.

TARA KIERLY

(softly, acidic, to Burke)

...bye, shipwreck...

Glover keeps Burke moving, away from further trouble...

5

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

5

Glover and Burke walk away from the Control Room.

Burke halts, turning to Glover. Tears in Burke's eyes.

CRAIG BURKE

What are we doing here?

A beat. Then Glover wraps Burke into a brief, firm hug.

GLOVER

Chin up, mate. Off you go.

Burke continues on his way alone. Glover watches him go.

6

EXT. SEA OFF BARRA HEAD - DAY

6

Shot from below the waterline -- two of the trawlermen left
alive in the water as the boat goes down, debris dotting the
sea-surface.

7

TITLES

7

...down into the dark blue.

The blunt, black spine of a submarine's black anechoic tiles
sucking away the grainy light. Passing slowly.

END TITLES

8 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN, VIGIL - "DAY" 8

Newsome sits with Tara Kierly. Tara has an annotated print-out of the audio feed laid on the table.

TARA KIERLY

This is the beginning of the event.
That's the boat's engine signature.
Low and steady. And then here...

The audio wave goes haywire.

TARA KIERLY (CONT'D)

I looks like an impact caused a
major hull breach. But it could
also have been an explosion.

(off Newsome)

I've only had an hour, sir. It's
going to take at least--

Prentice enters.

NEWSOME

(to Tara)

I want you and Burke to stay on
this until you have a definitive
answer.

PRENTICE

Shall I shake Burke, sir?

NEWSOME

Please.

9 INT. PASSAGEWAY, OUTSIDE RATINGS' CABIN, VIGIL - "DAY" 9

As Prentice approaches Burke's bunk room HADLOW pokes his
head out from inside it.

HADLOW

(to Prentice)

Get the doctor!

10 INT. RATINGS' CABIN, VIGIL - "DAY" (**CONTINUOUS**) 10

Hadlow darts back into the cabin where--

An engineer, ADAMS, is already performing CPR on Craig Burke -
- who looks very dead.

In his bunk, GARY WALSH pulls back his curtain; he appears to
have just woken. ANDERTON opens his bunk curtain too. They
both stare down at the scene unfolding on their bunk-room's
deck.

Two breaths, fifteen rapid chest compressions, repeat.

11 INT. PASSAGEWAY, NEAR SICK BAY - "DAY"

11

Ship's medic, TIFFANY 'DOC DOC' DOCHERTY runs carrying a bag of emergency medical gear. Prentice is just behind her.

The non-diegetic sound of SHOCK PADDLES as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. GALLEY, VIGIL - "DAY" 12

JACKIE HAMILTON (Scottish, ship's cook) cries softly. Her galley crew -- mostly JUNIOR RATINGS in their late teens -- stand sombre and awkward.

One of them dislodges a ladle -- it falls with a CLANG into an empty pot. Jackie rounds on him, furious.

13 INT. RATINGS' CABIN, VIGIL - "DAY" 13

Glover oversees the carrying of Burke's body in a body-bag, out of the bunk-room. Adams holds the torso, Anderton carrying the legs.

13A INT. PASSAGEWAY, TWO DECK, VIGIL - "DAY" (**CONTINUOUS**) 13A

Silent, disturbed faces of the CREW as the bodybag is carried past them.

Find: Hard-faced Gary Walsh -- TARA KIERLY -- HEATHER CRONIN.

14 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY" 14

Newsome gives orders to Navigation and Comms.

NEWSOME

Prepare to return to periscope depth. Prepare to transmit a message.

15 OMITTED 15

15A INT. SIGNALS ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY 15A

(A windowless room.) The SIGNALS OFFICER startles forward as a message comes in. This is unusual.

15B EXT. RIVER CLYDE, GLASGOW - NIGHT 15B

Rippled grey-green water--

Not the Atlantic, but Glasgow's great river.

AMY SILVA (athletic) runs on the path beside it. No gentle jog; she pushes herself.

15C EXT. VICTORIA PARK, GLASGOW - NIGHT 15C

Amy, tiring after ten miles, slogs on past the lake.

Her phone is RINGING. Caller ID says "Work". She picks up.

AMY

Amy Silva

(listens in)

Do I have time for a shower?

16 OMITTED 16

17 OMITTED 17

18 INT./EXT. RECEPTION, SCD BUILDING - NIGHT 18

Empty streets as Amy arrives by minicab. Hair still damp from a shower. She enters the building and is greeted by her boss, C/Supt ROBERTSON.

AMY

Who else is coming in?

ROBERTSON

It's just you.

19 INT. BULLPEN, SCD BUILDING - NIGHT 19

Desks and chairs sit empty. A solitary NIGHT CLEANER finishes their shift vacuuming, staring with undisguised curiosity as Amy and Robertson cross the open plan office, headed for a glass-sided meeting room...

In which half-a-dozen uniformed NAVAL OFFICERS sit waiting.

20 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SCD BUILDING - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 20

The Naval personnel rise to greet Amy and Robertson as they enter. Amy shakes hands with the assembled officers, including Erin Branning. Rear-Admiral Shaw is the most senior there. Robertson makes the introductions:

ROBERTSON

Rear Admiral Shaw, this is DCI Amy Silva. She's my best detective. I'll even say that to her face.

AMY

Pleased to meet you.

Amy and Shaw shake hands. Everybody sits.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

We'll get straight into it, if you
don't mind.

AMY

Go ahead.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

I have charge of Britain's four
Vanguard-class submarines.

(MORE)

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW (CONT'D)

These are the ones that carry our nuclear deterrent.

(beat)

Vigil is one of those boats. We're here because earlier today one of her crew died of a drugs overdose.

AMY

What kind of overdose?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

So far as they can tell he had snorted heroin.

AMY

Snorted it?

Amy and Robertson's eyes meet.

AMY (CONT'D)

Was it misadventure or a deliberate overdose?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

All we know is he was found dead in his bunk. It happened inside British Territorial Waters so we've had to bring it to you.

Tensions there.

ROBERTSON

It's been the MOD versus Holyrood all evening. But the upshot is, the usual rules apply. We're to look into it.

AMY

When's the submarine due back?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

They're not coming back. At any given moment one of those boats is out on active patrol, ready to fire within fifteen minutes if called on. It's been that way for over fifty years. We won't abandon it over one man's mistake.

ROBERTSON

Especially not with the vote on the new generation of nuclear weapons coming up.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

You have to understand the context
we operate in.

(beat)

Forget space, forget the air war.
Underwater is the battleground.

(beat)

That's where Putin is putting his
money. Russia is building a new
fleet beneath the Arctic. They're
planting flags under the ice.

(beat)

So when scandals damage us, it's a
victory for the other side. I hope
you'll choose to work with us, in
the light of that.

Beat.

Robertson looks to Amy.

ROBERTSON

We're to send a detective out to
join Vigil. For three days.

It dawns on Amy that she is the one to be sent.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

Do your paperwork, then they'll let
you off on a raft.

AMY

A raft..?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

It's perfectly safe, so long as a tanker doesn't hit you.

Amy tries to recover a projection of sure-footedness.

AMY

What's the dead man's name?

Erin Branning passes Amy a sheaf of papers including a formal photograph of Craig Burke.

ERIN BRANNING

Craig Burke. That's his service record and his health records.

(beat)

I'm Lieutenant Erin Branning. I'll be the police's point of contact.

AMY

What if I need to interview someone under caution? Do I fly out a solicitor to sit in with them?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

I agree it's a flawed plan. Ordinarily if a crewman dies they'd stow the body and get on with it. But we have our orders.

ROBERTSON

(to Amy)

The crew will be told to co-operate. Take a look at things, see what his mates knew. See if there was any bullying going on or--

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

The Navy is zero-tolerance on bullying.

ROBERTSON

(smiling)

And with an independent investigation no-one can accuse you of another cover-up.

AMY

Have you had drug problems on these submarines before now?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

We've never had a crewman overdose while on patrol.

AMY

That's not *quite* what I asked.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

There is categorically no drug problem on Vigil.

Beat.

AMY

Can we fly the body out at the same time? Get a proper autopsy done?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

We can look into that.

AMY

And if I need to talk to--

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

You can't call home. You can receive messages, but the boat won't signal except in emergencies. Gives away your position.

Another Officer presents Amy with an empty kitbag. A name badge, "SILVER", has been applied to it.

