

1 INT./EXT - MASTIFF. DAY 1, 1000

1

The Mastiff drives along a dusty road.

TOWERBLOCK (O.S.)
You gotta feel sorry for Sergeant
Hogg.

Inside the Mastiff, BIRD, NICK, MAC, ROCKET, TOWERBLOCK and
SIMON passing round the Haribo.

TOWERBLOCK (CONT'D)
Lost an eye. Poor fucker.

NICK
But on the plus side, half-price
sunglasses.

EVERYONE nods.

BIRD
And the annual Wedge fancy dress
ball, he can always come dressed as
a pirate.

She demonstrates - eyepatch.

ROCKET
Maybe he could get a bionic eye.
See through walls.

TOWERBLOCK
That'd be fucking mint.

MAC
Still... He's got his crown jewels.
What more does he want?

SIMON
I know it's your dream to have more
balls than eyes, Mac, but maybe
Sergeant Hogg -

OUTSIDE: the Mastiff hits an IED. There is an enormous
explosion. The bar armour comes loose. A huge amount of dust.

TITLES.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1001

2

Taliban POV: Shot of the blown-up mastiff from some way off
with the Jackal and Foxhound 100m or so behind. The dust
cloud moves away from the vehicle. Silence.

CUT TO:

3 INT./EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1002

3

Still silence.

It's black. Then some blurry images. We've got Simon's POV which gradually focusses on those around him. Are they OK? Still can't see. What's going on? The picture begins to focus on the others who are taking kit off themselves that has landed on them. Sound is starting to poke through now and then, sounding distant and weird.

RADIO

(Odd / intermittent:)

Bluestone 42. Come in, Bluestone
42. This is zero, send sitrep.
Over.

Suddenly MAC'S face looms large in our POV. It's out of focus. He's shouting 'Skip? Skip!'. Then he comes into focus, and we hear him.

MAC

Skip? Skip?

Out of focus, and then the screen goes black again.

Bird's POV. She can see MAC peering at SIMON who's got blood on his face. Then she looks down and can see a medical kit. She tries to grab it, but can't reach. Another hand grabs it. It's TOWERBLOCK's hand. He rips open the medical kit and pulls out some FFD wadding and hands it to MAC. In the background, we can hear NICK and the radio.

NICK

(Odd / intermittent:)

Is everyone OK? Simon?

RADIO

(Odd / intermittent:)

Bluestone 42. Message. Over.

SIMON'S POV. MAC is pushing wadding into SIMON'S face.

RADIO (CONT'D)

(Odd / intermittent:)

Charlie charlie one. This is zero
alpha.

BIRD

Zero Alpha! ...shit.
(She's dug out her radio
pack:)
Antenna's fucked.

Normal view. Sound recovering. BIRD is fiddling with the radio. SIMON, bleeding from the eyebrow, is recoiling from the wadding and takes it off MAC.

SIMON

Get off me!

MAC

You're bleeding, you fucking numpty!

SIMON puts his hands on his face and then sees blood on his hands.

SIMON

Shit! Shit! I'm bleeding! Man down!
Medic!

(Nursing the wound:)

I'm hurt. Actually, it's not too bad.

(Checks the wadding:)

It's alright, it's stopping. I'll be fine. I am fine.

NICK is trying to sort out his helmet, which has slipped sideways and forwards.

NICK

Thanks for that reverse panic attack, Simon. Anyone else hurt? Bird? Towerblock?

BIRD / TOWERBLOCK

Fine. / I'm OK.

NICK

Legs?

NICK, taking off his helmet, addresses the pair of legs of the soldier on top cover.

LEGGATT (O.S.)

I'm fine. And I told you, don't fucking call me Legs.

NICK

So what *is* your name?

LEGGATT (O.S.)

Private Leggatt.

NICK

You're not helping yourself. How are we in the cab?

DRIVER / VEHICLE COMMANDER (O.S.)

Alright / Fine.

NICK

So, we're all OK.

ROCKET
(Waving the empty bag.)
No, we're not! I've lost all my
Haribo!

ROCKET starts scrabbling on the floor.

RADIO (O.S.)
Bluestone 42. Send sitrep. Over.

BIRD
(Examining her radio kit:)
I'm fucking trying! Radio's out.

NICK
OK, everyone, shut up. Breathe.
Legs? Shout to the other vehicles.
Tell them we're all OK. But we're
going to give it a thirty minute
soak.

LEGGATT
(shouting)
We're all OK. Thirty minute soak.

NICK
Before anything else exciting
happens, I definitely want an
apache biffing about up there.

EVERYONE calms down and sits. Pause.

SIMON
Guys, guys... This is our lucky
day.

Pause. EVERYONE looks at SIMON.

ROCKET / TOWERBLOCK / NICK / BIRD /
MAC
Naw, 'cos we got blown up /
Bollocks, what the fuck are you on
about? / I'm... not sure it is /
Nah, that's bollocks mate / Naw
it's not ya fanny.

