

VIGIL TWO

"Episode Three"

Written by  
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5th July 2023 - Buff Revisions

AMY stares at the scene, her own heartbeat--the pulse of it--thumping loudly in her skull. All other sound muted.

She watches as CALLUM shoves SABI backwards, somehow, before slumping onto his back. Blood seeping from the wound on his shoulder, and he's going into shock.

Sabi rushes towards him again--

AMY

Sabi, stop!

Sabi hesitates. A tiny glance at Amy, then back down at Callum. Her hand shakes as it holds the knife, as Callum's grip on his wound weakens.

CALLUM

I can't feel my arm--

Amy raises her hands, into defensive pose. She knows how to deal with this--in theory.

AMY

Sabi, you need to listen to me.

Sabi shakes her head. She's all adrenaline, shaking so much she's almost vibrating.

AMY (cont'd)

Put the knife down.

Sabi looks down at the knife. At the blood covering her hand. Her breathing so erratic.

AMY (cont'd)

You don't want to do this. You don't want to make this worse than it already is.

Sabi nods. As if she understands--and doesn't care. Her energy's heightened, and she shifts the knife in her hand, as if preparing to stab Callum once more.

SABI

He did this. He made me do it.

AMY

What did he do?

Amy takes a step closer, and Sabi finally looks at her. Locks eyes with her, shakes her head.

SABI

Stop it! Don't come any closer.

Amy raises her hands more. No danger here. She keeps her gaze locked on Sabi, holds eye contact.

AMY

Put the knife down.

The MEDICAL TEAM arrive in the doorway, Amy glances back, indicates for them to stay where they are. She looks back to Sabi, turns her hand palm up to receive the knife.

AMY (cont'd)

Give me the knife, and they can help him.

SABI

I told you--stay where you are.

Amy steps forward again, hand still there.

AMY

Look at him.

Sabi does. She doesn't want to, but she does--and she sees him, so pale, eyes fluttering.

AMY (cont'd)

He needs help, Sabi.

Sabi steps backwards away from him--everybody flinches as she moves--but she stands, still shaking.

The small terrified girl inside her taking over in this moment. The knife loose in her hand--

SABI

I didn't--I didn't--

She doesn't finish the thought. Amy steps forward, takes the knife from her hand--

And the Medics rush over to Callum, immediately getting to work.

SAM starts towards Sabi. Pain and anger in his eyes.

SAM

What did you do? What's wrong with you?

Amy puts herself between Sabi and Sam, but Sam pushes, leans past her.

SAM (cont'd)

He didn't do anything to you, and you tried to kill him!

Sabi snaps out of her panic, into rage, into pain:

SABI

It's his fault my dad's dead! All  
of this, it's his fault!

As Amy turns to look at her, TWO WUDYANI MILITARY POLICE  
rush Sabi from the rear of the court. They snatch her up--  
not quite a tackle, but certainly physical--and carry her  
away from the court as she starts screaming.

TITLES.

2 EXT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, OPERATIONS BUILDING - EVENING 4 - 2  
19.11 (BST +4HRS)

Amy stands a little way off from the BASKETBALL COURT.  
Clearly shaken. She takes a moment to compose herself,  
breathes deeply. Pulling herself back.

She takes her phone out, and calls Kirsten.

INTERCUTTING:

3 EXT. GLASGOW HOUSING BLOCK, RUN-DOWN ESTATE - DAY 4 - 15.11 3

KIRSTEN's striding back towards RAMSAY and ARMED OFFICERS.  
She pulls her phone from her pocket, answers.

KIRSTEN

Hi love, you alright?

AMY

Not really. Sabi Chapman stabbed  
Callum Barker right in front of me.

KIRSTEN

Oh shit. Why?

AMY

I don't know. Have you got anything  
back from Digital Forensics about  
her phone?

KIRSTEN

They're fast-tracking it. They said  
it won't be long.

AMY

Thanks.

KIRSTEN

I'm just glad you're okay--

Kirsten's hand finds the side of her bump. A twinge of pain, gone almost as soon as it appears.

AMY

I'm okay. Are you alright? You sound--

KIRSTEN

No, I'm fine. All good. Love you.

The call ends. Kirsten stands a moment. Takes a breath.

Then, loudly, to the assembled:

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Right, I want a Lookout Request on Ross Sutherland. We'll get a picture sent round, I want every patrol car to know what he looks like. He's to be considered armed, and dangerous. Let's find him, before he hurts anybody else.

4 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, MEDICAL AREA - EVENING 4 - 19.23 (BST +4 HRS)

4

Amy walks into the base's medical wing. Some smaller recovery rooms, some examination rooms--and a TRAUMA THEATRE.

Through a window into the TRAUMA THEATRE, SURGEONS and MEDICAL STAFF can be seen working on Callum. He's writhing in pain, being held down, an IV being inserted.

Eliza's standing in front of the window, watching. She doesn't look at Amy as she approaches. Feeling the pain, the concern at one of her people being in surgery.

ELIZA

Surgeon's think there might be nerve damage. Barker may never be able to pilot again--

(beat)

I knew it was a bad idea Sabi coming back here.

Amy turns to look at Eliza: helpful.

A NURSE administers painkiller through an IV line, Callum stops writhing, and the surgeons get to work.

ELIZA (cont'd)

I have to keep this squadron together somehow. So you need to find out why this happened. Fast.

AMY

I'll speak to Sabi now. But I need someone to send me all available CCTV from the time the R-PAS was stolen. Now, no delays.

5 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, OPERATIONS BUILDING - EVENING 4 - 5  
19.27 (BST +4HRS)

As Amy approaches, the WUDYANI MILITARY POLICE guarding the HOLDING CELL stand aside, to let her pass.

6 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, HOLDING CELL - EVENING 4 - 19.28 6  
(BST +4HRS)

Sabi's sitting on the bed against one wall. She doesn't look as Amy sits on a chair in the middle of the room.

Sabi's energy is entirely wrong. Rage and pain making her buzz, almost. Simmering anger, hands in tight fists.

AMY

I've just come from watching Flight Lieutenant Barker being operated on. Do you want to tell me why you attacked him?

Sabi doesn't answer.

AMY (cont'd)

You said he made you do something.  
What was it he made you do?

Still no response. As if Amy's not even there.

AMY (cont'd)

Sabi, I need answers.

Nothing.

AMY (cont'd)

What do you know about *Jabhat Al'huriya*?

A hint of something. Sabi's eyes look towards Amy, then immediately away. Might be a way in.

AMY (cont'd)

Did you take the R-PAS console?

Sabi tenses her jaw. No answer.

AMY (cont'd)

Sabi, talk to me. What are you involved in?

Silence, and tension, broken by--

The ringing of Amy's phone. She pulls it out--KIRSTEN.

AMY (cont'd)

I need to take this. Think about giving me some answers.

(MORE)



AMY (cont'd)

This doesn't go away, it only gets worse if you don't.

7 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, OPERATIONS BUILDING - EVENING 4 - 7  
19.29 (BST +4HRS)

Amy steps out into the corridor, answers the phone.

AMY

Hey.

INTERCUTTING:

8 INT. SCOTTISH POLICE SERVICE, BULL PEN - DAY 4 - 15.29 8

Kirsten's sitting at her desk, the BULL PEN mostly empty. Ramsay and Townsend behind her, looking at their computer screens. A couple of pages of what look like WhatsApp messages--bubbles and replies and GIFs and emoji.

KIRSTEN

I've got something. Sabi was messaging with somebody who's not in her contacts. The app they're chatting on auto-deletes, so there's only messages from the past seven days.

AMY

Does she talk about the R-PAS console?

KIRSTEN

Feels like it's pretty safe to assume, the timing lines up. This is last Thursday, Sabi says:

Kirsten reads from the message on her computer screen:

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

"Can't you do it? I don't see why you need my help." Then they say to her, "We told you, you're the only one who can." Then later, she messaged them right after the R-PAS was taken, says, "It's done, I left it where you told me." But they don't reply to her then, that's it from their end. She tries to get them to talk to her again, but nothing.

AMY

She doesn't call whoever it is by name?

KIRSTEN

No, no names.

AMY

I'm wondering about Barker.

Amy's phone dings. She repositions her phone to check it.

KIRSTEN

You thinking that this is why she stabbed him?

On Amy opening a new message from air base security with CCTV video files, a thumbnail still of the base on each one.

AMY

I don't know. I'll call you later?

KIRSTEN

You'll be in trouble if you don't.

The call ends. Kirsten turns to Ramsay--

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

You've got secret MI5 search engine stuff for people, right?

RAMSAY

Yeah, we're checking everybody out all the time. Nothing better to do than spying on your Facebook.

On Kirsten: ha ha ha.

RAMSAY (cont'd)

I can get some of the basement guys to do some digging, what do you need?

