



# OUR GIRL 3

**Episode 3**

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*Music '3L1' in: 10:00:00*

**PREVIOUSLY**

**IN: 10:00:00 INT/EXT. DWELLING. DAY**

An aftershock rips the dwelling apart. Georgie and Milan are trapped.

MILAN

I wish we'd met... Years ago.

**IN: 10:00:07 EXT. TEMPLE. DAY**

Milan takes Georgie's hand. They look at each other.

**IN: 10:00:08 EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAWN**

Milan and Georgie kiss. It becomes increasingly passionate.

**IN: 10:00:11 INT. BARRACKS. KATHMANDU. NIGHT**

Georgie turns the corner and comes face to face with Elvis. Beat. She tries to take this in.

GEORGIE (V.O.)

(gently)

I'm not interested in you...

**IN: 10:00:14 EXT. R.V. POINT. OUTSIDE ALEPO. FLASHBACK - DAY**

Georgie looks at Elvis.

ELVIS

Yeah well I don't believe that, neither do you.

**IN: 10:00:16 EXT. VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS. DAY**

Georgie with Milan and Tara.

MILAN

Tara lost her family in the twenty fifteen quake.

**IN: 10:00:19 EXT. VILLAGE. DAY**

Maisie and Tara are walking up the village towards the orphanage.

MAISIE

You set your mind to anything... you'd smash it. Be a lawyer... prime minister even!

TARA

In U.K.?

**IN: 10:00:24 EXT. BARRACKS. KATHMANDU - DAY**

Milan looks around, thrown. Georgie sees Tara's friend MAYA.

GEORGIE

Maya, where is she? Where's Tara?

MAYA

She's gone.

GEORGIE

"Gone".

MAYA

She wants to go to UK.

*Music 'Machinist' in: 10:00:30  
Music '3L1' out: 10:00:32*

**FROM BLACK**

**IN: 10:00:30 EXT. KABUL AIRPORT. DAY**

**10:00:31 On screen BBC LOGO**

2 SECTION getting off a military plane. RAB getting his first glimpse of Afghanistan.

JAMES spots CAPTAIN AZIZI talking with the ANA by the truck and breaks into a broad smile.

*Music 'Machinist' out: 10:01:10*

JAMES

(calling over)

Captain Azizi.

AZIZI turns, shocked to see JAMES, smiling they pull into a manly hug.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Good to see you, my old friend. You look well...

AZIZI

Old?

AZIZI is clearly uncomfortable and not entirely successful at hiding it. JAMES surprised by his demeanour.

AZIZI (CONT'D)

They didn't tell me it was you.

JAMES  
(shrugs)  
Why would they? Is this the truck?

AZIZI guarded as he helps JAMES load his kit into the truck. As the rest of 2-SECTION arrive carrying their kit .

RAB  
(disappointed)  
I thought it'd be more like the films.

MONK  
(mocking)  
The films. What? So, you thought it would be more...  
exciting?

RAB  
(defensive)  
Maybe... Haven't been here before, have I?

GEORGIE  
Trust me. Excitement is the last thing your wanting.

KINGY  
Guys. Less chat.

JAMES  
Alright guys. The ANA will take us from here to the base  
where we will rendezvous with SF.

MAISIE  
Oh! Bring on the real men.

JAMES  
Steady on Richards.

And that's got RAB's attention. GEORGIE rolls her eyes as we go to: The soldiers all lined up passing equipment to each other along the line, loading the truck.

RAB  
(to Maisie)  
You worked with blades before then?

MAISIE  
Yeah. That Elvis one seconded me and Lane for a  
rescue job in Syria.  
(beat)  
Let's just say the action continued into decompression...

On GEORGIE's shock. 2-SECTION suddenly awkward. RAB also a little put out.

GEORGIE  
You and Elvis?

MAISIE

(no big deal)

Yeah, I mean he's a bit full of himself but you can't deny that body.

(off Brains' look)

What? Is he riddled or summink?

As 2-SECTION exchange looks.

BRAINS

Not exactly. He was engaged to Georgie.

On MAISIE, mortified. GEORGIE shrugs, covering. Seemingly no big deal for her either and keen to shut it down.

GEORGIE

Yes. Ages ago. Where just friends now.

*Music '3L2' in: 10:02:35*

On GEORGIE, thinking that's true. As they throw their kit into the truck.

RAB

(jealous)

What kind of name is Elvis anyway?

**IN: 10:02:42 EXT. CITY - DAY.**

Establisher.

Flag flying.

10:02:42

On screen text:

**Kabul, Afghanistan**

**IN: 10:02:47 EXT. KABUL STREETS - ANA CONVOY/ANA BASE - DAY**

The ANA truck makes its way through Kabul's crowded, dusty streets. JAMES, GEORGIE, MAISIE, FINGERS, BRAINS, MONK, RAB being tossed around in the back along with AZIZI and an ANA SOLDIER - MALIK.

*Music '3L2' out: 10:03:04*

RAB

What is that smell?

MAISIE

I thought it was you.

FINGERS

Eau de Kabul that mate. Breathe in, my friend.

A man drops his wheelbarrow in front of the truck. The driver slams on the brakes.

JAMES scans the streets as they weave in and out of dense traffic, watching the passersby and traffic like a hawk, his eye drawn by anything suspicious. The scene outside is not a pleasant one - they pass a huddled group of junkies openly jacking up. FINGERS frowns.

JAMES

Over there...

FINGERS

(to Rab)

Thought you and your brothers weren't allowed so much as a beer.

RAB

They're not.

AZIZI

It is a product of the conflict. The allies needed help to fight the Taliban so they turned to the warlords. They wanted to grow the poppy, the Taliban used to forbid it.

MONK

So what changed?

BRAINS

Taliban were skint after the war, they had to make their money back somehow.

Music '3L2' in: 10:03:51

AZIZI

Heroin is now our largest export.

JAMES

What's the hold-up?

JAMES' attention diverted by a MAN watching them pass as he talks on a mobile phone. A brief moment of eye contact between the MAN and JAMES before the truck pulls ahead of him.

On JAMES, sensing increased activity around their approach. He leans over to AZIZI.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Get the driver to step on it, please.

AZIZI

(indicating the base up ahead)

We are nearly there.

GEORGIE

Is everything all right, boss?

A motorbike ride up past the truck , as it gets level with the drive the pillion opens fire on the driver.

JAMES no time to answer as - suddenly - gunfire cracks.

JAMES

Gun fire. Get DOWN! Contact left. Anybody got eye's on?

FINGERS

Nothing to see boss.

BRAINS

No one else boss.

JAMES

Get us to base now! (beat) Keep your heads down guys.

2-SECTION duck down. Somehow the driver continues. The truck now speeding towards the now open gate of the base. On the shock of 2-SECTION. They were not expecting this.

GUARDS close the gates as the van makes it through. It comes to an abrupt halt.

**IN: 10:04:53 INT. ANA. HOSPITAL. DAY**

The shot driver is wheeled into the makeshift hospital on a trolley. Georgie steps forward to assist.

MALIK

(in Pashto)

Translation: Stop it there.

*Music '3L2' out: 10:05:09*

GEORGIE

(shoving Malik aside)

Unless you want him to die, you're going to have to accept a little female help.

AZIZI

(sharp, in pashto)

Translation: Allow her, soldier!

MALIK reluctantly moves as GEORGIE gets to work.

GEORGIE

He's got an entry but not an exit wound upper right chest.

GEORGIE and AZIZI lift the injured DRIVER on to a stretcher, MALIK running alongside them towards the base.

AZIZI

(in pashto)

Translation: Go back to your unit!

GEORGIE looks up to see a bewildered but stubborn MALIK.

GEORGIE  
(determined)  
No. Let him stay. He might learn something.

**IN: 10:05:25 EXT. ANA. DAY**

2 SECTION decamp from the truck.

JAMES  
Right guys, on me. Is everyone okay?

Nods from 2-SECTION.

ALL  
Boss.

JAMES  
Kalil? You look a little pasty.

MONK, FINGERS and BRAINS exchange a grin.

RAB  
(covering)  
I'm fine boss.

As KINGY pats him on the back -

KINGY  
Welcome to Afghanistan.

*Music 'Battlecry' in: 10:05:38*

**IN: 10:05:38 TITLE SEQUENCE**

**MICHELLE KEEGAN**

**BEN ALDRIDGE**

**SHALOM BRUNE FRANKLIN**

**HARKI BHAMBRA**

**AND**  
**LUKE PASQUALINO**

**CREATED BY**  
**TONY GROUNDS**

**WRITTEN BY**  
**LOREN MCLAUGHLAN &**  
**AMY ROBERTS**

**OUR GIRL**

*Music 'Battlecry' out: 10:06:08*

**IN: 10:06:08 INT. ANA. MESS HALL. DAY**

MAISIE, FINGERS, BRAINS, MONK, RAB and KINGY at a table, tucking in and taking the piss out of RAB's skittishness.

10:06:09 On screen title card:

**PRODUCED BY  
TIM WHITBY**

FINGERS

Your face when they started shooting.

MONK

Reckon he's got proper skidders.

10:06:18 On screen title card:

**DIRECTED BY  
JON WRIGHT**

RAB

(embarrassed)

I thought we were here as support. Didn't expect to be shot at the minute we arrived.

FINGERS

Afghan popped your cherry mate. First live fire an' all that.

BRAINS

Language 10:06:26 Don't worry, mate, we all shit ourselves the first time.

RAB

Language 10:06:27 I didn't shit myself! No skidders either.

BRAINS shrugs. Turns his attention to the food.

JAMES

Hi guys...

ALL

Alright boss... Boss.

JAMES joins GEORGIE and AZIZI heading from the hospital into the mess hall.

JAMES

Nice work, Lane.

AZIZI

He appreciates what you did for him. As do I.

GEORGIE spies MALIK sat on his own.

GEORGIE

Not sure everyone feels like that.

AZIZI

Malik is not a bad soldier.

JAMES

He needs to learn when to accept help.

AZIZI put out by JAMES' quick fire assessment.

AZIZI

He's frustrated. He comes here to fight to make his country better and what does he find? Poor training, poor equipment. Would you want that for your men?

A look between GEORGIE and JAMES acknowledging the now tense atmosphere.

JAMES

No.

An awkward silence. JAMES determined to win AZIZI round.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Lane, did I ever tell you how Captain Azizi and I met?

GEORGIE

No.

JAMES

Helmand Province. Two thousand and fourteen.

JAMES steals a glance at his old friend, decides to push it.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

We bonded over a shared love of "The Boss".

