

BLUESTONE 42

Episode 1 - Glock

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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BBC Comedy

1 EXT. ROADSIDE OPS 2 - DAY 4, 0900

1

We track along a road to discover NICK, near a T junction, on his belt buckle, brushing dirt off an IED. We see orange wire.

NICK
(To himself:)
What the...?

He gets up and steps away from the device.

NICK (cont'd)
(On radio:)
Well, I haven't seen a device this clever since Iraq. Ever had the feeling someone's trying to kill you?

GORDON
(On radio:)
Well I've been to watch Leeds United away at Old Trafford, so, yeah.

NICK
(On radio:)
Helpful. Anyway, grab an evidence bag, we're taking this one home.

NICK gets back down. MAC and ROCKET are in defensive positions, with SIMON by a sloping approach road to one side.

MAC
God my balls are itchy. I got seriously itchy balls.

SIMON
Stop talking about your balls.

ROCKET
Those balls are gonna win him an award.

MAC
Aye... By lunchtime I'll officially be the filthiest bastard on the base, the jockstrap of joy will be mine...

ROCKET
Gleaming.

MAC
...and Bluestone 42 can celebrate a big win for my balls.

SIMON
Don't you listen to a word I say?!

MAC
Not really.

BIRD hears something on comms.

BIRD
(On radio:)
Copy that.
(Shouting:)
Boss! Car approaching from the south.

NICK, at the device, gives a thumbs up then goes back to work.

GORDON
It's coming quite fast.

BIRD
ANA cordon'll stop it. Unless they've
wandered off to get stoned.

NICK exposes more of the device.

NICK
Mm. Who puts a bare wire loop trigger
inside the plastic?

NICK cuts a wire.

GORDON and BIRD watch the car as it heads towards SIMON.

GORDON
That's through the cordon...

BIRD / GORDON
(Shouting:)
Boss? Boss!

NICK stands and looks at BIRD. She points at the car.

NICK
Bloody hell. Not now!

BIRD
He's not slowing down.

SIMON
Firing warning shots!

He fires a couple of shots above the car.

SIMON (cont'd)
(Shouting:)
Boss! Get into cover!!

NICK
Jesus.

NICK does, as SIMON walks towards the car, waving.

SIMON
(Shouting:)
Stop! Stop!

He takes aim at the driver. The vehicle slows.

The vehicle comes to a halt on the slope. SIMON approaches it.

SIMON (cont'd)
Get out of the car!!

FARUQ
Az maashin boro biroon! [Get out of
the car.]

SIMON bundles the DRIVER out at gunpoint, pulling him away from the car.

DRIVER
Tormoz nadaare! [No handbrake!]

The DRIVER gesticulates handbrake. FARUQ, still at the ICP, tries to hear.

SIMON
Hands in the air!! Tell him, Faruq!

DRIVER
Tormoz nadaare! [No handbrake!]

SIMON pulls him away from the car and makes him kneel. FARUQ is still at the ICP.

FARUQ
(Yelling and gesticulating:)
He says he has no handbrake!

SIMON
What?

NICK looks wide-eyed as the vehicle rolls towards the device.

FARUQ
(Yelling:)
NO HANDBRAKE!

NICK
EVERYONE DOWN!

EVERYONE hits the ground. The car hits the IED and explodes.

BIRD
Diamond Two One this is Bluestone Four
Two. Contact IED. Wait out.

Debris lands around them. NICK, on the floor, peers about. MAC and ROCKET scan for threats. GORDON looks around. The dust settles. Silence. SIMON and the DRIVER emerge from a ditch.

NICK

Oh dear.
(Shouting:)
Good work, Simon!

SIMON gives him a thumbs up.

TITLES

CUT TO:

2 EXT. ROADSIDE OPS 2 - DAY 4, 0945

2

NICK arrives back at the ICP again with a bag of evidence fragments and hands it to GORDON.

NICK

Look, Towerblock. This is what we call a bag of previously interesting shit.

GORDON

Did you get anything useful?

NICK

A stark demonstration of why Simon will never get a job as a lollipop man?

They start collecting gear and loading up. SIMON looks grim, turns and sees MAC with ROCKET, some distance away, scratching his balls with the bipod on his rifle. ROCKET is laughing.

SIMON

Bloody hell, you two. Pick up your kit and move your arses.

MAC

Good idea. No, wait. Can't move... Handbrake!

MAC mimes letting off a handbrake then walks towards his kit. ROCKET laughs. BIRD and SIMON load up.

SIMON

If I was a full corporal I wouldn't have to put up with this shit.

BIRD

So... one extra stripe on your rank slide... will stop you being an ineffectual Essex twat?

