

1 **EXT. KABUL HOSPITAL - DAY**

1

A military vehicle upside down. Dust swirling around it.

We close in on the windscreen to reveal Georgie, hanging upside down, in a state of shock.

2 **EXT. CHURCH. MANCHESTER - DAY**

2

Graphic: One week earlier...

We hear the bells ringing out and people hurrying towards the church, all in their wedding finery. A joyous, excited scene. We see a few military personnel arriving in uniform.

3 **INT. HOTEL SUITE - WINDOW. MANCHESTER - DAY**

3

The view from the window of a hotel suite - the hustle and bustle of central Manchester. A figure is silhouetted against the window, looking down upon the city.

4 **INT. HOTEL SUITE. MANCHESTER - DAY**

4

We cut to profile and see the figure at the window is Georgie, lost in thought, playing with the wedding ring on a chain around her neck. She turns and sees the wedding dress hanging behind her.

Georgie sniffs. She smells something.

GEORGIE

(shouts, alarmed)

I can smell burning! I can smell
burning, Mum.

(screams)

Mum!

We hear Nan screaming from the adjoining room.

GRACE (V.O.)

It's alright, Georgie. It's just
hair straighteners...

NAN

(coming in holding hair
straighteners)

These sizzling bleeders have give
me third-degree burns!

GRACE

(following her in)

Are you alright, Mum?

GEORGIE
(examining Nan whilst
extracting the
straighteners)
Of course she's alright. Bit of
Savlon and she'll be right as
ninepence. Take these, Mum.

NAN
You smell burning flesh, you should
click into medic mode, Georgie! Man
down here.

GEORGIE
You'll live, Nan.

GRACE
(searching drawer)
Nan's also laddered her tights...

GEORGIE
(lobbing Nan another pair)
Lots more, Nan... no worries.

Marie runs in from the bathroom, again in her slip, with her left eye makeup noticeably different from her right eye makeup, covering first her left eye, followed by her right eye.

MARIE
(anxious/desperate)
Left or right eye, Georgie?!

(demonstrating)
Left. Right. Left. Right.

NAN
Quick march!

There's an anxious knock on the door which Grace goes over to answer.

GEORGIE
(examining)
Left.

MARIE
Really?!

Grace opens the door to Max.

MAX
(shouting from the
doorway)
The cars are nearly here, can we
please stop titting about?

Grace ushers Max out, forcibly.

GRACE
Out, Max... you're not allowed in
here.

Grace follows Max out.

NAN
(as she yanks up the new
tights)
Us young ladies have our bits on
display.

MAX (V.O.)
Georgie... instill a sense of
urgency please!

GEORGIE
Right, prepare to launch phase one.

They all start to speed up.

5

EXT. CHURCH. MANCHESTER - DAY

5

We see some of 2 Section arriving. Kingy is with his wife Jules. Fingers hovers anxiously just outside the church... dressed in Blues. We see Monk, in service dress, talking to Kingy and Jules.

KINGY
Look at you, like a dog's dinner.

MONK
Last wedding I went to, right, had
to do a tactical vomit in the font
at the back...

Kingy stares at him, with a degree of menace. Jules looks politely awkward.

MONK (CONT'D)
...come straight from the stag do,
hadn't I?

KINGY
And are the happy couple still
together?

Monk gives him a knowing look.

MONK
Well, they're back together again
now, innit. Molly won't let him go
again.

KINGY

(realising)

You threw up in the font at Captain James' wedding?

MONK

I was worried I'd put a curse on it. That's why I was made up when they got back together again.

Kingy shakes his head and flashes a look to Jules.

MONK (CONT'D)

Does Molly actually know that the bossman and Georgie had a bit of a shag sesh?

KINGY

(giving him the stare)

Word. And you won't be saying another one. How's Fingers?

MONK

I haven't seen him this nervous since the bossman made us jump off a cliff in Bangladesh.

They see a cab pull up and Doris, Monk's wife, and Thumper, his nearly 1-year-old baby, get out.

MONK (CONT'D)

Oh 'kin 'ell... what's she come as?

Monk waits for Doris, who has paid the cab and is hurrying towards Monk and Thumper. Doris is short, and slightly inappropriately attired... too 'big fat gypsy wedding' for this wedding.

MONK (CONT'D)

Hurry up, Doris! I got duties to be cracking on with.

Doris arrives, carrying Thumper.

MONK (CONT'D)

(fussing over Thumper)

How's my lickle champion?

Monk goes to give Doris a kiss. She rejects him, fuming.

DORIS

You didn't leave me no money to pay the cab.

MONK

This is my Doris. Say hello, Doris.

DORIS
There better be a free bar, that's
all I'm saying.

Doris hurries straight into the church.

MONK
She gets awkward and that, meeting
new people.

He hurries in after her.

JULES
I don't care what they pay you, it
isn't enough.

They head inside too.

6

INT. HOTEL ROOM. MANCHESTER - DAY

6

Max is looking out of the window, as Grace is sorting out his buttonhole. He spots the cars pulling into the lobby.

MAX
Cars are here.
(shouts right into Grace's
ear)
Cars are here.

GRACE
(shielding her ear)
That's gonna help my tinnitus.

MAX
Our little girl's getting married,
mother!

Max rushes out of the room, towards the girls' room.

7

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. MANCHESTER - DAY

7

Max bangs on the girls' door. Grace arrives behind him.

MAX
(as he knocks)
Cars are here... let's move girls.
I'm paying them by the hour... I
don't care if you're still in your
underwear... let's move!

The door opens to reveal Nan standing in the doorway, wearing her fascinator.

NAN
Does my fascinator make me look
like an alien, Grace? Be honest.

MAX
(pushing past Nan to enter)
You are a frigging alien.

Grace shakes her head as she tries to stop herself smirking.

GRACE
You look nice, Mum.

MAX
Exterminate... exterminate.

Nan starts to attack him with her bag, swinging it at him.

The bride, in full veil, emerges. Max, Grace and Nan stare in awe. Someone raises her veil and we see it is a nervous Marie who is getting married. It is Georgie who has lifted the veil. Marie looks nervously at Georgie.

MAX (CONT'D)
(through gentle tears of joy as he looks at Marie)
Perfect.

NAN
Yep. Let's hope the groom turns up this time. No offence, Georgie.

GEORGIE
Oh Nan, who could ever take offence at anything you say?

Everyone laughs. A car hooter is heard outside and people scatter, leaving Georgie to have a moment alone with Marie.

MARIE
I can't breathe, Georgie.

GEORGIE
(whispers as she gently hugs her)
It's going to be amazing, you're going to be amazing.

MARIE
Will I be alright... at being a wife? I mean... it's like a lifetime's commitment.

GEORGIE
You'll be brilliant. You're not having second thoughts, are you?

MARIE

Are you joking? I'm pinching myself. I love him so much it actually scares me a bit, Georgie.

GEORGIE

Well he loves you too so... match made in frigging heaven girl.

MARIE

I've never had a boyfriend who's made me laugh before... well, never intentionally.

GEORGIE

Right, let's get this show on the road. Prepare to move, move!

Georgie starts to help Marie out.

9

EXT. CHURCH. MANCHESTER - DAY

9

People are filing in. Fingers and Monk are still hovering in the doorway as the vicar, in full regalia, emerges to see how everything is going.

VICAR

Everything tickety boo, chaps?

MONK

Bricks are currently being shat, your majesty.

The vicar, unimpressed, returns inside.

FINGERS

Rings?