ERIN BRANNING

Your luggage will need to fit inside that.

AMY

It's Silva spelled "L-V-A".

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

It was short notice.

Amy is left with the distinct impression that she's being low-key messed with. She smiles brightly.

AMY

No problem. I'm not going there to assess the Navy's competence.

On Robertson -- *almost* poker-faced.

ERIN BRANNING

How are you with confined spaces?

Amy holds her eye. But the prospect doesn't sit easily.

ROBERTSON

Amy'll get the job done. Don't you worry about that.

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. BULLPEN, SCD BUILDING - DAWN 22

First light. Amy sits at her desk in the open-plan office, diligently going through Craig Burke's records. Robertson delivers a fresh mug of coffee to her.

ROBERTSON

Not sure they'll be rolling out the red carpet for you.

AMY

It's only three days.

(beat)

Burke passed a mandatory drug test back in July. He doesn't fit the profile for a user.

As Robertson is about to leave--

AMY (CONT'D)

I'll need a junior to talk to Burke's friends and colleagues. Someone who can radio me leads.

ROBERTSON

Aye, makes sense.

AMY

I was thinking Kirsten Longacre.

A measured pause. Something about that *particular* suggestion.

ROBERTSON

Is she not doing a missing-persons?

AMY

I just think that... if I can't send messages back then it needs to be someone who knows me. And I have a good shorthand with Kirsten.

(beat)

I think that's important.

A beat. Then Robertson nods his acquiescence. *As you wish...*

23 INT. BEDROOM, AMY'S FLAT - DAY (EARLY MORNING) 23

Amy's ground-floor apartment is in the west end.

KIRSTEN LONGACRE (*usually* lively, warm) sits on the edge of Amy's bed while Amy packs underwear, T-shirts and a small forensics kit (inc. camera, evidence bags) into a kit-bag.

KIRSTEN
You've fixed the window.

AMY
(thrown)
Yes. Got it done last month.

Amy's not willing to get back into anything personal. She turns back to her packing, popping three days of tablets out of blister packs into a small case, adding it to a wash-bag.

Kirsten opens a drawer of the bedside table. She fishes a paperback novel from it -- and puts it into her own bag. She glances in a mirror to watch Amy slip into the clothes she'll wear to the submarine.

KIRSTEN
Do we have anything on him?

Amy is distracted as she eases a photograph of Poppy (aged 6) out of a frame and places the photo in her bag.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Amy..?

AMY
He's listed in one police report.
He was in a fight in a pub near the
base. He told the officers it was a
misunderstanding with a crew-mate.
No charges.

A CAT winds around Kirsten's ankles, startling her.

AMY (CONT'D)
Would you mind staying here while
I'm gone?

KIRSTEN
Why?

AMY
For the cat. You know how she gets.

A moment passes between them. Then Kirsten nods an okay.

23A OMITTED

23A

23B INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR - DRIVING OUT OF GLASGOW - DAY 23B

Kirsten at the wheel. Amy her passenger.

Amy turns the MUSIC on. A mutually-familiar track.

KIRSTEN

Can we not?

Kirsten flicks the music back off.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Did you volunteer for this?

AMY

No.

KIRSTEN

(beat)

Could you have said no?

AMY

That didn't come up.

(beat)

It's only three days. I can do that.

24 INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR - NEAR PEACE CAMP - DAY 24

Kirsten drives along the pretty country roads that lie between Glasgow and Dunloch. Sheep in paddocks to the right and the Clyde estuary on the passenger side.

AMY

I used to come out here a lot.
Iain's parents live a few miles
down the road.

Kirsten knows the weight behind that observation.

KIRSTEN

What else do you need from me?

AMY

Anything you can find on Burke. Any
drug connections. The crewman he
had a fight with has family you
could talk to in Calton.

KIRSTEN

Fun and games.

AMY

Take someone with you. And remember
any messages you send me are going
to be read by a dozen people so--

KIRSTEN
So nothing erotic.

Not much warmth to her joke. Nevertheless Amy glances at her.

AMY
Would you mind staying at my flat
while I'm gone?

KIRSTEN
(sharp)
Why?

AMY
For the cat. You know how she gets.

Amy stares out at the shining water of the loch, past Shandon now, heading towards Dunloch.

Kirsten drives around a bend and there -- lying in the road, one hundred yards ahead of them -- is a body.

Kirsten slows the car, stopping twenty yards from the body, leaving her hazards flashing.

Amy exits the car.

There is a crash barrier and the loch to their left, and to their right a neatly manicured verge. No obvious signs of an accident.

The body is a young woman (JADE). She is lying partially on her side -- staring sightlessly at them. Her eyes are dark-ringed; the skin on her face is covered in red welts. Dried blood has run from her nose. As Amy stoops--

--the corpse blinks and begins to speak:

JADE

Each trident missile costs sixty-six million dollars and--

AMY

Get up. Now.

JADE

--Westminster's about to spend hundreds of millions more to upgrade them when--

Amy grabs Jade's wrists and begins dragging her off the road.

JADE (CONT'D)

Ow!

Amy pulls Jade up onto the grass verge. Amy's anger shows. From the woods nearby, another young woman, CAT, hurries over, filming on her phone.

AMY

If someone swerved to *avoid you* they could end up dead. Talking about killing people -- do you not see an irony there?!

CAT

(calling out)
Leave her alone!

KIRSTEN

(calling over)
Amy? We're going to be late.

Kirsten holds Amy's gaze. Jade sits up.

JADE

Dunloch's in charge of the end of the world, and they're lying to us.

AMY

So write to your MP.

JADE

It's all falling apart and nobody's
doing anything. Here.

Jade tries to pass Amy a flyer, which Amy refuses.

AMY

You getting run over helps nobody.

Amy walks back to the car and gets back in, SLAMMING the door. Kirsten drives onwards.

The Dunloch Peace Camp is in the trees on the right-hand side. It is decorated with bright apocalyptic banners:

*INACTION IS COMPLICITY. "If not you, then who?" VOTE NO ON
MISSILE RENEWAL, VOTE YES TO SOCIALIST RENEWAL*

25 INT./EXT. BRANNING'S CAR - ROYAL NAVY BASE GATES - DAY 25

Branning listens to the radio on her iPhone.

RADIO PRESENTER (V.O.)

Families of the trawlermen are appealing to ships in the area to keep an eye out for the *Mhairi Finnea*. The boat failed to dock when expected, and subsequent efforts to reach her by radio have failed to gain a response...

Branning sees Amy and Kirsten draw up to the gates. Kirsten passes their credentials to the GATE Personnel for inspection.

Branning gets out to go and meet them.

ERIN BRANNING

If you want to follow me, please?
Welcome to Dunloch.

Branning returns to her car. The barrier rises and Kirsten follows Branning.

They pass into a new world -- accommodation blocks, razor wire, ARMED MOD POLICE and vast warehouse-like blocks on the waterfront.

26 INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR - ROYAL NAVY BASE, HELIPORT - DAY 26

Amy and Kirsten drive to where a Sea King helicopter is on its H-pad, GROUND CREW readying it. Burke's replacement, MATTHEW DOWARD sits with his kit bag, waiting to be briefed.

Kirsten follows the waved directions of a FLIGHT CREW-MEMBER and parks her car.

AMY

If there's something you need to tell me and you don't want to flag it to the Navy, maybe reference things we did together.

KIRSTEN

Like what..?

AMY

Places we went. Things like that. I don't know.

Amy hurriedly exits and grabs her kit bag from the boot. Amy seems apprehensive. Kirsten steps out to join her.

KIRSTEN

It's not for long.

Kirsten steps forward and hugs Amy. Amy hugs Kirsten back -- tighter, unwilling to let Kirsten go.

Kirsten notices Doward looking over at them. Their eyes meet.

AMY

I wish I knew how to talk to you.

KIRSTEN

Don't say that *now*.

Kirsten detaches herself and steps back. Amy takes a breath. Tries to smile.

Amy lifts her kit bag and follows Branning away from Kirsten.

27 INT./EXT. SEA KING HELICOPTER - DAY

27

The helicopter flies low over the coastline, then out to sea.

An AIRCREW OFFICER is present. Equipment all prepped.

*

Amy (in a survival suit) is seated next to a window, strapped in to her seat, headphones guarding her ears, Doward in the next seat over.

AMY

(to Matthew)

Have you served on Vigil before?