KIRSTEN

Amy said Sabiha Chapman stabbed Flight Lieutenant Callum Barker. No clear motive. I want to find out everything about him, see if there's something we need to know. If he convinced the daughter of a Wing Commander to steal something this dangerous--

RAMSAY

Maybe we should be keeping our eyes on him. I'll get them on it.

9 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, HOLDING CELL - EVENING 4 - 19.31 9  
(BST +4HRS)

Amy sits back down in the chair. The energy different--far more charged now in Amy's favour.

AMY

Who have you messaged on your phone  
in the last week?

SABI

I told you, I don't have one.

AMY

Sabi. We found it.

(beat)

We've read your messages.

Sabi shakes her head, but Amy digs in.

AMY (cont'd)

You asked them why they needed your help. Stealing from an air base is a big ask.

(beat)

Was it Callum who asked you to do it?

SABI

Callum's a liar--

AMY

Why? What has he lied about?

(beat)

Let's go back to the R-PAS console.

Why did you take it?

SABI

I didn't.

Outright denial--and Amy's got evidence otherwise.

AMY

Your father deleted the security camera footage from the armoury of the console itself being taken. But he didn't get to the base's other cameras.

Amy pulls her phone from her pocket. She cues a video up.

AMY (cont'd)

Look at this.

ON PHONE: Security camera footage of the ACCOMMODATION BLOCK. Sabi walks through carrying a bulky holdall.

AMY (cont'd)

This is ten minutes after the R-PAS was stolen. What's in the bag?

Amy skips to the next video.

ON PHONE: Footage of the FRONT GATE's security cam. Sabi leaving the base, still carrying the bag.

Sabi's eyes glance at the phone.

AMY (cont'd)

You left the base with the bag,  
then returned half an hour later,  
and the bag's gone.

ON PHONE: Sabi returning to the FRONT GATE, with no bag.

AMY (cont'd)

Do you know who collected it? Was  
it *Jabhat Al'huriya*? Or Callum?

SABI

I don't know--

But Amy can see: she's getting through.

AMY

Why are you protecting them? After you gave them the console, the messages just stop. They got what they wanted. And now it's you who's in custody.

Sabi shakes her head. Amy, suddenly angry, shocking her--

AMY (cont'd)

For God's sake, people have died. If you and your father planned-- (that)

SABI

Dad had nothing to do with it.

AMY

Why should I believe you? You've done nothing but lie to me.

All Sabi's wind is gone. Depleted, she starts to talk.

SABI

I was trying to help.

AMY

A terrorist group?

SABI

The people who live here. My mum was from here. He said that she would have wanted me to help them.

AMY

Callum said?

Sabi nods.

SABI

People here are being locked up for things they didn't do, they're being killed.

(beat)

He said that I could help. If I could get the console for *Jabhat Al'huriya*.

Sabi nods.

AMY

So why couldn't Callum get it himself?

SABI

He said that he didn't have  
clearance to get into the armoury.

AMY

That's why they needed you. For  
your dad's pass.

SABI

I was so scared that somebody would  
catch me, but he told me it would  
be fine. He told me where to leave  
it--

AMY

That's when you took it off-base?

SABI

Yeah.

AMY

Then your father found out what  
happened. Is that why you left?

Sabi nods.

AMY (cont'd)

And you think that's why he was  
killed? Because he knew?

Sabi nods. Holding back tears.

SABI

(beat)

Right before we left, I saw them  
fighting--my dad and Callum. My dad  
was so upset with him. That's when  
I knew for sure it must be Callum.  
I came back because I wanted to  
talk to him. To find out why all  
this happened. But he acted like I  
didn't even exist... I only took it  
because I thought that I was doing  
the right thing. I didn't want  
anybody to die.

The floodgates burst.

SABI (cont'd)  
But my dad--they killed my dad...

10 OMITTED 10

11 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, CALLUM'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 4 - 22.40 11  
(BST +4HRS)

Amy pulls gloves on as she looks around. Photographs on his desk. Callum with his family, taken a long time ago.

She checks along the edge of the bed, under the mattress, feels the sheets, the pillow. Sifts through the clothes in the wardrobe, under drawers. She's methodical and deliberate. But there's nothing. She looks around--

At the bed, the sheets now unkempt from her search. Pulled up around the mattress, and she sees a seam, loose, along the edge of the mattress. A hole. She reaches her hand in, feels around, and brings out--

A mobile phone.

12 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, AMY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 4 - 23.08 12  
(BST +4HRS)

Amy walks into her own quarters. She's knackered -- physically, mentally, emotionally. She sits at her desk, puts the now-bagged phone down on the desk. Switches her iPad on. A message on the secure system from Kirsten: RECOVERED PHONE TRANSCRIPTS. She opens it, starts to read.



13 INT. KIRSTEN & AMY'S FLAT, HALLWAY - EVENING 4 - 19.08 13

Kirsten enters. She's exhausted. Keys on the side, coat off. Glances at herself in a mirror.

KIRSTEN

Get an early night tonight, eh?

She takes her shoes off, goes to walk to the KITCHEN--

Something hurts. A tightness across her belly.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Ah!

The pain passes, but Kirsten is clearly concerned.

13A EXT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE - MORNING 5 - 06.24 (BST +4HRS) 13A

The sun rises over the airbase.

14 OMITTED 14

15 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, AMY'S QUARTERS - MORNING 5 - 09.27 (BST +4HRS) 15

Amy's asleep at her desk. The sky outside is bright now, day fully embedded.

And then--a slow-build roar of something. Her eyes open, and she sits up, suddenly panicked--

But it was only a plane. She looks out of the window as the sound deadens, and she's left with only the sound of her own breathing. Contrails in the sky.

She stands, stretches. Feels something in her pocket. Pulls out a note, the one from Mohammed Rajab. Two words: "Al Bidbiyat". In all the commotion, she forgot about it.

She sits at her desk again, opens her iPad, types the words. Scrolls through a news article.

And what she sees is chilling. An airstrike across the border from Wudyan. Where a bus was hit. Twelve children killed. Amy scrolls up and looks at the date of the article.

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16 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, MEDICAL AREA - MORNING 5 - 09.51 (BST +4HRS) 16

As Amy walks through the MEDICAL AREA, she sees into the small WARD--the only bed taken by Callum, awake, sitting up, heavily bandaged across his shoulder, arm and chest.

AMY

How are you feeling?

CALLUM

Bit like I've been stabbed.

He pushes himself up the bed a little, clearly in a lot of pain. Amy helps--

CALLUM (cont'd)

Cheers.

AMY

How well do you know Sabi?

CALLUM

To say hello to? We're not close.  
She's the boss's kid. She was.

AMY

Were you and Chapman friendly?

CALLUM

(beat)

What is this?

AMY

Did you ever message Sabi? Text  
her, anything like that?

CALLUM

No! I don't have her number. What  
am I going to be messaging her  
about anyway? Thoughts about the  
new Taylor Swift album?

Amy starts raising the temperature here, Callum pushes back  
in kind.

AMY

I have reason to believe that Sabi was coerced into stealing the R-PAS console used to conduct the attack at (Dundair--)

CALLUM

Hang on, (wait--)

AMY

--and that whoever coerced her was working with *Jabhat Al'huriya*.

CALLUM

And you think that was me?

Callum notices a BRITISH AIR FORCE TECHNICIAN walking past, hand bandaged. She glances in at the shouting--

Callum looks down. Ashamed. But Amy's dogged. She pushes further. She pulls out the--now bagged--mobile phone she retrieved from his room. It disarms him, his eyes widen.

AMY

Do you recognise this?

Callum doesn't speak. Brain trying to find a response.

AMY (cont'd)

I found it in your quarters.

CALLUM

You went through my stuff?

AMY

Do you want to tell me why you've got a secret mobile phone?

Callum's lost for words.

AMY (cont'd)

Sabi was sent messages through a private messaging app. What are the chances that you've got that same app installed?

CALLUM

I didn't message her anything!

AMY

I can send this back to the UK and get Digital Forensics to unlock it. Or you can tell me the PIN code and save us both some time.

But Callum doesn't. He shakes his head. Anger turned to something colder, harder.

CALLUM

I don't know anything about it.

AMY

What did you and Chapman argue  
about before he left?

Another blind-siding.

CALLUM

Who told you that?

AMY

What was the argument about?

CALLUM

Nothing. He was--It wasn't about  
anything. I don't remember.

Callum breathes. Brings himself back, calms himself.

AMY

Did 109 Squadron run surveillance  
at Al Bidbiyat?

CALLUM

I, ah--I don't think I'm at liberty  
to answer that.

AMY

It happened 6 months after the  
squadron was stationed here.

(beat)

Were you piloting that day?

Callum doesn't say anything. It's clear that even thinking  
about it upsets him--not defensiveness, trauma.

AMY (cont'd)

It must have been terrible.  
Nineteen people blown up on their  
way home, twelve of them children.  
And you were powerless to stop it.  
The press said it was an error of  
intelligence, that right?