MONK

(patting pocket)
Check.

FINGERS

Speech?

MONK

(tapping head)
All up here, fella. I'm going to cuff it... make it up as I go along.

Fingers looks horrified.

FINGERS

If you mention anything about that bar in Kenya...

MONK
What goes on tour stays... in the
best man's speech.

They disappear inside.

10 OMITTED 10

11 INT. CHURCH. MANCHESTER - DAY 11

The place is packed. Lots of friends and family.

The music changes to the bridal march. An expectant buzz as heads turn to see Max proudly walking down the aisle with his veiled daughter.

As they arrive at the alter, we see Fingers and Monk waiting for them.

As the bride removes her veil, we see a radiant Marie. Georgie, behind Marie, is Matron of Honour, with her other Bridesmaids.

MONK
(nodding at Marie)
You're punching, Fingers.

Fingers stares at Marie, enraptured.

FINGERS
(taking Marie's hands,
almost in tears)
You look... so beautiful, Marie...
so beautiful... so perfect...

MARIE
You don't look too mingy
yourself, fella.

GEORGIE
Last of the true romantics. Have
you brushed your railings this
morning, Fingers?

They both smile; this is their bantz. We follow Georgie back to a pew next to her mum and Nan as the vicar starts proceedings. Nan and Grace shed a tear... Georgie is on hand with a tissue for each of them. Efficient, prepared. The Nan's fascinator keeps poking Georgie in the eye.

12 INT. WEDDING RECEPTION VENUE - NIGHT 12

The party's well under way. Doris sits at the bar, availing herself. Fingers and Marie are dancing.

We pick up Georgie and follow her as she makes way through the throng with two glasses of champagne... very much a la Goodfellas. Georgie approaches Fingers and Marie and hugs them as they dance.

MARIE
Dance with us, Georgie.

GEORGIE
(beaming)
Bit busy! I'm doing the rounds,
making sure everybody's happy... in
my role as head of ambience.

FINGERS
State of your Nan she'll be going
home in an ambiance!

We follow Georgie as she passes her nan, who has one shoe on and is holding the other. She has buttonholed a slightly terrified Monk.

NAN
(stroking Georgie's face)
Live your dreams, darling. Live
your dreams.

GEORGIE
Will do, Nan.

NAN
(stroking Monk's face)
And you're gonna live your dreams
too eh, babes...

MONK
(desperate, to Georgie)
Save me.

NAN
You gonna show me your weapon
later!?

Georgie laughs and heads on to Grace and Max. She hands them the champagne.

MAX
Here's my big girl... when we
having our dance, Georgie?

GEORGIE
In these shoes, Dad!? Think not.

GRACE
(arriving beside them)
Your dad wants a dance with you.

GEORGIE

My toes couldn't take it, Mum!

MAX

Only happy in your army boots, eh?

They laugh. They watch Marie and Fingers close dancing as the music changes to The Kooks, 'She Moves in her Own Way'. This is clearly an emotional song for Georgie who is thrown by it, but flashes a look to her mum and is desperate not to show any wobble... this is Marie's day.

GRACE

Your day will come.

GEORGIE

You're starting to sound like Nan.
You'll be telling me to live my dream next.

GRACE

I just want you to be happy, that's all.

GEORGIE

Well of course you do. And I am happy.

GRACE

I mean like properly happy.

GEORGIE

You saying I can't be happy without a man!? Jeez, Mum...

Remaining on Georgie as she excuses herself and heads off. We follow her as she heads outside.

13

EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION VENUE - NIGHT

13

Close on Georgie... slightly discombobulated by the song.

We get a FLASH/CUT of Elvis singing 'She Moves in her Own Way'.

After a beat, Kingy emerges. He looks at her. Song continues from inside the venue.

GEORGIE

Don't say anything, Kingy.

KINGY

Wouldn't dream of it.

GEORGIE

I'm alright.

KINGY
You are, mate.

Georgie nods. They look at each other.

KINGY (CONT'D)
I'm sure one day... give it time...

GEORGIE
Stop you there, Kingy.

KINGY
You don't know what I'm going to
say.

GEORGIE
I do, mate... and I'm not looking
for anyone else. Married to my job
now I'm a Sergeant!

They both hold each other's stare. They hear the lads giving a raucous rendition of 'She Moves in her Own Way'. They start to head back inside.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
You all packed, Kingy?

KINGY
Don't need too much for the 'Sand'.
Who have you got up your sleeve for
us, Lane? We'll need a good medic
to fill your size fives!

GEORGIE
You'll meet her on 'mission-
specific training'.

Georgie is unconsciously playing with the wedding ring on her chain. Kingy gives her one of his looks.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
I'm fine, Kingy.

The moment is broken as Monk and Doris come thundering out of the reception, Doris holding the sleeping baby.

MONK
You seriously think I was granny
grabbing?

DORIS
I saw you... gawping at her.

MONK
I wasn't gawping at her... I was
looking at her buttonhole!

DORIS
That what you call it now!?

They hurry away, rowing, and Georgie and Kingy exchange a knowing look.

14

INT. HOTEL. MANCHESTER - NIGHT

14

The family is roaring with laughter and falling out of the lift. Georgie is manoeuvering Nan out.

GEORGIE
Come on, Nan... up the wooden hill
to Lancashire for you.

NAN
I'm having a nightcap first.

MAX
Don't you think you've had enough,
you drunken old sot?

GRACE
Don't call her that, Max.

MAX
Sot! Sot not sod. Although if the
fascinator fits...

They laugh.

15

INT. GEORGIE'S HOTEL ROOM. MANCHESTER - NIGHT

15

Georgie is lying on her bed, her headphones on, listening to 'She Moves in her Own Way'... half awake, half asleep. The curtain slightly billowing in the wind from the open window.

For a beat, Georgie thinks she hears Elvis calling her. She looks up and sees Elvis coming in through the window...

FLASH/CUT of a kiss from a previous series.

She whisks off the headphones and sits up... but there's nobody there... The curtains are still billowing.

She lies back down, stares up at the ceiling wistfully. The sound of massive gunfire and explosions.

16

EXT. SALISBURY PLAIN - DAY

16

Mission-specific training. Massive gunfire and explosions. Smoke, shouts, chaos.

We see young recruit, Mimi, 19, dug into a trench, looking up at the sky, breathing heavily and clearly in a panic. A huge blast goes up, along with shouts of 'Man Down'.

Mimi makes to scramble out of the trench as Georgie's head appears upside down and she looks down into the trench.

GEORGIE

You put your head up there now, how do you know it's not going to get blown off? A dead medic's no good to anyone. Get your eyes on your corporal... or sergeant!

Mimi looks along the trench where Kingy and 2 Section are dug in.

KINGY

(shouting to his men)
Right guys, on my command we move out of the trench, 0s, 5s and 20s, fan out and protect so the medic can make way to casualty. Prepare to move, move!

We see Monk, Thropper, Fingers and Prof (along with other soldiers) emerging from the trench.

GEORGIE

(to Mimi)
The days of shouting 'medic' and we're safe, are gone. You're as much of a target as any of the infantry.

KINGY

(shouting from further along the trench)
Medic! Medic! Man down, cover in place. Assess the casualties!

Mimi leaps from the trench and approaches the smoke where multiple casualties lie on the ground in various states, from dead through to Cat A-C. Mimi is immediately on and assessing the casualties. Georgie close observing. Mimi is on a faux casualty with one leg.

GEORGIE

Talk to him, reassure him.

MIMI

What do I say?