MATTHEW DOWARD

No. I've trained with some of them. My usual boat is Virtue. Much less trouble.

AMY

How's that?

(beat)

What do other crews say about
Vigil?

MATTHEW DOWARD

No offence, but I'm not meant to be
talking to you.

Doward looks away, signalling an end to the conversation.
Amy, amused at the Navy's pettiness, turns to her window.

Looking out she sees the coastline below them as they head
for the sea beyond. Her expression shifts as she remembers--

27A OMITTED

27A

27B INT.HALLWAY, AMY'S FLAT - DAY (FLASHBACK) 27B

A map of the Scottish coast.

It's being studied by Iain. His finger traces a route.

Nearby, Poppy rummages in a pile of coats and scarves.

POPPY

I can't find my hat...

IAIN

It's not cold. You'll be fine.

Iain heads out the front door, Poppy behind him.

Last to leave, Amy spots something half-hidden under a jacket. She stoops, collects it -- Poppy's hat -- and, smiling, follows them out, closing the door behind them.

28 OMITTED 28

29 INT./EXT. SEA KING HELICOPTER - DAY (DUSK) 29

The Aircrew Officer slides the Sea King's cabin door open.
The view out over the sea is beautiful as the light fades.

*

The helicopter hovers maybe 100ft above a low swell. The Aircrew Officer turns to prep Amy and Matthew Doward, rigging their harnesses with double-checked carabiner clips. They're about to perform a "high line drop". *

AMY

How long do we wait?

AIRCREW OFFICER

We can stay until fuel's a problem. *

Amy turns to Matthew Doward.

AMY

Have you done this before?

MATTHEW DOWARD

I don't know anyone who's done this before.

AIRCREW OFFICER

Bloody good reason for that. *

Amy feels queasy.

Without warning, directly below the helicopter, the sea breaks and a thick black submarine sail rises rapidly up towards them, sea water swashing away from it.

It's a remarkable sight, rising until you think it might smash into the helicopter's belly.

The Aircrew Officer releases a weighted line. *

AIRCREW OFFICER (CONT'D) *

(to Amy)

Listen, do not get stuck under anything. If this line pulls tight on you, you'll be cut in half.

Amy's kit bag is clipped to her harness. Amy is clipped onto the winch cable. She is anxious.

MATTHEW DOWARD

(sardonic)

They trained you for this, right?

Amy positions herself at the edge of the bay.

AIRCREW OFFICER *

On three, push off outwards, do not jump up. One, two, three! Go!

Amy pushes off backwards, the winch line running slack for a few metres, then slowing to arrest the fall. She swings in the air beneath the helicopter.

On top of the submarine tower a hatch opens and two crew emerge holding hook-ended poles -- Tara and Gary Walsh.

The Aircrew Officer runs more cable out, until Amy hangs within a few metres of the tower's top. *

A sailor snags her with their pole -- and is jerked off their feet, only prevented from going overboard by a harness clipped to the guard rail.

The cable runs out carefully, steadily dropping Amy onto the tower platform. It's a messy manoeuvre, but it's quick. As soon as Amy touches down, Tara unclips her kitbags and cable-connections and shoves Amy towards the ladder down.

Amy climbs down the tower ladder, moving rapidly. It's a disorienting space. There'll be no more day or night for her.

31 INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS) 31

At the foot of the ladder Amy is shoved out of the way. Amy has no idea what she's meant to do.

Tara appears at the ladder base--

AMY
Where should I--

TARA KIERLY
Wait.

Tara darts away, needed elsewhere.

A dull CLANG from above as the hatch closes. Prentice is there at ladder-base to oversee the manoeuvre.

AMY
Excuse me--

PRENTICE
(indicating a room)
Get your suit off in there. The
Cox'n will be along to see you.

AMY
Burke's body was meant to be taken
off..?

PRENTICE
Too late for that.

The submarine angles downwards -- diving back to cruising depth. Amy steadies herself with one hand, her kitbag sliding at her feet. She uses a foot to halt it.

Amy stumbles into the room Prentice pointed at and begins to undo her survival suit.

31A INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY" 31A

Newsome focuses intently as the submarine heads for cruising depth.

NEWSOME
Alter course ten degrees to port.

ANDERTON
Aye, sir. Altering course ten
degrees to port.

31B INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY"

31B

Glover carries a mug of tea, expertly navigating the cramped confines without spilling a drop. He arrives at a closed door and KNOCKS. Amy opens it, pulling away the last of the survival suit.

GLOVER

Elliot Glover. I'm the Cox'n. Tea?

Amy takes the tea, grateful. Hands shaking. He notices.

AMY

DCI Amy Silva. Where's Craig Burke?

GLOVER

(beat)

He's in the bomb shop..?

AMY

I'm going to have to examine the body. Does the ship have a doctor?

GLOVER

It's a boat. A submarine's always a boat. And yeah, we've got Medical Officer Lieutenant Docherty.

AMY

Can you have him come and help me?

GLOVER

Our Doctor's a "her". We're eight women and 140 men. You've helped even things out.

32 INT. DECK LADDER, VIGIL - "DAY"

32

Glover swings through a hatch, heads for a ladder and climbs.

Amy follows Glover, descending a deck. Her kit bag is slung off her shoulder, making for an unwieldy climb. It throws her off-balance. She barks her shin--

AMY

Ow. Christ!

GLOVER

If you're not one giant bruise after the first week, you're not moving fast enough.

32aA INT. STAIRS DOWN FROM MISSILE DECK, VIGIL - "DAY"

32aA

Amy and Glover descend towards the Bomb Shop.

AMY

I might need a map...

GLOVER

We're four decks and 150 metres
long. It'll take you a while.

32A INT. PASSAGEWAY THROUGH MESSES, VIGIL - "DAY"

32A

Glover and Amy pass through the space. Prentice eyes Amy as she walks through. Amy taking in this alien world. Amy is aware that she attracts glances from VARIOUS CREW as she passes. Their glances are subdued, not welcoming -- she is an alien presence here, an outsider who reminds them of Burke's death.

Doc Doc is eating in the Wardroom.

GLOVER

Surgeon-Lieutenant, would you be able to assist the DCI?

Doc Doc steps out to join them.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

DCI Silva, this is our Doctor, our surgeon and -- god help us, our dentist if she has to be -- Surgeon-Lieutenant Tiffany Docherty.

Amy shakes Doc Doc's hand.

DOC DOC

Welcome aboard. How was your flight?

AMY

I got thrown out of the aircraft with my luggage tied to me...

GLOVER

Still better than Ryanair..?

Amy smiles.

DOC DOC

But you're alright? Not injured..?

AMY

Oh -- no, I'm fine. I need you to help me examine Craig Burke. The body was *meant* to be flown off...

DOC DOC

(beat)

Okay. I'll grab some kit and meet you down there.

33 INT. MISSILES, TWO DECK, VIGIL - "DAY" (CONTINUOUS)

33

Glover and Amy move through double hatches into the missiles deck.

Glover slaps one of the great rounded missile tubes.

GLOVER
You know what's inside this?

AMY
Fifty million pounds worth of
nuclear missile.

Glover is surprised -- tickled -- that she knows that.

GLOVER
Yeah, that's really the only reason
we don't have more nuclear wars.
Can't afford to replace these.

Amy isn't wholly-sold on Glover's glib banter. Suspects she is being managed. Glover heads for the stairs down.

34 INT. TORPEDO ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY"

34

Racks of Spearfish heavy torpedoes dominate the space. All four torpedo tube hatches are closed. Amy follows Glover in.

Amy looks around -- sees nothing but weaponry and the machinery to operate it. Certainly no body.

AMY
How have the crew been?

GLOVER
Yeah, it's been difficult but
they're professionals and they've
all got a job to get on with.

AMY
How well did you know Craig Burke?

GLOVER

Reasonably. I liked him. It'd been awhile since we served together.

AMY

Do crews change around a lot?

GLOVER

He'd been in Vanquish recently. He subbed-in for this patrol when another guy broke his ankle out riding his bike.

AMY

Do you think Craig Burke might have meant to kill himself?

(beat)

Where *is* the body?

Doc Doc arrives.

Glover spins the mechanism on Tube-3's rear door and swings it open. Visible inside the tube is a body bag.

GLOVER

You could store a body in the galley's freezer, but right now it's full of food.

Doc Doc and Glover pull Burke's feet and slide him out.