SIMON

Bloody hell, Bird.
(Sigh.)
Nick's clearly never going to recommend me for promotion.
(MORE)

SIMON (cont'd)

I should talk to the Colonel. See if he's spotted my potential.

SIMON (cont'd)

I could ask him how he got so far in the Army.

GORDON

Ten years being done up the arse at boarding school?

NICK is passing.

NICK

That's not true. There's only five years of being done up the arse, then five years of doing other people up the arse. And if that's not an education, I don't know what is.

BIRD laughs.

SIMON

I think it's more likely that he enjoys his job and works hard. "Pleasure in the job puts perfection in the work." Aristotle.

BIRD

You what? Pleasure in the...?

SIMON

(At BIRD:)

Yeah, I thought it'd be lost on you. I read it in a book? They're like films but quieter and written down.

BIRD gives him a look. SIMON carries on loading stuff into the Mastiff as MAC gets in.

CUT TO:

3 INT./EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 4, 0950

3

MAC, ROCKET, GORDON and NICK get in. BIRD and SIMON keep loading. NICK starts cleaning his Sig Sauer pistol.

GORDON

You still using the old Sig Sauer then?

NICK

Yup... nothing wrong with a Sig.

GORDON

Except... it's not one of these.

He produces his Glock 17. MAC and ROCKET look at it with awe. MAC slowly scratches his balls.

NICK

So, Towerblock, just to clarify, are you saying 'my gun's cooler than your gun'?

MAC

Fair play, boss. It's a Glock 17.

ROCKET

Awesome.

GORDON

You really don't want one?

(Beat.)

Aaaah, you failed the weapons handling test for it.

NICK

What? I haven't taken the test.

GORDON

Because you thought you'd fail it, or...?

NICK

Me? Fail it?

NICK gives his team with a 'get a load of this guy' look.

GORDON

No shame in failing it boss.

NICK

Really? You sure about that?

GORDON

I failed it first time.

NICK

(Laughing:)

Really? Did the little gun confuse your little Northern head? The curly bit is called the trigger...

GORDON

All the best people pass second time.

NICK

No they don't. The best people pass first time. Because they're the best.

GORDON

Right. Well, if you're up to the test, there's a skillies on base right now.

SIMON and BIRD get in. MAC starts reading a paperback about the American Civil war.

NICK

How d'you know that?

GORDON

(Taps nose.)

He's another Leeds boy. People's Republic of Yorkshire. You do an hour's training, then take the test.

NICK

An hour's training? I'm not spending an hour staring at a pistol while your spotty Yorkshire friend points at it like a nob.

BIRD

Wouldn't bother me. I'd wade through shit for a Glock.

GORDON

Course you would, 'cos they're fucking mint. Just make sure you do the training, 'cos the test isn't a walk in the park.

NICK

Yes it is! In fact, it's a walk in the park with a gun.

GORDON

I'm just saying, anyone can fail the test.

NICK

And I'm saying, you failed it.

GORDON

And I'm saying, you might as well.

NICK

And I'm saying, I wouldn't. If I took it, which I won't. Alright?

BIRD and SIMON clock this tension. The Mastiff moves off.

CUT TO:

4 INT. COOKHOUSE - DAY 4, 1050

4

Open on a jar, sealed with gaffer tape, on a table. Inside is a rank, mouldy jockstrap. MARY and NICK are standing next to it. Soldiers are gathering.

MARY

Is this really a padre's job? Giving an award for the filthiest... soldier on the base.

NICK

Filthiest *bastard* on the base. It's tradition. Started by the base's first padre. And proudly continued by every padre since.

MARY

Right... And I'm giving it to Mac for...?

NICK

Shagging twins. And their mum. On leave. On a Megabus.

MARY

Urgh. Really? Look, I don't want to -

NICK

(To EVERYONE:)

Gentlemen. The time has come for the awarding of... the award. Biffa the cook has held onto it for the last four months...

BIFFA raises his hand.

NICK (cont'd)

...but who will the padre award it to now? Mary.

MARY

Right...

(Reading:)

By the power vested in me, by Jesus... I hereby award the Jockstrap of Joy to... Private Kevin Macdowell.

EVERYONE cheers. MARY puts a pair of latex gloves on. MAC steps forward, and MARY gives him the award.

MAC

I accept this award on behalf of Bluestone 42.

More cheering and applause. He returns to his team and scratches his balls.

ROCKET

I'm so proud... I think I'm going.
(He holds back a tear.)

BIRD

Mac, did those twins give you crabs?

MAC

No!

BIRD

Pretty sure they did mate.

MAC

They definitely didn't.

FARUQ

If it's not crabs, it must be the
Afghan Tiger Louse.

FARUQ has magically appeared.

MAC

(Worried:)

What the fuck's that?