GEORGIE

You know how to talk, don't you?
Come on, Mimi... we did the theory...

(MORE)

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
we're just putting that theory into
practice now. Tell him to keep
still and ask him his name.

MIMI
Keep still...
(flashing a look to
Georgie)
... and what's your name?

INJURED MAN 1
Derek.

MIMI
Where does it hurt, Derek?

Georgie and Derek exchange a look and roll their eyes.

GEORGIE
Have a guess. Now, limb blown off,
catastrophic bleed... what you
gonna do?

MIMI
Tourniquet and staunch the bleed.

GEORGIE
Exactly! You know what you're
doing, Mimi.

MIMI
Yeah but you standing there... is a
bit off-putting.

GEORGIE
Oh don't worry, when you're out in
Afghan you'll be on your own. Get
your tourniquet out!

Mimi is scrabbling in her med-bergan for her tourniquet.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
This is why we train. Train hard,
fight easy... you reach for your
tourniquet and know exactly where
it is because that will save you
seconds. And could save his life.

Mimi applies the tourniquet.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
(pointing to another body)
Why did you leave the first
casualty?

MIMI
No pulse, ascertained impossible to
make the MERT.

Georgie nods, impressed, despite Mimi's lack of confidence. We see an officer, 2nd Lieutenant Hurst (SANDY) 22, public school, Sandhurst with a Prince Harry swagger, the Platoon Commander conducting operations.

SANDY
(stands and screams)
Incoming fire. Take cover.

Mimi looks up at Georgie.

GEORGIE
Don't look at me, I'm not here. You and your casualty need to get to cover... now! You heard the Platoon Commander.

Mimi grabs the injured soldier by the lapels and starts to drag him towards nearby cover as volleys of incoming fire deafen and more smoke bombs explode, adding to the chaos and confusion. Georgie observes Mimi all the way.

MIMI
(struggling to move him)
Jeez Derek, you had a big lunch or what?

SANDY
(bellowing)
Everybody into the safe vehicle... hot extraction out of the danger zone. MERT can't land, take the casualty.

Mimi flashes a look at Georgie.

MIMI
But the MERTs can land in Afghan, yeah?

GEORGIE
No, not always. And this is training for any eventuality, Private Saunders... you know what to do.

MIMI
Get him in the vehicle, monitoring his vital signs all the way. Mind you, this fella's vital signs are gonna be normal cos -

GEORGIE
Get him into the vehicle, now!

Mimi scrambles to maneuver the patient towards the vehicle and 2 Section.

17

INT. ARMOURED VEHICLE - DAY

17

Kingy, Monk, Fingers, Throbber and the Prof are in the back of the vehicle, helmets on. We see Prof anxiously tightening his helmet.

THROBBER

Stop fiddling with your helmet...

Mimi is monitoring the patient.

18

EXT. SALISBURY PLAIN - DAY

18

Sandy is speaking into his radio to inside the vehicle. Georgie stands by his side.

SANDY

(into radio)

Right guys, move along the safe route back towards the compound.

The vehicle starts to move.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(turning to Georgie)

Gutted to have missed out on Herrick. My father was on the first Herrick tour.

Georgie says nothing, half nodding as Sandy turns and looks at her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Still... at least we'll be out there. In the sand.

GEORGIE

You're training and security, sir.

SANDY

(looking at the vehicle)

Here we go.

(into radio)

Prepare to detonate... detonate.

We see a loud and smoke-filled explosion under the vehicle. Sandy looks delighted.

19

INT. ARMOURED VEHICLE - DAY

19

The lads are in the vehicle as the faux explosion detonates under it. They all shake and are clearly surprised by the loudness. Throbber looks at a visibly shaken Prof and roars.

THROBBER

(laughing)

You literally just shit yourself,
Prof. The Prof just shat, guys!

MONK

Give it a rest.

PROF

I didn't think the whiz-bangs were
going to be that loud.

MIMI

Pirbright had us training with even
louder ones, Prof.

KINGY

Concentrate. Call it in Fingers and
Prof and Monk, prepare tactical
theatre procedures... barma out,
unproven route.

MONK

Best barma man in Afghan, me.

FINGERS

(into radio)

One zero Charlie to zero, contact,
wait out, moving casualty,
firefight, vehicle incapacitated.

KINGY

(checking map)

Safe compound 50 metres ahead.

20

EXT. SALISBURY PLAIN - DAY

20

Sandy on the radio.

SANDY

(into radio)

Roger that. Right guys, treat as
ambush, evacuate zero, barma out,
remembering your 0s and 20s, bounce
to safe compound, dig in and await
instruction... Fingers with
Electronic Counter Measure bubble.

21

INT. ARMOURED VEHICLE - DAY

21

The lads open the back. Monk on the barma is out first,
followed by the Prof, who stumbles and falls, face planting
into the dirt.

KINGY
(to Mimi)
How's the patient?

MIMI
Stable, Colour Sergeant.

THROBBER
Unlike the Prof.

PROF
Knock it on the head.

THROBBER
You gonna put me in detention?

KINGY
Once cover's in place, we move him
into the compound.

They all leap from the vehicle and fan out.

22

EXT. SALISBURY PLAIN - DAY

22

Sandy watching the guys, delighted. Kingy heads over.

SANDY
Textbook, Colour! Agree, Sergeant
Lane?

Georgie closely observes Sandy.

GEORGIE
No plan survives contact with the
enemy, sir.

Sandy looks at her, quizzically.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Back doors opened, no one had eyes
on checking for snipers. E.C.M.
can't protect you from a bullet in
the head. Sir.

SANDY
They had to make a decision and
evacuate the danger zone, though.

GEORGIE
Yep, they had to make a decision...
and that's why nothing is
'textbook', sir.

Sandy half nods but feels a tad admonished by his inferior.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

No two situations on the ground are ever the same... a 'good' soldier makes an assessment and... has to live with it.

Sandy looks at her... is she talking about herself?

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

But a 'great' soldier gets all their men back alive.

Georgie flashes a look to Kingy before she heads over to assess Mimi. We see 2 Section fanned out, keeping their weapons ready, observing the 'crowd' as they make their way towards the safe compound.

23

INT. COMPOUND - DAY

23

2 Section have all made it inside. Kingy organises look outs/sentries.

KINGY

Prof at the window, sentry.
Fingers, call it in. Thropper and Monk, back window so we got 360.
How's the patient, medic?

MIMI

Cause for concern, Colour Sergeant.

DEREK

Although I'm supposed to finish at 4pm.

Kingy flashes Mimi a look as Georgie comes in from the rear. The front door opens and Sandy comes in.

SANDY

Excellent effort, guys. Let's have a hot debrief outside.

DEREK

Is that me... finished?

KINGY

Yes mate, you're officially dead.
Off you go.

Everyone heads outside apart from Georgie and Mimi.

GEORGIE

You did well, relax.

MIMI

Really?

Mimi shakes her head. Georgie looks at her.

MIMI (CONT'D)
I asked him where it hurt... he'd
just had his leg blown off.

GEORGIE
Work hard and... be an asset to the
section. You're good.

MIMI
Doctor doctor, I can't feel my
legs...

GEORGIE
No, I've cut your arms off.

They share a laugh. Georgie heads off. Mimi looks at her reflection in the blacked-out window. She adjusts her helmet before she follows Georgie out.

24

EXT. SALISBURY PLAIN - DAY

24

Sandy and Kingy have gathered the guys around them.