GLOVER (CONT'D)

People don't love knowing that
their fish fingers have been sat on
top of a dead man.

(off Amy)

Craig would've made the same joke.
It's been a bit grim, you know?

They set Burke's corpse down and Doc Doc unzips the body bag.

DOC DOC

The torpedo tube isn't insulated
and sea water's about four degrees.
The body should still be in good
condition.

Amy looks at the body as it is revealed. Bruising on one
cheek. Eyes closed. Standard no.4 trousers. Own T-shirt. She
takes photos.

Amy unpacks scissors and a roll of plastic evidence bags from
her kit-bag. She rolls on latex gloves. And begins to examine
the body, checking Burke's pockets, which are empty.

AMY

(to Doc Doc)

Did you do much work on him?

DOC DOC

They'd started doing CPR but he was
clearly dead.

AMY

Who found him?

GLOVER

Engineering Officer Hadlow. He's
fairly new to Vigil. Been on attack
boats before now.

Amy now examines Burke's nasal passages, shining a torch up
them, swabbing them, and bagging evidence. There is a fair
amount of powder around the nostrils.

DOC DOC

Will that be admissible as
evidence?

AMY

It furthers the investigation. The
rest is up to the courts to decide.
It's not ideal.

(beat)

Had he taken any other medication?

DOC DOC

I gave him a couple of paracetamol
about an hour before he died. I ran
into him. Said he had a head-ache.

Amy drops one of her nose swabs into a vial filled with a
clear-liquid. The colour of the liquid changes to blue.

AMY

Will you help me undress him?

They strip Burke out of his T-shirt and trousers. A challenging task, due to rigor mortis. Amy feels around the back of Burke's head.

AMY (CONT'D)

Did he present with any other symptoms that fit with a drugs overdose?

DOC DOC

His pupils were contracted. There was some spittle around his mouth.

Amy parts Burke's hair near the rear of his head. She finds and examines a small wound there.

AMY

There's a bruise with some bleeding here, near the base of his skull. Did you not find that?

DOC DOC

He was dead when I got there. Airway was clear of obstructions, CPR failed, paddles failed, no pulse. I called it and they moved him here immediately.

GLOVER

He could have banged it when they pulled him out of his bunk?

DOC DOC

He's probably got a few cracked ribs too. We worked hard.

(beat)

Did you train in medicine?

AMY

I did two years of medical school. It wasn't for me.

DOC DOC

What made you change your mind?

Ignoring that, Amy takes photos of Burke's body.

AMY

You can put him back. Can you make sure no-one can access the body? And I need to see the Captain.

GLOVER

I'll check if he's available.

AMY

I need to see him straight away.

35 INT. WARDROOM, VIGIL - "DAY"

35

Newsome, Prentice, Glover and Amy are seated around a small table.

AMY

I think Craig Burke may have been murdered.

The enormity of this suggestion sinks in. Newsome freezes -- then LAUGHS.

NEWSOME

That is absurd.

PRENTICE

We found drugs on him with a rolled-up bank note. I put them in the safe. You can see for yourself.

Amy takes her camera out and scrolls to the pictures she has taken of Burke. She shows Newsome the screen: a close-up of brown heroin powder caked around his nostrils.

AMY

The heroin looks like the type you cook-up before injecting. Heroin's almost never snorted, but if it is, they use a much finer white powder.

PRENTICE

Maybe he didn't know what he was doing? After all, he did overdose.

Second photo: close-up of nostrils.

AMY

There's powder on his clothes and it's caked around his nostrils but there's nothing up his nose. It looks like it's been rubbed on.

PRENTICE

A dozen people tried to help him. Including people who held his nose shut giving him mouth-to-mouth.

(to Newsome)

I agree with you, sir. Absurd.

Newsome is listening though. Third photo: Burke's head wound.

AMY

He had a head-wound. And he'd complained of a head-ache to your Doctor before he died. There's bruising on his jaw.

(beat)

It's possible that an assault caused a delayed brain haemorrhage. That fits with the symptoms Lieutenant Docherty observed. I think the heroin might have been someone trying to cover things up.

GLOVER

And someone brought heroin on board with all that in mind?!

NEWSOME

There's no privacy on this boat. You can't beat someone to death in their cabin and get away with it.

PRENTICE

Exactly! It's a nine-berth bunk-space.

AMY

I did say there could have been a delay between the assault and the haemorrhage. If you'd flown the body back for an autopsy like I requested--

NEWSOME

We didn't receive any such order.

AMY

With all due respect, Captain, it's not my job to persuade you. In my view, this boat is a crime scene. You need to return to port so we can start a proper enquiry. And I was promised your cooperation.

Glover and Prentice both look to Newsome.

NEWSOME

I take my orders from the Chiefs of Staff and the Prime Minister.

(beat)

My duty is to mission, boat and crew, and while you are on board you will follow *my* orders.

(beat)

You have three days with us. Do your work, but stay out of our way.

(MORE)

NEWSOME (CONT'D)

And if I hear the word 'murder'
spoken again outside of this room,
I will have you confined to
quarters. I can't have that. Do you
understand?

A long beat. Full of tension.

36A INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY"

36A

Amy and Glover depart the Wardroom and walk through the boat.

AMY

Burke had a fight in a pub. Do you know anything about that?

GLOVER

If it happens onshore it's none of my business.

AMY

I'm just trying to understand what was going on with him.

When Glover doesn't bite, Amy can see she'll have to refocus.

AMY (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's stick to this patrol. When did you last see Burke?

GLOVER

At the end of his watch.

AMY

Where did he go?

GLOVER

Not sure. Adams had a word with him in the mess. He's one of our engineers. That's the same guy who gave Burke CPR.

AMY

So he was the one who found Burke?

GLOVER

No, that was Lieutenant Hadlow.

AMY

I'll need to speak to both of them. And I'd like to see Burke's cabin now.

GLOVER

There'll be men sleeping in there.

AMY

I'll tiptoe.

36B INT. RATINGS' CABIN, VIGIL - "DAY"

36B

Glover shows Amy into the 3x3 bunk room that Burke shared with eight others. Two of the bunks have curtains drawn.

GLOVER
(quietly indicating)
That one was Burke's bunk.

Amy rolls on fresh latex gloves and crouches to examine Burke's bunk, the lowest in its stack of three. She opens drawers...

AMY
Is there anywhere else he might--

GARY WALSH (O.S.)
Oi! Twats! What the--

Gary rips his bunk curtain aside. When he sees Glover his words die in his throat.

GARY WALSH (CONT'D)
Sorry, sir. No offence.

GLOVER
This is Gary Walsh. One of our engineers.
(to Walsh)
This is DCI Silva. She's here to look at Burke's death.

GARY WALSH
Not much to say, is there? He was a druggie and a shit sailor. He should've been out of the Navy years ago.

AMY
How did you know he was a druggie?

GARY WALSH
He OD'd for a start! Christ.

AMY
Did you see him take drugs?

GARY WALSH
It's not like he'd be racking up lines in the mess.

GLOVER
(to Amy)
Can we do this later? He's meant to be sleeping. Is there anything else you need in here?

Amy feels around Burke's mattress, lifting it, checking for concealed items. It's a cramped, confined space. Her breathing quickens. She steps back into the cabin.

AMY

Okay, I'm done.

Glover clocks the change in her composure.

GLOVER

You alright?

AMY

Yes. I'm just...

GLOVER

We keep the oxygen levels low.
Takes a while to get used to. Maybe
get some rest?

As they exit, Walsh pulls his curtain back across his bunk.

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

37

Glover shows Amy to the threshold of the women's berths -- nine bunks arranged in a C-shape. Two are occupied by sleeping figures. It is dimly lit.

GLOVER

It's an automatic disciplinary if I
step into the ladies' berths, so
you'll have to put yourself to bed.
(beat)
Try and get six hours.

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

38

Amy steps into the bunk room and closes the door softly.

She kicks off her trainers and, seeing other pairs neatly lined-up in footlockers, adds her own to the arrangement.

She hoists her kit bag up onto the top bunk and figures out how to climb up. She straightens herself along the mattress.

It's a confined space. She presses her palms against the deckhead (ceiling) -- can't even fully-extend her arms. She feels trapped -- her BREATHING begins to grow jittery.

She tries lying facing out into the room instead. She breathes in through her nose--

AMY (V.O.)

One, two, three, four.