AZIZI can't help himself. He smiles wryly.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Captain Azizi here can't get enough of him.

AZIZI groans. Amused.

AZIZI

(to Georgie)

His old man music is not for me. Drum and base. All the way.

AZIZI laughs, the shared memory has softened him.

AZIZI (CONT'D)

Is it really three years?

JAMES

It's a long time as allies.

A moment between the two men. GEORGIE nods, pleased.

GEORGIE  
One question though.  
(beat)  
What is "The Boss"?

JAMES  
Oh come on! Haven't you heard me sing it? Bruce Springsteen...

AZIZI laughs as JAMES throws his hands up in despair. The moment is broken by ELVIS approaching. Pushing aside thoughts of MAISIE, GEORGIE steels herself to be professional. Civil nods between the two of them.

ELVIS  
Corporal Lane. Captain Azizi.  
(to James)  
New intel on Omar just in. We'll be ready to brief in ten.

AZIZI  
I'll gather my men.

ELVIS  
Thank you.

As AZIZI heads off, ELVIS sits down, attempts small talk with GEORGIE.

ELVIS  
Heard you had a bumpy ride in.

GEORGIE  
Nothing we can't handle. When you heading out to recce?

ELVIS  
Last light.

GEORGIE  
Okay, well err, try and keep yourself in one piece.

ELVIS  
I'll do my best.

GEORGIE heads off. JAMES smiles knowingly at ELVIS as they sit together art a vacant table.

JAMES  
All good with you and Lane?

ELVIS  
Yeah, we're grown ups with a job to do.

JAMES  
Glad to hear it.  
(nodding over to Maisie)

Now lets make sure same can be said for over there.

ELVIS follows JAMES' eye-line. Balks at the sight of MAISIE.

ELVIS

Language 10:08:15

Oh shit.

(then)

How do you know about that anyway?

JAMES

You were mentioned in dispatches.

ELVIS

Okay, did Georgie happen to be present during these dispatches?

JAMES' wry amusement is all the answer ELVIS needs. As he groans.

JAMES

It's not a problem, is it? I thought you were "just friends"?

ELVIS

Georgie and I will never just be friends Charlie, you know that.

JAMES stands, collects up his tray.

JAMES

You want my advice? Deal with one emotional minefield at a time.

(looking to Maisie)

Starting there. Cheers.

*Music '3L3' in: 10:08:42*

ELVIS

Cheers.

On ELVIS, not relishing the thought.

**IN: 10:08:44 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

ELVIS, JAMES and AZIZI lead the briefing. On screen - drone footage images of DA CHAND's truck arriving at a heavily fortified compound.

JAMES

Da Chand led MI-six straight to Omar's compound in Nar-e Saraj, Helmand Province.

AZIZI

Taliban insurgents have significant influence across the whole region.

GEORGIE

(of map)

And Omar's compound's smack bang in the middle of it.

ELVIS

And his men have eyes everywhere, so it's imperative that we stay under the radar. Our primary advantage here is the element of surprise.

JAMES indicates on the board.

JAMES

Using the ANA trucks as cover, we'll move to this FOB, prepare to support the assault on the ground. Once we have achieved our objective, we will extract immediately.

ELVIS

Now we've all seen what Omar is capable of. I don't want anyone going into this thinking it's going to be easy.

2-SECTION nod, serious and focused.

JAMES

It's a four hour walk from the FOB to the compound over difficult terrain so rest up as best you can. Prepare to receive a more detailed brief once we reach the FOB. Any questions?

ALL

Boss...

Nods from 2-section... except...

MAISIE

Sir, what about Da Chand?

ELVIS

If anything were to happen to Da Chand, it would immediately arouse suspicion.

MAISIE

So we're basically just letting him go?

JAMES

Would you rather we compromise this mission, Richards?

MAISIE

Language: 10:09:49

Well, no, obviously not, but I mean come on. He sells kids for money, doesn't give a toss about where they end up...

GEORGIE shoots MAISIE a warning look, understanding her grievance but wary of an outburst.

JAMES

(in, sharp)

Private Richards. This mission is not about Da Chand. Is that understood?

FINGERS, BRAINS and RAB exchange looks. On MAISIE, a tense beat before she backs down.

MAISIE

Sorry, boss.

JAMES

(to Kingy)

Start line zero six hundred.

KINGY

(nodding)

Boss.

Everyone makes to leave. ELVIS watches GEORGIE head out, unsure about where he stands and even more uncertain about how to deal with it.

**IN: 10:10:12 INT. ANA BASE - KABUL DAY**

GEORGIE is instructing MALIK and several other ANA SOLDIERS in how to manage blood loss in the field. BRAINS is "the patient", he makes loud groaning noises.

*Music '3L3' out: 10:10:17*

GEORGIE

Right, I think we can live without the sound effects.  
Thank you Brains.

BRAINS

Just trying to make it realistic.

GEORGIE rolls her eyes, turns to MALIK.

GEORGIE

Shush. Okay so apply direct pressure to the wound.  
Yeah. Pushing down. Then if possible.  
(lifting his leg)  
You elevate the limb, like so and apply the blast  
bandage like I showed you earlier. Yeah. Okay go on.

GEORGIE watches proudly as MALIK follows her instructions to the letter. We pick up JAMES and AZIZI watching from one side.

AZIZI

(of Georgie)

Her conviction is admirable.

JAMES

Nobody wants to see their fellow comrades suffering.

AZIZI concedes the point.

AZIZI

Forgive me, it's been a long war.

GEORGIE

Then you come down... Tight.

JAMES

We'll get there.

JAMES feeling determined. He doesn't notice AZIZI's discomfort.

**IN: 10:11:01 INT. ANA BASE. KABUL DAY**

KINGY, BRAINS, FINGERS and MONK are playing poker. RAB is doing sit ups, fast, channeling his nerves. MAISIE spotting him when a text BUZZES on her phone. She grabs it, hopeful.

RAB

Is it Tara?

MAISIE

(throwing the phone down)

Language 10:11:09

Bloody Dominos.

RAB

Don't. I could just go an eighteen inch stuffed crust Hawaiian.

MAISIE covers her worry and disappointment.

MAISIE

Pervert. Who puts pineapple on a pizza?

Back at the poker table, FINGERS has got them on the ropes.

BRAINS

I'm out.

KINGY

Me too.

MONK studies FINGERS' face.

MONK

Now, you're bluffing.

FINGERS

Am I now, Monk?

Close on their macho face-off. MONK hesitates, he isn't sure. FINGERS doesn't see MAISIE sneaking up behind him, grinning. She leans over FINGERS' shoulder, looks at his cards.

MAISIE

Yeah. Better luck next time.

FINGERS appalled as MAISIE sits down, he throws his puny hand onto the table.

MONK throws his hand down confidently. FINGERS throws away. MONK takes the pot.

MONK

Decent.

FINGERS

Snake..

On the opposite side of the yard, MAISIE clocks ANA SOLDIERS washing carpets.

MAISIE

(to Kingy, of the ANA)

Ah, tough shift that.

KINGY

Yeah, could teach you lot a thing or two.

FINGERS

Why do they bothering cleaning the carpets anyway? It's a dust bowl out there.

RAB

They're prayer mats, you muppet.

Which is news to FINGERS. RAB shakes his head, flips over and starts doing press ups.

RAB (CONT'D)

Maisie, come here. I'll press you.

FINGERS spots an opportunity. Putting a finger to his lips, he hushes MAISIE and makes his way stealthily over to RAB. MAISIE clocks on.

MAISIE

(to RAB)

Yeah alright go on then.

FINGERS sits on RAB's back.

MONK

Go on Rab, you got this. Go on push it. Keep going.

Keep going.

KINGY

Dig in... Dig in... Come on.

Shouts of encouragement from everyone. RAB crashes to the floor, turns to see FINGERS sitting on him.

RAB

Language 10:12:09

Bell end.

FINGERS

Language 10:12:14

Oh come on. Omar's going to be shitting it when he sees you coming. Big lad.

Laughing, FINGERS helps RAB to his feet.

ELVIS appears, beckons to MAISIE.

ELVIS  
Richards.

2-SECTION exchange looks. RAB, jealous, surreptitiously examines his pecs.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Can I have a word?

MAISIE  
Yeah.

MONK  
Why does that man skoop in everything. Maisie,  
Georgie.

BRAINS  
Kingy.

KINGY  
Oh yeah right. Yeah good one.

But as ELVIS is about to launch in, GEORGIE emerges from the medical area. The sight of the two of them together throws her but with no other option than to pass ELVIS and MAISIE, she plasters on a big smile.

GEORGIE  
All right, you two.

ELVIS  
(shit)  
Yeah, we were just...

GEORGIE  
(in)  
Gonna try and get some kip. See you later.

ELVIS  
Yeah...

GEORGIE heads off. Annoyed at seeing the two of them together and even more annoyed with herself for caring. MAISIE clocking ELVIS watching her go.

ELVIS  
Do you mind if we go somewhere a bit quieter?

MAISIE  
Yeah.

HARD CUT TO:

IN: 10:12:49 INT. ANA BASE. QUIET CORNER DAY

MAISIE sits crying. ELVIS is pacing - very uncomfortable. He did NOT expect this.

ELVIS

Look, I had fun and everything. It's, it's not that I don't like you.

MAISIE

Then why? I mean what's wrong with me?

ELVIS

Nothing. You're lovely. Honestly.

MAISIE

I haven't stopped thinking about you since Cyprus.

ELVIS

(clutching at straws)

Yeah, I've been thinking about you too. It's just... timing... you know.

MAISIE ups the sobbing another notch.

ELVIS

Look, I am sorry to have to tell you this but there is someone else. Okay?

ELVIS balks as MAISIE stands, moving up close and personal.

MAISIE

I just, I think you're so great, and gorgeous, and you've such a massive...

(sporting a mischievous smile)

...EGO!

MAISIE bursts out laughing. ELVIS reacts, caught between relief and annoyance.

ELVIS

Good one.

MAISIE

Language 10:13:42 I mean seriously, give yourself a break. It was one pissed up night.

ELVIS

Yeah.

MAISIE

Yeah.

ELVIS

So we're cool?

MAISIE

(genuine)  
We could not be cooler.

ELVIS  
Good.

As she turns to go.

MAISIE  
Oh. And it's none of my business but... I hope that other  
girl isn't Georgie.  
(beat)  
You know she's got a bloke back in Nepal?

*Music '3L4' in: 10:14:02*

And that's a sucker punch in the gut for ELVIS.

PEANUT  
(calling over)  
It's time to go, boss.