SANDY
Always treat it as an ambush... one explosion may be followed by more explosions or direct or indirect enemy fire... who was covering the Prof when he alighted the vehicle? Return fire if positive identification of the enemy is made in accordance with the rules of engagement...

We see Georgie and Mimi making their way towards the guys.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Throbb... tell me what the plan was.

THROBB
Move out of the kill zone... I'm too pretty to die.

It looks like Sandy half smiles, but this is cut short by Kingy.

KINGY
(snaps)
When you're asked a question by an officer on a training exercise, you answer it to the best of your ability and with the respect due. Understood?!

Kingy flashes a look at Sandy as if to say 'carry on' ... and subtextually saying 'that's how you treat the grunts'.

SANDY
(to Prof)
Private Grant?

PROF
Move to the best location in order to reconsolidate and further assess the situation. Keep security 360 degrees at all times, sir.

KINGY
(pointedly to Throbbler)
That's how you do it and that's how you address an officer.

Sandy nods, impressed at Prof. Throbbler glares at Prof. Georgie and Mimi arrive at the guys. They both brace up for Sandy.

SANDY
Right guys, inside, shower, scoff and prepare for a kit inspection.

They guys head off.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(beaming to Kingy)
Loving all this, Kingy!

KINGY
(flatly)
Indeed. Sir.

25

INT. SCOFF HOUSE. BARRACKS - DAY

25

Georgie and Kingy are having some scoff. The place is fairly empty apart from them.

GEORGIE
So... you like him then or what?

KINGY
Who?

GEORGIE
The new boss.

KINGY
He's Grade 8 trumpet.

GEORGIE
(laughing)
What's that mean?

KINGY

No, I genuinely mean it. He's Grade 8 trumpet! Walks around the barracks playing the thing... can't get it out of my head... it's my ear-worm when I lie down to sleep. I could do with another grown-up coming on tour with me.

GEORGIE

Think you'll cope, Kingy.

He watches her finish off her food.

KINGY

Wish you'd to come back and join the platoon. Need someone with some miles on the clock... this lot are still fresh on the forecourt.

GEORGIE

Nice.

KINGY

Your country needs you. Or rather I need you! Training and security. We'll be in the safety of Kabul...

GEORGIE

Nah, you're alright Kingy.

KINGY

I know Afghan... must fuck with your head... all those men we've lost...

GEORGIE

Elvis isn't why I'm not coming.

Kingy pretends to zip his mouth.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

I've found my niche over here. I'm a good instructor, Kingy. And as weird as it sounds... quite enjoying being back home with the rents!

KINGY

You're a good medic. And a top soldier. That's why I miss you. And the platoon do too.

GEORGIE

Private Saunders is gonna be good. Spend a penny and you'll save a pound's worth of trouble with her.

KINGY

That'll do me, then. Oh... need a bit of a favour from you tonight.

GEORGIE

Go on?

We hold on Georgie's quizzical face.

26

INT. BARRACKS. WOMEN'S LOOS - DAY

26

Mimi is alone, putting on makeup in civvies.

27

INT. BARRACKS. DORM - DAY

27

Early evening. Fingers, Monk and Throbbler (along with other soldiers) are dolling themselves up in their civvies. The Prof is lying on his bed reading a book.

THROBBER

I am like officially the best drinker in Wolverhampton.

PROF

Well, we all gotta be good at something.

They laugh... they like Prof.

MONK

(taking the piss)
I bet you've had some mental nights out in Wolverhampton-wick.

FINGERS

(suddenly realising)
This'll be my first night out as a married man. Look after me, lads.

Monk shakes his head, picks up his deodorant and sprays excessively. Prof uses a sock to protect himself from breathing in the fumes.

PROF

I realise you want to smell nice for the disco...

THROBBER

Disco!? How we getting there, by fucking tardis?

Mimi and Georgie come in, wearing civvies. Monk jumps up.

MONK

You scrub up good, Mimi.

MIMI

You gonna ask me if I twerk next?

MONK

I was only being charming.

GEORGIE

You wearing that shirt for a bet,
Monk?

MONK

You out with us tonight, Georgie?

GEORGIE

Yep. Kingy's asked me to keep an
eye on you muppets... shark watch!

MONK

You're just coming to keep an eye
on your brother-in-law, innit?
Reporting back to Marie?

GEORGIE

You spoken to her today, Fingers?

FINGERS

Yes, but I couldn't get a word
in... she's planning our honeymoon
for when I'm on R & R.

MONK

He's proper loved-up.

FINGERS

I'm a one-man woman.

GEORGIE

(correcting him)
One-woman man, Fingers.

FINGERS

Is it?

MONK

I'd never cheat on my... Doris.

GEORGIE

You wouldn't dare.

KINGY

So Prof, you're the only singleton
here... get ready.

MONK

You've got to be single, Throbbler.

THROBBER

Mate, I've got about nine sorts on the go. Don't you worry about my legendary working cockerel.

MIMI

I'm single.

FINGERS

Prof meet Mimi, swiping left or right, fella?

THROBBER

You're not a... gayer are you Prof?

Kingy, not best pleased, approaches Throbbler with menace.

KINGY

Welcome to 2019. Take you long to get here from 1953?

THROBBER

Can't we have a laugh no more?

KINGY

Some people like to have a laugh about my colour. You hear me now?

THROBBER

Sergeant.

GEORGIE

(clocking he's on his bed reading his book)
What's going on, Prof?

PROF

Don't drink, good book and...

KINGY

If you can't think of an 'and' within two seconds you're going with them, Prof. One two... right, get changed... that's an order.

Prof stares up at Kingy quizzically.

GEORGIE

He's not actually joking, Prof.

The Prof swings himself off the bed.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

We never leave a man behind.

PROF

I'll put on my new paisley shirt then. Heads will turn.

KINGY
Like the Exorcist. Come on.

We hear the sound of a trumpet approaching.

MIMI
What's that... trumpet noise?

PROF
That's the bossman, Mimi.

MIMI
Why's he playing a trumpet?

FINGERS
Cos he's a Rupert.

Sandy comes in, wearing his red cords slightly rolled up, loafers, no socks, Prince Harry-style jacket, posh boy out for the evening... and playing the trumpet. They all brace up.

SANDY
Bonus beer for anyone who can tell me what I was playing!

Throbbler's hand shoots up.

THROBBER
Sir, sir! The trumpet, sir! Yes, extra beer for the Throbbler!

They laugh. Throbbler looks a tad puzzled.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
What? What you laughing at? That's a fucking trumpet, innit.

SANDY
Prof?

PROF
'The Flight of the Bumblebee'.

SANDY
By?

PROF
Rimsky-Korsakov.

SANDY
Kingy, make a note... bonus beer for that man.

FINGERS
He doesn't drink, boss.

PROF
(with a little smile)
I can have a mock-tail.

They all laugh.

KINGY
Sir, permission to carry on with
the itinerary?

SANDY
On you go, Colour Sergeant.

KINGY
Right guys, this is the schedule of
events for this evening. Minibus
departing from outside here, 20:00
hours. Estimated time of arrival at
Two Lips Karaoke Bar, 20:20. Three
drinks of your choice. 22:30 hours
you will re-board the minibus for
the journey back to camp. Any
questions?

THROBBER
Yes Colour, how many drinks is
three?

SANDY
Well, so long as we don't see...

KINGY
(firmly)
We see everything, sir. Three.

Georgie smirks at Kingy's regimental, not giving an inch,
demeanour.

KINGY (CONT'D)
We all got that?

ALL
Colour.