Holds the breath--

AMY (V.O.)

One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven.

Then slowly exhales.

AMY (V.O.)

One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight.

Still-- the deckhead feels like it's pressing in on her. She swings herself back out and hops back down onto the deck.

39 INT. WARDROOM, VIGIL - "DAY"

39

Newsome, Prentice and Glover drink tea together. All three of them look tired and beleaguered.

NEWSOME

So what do you think of her?

GLOVER

She's clever, sir. Once she starts talking to people it'll be hard to keep her contained.

PRENTICE

We should keep her on a tight lead. I can sit in on any interviews.

NEWSOME

That's not a bad idea. But-- Cox'n, I think let's have you cover that.

PRENTICE

I really think it should be me who--

NEWSOME

Those are my orders, XO. And now I need a word with the Cox'n.

Prentice understands that he's been dismissed. Frustrated, he rises and exits, closing the cabin door behind him.

NEWSOME (CONT'D)

I'm not going to saddle her with that prick for three days.

Glover LAUGHS. Newsome raises his eyebrows ruefully.

NEWSOME (CONT'D)

You'll stay on top of her, won't you? We can't afford a scandal.

It feels as if Newsome's "we" might refer to Glover.

GLOVER

No, sir. I know.

39A INT. LIVING ROOM, AMY'S FLAT - NIGHT

39A

Kirsten walks back in. Weird to be back here.

She sees Cat.

KIRSTEN
Dinner's nearly ready.

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

40

Doc Doc enters and finds Amy sitting on the deck. They talk in whispers so as not to wake sleepers:

DOC DOC
Hard keeping track of time down
here. Your body clock goes.

That reminds Amy -- she checks the time on her phone and moves to her locker.

Amy takes the pill case from her wash-kit and pops a tablet out -- but it skitters out of her fingers, hits the deck, and bounces into a narrow gap between drawers and bunk supports.

AMY
Oh, shit.

DOC DOC
S'alright. Everything comes apart
on a submarine. Here.

Doc Doc crouches down -- pulls the drawer out and feels for a release catch -- and unclips it loose.

AMY
Sorry. I don't have any spares.

Doc Doc reaches for the tablet -- examining it before handing it back to Amy.

DOC DOC
You're not allowed to carry your
own meds. What are these for?
(off Amy's hesitation)
I need to know about any medical
conditions.

AMY
They're for anxiety and depression.

Amy stretches. A crick in her back.

AMY (CONT'D)
What I need is to go for a run...

DOC DOC
Yeah, and then a dip in the pool.

Amy takes a small photo of Poppy from her bag, then stows the bag and pulls herself back up into her own bunk. She sticks the photo onto an existing lump of blu-tac.

DOC DOC (CONT'D)
If you're struggling, come and see me. You wouldn't be the first.

Doc Doc sits on the edge of her bunk and begins undressing.

Amy focuses on the photo of Poppy. As if being kept company.

40aA INT. LIVING ROOM, AMY'S FLAT - NIGHT 40aA

Kirsten looks across the bookshelves. Various framed photos, postcards. She finds one of her with Amy, half-tucked away. She pulls it out and re-sets it on the main shelf.

40A EXT. ROYAL NAVY BASE - NIGHT 40A

Jade, wearing a thick coat with its hood up, walks across the main base near the supply sheds.

41 EXT. ACCOMMODATION AREA, ROYAL NAVY BASE - NIGHT 41

Razor wire rolls are visible atop the roadside fence beyond.

Jade arrives and sees SOMEONE exiting an accommodation block. She hurries to catch the door before it swings closed.

42 INT. 3RD FLOOR, ACCOMMODATION BLOCK, ROYAL NAVY BASE - NIGHT 42

Jade walks down the corridor, keeping her head low. MUSIC plays in one of the rooms. In another, someone is TALKING on the phone. She checks a number written in ink on her wrist...

...and finds the door that corresponds to it: **314**

Jade unzips her coat and reaches into her bra, pulling out a door key on a keyring. She fits the key to the lock--

ERIN BRANNING (O.S.)
Excuse me.

Jade turns to find ERIN BRANNING (in Naval uniform) with TWO armed MOD POLICE OFFICERS, standing at the far end of a branching corridor.

ERIN BRANNING (CONT'D)
Can we have a word with you?

A beat. Then Jade turns and sprints away.

Races down--

STAIRS

-- only to find her way blocked by another ARMED MOD OFFICER.

43	OMITTED	43
43A	OMITTED	43A
43B	OMITTED	43B
44	OMITTED	44
45	OMITTED	45
46	OMITTED	46

47	OMITTED	47
48	OMITTED	48
49	OMITTED	49
50	INT. RECEPTION, KIRKMOUTH POLICE STATION – DAY	50

Kirsten and her colleague, PORTER, arrive at the reception desk and approach the officer on duty, SERGEANT BRETTON.

KIRSTEN

Hi. Kirsten Longacre. Here to talk about Craig Burke? This is my colleague, DS Porter.

SERGEANT BRETTON

Welcome to Kirkmouth. Tea?

PORTER

Do you have anything herbal?

KIRSTEN

We're both *fine*. Thanks though. I saw it was your name on the report about the fight?

SERGEANT BRETTON

Yeah, and I remember it. Your man Burke got some nasty cuts on his face. Took a real beating, but he wasn't talking. The jacks close ranks, so... you know how it is. You could talk to the landlord though. He's got us on speed dial, poor bastard.

PORTER

(to Kirsten)

If you need to be at the base, I can do that?

Kirsten nods. Porter makes to leave --

SERGEANT BRETTON

Heading up to Dunloch, are you? I was there last night. Arresting a girl from the Peace Camp.

KIRSTEN

Was she protesting?

SERGEANT BRETTON

Trying to break into someone's room.

On Kirsten -- interested now.

50A INT. OFFICE, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY

50A

Rear-Admiral Shaw sits at a desk in teleconference on his laptop.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

We'll have to ask the Americans for help. Try to pin down every hostile boat currently in the Atlantic.

NAVY CHIEF OF STAFF (V.O.)

I'll talk to the Swedes and the Norwegians. They've had better intelligence recently.

(beat)

You do know that four dead fishermen won't stay quiet much longer.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW

I know, sir. We'll want to have our answers lined-up.

51 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, KIRKMOUTH POLICE STATION - DAY

51

Kirsten steps into the room. Jade is sitting on her own. She looks tired. Kirsten takes a seat.

KIRSTEN

Hi Jade. I think we met earlier. On the road to Dunloch?

(beat)

I'd love a wee chat but if you'd like a solicitor present--

JADE

I've had my phone call, I don't need anything else.

Kirsten glances down at her copy of Jade's arrest report.

KIRSTEN

You were arrested for trespassing?

JADE

I've been charged with that before.

KIRSTEN

The report says you were found in
one of the accommodation blocks.
And you had a key on you?

JADE

They've taken that off me.

KIRSTEN

(smiling)

Your statement says you "borrowed a book off him and you went there to give it back".

(off Jade's shrug)

How did you know each other?

JADE

We drank in the same pub.

KIRSTEN

And he left you a key to his room when he leant you a book?

(beat)

Who told you that he was dead?

A beat. Then Jade shakes her head.

Sergeant Bretton pokes his head around the door.

SERGEANT BRETTON

Detective?

Kirsten steps out into the--

51A INT. CORRIDOR, KIRKMOUTH POLICE STATION - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 51A

SERGEANT BRETTON

She's free to go, unless you've got something else?

KIRSTEN

Are you not charging her?

SERGEANT BRETTON

She's got an expensive lawyer. This isn't the first time.

KIRSTEN

Okay. I'll let her know.

Kirsten returns to--

51B INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, KIRKMOUTH POLICE STATION - DAY 51B

Kirsten re-takes her seat.

JADE
How did he die?

KIRSTEN
What was your relationship?

JADE
He was my boyfriend. People didn't
know about it. My mates wouldn't've
been happy...
(beat)
So tell me then.

KIRSTEN
He died of a heroin overdose.

Jade HALF-LAUGHS. Then bursts into tears.

JADE
Oh my God...

KIRSTEN
Did you know that he used--

JADE
He never took heroin! Oh my God. Oh
shit.

Jade pushes her chair back. Stands with her back to Kirsten.

KIRSTEN
Addicts often hide it from--

JADE
He wasn't an addict! I spent
weekends with him when we were
together *every single moment*. If
that's what they're saying, then
they've killed him.