Out on ELVIS, struggling to digest the news about GEORGIE.

**IN: 10:14:33 INT. ANA BASE. KABUL. DAY**

2-SECTION are back playing cards. BRAINS slaps a mosquito away from his face.

*Music '3L4' out: 10:14:44*

BRAINS  
I'm being eaten alive here.

FINGERS  
I reckon we're having it better than SF out on the recce.

BRAINS  
You applied for selection yet? I thought they were  
begging you to join up?

FINGERS  
Well they are but a man of my talents is needed here.

Mocking laughter from 2-SECTION. FINGERS gives them the finger as KINGY checks his watch.

KINGY  
Right, guys, couple more rounds then I want everyone  
hitting the sack. Forced rest early start tomorrow.

We see RAB is still wired. He does little boxing jabs.

RAB  
I don't think I'm gonna be able to sleep.

MONK  
I definitely will so don't keep me awake with your yak.

MONK's confidence turning to outrage as FINGERS, laughing, reaches across the table and pulls a stack of matches towards himself.

KINGY

Rab.

MONK

Depends on the last cards...

MONK

Argh. I'm not picking that up.

FINGERS

There all yours.

BRAINS

Take the whole pack. Take the whole pack..

KINGY

(quiet aside)

Everyone feels it the day before a big one. But try and slow your brain down.

(beat)

I am depending on you tomorrow. You have to channel those nerves.

It's a sobering speech from KINGY and it hits home for RAB.

RAB

I won't let you down.

KINGY

Never thought you would. Go on.

RAB

Sergeant.

RAB determined heads back to the boys.

RAB

Deal us in then...

**IN: 10:15:38 INT. ANA BASE. SLEEPING QUARTERS. KABUL. NIGHT**

GEORGIE getting ready for bed. Annoyed with herself for caring about ELVIS and MAISIE. Her Skype goes off. "HOME". She pulls the iPad over and answers the call.

GEORGIE

(happy face on)

Hi.

MUM

Hiyah love, you alright?

GEORGIE

Yeah, are you?

MUM

Yep. You've moved?

GEORGIE

(light, evasive she doesn't want to worry  
her)

Hum! Look got proper walls now and everything. I am  
going up in the world?

MUM

Where are you?

GEORGIE

(playing it down)

Afghan.

(off her mum's immediate and clear worry)

It's okay. It's a very short mission then we're going  
straight back to Nepal. So don't worry.

MUM

Can you tell us what you're doing at least?

GEORGIE

Catching a bad guy. It's a support role. Top team. It's all  
good, I promise you.

MUM

I am sorry. It's just your job, I know I shouldn't worry so  
much.

As MAISIE comes in -

GEORGIE

Right, I've gotta go.

MUM

Please be careful, sweetheart.

GEORGIE

Always.

GEORGIE blows her a kiss, ends the call.

MAISIE

Sorry. Didn't mean to interrupt.

GEORGIE

(a bit too short)

It's alright, it's fine.

MAISIE

About back there. Me and Elvis we were just...

GEORGIE cuts in, a little sharper than she intended.

GEORGIE

Your mind should be on this mission and nothing else.  
Not me, not Elvis... No Tara.

And that's MAISIE told, interrupted by the sound of gunshots from outside the compound.

KINGY

Lets go. Lets go. Move.

**IN: 10:16:41 INT. ANA BASE. MESS. KABUL. NIGHT**

2 - SECTION head into the mess building and safety.

KINGY

Stay inside.

BRAINS

Shouldn't we help?

KINGY

We're not supposed to be here, remember.

GEORGIE

What's happening?

JAMES

Taliban are attacking the base. The ANA will respond.

AZIZI, MALIK and NSE ANA appear carrying an ANA SOLDIER into the mess. GEORGIE pushes forward, ready to help.

AZIZI

But you cannot help this time.  
(in Pashto)

Translation: Let's go!

GEORGIE sees the ANA soldier is already dead. 2-SECTION somber as they clear the way for the ANA to pass.

JAMES

(somber to all)

There's nothing we can do here. We can't break our cover.

Looks between 2-SECTION before they follow the order and head into their sleeping quarters.

**IN: 10:17:00 INT. JAMES' ROOM - ANA BASE - KABUL - NIGHT**

JAMES is looking over maps for the mission ahead. A soft knock at the door.

JAMES

Come in.

AZIZI enters.

JAMES (CONT'D)

All quiet?

AZIZI

For now.

AZIZI pauses, something clearly on his mind.

JAMES

Everything alright?

AZIZI

This mission. Too much of a risk.

(beat)

I think we should abort.

AZIZI's statement stuns JAMES.

JAMES

Why?

AZIZI

The attack on the way in.

(beat)

They know you're here.

JAMES

Perhaps. But they don't know our intentions.

(beat)

Are you worried about your men?

AZIZI

(firm)

No. My men are fit and prepared.

JAMES

Then this mission is no riskier than anything we've done before.

AZIZI looks deeply at JAMES.

AZIZI

I have a bad feeling, James.

JAMES

Long wars do that to a man.

AZIZI

We are taking a huge risk, with my men and yours.

Music '3L5' in: 10:17:59

JAMES

It's what we signed up to do, Azizi. To protect your people from men like Omar.

(beat)

Were in this together.

AZIZI forces a nod. Out on the two captains, friends on the eve of the mission.

**IN: 10:18:02 EXT. ANA BASE - KABUL - EARLY MORNING DAY**

Dawn rising over the now quiet base. AZIZI addresses the ANA SOLDIERS. The mission ahead weighs heavy on his mind but his words bring comfort and assurance to his nervous troops.

AZIZI

(in pashto)

**10:18:07** *Translation/Subtitles: We have said our prayers. We have asked Allah for help. We have asked for strength. We have asked for his forgiveness. Now our fate is in his hands.*

Music '3L5' out: 10:18:31

Music 'Traktor' in: 10:18:26

**10:18:26 MONTAGE:**

KINGY checking out the route on a map.

MONK exercising, getting pumped up.

BRAINS preparing his gun.

JAMES looks in the mirror.

MONK exercising, getting pumped up.

FINGERS preparing his gun.

Bullets are loaded into a magazine

On RAB.

MONK ties cloth round his head.

FINGERS checks RAB's helmet.

On GEORGIE and 2-SECTION, as they walk towards the trucks.

**IN: 10:19:11 EXT. ANA BASE - DAY**

A convoy of ANA trucks head out of base.

**IN: 10:19:21 EXT/INT. ROAD HELMAND/TRUCK - DAY**

Rumbling down a long, dirt road through the heart of Helmand. Deep into Taliban country. Opium fields stretch as far as the eye can see. PEOPLE work in the fields, harvesting the poppies.

*Music 'Traktor' out: 10:19:25*

MAISIE

(sotto)

Pretty brazen this.

2 SECTION are hunkered down in a covered ANA truck. Hot, beleaguered, exhausted and packed in like sardines. GEORGIE uses a neck cloth to wipe sweat from her face/chest. MAISIE is keeping watch from a peep hole in the side.

MAISIE

(sotto)

All the poppy growing.

KINGY

(sotto)

Coming to a street in your home town soon.

MAISIE wriggles awkwardly in her pants.

MAISIE

Language 10:19:46

I'm pissing sweat here.

JAMES

You've a wonderful way with words, Richards.

KINGY is looking at his phone, smiling.

GEORGIE

(to Kingy, of the phone)

Go on Kingy, share the love.

KINGY

It's my daughter's birthday today. Managed to download these back at the base.

He shows GEORGIE a photo of his daughter opening presents.

MONK

Let me see that.

KINGY holds the phone up. Pretty girl. MONK's impressed.

MONK (CONT'D)

Sweet.

KINGY

(warning)

She's sixteen...

(looking fondly at the photo)

Boy sixteen dunno how that happened.

RAB

Sixteen? You started early.

KINGY

Got two boys an' all.

GEORGIE

Aww, missus is a saint.

(off Kingy's smile)

Good for you though Kingy. Making it work.

KINGY

Yeah.

FINGERS

Man, it is ripe in here.

FINGERS sniffs his arm pits. Smells okay. Then he sniffs RAB. Recoils.

FINGERS (CONT'D)

Oh it's you bro, you smell worse than Kabul.

RAB

(indignant)

I showered twice this morning and used half a can of Lynx.

FINGERS

Well you not using it right, lad. You got to get right in there, in all the crevices, bud.

RAB

Language 10:20:43 Hey, piss off, worry about your own crevices..

But when RAB sniffs himself, he can't deny it's pretty ripe.

A lone rider on a motor bike, buzzing alongside the convoy as they approach an ANP checkpoint.

MAISIE indicates to 2 SECTION silently - eyes on - checkpoint - 3 ANP. The silence in the truck grows heavy.

The convoy draws to a stop at the check point and AZIZI emerges from the first truck. MAISIE's POV as she watches the exchange between AZIZI and THREE ANP.

GUARD

(In Pashto)

Salam u Alaikum (Peace be unto you). You are right?

Where are you going?

GUARD 2

(In Pashto)

One minute...

AZIZI

(In Pashto)

All okay? How are you? What

happened?

GUARD

(In Pashto)

Let them go. Open the gate.

AZIZI

(in Pashto)

Thank you. They are with me.

The situation is tense. The ANP officers throw curious glances towards the trucks.

The DICKER slows down as he passes AZIZI, MAISIE notes an almost imperceptible nod of recognition between the DICKER and AZIZI.

MAISIE

Boss. I think we might have a dicker. Bloke on bike.

JAMES

Right, keep eyes on him Richards.

Finally, AZIZI shakes hands with an ANP officer and heads back to his truck. As the convoy heads off the motorbike rider heads back in the direction he came from.

*Music '3L6' in: 10:21:44*

**IN: 10:21:45 EXT/INT. FOB - DAY**

The trucks rumble into a long abandoned compound. A rusty sign and tattered US flag tell us this was an allied base.

2 SECTION and ANA disembark from the vehicles, stretching, groaning, relieved to be finally there and taking in the surroundings. GEORGIE observes the dusty ground and high concrete walls lined with barbed wire and dilapidated watch towers. AZIZI and CAPTAIN KHAN direct the ANA to key observation points.

In the courtyard ELVIS and the rest of SF are washing around a large barrel. 2 SECTION make their way over. RAB stripping off, very keen to wash.

GUYS

Oh yes can we get a shower / Bosh / Ah... see you in a bit.

MAISIE

Oh I love what you've done with the place.

ELVIS, top off, brushes his teeth. RAB clocks the scar on ELVIS' stomach.