Sandy starts on the trumpet again and heads off. Kingy
follows with a little shake of the head.

Sandy emerges from the dorm, followed by Kingy.

SANDY
They're a good bunch, Kingy.

KINGY

Remember sir... one day you're going to have to give them a bollocking and they're going to need to listen. Sir.

Sandy studies Kingy.

SANDY

One singer, one song.

Kingy looks at him quizzically.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I know how to lead my men but thanks for your advice, Colour Sergeant King.

KINGY

You're the officer, sir.

Beat. A moment. Sandy tries to jolly it up.

SANDY

What song are you singing, Kingy?
I'm talking about the karaoke now.

KINGY

Don't think so.

SANDY

Come on. Won't do the guys any harm to see you let your hair down.

Kingy stares at him. We wonder for a beat how this is going to play out.

KINGY

I sing one song, you don't take that trumpet on tour.

The two men lock eyes.

SANDY

What you saying about my trumpet?

KINGY

Put a Taliban warlord and your trumpet next to each other, I dunno who I'd shoot first. Sir.

SANDY

(spitting on his hand and proffering it)
One song and this trumpet stays at home.

The two men, eyes locked.

29 INT. TWO LIPS KARAOKE BAR. - NIGHT 29

A dark, fairly packed, subterranean bar, flashing lights and Kingy on the stage singing and dancing, surprisingly rather brilliantly, to 'You to Me are Everything' by The Real Thing. *

The lads cheer, gathered around the stage. Throbber being over the top.

THROBBER
(grabbing Fingers and Monk)
Us roadmen are giving them a proper bit of Drake next!

Fingers laughs. Monk shakes his head and glares at Throbber who's proper starting to get well on his tits now.

30 INT. TWO LIPS KARAOKE BAR. BAR AREA - NIGHT 30

The Prof is on his own, sipping on a Diet Coke. A couple are at the bar. Jazz, the girlfriend, is getting herself another beer. The boyfriend is not too happy about it.

BOYFRIEND
Don't you think you've had enough?

JAZZ
Don't judge me, just cos you're boring.

She hurries away, bumping into Georgie as she goes. The boyfriend curses under his breath and stays at the bar. Georgie is getting herself a drink, sees the Prof and smiles.

GEORGIE
(watching Jazz stagger away)
I can see why you don't imbibe, Prof.

PROF
Exactly. And my mum liked a sherry... put me off for life.

GEORGIE

So, you not in the mosh pit with
the... dudes?

PROF

Think not.

GEORGIE

Looking forward to Afghan?

PROF

Gotta be better than playground
duty.

GEORGIE

Can't believe you were a history
teacher at my old school. How mad's
that?

Prof shrugs.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Why did you... how come you...?

PROF

How did I end up here with this
absolute shower... who are even
more gobby than my Year 8s?

GEORGIE

If you've got a degree... why
didn't you just go to Sandhurst?

PROF

This is what I wanted to be... an
ordinary soldier. Leave someone
else to give the orders.

GEORGIE

If you wanna be an ordinary
soldier, maybe you need to start
behaving like one.

PROF

(suitably told, necks his
mocktail)

Mosh pit here I come.

The Prof heads into the main body of the bar where the lads
are.

Monk is now on stage singing John Newman - 'Love Me Again'. *
He is loving every second and properly giving it large.
Throbbler is bouncing around, over exuberant.

We see Sandy and Georgie a little way back.

SANDY
He fancies himself, doesn't he!

GEORGIE
Handsome and he knows it.

SANDY
Doesn't he just? Showed me his
washboard abs after two minutes.

GEORGIE
What's not to love?
(noticing Throbberr
bouncing)
Look at that plank... that Throbberr
needs his collar yanked, sir.

SANDY
Be nice to them and they run
through walls for you.

Georgie raises an eyebrow.

We see Throbberr is attempting to get something of a mosh pit going, grabbing people and getting them to join in with the frivolities. He grabs Jazz's hand, she grinds with him.

THROBBERR
(pointing to the stage)
He's the twin I never had! Aren't
you, Monkleberry?

Jazz and Throbberr continue dancing suggestively as the boyfriend rushes down to stop it, grabbing Jazz.

JAZZ
What? It's a frigging dance... stop
being a twat.

BOYFRIEND
Mate, do yourself a favour and
don't get me at it.

THROBBERR
I'm not asking her to marry me,
you're safe, fella.

BOYFRIEND
You won't be in a minute...

PROF
Right, step away, Throbberr. Let's
all stay calm here and...

Prof steps in between them to defuse the situation, arms aloft like a teacher, looking at Throbber over the top of his glasses. The boyfriend raises his arm but inadvertently catches Prof in the face, sending his glasses flying. Monk notices the fracas but carries on singing. All our guys now step in to defuse the situation.

Throbber, seeing Prof on his hands and knees looking for his specs, thinks he's been knocked down by a slap.

THROBBER
(menacing)
You, pal, fuck off now and then it
doesn't need to happen.

The boyfriend grabs Jazz and shoves Throbber away. He then swings a punch that misses. Throbber is about to smash him in the face when Kingy steps in and forcibly moves Throbber back. The crowd surges about, slightly overexcited there's a potential fight. Prof is still on the ground, trying to retrieve his glasses as the boyfriend lunges at Throbber, but Jazz, in attempting to hold him back, is thrown to the floor and lands on the glass beer bottle she was holding as it smashes.

We see her horrified face for a beat as she realises the broken bottle has effectively stabbed her.

Georgie is first to realise and is checking out Jazz. With startling realisation she looks up at Georgie as the blood seeps though her white top. Mimi sees and looks visibly shocked.

GEORGIE
(to Sandy)
Right, let's clear this place as
best we can, lights on and call in
an ambulance.

Sandy and Kingy are straight away on it, moving the crowd back. Georgie is straight away on the patient. Monk jumps off stage to assist.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
What's your name, love?

JAZZ
Jazz.

GEORGIE
Alright Jazz, stay nice and calm
for me, yeah?

Georgie pulls away at Jazz's top to reveal a deep, deep wound. She flashes a look to Mimi, who is somewhat rabbit caught in the headlights. Prof, having found his glasses, tries to help Georgie.

JAZZ
(panicked)
Am I going to die?

GEORGIE
Nope, we're going to look after
you.

PROF
Anything I can do, Georgie?

GEORGIE
Shirt, quick!

Prof rips off his paisley shirt. Georgie grabs the shirt and hands it to Mimi.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
(snaps)
Mimi! Press this firmly against the
wound...
(to Jazz)
We're going to staunch the bleed
and then get you stitched up but I
need you to keep still and breathe.

Jazz nods. Georgie looks at Mimi, suddenly looking very young as she presses the shirt against the wound.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Firm as you can, Mimi.

Georgie looks up as the Prof starts to move everyone back.

PROF
Everybody back now... let the
medics do their work.

Georgie sees Fingers on the phone.

FINGERS
Still trying to connect me to the
shitting ambulance.

Georgie looks annoyed.

FINGERS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes, ambulance. Two Lips Karaoke
Bar...

GEORGIE
Cat A, significant hemorrhage,
possible catastrophic internal
bleed, vital sign cause for
concern.

Fingers nods and walks away with the phone, repeating what Georgie has just said verbatim. Georgie turns back to Mimi.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
(gently)
Talk to her, Mimi.

MIMI
The ambulance is on its way now,
Jazz... gonna be here any minute.

Jazz half nods and shuts her eyes.

MIMI (CONT'D)
Jazz, I need you to look at me a
second... were you going to sing?