\*  
\*

CALLUM

I--I don't--

AMY

That's the sort of tragedy that can  
turn somebody against their own.  
Did it turn you against your  
squadron?

CALLUM

\*

No! I would never--  
(beat)

CALLUM (cont'd)

I told you, I can't talk about it.  
What more do you want from me?

AMY

I want answers.

CALLUM

You've got everything you're going  
to get.

17	OMITTED	17
18	EXT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, ACCOMMODATION BLOCK - MORNING 5 - 09.54 (BST +4HRS)	18

Amy leaves the operations centre heading for the accommodation block. She gets a call from Kirsten..

AMY  
You're up early.

KIRSTEN (O.S.)  
I, (yeah--)

AMY  
Barker won't tell me anything--

KIRSTEN (O.S.)  
(Hold on--)

AMY  
--but it seems like he's got reason  
to push back against this place,  
(even if--)

KIRSTEN (O.S.)  
Hey! Shh! Shh. I've got somebody  
who wants to say hello.

Amy's phone beeps,, switches to video, darkness at first--  
But then there's clarity. Fuzz on the screen, like static,  
except it's moving, shifting--an ultrasound.

INTERCUTTING:

19 INT. QUEEN ELIZABETH HOSPITAL, MATERNITY SUITE - EARLY MORNING 5 - 05.54 19

Kirsten's on a bed, a TECHNICIAN next to her, ultrasound wand pressed to her belly. On the little screen, their baby moves inside her.

19A EXT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, OPERATIONS BUILDING - MORNING 5 - 09.54 (BST +4HRS) 19A

Amy rests back against the wall of the building. Her hand on her mouth. Shocked joy.



AMY

Oh my god. Is that his arm?

KIRSTEN

I think he's waving. He's excited,  
he knows he's on camera.

AMY

Wait--what are you doing at the  
hospital? Is something wrong?

INTERCUTTING with Kirsten:

KIRSTEN

I had some cramping.

AMY

You didn't call me?

KIRSTEN

I didn't want to worry you. The doctor said she doesn't know what it was, can just--happen. I'm totally fine though. We both are.

(beat)

I googled it while I was in the taxi. Thought it might have been an irritable uterus.

A moment, then Amy laughs, can't keep it in.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

It's not funny!

AMY

It makes sense, why should your uterus be any different at this time of day to the rest of you--

KIRSTEN

Alright!

AMY

I'm sorry. I'm just relieved you're both okay.

KIRSTEN

Yeah, fit as a fiddle. Right, go on, back to your work stuff.

AMY

I wanted to ask about Ross Sutherland. See if there are any connections to Barker. Did you get anywhere with his past addresses?

KIRSTEN

Yeah. I wanted to tell you last night, but you had enough on. We found him at his old flat. He was hiding out there.

AMY

Did you arrest him?

KIRSTEN

No. No, I was alone. He got away.

AMY

What happened? Did he hurt you?

KIRSTEN

No, I'm fine, he didn't do anything. Just--spooked me a bit.

AMY

But you're not fine, you're in hospital.

KIRSTEN

We don't know that caused it.

AMY

But we don't know it didn't. It's not like you haven't been pushing yourself. Taking risks.

(MORE)

AMY (cont'd)

You ended up alone with a murderer--

KIRSTEN

I didn't exactly choose to be.

AMY

You can use Townsend for this stuff.

KIRSTEN

You'd rather I was just sitting at my desk?

AMY

What are you trying to prove by doing this?

KIRSTEN

I'm not trying to prove anything.

(beat)

Is this concern coming from Senior Investigating Officer Amy or mother of my child Amy?

She doesn't wait for an answer--if Amy's even got one to give.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Look, I just wanted you to see him.  
I'll call you back later.

Kirsten ends the call. Amy stares at the medical equipment around her--annoyed at herself both for having upset Kirsten, and for not being there.

20 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, WES' QUARTERS - DAY 5 - 10.26 (BST 20  
+4HRS)

WES opens the door to Amy. He looks tired already.

WES

Oh, no, no no. Whatever this is--

AMY

I need to talk to you about the R-PAS console.

WES

I already went through this with you after the event.

AMY

You did. I'd like to go over it again.

A beat. Wes relents. He stands aside and she walks in.

AMY (cont'd)

The latency of Alpha R-PAS put the console here, not anywhere near Dundair.

WES

Yeah. The GPS said it was in Scotland, but you can mask that. Latency suggests its somewhere within a limited radius from Al-Shawka. A little over twenty miles.

AMY

Have you got a map of that?

Wes types something on his iPad. Brings up a map of Wudyan on screen. A circle drawn on it, shaded blue. The airbase in the middle of the circle. On the edges of the latency circle:

AMY (cont'd)

Bahrat Wud. That's where we did the operation yesterday. It's in the circle.

WES

Looks like it.

AMY

How long would it take to teach someone to fly one of the R-PAS?

WES

To be an expert? That's a lot of man-hours. But to learn enough to be able to make something go bang? Not long at all.

21 INT. SCOTTISH POLICE SERVICE, BULL PEN - MORNING 5 - 09.13 21

Kirsten walks through the office. She's tired--emotionally, physically--it's coming off her in waves.

RAMSAY hands Kirsten a takeaway coffee from a cardboard tray.

KIRSTEN

Thanks. Where are we on Sutherland?

Townsend picks up a file. Reads:

TOWNSEND

Ross Sutherland. Did two tours of Afghanistan, "dismissed with disgrace" after the second.

KIRSTEN

What happened?

TOWNSEND

It's not in the file, but we can try and find out. After that, he came back here, did a few different jobs, lived in a few different places, I've got officers with armed backup going to any known residences, areas he frequented, checking in on known associates. He was arrested a few times as well. I've requisitioned the interview tapes, see if there's anything on them that might help.

KIRSTEN

Great.

Kirsten turns to her computer. Ramsay's reading something on his, peering close to the computer.

RAMSAY

Techs have got back to me about Callum Barker. Look at this.

Kirsten scoots over. A Twitter-style UI on screen. Posts, that Ramsay scrolls through.

RAMSAY (cont'd)

Top level, everything's fine, totally normal, basketball, banter, some fairly innocuous retweets. They matched his IP to another account, though. This one's anonymous.

He switches to this second account.

RAMSAY (cont'd)

So, messages here about imprisoning people protesting for free speech, there's some here about Women's rights, LGBTQ laws. He doesn't say anything himself, it's pretty much all boosting.

KIRSTEN

There's one about military intrusions in Syria.

RAMSAY

Yeah. Only goes back a year or so.

KIRSTEN

So why's it anonymous?



RAMSAY

"My opinions do not reflect that of my employer" and all that.. Bit hypocritical, doing whatever it is he does out there when he feels this way about it all. But then, Maybe he just doesn't want anybody asking any questions?

KIRSTEN

Could you send all that to DCI Silva?

RAMSAY

You don't want to tell her yourself?

She could, but that last bit of tension...

KIRSTEN

No, she's busy. Better if she gets it soon as possible.

Ramsay nods. Kirsten lifts up the coffee to drink. DECAF written on the side. She stares at Ramsay for a moment.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

You got me decaf.

RAMSAY

Because of your... condition.

KIRSTEN

My condition is that I had a rubbish night and I've got a long day coming up, so I'd very much enjoy some caffeine, thank you.

RAMSAY

I'll get you another--

KIRSTEN

No, I'll get it. It's fine.

22 OMITTED 22

23 OMITTED 23

23A INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, MEDICAL AREA - DAY 5 - 13.14 (BST +4HRS) 23A

As Amy enters, Callum pushes himself up the bed a little. He shakes his head, stoney-faced.

CALLUM

I don't have to talk to you--

AMY

You'd be advised to.

CALLUM

You've locked me in here? As if I'd do a runner or something?

AMY

One of my team's just sent me a link to your social media accounts. Some pretty contentious opinions on there.

CALLUM

I'm allowed to think what I think, that's not a crime.

AMY

You started the account a few weeks after the attack at Al Bidbiyat. Is that a coincidence?

CALLUM

Just because I work here doesn't mean I have to like everything we do.

(beat)

I didn't do any of this. Any of what you're saying.

AMY

What am I saying?

Callum shakes his head, won't get tricked.

AMY (cont'd)

I've looked at your personnel file. You take the third Thursday night of every month off-base. So where do you go?

CALLUM

Nowhere. Around.

AMY

What about last Thursday?

CALLUM

Thursday--I can't remember--

AMY

Last Thursday was when Sabi stole the R-PAS device She left it to be collected by somebody. Whoever that person was, they took it and handed it over to *Jabhat Al'huriya*. If you've got nothing to hide, I suggest you think hard about where you were last Thursday.

If Callum was getting emotional, that shuts down now. He's so terrified, all he's got are walls.