RAB

Oh nice scar.

GEORGIE sees the scar and is flooded by memories of Manchester but ELVIS avoids her gaze. Not to be outdone, MAISIE puts her leg up on the barrel and rolls up her trousers to reveal a large scar running across her knee.

MAISIE  
Misjudged combat roll out of the 'chook.

GEORGIE rolls her eyes at MAISIE's bravado. RAB falls in love a little bit more. FINGERS, keen not to be left out, pulls his bottom lip over his teeth.

*Music '3L6' out: 10:22:59*

FINGERS  
That. Check that out.

MONK  
(peering closely)  
Can't see nothing.

Language 10:23:08  
FINGERS  
Fuck off, ten stitches went in there.  
(beat)  
Sat in the park near me necking a bottle of twenty  
twenty...

GEORGIE  
(in)  
Classy...

FINGERS  
When fat Dave jumped on the seesaw. I went flying.  
Teeth went straight through.

They all make disgusted noises.

FINGERS (CONT'D)  
Fit nurse patched me up though. Decent.  
(suddenly conscious of Georgie)  
Don't tell your sister I just said that.

RAB  
(to Elvis)  
Where'd you get shot? Syria.

ELVIS  
Manchester.

RAB  
Serious?

SPANNER  
Elvis and Georgie keeping the streets terrorist free.  
Lucky you was there eh, George?

GEORGIE  
(light)  
Should have phoned in sick that day.

She looks to ELVIS expecting a retort. Nothing. He picks up his clothes.

ELVIS  
Rock drill in ten.

ELVIS heads off leaving GEORGIE confused as to his attitude.

Rab washing himself he as a sniff of his pits.

MONK  
Go on Rab lad. Yeah wash them pits.

RAB  
You can't even smell anything.

MONK  
I think you better sniff 'em aswell.

RAB  
Nothing. Mais come and smell this.

MONK  
You do realise Maisie ain't interested! She ain't seen a bit of this yet baby.

RAB  
Seen a bit of what?

Monk laughs at him.

**IN: 10:24:10 INT. FOB - DAY**

2 SECTION, SF and ANA gathered for the briefing. They stand around a plan of the area they are heading to. ELVIS takes the lead.

ELVIS  
Listen in then... Omar's compound.  
(pointing to the model)  
Two vulnerable points. Point alfa will be over here, the breach that's where me and my boys come in. Charlie you and your boys over here at point bravo, irrigation ditch. Century guards change every morning, this will be our opportunity to seize control. Captain.

JAMES  
(indicating the model)  
Charlie fire team led by Kingy will launch the diversionary attack here while Elvis's team will launch an assault by support helicopter here.

All of 2 SECTION on it, deep concentration.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I'll be waiting at the extraction point with delta fire team ready to cut the enemy off.

GEORGIE

And where's the casualty collection point, sir?

JAMES

With me.

GEORGIE

Okay.

GEORGIE nods.

JAMES

Any questions?

ALL

(shaking their heads)

Boss.

JAMES

Let's crack on.

ELVIS

On me boys...

MAISIE hangs back as everyone exits.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Everything alright Richards?

MAISIE

Yeah, boss.

But she doesn't move, waiting for the last of the stragglers to leave.

JAMES

Spit it out.

MAISIE steels herself. Deep breath.

MAISIE

You remember that dicker on the way out here? I think  
Azizi knows him.

JAMES

Well did he talk to him?

MAISIE

Not exactly. It was... it was sly. It was like a sly nod.

JAMES is silent, looking at MAISIE. It makes her uncharacteristically nervous.

MAISIE (CONT'D)

(babbling a bit now)

Look I know he's your mate, Sir, but you do hear about it  
don't you. Green on blue.

JAMES

What would it have looked like if Azizi were to  
acknowledge an innocent civilian?

MAISIE

Err, the same, boss... but...

JAMES

(in, firm)

The same.

MAISIE

(beat, defensive)

Look, I saw something.

JAMES shakes his head.

JAMES

I trust Azizi to be beside me the same way I trust all of  
you. Is that understand?

MAISIE

(defeated)

Yes boss.

MAISIE exits. Out on JAMES. WE now see he is thrown by what MAISIE has said.

**IN: 10:26:18 INT. FOB. DAY**

GEORGIE is examining her kit when MAISIE returns, deflated after her conversation with JAMES.

MAISIE flops down with an exaggerated sigh.

MAISIE

Language: 10:26:29

Think I might've cocked up.

GEORGIE

(faux surprise)

No way! You?! Go on...

MAISIE gives her a look - "ha ha".

MAISIE

I thought Azizi knew that dicker at the checkpoint. I told  
the boss but he reckons its hearts and minds.

(beat)

I was right to say summink though?

GEORGIE

Yeah.

MAISIE

Language 10:26:47

It's not like I don't get bollocked most days. But he had another go at me about De Chand.

GEORGIE

Look I get it, alright. Letting him go does seem a bit messed up.

MAISIE

A bit?!?

GEORGIE

Look I'm agreeing with you.

(beat, softer)

Look, if you weren't so switched on, you wouldn't be a good soldier. But getting too involved well that isn't great either, okay.

MAISIE softens, a glint in her eyes.

MAISIE

You think I'm a good soldier?

GEORGIE

Don't push it.

MAISIE

(grinning)

Language 10:27:12

Could have given me the "don't be an arsehole" chat a little bit earlier.

GEORGIE

Err, I did.

MAISIE

When?

GEORGIE

In Kabul!

MAISIE

(penny dropping)

Oh I thought that was just you were just tripping over Elvis.

(beat)

You are cool about...y'know? Cos if I'd've known...

GEORGIE

(in)

Look me and Elvis are free agents, okay. So, no, I am not "tripping".

MAISIE

Okay?

Music '3L7' in: 10:27:39

MAISIE nods, accepts GEORGIE's reassurance.

**IN: 10:27:42 EXT. FOB COURTYARD - DUSK**

The ANA soldiers, with RAB are performing evening prayers. Their rifles lying next to their mats, an incongruous image.

On the opposite side of the courtyard are ELVIS, PEANUT, DYNO, SPANNER and 2 SECTION.

AZIZI  
(Quaran prayer)

ELVIS shaves PEANUT's head with a razor. RAB watches on in awe/fear of SF.

*Music '3L7' out: 10:28:37*

RAB  
(to Peanut)  
So is it a superstition thing?

GEORGIE and MAISIE emerge, make their way over to the gang.

PEANUT  
Just somat I do before a mission. Keeps the head clear.

GEORGIE taps PEANUT's head on her way past.

GEORGIE  
Up here for thinking, eh Peanut?

GEORGIE tries a smile at ELVIS but he blanks her. Thrown by his attitude, GEORGIE sits down next to KINGY. He is texting furiously.

KINGY  
Oh it's all kicking off at home. Rachel wants booze at her party. Jules isn't having it.

BRAINS  
Choose your side carefully.

MAISIE  
My sixteenth was a mega lash. My nan got asbo'd.

Language 10:28:58 RAB  
So being a piss head runs in the family, then?

Language 10:29:01 MAISIE  
Oh like being a wanker runs in yours, yeah?

KINGY  
Guys, you're not helping.  
(beat)  
No the boys are easy, you know, they're bears like you lot. Throw them an apple, kick them in the nuts, it's all good. But Rachel. She's... powerful.

GEORGIE

You should start a support group with my dad. There's three of us.

KINGY shakes his head in sympathy.

KINGY

No thank you.

MAISIE

(decisive)

No you've gotta support your missus, Kingy. You gotta back her.

MONK

You just said your sixteenth was proper messy.

MAISIE

Err exactly.

(holding out little finger)

But cos I can always wrap my dad round this, see. He went down the offy for us.

BRAINS

I'm struggling to work out the moral of this story.

MAISIE

He shouldn't have sided with me, should he? The kids are a team, the parents are a team. I'd have respected him more for solidarity to his platoon.

KINGY taking in MAISIE's words.

KINGY

I like that.

MAISIE

There you go.

KINGY

You're right.

MAISIE nods, pleased with herself.

MAISIE

Mate I should've been one of them agony aunts. All this wisdom is just wasted on you lot. Especially you.

KINGY starts composing another text.

KINGY

Now let's see if she's still likes me when we get back to Nepal, eh?

GEORGIE

(of their grim surroundings)

Hey, It's come to something when the light at the end of the tunnel is returning to a disaster zone. You know what I mean?

ELVIS rinses the razor, can't help himself.

ELVIS

Yeah, you must be looking forward to getting back to Nepal, Lane?

GEORGIE eyes ELVIS, sensing the edge to his tone.

GEORGIE

It's a beautiful country.

ELVIS

Yeah beautiful country, friendly people.

Awkward silence. GEORGIE realising ELVIS knows about MILAN. MAISIE realising this is on her... PEANUT now a little nervous of that razor...

GEORGIE

(styling it out)

Is that a problem?

ELVIS

(forced light)

Nah. No problem at all.

(tapping Peanut on the shoulder)

All done pal.

An uncomfortable moment as ELVIS heads off. GEORGIE watches him go, stoney faced. MONK breaks the tension.

MONK

Erm, so how did your nan get asbo'd?

*Music '3L8' in: 10:30:32*

MAISIE

Language 10:30:33/34

Oh my God, she tried to take a piss on next door's front garden.

RAB

Like slash attack.

The others laugh but GEORGIE can't let ELVIS'S slight go. Riled, GEORGIE jumps up and stalks after ELVIS.

**IN: 10:30:40 EXT. FOB - DUSK**

Aerial establisher.

ELVIS by the model of OMAR's compound, immediately regretting his fight with GEORGIE.

Language 10:30:52 GEORGIE  
What the fuck was that about?  
Music '3L8' out: 10:30:59

ELVIS  
Oh Georgie, I'm... sorry

GEORGIE  
(in, furious)  
What exactly is your problem?

ELVIS  
I'll tell you what my problem is... YOU! Just you with  
someone else. ...

GEORGIE  
(in, hollow laugh)  
Here we go again.  
(off Elvis' confusion)  
What, you don't think I know how this goes?

ELVIS  
How what goes?

ELVIS  
Language 10:31:11 That's not fucking fair.

ELVIS braces himself against the torrent of GEORGIE's anger, realising she might just have a point.

ELVIS flinches, tries to regain some composure.

## ELVIS

GEORGIE

GEORGIE can't take anymore, she turns to leave but ELVIS can't let it drop. He chases after her, spins GEORGIE around to face him.

ELVIS

I said are you serious about him?