FARUQ

Very like your English louse, but
bigger. It burrows into the skin of
your Johnson and lays its eggs. Very
itchy.

MAC

Shite!

NICK

He's making it up. Go see the medic.

FARUQ

My cousin had the Afghan Tiger Louse.
Three days later, he was dead.

ROCKET / MAC

No... really? / Fuck off...

FARUQ

Yes, he trod on an IED while
scratching his plums. Very dangerous
creatures.

CUT TO:

5 INT. LT COL'S OFFICE - DAY 4, 1100

5

The LT COL is behind his desk. SIMON stands.

LT COL

I understand your predicament, Lance
Corporal. Let me tell you about a
young Second Lieutenant I once knew
rather well. He was just like you.
Taller, obviously.

SIMON

Right.

LT COL

Desperate for promotion. Overlooked.
And you know what he did? He read
this.

The LT COL gets up and goes over to his bookshelf. He pulls out an old paperback: 'The Art of War' by Sun Tzu and gives it to SIMON.

LT COL (cont'd)

The Art of War. Chinese military
theory? Heard of it?

SIMON

No sir.
(Reading:)
Sun Tzu.

LT COL

Mm... Yes... Fifth century BC.
(He opens the book at
random.)

"The way to avoid what is strong, is
to strike at what is weak." You see?
Gold. Anyway, this chap read it. Now
he's a lieutenant colonel.

SIMON

Ahhh... So this book could change my
life.

LT COL

Well, a girl can dream. Bone up on
this, then report back and tell me
what you've learnt.

SIMON

Sir.

LT COL

Thinking like an officer is the first
step to promotion!

SIMON

Well, my ex used to say 'Dress for the
job that you want', sir.

LT COL

Hmm. Don't *dress* like an officer or
you'll be arrested by the RMPs.
Alright?

SIMON

Sir.

LT COL

Carry on.

SIMON goes.

CUT TO:

6 INT. MEDIC TENT - DAY 4, 1110

6

MAC is sitting opposite the large South African medic, PIETER.

MAC

So I *have* got crabs?

PIETER

Yup. Look. Crabs.

PIETER points to a little petri dish on the table.

MAC

Wow. Speedy wee bastards...

(Beat.)

So, how did I get crabs?

PIETER

(Shrug.)

The usual way. Fucking.

MAC

But...

(Looks around, then leans forward:)

Don't tell anyone, but I didn't get any on leave.

PIETER

No twins?! No mum?! No Megabus?

MAC

Yeah, so it can't be crabs. It must be the Afghan Tiger Louse!

PIETER reaches into a box and produces a medical looking bottle of shampoo. He offers it to MAC who doesn't take it.

PIETER

There's no such thing, boet. Faruq's just trying to shift some weedkiller, and you don't want that on your cheesy wotsits. You've got crabs.

MAC

But *how*?

PIETER

Shared a towel recently? On leave?

MAC

Only with my da'.

(Beat.)

Oh, Jesus.

PIETER
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

MAC
Crabs from my own da'.

PIETER
Don't worry, boet, at least you'll
keep the award!

MAC
It doesn't count if you do something
filthy by accident.

PIETER
What, and it does count if you lie?

MAC
I made up the twins story to impress
Rocket, but then he put me up for the
award. I've let down Bluestone 42. I
need to go and take a good long look
at myself.

PIETER
Well, shampoo your pubes with this
while you're at it.

MAC takes the bottle and leaves.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. SKILLIES AREA - DAY 4, 1600

7

The skillies, CORPORAL DAVE LAMMING, is young, slightly nervous-
looking and from Leeds. BIRD is looking at the parts on a Glock
on the table.

LAMMING
Very good... And assemble.

BIRD puts the Glock 17 together.

LAMMING (cont'd)
And present.

BIRD hands the Glock safely back to LAMMING.

LAMMING (cont'd)
Congratulations Corporal Bird. You
have passed. We should go to the
firing range...

NICK walks in.

NICK

Got time for me to whip through a test? Thought I might as well try out a Glock.

BIRD

Well, look who it is. Towerblock got to you then?

NICK

Come on Bird, you know me better than that.

BIRD

Yes I do. Which is why I said 'Towerblock got to you then'.

BIRD hands the Glock to NICK who affects to be unimpressed.

BIRD (cont'd)

Nice, eh? Who knew Austria would produce such a cool weapon? I thought they were only good for schnitzel and child abuse.

LAMMING

Ooh, that's a bit...

BIRD

What?

NICK

(To LAMMING:)

So, the test?

Under the following, speedily and slickly, NICK takes out the magazine, puts it back in again and holsters it (or whatever).

LAMMING

Well, you missed the training, so I can't really let you do the test, but...

(Clocking NICK's skills:)

... you seem to know what you're doing.