CALLUM

If you want to formally accuse me of something, we can get a lawyer in here. I'm not saying a word otherwise. I'm tired. I'd like you to leave.

Amy leaves. Callum's hand finds his injured shoulder. His jaw trembling--he's very, very afraid of something...

24 INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING 5 - 09.22

24

Kirsten stands in a queue behind other customers, waiting to order. She steps to the front, the BARISTA smiles.

BARISTA

What can I get you?

The Barista glances down at Kirsten's bump.

KIRSTEN

Pity's sake.

(to Barista)

Decaf flat white. Thanks.

Behind Kirsten we see a man (Ross Sutherland) walk into the coffee shop - unbeknownst to Kirsten.

BARISTA

(shouting)

Decaf flat white.

Kirsten moves forward and takes the coffee.

KIRSTEN

Thanks.

She moves to the table where they keep the sugar, goes to put one in her coffee--

And suddenly, Sutherland's right behind her. Close to her, his voice low.

SUTHERLAND

Leave it. Come with me, don't say a word.

Kirsten's eyes widen, then shut, stress and anxiety and tension swelling up in her...

25 OMITTED

25

25A INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, ELIZA'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 13.24 (BST 25A +4HRS)

Eliza is talking to COLONEL BILALI. He's seated opposite her, calm, collected. She's not.

ELIZA

I just thought I should let you know that I'm managing it.

BILALI

You're managing your people being attacked?

Eliza doesn't know how to answer.

BILALI (cont'd)

I've informed Air Marshal Grainger that his presence would be keenly felt here at the moment. With everything going on, I think it's important that this base and its operations are well-oiled.

ELIZA

He's coming here?

A blow to Eliza. She was in control--but that control's spiraling away from her.

And, right on cue: Amy knocks on the door, pushes it open.  
She clocks Bilali.

AMY

Colonel.

(to Eliza)

I wanted to talk to you about--

Eliza's eyes dart to Bilali for a moment.

ELIZA

Can it wait?

BILALI

I'd like to hear what the detective  
has to say.

No going back now.

AMY

It's about the stolen R-PAS  
console. I have reason to believe  
it was taken off-base. Wes Harper  
showed me the limits of where it  
could have been taken. Bahrat Wud's  
in that area.

BILALI

You think that *Jabhat Al'huriya*  
operated it out of the safe house  
we raided?

AMY

I think it's worth checking out.

BILALI

Our soldiers have already gone over  
it. If there was anything to find,  
they would have found it.

AMY

I'd really like to look myself.

BILALI

Are you questioning my soldiers'  
capabilities?

ELIZA

I'm sure that DCI Silva simply has  
boxes she needs to tick.

(to Amy)

Flight Lieutenant Lawson's heading  
out there shortly. Go with her.

Amy nods her gratitude.

BILALI

I have been in touch with the local  
police in preparation of handing  
Sabiha Chapman to them.

AMY

She's a British citizen--



BILALI

She's as Wudyani as she is British.  
And hers was a crime that she  
committed on Wudyani soil. When  
you're finished with her, we will  
be taking her off your hands.

Amy looks at Eliza--What can we do?--but Eliza softly  
shakes her head at her. Not now.

ELIZA

If there's nothing else?

25B EXT. GLASGOW, COURTYARD - MORNING 5 - 09.24

25B

Sutherland pushes Kirsten towards a wall in an open  
courtyard. He doesn't look good. Tired, drawn. Jittery. His  
free hand scratches at his chest, under his jacket. An  
anxiety tic he can't quite control.

SUTHERLAND

Turn around, slowly. I don't want  
to hurt you.

Kirsten turns towards him and finally sees the broken man  
before her.

KIRSTEN

What are you doing?

SUTHERLAND

I ask the questions. I ask the  
questions, okay? Just--just--

He steps back. His head's bowed--there's something going  
on, some darkness. All his anger tinged with sadness.

SUTHERLAND (cont'd)

You told me someone framed him.

KIRSTEN

Because they did. Chapman had  
nothing to with Dundair. The attack  
was coordinated from Wudyani--

SUTHERLAND

No.

KIRSTEN

We've got definitive proof that  
somebody in Wudyani was controlling  
the R-PAS, not Chapman. They framed  
him, and they set you up as a scape  
goat.

Sutherland's hand slams into the wall near Kirsten's head. He steps back, holding his hand tightly, struggling to hold himself together.

SUTHERLAND

I did what I had to do to keep people safe. That's all. People don't know, nobody knows. Chapman was a threat. I was told about him.

KIRSTEN

Anthony Chapman was just a man. He had a daughter, he was trying to serve.

(beat)

Is that what you're trying to do?

Someone walks past, looks over at them. A rage takes over Sutherland. His voice raised a moment--

SUTHERLAND

Don't fucking look at them.

Even as Kirsten's afraid, she tells it how it is.

KIRSTEN

I'm sorry. But whoever got you to do this, they used you. If you can tell us who that is--

SUTHERLAND

No.

Sutherland steps back. As if he's contemplating it.

KIRSTEN

Come in. Let me help you.

SUTHERLAND

I thought that doing this would make it better. But it didn't. I can't make it better, can I?

He moves away from Kirsten, she reaches for him, he shoves her back against the wall--not hard, but enough--and then he's gone.

Kirsten reaches for her phone and calls Townsend.

KIRSTEN

(on phone)

I've just seen Ross Sutherland. He headed north from Helen Square, we need all units.

26 OMITTED

26

27 OMITTED

27

28 EXT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, CAR PARK - DAY 5 - 13.56 (BST +4HRS) 28

Amy walks across the tarmac towards FLIGHT LIEUTENANT NICOLE LAWSON, she clocks Amy. Doesn't seem overjoyed to be on babysitting duty.

LAWSON  
(to Amy)  
You're with me.

29 INT./EXT. NEAR ZAHRA, CAR, TRAVELLING - DAY 5 - 14.16 (BST +4HRS) 29

The town in the distance, buildings spotting the landscape. They drive in a worse-for-wear saloon car. Amy looks at the car's GPS, telling them where to go, as Lawson keeps her eyes on the road. This is not a comfortable silence.

AMY  
Can I ask you some questions?

LAWSON  
Nothing stopping you.

AMY  
How do you get on with Flight Lieutenant Barker?

LAWSON  
Fine.

AMY  
Are you friends?

LAWSON  
I respect him, he's a good pilot.

AMY  
That's not the same.

30 EXT. BAHRAT WUD, SAFE HOUSE - DAY 5 - 14.41 (BST +4HRS) 30

They arrive at the SAFE HOUSE from the previous day's raid. It's quiet--they're the only car here.

AMY

You don't like talking to me.

LAWSON

Doesn't matter what I like.

(beat)

No, actually: I like knowing what's going on. You came here, Sabi went nuts, now Barker's locked up?

AMY

I'm trying to get answers myself.  
Get you all back to normality.

LAWSON

Normality. Right.

A moment of silence. Then:

AMY

Do you know where Callum goes on his downtime? When he's off base?

LAWSON

No idea. Rest of us do whatever, the beach or the malls or-- whatever. He doesn't come with us.

AMY

What transport do you use?

LAWSON

You're in it. This is a pool car, we each get turns with it on our days off, we can do whatever we like with it.

Amy has a thought. She reaches for the GPS, presses to see recent destinations.

AMY

Do you recognise any of these?

LAWSON

That one's an outlet mall. That one's a hotel, they're pretty lax with the booze rules.

AMY

What about this one?

She points to the most recent entry, clearly a residential address--a house number, a street.

LAWSON

No idea. Not one of mine.

AMY

That was last Thursday, Callum's night off.

LAWSON

Then you'd better ask him.

Vehicles approach: these are the Wudyani Jeeps, stopping a little way off. Wudyani Soldiers get out.

LAWSON (cont'd)

Right, it's go time.

AMY

Why do they want to talk to you?

LAWSON

Because the bad guys escaped.

(dry)

They want to explain to us why it's our fault.

Lawson opens her car door to get out--

AMY

I have to look around inside.

LAWSON

Yeah, that's not a given. Wudyanis have to sign off on it. Wait here until I give you the all clear.

Lawson slams the door and walks over towards the assembled soldiers.

She greets the Wudyanis, then introduces herself to the Wudyani Soldier who's evidently in charge. They start talking.

Amy stares at the house. There's a doorway near the car, a curtain inside it. Wind blows, the curtain moves, exposing a view into a KITCHEN--

The conversation between Lawson and the Wudyanis is starting to get heated, as well. Amy glances over--clearly more antagonistic than friendly.

But she needs to see inside. She opens the car door and walks--softly, quietly, quickly--into the SAFE HOUSE.

31 INT. BAHRAT WUD, SAFE HOUSE - DAY 5 - 14.46 (BST +4HRS) 31

AMY enters the courtyard area. Two low-rise houses sit either side of the courtyard. Their front doors busted open. In the broken windows, torn curtains shift in the wind. A child's swing hangs from an ornamental tree but broken glass from yesterday's attack litters the ground below it. Amy approaches the creaking door of the house on her right. She enters.