A powerful beat between them, their eyes locked on each other before -

GEORGIE

Language 10:31:43 That's none of your fucking business.

GEORGIE shakes ELVIS off as MALIK enters.

MALIK

I wondered if you might have some spare supplies. So I can help if anyone is hurt tomorrow?

Sensing the tension between GEORGIE and ELVIS.

MALIK (CONT'D)

I can come back later.

GEORGIE

No, it's fine. It's fine.

(looking to Elvis, pointed)

We're done.

(to Malik)

Right lets go.

*Music '3L9' in: 10:32:08*

GEORGIE exits with MALIK.

Out on ELVIS, afraid that this time there isn't any coming back for him and GEORGIE.

**IN: 10:32:25 EXT. CAMP - EVENING**

American Flag flying. Men on guard behind sandbags and others walking into camp.

**IN: 10:32:38 EXT. CAMP - NIGHT**

Establisher

**IN: 10:32:41 INT. FOB. NIGHT**

JAMES finds AZIZI in the TRAINING GYM, a space filled with dusty, abandoned equipment left behind by the AMERICAN TROOPS. He takes in the old graffiti/cartoons/posters, a reminder of the FOBs former occupants. Uncomfortable at the sight of "RAGHEAD" and 'WELCOME TO HELL, THIS IS THE DEVIL'S ARSEHOLE" scrawled across one wall.

AZIZI is training with a ferocity that reads like self-punishment, his body dripping with sweat. JAMES watches him for a beat, conflicted, before stepping forward.

*Music '3L9' out: 10:32:58*

JAMES

Not bad for an old man. I'm sorry about the graffiti.

AZIZI with a wry smile, mops sweat from his face.

AZIZI  
Do not bother on my account.  
(beat)  
I am familiar with the allied sense of humour.

JAMES  
Does our presence here frustrate you?

AZIZI holds JAMES' gaze, intense.

AZIZI  
Yes.

AZIZI's response has stunned JAMES.

AZIZI (CONT'D)  
You're surprised? You abandoned us to our fate and  
now you return and bring with you more chaos.

AZIZI sees how he has shocked JAMES and regrets the outpouring of emotion. He tries to pull it back in.

AZIZI (CONT'D)  
Maybe we were naive but there was so much optimism  
when the allies left. We thought we could win.

JAMES  
And now you don't?

AZIZI  
Look around you. We don't have the methods, the  
equipment. The Taliban are as strong as they ever were.  
The war continues and we make no progress.

JAMES  
Catching warlords like Omar is progress.  
(beat)  
You do still believe in what we're doing here?

JAMES hates himself for the seed of doubt MAISIE has planted in his head, but he's testing AZIZI.

AZIZI  
Do you?

JAMES  
Do I believe it's the right thing to catch men like Omar?  
Yes one hundred percent.

AZIZI  
(exhausted, defeat replacing anger)  
There are many Omars. Catching one changes nothing.

Music '3L10' in: 10:34:16

AZIZI's exhaustion signals to JAMES that this is not a man who has turned but a man suffering from years of failure.

AZIZI (CONT'D)

I'm tired, James. All I want is for this war to end.

JAMES

Yeah I understand that.

(beat)

But men like you are key to this country's future, men who refuse to give up, who believe that one day all this will be over.

AZIZI holds JAMES' gaze, sad, troubled, as though he's about to say something. A beat before he forces a nod.

AZIZI

(deadly serious)

Be careful.

JAMES unsettled but puts AZIZI's warning down to fear of the mission going wrong.

JAMES

Always, my friend.

**IN: 10:34:59 INT. FOB. NIGHT**

GEORGIE fishing medical supplies from her kit bag for MALIK, striving for professionalism in the wake of her fight with ELVIS.

*Music '3L10' out: 10:35:03*

GEORGIE

Okay there's some hemostatic dressings.

(beat)

There's a tourniquet. Do you remember your skills and drills from the training?

MALIK nods as MAISIE comes rushing in, brandishing her phone.

MAISIE

Corporal! It's Tara!

On GEORGIE's surprise, she turns to MALIK.

GEORGIE

I'll see what else I can dig out. I'll come find you.

MALIK

Thank you.

As MALIK exits, GEORGIE rushes to MAISIE's side as she loads a video message.

MAISIE hits "PLAY" to see TARA in an indeterminable location, the wind whipping around her makes it hard to hear.

TARA

Don't worry. I can make it to the UK. Then, maybe I will be Prime Minister. I will call you soon.

As the video ends, GEORGIE and MAISIE exchange looks of concern.

GEORGIE

We know she's alive. That's the main thing.

On MAISIE, her initial relief morphing into guilt.

MAISIE

It's my fault isn't it. I put it in her head? "Prime Minister". How stupid was that?

GEORGIE

You gave her something to hope for.

MAISIE

Yeah what if she doesn't make it?

GEORGIE

The one thing this job teaches you is you can't control everything. We do what we can and try and shut out the rest. Otherwise it'll drive you insane.

MAISIE nods, does her best to pull herself together.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

I'll let Milan know.

MAISIE now a little sheepish as she's reminded of ELVIS' earlier behaviour.

MAISIE

What happened earlier with Elvis. I think that might be on me.

(beat)

I told him about Milan.

GEORGIE does not want to get into this.

GEORGIE

(forced lightness)

Nice one.

MAISIE

Well I didn't think it was a big deal.

GEORGIE

It isn't. I'd just rather not have my private life be the source of company gossip.

MAISIE

Yeah but I couldn't help it. He was trying to give me the big brush off. Like I'm even interested.

(beat)

Now look I am sorry. I thought it was history between  
you two.

GEORGIE

It is.

MAISIE

Are you sure Elvis got the memo?

GEORGIE

If he hadn't, he has now.

On GEORGIE's conviction as she slings her kit bag over her shoulder and heads off.

*Music '3L11' in: 10:36:41*

**IN: 10:36:40 EXT. FOB - DUSK. NIGHT**

2-SECTION stealthily and silently loading their Bergens on to their backs. Focused but tense.  
MONK looks over to RAB.

JAMES

Right guys... On me.

MONK

Language 10:36:44 Try not to shit yourself this time.

RAB

Language 10:36:46 Worry about your own arse, mate.

MONK grins, bashes RAB's helmet. An almost imperceptible nod from KINGY to RAB before 2-  
SECTION set off.

**IN: 10:37:05 EXT. HELMAND PROVINCE. NIGHT**

2 SECTION and ANA walking silently across the dark, foreboding terrain.

JAMES (V/O)

You're all aware of your missions. I'm trusting you guys.  
As always. Keep your eye's on. Stay focused. Stay alert.  
Stay alive.

**IN: 10:37:31 EXT. AABAN OMAR COMPOUND. DAWN**

In the eerie pre-dawn light, shadowy figures move stealthily into position. ANA soldiers plant an  
explosive device in the compound wall.

Using visual signalling, JAMES directs GEORGIE, FINGERS, BRAINS, AZIZI and NS ANA into  
position along a shallow dug-out.

**IN: 10:37:39 INT/EXT. HELICOPTER. DAY**

The helicopter takes off.

**IN: 10:37:49 EXT. AABAN OMAR COMPOUND. DAWN**

RAB waives MONK forward. MONK makes his way around the side wall and places an incendiary device on the wall.

On higher ground, ANA SNIPERS line up the perimeter wall in their telescopic sights.

FINGERS as RAD-OP establishes a frequency.

FINGERS  
Hello all stations radio check. Over.

He gives JAMES the nod.

JAMES  
(into headset)  
Hello, Alpha Two Zero, this is Zero Alpha. Please  
confirm your position at the start line. Over.

KINGY  
(into headset)  
Alpha Two Zero. Roger that. Position set. Over.

**IN: 10:38:18 INT. HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE). DAWN**

ELVIS, SPANNER, DYNO and PEANUT in the hold of the 'chook.

JAMES (O.S.)  
Zero Alpha to Tango One Zero.

ELVIS  
Tango One Zero. Send. Over.

JAMES (O.S.)  
All call signs are in position at Cherry Tree Lane. Daffodil  
is good to go. Over.

ELVIS  
Roger, that. Out.

ELVIS is composed, quiet, pushing all thoughts of GEORGIE and the fight aside, contemplating the mission ahead. SPANNER pumps his head to a silent beat, adrenalin flowing. PEANUT stares ahead, unreadable. DYNO closes his eyes, mutters an inaudible mantra.

**IN: 10:38:37 EXT. AABAN OMAR COMPOUND. DAY**

On the ground support.

**IN: 10:38:39 INT. HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE). DAY**

ELVIS, SPANNER, PEANUT and DYNO grab their gear.

ELVIS

(into headset)

Tango One Zero . All call signs prepare to initiate Phase One. Standby, standby!

**IN: 10:38:45 EXT. AABAN OMAR COMPOUND. DAY**

KINGY gives ALPHA ZERO TWO the signal to move.

ELVIS

Initiate.

An ANA VALLON MAN leads the way checking for IEDs. KINGY, RAB, MAISIE, MONK, MALIK and NS ANA tread carefully behind, equidistant apart, their progress swift but methodical.

Suddenly - the ANA up front comes to an abrupt halt and raises his hand.

KINGY is indicating for everyone to hit the ground

KINGY

Zero Alpha. Ten liner one. Wait up.

GEORGIE looks at JAMES.

JAMES

Boss?

KINGY

Enemy fifteen metres total, hard left.

KINGY looks towards the compound where he sees a TALIBAN insurgent. The TALIBAN INSURGENT pulls back a tarpaulin to reveal a MACHINE GUN before activating the IED.

Suddenly - the device EXPLODES violently. ALPHA ZERO TWO disappear into a cloud of smoke and debris.

Through the smoke we see the platoon, dazed, confused, paralysed.

An ANA SOLDIER lies screaming on the ground, blood spurting from what remains of his leg. MALIK scrambles over to help him.

MONK, his shirt torn from the blast, looks disoriented. MAISIE, RAB and several stunned ANA SOLDIERS pick themselves up from the dirt.

Suddenly - the TALIBAN INSURGENT with the machine gun starts shooting.

*Music '3L11' out: 10:39:50*

KINGY

Man down. Man down. Take cover! Incoming!

*Music '3L12' in: 10:39:58*

The BLAST rips loudly across the radio. Then - the signal goes dead.

FINGERS and JAMES scramble at the COMMS. GEORGIE, FINGERS and BRAINS observe with horror the cloud of smoke on the horizon.

JAMES

Alpha Two Zero, do you require assistance?

JAMES trying hard not to lose his shit.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I say again. Do you require assistance? Over.