NICK shares a 'get a load of this guy' look with BIRD as he hands back her Glock.

NICK

I seem to. And do! Shall we?

LAMMING puts a Glock 17 pistol on the ground. NICK puts his Sig Sauer on the table.

LAMMING

So. Take the weapon and make it safe.

NICK picks up the Glock.

NICK
This shouldn't take too long.

He unloads the weapon, then loads it. NICK then removes the safety catch and 'makes ready'.

LAMMING
Captain Medhurst, you have 'made it ready'. Not 'made it safe'.

NICK
Shit, yeah, sorry...

He starts making it safe.

LAMMING
So, you have failed the test. Corporal Bird, we need to go to the range...

NICK
Made it safe!... Next? Load and fire...

NICK loads and fires - although with dummy rounds as the test is 'dry'.

NICK (cont'd)
I can do this with my eyes shut.

LAMMING
That won't be necessary, sir. Or safe.

As NICK assembles the Glock, he is looking at LAMMING.

NICK
Oh, come on! Anyone can see I'm perfectly capable -

NICK pulls the slide back, pinches his finger, winces and drops the weapon.

NICK (cont'd)
Ow! Shit.

BIRD tries not to laugh. NICK glares at her. She stops. NICK bends down to pick up the gun. As he stands, he bangs his head on the table. BIRD laughs. Pause.

LAMMING
(To BIRD:)
Shall we go to the firing range to try it out?

BIRD nods, trying to contain her mirth. She and LAMMING leave.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. DET. - DAY 4, 1630

8

SIMON is with ROCKET on the bench. They've got a little improvised diorama in front of them, and SIMON has The Art Of War with a bookmark in it.

SIMON

So the enemy is here. And you're here.
What do you do?

ROCKET

Attack here?

SIMON slowly shakes his head, and adopts a Tai Chi-like pose.

SIMON

(Calmly:)

Retreat. There are roads which must
not be followed, armies which must not
be attacked.

ROCKET

(Nods sagely.)

So... retreat, but then attack...
here?

SIMON

Retreat again. The battle is fought
not in the field, but in the mind.

ROCKET

Well I'm fucked then.

BIRD approaches, carrying her new Glock.

ROCKET (cont'd)

Alright, Bird?

BIRD

Got the new Glock. 9mm. This must be
how it feels to have a hard on.

ROCKET

Ha ha. 9mm. That's a tiny hard on.

SIMON

(With an odd gesture:)

Mm. Guns are not the way to win a war.

BIRD

Right. Must mention that to the enemy.

BIRD picks up SIMON'S book.

SIMON

Don't lose my place...

BIRD

(Reading:)

Sun Tzu?

SIMON

Sun Tzu. Haven't you heard of it?

BIRD

Right. So, you read this and magically make corporal?

SIMON

It's a classic about war strategy. Not your thing, Bird...

BIRD

What, 'cos Bird can't read a book that doesn't have pictures?

SIMON

I'm just not sure your mind is receptive to this kind -

BIRD looks at SIMON as she rips the book in half down the spine. She takes the front half and chucks the back half to SIMON.

BIRD

And now we can both read it. How did my unreceptive mind think of that?

SIMON

That book belongs to the Colonel.

BIRD

(Trying not to flinch.)

Yeah? Well, it got trashed on your watch, so you've got some explaining to do.

BIRD gets up and walks off. ROCKET looks worried.

SIMON

She's only trying to mess with my head...

(Realising:)

Bird is my enemy!

ROCKET

What about the Taliban?

SIMON

The Taliban didn't call me an 'ineffectual Essex twat'.

ROCKET

How d'you know that?

SIMON

The Colonel wants me to defeat Bird.
That's how to impress him.

ROCKET

I think he'll just be pissed off about
his book.

SIMON silences ROCKET with a gesture and tries to look wise.

CUT TO:

9 INT. COOKHOUSE - DAY 4, 1800

9

NICK, SIMON, MAC, ROCKET, BIRD, MARY and GORDON are eating. MAC has the Jockstrap Of Joy, but he looks nervous.

MARY

Really, Mac? At mealtimes? It does
smell...

GORDON

The smell of victory.

NICK

After Victory's slept all night in his
own piss.

BIRD

Come on, Padre. He won it for
Bluestone 42. We're proud of our
filthy little bastard.

SIMON

Proud? No. We're appalled.

MAC looks shifty. PIETER walks by.

PIETER

Oi, Mac. You know your crabs? You need
to call your dad and get his crabs
seen to as well.

EVERYONE looks at MAC.

MAC

Thanks a bunch. What about doctor-
patient confidentiality?

PIETER

(Shrugs.)
I'm not a doctor.

PIETER walks off. The TEAM are still processing...

MARY

Did you... get crabs off... your dad?