SIMON
No, listen... We all survived. Now
that's lucky. We have tweaked the
nose of death and lived to tell the
tale.

TOWERBLOCK
Bollocks we have. The Mastiff's
designed with a V-shaped hull,
shock mounted seating -

SIMON

You're not listening, Towerblock,
you -

NICK

OK, OK. The main thing is, nobody's
really hurt and we've all had a
lovely burst of adrenaline.

MAC

We have twisted the nipples of
death, and walked away unharmed.

NICK starts brushing stuff out of his helmet. ROCKET picks a
haribo off the floor.

ROCKET

Oo! Found one!
(Eats it.)
Oh no, I haven't.

TOWERBLOCK looks at MAC. And then punches him in the head.

MAC

Argh!

NICK

Towerblock?! What the fuck?

TOWERBLOCK

It's a game, boss.

NICK

What's it called, 'punching people
in the head'?

MAC

You've heard of it?

TOWERBLOCK

You take it in turns to punch the
other one when they're not
expecting it. I had the punch. I
punched Mac. Now Mac has the punch.

ROCKET

Can I play?

MAC

Aye.

MAC punches him in the face.

ROCKET

Ow! Ha ha ha!

NICK is about to put his helmet back on.

NICK

OK...

ROCKET punches MAC and laughs.

NICK (CONT'D)

Stop it. Now. And thank you so much for introducing this charming game to my infantry escort, Towerblock, at this tactically low-risk moment. So. We had a close call but, balls on the table...

BIRD

Urh.

NICK

...this is all my fault.

TOWERBLOCK

Come on, boss. There's no way -

NICK

No, no. We know this is a blind spot, we should've got out and Barma-ed the road....

TOWERBLOCK / BIRD / MAC / ROCKET

Nah, you can't check every inch of this country / No, but we had to move fast so... / Quite right. Take responsibility. / Honestly, boss, don't beat yourself up...

NICK

No, no. I cut a corner. But I'm going to get us all back to base. Like a bunch of fucking legends.

MAC

Ah. Got ye.

NICK

What?

MAC

...back to base like a bunch of fucking legends, and the padre will be all over you.

(As MARY:)

Ooh, my brave hero. Come to my bosom, in fact, come on my bosom and -

NICK

Oi! Mac. Show some respect. She's a major. A padre. And a decent woman.

MAC

Ah. You've finally fucked her.

NICK

What? No!

MAC

You gave her one, you feel bad about it, so suddenly she's 'a decent woman'...

NICK

Well, I haven't so...

MAC

Bird, has he fucked the padre? Yes or no.

BIRD

(Beat.)

No.

MAC

There you go. Fucked her. QED.

TOWERBLOCK / SIMON / ROCKET

Bloody hell boss, really? / I can't believe it! / Did you really?

NICK

Thanks a bunch, Bird.

BIRD

I said no!

(Beat.)

He totally has though.

TOWERBLOCK / SIMON / ROCKET / MAC

Holy shit, boss! You fucked the padre! / I hope this doesn't compromise the pastoral care. / But she's a vicar! / Not so decent a woman now.

NICK stands up.

NICK

OK, enough!

OUTSIDE THE MASTIFF. We see it shift slightly. There's an ominous creak.

INSIDE THE MASTIFF.

NICK (CONT'D)

You know what? I could do worse than Mary. I have done worse. A lot worse.

(To BIRD:)

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Not you Bird. I didn't mean to look at you when I... anyway. We need to get to safety.

SIMON

I still can't believe you finally... y'know... had sexual intercourse with her. This is huge.

MAC

That's what she said.

BIRD

It's not that huge.

They all laugh.

NICK

I said, enough! You know what? I actually think that Mary and I could have a fucking future, OK?

BIRD is trying to hide her surprise.

SIMON

Do I hear wedding bells?

ROCKET

Who's getting married? ...Will there be a buffet?

NICK

(To SIMON:)

No.

(To ROCKET:)

Nobody. Sit down meal.

There's another creak. NICK moves to the centre of the vehicle and goes to put his helmet on.

NICK (CONT'D)

Right. Given the high chance of an ambush, we need to do things in the right order so we don't get, you know, killed. So, thirty minutes soak. Everyone relax, spin some dits...

SIMON

Yes... take a moment to smell the roses.

(Inhales deeply.)

Or whatever that smell is.

NICK

Yeah, and also, we don't want to walk out in to an ambush. So here's the plan. We -

UNDER THE MASTIFF something shifts. A metallic bang. The vehicle jolts.

INSIDE THE MASTIFF, NICK slips and drops his helmet. A single Haribo drops into ROCKET'S lap.

NICK / ROCKET
Shit. / Brilliant.

LEGGATT rearranges himself so he is still standing. NICK bends down to pick up his helmet. As he does, an ammo box drops from the cupola and hits him on the head. He is knocked unconscious. BIRD unbuckles and clambers over to him.