Inside it is sparse and nondescript. But the after-effects of the raid and the search can be seen.

Amy walks through one ROOM, a spacious living area, a table in the middle of it, six chairs. Empty food wrappers on the table.

She looks out one of the windows, across the courtyard--

Something moves, inside a SECOND BUILDING. A flutter of fabric. She can't be sure of it. She leans out--

OUT the front of the building, the argument rises. The voices of the soldiers carrying on the air. Amy rushes back through the house--

32 OMITTED 32

32A EXT. BAHRAT WUD, SAFE HOUSE - DAY 5 32A

She moves across the courtyard towards the SECOND BUILDING, where she saw movement. Finds a door, pushed open, swinging a little in the breeze. Amy breathes deeply.

32B INT. BAHRAT WUD, SAFE HOUSE - DAY 5 32B

She holds open the door and, slowly, steps inside. It's darker in here--all the shutters closed on the windows, only slivers of light coming through.

She walks through the hallway. Rooms off it, doors pushed to. She opens one--

Nothing inside.

To the next. A sound, from a far corner. She steps closer, closer--

Opens a door and it is just an open window frame banging back and forth in the light breeze.

Amy leans back against a wall, exhales, relieved.

But then: a creak from down the hall. She hears something moving. Tension flooding right back into her.

She moves, quietly again, down the hall.

A door down the hallway moves, ever so slightly. Amy creeps again, aware of the sound of her footsteps creaking as she goes. Aware of every little sound. Her own breathing.

She heads towards the door. Sounds from inside the room. Something being moved across the floor? Very slowly, very carefully, trying to not make a sound.

Amy moves the door open. Through the gap, she sees somebody in there. The door creaks. The person turns. She sees a flash of them--

They charge towards the door, barging into it, knocking Amy back. They run past her--

She looks up, to see a YOUNG MAN rushing past her, a satchel hanging around his shoulders. Amy doesn't hesitate, she's on her feet, chasing after him--

AMY

Hey! Stop!

He's fast--she might be faster. She gains on him -- and catches him before he makes it out the house. Amy grabs him and they both go down. The young man fights back, breaking free of Amy who grabs hold of the satchel, yanking it. The bag drops off the young man's shoulder as he escapes out the house. Amy, on the floor and watching after him, has the satchel in her hand.



32D EXT. BAHRAT WUD, SAFE HOUSE - DAY 5

32D

Amy walks out--a little bedraggled--towards the assembled soldiers, and Lawson. She turns to look at Amy.

LAWSON

I thought I told you to stay in the car.

Amy holds up the satchel.

AMY

We weren't alone here.

32E INT. BAHRAT WUD, SAFE HOUSE - DAY 5

32E

As they approach the room where Amy found the Young Man:

LAWSON

What were you thinking, coming in here alone?

AMY

I needed to look for the console.  
If there was a chance the Wudyanis said I couldn't...

LAWSON

No, you'd rather be attacked by yourself, I get it.

They enter the room. Lawson looks around. A chest of drawers against one wall, a bed against another.

Lawson looks through the satchel.

LAWSON (cont'd)

You get a decent look at him?

AMY

Yeah, well enough.

Lawson brings an ID card out of the bag. Shows it to Amy.

LAWSON

Was this him?

AMY

(reads)  
*Faisal Ghazali*. I think that was him, yeah. He was in here, he was doing something over...

She looks at the chest of drawers. It's not flush to the wall. She moves it. Nothing there. But, looking at the back of it, she notices small scratches on the wood.

AMY (cont'd)

You got anything sharp?

Nicole goes to her pocket and passes Amy a leatherman-type device. Amy uses this to prize open a secret door at the back of the drawers. Inside it, a cardboard file, loose papers filling it. Amy picks them up.

LAWSON

What is that?

Amy puts the file on the chest of drawers.

AMY

Documents. There's a map here, and this one--

Lawson's reading them. Amy can't, and Lawson doesn't say what they are--but her face sells their importance.

LAWSON

I should get these back to base.  
See if there's anything we need to know about.

She starts towards the door--

AMY

Hey, that address on the GPS, could you take me there?

LAWSON

Another time. If it's a place of interest, we need to check it out first.

AMY

There's no time. You said you want answers, this is how we get them.

Lawson stares at her a moment.

LAWSON

Okay. But you're not going alone.

33 OMITTED

33

34 OMITTED 34

35 EXT. ZAHRA, NADER'S HOUSE - DAY 5 - 15.33 (BST +4HRS) 35

The GPS dot is at its destination, a small, neat house in a street full of them. Could be suburbs anywhere. Amy gets out and speaks to the Wudyani soldiers who are in the car with her.

AMY  
I'll shout if I need you?

At the front door, Amy rings the Smart Doorbell. The voice of NADER WAHEED (30s) comes through the speaker.

NADER  
(Arabic)  
Who is it?

AMY  
I'm Detective Chief Inspector Amy  
Silva. I'm working with the British  
Air Force here at Al-Shawka. I  
wondered if I could come in and ask  
you some questions?

Nader sighs, then Amy hears the lock being undone. The door opens, and Nader stands in front of her.

36 INT. ZAHRA, NADER'S HOUSE - DAY 5 - 15.36 (BST +4HRS) 36

Amy looks around at shelves full of books, art on the walls. Nader stays near the front door.

AMY  
Sorry, I didn't get your name.

NADER  
Nader. Waheed. I don't wish to  
sound rude, but: why are you here?

AMY  
I'm investigating one of the  
pilots. Just a routine check. He  
says he comes here sometimes?

NADER  
What's Sam done now?

AMY  
Sam.

A moment as she parses. As she works this through.

AMY (cont'd)  
How do you know Captain Kader?

NADER  
We studied at university together.

Amy notices a certificate framed on the wall. A degree, Masters of Politics, from King Nasser University. Lots of political books on the shelves--Western, liberal books.

AMY  
Politics.

NADER

I stayed longer than him. He always said he wasn't "book-learning material".

AMY

And you let him stay here?

NADER

I'm away a lot. Better the house is used than empty.

AMY

What do you do for work?

NADER

I'm an ethics consultant. I help businesses decide the best ways forward for their growth.

AMY

So you'd say you're still political now.

The question seems to leave Nader slightly stumped.

NADER

Why is that relevant?

AMY

I didn't actually come here to talk about Sam Kader. I came to ask about Callum Barker.

Nader suddenly understands he's fucked up. No more playing nicely, he turns serious and cold.

NADER

You need to leave.

AMY

If they've been engaged in criminal activity here--

NADER

Unless you have a warrant--

AMY

--you could be implicated, if you cover for them.

NADER

I told you: get out of my house.

37 EXT./INT. ZAHRA, NADER'S HOUSE/CAR, TRAVELLING - DAY 5 37

As Amy walks back to the car, she takes her phone out.  
Tries to call Kirsten as she gets in --

38 INT. SCOTTISH POLICE SERVICE, BULL PEN - DAY 5 - 11.47 38

Ramsay and Kirsten are talking.

KIRSTEN

There's no sign of Sutherland  
anywhere.

RAMSAY

He really knows how to disappear,  
eh?

KIRSTEN

Regular bloody Houdini.

Kirsten's phone rings as she's at her desk. It's AMY. She's  
about to answer--

TOWNSEND (O.S.)

I've been watching these interviews  
with him.

Kirsten mutes the call. Looks at Townsend.

TOWNSEND (cont'd)

Throughout all of them, he's not  
angry, he's not violent, not  
really. He's messed up. He got  
diagnosed with post-trauma, but  
that was only well after he left  
the forces.

KIRSTEN

(to Ramsay)

Did you find out why he was  
discharged?

RAMSAY

Yeah. He's in Afghanistan, there's  
a high-profile target, the mission  
goes to shit. One of his squad-  
mates gets badly injured, he can't  
run, he's captured by whoever it is  
they were trying to take out.

(MORE)

RAMSAY (cont'd)

Sutherland's ordered to evacuate and leave the man behind, but he knows his mate is going to be tortured and probably forced to give up their position. So he takes a shot. Not at the target, though. At his mate.

KIRSTEN

He murdered him?

RAMSAY

(to Townsend)

You got the video there?

Townsend nods, presses play on a video on his computer.

ON SCREEN: The video's grainy, low quality. Sutherland, in uniform, is being interviewed by military police. Trying to hold himself together.

Sutherland's hand scratches at his chest, that same tic he had when talking to Kirsten earlier.

SUTHERLAND (VIDEO FOOTAGE)

I thought that I was helping. I thought that if he was taken, he would be tortured, and he could expose--

(voice breaks)

We still had a mission, and--I loved Len, we were brothers, but he was hurt, and he was going to die, and I knew they'd hurt him more, then they'd come for the rest of us. I thought--I could protect us. And him. All of us.