MAC looks at the table. Everyone looks at MAC with horror.

GORDON

That is fucked up!

MAC

We shared a towel, alright?

BIRD

So... hang on. You said... there was no way you could have crabs... But how would you know that? Unless... you'd never shagged the twins at all... Or their mum!

MAC

(Exasperated:)

Alright, Miss Marple! I didn't get laid on leave.

BIFFA clocks this and saunters towards them.

ROCKET

You *lied* to me? Why, Mac? Why?

SIMON

How the mighty are fallen.

NICK

Private Macdowell, you're devaluing it for those of us who actually have slept with twins.

(Off MARY'S look:)

I haven't. Well, not at the same time.

MAC hangs his head.

BIFFA

Padre?

BIFFA points at the award.

NICK

You need to award it back to Biffa. It's only fair.

MARY

Really?

(Beat.)

Oh, alright.

(Standing up:)

Ladies and gentlemen, I hereby give this horrible award back to Biffa.

Polite applause. MARY gestures to BIFFA to take the award directly from MAC who reluctantly lets go.

BIFFA

Cheers padre.

He boogies back toward the kitchen.

BIFFA (cont'd)

Filthiest bastard on the base!

MAC

I will regain the jockstrap for
Bluestone 42. I swear it!

SIMON

Don't feel obliged.

ROCKET

So boss, did you get a Glock?

NICK

Nah. Kept the Sig. Why would anyone
want an Austrian pistol? Name one good
thing that came out of Austria.

MARY

Mozart?

BIRD

Schwarzenegger.

SIMON

Smoked cheese.

MAC

Hitler.

NICK

I rest my case.

ROCKET

Ikea!

They look at him.

GORDON

So you 'didn't want a Glock'. Is that
why you took the test. And failed it?

MARY / MAC / ROCKET / SIMON

Ha ha / Classic / serious? / Really?

NICK

Thanks Bird!!

GORDON

Nah, skillies told me. It's a Leeds
thing. He scratches my back, I finger
his sister. Should've done the
training, boss.

BIRD

Lesson one. The curly bit is the trigger.

NICK

Well done, everyone. Can we drop it?

BIRD

What, like you did in the test?

BIRD and GORDON hi-five.

CUT TO:

10 INT. DET - EVENING 4, 1900

10

BIRD is reading the Sun Tzu book - or at least the front half. LT COL comes in. BIRD sees him and slaps the book down.

LT COL

Corporal Bird. Don't get up. Powering through Sun Tzu? Corporal Lansley said you'd borrowed it.

BIRD

Er, yes, sir...?

LT COL

Important book. My grandfather used to say. He gave me his copy.

BIRD

Mmrp.

BIRD is trying to hide the book under her thigh more.

LT COL

Had it in his pocket on D-Day, of course. One of the first on Sword Beach. Immense sentimental value.

BIRD

(Wilting:)

Nngh.

LT COL

Anyway, when you're finished with it. Carry on.

LT COL wanders off. BIRD braces and smiles. And when he's gone, grabs her half of the book.

BIRD

Shit. Shitty shitting shitey shit.

SIMON walks in calmly with his half of the book.

BIRD (cont'd)

Did you hear that?

(Waving the book:)

This belonged to the Colonel's grandfather? Had it on fucking D-Day!

SIMON

Don't believe you. 'All warfare is based on deception.'

BIRD

FUCKING SHUT UP, Simon! I'm not kidding! We've got to fix it, or replace it. Or the Colonel's going kick us where the Sun Tzu don't fucking shine.

SIMON puts half the book down on the floor in front of BIRD and steps back. BIRD eyeballs him.

BIRD (cont'd)

You borrowed it. This is your problem.

SIMON backs away. BIRD puts her half of the book down with SIMON'S and also starts to back away.

SIMON

Retreat from your enemy, so that he... she... may make the first mistake.

They each take a step back, eyes locked on each other. Who will crack first? They stare. Inscrutable. Pause...

BIRD

Fuck!

Suddenly, BIRD runs back and picks up both parts of the book. She runs off.

SIMON stands there, jubilant. Then does a Tai Chi-ish bow.

CUT TO:

11 INT. COOKHOUSE. DAY 5, 0700

11

Next morning. LAMMING is having breakfast and NICK sits down opposite him.

NICK

Morning, Lamming.

LAMMING

Morning, sir.

NICK

So, erm, got time for a quick... test today, at all?

LAMMING

Ahh, I'm booked up all day.

NICK

It'll take five minutes.

LAMMING

But you'd need the training first,
so...

NICK

OK. Look.

NICK shiftily pushes a packet of cigarettes across the table to
LAMMING.

LAMMING

Oh, sorry, but my granddad died of
lung cancer last year, so if you don't
mind I'll just...
(He shakes his head.)