BIRD
Boss?! Shit! Nick! Nick? Shit!
NICK?!

MAC
Slap him. Wake him up.

BIRD
Thanks Mac.

MAC
Thought you'd want to slap him
after what he said about the padre.

BIRD
Fuck off, dipshit! This is serious.
Nick! We need to get him in the
recovery position. Check his
airway.

TOWERBLOCK clears some boxes to give NICK and BIRD room.
EVERYONE unbuckles and helps to lie NICK down.

BIRD (CONT'D)
There's a medic in the Jackal. We
can search our way over and...

TOWERBLOCK
Hang about. What happened to stay
here, half an hour's soak time?

BIRD
He needs a medic, numbnuts.

TOWERBLOCK
He's breathing.

BIRD
Thank you, Dr Fuckwit MD.
(To MAC and ROCKET:)
Get those doors open... NOW!

BIRD points at the back doors.

TOWERBLOCK

Don't!

MAC and ROCKET look at each other. What do they do?

BIRD

Excuse me? I'm in charge here.

TOWERBLOCK

I'm going by what the boss said,
and I'm the Number Two so...

ROCKET

(Laughing:)
Number two.

They all look at ROCKET.

ROCKET (CONT'D)

Number twos are... jobbies?

BIRD

I was Acting Sergeant but turned
down promotion to stay with this
bunch of twats.

SIMON

Quite touching, actually.

By now they have NICK lying down.

TOWERBLOCK

Alright then. Act like a sergeant.
Think about your men! What happens
when we get out? We could walk into
an ambush. Bang bang...

(Pointing at MAC:)

He's dead.

(Pointing at ROCKET:)

Bang bang. He's dead. People
running for cover. What if there
are secondary devices? Boom.

(Pointing at SIMON:)

That's him. Not so lucky now. And
then

(Pointing at NICK:)

he wakes up because he only got
knocked out and he's basically
fine. And they're

(Pointing at SIMON, ROCKET
and MAC:)

In body bags cos you aren't
thinking straight.

BIRD stares at TOWERBLOCK.

SIMON

Wanna know what I think?

BIRD / TOWERBLOCK

No.

TOWERBLOCK

Like the boss said, the safest place to be is in a heavily armoured metal box. Er...

(Looks around cartoonishly:)

... found one!

BIRD

OK, we stay here. He isn't 'basically fine'. No ambush. No secondaries. We get him to a hospital half an hour later than we could have done. Too late. He's dead. And we have years of feeling shit that we didn't get a fucking medic. This is me, thinking straight, OK? We search our way to the other vehicle, NOW.

TOWERBLOCK thinks hard.

TOWERBLOCK

Fine. We'll do it your way.

(Beat.)

Rocket, Simon, hold me out the back.

TOWERBLOCK digs out a vallon.

BIRD

Legs?! Tell the other vehicles we need a medic.

LEGGATT

(O.S.)

It's Private Leggatt. Forget it.

(Shouting:)

Oi! ATO's out cold. We need a medic. Searching to you.

(To inside:)

Thumbs up on that Corporal.

BIRD

Right. Good.

She looks at NICK.

TOWERBLOCK picks up a Vallon and heads to the back. General unbuckling, reorganisation and back door opened.

LEGGATT

(Leaning down:)

By the way, my unit call me 50-Cal.

MAC
Shut up, Legs.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1015

4

POV from the JACKAL. The back door is open and TOWERBLOCK leans out, searching the ground with the vallon. As he leans out further, SIMON and ROCKET hold him up by his belt.

Over by the Jackal, another SOLDIER is searching by the door of the vehicle. Behind the Foxhound, another soldier, PRIVATE SYKES, is also searching.

PRIVATE SYKES
(Shouting:)
Medic's here.

JASMINE, a combat team medic, appears behind SYKES.

JASMINE
(Shouting:)
How's the ATO?

SIMON sticks his head out of the door.

ROCKET
(Shouting:)
Passed out. Breathing normally.

BIRD (O.S.)
Pulse 90.

ROCKET
(Shouting:)
Pulse 90. He's not bleeding.

JASMINE
(Shouting:)
With you ASAP. Rest of you OK?

SIMON
(Shouting:)
I've sustained mild injuries. But
I'm fine!
(To himself:)
Quite lucky actually.

MAC (O.S.)
(Shouting:)
He's fingered the arsehole of Death
and lived to tell the tale.

She waits as SYKES continues to search.

CUT TO:

5 INT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1016

5

ROCKET and SIMON are holding TOWERBLOCK by the belt. BIRD checks on NICK, checking his pulse and brow while MAC's sitting next to her, staring into space.

MAC

Such tenderness. Such care.

BIRD

Alright, Mac! I fucked him. Once. Ages ago. When we were drunk. And we said we'd never speak of it again.

MAC

How's that going?

BIRD

I don't even fancy him...

MAC

(Buzzer sound.)

BIRD

I don't!