(breaks down)

I just want to go home, can I go home now?

Townsend stops the video.

TOWNSEND

Almost makes you feel sorry for the guy.

KIRSTEN

Where was he living at the time?

TOWNSEND

A charity half way house. We checked it out earlier.

KIRSTEN

He calls it home.

(beat)



KIRSTEN (cont'd)

I'd like to go and check it out  
again, see if anyone there could  
give us an idea where he might have  
gone.

Ramsay stands, follows her across the bull pen.

RAMSAY

Trying to put this delicately. You  
had a hell of a time earlier. If  
you're not up to this, we could  
just let local teams check it out?

KIRSTEN

It's fine. Honestly. We'll bring  
backup.

RAMSAY

Alright then. Let's get to it.

39      OMITTED

39

40 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, MEDICAL AREA - DAY 5 - 16.48 (BST 40  
+4HRS)

Amy approaches the room. She speaks to one of the Airmen guarding the door.

AMY

Can you find Captain Kader for me  
and bring him here?

The Airman nods, goes. Amy shuts the door behind her. Callum's asleep, he stirs as Amy approaches the bed. Blinks, pushing himself up to sitting.

CALLUM

I told you, I didn't want to speak  
to you again.

AMY

I met Nader Waheed today.

A look of panic on Callum.

CALLUM

He's a friend, that's not a crime.

Callum can see everything crumbling. Fear in his eyes.

AMY

Is that where *Jabhat Al'huriya*  
meet?

CALLUM

Please, don't do this.

AMY

When did they get you? Was it  
Kader? Did he take you there, tell  
you what they do?

(MORE)

AMY (cont'd)

After Al Bidbiyat, you were ready  
to believe whatever they told you.

\*

Callum shakes his head, doesn't want to hear this.

AMY (cont'd)

Was it the same as the things you  
told Sabi Chapman? That they were  
your friends, they just wanted to  
help people--

CALLUM

I didn't tell her anything!

AMY

And then Chapman finds out that you  
were grooming his daughter--

CALLUM

No! I swear that's not what we were  
arguing about.

He's almost hyperventilating. He calms himself.

CALLUM (cont'd)

It was nothing to do with Sabi.

Sam Kader is stood there in the doorway.

SAM

They were arguing about me.

He moves towards Callum's bed. Reaches for Callum, puts his  
hand on Callum's arm. Calming him.

CALLUM

Don't do this.

SAM

Callum and I have been together for  
the past year now.

AMY

Why didn't you say something?

SAM

What would we have said?

CALLUM

He'd be locked up. Look, I didn't text Sabi. I didn't steal the R-PAS, I certainly don't work for *Jabhat Al'huriya*.

Little flutter in Sam's eyes at that.

CALLUM (cont'd)

We go to Nader's house because-- that's where we can be ourselves. It's the only place we can be together.

SAM

Nader's discrete.

AMY

The console was taken last Thursday. You were at Nader's house then?

CALLUM

Yeah. I cooked, Sam was running late, but we were both there.

SAM

There was a debrief that overran.

AMY

And Nader can confirm this?

CALLUM

He was there, he was on a video call most of the night, but yeah.

AMY

(to Callum)

The phone I found in your room. That's to talk to each other?

CALLUM

You can have the PIN, see for yourself.

AMY

What about the fight with Chapman?

CALLUM

He knew about us. Before he left,  
he told me we had to stop. He used  
to cover for us, but without him  
here--He said it was dangerous.

SAM

You can't understand what it's  
like. Not being able to tell  
anybody who you are because of what  
would happen. Not being able to  
live your life.

CALLUM

You can't tell them. I mean, tell  
them about me, if you have to, but  
not Sam. Please.

AMY

I'll do what I can.

SAM

Thank you. If I'm free to go, I've  
got a briefing to attend.

AMY

What's happening?

SAM

I know as much as you.  
(to Callum)  
I'll come back when I'm done.

41 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, HOLDING CELL - DAY 5 - 17.03 (BST 41  
+4HRS)

Sabi's standing by the window, staring out at the desert.  
The rage has gone--there's just an overwhelming sadness  
left.

AMY (O.S.)

Callum's going to be fine.

Sabi turns and sees Amy standing in the doorway.

AMY (cont'd)

You missed the nerves and arteries.  
You got lucky.

(beat)

Did Callum ever actually give you  
his name?

On Sabi.

SABI

No but I knew it was him.

AMY

Why?

SABI

Because it was. It had to be.

AMY

Sabi--

SABI

When I first came here, he spoke to me about my mum. His mum had died, he got it.

(beat)

Then in the messages, he said how proud she would be of me helping the people here. He knew what it was like--

AMY

They were using you, Sabi.

SABI

No. It was him, he understood me.

AMY

So why didn't he say so?

SABI

Because--

She starts crying. She knows the truth.

SABI (cont'd)

Because.

AMY

It wasn't him Sabi.

On Sabi as she take this in.

AMY (cont'd)

It must have been someone else on this base. They have too much inside knowledge for it not to be. Do you have ANY idea (who that could be)....

Sabi shakes hers head. She wipes her face. Tries to pull herself together.

SABI

Can you take me back?

AMY

I don't know if I can do that.

SABI

You're not leaving me here though, are you? Don't let them take me, please...

She starts sobbing. She's broken--then she feels arms around her. Amy, holding her, as she cries.



42 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 5 - 17.11 (BST 42  
+4HRS)

Amy's headed back through when she passes the BRIEFING ROOM. There are several members of the British Air Force there, including GRAINGER and his aide, phone held to his ear. She steps into the room and he indicates that she should come in, take a seat. He covers the mouthpiece--

GRAINGER

Lawyers. Keeping me on hold like  
they charge by the bloody hour.

AMY

I didn't know you were coming.

GRAINGER

I wasn't. Until Sabiha Chapman  
stabbed one of my men. Bilali wants  
to arrest her.

AMY

Sabi was being groomed.  
Manipulated.

(beat)

She's going to be a key witness. I  
can't have her locked up over here.

GRAINGER

She committed a crime on Wudyani soil, it's out of my hands.

AMY

She's a British citizen. She should be tried in the UK.

GRAINGER

Plans are already in motion.

AMY

Then stop them. Apart from Firas Zaman, she's the one link we have to a group that's committed a terrorist attack on UK soil. I'd say that's worth something.

Grainger considers this.

GRAINGER

I'll speak to Bilali.

(to his aide)

Make arrangements to get Sabi Chapman on the next flight to the UK.

The phone buzzes, Grainger lifts it back to his ear.

GRAINGER (cont'd)

(phone)

They're in-air as we speak. We've had intel that Abdullah Ghazali's on-site, Squadron Leader Russell will make contact before we engage.

He hangs up the phone. But Amy heard that name.

AMY

Ghazali--It was Faisal Ghazali who I ran into at the safe house. Are they related?

GRAINGER

That's need to know information--

AMY

If your mission involves him, then I'd say I very much need to know it.

Grainger stares at her a moment. Weighing up all the options, all the ways out of this.

43 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, MISSION CONTROL - DAY 5- 17.16 (BST 43  
+4HRS)

Eliza, headset on, turns as the doors open, and Grainger leads Amy in. Eliza snaps attention back to the screens.

In their CABINS, the PILOTS--including Lawson--are ON-SCREEN and on comms.

ON NO.2 SCREEN: a MARKETPLACE, mostly covered. PEOPLE milling, shopping, talking to one another.

ON NO.3 SCREEN: a TRUCK parked up at one end of the marketplace.

The view shifts around the truck to the man they believe to be ABDULLAH GHAZALI, his face obscured by a cap. Faisal's nearby, along with other MEN.

LAWSON

(comms)

Delta Two One to Mission Command,  
target sighted.

ELIZA

Have we got a positive ID?

An Airman at a desk. Airman Field, scours the feed for Abdullah's face.

AIRMAN FIELD

No ID match yet.

LAWSON

(comms)

Searching for the angle.

AMY

Is that Abdullah Ghazali?

GRAINGER

We think so.

AMY

So what's he got to do with this?

GRAINGER

Prior to today, Ghazali was only a smudge of data. He met profiling matches, he lectured in politics, he was vocal about his distaste for the current regime, but until you found his son, we didn't have anything tangible to connect him to *Jabhat Al'huriya*--

Bilali and a few SENIOR WUDYANI MILITARY ADVISORS enter the room. Grainger's slightly blindsided--

GRAINGER (cont'd)

Colonel. I thought you were monitoring this remotely?

BILALI

I wanted to see the joint squadron at work. This is an important operation for us all.

Bilali moves to the back of the room--his Advisors move a chair for him, so that he can sit. Grainger glances back, distracted. This was unexpected.

LAWSON

(comms)

Vehicle approaching on Northern road.