Silence.

On JAMES, tense, he can hear the strain in KINGY's voice.

JAMES

(completely thrown)

Tango One Zero cleared that area at Zero Four hundred.

KINGY

Must have been reseeded since then.

GEORGIE

I think they knew we were coming.

FINGERS and JAMES scramble at the COMMS. GEORGIE, FINGERS and BRAINS observe with horror the cloud of smoke on the horizon.

KINGY

This is Alpha Two Zero to Zero Alpha. Do you read me?

Over.

KINGY scans the area, assessing the damage, trying to raise JAMES on his radio.

Getting nothing, he turns to the rest of the squad.

KINGY (CONT'D)

Does anyone have working comms?

MAISIE, RAB and MONK try but to no avail. As they take in the seriousness of their situation -

MAISIE

No Sarge!

JAMES and FINGERS crouched by the COMMS kit.

FINGERS

Argh! IED's affected the comms. Trying to re-establish the connection now.

GEORGIE

Boss, we've got to go in to help them.

JAMES

Don't move.

GEORGIE

But I need to help...

JAMES

Hold your position, eyes on the high ground.

(handing Georgie the radio)

Fingers keep on trying.

(into headset)

Hello Tango One Zero this is Zero Alpha. Phase One has been compromised. I say again. Phase One has been compromised.

**IN: 10:40:43 INT/EXT. HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE). DAY**

The HELICOPTER carrying ELVIS, DYNO, SPANNER and PEANUT appears over the ridge - as it comes low to drop off SF.

JAMES (V.O.)

Acknowledge my last.

ELVIS registering that information. He turns to the rest of SF.

Well it appears to have all gone Pete Tong, fellas.

ELVIS

Well it appear to have all gone Pete Tong, fellas.

DYNO

No change there, then.

Hello, this is Tango One Zero to all Stations. Continue with Phase Two. I say again, continue with Phase Two. Out.

ELVIS

(into headset)

Hello. This is Tango One Zero to all stations. Continue with Phase two. I say again, continue with Phase Two. Out.

As the helicopter comes in low.

**IN: 10:40:59 EXT. AABAN OMAR COMPOUND. DAY**

TALIBAN shooters are firing down on the platoon, pumping bullets into the banks of the irrigation ditch.

KINGY

On the medic now.

MAISIE, RAB and ANA flatten their bodies against the ground. MALIK hunches low, trying to apply a TOURNIQUET to his injured comrade. The ANA's screams are deafening, distracting. KINGY does his best to focus, he sees how vulnerable they are.

KINGY (CONT'D)

We need to move.

MAISIE scrambles forward a few feet.

MAISIE

Thirty yards, half right. Dead ground.

KINGY

Okay, people, you heard her. That's our plan.

(shouting to Malik)

Can you move him?

MALIK is making a valiant effort with the tourniquet but his hands are slipping in the blood.

MALIK

I can try.

MALIK's determination. He manages to secure the tourniquet.

On RAB as the adrenalin and his training instinctively kicks in. He immediately responds to KINGY's order and scrambles across, bullets whining and whizzing over his head. KINGY makes a last attempt on the radio.

KINGY

Zero Alpha this is Alpha Two Zero. Permission to move.

Over.

MAISIE

Language: 10:41:23

Fuck...

Silence.

GEORGIE, frustrated and terrified, is up in JAMES' face.

GEORGIE

Boss, we need to go help them.

JAMES

Wait until we know what's going on Lane!

TALIBAN shooters are firing down on the platoon, pumping bullets into the banks of the irrigation ditch.

KINGY makes the call.

KINGY

Language 10:41:32

On my signal, we're going to make a break for the dead ground. Go low, and let's get the fuck out of here. Kahil, prepare to move.

KINGY waits for the best moment to move. A brief lull as the TALIBAN set about reloading.

MALIK nods, determined.

KINGY (CONT'D)

On me... Go now. Go, now, go, go, double, double.  
Three, two one go!

KINGY looking back, checking everyone is with him. On 2- SECTION as they scramble with all their might to reach the cover.

MALIK and RAB crouched low, dragging the ANA along with them.

Just as they make it to cover - RAB is hit. RAB cries out in pain, goes down grabbing his arm.

RAB

Language: 10:41:53/58

Shit! Fuck!

As JAMES returns to the COMMS -

FINGERS working to get a signal. JAMES listens anxiously on the radio. Finally - the rasp of KINGY's heavy breathing.

KINGY (O.S.)

Hello, Zero Alpha. Hello, Zero Alpha, this is Alpha Two Zero.

JAMES

Zero Alpha. I never thought I'd be so pleased to hear your voice. Send me a sit-rep. Over.

KINGY on the radio.

KINGY

We've got three men injured. One CAT A, One CAT B. Kalil's got a gun shot wound left shoulder. Misstep. Out.

We now see MAISIE hunched over RAB, pressing down on RAB's shoulder, trying to stem the bleeding as best she can. RAB in pain but alert, trying to be tough.

MAISIE

Language 10:42:18

If you think this is getting you a sympathy shag, you can think again.

RAB

(joking through the pain)

Wha, what about a hand job?

MAISIE

(covering her concern)

What for a little nick like that? Jog on.

MAISIE covers her concern, concentrates on stemming the flow of blood.

Back with JAMES, GEORGIE assesses the distance between her and the rest of 2-SECTION. A couple of hundred yards but there is little cover and an armed TALIBAN on the wall.

GEORGIE

Boss, those casualties will bleed out without any treatment.

JAMES

This isn't up for discussion, Lane.

GEORGIE sees the TALIBAN on the wall fall. This is her chance. She clammers out of the dug-out and takes off at a lick, JAMES' horrified shouts fading fast as she sets off.

JAMES

LANE! Lane you get back here. What do you think your doing? You are in danger! Lane on your belt buckle... Lane!

*Music '3L12' out: 10:42:43*

With GEORGIE running the length of the compound, focused on her goal. Adrenalin blocking out all sound but her breathing and the thump of her heartbeat in her ears. She's nearing the team when, suddenly, she stumbles.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Lane!

JAMES (CONT'D)

Fingers, give covering fire!

FINGERS

No line of sight boss!

GO TO:  
*Music '3L13' in: 10:43:01*

GEORGIE on the ground, face in the dirt. shots flying around her.

GEORGIE

Language 10:43:03

Shit!

She looks back to JAMES then ahead to MAISIE and the others.

GEORGIE channels all her grit, all her determination, and sets off again towards the stranded platoon. Keeping low, dragging herself through the dirt and dust on her knees and elbows.

The HELICOPTER carrying ELVIS, DYNO, SPANNER and PEANUT appears over the ridge - as it comes low to drop off SF.

ELVIS, SPANNER, PEANUT and DYNO jump from the helicopter and cover. As they do a TALIBAN INSURGENT appears on the compound roof with a ROCKET LAUNCHER. Just as the helicopter starts to rise the TALIBAN fires. The ROCKET LAUNCHER hits its target, striking the helicopter where the tail meets the body. The HELICOPTER, clearly damaged veers slightly before pulling up and away.

PILOT

May day. May day. Contact. Direct hit. Returning to Kabul.

ELVIS

Zero alpha. This is Tango One Zero. Breach...

The explosives laid earlier by the ANA blow, making an entry for SF in the compound wall. ELVIS, DYNO, SPANNER and PEANUT advance

Georgie preparing to run. She sets off..

ELVIS expertly picks off one TALIBAN from the wall in the inner courtyard before advancing slowly forward.

A figure wielding an AK47 disappears around one corner, reappearing quickly from another. ELVIS clocks the nozzle of his gun, pumps a bullet into his chest. The figure drops to the floor.

Georgie running across the planes. Dodging bullets. She goes down.

PEANUT

Clear!

EVLIS comes on the shooter. He whistles, the shooter spins round and Elvis takes him out with a single shot.

GEORGIE finally reaches the platoon and collapses, breathless. Can't allow herself to think what she just risked. MAISIE stares at her with a new found respect.

*Music '3L13' out: 10:44:28*

MAISIE

Language 10:44:32

You took your fucking time.

GEORGIE can't help but grin, pumped, as she throws off her Bergen and starts dishing out medical kit. Scanning RAB's condition.

GEORGIE

Looking good, Rab.

RAB

Never better, Lane.

GEORGIE

(to Maisie)

Here put the bandage on, okay. I need to deal with the CAT A. I'll be back in a second.

RAB

Take your time Lane. Maisie's enjoying coping a feel.

MAISIE

Oh mate. You are such a freak.

On GEORGIE, as she scrambles over to MALIK and the ANA.

GEORGIE

Get him out of here, okay?

Alright mate, keep talking to me, yeah. Keep talking to me. Malik keep talking to him please. We're getting you out of here.

GEORGIE assessing the injured ANA. She notes the tourniquet she gave MALIK earlier now secured round the injured man's thigh. A big smile to MALIK.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Nice work. You might have just saved his life.

MALIK

Thank you.

*Music '3L15' in: 10:44:58*

ELVIS, SPANNER, PEANUT and DYNO making their way through the compound.

A gun shot sings out, followed by more. The SF now under heavy fire. The POP of a bullet and DYNO hits the ground hard.

ELVIS

Get him under cover.

SPANNER drops down next to DYNO who clutches his leg, trying to bite down on the pain. SPANNER injects DYNO with morphine. ELVIS and PEANUT provide cover.

DYNO

Language 10:46:35

Aww you Taliban tossers.

ELVIS

(into headset)

Tango One Zero to all stations. We have a man down, man down. No sign of target. We're bugging out. Over.

GEORGIE and MALIK treating the injured ANA. Shouting to KINGY.

GEORGIE

We need to get the injured out of here. Now.

MAISIE sticks her head up to get a visual. TALIBAN exiting the compound but still firing.

MAISIE

There's no chance.

Suddenly MAISIE's helmet is clipped by a bullet. She drops down.

GEORGIE

Richards!

RAB

Maisie?

KINGY

Right everyone keep your heads down. No time for nappers.

MAISIE

Oh I felt that.

MAISIE feels around the back of her helmet, trying for bravado but not quite managing.

MONK  
Can anyone see the enemy?

GEORGIE looks over to MAISIE.

GEORGIE can see MAISIE has started to shake. Shock taking hold.

But MAISIE continues to stare at her shaking hands. GEORGIE turns to MALIK.

GEORGIE crawls to MAISIE, takes her hands, looks into her face.

GEORGIE  
(calm but firm)  
Look at me. Look at me. Are you okay?

MAISIE  
Oh my ears are ringing.