MAC

(Buzzer sound for longer.)

BIRD

Fuck off. I've seen far too much of his bullshit to still fancy him.

MAC

'Still'. So you fancied him once?

BIRD

(Beat.)

Briefly.

MAC

Daaaaaaaaaaaah!

ROCKET / SIMON

DAAAAAAH!

TOWERBLOCK (O.S.)

Oi, fuckwits, you nearly dropped me!

ROCKET / SIMON

Sorry.

MAC

(To BIRD.)

And now you're not over him.

BIRD

I am!

MAC

(Buzzer sound.)

BIRD

I fucking am, alright? I don't think about him, I don't worry about who he's shagging, has shagged, wants to shag... I simply don't care what he...

NICK makes a snuffly sound. BIRD is immediately next to him.

BIRD (CONT'D)

Nick?! Nick!

She checks his airway. MAC gives her a look. She gives him a look.

MAC

You know what you should do? To get over him?

BIRD

Before you go on, does it involve me having a threesome with you and Rocket's mum?

MAC

Ideally. But there's more than one way to skin a cat.

(Nostalgically:)

As we found out when we had all those feral cats.

BIRD

OK, then. If I wasn't over him, which I am, what would I do, which I'm not gonna do?

MAC

You make a list of his bad points. Then whenever you start fancying him again, bring out the list.

BIRD

Genius. I'd deffo do that if wasn't over him. Which I totally am.

MAC

And... you could draw a cock and balls on his forehead. You cannae fancy someone with a cock and balls on his forehead.

BIRD

(Beat.)

I'm totally doing that.

(Looking at the debris:)

Where's our marker pen...

She starts looking.

TOWERBLOCK

OK, let me down...

CUT TO:

6 EXT. BACK OF MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1017

6

TOWERBLOCK climbs down and stands by the Mastiff, searching towards SYKES, who has valled most of the way to the Mastiff and marked. JASMINE is following behind him, carrying her bag. A couple more SOLDIERS have appeared by the Foxhound and the Jackal and are searching.

TOWERBLOCK

(To JASMINE:)

An ammo box dropped on his head.

JASMINE

Probably a bit of concussion.

TOWERBLOCK

Oh, and Simon's gone mental, keeps saying today's his lucky day.

JASMINE

Probably a bit of a cunt.

TOWERBLOCK

Best medic ever.

JASMINE

I'm not going to fuck you.

TOWERBLOCK is speechless but appreciative. JASMINE goes up the steps of the Mastiff.

CUT TO:

7 INT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1018

7

BIRD is with NICK. SIMON is tidying, and humming I Should Be So Lucky. JASMINE climbs in.

BIRD

You two vallon round the vehicle.

MAC / ROCKET

OK. / On it.

They climb out as JASMINE climbs across them. BIRD clambers around to let JASMINE at NICK.

BIRD
He's been out for five minutes.

JASMINE
(Worried:)
Five minutes?!

JASMINE produces a C-Spine collar and starts checking NICK over.

BIRD
...What? What is it?

JASMINE
...And you didn't draw a cock and balls on his head?

BIRD
Couldn't find the bloody marker pen in all this crap.

BIRD gets out.

SIMON
(Singing:)
I should be so lucky in love...

JASMINE
Bit of medical advice: stop fucking singing or I will stab you in the larynx.

SIMON looks cowed.

CUT TO:

8

EXT. BACK OF MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1019

8

BIRD walks up to TOWERBLOCK and SYKES.

PRIVATE SYKES
So, relief company's on the way,
still no secondaries...

TOWERBLOCK
Right. I'd better get some evidence
photos for the boss.

SYKES waves a thanks, goes off to search down the road towards the lake.

TOWERBLOCK (CONT'D)
Oh, and Bird, good call on the
medic. You were probably right.

BIRD
Probably right, or was actually
right? They sound the same, but are
quite different.

TOWERBLOCK

Yeah, OK. I just thought your judgement was off 'cos you and Nick have, er...

BIRD

Jesus Christ! It was one fuck. Which is precisely one more fuck than the number of fucks I give about Nick Medhurst right now. So will people stop

(Shouting:)

FUCKING going on about it?

SYKES and two other SOLDIERS look at BIRD. SIMON and JASMINE peer out the Mastiff to have a look.

BIRD stomps off towards the JACKAL. TOWERBLOCK looks at MAC.

MAC

Not over him.

TOWERBLOCK

Too right. Simon, chuck us the forensic kit?

SIMON (O.S.)

Sure thing, daddio!

A bag comes flying at TOWERBLOCK who is taken by surprise and catches it.

TOWERBLOCK

Bloody hell, dickwad!

SIMON

(Popping his head out of the mastiff:)

You are very welcome.

TOWERBLOCK goes to the crater. MAC and ROCKET are together by the mastiff. Beat. ROCKET punches MAC.

MAC

What the fuck was that?!

ROCKET

A punch?

MAC

It's not your go. I've got the punch.