KIRSTEN
Who's killed him?

A beat.

JADE
The *Mhairi Finnea's* missing. Did
you read about that? Everyone knows
there's a cover-up. That's how the
Navy works. It's what they do when
they've got a problem.
(beat)
Can I go now?

KIRSTEN
Yes, you can, but I'd like to talk
to you again, if that's okay?

JADE

Well, you know where we are.

Jade heads for the door, moving quickly.

52 OMITTED 52

53 EXT. KIRKMOUTH POLICE STATION - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 53

Jade gets into the passenger seat of a white Volvo (driven by Mark Hill, with Cruden in the back but unseen by audience). Jade seems upset.

Kirsten steps out of the building in time to get a photo of the car as it drives away. She doesn't see who is inside it.

Kirsten Googles "MARY FINNEAR" She gets the offered correction: "did you mean Mhairi Finnea?"

A link takes Kirsten to a Western Isles Press article about a missing trawler.

The coastguard have recovered three bodies from the water.
Still searching for a fourth.

Her eyes run over the words: accident, missing, drowned.

54 INT./EXT. IAIN'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY (FLASHBACK) 54

Iain drives his car with Amy in the passenger seat, Poppy snoozing in the back. Her hat on her head.

They are on a loch-side road, the seawater just below the road. Beautiful.

IAIN
I was thinking how weird it is that
the two of you look alike.

AMY
I know. Loads of people say it.

Iain turns to look at Poppy on the back seat, then back at Amy.

IAIN
She says it too. Wishful thinking,
I reckon.

Amy smiles at the compliment.

AMY

She asked me to marry you.

IAIN

What..?

(laughing)

Proposed to by an eight-year-old girl..!

(beat)

Well, you know how I feel.

AMY

I know.

(beat)

I think I might be coming around to it.

Iain looks across at Amy. Happy.

IAIN

Have we ground you down with our team effort?

(glancing back at Poppy)

That's good work, kiddo--

BLARING HORNS -- Iain turns back to the road -- sees that he has drifted across the road markings just as the road curves, into the path of an oncoming car. He jerks the wheel -- overcorrects -- brakes, losing traction, skidding out towards the water -- Amy CRYING OUT---

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

55

Amy wakes with a violent start -- her hands flying up and colliding with the bulkhead close above her.

Amy breathes. Blinks. Reorienting herself.

56 INT. RATINGS' MESS, VIGIL - "DAY"

56

Amy sits eating her breakfast. Adams joins her with his food, escorted by Glover. Adams is sweating slightly.

AMY

(to Glover)

I'd rather we talk in private.

ADAMS

No time for a long one, mate. Got an air-con unit out of action.

(MORE)

ADAMS (CONT'D)

(to Glover)

I swear, that last re-fit? They
sent in the fucking clowns and gave
'em spanners first.

(back to Amy)

Go on then.

Adams pushes his own food around his plate, not eating. He
rubs his eyes and GRUNTS softly.

GLOVER

You alright, feller?

ADAMS

A bit under it. S'alright though.
What's the question?

AMY

I gather you were one of the last
people to see Burke alive?

ADAMS

Yeah. I saw him in here.

AMY

What time was that?

ADAMS

Dunno exactly. 13.10 maybe? Him and
me do the same watch pattern. I got
some scran, then went and had a
kip.

AMY

How did Burke seem? Did you talk?

ADAMS

Not much. He was a bit off. If you
get a vibe off someone you don't
push it, do you? He had a Coke.
Asked me how the chickens were.

AMY

The chickens?

ADAMS

We keep chickens back aft. They
like it warm, so we let 'em roost
on top of the reactor.

AMY

(smiling, gets it)

I'll keep my sniffer dog on her
lead then. She chases chickens.

ADAMS

The problem with it is, after you
eat the eggs your piss glows.

GLOVER

Alright. Let's stick to the facts.

AMY

Did anyone else think Burke seemed a bit off? Anyone mention it?

ADAMS

Hadders said he'd seen him on four deck. Asked me how he'd seemed.

AMY

Who's Hadders?

ADAMS

Hadlow. Officer. My boss.

GLOVER

(to Amy)

Don't tell him Adams called him Hadders.

AMY

That's the same person who found Burke's body?

ADAMS

Yeah. Actually, that's the last time I saw Burke if you're being exact about things. I went in and tried to help out.

AMY

Were you nearby?

ADAMS

Sleeping in the next bunk-space along. But people don't normally shout when you're on silent routine, do they? So when Hadders shouted, I was like, bang, awake. First one to get there.

AMY

And what happened?

ADAMS

Did mouth-to-mouth and CPR, all that. Worked on him 'til Doc-Doc got there. Then she was like, nah, we're not getting him back.

A fleeting pass of emotion across Adams' face. He shrugs.

AMY

Who else was in Burke's bunk room when you got there?

ADAMS

Walsh. Dunno who else. I gotta get
back. Got defects to fix.

(grinning)

There's chicken-shit everywhere.

Adams stands and departs, leaving Amy with Glover.

AMY

What's "silent routine"?

GLOVER

It's all in the manual. What's
next?

AMY

I need to see where he died.

58 INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR - PEACE CAMP - DAY 58

Kirsten drives towards Dunloch. As she approaches the Peace Camp she slows. An OB truck is parked on the verge.

59 EXT. PEACE CAMP - DAY 59

The Peace Camp is a motley collection of caravans, shelters and communal spaces built from junk and donated items.

Kirsten finds a SMALL FILM CREW setting up lights and a camera, readying to record a piece using the Camp as its backdrop.

Various PEACE CAMP RESIDENTS -- most prominently Cat and BEN OAKLEY mingle nearby. Kirsten sees that Oakley is in conversation with PATRICK CRUDEN.

CRUDEN
...nightmare few days but-- Look,
how've you been?

BEN OAKLEY

Cold and wet! Business as usual.
The big thing's been dealing with
the interest in the vote.

CRUDEN

That's *good* though, isn't it?

Cruden's aide, MARK HILL, walks to join his boss.

MARK HILL
We're all set, Patrick.

CRUDEN
Thanks, Mark.
(to Oakley)
Pints soon, yes? Good man.

Hill walks to Kirsten. A born hand-shaker.

MARK HILL
Hi. Mark Hill.

KIRSTEN
Kirsten Longacre.

MARK HILL
Great. You're half in shot here. Do
you want to move in a bit?

KIRSTEN
I'll step out.

Cruden walks to stand in front of the camera. Lights come up.
Kirsten and Hill step out of shot. The crew cue Cruden in..

CRUDEN
(to camera)
I want to start by paying tribute
to the women and men of Dunloch
Peace Camp. To me, their principled
opposition to nuclear weapons makes
them the conscience of our nation.
Our party has been clear. We do not
want these weapons in Scotland.
Westminster is about to vote on
whether we should commission new
missiles. A vote we had to *force*
through by the way, after this
government tried to slip this once
in a generation decision under the
carpet, without consulting
parliament. Three hundred million
pounds wasted on weapons that
should never be fired, while hungry
people are sleeping on the streets,
is grossly offensive. We must seize
this moment and vote no.

APPLAUSE. Cat sees Kirsten watching her. A moment of eye
contact between them. Kirsten walks over to join Cat.

KIRSTEN
Hello again.

CAT

So we convinced you. You've come to
join the cause.

KIRSTEN

I saw the film crew. Got curious.

CAT

I hope you learned something.

Kirsten takes out a photo of Craig Burke and shows Cat.

KIRSTEN

Do you recognise this man?

CAT

(beat)

Sorry, now's not a good time. I'm
at work. You can come and see me
when I'm finished.

KIRSTEN

When will that be?

CAT

That's up to the government, isn't
it?

Cat walks to join her friends, glancing back at Kirsten. Cat
speaks to Oakley, who also looks over.

Kirsten makes her way back towards her car.

60 INT. MISSILES, FOUR DECK, VIGIL - "DAY"

60

Under Glover's watchful eye, Amy walks Hadlow around the missiles area. Hadlow seems ill at ease.

HADLOW

I was really just coming through. I didn't stop or anything.

AMY

But afterwards you talked to Adams. You asked him how he thought Burke had seemed.

HADLOW

No, I don't think so...

AMY

What time did you see him in here?