GEORGIE  
Okay look, look, look. Look at me.

She isn't.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)  
What do you need to do next?

MAISIE thinking hard. Fighting to come back to herself.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)  
Remember your training. Stay focused. What do you  
need to do next?

MAISIE  
Look after Rab.

GEORGIE  
That's right.

MONK  
Georgie how's she doing?

GEORGIE  
Think she's alright, she's lucky. Alright. Give me your  
face, look at my finger, follow it. Okay tell me when you  
can see it.

MAISIE  
Yeah.

GEORGIE  
There. This one.

MAISIE  
Yeah.

GEORGIE

Okay. Alright. Are you okay?

MONK

(grinning to Maisie)

Taliban must be losing their touch, missing a target as big as your napper.

SPANNER tends to the injured DYNO as ELVIS and PEANUT provide cover.

The TALIBAN leave the compound in a red 4x4.

The vehicle comes towards James position.

JAMES

Vehicle approaching from compound. Fifty meters, left drop, moving right to left. Watch and shoot.

They open fire on the speeding 4x4.

JAMES

All call signs. This is Zero Alpha.

As GEORGIE crawls back to MALIK and the INJURED ANA. KINGY's radio crackles into life.

JAMES (V.O.)

Taliban appear to be retreating. SF have man down.

MONK

Roger over.

And that news rips through GEORGIE. On her reaction.

*Music '3L15' out: 10:47:19*

JAMES

Fingers, Brains. Push forward, help secure the compound.

FINGERS/BRAINS

Boss.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Khan. You follow, support Zero Four Alpha.

Then - he sees AZIZI heading for the road, the DICKER coming towards him. On JAMES' panic before he sets off at a run.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Azizi! Azizi! Watch out!

AZIZI appears not to hear him. JAMES on AZIZI's tail, thinking he's in trouble.

Then he sees AZIZI wave the DICKER down. Suddenly it all makes sense to him as JAMES catches up to AZIZI.

AZIZI  
(In Pashto)

DICKER  
(in Pashto)  
Sanga ye, Azizi!

JAMES  
It was you? You told them we were coming?

AZIZI freezes, his shame and upset evident as he turns to face JAMES. The scale of AZIZI's betrayal lands with enormous force for JAMES', his fury boils over, he pushes AZIZI. As AZIZI stumbles.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
How could you do this? I trusted you.

AZIZI  
I warned you. I told you to abort the mission but you wouldn't listen.

JAMES can hardly believe what he's hearing.

JAMES  
Do you know how many men's lives you've put in danger?

AZIZI  
You still don't understand. There can be no peace in Afghanistan whilst the allies are here.

JAMES  
(incredulous)  
You think the Taliban will bring you peace?

AZIZI  
Not while they are responding to allied bombs, no. You strike, they retaliate. On and on for seventeen years. And stuck in the middle is Afghanistan.

JAMES  
What so it's our fault?!?!

AZIZI  
I will not watch my country die.

JAMES  
You would rather watch me die?

AZIZI shakes his head.

AZIZI  
I tried to warn you.

He turns towards the DICKER but JAMES grabs a hold of him, refusing to let him go.

JAMES

I won't let you walk away from this.

The DICKER now twitchy, wanting to get the hell out of here. AZIZI sees the DICKER pull out his gun and raises it at JAMES.

AZIZI

No!

On the DICKER as he SHOOTS into the scuffle. The bullet meant for JAMES accidentally hits AZIZI. He goes down.

The DICKER takes off at speed. JAMES collapses to his knees beside AZIZI, the human instinct to save life kicking in even in the face of AZIZI's betrayal, stemming the blood as best he can. In the B/G we see some TALIBAN making their escape.

JAMES

Language 10:48:14/16 /17      Fuck. Azizi! Fuck! Fuck! Don't die Azizi I've got you.

2 SECTION with the ANA head into the compound.

FINGERS

Clear.

MONK

Do you reckon we got Omar?

BRAINS

(of nearby ANA)

One of this lot must have told him we were coming. He'll be long gone. You here...

The failure of the mission sinking in. 2-SECTION cast suspicious glances at nearby ANA, not knowing who they can trust. FINGERS' radio crackles into life.

FINGERS

Hello all call signs. This is Zero Four Alpha. Compound looks to be clear. No live boogies in this location, now securing area to establish Charlie Alpha Papa. Confirm location from Tango One Zero Over.

On JAMES as the human instinct to save life kicking in even in the face of AZIZI's betrayal, stemming the blood as best he can. But AZIZI doesn't respond. He's now going into shock from blood loss. James frantically working on AZIZI but she is fighting a losing battle.

JAMES

Language 10:49:15/25      Fuck. You're gonna be alright.

(into radio)

Man down. Misper Wait up. Stay with me. Fuck!

GEORGIE and MALIK carrying the INJURED ANA into the compound and lay him down. GEORGIE trying to attend to everyone as best she can as more walking wounded start to arrive. KINGY and MAISIE bring in RAB.

MONK

Watch your footing.

GEORGIE

On me Rab.

KINGY

Alright put him down there. One. Two. Three.

GEORGIE

Rab... Sit down here.

KINGY

All yours.

GEORGIE

That's it.

MAISIE

I knew it was you. I could tell.

RAB

(playing into the distraction through the  
pain)

Must be love.

MAISIE

Nah, I just heard some big Doris screaming. Thought,  
that's definitely not me. Must be Rab.

KINGY

You did good, mate. ANA wouldn't have made it back  
without you. Well done.

On RAB's pride as GEORGIE peels back his clothes to inspect the wound. MAISIE makes light to  
disguise her concern for RAB.

GEORGIE

It's not pretty but it's a flesh wound. Your gonna be  
alright.

MAISIE's relief.

MAISIE

What all that screaming, just for a scratch?!

RAB

Will I still have a scar?

MAISIE

If you ask her nicely, Lane might stitch you up messy.

GEORGIE

Turn that way.

MAISIE

Thought I was finally getting rid of you.

RAB

(proud)

No chance. You heard Kingy. I was critical to operations.

GEORGIE pats RAB affectionately on the back as PEANUT arrives.

PEANUT

(urgent)

Lane, we've got a gunshot wound. He's lost a lot of blood.

On GEORGIE, her heart stops for a second. A moment before she even dare look up. She does, heart in her mouth until ELVIS and SPANNER appear, supporting the injured DYNO between them. And the relief is all over GEORGIE's face.

GEORGIE

Bring him through, Quick!

And ELVIS sees it. Love.

They carry DYNO to GEORGIE and set him down.

ELVIS

Upper left thigh. Think it's gone through and through.

GEORGIE

(examining Dyno's leg)

You with me, Dyno. Yeah.

Dyno nods.

DYNO

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

GEORGIE

Sit down mate, okay. Alright, it's an in out but it's a bleeder. I need an ETA on the MERT.

MALIK appears by GEORGIE's side with a blast bandage kit. She takes it from him and starts attending to DYNO's wound but now JAMES arrives with N/S ANA helping him to drag AZIZI, covered in blood.

ELVIS

(into radio)

Hello, this is Tango One Zero, I need an ETA on the mert

JAMES

LANE!!!

Help me. Please.

GEORGIE thrusts the kit into ELVIS's hands.

GEORGIE

Carry on with that. Carry on. On here. On here.

GEORGIE and MALIK run over to JAMES. MALIK horrified to see the injured state of his mentor.

JAMES

One. Two. Three.

*Music '3L16' in: 10:51:00*

GEORGIE

What happened? Boss? Alright Azizi.

JAMES can only shake his head, in no fit state to respond.

MALIK

Captain?

GEORGIE

(examining Azizi)

Gunshot wound to the chest.

(examining his back)

No exit wound.

JAMES stands back, looking on in disgust, confusion. AZIZI is weak, confused, he grabs at MALIK, grips his hand.

AZIZI

(to Malik)

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry...

GEORGIE

(not getting the situation)

Stay with me, okay. You're alright.

MALIK

Is he going to die?

GEORGIE

We need to get him stable. Go get me a chest seal.

But AZIZI is becoming even more upset and agitated.

AZIZI

(to Malik)

Tell them there was no other way.

The penny dropping for GEORGIE as she rips open AZIZI's jacket and tries to aspirate AZIZI's chest. A second of eye contact between her and JAMES. Realisation dawning on MALIK.

MALIK

You told them we were coming?

But AZIZI doesn't respond. He's now going into shock from blood loss.

GEORGIE frantically working on AZIZI but she is fighting a losing battle.

JAMES stands back, looking on in disgust, confusion. AZIZI is weak, confused, he grabs at MALIK, grips his hand.

GEORGIE

Language 10:51:46                    Shit. Got no pulse, alright bag him.

But AZIZI doesn't respond. He's now going into shock from blood loss.

GEORGIE frantically working on AZIZI but she is fighting a losing battle.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Bag him. Quick!

She looks up to MALIK. Staring at his fallen hero, unable to process AZIZI's betrayal. GEORGIE starts pumping AZIZI's chest.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

(shouting, frustration)

Language 10:51:59                    Fuck!

JAMES places his hand on GEORGIE's shoulder - that's enough. With a heavy heart, GEORGIE stops. Breathless, sweating, exhausted. Knows there's nothing more she can do.

JAMES

LANE!

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Boss.

JAMES

Leave it.

GEORGIE

He's gone. He's gone.

ELVIS sees how much the loss means to her but he's unable to comfort her. Out on GEORGIE's defeat.

## IN: 10:52:27    EXT. AABAN OMAR COMPOUND. DAY

FINGERS, BRAINS and MONK are bagging up, noting and logging a battery of assault weapons. They lay out a huge cache of weapons recovered from OMAR's compound. ELVIS passes by them.

As ELVIS heads inside the compound.

Music '3L16' out: 10:52:33

BRAINS

(of the weapons)

Language 10:52:34                    How does this shit even get here?

He picks up a rocket.

BRAINS (CONT'D)

Hey. This looks like it came out of China yesterday.

FINGERS

(shrugs, of the weapons)

Least we got some souvenirs, eh mate.

But they both know knows this is scant compensation for the failure of the mission and the casualties sustained.

Smoke and dust rising from the compound. Soldiers scurry in all directions, working fast. They need to get out of here quickly.

ELVIS

Forty minutes to bag up and extract. Let's get out of here before the Taliban have chance to reorg.

FINGERS

Boss.

BRAINS

Boss.

Throws a gun at him.

FINGERS

There you are Brains.

ELVIS finds JAMES radioing for back-up helicopters, their bloodied uniforms a striking reminder of all that has been lost today.