Jazz opens her eyes and looks at her.

MIMI (CONT'D)
Had you got your name down? I was
going to sing Adele.

GEORGIE
(crouching down by Jazz
and checking her pulse)
You're doing great, Jazz... really
good. Keep pressing, Mimi.

MIMI
(sings gently to Jazz)
'I heard that you're settled down
That you found a girl and you're
married now I heard that your
dreams came true...'

Georgie winks at Mimi reassuringly.

32

INT. U.K. BARRACKS. MALE DORM - NIGHT

32

The guys head back into their dorm. The atmosphere is subdued.

Shirtless Prof, now with a borrowed jacket round his shoulders, is fiddling with his glasses.

PROF
I need a tiny screwdriver to
tighten the arms up.

THROBBER
Are you like... completely blind
without them? Like a mole.

PROF
I can still see you.
(unfortunately)

KINGY
Brace up.

Everyone leaps to their feet and stands to attention as Sandy comes in.

SANDY
Stand easy, guys.
(to Kingy)
Where's...

KINGY
(yells into ablution area)
Medic!

Georgie and Mimi come in in their shorts and t-shirts. They fall in.

GEORGIE
Any word, boss?

SANDY
They've transfused and stabilized.

GEORGIE
Sir.

Georgie flashes a 'well done' look at Mimi.

KINGY
(snaps)
Completely unnecessary.

He looks at Sandy to carry on.

SANDY
We might not be donning our uniforms but we are soldiers, 24/7. Representing our country. We never forget that, we avoid hot spots and tactically withdraw from any potential contact. Do you understand?

ALL
Sir.

SANDY
Clearly you don't, Throbb. You put us all in danger. If you're that irresponsible having a quiet drink in town, how much of a liability are you going to be in Afghan?

Throbb looks a bit taken aback.

FINGERS

Excuse me, sir... to be fair to the Throbb... the sort was coming on to him... he weren't doing too much wrong in my book.

Monk glares at Fingers, surprised.

THROBBER

Maybe I shouldn't have given her the grind back... my bad, sir. Sorry, sir. Won't happen again. Youthful exuberance...

KINGY

Youthful exuberance nearly ended up with a fatality.

Sandy nods, turns and goes. Kingy stares at Throbb.

KINGY (CONT'D)

(whispers with chilling suppressed anger)

Start to be an asset to the platoon and not a liability... you weapons-grade, spaghetti junction, flange flannel.

Kingy turns and goes.

THROBBER

What's a flannel?

GEORGIE

Word of advice... say nothing and go to bed.

They all start to head towards their pits.

33

EXT. U.K. BARRACKS - NIGHT

33

Night. Everything still and quiet.

34

INT. MEN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

34

We see the lads all asleep apart from Throbb, and we see the glow from his phone. He is texting. We read 'Night Mum, love you... tell Mitzy I'll take her for a bare long walk when I'm back.'

He clicks off and we see his screen saver is his dog, Mitzy.

Throbb looks around, lost, looking young and vulnerable.

35 **INT. FEMALE QUARTERS - NIGHT**

35

The girls are all in bed, most asleep. We see Georgie sleeping.

36 **EXT. AFGHANISTAN. GEORGIE'S DREAM - DAY**

36

Georgie is looking up at the old cement factory as Elvis gets blown off the top. Panicked, she rushes to him.

Georgie is leaning over a seemingly dying/dead Elvis. She is desperate.

37 **INT. BARRACKS. GEORGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

37

Georgie wakes with a start, then tries to compose herself. She looks at her phone to check the time... Elvis is her screen saver. She studies his face.

38 **INT. ABLUTION BLOCK. BARRACKS - NIGHT**

38

Night. Mimi is at a sink, scrubbing away at Prof's paisley shirt which got covered with blood at the club. Georgie comes in. She sees Mimi at the sink, looking somewhat ashen.

MIMI

I thought she was dead, Sergeant.

GEORGIE

You got her to the ambulance alive.
You did your job.

MIMI

Dunno if I would have on my own.
(beat)
I shat myself.

GEORGIE

We all shit ourselves. You think I
don't shit myself every time I hear
'man down'?

MIMI

Yeah but there's shitting yourself
and cracking on and there's
shitting yourself and freezing.

GEORGIE

But you didn't freeze, Mimi. You
did it.

MIMI

'You' did it.

Beat.

MIMI (CONT'D)
Prof's shirt's fucked.

GEORGIE
Did you always fancy the army?

MIMI
(with a little shake of
the head)
I think my parents thought
university would have been
better...

GEORGIE
They must be proud of you now...
passing out and that.

MIMI
They've got my passing out photo on
the piano. Pride of place.

GEORGIE
I expect my passing out photo has
been replaced by my sister's
wedding photo!

MIMI
Did you always wanna join?

GEORGIE
Don't know why but ever since I was
little I fancied it.

MIMI
My best friend at school went into
the recruiting office, I went with
her and... you know.

GEORGIE
You ended up signing on and she
didn't?

MIMI
How d'you know that?

GEORGIE
Happens more than you'd think.

MIMI
(holding out her hands)
I'm still shaking here. I don't
know whether I'm ready... don't
think I'm...

GEORGIE
How do you know unless you try?

MIMI

But if I'm not good enough, don't
do my job properly and someone
dies... why can't you come to
Afghan?

Georgie stares hard at her.

GEORGIE

Sometimes you just gotta step up to
the plate and face your fear. We
all have.

Mimi turns and goes. Georgie looks at her face in the mirror... she sees the ring on her chain and thinks it all through.

39

INT. SCOFF HOUSE. BARRACKS - DAY

39

The next morning. The whole platoon are eating noisily, all in uniform. We see Georgie walking in and looking for 2 Section. They are all sitting around one table. Kingy signals a place next to her and has also got her breakfast.

GEORGIE

Finished with the current combat
medic cap badge training. Manning
desk happy for me to stick a three-
month tour in before I return. If
you still want me...

Kingy looks up at her and half smiles.

They all look up as they hear the sound of a trumpet playing from the doorway. Sandy is giving them a morning reveille. It is rather good. Everyone cheers.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Like you say, there's a lot of new
faces that need bedding in.

KINGY

I knew you wouldn't leave me to
handle this 'freaks' roll call' on
my own.

GEORGIE

Bit rude to freaks.

KINGY

But I want to be sure you want
this. I'd understand if you
couldn't face it.

GEORGIE

Why couldn't I face it?

KINGY
Afghan. It's a massive thing.

GEORGIE
I'm a soldier. I need to be able to handle whatever the army throws at me.

Georgie puts her passport on the table next to a smiling Kingy. Sandy walks across and somewhat ceremonially hands the trumpet over to Kingy.

SANDY
My word is my bond, Colour Sergeant King. You sang, I said I would not be taking this trumpet on tour.

Sandy about-turns and marches out. He gets to the door, turns back, pulls out a hidden trumpet and blows it.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Fortunately I have more than one.

Sandy heads off, feeling victorious. Beat.

PROF
I quite like the sound of a trumpet over my cornflakes!

KINGY
(quietly to Georgie)
We're going back to Afghan.

GEORGIE
We never really leave, do we?

Kingy is made up. He looks at Georgie's determined face and goes. We hold on Georgie as she ponders the future.

BRIGADIER (V.O.)
Welcome guys. I hope you've all had a chance to look at your various Op Toral briefing booklets...