MAC punches ROCKET.

ROCKET

Fair play. And you still owe me one so...

MAC

Oh, aye.

MAC punches him again.

MAC (CONT'D)

It's not so good when you're expecting it.

ROCKET

I wasn't expecting it.

MAC

But you basically just asked me to punch you.

ROCKET

Oh aye.

MAC

So now you can punch me.

ROCKET

Brilliant.

ROCKET punches MAC. Frustrated, MAC punches him back.

MAC

No! You have to do it when I'm not expecting it!

ROCKET

Right. Are you expecting it now?

MAC

...aye!

MAC notices that TOWERBLOCK is taking photos. He nudges ROCKET and they try to get in shot, pulling ally poses.

TOWERBLOCK

Oi. This is for Weapons Intelligence.

ROCKET

(Con conversationally:)
Wiswo.

MAC

So you're saying we need to look intelligent?

MAC and ROCKET strike thoughtful poses. SIMON wanders over.

SIMON

Ooh, photo op?

SIMON jogs into shot.

TOWERBLOCK

No...

TOWERBLOCK'S CAMERA POV. SIMON, MAC, ROCKET are pulling faces.

SIMON

Come on, Towerblock! One for the album. The day of destiny. Nothing like a near miss to get things in perspective...

TOWERBLOCK

Near miss, Simon? It was a direct hit.

MAC and ROCKET return to vallowing. TOWERBLOCK keeps taking pictures.

SIMON

...help us put aside our petty squabbles.

TOWERBLOCK

Right. Oh. Oh, actually, that's a good idea. Yeah. Forgive and forget.

SIMON

He's getting it.

TOWERBLOCK

So you, for example, won't be at all bothered that I broke your iPod speakers...

SIMON

What?

TOWERBLOCK

On a day like today, that just doesn't matter.

SIMON

Exactly. They're just speakers. Big deal.

(Beat.)

Wait, sorry, how exactly did you break them?

TOWERBLOCK

They just stopped working.

SIMON

Sure. Sure! Who cares? They were quite robust though, so -

BIRD approaches.

TOWERBLOCK

Just some high street electronics
that cost about twenty quid to
replace.

SIMON

They were thirty nine ninety nine
but whatever.

BIRD

Glad we're discussing the retail
prices of things. Rather than, I
don't know, the Taliban. Secondary
devices. General worry shit.

SIMON

(Hand in the air.)

Sorry. ...but I don't think we'll
get any secondaries. Not when Lady
Luck is playing our favourite -

PRIVATE SYKES

Bird! Secondary.

SYKES waves from the road down towards the lake. He's found
an IED.

TOWERBLOCK

(Shouting:)

Mark and avoid.

SYKES gets out an aerosol can and marks it.

TOWERBLOCK (CONT'D)

(to SIMON)

Sorry, Simon. You were saying? No
secondaries.

SIMON

Well, if you -

PRIVATE SKYES

Another one!

TOWERBLOCK looks at SIMON. SIMON looks at him
condescendingly.

SIMON

Of course there are secondaries,
Towerblock. We're in Afghan. But
we're all alive. And we haven't
been ambushed, have we? Nobody's
shooting at us, so maybe -

INCOMING FIRE. SHOTS ON THE MASTIFF.

TOWERBLOCK

CONTACT!

Everyone scatters into defensive positions. There could be up to TEN SOLDIERS near the Foxhound and Jackal.

BIRD

(On PRR, under:)

Hello Bluestone 42 Bravo this is 42. Contact at my location. Send SALTA to Zero.

The VC, DRIVER and LEGGATT are all in the scrub by the side of the road on their belt buckles.

MAC, ROCKET, BIRD, SIMON and TOWERBLOCK get behind the mastiff, TOWERBLOCK on the end. TOWERBLOCK pokes his head out to look around. We could see one or two TALIBAN in cover.

TOWERBLOCK

They're bloody close.

He is hit on the helmet and jerks his head back into cover.

TOWERBLOCK (CONT'D)

SHIT!

TOWERBLOCK feels a bullet hole on his helmet.

TOWERBLOCK (CONT'D)

They shot me in the fucking head!

SIMON

Technically, the helmet. Lucky, you see?

TOWERBLOCK

Are you fucking mental?!

Behind them, ROCKET and MAC are waiting. ROCKET goes to punch MAC who ducks out the way. ROCKET hits his hand on the mastiff and yelps.

MAC

Not now, you fucking moron!

ROCKET

You said when you don't expect!

BIRD

How many are there?

SIMON looks. He sees four more TALIBAN returning fire.

SIMON

Half a dozen? Eight?

(He looks again.)

Ten? Mac and Rocket. On me.

SIMON, MAC and ROCKET go to the front of the Mastiff to return fire.

NICK sticks his head out of the back door of the Mastiff. He has a C-Spine collar on.

NICK
Everything alright, loves?

BIRD
Boss! Get back inside!

JASMINE grabs him back.