ON NO.4 SCREEN: slightly further back a newer TRUCK, drives towards the market. Abdullah approaches. It stops, another MAN gets out, they greet each other.

ELIZA

Where's my PID?

AIRMAN FIELD

Trying to get a match, ma'am, his face is too obscured.

AMY

What are they doing?

GRAINGER

We knew through Wudyani intelligence that rebel forces across the border were preparing to move arms. What we didn't have confirmation on was when, and to who. The files recovered by you and Flight Lieutenant Lawson at Bahrat Wud gave us that knowledge.

ON NO.4 SCREEN: the rear of the truck is opened, crates of munitions in the rear of it.

GRAINGER (cont'd)

If we can stop Ghazali, we stop *Jabhat Al'huriya* from operating.

Amy looks at the wider screens. The marketplace, the people. It's not heaving, but there are still people here. Men, women. A small group of KIDS playing football. She realises something.

AMY

You're going to take him out.

On Grainger: yes.

AMY (cont'd)

That man is a key witness.

GRAINGER

He's a terrorist.

AMY

I thought the R-PAS were only meant to be for surveillance in Wudyani.

GRAINGER

This operation isn't in Wudyani.

BILALI

We have a different arrangement for situations outside of our borders.

AMY

Is that what happened in Al Bidbiyat?

Grainger glances back at Bilali. Just a glance.

GRAINGER

That's not a mission we are at liberty to discuss, nor is it relevant to your case.

ON NO.4 SCREEN: Abdullah lifts the lid from a crate, inspects the contents. He nods and his men start to carry the crates over to their vehicle. He looks up--

ELIZA

There he is. Positive ID?

Airman Field quickly matches a screen-grab of Abdullah to a file on record--

AIRMAN FIELD

Abdullah Ghazali ident confirmed.

ELIZA

Within the estimate?

AIRMAN FIELD

Affirmative, ma'am.

ELIZA

Delta Two One, target's all yours.

A moment--as in LAWSON'S CABIN, her hands rest on the console. Fingers shift--

On NO.2 SCREEN: one of the kids playing football punts the ball. It flies past her friend. The kid chases it--

Amy notices. She steps forward--

AMY

Wait. There's a child.

ELIZA

Delta Two One, hold fire.

GRAINGER

She's still moving.

On NO.4 SCREEN: Abdullah turns as the football rolls towards him. He shouts something to the kid. Smiling. Picks up the football, the kid comes closer.

ELIZA

Are we still within the estimate?

On Amy: the estimate?

AIRMAN FIELD

We're outside.

Eliza lifts the phone handset to her ear.

ELIZA

(phone)

We're--there's a--civilian  
approaching the target. We're  
waiting for them to clear. Is there  
any tolerance?

At the back of the room, Bilali stands up. Steps forward.

Eliza lowers the phone.

ELIZA (cont'd)

No change, estimate holds.

(beat, quieter)

Come on, move, come on.

ON NO.2 SCREEN: Abdullah walks over to the girl, ball in hand.

AMY

What's the estimate?

Eliza doesn't reply. Grainger speaks, but quietly.

GRAINGER

It's--fall out. Loss of life,  
damage to property.

AMY

So it's collateral damage.

GRAINGER

We don't use those terms--

AMY

But you are working out how many  
civilians it's acceptable for you  
to kill.

GRAINGER

This is how warfare works. This, is  
how we keep people safe. And it's  
because of your work that we are  
able to do that.

Amy takes in the fact that they wouldn't be in this position without the evidence she'd found.

ON NO.2 SCREEN: Abdullah drops the ball to the floor. He kicks it a little, a little footwork. The kid comes closer, tries to get the ball off him--Abdullah laughs. The kid picks the ball up, Abdullah rubs her head.

In the room, it's hugely tense and wildly frustrating. Eliza and Grainger willing the child to move on. Amy looks back at Bilali. Nothing to read on his face.

ON NO.2 SCREEN: Finally, the kid starts to dribble the ball back towards her friends.

ELIZA

(to Airman Field)

Tell me as soon as we're back within the estimate.

Delta Two One, be ready for weapons free.

ON NO.4 SCREEN: Abdullah takes a phone call. He turns from the camera, his reaction unreadable. He looks up at the sky, suddenly. Searching for something.

Eliza sees. Her face falls.

ELIZA (cont'd)

We've been made.

LAWSON

(comms)

Target's retreating towards vehicle, please advise.

ON NO.2 SCREEN: Abdullah gets into the truck, the engines start, the men pile in, it starts moving--

AMY

Somebody's warned him.

They watch as the trucks move off, driving towards a busy area.



LAWSON

(comms)

Target moving towards heavily  
populated area Repeat, please  
advice.

Eliza's about to speak--

Grainger speaks over whatever she was about to say.

GRAINGER

It's done. End it.

ELIZA

Mission Commander. Stand down,  
stand down.

Grainger looks at Bilali, who's clearly furious. Bilali  
heads to the door, men in tow. Grainger doesn't try to stop  
them.

When they're gone, Grainger steps close, speaks quietly:

GRAINGER

(to Amy)

Somebody told him what we were  
doing here. Find out who.

(to Eliza)

They were on the road back to the  
Wudyani border. We need to shut  
this down. Now.

44 OMITTED

44

44A EXT. WISEMORE HOUSE, CAR PARK - DAY 5 - 14.03

44A

Kirsten approaches the armed unit, who are waiting in a  
separate vehicle.

KIRSTEN

We'll go in ourselves, stay on  
radio.

COMPTON

Yes, Ma'am.

Kirsten and Ramsay approach the building. It's definitely  
seen better days.

KIRSTEN

It's pretty bleak.

RAMSAY

It's a charity, isn't it. They get  
ex-forces back on their feet.

(MORE)

RAMSAY (cont'd)

Somewhere to live, job interviews,  
all that. There's barely any money  
for that sort of thing.

44B INT. WISEMORE HOUSE, RECEPTION - DAY 5 - 14.08

44B

Stark strip lighting, magnolia walls, ash-burned carpet. A reception desk with a bell on it. Ramsay does a little flourish as he rings the bell.

Coughing from down the end of a long hallway. They look.

RAMSAY

Even bleaker on the inside.

LAURA (O.S.)

Can I help you?

They turn. LAURA stands at the reception desk.

KIRSTEN

Are you the manager?

LAURA

Laura, what can I do for you?

KIRSTEN

I'm DI Longacre, we're looking for somebody who used to stay here?

LAURA

You're here about Ross? I already told the police who was here earlier, I haven't seen him in years.

RAMSAY

How did you know him?

LAURA

We both stayed here.

KIRSTEN

What was he like?

LAURA

Friendly enough. Nice guy, just-- bit messed up. Who isn't.

KIRSTEN

Have you got any information on him? Did he give friends, next of kin, any details?

LAURA

We don't keep any of that stuff. I wasn't staff here then, I was--I'm ex-forces myself. So. If that's it, I've got rooms to sort out--

KIRSTEN

And he hasn't come back here.

A moment. Laura pauses just a fraction too long.

LAURA

No.

But Kirsten noticed the pause. A glance at Ramsay.

KIRSTEN

Do you know why we're trying to find him?

Laura shakes her head. Her eyes flutter upwards. Kirsten sees, and urgency kicks in--Laura knows.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

He killed an Air Force officer a couple of days ago. He's not well, he's under a delusion that the man he murdered was a terrorist. I'm worried that he could hurt somebody else.

Laura doesn't say anything.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

And I'm worried he could hurt himself as well. I spoke with him, he needs help.

Laura's afraid--for herself, and for Sutherland. She glances up again--

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

If you know where he is--

Laura nods. Voice so quiet:

LAURA

He said that he didn't have anywhere else to go. There's a room at the end of the hall, nobody ever goes in there. He didn't tell me what he did, or I wouldn't have-- He's really riled up, you should be careful.

KIRSTEN

Thanks.

Kirsten picks up her walkie. Talks into it:

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Suspect's in the building.

(to Laura)

You need to get everybody out of any communal areas, tell them to stay in their rooms. Okay?

LAURA

You're not going to hurt him?

KIRSTEN

I just want to talk to him. Maybe I  
can help him, that's all.

45 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, MEDICAL AREA - DAY 5 - 18.09 (BST 45  
+4HRS)

Callum is in bed.

Sam crosses, puts his hand on his chest.

CALLUM  
Careful, people'll talk.

Sam steps back. Serious face.

SAM  
Don't joke about it.

CALLUM  
I'm not joking, I'm--  
(beat)  
I'm just sick of it. Of having to  
skulk around and lie to people. And  
look where it got us.

SAM  
She's a police officer.

CALLUM  
She won't say anything.

SAM  
Somebody will, eventually.

CALLUM  
What about--We get a transfer. Back  
to the UK.

SAM  
I'm not British Air Force. It's not  
something I can just do. And my  
family is here. My life.

CALLUM  
But what if they send me back  
there?