HADLOW

12.30 maybe? About half an hour before change of watch. I couldn't stop to talk. And I didn't know him that well. We'd never sailed together or anything.

AMY

What was he doing?

HADLOW

He was just... hanging around. But people do that when they're off-watch. It's quiet down here. You can get some space.

AMY

And Burke was definitely off-watch?

HADLOW

Yeah. He wasn't at his station and he wasn't in uniform. He had a green fleece on.

AMY

Where was he standing? Can you show me?

Hadlow walks Amy over to a spot on the deck.

AMY (CONT'D)
(to Glover)
Could you get the lights turned
down in here?

GLOVER
In this whole area?

AMY
Yes, please.

Glover moves to an intercom system to make the request. Amy
takes a spray bottle out of her kit bag, along with a
specialised torch.

HADLOW
Do you still need me?

AMY
Yes, please. Don't go anywhere.

The lights go down -- not all the way, but dimmed.

GLOVER
They can only give you one minute.

Amy moves fast, spraying the area and shining her blacklight.

A spot on a metal strut glows. Amy sprays around that area
more thoroughly, and on the deck below it.

HADLOW
What's that stuff?

AMY
It's called luminol. Forensics use
it to pick up blood stains.

The lights come back up.

Amy examines the areas of interest -- and now, under regular
lighting, she finds a small smear of blood on the strut and
another spot on the deck. She marks them with stickers. She
swabs one of the blood stains and bags this evidence.

GLOVER
Is that blood?

Amy takes photographs of the scene.

HADLOW
I need to get some scan now.

AMY
Did you see anyone else with Burke?
(beat)
Did you see Gary Walsh at all?

HADLOW

Write these down and I can do it later--

AMY

When you found Burke dead, what did you see when you entered the cabin?

HADLOW

I mean... I found him in his bunk.

AMY

Was his curtain drawn back?

HADLOW

(beat)

No. I pulled it back.

AMY

Everyone tells me how precious sleep is down here. Weren't you worried you'd be waking Burke up?

HADLOW

(beat)

I don't-- I suppose I just thought... if he was asleep...

AMY

Have you done that before? Gone into someone's cabin and pulled back their curtain?

HADLOW

It's not like it's forbidden. Look, I have a drill to prep and I still haven't eaten. Write down your questions. I'll answer them later.

AMY

No, sorry, but I'm afraid we're not done yet. You were one of the last people to see him alive, and you're the person who found him dead, and you can't tell me why you went to see him?

HADLOW

I'm on a tight schedule.

Hadlow walks off at pace.

AMY

(to Glover)

Can't you stop him--?

GLOVER

He's an officer. Nothing I can do.

Amy is frustrated.

AMY

Alright, I need to see the Captain.

61 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY"

61

Newsome, Prentice, Doward and Tara sit reviewing audio and other data from the collision in the 'sound room' section.

TARA KIERLY

It gets pulled down by the nets. If you listen to--

She plays an audio section. Compares the waterfall display.

TARA KIERLY (CONT'D)

That's the floats on the trawl banging against something. It's exactly the same signature as the audio you get with the *Antares* sinking. I've cross-referenced it.

MATTHEW DOWARD

Sir, with due respect to Petty Officer Kierly, that noise could easily just be the nets snarling on the boat as it sinks.

TARA KIERLY

No, it's not. I'm sure.

(beat)

The trawler got pulled down by another boat. It all fits.

NEWSOME

Can you classify the other boat?

TARA KIERLY

Not yet.

Amy approaches them.

AMY

Commander Newsome, could I speak with you? It's urgent.

Newsome indicates for Amy to follow him to a quieter area near the Control Room's exit. Prentice accompanies them.

AMY (CONT'D)

I've found blood and I have a witness who can put Burke at the same location. At least one of the crew has a history of violence involving Burke.

(off Newsome)

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

He had a fight with Gary Walsh in a pub. You can't ignore this.

PRENTICE

You've been told--

Newsome quietens Prentice with a motion of his hand.

AMY

I appreciate that your mission takes priority for you. But there's a line, and now we need to message our superiors.

NEWSOME

Where was the blood found?

AMY

On one of the missile decks.

(beat)

Did anything unusual happen on the day Burke died? Was there anything different about his watch?

PRENTICE

He snorted heroin.

AMY

There was certainly heroin powder found around his nostrils.

(beat)

Why were you on "silent routine"?

A beat.

NEWSOME

Write your report. We'll send it.

PRENTICE

Sir? Two transmissions in one week?

NEWSOME

Have navigation move the boat out of the patrol area.

(to Amy)

Have your report ready to go within the hour.

Amy is relieved that she is finally being listened to.

AMY

Thank you.

61A INT. SIGNALS ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY

61A

Two messages are received from Vigil.

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

62

A temporary office. Rear-Admiral Shaw sits with OTHER OFFICERS including Branning.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
(to Branning)
We'll be staying up here for the
foreseeable.

Grave silence.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW (CONT'D)
The challenge is going to be
sending out boats to look for a
wrecked trawler without it looking
like we're responsible.

ERIN BRANNING
There's already speculation online.
Fringe stuff, mostly.

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
Let's make sure that the press are
briefed we're assisting the
coastguard. In fact, Maitland, call
the coastguard and offer our
assistance. They'll say yes.
(stressed, frustrated)
Bloody Vigil. We'll have to make
some real changes when she's back.

Branning receives a message on her phone.

ERIN BRANNING
(to Shaw)
The police officer has arrived.

Branning indicates two reports -- one from Newsome, one from
DCI Silva intended for Robertson -- on the table.

ERIN BRANNING (CONT'D)
Should we give her DCI Silva's
report from Vigil?

REAR ADMIRAL SHAW
Her report doesn't exist until the
Chiefs of Staff say it exists.

63 EXT. CAR PARK, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY

63

Erin Branning walks out to meet Kirsten beside her parked
car. Coolly cordial.

ERIN BRANNING
Hello again. Can I offer you the
grand tour?

KIRSTEN

I need to message my colleague on Vigil. Then I'd like to see Craig Burke's accommodation.

64 INT./EXT. ACCOMMODATION BLOCK, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY

64

Lt Branning accompanies Kirsten down a shiny floored corridor. It's like a high-end student halls.

ERIN BRANNING

Most of the families live in Kirkmouth, but the singletons all want these. It's a walk to work.
(arriving at Burke's door)
Here we are.

Lt Branning produces a master key and opens the door for Kirsten. She goes to follow Kirsten into the room but--

KIRSTEN

I've asked a colleague to join me, but I'm going to get started. I'm afraid you'll need to wait outside. Or I can call you when I'm done, if that's easier?

ERIN BRANNING

Is there a reason..?

KIRSTEN

This is a police investigation.

ERIN BRANNING

(laughing)
I'm hardly a member of the public.

KIRSTEN

I know. But still.

After a beat, Branning nods her acquiescence. Kirsten steps inside and gently closes the door behind her.

65 INT. CRAIG BURKE'S ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 65

Kirsten lets her smile drop.

The room has a view of the security fencing to the east of the base, and of the woods and fields that lie beyond it.

Kirsten closes the curtains and turns on the room's lights.

66 INT. RATINGS' MESS, VIGIL - "DAY" 66

Amy writes up case notes on her laptop. Comms rating Heather Cronin approaches Amy.

 HEATHER CRONIN
 Message for you from base.

Amy takes the print-out. Reads:

*FROM: DETECTIVE SERGEANT LONGACRE / POLICE SCOTLAND / FAO:
DCI SILVA / VIGIL.*

 KIRSTEN (V.O.)
 Slow progress here. Event at sea.
 Could be connected to Burke death.
 Same day. Same area.
 (beat)
 Remember my dad's job? Involves one
 of those.
 (beat)
 What happened is the subject of my
 Dad's favourite song. We listened
 to it when I taught you Morse.

Amy leans back. Puzzled.

67 INT. CRAIG BURKE'S ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY 67

Kirsten begins a thorough search of the room. It is spacious but basic, with an en suite bathroom and lockable storage.

She leaves nothing to chance -- testing skirting boards, seeing if carpet is at all loose. Treating the whole room's fixtures and fittings with a high index of suspicion.

She checks beneath the bed, upturning the mattress. There's a scrunched up wad of toilet paper down the side of the bed. Using tweezers, she places it in a clear production bag.

 KIRSTEN
 (muttering)
 Ugh. DNA the hard way...