CUT TO:

9

INT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1021

9

NICK is being pulled back by JASMINE.

JASMINE
No fucking heroics, sir. You need to be careful in case there's a subcranial bleed.

NICK
I'm feeling both tickety and boo.

JASMINE
Yeah, that's the funny thing about bleeding around the brain.
(Chuckling:)
Ha! Had one recently. REME Sergeant banged his head on a Jackal. Out cold. Came to. Lucid for like two hours and then... blerghk.
(Gestures falling over.)
Dropped dead.
(Laughs wistfully.)

NICK
Not very funny, is it?

JASMINE shrugs and shines a torch in his eyes.

JASMINE
Aah, you'll be fine. Probably.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1022

10

SIMON, ROCKET and MAC are returning fire. BIRD and TOWERBLOCK are near the back door of the Mastiff.

BIRD looks around and sees up to ten SOLDIERS by the Jackal and the Foxhound returning fire.

BIRD
We need to think of an extraction plan. So let's route select and-

We hear the sound of mortars.

TOWERBLOCK
INCOMING!

SYKES crouches into cover. BIRD and TOWERBLOCK dive back to the mastiff for cover as a mortar lands near the Mastiff, towards the Taliban positions.

BIRD
We've got minutes before they get the aim right on those.

TOWERBLOCK
We are fucked.

SYKES gets up again and vallons. He's shot.

ROCKET
MAN DOWN! Medic!

CUT TO:

11 INT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1023

11

JASMINE is taking NICK'S collar off.

JASMINE
(Shouting:)
Coming!
(To NICK:)
Don't operate any heavy machinery,
avoid stressful situations.

She gets out.

NICK
I'll do my best.

He puts on his helmet.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1024

12

JASMINE arrives next to BIRD and TOWERBLOCK.

BIRD
Private Skyes. Down there. We'll cover you.

JASMINE
OK. If I die, make sure Captain Medhurst gets a scan.

BIRD
(Worried:)
What for?

JASMINE

Subcranial bleed. You don't want
him to drop dead over dinner.
Unless it's jelly...
(Demonstrates.)
Boing! I should go.

JASMINE runs down to SYKES, who is on the ground, moaning.

BIRD

COVERING FIRE!!

JASMINE reaches SYKES, who has been shot in the leg, but has
crawled into some sort of cover. One IED has been marked. His
spray can is on the ground next to his vallon. She gets to
work.

NICK appears next to BIRD and TOWERBLOCK wearing his helmet,
carrying an SA-80.

NICK

Nice day for it.

BIRD

Bloody hell, boss! Stay in the van!
We've got this.

NICK

Really? 'Cos it looks like a gale
force shit storm. That you totally
haven't got.

An RPG comes screaming in and functions above and beyond
their position.

MAC / ROCKET

Fuck me. / Jesus.

ROCKET

(Pointing:)
Taliban are moving!

MAC

They're trying to flank us.

SIMON

Roger that.

He returns fire.

NICK

What's that?
(Off their blank looks:)
I'm getting a sort of high-pitched
whine?

TOWERBLOCK / BIRD

What? / Eh? You must be concussed.

NICK

I'm fine! I can definitely hear something.

SIMON

Bird! They're moving again. Coming round the side...

NICK

So here's my plan: bugger the fuck off.

BIRD

Right. We use the dead ground to the north of the track, keep our arses low and get to the other vehicles...

(Towards the Jackal.)

Another mortar falls, between the Mastiff and the Jackal - i.e. where BIRD just suggested they go.

BIRD (CONT'D)

OK, so let's not do that.

NICK

New plan. We leave by that road.

NICK points down road where JASMINE and SYKES are.

TOWERBLOCK

Yeah, but it's riddled with IEDs.

NICK

...because it's the best route out. We bring back Sykes, I blow the devices in situ. We get back to base like fucking legends...

BIRD

But you're -

NICK

...and whatever Mac was imagining me doing with Mary, I'm totally doing with Mary.

BIRD

Tell me that's not why you're going down there.

NICK

Of course it's not. Not entirely.

BIRD

Boss! I think your judgment may be impaired. Seriously.

NICK

I'll impair your judgment, or... my name's not... you!

BIRD

Back me up here, Towerblock! He's in no state to start fucking about with explosives!

TOWERBLOCK

You're right.

(To NICK:)

She's right.

BIRD

Boss, we just need to hold our position. The Apaches will be here soon.

NICK

And they will have a fantastic view of a dead ATO, a dead bleep, and a dead... what does he do again?

He squints at TOWERBLOCK.

BIRD

He's your number two!

TOWERBLOCK

You are fucked in the head, boss!

NICK

I was kidding! I'm fine!

BIRD

No you weren't! Medic said you need a scan!

NICK

Shit, I forgot to bring my pocket MRI with me. Right, PE7!

(Getting up:)

Whoa... Got up too quick. I'm fine.

BIRD

Boss...?