SAM  
Maybe that would be for the best.

CALLUM  
What are you saying?

SAM  
I'm saying--Maybe it's better, for  
a while, if this is just--  
(beat)  
--not what it has been.

CALLUM

You're scared.

SAM

Of course I am. We always knew this could happen--

CALLUM

Oh, we did, did we?

SAM

Don't be like this.

CALLUM

What would you rather I was like?

SAM

I would rather that you understood what I feel about you. Another time, another place--

Callum's on the verge of tears now.

CALLUM

Don't. Please, I (love--)

He's interrupted by Sam kissing him. They've never kissed this publicly before, and it's tender, and painful, and as they pull away from each other, desperately sad.

SAM

I'm going to go off base for a while. It's better this way.

Sam leaves. Callum, trying to process what has just happened, watches him leave.

46 OMITTED

46

46A INT. WISEMORE HOUSE, RECEPTION - DAY 5

46A

COMPTON and TWO ARMED OFFICERS enter, the officer at the front with a battering ram.

Kirsten looks at them. Reaches for the key box behind the reception desk, plucks a key off it. Hands it to Compton.

KIRSTEN

I think you'll be alright.



47 INT. WISEMORE HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 5 - 14.10

47

The Armed Officers walk silently down the hall, quickly, efficiently, Kirsten and Ramsay following. They approach the doorway at the far end of the hall.

The armed officers get on both sides of the door. One leans over, key silently in the lock. Turns it. Opens the door, slowly at first, then--

They burst through the door, shouting--

COMPTON

Armed police!

At the far end of the room, Sutherland's slumped against the wall. He pushes himself to standing, one hand under his jacket, scratching his chest.

COMPTON (cont'd)

Hands where we can see them!

Sutherland shakes his head. His hand still itching himself, a bit of a fury to it now. Fear taking over. He puts his hand in his pocket and starts moving towards them.

COMPTON (cont'd)

Stay where you are. Show us your hands.

KIRSTEN

Don't do this. Come with us--

SUTHERLAND

I tried to make it better--

KIRSTEN

I know what happened to you before. I know you were trying, I know you thought this would make everything alright.

Sutherland nods a little at this. That's it.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

They lied to you, this isn't your fault. You can help us now. There's a way back from this.

SUTHERLAND

Not for me. There's no way back.

Hand on his chest, he starts stumbling towards them--

COMPTON

Stay where you are, don't move.

One of the Armed Officers pulls the trigger, and Sutherland rocks backwards. No staggering, just straight back, to the ground. Kirsten rushes over--

A bullet wound in his stomach. Blood pooling. Kirsten speaks into her mobile.

KIRSTEN

Shots fired, suspect down. We need an ambulance.

As the Armed Officers descend on Sutherland, checking him for weapons, and they find: nothing but a pen in his pocket.

COMPTON

Suspect unarmed.

The armed officers take out their trauma kits and start to work on his wound, to stem the bleeding. Kirsten, looking on, sees those scratch marks, all over his chest...

47A EXT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE - EVENING 5

47A

Sabi is walked across the tarmac, handcuffed, she is escorted by Wudyani Military Police who hand her over to members of the British Air Force.

48 INT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, ELIZA'S OFFICE - EVENING 5 - 18.34  
(BST +4HRS)

48

Amy's waiting already as Eliza enters. She grabs a bottle of water, drinks, a little shaky.

ELIZA

There are few things worse than debriefing a mission that's gone to shit. How did that happen?

AMY

Somebody must have warned him.

ELIZA

You think Barker?

AMY

Barker's in the clear, I haven't had the chance to tell you.

(beat)

Must have been someone on the op. Who was flying?

ELIZA

Lawson, Kain, Sadeghi. But none of them had phones, there's protocol in the cabins.

AMY

(remembering)

Kader said he was getting briefed as well.

Eliza's face: don't even think that.

ELIZA

That's right. He was one of the standby pilots.

The teeth of cogs slotting into place for Amy.

AMY

Where did Abdullah Ghazali work?

Eliza grabs his file from her desk. Reads:

ELIZA

King Nasser University. He's been teaching political science there since 2009.

AMY

That's where Kader studied. I met  
one of his old classmates.

Those same cogs click into place for Eliza now...

ELIZA

I just came from debriefing him.

AMY

So where is he now?

ELIZA

He asked for permission to leave  
base. I gave it to him.

49 OMITTED

49

50 EXT. WISEMORE HOUSE - DAY 5 - 14.41

50

An AMBULANCE is parked up, the front door to Wisemore House propped open. Kirsten and Ramsay stand a little way off and watch as two PARAMEDICS carry a stretcher out, Sutherland lying on it, breathing apparatus strapped to his face. He's alive, but barely.

RAMSAY

At least he's not a danger any  
more.

KIRSTEN

No. I just--hate that it ended like  
that. We did everything we could,  
right?

RAMSAY

Of course. He knew what he was  
doing.

KIRSTEN

I thought he was listening to me.

RAMSAY

Nobody could've stopped him.

He puts his hand on her shoulder. She smiles, but it's a smile of not feeling it--of slight placation.

As Ramsay walks off, Kirsten takes out her phone, and dials Amy's number.

51 EXT. AL-SHAWKA AIRBASE, CAR PARK - EVENING 5 - 18.42 (BST +4HRS)

51

Amy and Eliza rush towards the pool car.

AMY

Has Sam ever given you any  
indication that he--(had  
sympathies with)

ELIZA

Was friends with terrorists? No.

AMY

It all fits. Sam must have got  
Sabi to steal the console on  
Ghazali's orders.

Eliza, processing the enormity of this betrayal.

As they arrive at the pool car.

ELIZA

I assume you've more experience  
chasing cars than I do...

Amy gets into the driver's seat as her phone rings. She  
glances down--no time. She cancels the call.

52 EXT. WISEMORE HOUSE, CAR PARK - DAY 5 - 14.42 52

As Kirsten listens, Amy's voicemail kicks in.

AMY (PHONE)

DCI Amy Silva, leave me a message.

KIRSTEN

Hey. I hoped I'd catch you. Just wanted to say--I don't know. I miss you. I'm sorry I was--irritable. I love you, that's all.

She hangs up, as the ambulance pulls away.

53 INT./EXT. NEAR ZAHRA, CAR, TRAVELLING - EVENING 5 - 18.47 (BST +4HRS) 53

Amy drives, and fast. One road in and out of the airbase. Amy's pulse racing, and she can feel that sense of panic rising in her. Still: she keeps it together.

ELIZA

There's only one road in and out,  
so we should be able to catch him.

After a few moments Eliza spots a car in the distance.

ELIZA (cont'd)

That's him.

Amy slows the car, keeping her distance.

ELIZA (cont'd)

Don't lose him.

AMY

I don't want him to notice us.

54 INT./EXT. ZAHRA, CAR, TRAVELLING - EVENING 5 - 19.09 (BST +4HRS) 54

As they drive past buildings, Amy drives slowly--

They hang back--Sam's car a ways off. Sam turns right off the main road--

Amy slows the car as she passes the turning. She watches Sam approach a T-Junction 200 yards ahead



ELIZA

Aren't you going to follow him?

AMY

Just--Wait.

AMY accelerates, takes the next RIGHT and surges to the T-Junction. Pulling up sharply, she pauses, looks right. Eliza copies. After a beat SAM appears at his adjacent T-Junction.

AMY (cont'd)

There he is.

Sam drives forward, crossing into the next Block.

A beat later AMY playing "Parallel copy-cat" speeds across the street and to the next T-Junction. She pulls up, waits, eyes fixed to the right.

Sam appears, takes a right and then a left. Amy acts fast, slides straight across the street. Eliza watches Amy closely. At the next junction, Amy turns right.

Amy slows, cruising, predatory. Then up ahead, Sam slips past, moving right to left. Amy can't help it, smiles to herself.

ELIZA

Enjoying yourself?

AMY

It's been a while.

Amy tracks Sam's car. After a left turn they see him approach a housing building site.

55 EXT. BUILDING SITE, ZAHRA, CAR, TRAVELLING - EVENING 5 - 55  
19.11 (BST +4HRS)

Sam passes empty buildings in various states of construction. Far behind Amy discretely tails him and notices Sam take a right into a desolate canyon of buildings.

Coming to a stop at the spot where Sam turned off, Eliza and Amy see Sam step out of the car and towards two trucks. The truck from the operation earlier, and a large food truck.

Suddenly Abdullah Ghazali steps out from behind the truck, he pulls Sam into a hug.

Eliza's shocked. Distraught. The tiniest utterance:

ELIZA

No.

They both take in the enormity of this for a moment.

AMY

We need to get out of here.

Amy goes to start the engine, but then --- a TAP, TAP, TAP on their side window. Time stands still as Amy turns. It's MUTAZ. And he has a gun trained at their heads.

END OF EPISODE