NICK slides the cigarettes back to himself. Then slides a
quarter bottle of scotch across the table.

LAMMING (cont'd)

Nngggh... we both know that's not
allowed in theatre sir.

NICK slides it back. He thinks. Then checks his pockets and
finds a bar of milk chocolate and slides it across the table.

LAMMING (cont'd)

I'm lactose intolerant.

NICK grabs the chocolate and stands up.

NICK

Of course you are.

He stomps off.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. BASE - DAY 5, 0930.

12

We see MAC walking across the base with his towel and his crabs
shampoo.

FARUQ carries a bag towards the Det where SIMON sits in the
lotus position.

FARUQ

Have you seen Corporal Bird? She
wanted a new copy of Sun Tzu.

SIMON

She does... but...

He produces a handful of copies from his bag.

FARUQ

I have various editions!

SIMON

Oh. Yes. But if I... and then... and she...

(Beat.)

I'll take all of them.

FARUQ

All of them? OK! Bird offered me fifty dollars.

SIMON

I'll give you a hundred.

FARUQ

Really? Blimey.

FARUQ hands over the copies.

SIMON

I strike, now my enemy is weak. Now I've got all your copies, Bird will have to give the Colonel his ruined one... and my victory will be complete.

FARUQ

Ah. Sun Tzu has taught you well. The general must make many calculations before the battle is fought.

SIMON

You've read it?

FARUQ

Of course. Although I'm more of a Dan Brown guy.

MAC

Eureka!! ROCKET! ROCKET!!!

MAC comes running across the base, naked but dry and in his towel. He stops at SIMON - and hands him the shampoo.

MAC (cont'd)

(Ecstatic:)

I've got it. I've GOT IT!

SIMON

We know! And we want you to get rid of it!

MAC

It was staring me in the face. I know
how to get the award back!

SIMON looks baffled as MAC runs off - his towel slipping so in
the end he's running off stark naked.

SIMON

This isn't even opened.

MAC runs past the LT COL'S office. The LT COL is standing
outside. MAC sees him, stops running, braces, then carries on
running.

CUT TO:

13 INT. BIRD'S QUARTERS - DAY 5, 1000

13

BIRD has the two halves of the book and she's got some
Sellotape out, hurriedly looking at the best way of sticking it
back together. She has a go, but is all fingers and thumbs. It
looks terrible.

BIRD

Shitting hell! Shitty McShitey
Shitballs.

She tears it back into two bits again. Then tears it up into
tiny pieces in a fury.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ISO - DAY 5, 1110

14

MAC is with ROCKET. On a table, the Civil War book.

ROCKET

There's something no right about this.

MAC

Do you want me to get that award back
for Bluestone?

ROCKET

Yeah, it's just...

MAC

Then, stop being such a baby.

MAC rootles around in his pants. He looks at his hand, then
drops the crabs on it down ROCKET'S trousers.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. ROADSIDE OPS 3 - DAY 5, 1330

15

ROCKET itches his balls. FARUQ listens on ICOM.

SIMON
Not you as well, Rocket.
(Beat.)
What have you been doing...?

MAC / ROCKET
Nothing.

SIMON
Rocket...

ROCKET
It's the blast pants.

NICK is brushing the device. He reveals some orange wire.

NICK
Oh. You have been busy, haven't you?

He starts brushing around it. It's very quiet. He scrapes the dirt away with a plastic trowel, and wipes his brow.

As he does, he looks up and sees a TALIBAN FIGHTER peep out from behind an old tank less than twenty metres from him.

NICK (cont'd)
Shit!

NICK tries to scramble into cover as the FIGHTER takes a couple of shots. A second FIGHTER appears behind the tank.

NICK (cont'd)
(Yelling:)
Cordon breached!!

Near the ICP, MAC and ROCKET try to get a shot at the FIGHTER.

BIRD
(On comms:)
Diamond Two One. Contact. We are engaging. Wait out.

SIMON charges down towards NICK. The FIGHTER has another shot at NICK and misses again. SIMON reaches NICK and pushes him down. He takes a knee, and shoots one of the FIGHTERS.

MAC has edged round to get a better position. He shoots the other FIGHTER. Silence.

NICK
Thank fuck for that.
(On radio:)
Are we clear?

BIRD
(On radio:)
Think so, boss.

NICK runs back to the ICP with SIMON.

NICK

Right. This cordon is looser than Rocket's mum, so we're gonna have to work fast. Gordon, get the hook and line, we need this one out intact.

GORDON

Er... boss. Given the situation, shouldn't we just blow it and get out of here?

NICK

And what situation would that be?

GORDON

The contact. The cordon. I just mean... for your safety like.