MAC, ROCKET and SIMON are returning fire.

SIMON

We're gonna run short on ammo if this goes on much longer.

MAC

Try hitting them skip.

SIMON

Thanks Mac.

NICK is looking around the corner of the Mastiff. He suddenly looks up.

NICK
It's OK, everyone, choppers are here!
(He looks up.)
No?
(Beat.)
It was just that whining noise... it's gone. I'm going down.

BIRD
Fucking hell. You're in no state to use a vallon, your hearing's all over the place.

NICK
They do vibrate as well you know. I'm steady as a rock.

He holds out his hand and wobbles it. BIRD shakes her head at him.

TOWERBLOCK
Enough twatting about, boss. I'm coming down with you.

NICK
(Shakes head.)
One man risk.

TOWERBLOCK
No. This man...
(NICK.)
...massive risk. Two men, we might just get everyone out of here.

NICK
No! I don't need you to -

TOWERBLOCK
I promise not to tell the padre you had help.

NICK
OK. Get a vallon and some PE7.

TOWERBLOCK goes to get them.

NICK (CONT'D)
Happy?

BIRD
No!

NICK
(Shouting:)
We need those two back here now!
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Rocket! Give the medic a hand moving Sykes.

ROCKET

Roger that.

SIMON

They're moving again!

SIMON and MAC fire off more rounds as ROCKET runs down to JASMINE and they start dragging SKYES back to the Mastiff. TOWERBLOCK gives NICK some PE7 and runs down with a vallon and starts searching and marking devices.

NICK

We need a metric fuck tonne of covering fire!

BIRD

BOSS! This is insane!

NICK

Your mum is! Zing!

NICK follows TOWERBLOCK down and gets into cover near him. as BIRD unslings her SA80 and goes next to MAC, giving covering fire.

BIRD

Right. I made that list.

MAC

Aye?

BIRD

(Shooting through this:)
He's arrogant. Doesn't listen. Self-centred. Sexually incontinent. Childish. Petty. And he keeps making stupid jokes about being concussed.

MAC

If your list is that long, I don't think you're over him at all.

BIRD lets off a burst with her SA-80.

BIRD

Bollocks. I'm not, am I? He's a lanky posh twat and I'm not bloody over him. Shit. Fuck. Shitting fucking fuckballs.

MAC

Told you.

ROCKET, JASMINE and SYKES approach the mastiff as NICK finishes prepping his fuses etc. TOWERBLOCK marks another device with yellow spray paint.

TOWERBLOCK
(Shouting:)
Boss, you're up.

NICK goes to him.

BIRD
So what's your advice now? Let me guess, punch him in the head?

MAC
Nah. Violence never solves anything.

MAC fires some more shots.

MAC (CONT'D)
If he goes on about Mary, just nod, and smile, and move on.

BIRD
Right. Thanks for the girly chat, Mac.

MAC
Nae bother.

BIRD
So much easier with men. And a gun.

BIRD fires another burst. By now, ROCKET and JASMINE have brought SYKES back and are getting him into the Mastiff.

CUT TO:

13 NICK'S POV

13

There's a whine and the gunfire is slightly muffled. The picture moves around in double vision. We see marked devices. He kneels down and plants PE7 and fuse on a device.

NICK (O.C.)
Hello, darlings. Stay still, would you?

CUT TO:

14 EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1028

14

NICK is kneeling down placing the charge as TOWERBLOCK watches, crouched down in cover. NICK goes another device and places the final charge. Then he lights the first, runs to the second, lights it, runs to the third, and lights it. He starts to run back, but stops and throws up.

TOWERBLOCK runs to him.

TOWERBLOCK
SHIT! Everyone in the Mastiff!

TOWERBLOCK helps him away, almost dragging him.

TOWERBLOCK (CONT'D)
You fucking are concussed!

NICK
Nah... dodgy oysters.

TOWERBLOCK
What?! How long were the fuses?

NICK
Twenty. Ish.

TOWERBLOCK
Shit...!

SIMON, ROCKET and MAC get into the Mastiff. TOWERBLOCK helps NICK back. BIRD is watching them from the Mastiff.

TOWERBLOCK / NICK
(At BIRD:)
GET IN! / COVER!

TOWERBLOCK bundles NICK down into cover near the Mastiff. BIRD closes the Mastiff door. As she does, the PE7 explodes, along with the IEDs. Dirt rains down on NICK and TOWERBLOCK.

CUT TO:

15 INT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1030

15

MAC, ROCKET, SIMON, BIRD, JASMINE and SYKES are inside. The noise of the explosion dies down. SYKES is moaning.

BIRD
Right. Order of march. Mac, you go point. Grab the vallon, we will need to search beyond those devices. Everyone squared? Off we fuck.

SIMON leaps out, followed by MAC and BIRD. ROCKET and JASMINE helps SYKES out.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1031

16

NICK and TOWERBLOCK get up and dust themselves off.

NICK
Ah! The not-particularly-quick reaction force are here.