About 40 uniformed soldiers traipsing across the tarmac, having just disembarked the plane... we see Sandy, Kingy, Monk, Georgie, Prof, Fingers, Throbber and Mimi together, clutching their briefing booklets, 'Operation Toral'.

BRIGADIER (V.O.)
...Ostensibly a training, mentoring and security tour. There are agencies from all over the globe here in Kabul...

41

EXT. KABUL AIRPORT - DAY

41

We now see the Brigadier standing in front of the 30 or so men, including 2 Section.

BRIGADIER

(continuing)

... and our job is to make sure no harm befalls them. This is not a contact operation... some of you will be working as Guardian Angels, others working at Sandhurst in the Sand with me and 2nd Lieutenant Hurst. Lieutenant.

SANDY

Thank you, sir. Right guys, get into your sections for transportation to the operating bases.

They all start to fall out.

THROBBER

We're soldiers... we're trained for contact. No contact, no point.

MONK

If there was contact, you'd soon fill your britches, pal.

42

EXT. KABUL - DAY

42

A busy market. People look up as they see the military vehicles coming down the street.

All eyes seem to be on them... adding a real sense of menace.

43

INT. ARMOURED VEHICLE/EXT. KABUL - DAY

43

Sandy, Kingy, Monk, Georgie, Mimi, Fingers, Throbbert and the Prof are in the back of one armoured vehicle being driven in a convoy of others.

The current serving unit have dispatched drivers/vehicles for them. Security tight all around.

We see the faces of our guys, especially the new ones. Each staring through the strong glass windows, devouring the sights.

We see Georgie locked in her own thoughts of everything Afghan means to her. She looks at Fingers and mouths 'alright?' He nods and mouths 'you alright?' She nods. Silence.

PROF

(suddenly peering to get a
better view as he studies
his map)

I wonder if that's... Chicken
Street.

Prof points out a thriving, packed street market with masses of stalls, teeming with people. Monk stares, incredulous.

MONK

Prof... do you like... just know...
everything?

THROBBER

He might as well say "Oh look
there's WongaWonga Street", we
wouldn't know.

MIMI

I wouldn't fancy walking round here
after dark.

MONK

Worse than Aldershot, eh?

FINGERS

This might be our only glimpse
outside the barracks, Mimi.

Kingy flashes a look to Georgie. Something makes Georgie turn and look out of the window. She sees the old cement factory and realises where she is. She begins to tense.

FLASHBACKS of the blast on top of cement factory, flooring Elvis. Moments of the horrific event.

Back to Georgie, who is surprised that she has taken the image/building and all its memories in her stride. Kingy is studying her.

Kingy touches Georgie's arm.

KINGY

You okay, Lane?

GEORGIE

It's just a building.

Kingy nods.

KINGY

Right, guys, focus in. When we get
to the base, shower and scoff.

(MORE)

KINGY (CONT'D)
 We'll then have 48 hours
 acclimatization before we undertake
 the RSOI package receipt, staging
 onward movement and integration.
 Boss?

SANDY
 Thanks, Colour. Needs to be said,
 guys, acclimatization isn't R & R.
 It's an important couple of days
 where you eat, hydrate and rest
 well, so you're properly ready for
 the tour ahead. Which will be
 exacting. I'm looking to you guys
 to not let me down. Medic.

GEORGIE
 Everyone in for a medical check
 with Private Saunders and myself in
 the morning. We'll put a list up.

KINGY
 And there will be voluntary PT
 sessions every day... which you
 will all attend, you fucking sad
 mongrels.

THROBBER
 I thought we was supposed to be all
 touchy feely in the army these
 days.

KINGY
 The only thing that doesn't need
 exercising is your tongue,
 Throbber.

Georgie looks out at Kabul. Kingy keeps an eye on her.

44

EXT. KABUL BARRACKS - DAY

44

We see the armoured vehicles swinging into the heavily-fortified barracks.

As they swing into the barracks, we see the platoon of Afghan National Army marching with their rifles.

45

EXT. BARRACKS - DAY

45

Getting out of the vehicle, the guys are looking at the Afghan soldiers.

THROBBER
 Do we let them lot have real
 weapons?

MONK

What are you chatting about now,
Throbber?

FINGERS

That's the Afghan army.

SANDY

Another batch of new recruits, fit
and healthy and most importantly,
keen... ready for the task ahead.

THROBBER

But all the green on blues... tell
you what'd stop that... don't give
them real guns.

GEORGIE

And who do you think's out there,
contacting the enemy?

THROBBER

That's what I'm saying... should be
us sorting out the enemy, not that
rag-bag.

We see Monk biting his tongue.

SANDY

They're not a rag-bag, Throbber.

PROF

I think it's a good sign, don't
you, sir? Despite their horrific
losses, locals are still willing to
sign up.

SANDY

There's a will. And where there's a
will... there's a way. There's
hundreds of recruits here and...
let's be honest... they don't look
as basic as I feared.

GEORGIE

But Kabul is... a bit of a bubble,
isn't it?

SANDY

Rome wasn't built in a day,
Sergeant Lane.

KINGY

No, but it can be destroyed in
one... and that's the problem.

They watch the soldiers marching.

46

INT. KABUL BARRACKS. MEN'S QUARTERS - DAY

46

Prof, Monk, Throbber and Fingers (along with other soldiers from the platoon) are sorting their bedding/sleeping bags and bergans out. Fingers is trying to see if there's wifi on his phone. Mimi comes in to check out their quarters.

FINGERS

You got wifi in the lumpy jumper's quarters?

MIMI

Apparently there's wifi at different spots around the base.

FINGERS

Just wanna let Marie know we're here okay.

MONK

First tour as a married man, Fingers. How's it feel?

FINGERS

I miss her.

THROBBER

Why aren't you married, Prof?

PROF

Why aren't you married?

THROBBER

Got too many... they all wanna slice of the Throbber...

MIMI

I'd prefer a slice of pizza to be honest.

Mimi sits on Prof's bed.

PROF

How many tog do you think these sleeping bags are?

Mimi feels the sleep bag.

THROBBER

Come on Prof... you was a teacher... they're all married.

MONK

Are they?

THROBBER

Every single last one of them... cos they're all sad fuckers.

MIMI

Don't think all my teachers were married.

THROBBER

Did you used to be married, Prof?

PROF

What makes you think that?

THROBBER

You look married... glasses and that. My question is, was you married to a man or a woman? Not judging, just interested.

MIMI

Knock it off, Throbber.

FINGERS

(also to Throbber)

Leave it, cowboy.

THROBBER

I had a gay drama teacher and he was married to a postman! I mean... drama teacher not too surprising, but a postie!

MONK

Jeez, I thought I was thick but you take the biscuit, Throbber.

THROBBER

Am I right or am I right, Prof? You were married to a fella, innit.

PROF

I was married to a woman. But I'm not married now. Satisfied?

THROBBER

Knew it! She didn't run off and leave you, did she?

PROF

Yes. Yes, if you must fucking know. Ran off with the Head of Geography.

Monk and Fingers flash Throbber a look to shut up. Prof's stoical.

Georgie and Mimi are walking along a corridor with Rabee, 30s and Poya, 20s, Afghan trainees at Sandhurst in the Sand, leading the way into the medical room.

An armed guard accompanies Georgie and Mimi.

RABEE

(turning to them)
So, here is the room... part of the
medical facility so...

GEORGIE

We can commandeer it?

RABEE

You can use it.

GEORGIE

I'll need it for medical check-ups
and assessments...

They head inside.

48

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

48

Georgie looks around at the sparse but perfectly adequate facilities.