NICK

Towerbock, my safety depends on stopping that bomber before turns me into a new fragrance called Medhurst Mist! And *that* depends on getting those forensics back home so, let's make a deal. You get my fucking kit ready and I'll go and do the dangerous bit. OK?

CUT TO:

16 INT. LT COL'S OFFICE - DAY 5, 1700

16

SIMON has a stack of various versions of Sun Tzu. He is putting them on LT COL's desk.

SIMON

So here are some replacements for the valuable copy Bird ruined. I'm sure she's very sorry. Even though she hasn't come to apologise in person.

LT COL sees BIRD outside.

LT COL

Ah, Corporal Bird! Come in!

He looks at her inquisitively. She takes a deep breath.

BIRD

Sir, I'm sure Lance Corporal Lansley has already taken the blame, but it was me who damaged your book.

SIMON

Hngh.

BIRD produces a ziplock bag. Inside is the ripped up book.

LT COL

These things happen. We are in a war zone.

SIMON

What?!

BIRD

...But that copy belonged to your grandfather!

LT COL

No it didn't. His copy's at home! You don't think I'd lend a priceless tome like that to clowns like you?

LT COL gathers up all the copies of the book on the desk and carries them over to his bookshelf.

LT COL (cont'd)

No, got that one off Faruq. Always good to have some copies kicking about to keep ambitious lance corporals quiet for a few days.

BIRD smiles to herself.

SIMON

What?! So... sir... reading that book won't help me become a corporal?

LT COL places the new books on his shelf, alongside eight copies that are already there.

LT COL

Well, let's see, shall we? Seems like you two have had quite the battle.

BIRD / SIMON

Nope / Not really sir.

LT COL

Who won?

BIRD / SIMON

Me... no me / Me... no I won...

LT COL

You both lost. The only winner was...

SIMON

The Taliban?

LT COL

No! Faruq! 'Wherever there is war,
there will also be treasure for the
unscrupulous.'

SIMON

Is that Sun Tzu, sir?

LT COL

No idea! Just made it up! That shit
writes itself.

BIRD

Have you actually read Sun Tzu, sir?

LT COL

Course not! The copy my grandfather
gave me was in Chinese or something.
Baffling.

SIMON

But... you said you read it when you
were a second lieutenant?

LT COL

No! That was a friend of mine, who is
now a Lieutenant Colonel. Exactly as I
said! Carry on!

SIMON and BIRD brace and exit.

CUT TO:

17 INT. DET - DAY 5, 1755

17

NICK and GORDON are next to each other at the table.

NICK

OK, Towerblock. One device was blown
in situ. One device was pulled out
intact. I wonder if you can tell which
is which.

Reveal two devices in evidence bags - one the fragments from
sc2, the other the complete device from sc15.

GORDON

Fair play, boss.

NICK

Both with the same wire. Both horribly
clever. I reckon we're looking at
someone who's new to the area. GSOH.
Likes: making complicated bombs.
Dislikes: ATOs like me.

GORDON

We should get them off to weapons intelligence.

NICK

If you would.

GORDON

Sure. And sir... Sorry I suggested blowing that one in situ. I wasn't thinking clearly.

NICK

It's fine.

GORDON

Anyway, to make up for it...
(Makes fanfare noise:)
Do-do-do-do-do-do-dooooooooo!

He produces a Glock and puts it on the table.

NICK

What's this?

GORDON

It's a Glock. Skillies wasn't keen but I gave him a handjob behind the cookhouse.
(Off NICK'S look:)
Only kidding! We just cuddled.

NICK

Why did you get it?

GORDON

Cos you couldn't get one yourself?

NICK

No, I *could* get one myself, I just failed the test on a technicality.

GORDON

Yeah. Technically you dropped it on the floor.

NICK

I'm perfectly capable of passing the test!

GORDON

OK, OK... if you say you can pass the test, boss, I believe you. I have no doubt you could do it with your eyes shut.

NICK

Oh for the love of fuck... right! Come with me!

NICK grabs the Glock and storms off. GORDON follows.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY 5, 1800

18

NICK has the Glock. He is blindfolded. BIRD is holding NICK'S Sig Sauer. GORDON, BIRD and SIMON are watching. In the background, LAMMING ambles up curiously and watches from a distance.

GORDON

Good luck boss. Not that you'll need it.

NICK, at lightning speed (we can jump-cut through this), does a make safe, holster, load, unload, strip, reassemble, and present - i.e. he holds it out to GORDON, who doesn't take it. EVERYONE applauds politely.

GORDON (cont'd)

And now five rounds grouping.

NICK swings the pistol in the general direction of the target. EVERYONE ducks.

BIRD

Maybe lose the blindfold, yeah?