Relief vehicles, including a second Mastiff, appear from down the road.

SIMON gets out and provides covering fire. MAC gets out and heads off with a vallon. BIRD gets out, followed by ROCKET and JASMINE helping SYKES out.

BIRD
(As she gets out:)
Nick?! NICK! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

NICK
(Getting up:)
I am thanks. How are you?

INCOMING FIRE. BIRD grabs NICK and drags him away, followed by ROCKET, JASMINE and SYKES.

SIMON
Let's go, superstars!

They all run off.

JUMP CUT TO:

MAC, ROCKET, NICK, BIRD, SIMON and TOWERBLOCK getting onto the back of the Jackal.

BIRD
Good work, boss.

NICK
Genuinely can't remember what I did. You'll tell Mary what I did, right?

BIRD exasperated. The Apaches fly over them.

NICK (CONT'D)
OK, now I can hear Apaches.

The vehicles drive off. The Apaches give some love from above.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. BASE - DAY 1, 1100

17

The Mastiff approaches the gates which open. It parks up next to the Det. The LT COL placing a large ham in an oil drum smoker. FARUQ is getting it going. The Mastiff door opens and everyone piles out, SIMON and MAC first.

SIMON
Home sweet home!

MAC

Aye. Lady Luck gave Death a reacharound and she's got the sticky hands to prove it.

LT COL

Hello, Bluestone 42. Wasn't expecting you back so soon. This won't be smoked for hours.

NICK

Is that ham? Out here?

FARUQ

Ham-style goat.

NICK

Mm. Tasty.

FARUQ

(Indicating: ish...)

Mmeh...

(He catches the LT COL's eye.)

Mmm... yeah. Very tasty. Worth every penny.

NICK

Is the padre in?

LT COL

I think so.

BIRD

Go see the medic!

NICK jogs off. SIMON, MAC, ROCKET and TOWERBLOCK go.

NICK

Padre first.

BIRD

Nick...!

(To LT COL:)

We need to get him to Bastion for a scan.

LT COL

Ah. The eternal bond between the ATO and his bleep. Touching.

LT COL raises his eyebrows. BIRD looks non-plussed by this.

BIRD

Sir.

LT COL

Carry on.

(Toddling off, singing:)

(MORE)

NICK looks bereft. Pause.

NICK
(To himself:)
Bloody hell.

NICK turns and leaves. The PADRE looks at the desk and moves the picture of his wife and children off it.

CUT TO:

20

INT. DET - DAY 1, 1140

20

BIRD is trying to fix the radio. SIMON comes in with a tray of three teas that he's made.

SIMON
Time for a brew, methinks.

He puts it on the high workbench. BIRD goes to get hers.

BIRD
Took your time.

TOWERBLOCK entering the Det carrying iPod speakers connected to an iPod. TOWERBLOCK puts the speakers on the workbench.

TOWERBLOCK
Here's your speakers. The light comes on, but there's nothing doing.

SIMON smiles, puts his iPod in the dock and holds down a button.

SIMON
Yeah, sometimes the volume resets to zero.

TOWERBLOCK
Eh?

SIMON turns it up and Beautiful Day by U2 plays. SIMON beams and rocks out.

SIMON
See? Some days it all just works out for the best. Here's to destiny, fate and lady luck!

SIMON picks up his ceramic cup, heartily clinks mugs with TOWERBLOCK. SIMON's mug smashes, sending hot tea and mug shards onto SIMON and all over the iPod which crackles and stops working. BIRD laughs her arse off.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Shit! Ow! Fucking hell!

TOWERBLOCK
Not your lucky day, is it?

BIRD sees NICK approach from the Padre's quarters.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. DET. - DAY 1, 1142

21

BIRD goes over to NICK.

NICK
She's gone, Bird.

BIRD
What?

NICK
Mary. She's gone.

BIRD
Really? Shit. So who am I meant to
take the piss out of now? ...Too
soon?

NICK
I genuinely thought we could have -
...never mind.

BIRD
Right, you. CAT scan. Transport in
ten.

NICK
Cheers, Bird. Ooh, Mary might still
be in Bastion, and -

BIRD
Boss, if it wasn't for your
possible subcranial bleed, I would
punch you in the head.

NICK
What?!

BIRD
Instead, I've got to do this:

BIRD kicks NICK in the bollocks - NICK doubles up.

BIRD (CONT'D)
Stop going on about FUCKING MARY.

...and walks off, past MAC and ROCKET who are looking on. MAC
is shaking his head at BIRD.

BIRD (CONT'D)
(Huffily:)
Yes, I know.

ROCKET
I've just had an idea for a new
game. Kicking People in the Balls!

MAC
(Shrugs.)
OK.

MAC kicks ROCKET in the balls, who disappears from shot.

ROCKET
(O.S.)
Brilliant.

Possible pan out/wide shot of the base, both NICK and ROCKET
clutching their balls.

CREDITS.