68 INT. PASSAGEWAY, VIGIL - "DAY" 68

Amy re-reads the message from Kirsten. Thinking back...

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

69

Kirsten and Amy sit at the table, with glasses of whisky. Kirsten taps out a rhythm on Amy's palm. Kirsten's iPhone is hooked-up to the stereo playing punk/grungy power-pop.

KIRSTEN
Dash dot-dot dash.

AMY
That's an "N"--

KIRSTEN
No, "N" is dash-dot.

A FOLK SONG begins to play. It stands out as very different from the others. Playing in the background:

THE SONG
(over the speakers)
*"When the Iolaire sank, they swam
for the shore, but the wind pushed
the rocks, and each wave brought
three more..."*

AMY
Bit of a change of scene...

KIRSTEN
My dad plays it every time he's drunk. He's from Stornoway. Sinking of the *Iolaire* is still a big deal for the trawlermen.

Amy listens to it for a moment. Its mournful folk dirge.

BACK TO:

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

70

Amy walks towards the Captain's cabin.

She catches Tara as she passes.

AMY
I'm DCI Silva. You've been ordered to co-operate, haven't you?

TARA KIERLY
Yes..?

AMY
So tell me about Burke and the sinking.

TARA KIERLY

I wasn't there. I got called to
replace him after he got booted.

AMY

So you replaced him mid-watch?

Tara looks caught, and deeply uneasy about it.

71 INT. CRAIG BURKE'S ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY (EVENING) 71

Kirsten checks beneath the desk. Checks that the tubular
chair legs haven't had anything placed in them.

She moves to the armchair in the corner of the room. It sits
in front of a floor-standing TV and games console.

Kirsten checks over the chair, finally flipping it onto its
back. She checks each of the chair legs. One of the feet
gives slightly when she twists it. With another tug, it comes
free.

Inside the hollow leg is a single USB pen drive. Kirsten
pulls it free of its hiding place and pockets it. She
replaces the leg-base and has picked up the chair to right it
when--

The door swings open, without announcement, startling
Kirsten. Branning enters. Kirsten is annoyed.

ERIN BRANNING

I have to be at a meeting shortly.
How much longer do you need?

KIRSTEN

I'm ready to go.

72 INT. PASSAGEWAY, OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S CABIN, VIGIL - "DAY" 72

Amy KNOCKS on Newsome's door. He opens it -- tired, addled,
and angry at being disturbed while trying to sleep.

AMY

The day Burke died a trawler sank.

Newsome eyes Amy balefully.

AMY (CONT'D)

This is a murder enquiry. You were
obliged to be candid with me.

NEWSOME

Be quiet. And close the door.

Amy steps into the cabin.

NEWSOME (CONT'D)

Don't accuse me of--

AMY

I've spoken to Hadlow and Adams. Burke should still have been on watch at 8.30. But Hadlow saw him dressed in casual clothes. You dismissed him after you hit a fishing trawler. Why?

NEWSOME

Sit down.

(Amy does so)

We didn't hit anyone. So far as we can tell, another submarine did.

(beat)

Someone sitting right behind us. Do you understand what that means? Of course you don't! You're looking for someone who might have had a punch-up. We have had an enemy submarine tracking us. Which oughtn't even be possible.

Amy sees his stress.

NEWSOME (CONT'D)

The entire nuclear deterrent rests on three things. First, you have to have viable weapons. Second, your opponent can't ever be sure what you'd do with them. That's why we keep the letter of last resort in a safe inside *another* safe. The final thing is, your opponent mustn't be able to stop you. So we stay hidden.

(beat)

If we've been successfully shadowed by an enemy submarine, that is the single most frightening development in submarine warfare in my lifetime.

(beat)

Burke wanted us to go up to look for any survivors from the trawler. The mission required us to hide. I made the right decision.

AMY

But we're not at war.

NEWSOME

That's an illusion. We have *always* been at war.

72A INT. MISSILE TUBES AREA, VIGIL - "DAY" 72A

Heather walks through the area, headed for the Control room.

Without warning--

Almost all the lights go out as the boat's power re-routes.

72B INT. REACTOR TUNNEL, VIGIL - "DAY" 72B

Gary Walsh CRIES OUT as a nitrogen burst floods the area. He can't breathe. He tries to run-- trips-- begins to pass out.

72C OMITTED 72C

72D INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN, VIGIL - "DAY" 72D

Newsome stands, tense. *What's wrong with the power..?*

SHIP CONTROL (V.O.)
The reactor has scrammed. All
hands. Reactor has scrammed.

Newsome looks ashen at what he is hearing.

AMY
What's going on?

Newsome doesn't answer. His glazed panic says it all.

A beat -- and then he darts for his folded clothes.

73 INT. CRAIG BURKE'S ROOM, ROYAL NAVY BASE - DAY (EVENING) 73

Branning upends Burke's chair -- and quickly finds the empty compartment. She stares down at it.

74 INT. PASSAGEWAY, TWO DECK, VIGIL - "DAY" 74

CREW hurry to their positions.

SHIP CONTROL (V.O.)
Reactor scram, reactor scram,
reduce electrical loads throughout
the submarine.

In bunk-rooms, SENIOR RATES jump down off their racks.

75 INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR, ROYAL NAVY BASE CARPARK - DAY 75
(EVENING)

Kirsten plugs Burke's USB stick into her laptop. The drive opens to reveal a single folder -- passcode protected -- and one file outside it, a .mov format file (ie. video)

Kirsten opens that file. A window on Kirsten's computer appears -- Craig Burke, facing camera. Recorded in his room on Dunloch base.

Kirsten presses play -- and the dead man speaks. ON SCREEN:

CRAIG BURKE (V.O.)
Off the top of my head, there's
twenty different ways you could
kill Vigil's crew single-handed.

Kirsten stares. Glances around her.

Then quickly ejects the drive, pockets it, closes her laptop and starts her car's engine.

76 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY" 76

Amy follows behind Newsome as he enters barking orders as he buttons his shirt.

NEWSOME
Officer of the Watch, I have the
submarine. Take us up to 200 feet.
(to Ship Control)
Get me the EO. Full report from
engineering.

Amy turns to a CREWMAN--

AMY
What's happening?

An atmosphere of fear and grim-faced problem solving.

CRAIG BURKE (V.O.)
Nobody talks about it. Not the
skipper. Not the top-brass. They
only want silence.

77 OMITTEDMOVED

77

77A INT. GALLEY, VIGIL - "DAY" 77A

JUNIOR COOKS turn off the steam-cookers. All non-essential equipment is getting shut down.

CRAIG BURKE (V.O.)
There's corruption and fear.
There's men who've been killed and
the world's still got no idea. We
look like a crew and that's all
that matters to them, not what's
underneath.

78 INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR, ROYAL NAVY BASE CARPARK - DAY 78
(EVENING)

Kirsten drives up to the exit gates. They don't open.

Kirsten winds down her window to talk to the MOD POLICE ON DUTY.

KIRSTEN
Could you open the gate, please?

MOD POLICE ON DUTY
Wait a moment.

78A INT. CRAIG BURKE'S VIDEO - DAY 78A

Burke speaks with intensity.

CRAIG BURKE
I've had some of them come at me.
They'll come at me again. I know
that.

78B INT./EXT. KIRSTEN'S CAR, ROYAL NAVY BASE CARPARK - DAY 78B
(EVENING)

The gate remains closed. Behind her, in her review mirror, Kirsten sees TWO ARMED GUARDS approaching her vehicle.

KIRSTEN
I'm Police Scotland. I'm not
interested in waiting, I'm heading
home. Can you open the gates?

78C OMITTED 78C

78D INT. ENGINE ROOMS, VIGIL - "DAY" 78D

Hadlow sweats over his monitors. All rods are down. Hadlow picks up the phone to Newsome in the control room.

HADLOW

Captain. I have no idea what caused it. It's a complete reactor shutdown. And we can't bring it back up. We could be dead in the water.

79 INT. CONTROL ROOM, VIGIL - "DAY" 79

Amy looks at Newsome's face as he bends over a bank of screens. Seeing raw fear crackling off the Captain.

80 INT. CRAIG BURKE'S VIDEO - DAY (VIDEO) 80

Craig smiles and shrugs for the camera.

CRAIG BURKE

But if they've left me dead under
two miles of water, well... here I
am. And I've got things to tell
you.

THE END