NICK holsters the weapon, takes the blindfold off, then draws it and shoots five rounds at the human-outline target. Then with a sixth shot hits a tin, like in a Western. EVERYONE applauds politely again, including LAMMING, as he walks towards the others.

NICK

(To GORDON:)
Happy now?

GORDON

Never doubted you boss.

LAMMING

Very impressive sir. After that showing I'm happy for you to pass the course, and you can hang onto the Glock.

NICK

Nah, you're alright.

NICK gives the Glock back to LAMMING. NICK takes his Sig back from BIRD.

NICK (cont'd)

The Sig's way better. Two stage trigger, smaller recoil, better build quality...

As if by magic, the LIEUTENANT COLONEL appears.

LT COL

Couldn't agree more. Gotta love the Sig. It just feels right in your hand, doesn't it?

(To NICK:)

May I?

NICK gives him the Sig. The LT COL shoots at the target. The first two shots give the target eyes, the next four a mouth, and the final two go in the target's testicles. He returns the Sig to NICK.

LT COL (cont'd)

Carry on!

He toddles off. From inside the base, we hear cheering. BIRD, GORDON, NICK and SIMON look at each other, confused.

BIRD

What was that?

They all leave in a hurry. LAMMING is left, holding the Glock. He starts making it safe, and in doing so traps the skin on his hand and drops the weapon. He looks around to make sure nobody saw and furtively picks it up.

CUT TO:

19 INT. AMMO ROOM - DAY 5, 1900

19

Lots of soldiers are crowded into the room, all focusing on a small table set up in the middle with something around the size of a cut-down shoebox on it that's held together with tape. It looks hot and fevered, a bit like The Deerhunter. MARY, MAC and ROCKET are all there.

BIRD, GORDON, NICK and SIMON push their way through. Money is changing hands rapidly. FARUQ is writing down bets in a book. It's very noisy.

VARIOUS SOLDIERS

Five dollars on Desert Itch / Ten dollars on Crabstick / Twenty dollars / Three dollars to win / Come on, Crabstick.

NICK manages to get next to MAC.

NICK

What is this?

MAC

Crab racing.

NICK

You're racing your genital lice?
Awesome.

MAC

And Rocket's. He's been breeding some
real thoroughbreds.

SIMON

Every day, you find new ways to
disgust me.

The shoebox has been set up as a miniature racetrack with tiny
bunting and partitions. There's a camera rigged above it with a
feed going to a screen behind the soldiers.

BIRD

Give us five bucks on your guy.

FARUQ writes the bet down.

MAC

Ladies and gentlemen, the third race
of the evening, the Pubic Stakes.

MAC nods to ROCKET who lifts a barrier out of the way and the
crabs are free to run. Everyone goes mad cheering as they peer
at the screen. MAC picks up a crap microphone.

MAC (cont'd)

And they're off! And it's Crabstick in
the lead, followed by Seabiscuit,
Desert Itch and Red Rub.

We can see tiny dots moving on the screen.

MAC (cont'd)

And Desert Itch is gaining, and Red
Rub has turned round and is heading
back to the starting line. And
Seabiscuit is eating Red Rub. Desert
Itch is putting on a spurt but it's
Crabstick, Crabstick all the way, and
Crabstick has taken the Pubic Stakes.

Celebrations / annoyance. Betting slips torn up / exchanged for
money.

NICK

Gentlemen... ladies... before the next
race, as ranking officer here -

MARY

That's me actually.

NICK

Shhhh... I call on the padre, to re-award the Jockstrap of Joy.

MARY

I would be delighted.

BIFFA is there with the jockstrap in the jar.

MARY (cont'd)

Private Macdowall, Your antics have made me feel physically sick. You are indeed one filthy bastard.

MAC

Yesss!

He goes to take the jockstrap from BIFFA but MARY takes it.

MARY

However, it's one thing to catch crabs. It's quite another to voluntarily stable them in your blast pants. I hereby award the Jockstrap Of Joy to Rocket!

MAC

Aye. Fair enough.

MARY hands the jar to ROCKET. Everyone cheers as he holds it up. MARY wipes her hands on her trousers. Suddenly the LT COL is there. Everyone braces and quietens down.

LT COL

Stop all this at once! What's the first rule? Don't race crabs! I'm shocked, shocked, to find that crab racing has been going on here!

FARUQ

Your winnings, sir.

LT COL

Ah, thank you very much.

FARUQ and the LT COL walk off together. We follow them as EVERYONE packs up.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. BASE - DAY 5, 1910

20

FARUQ and the LT COL walking across the base. The camera moves above them as they walk away from it.

LT COL

Faruq, you have done me proud.

FARUQ

I think this is the beginning of a
beautiful friendship.

LT COL

Yes alright, don't push it.

They disappear into the sunset.

End.