JAMES

Helicopter over the pad. Rotors turning.

ELVIS nods.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Language 10:53:10 I shouldn't have trusted him. I am a bloody idiot.

ELVIS

Charlie, this place is messed up. Alright,? Don't drive yourself mad trying to make sense of it.

JAMES

(in, it's no excuse)

We could have lost everyone! Richards tried to tell me...

JAMES as he comprehends his own error of judgment and AZIZI's betrayal.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What have we achieved, Elvis?

(beat)

I've done five tours in Afghan. For what?

ELVIS can't answer.

ELVIS  
You think he acted alone?

JAMES  
You mean can we still trust his men? How can we know?  
(beat, ominous)  
I'm just glad its support helicopter and not a road move.

*Music '3L17' in: 10:54:00*

Emotion catching in GEORGIE's throat. She doesn't want him to see she is upset but ELVIS sees through it immediately.

James receives a message through the radio/phone. Focus on James listening to radio/phone.

JAMES  
Kingfisher. Send.

ELVIS approaches GEORGIE.

ELVIS  
Extraction in twenty minutes.

Offers a bottle of water

GEORGIE  
Thanks.

ELVIS  
How's Dyno doing?

GEORGIE  
He's stable...

ELVIS  
(gentle)  
Hey come on. You are going to get me going in a minute.

He puts his hand on her shoulder. GEORGIE flinches pulls away.

*Music '3L17' out: 10:54:50*

Language 10:54:59/55:01      GEORGIE  
(covering)  
No... It's fine.

(beat)  
It's just, oh God, it's just this fucking place you know what I mean?

ELVIS  
Try not to let it get to you.

James finishes conversation of radio/phone.

JAMES  
Kingy!

She's losing her cool. The following tumbling out.

GEORGIE

I lost Azizi. Dyno was a close. I thought it was...

And THAT'S the real reason for the emotion. GEORGIE realising that as the words come. She stops herself but ELVIS knows what she was going to say.

ELVIS

Well at least we know you don't want me dead anymore.

GEORGIE

Don't get excited. That's a very low bar.

(beat, indicating the casualty collection  
point)

Oh, okay...

As she makes to return to the injured, ELVIS knows that it's now or never.

*Music '3L18' in: 10:55:35*

ELVIS

Hey.

(grabs her arm)

You were right. About the way I've acted. It wasn't fair.

(beat)

But I do think you're wrong when you say we're done.

GEORGIE is motionless.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Nothing's changed for me Georgie. I'm still madly in love  
with you. If you don't feel the same I'll leave. I mean it  
this time. I'll let you go and let you get on with your life.

(beat)

IF you say you don't love me.

On GEORGIE, she does, in spite of herself she does.

GEORGIE

Loving each other was never the problem with us.

(beat, firm)

It can't work.

ELVIS about to protest but they're interrupted as JAMES rushes over. GEORGIE sees the panic on his face.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

What's happened?

JAMES

The support helicopters have had a no fly, due to a  
sandstorm two miles east.

As ELVIS hits his radio to regroup SF.

Language 10:56:46

ELVIS  
We're in the shit here.  
(into radio)  
Tango One Zero. All my call signs on me.

GEORGIE  
How are we gonna get out?

On JAMES, GEORGIE and ELVIS and the perilous situation they find themselves in.

*Music 'End' in: 10:56:57*  
*Music '3L18' out: 10:57:00*

## NEXT TIME

### IN: 10:56:57 EXT. AABAN OMAR COMPOUND. DAY

James in a swirl of dust looks around at the chaos all about him as everybody is desperately trying to regroup. We see the ANA, the para's and 2 section grouping.

JAMES  
We're sitting ducks here.

### IN: 10:56:59 EXT. AABAN OMAR COMPOUND. DAY

The TALIBAN appear on the high ground.

### IN: 10:57:00 EXT. AABAN OMAR COMPOUND. DAY

MONK looks around the ANA soldiers.

MONK  
After Azizi switching sides... I don't trust any of them.

### IN: 10:57:03 EXT. TRUCK. DAY

As the truck drives through the town, the TALIBAN open fire on it. It crashes.

### IN: 10:57:06 EXT. ROADWAY. REMOTE AFGHANISTAN. DAY

GEORGIE tends to RAB.

GEORGIE  
Can you hear me?

Georgie measures about three inches down the chest from Rab's neck. The tension is high.

ELVIS  
Have you done this before?

GEORGIE

Georgie shakes her head before pushing the needle in. A huge hissing sound of air comes out and after a beat Rab is able to breath again.

IN: 10:57:13 INT. JAMES & KINGY'S QUARTERS. ANA BASE. DAY

James and Kingy are both pretty much squared away.

KINGY

(clipped)

With all due respect sir, we've all lost friends here. Me, I don't wanna think they might have died for nothing. Sir.

IN: 10:57:18 EXT. ALLEYWAY, DAY

One of the Taliban is peering out of the alley along the road. He sees the vehicles approaching. He presses the trigger for the bomb.

IN: 10:57:23 END CREDITS

### Card 1

Captain James	BEN ALDRIDGE
Georgie Lane	MICHELLE KEEGAN
Brains	SIMON LENNON
Monk	SEAN SAGAR
Maisie	SHALOM BRUNE-FRANKLIN
Rab	HARKI BHAMBRA
Fingers	SEAN WARD
Sergeant King	ROLAN BELL
Captain Azizi	JONAS KHAN
Malik	AKHEEL OMESH
Grace Lane	ANGELA LONSDALE
Elvis	LUKE PASQUALINO
Captain Khan	CLAYTON EVERTSON
Peanut	DWANE WALCOTT
Spanner	MARK ARMSTRONG
Dyno	ASHLEY HOUSTON
Tara	SALINA SHRESTHA

## Card 2

### 1st Assistant Director

SIMON NOONE

2nd Assistant Director	PATRICIA WHEELER
Crowd Co-ordinator	PORTIA CELE
2nd 2nd Assistant Directors	ADRIAN SUCKOW
Floor Runner	ANDILE PAKADE
	DESIREE MKHONTWANA
Line Producer	GAIL MCQUILLAN
Production Coordinator	NOMFUNDO MABASO
Production Manager	LISHA GUNGADHEEN
Travel & Accommodation Coordinator	NICCI VAN NIEKERK
Production Secretary	ODWA GALO
Production Assistant	ELETHU SOFUTHE
Production Runner	HUGHIN COLLISON
Production Accountant	ALLISON SCHWEGMANN
Assistant Production Accountants	ANATHI NTABENI
	DEO STEMELA
Cashier	AFIKA VELEMBO

## Card 3

B Camera Operator	ANDREW LUSCOMBE
A Camera Focus Puller	DEREK UECKERMANN
A Camera Loader	LEON LOTZ
B Camera Focus Puller	KENT SATRAM
B Camera Loader	PHOLOSI KHUMALO
DIT	PETER NIELSEN
Grips	CRAIG BEKKER
Assistant Grips	JACOB MAFOLO
	WAYNE WORST
	CAXTON SHARU
	MILES RITCHIE
	MKHULULI KOTTA
Gaffer	LESLEY MANUEL
Best Boy	CHARLES LESUNYANE
Sound Recordist	IVAN MILBORROW
Boom Operator	DAMIAN FERMOR
Sound Assistant	EMMANUEL VUMA

## Card 4

Art Director	FRED DU PREEZ
Set Decorator	KARL DU PREEZ
Set Dressers	CANDICE CHAPLIN
Standby Art Director	BARRY NASH
Standby Set Decorator	WERNER SNYMAN
Art Department Coordinator	SEAN DE BEER
Graphic Artist	NERISSA SOLOMAN
Art Department Assistant	PAULA JONES
	GREG BRINK
Property Master	MARTIN BORNHUTTER
Prop Buyer	CAMERON LOWE
Standby Props	VINCENT PRETORIUS
Construction Managers	ULF SUHRMULLER
Armourer	PATRICK BAKER
	KEN BERG
	MARTIN VAN NIEKERK

## Card 5

Script Supervisor	REINIER SMIT
Rushes Assistant Editor	LAMEES MARTIN
Costume Supervisor	ZELDA MINNAAR
Leads Supervisor	CATHY SHIELDS
Standby Costume	ILZE GEUSTYN
	ANDI SCHOON
Costume Assistant	LINDI NIEUWOUT
Make-up Supervisor	JESSICA MELDAU
Make-up Artist	STUART SENEKAL
Make-up Assistant	MICHAELA YOUNG

## Card 6

Location Managers	ELLIOTT BORKUM
	KATY FYFE
Unit and Transport Supervisor	PETER NDIFON
Unit Manager	THEMBELA JAMES
Transport Manager	THANDIWE MESELE
Location Assistant	PIERS CALDOW

Stunt and Special Effects Supervisor	ANTONY STONE
Assistant Stunt Coordinator	MICK MILLIGAN
Stunts	BIG BANG STUNTS & EFFECTS

## Card 7

Casting Director (SA)	CHRISTA SCHAMBERGER
Casting Assistant	BEN TJIBE

Military Advisor	NIGEL PARTINGTON
Assistant Military Advisor	ROGER DUSSARD

Publicist	HARRIET WILSON
Picture Executive	KATE LAWSON
UK Production Accountant	JENNY ALLENBY
UK Casting Assistant	WAYNE LINGE
Script Editor	TIM MORRIS

## Card 8

Post Production Supervisor	KAREN GORDON
1st Assistant Editor	HANNAH McINTOSH
Edit Assistant	JAMES KELLY
Colourist	DAN COLES
Online Editor	NICK TIMMS
Visual Effects	TECHNICOLOR VFX
Music Supervisor	CARMEN MONTANEZ-CALLAN
Dialogue Editor	BEN BRAZIER
Effects Editor	ROD BERLING
Dubbing Mixer	RICHARD STRAKER
Opening Titles	MOMOCO

## Card 9

Production Services in South Africa provided by  
Out of Africa Entertainment (PTY) Ltd

Producer for Out of Africa	SAMANTHA PUTTER
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Card  
10

Head of Production	GORDON RONALD
Production Consultant	JOANNA GUERITZ
Casting Director	JULIA CRAMPSIE
Costume Designer	DANIELLE KNOX
Make Up & Hair Designer	ANNI BARTELS
Composer	BEN FOSTER
Editor	CHRIS HUNTER
Production Designer	DARRYL HAMMER
Director of Photography	LANCE GEWER

Card  
11

Executive Producers	TONY GROUNDS CAROLINE SKINNER
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Card 12

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*Music 'End' out: 10:57:53*