RABEE

We can get it cleaned.
(in Pashto to Poya)
Get the cleaners to come and
sanitise the room.

Poya nods.

GEORGIE

So you guys at Sandhurst in the
Sand, yeah?

RABEE

Yes, Sergeant.

MIMI

The elite of the elite.

RABEE

I'm Rabee. This is Poya.

GEORGIE

So are you medics working with the
doctors here?

RABEE

We keep them alive.

Georgie throws him a puzzled look.

RABEE (CONT'D)

We go with them as their security.

POYA

Whenever they have to go into the community.

RABEE

And the hospital.

MIMI

People want to kill the doctors?

Rabee and Poya look at her and half shake their heads.

GEORGIE

But the situation is improving, yeah? It's got better since the war ended.

RABEE

The war hasn't ended for us... just for you.

Georgie takes this in.

49

INT. SOCIAL GATHERING/COMMON ROOM. KABUL BARRACKS - DAY

49

Soldiers are sitting about, drinking water, chatting etc.

We see Throbbler trying to attach the correct wires to an old version of a PlayStation that's been abandoned there.

The Prof is having a kehwah (local green tea) as he teaches Mimi how to play chess.

PROF

Once you know how they all move... then we can play a game...

MIMI

The horse is the one that jumps over, yeah?

PROF

(nodding)
Three up, one across.

MIMI

My dad was some sort of local champion at it when he was at school.

Monk comes over.

MONK

You acclimatized yet, Prof? What's that honk?

PROF
Kehwah. Local green tea.

MONK
Smells like Doris's snide Jimmy
Choo trainers after she's had 'em
on a week.

MIMI
I think it smells alright actually.

Fingers laughs.

MIMI (CONT'D)
You're the first teacher who's ever
been nice to me, Prof.

PROF
I'm not a teacher any more, I'm a
soldier.

MIMI
Seriously Prof, history was my
favourite.

Prof looks up pleased/surprised.

PROF
Afghanistan has an amazing
history...

FINGERS
Most of us couldn't even point to
it on a map. And we're in it.

MIMI
I know I couldn't.

MONK
Why don't you give us a history
lesson on it, Prof!?

PROF
Reason I left teaching... so I
didn't have to stand up in front of
a bunch of wazzocks like you lot.

FINGERS
Come on, Prof.

MONK
We ain't a load of kids like at
school.

THROBBER
(shouting over,
frustrated)
(MORE)

THROBBER (CONT'D)

I mean, what's the point of leaving
a fucking busted PlayStation!?

They hear a smash as Throbber throws the controls down hard.
Prof stares at Monk... you were saying?

50

INT. COMMON ROOM/LECTURE ROOM. KABUL BARRACKS - DAY

50

The common room is pretty empty but the lecture room, just off the common room, is heaving... packed to the gunnels with soldiers. Mimi is hovering outside, holding a freshly washed and ironed paisley shirt and a bottle of water.

An anxious-looking Prof comes in and sees Mimi.

MIMI

You've got quite a full house,
Prof.

PROF

(looking into the throng)
Not sure why I agreed to this.

MIMI

I think it's great... you'll be
great. I've got you some water...
and I've done your shirt.

Prof is taken aback.

PROF

I'd consigned that paisley beaut to
the bin. You kept it.

MIMI

Forgotten I had it. I brought it
back and... the blood came out
so...

PROF

It's never been this well-ironed
since I liberated it from Topman.

The Prof is properly impressed. Kingy sticks his head out of the lecture room door.

KINGY

The natives are getting restless.
Come on, Prof.

Prof smiles at Mimi and disappears inside the lecture room.
Mimi goes to the door to look in as Georgie comes into the common room. Mimi heads to her.

GEORGIE

Good turnout in there, Mimi?

MIMI

I've been sent out to round up any stragglers. Shall we go in?

GEORGIE

Nope. We're going out. We're on a mission.

MIMI

Really? What mission, Sergeant?

GEORGIE

We've got a pass to meet the administrator and hopefully some of the doctors at the local hospital. There's an armoured vehicle waiting for us.

MIMI

We're going out of the base?

GEORGIE

Need you in full combats. No risks taken. Get yourself ready.

They hear laughter from a lecture room off. They head to the door to peer inside. They see:

51

INT. COMMON ROOM. KABUL BARRACKS. LECTURE ROOM OFF - DAY 51

Prof stands at the front of several dozen soldiers who have come in to listen (recruited by 2 Section). Prof stands in front of a screen, showing slides at the press of a button, not his usual somewhat out of place demeanour. He starts off shaky but grows increasingly in confidence.

PROF

So... 1830s right and there was an empire to be proud of...

They cheer.

PROF (CONT'D)

And would you believe it but the pesky Russians are kicking off so us Brits...

(he orchestrates a little cheer)

...need to get the hell over from India to Kabul and sort these darn natives out... we topple the leader and put our own man at the top table... one Shah Shuja...

(changing the slides as appropriate)

...like Monk, handsome and he knows it...

(MORE)

PROF (CONT'D)
 plan was to piss off hot foot back to India, British bloody India... but Shah Shuja was flaky and shaky so... we stayed on to keep the situation under control. But these ingrate natives start giving it large and goddamn it, if the son of the toppled leader Mohammad Akbar Khan doesn't rock up wanting bally power and for us to sling our hooks.

(he orchestrates the boos)
 So in that time-honoured tradition... we decided on a tactical withdrawal.

THROBBER
 I wish your father had!

Throbber gets a laugh, but a glare from Monk.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
 (to Monk)
 What? I'm not here for school! Load of shit-bollocks.

PROF
 Sixteen thousand people set out from Kabul to travel the 90 miles to Jalalabad ...this was to be slaughter on an unprecedented scale.

(pointing out of the window)
 Generations of British blood has seeped into those mountains...

Georgie turns back to Mimi.

GEORGIE
 He's a dark horse...

MIMI
 Prof?

Kingy emerges from the lecture room.

KINGY
 Get ready, let's move.

Georgie and Mimi head out with Kingy.

53 **INT. COMMON ROOM. KABUL BARRACKS. LECTURE ROOM OFF - DAY** 53

The Prof is showing them a copy of an old newspaper from July 1842.

PROF
(reading)
'On the 6th January 1842 the Kabul forces commenced their retreat through the dismal pass destined to be their grave...'

54 **INT. ARMoured VEHICLE/EXT. STREETS OF KABUL - DAY** 54

We see Sandy, Kingy, Georgie, Mimi, Rabee and Poya travelling along the streets. The tension is apparent as they look out, keeping their wits about them.

PROF (V.O.)
'...On the third day, they were attacked from all points by the mountaineers and a fearful slaughter ensued... the troops kept on, and awful scenes ensued. Without food, mangled and cut to pieces, each one caring only for himself, all subordination had fled; and the soldiers of the forty-fourth English regiment... now known as the Royal Anglians... are reported to have knocked down their officers with the butts of their muskets...'

55 **INT. NCO MESS. KABUL BARRACKS. ROOM OFF - DAY** 55

Prof looks up at the guys. Another slide.

PROF
Absolute scenes... as you can imagine.

56 **INT. ARMoured VEHICLE/EXT. STREETS OF KABUL - DAY** 56

They are travelling along. Georgie looks at Mimi.

GEORGIE
You called home... spoken to your parents?

MIMI
I'll call them at the weekend. I'm an independent woman now.

GEORGIE

Yeah, but you can still ring home.

Suddenly something is thrown at the vehicle, causing them all to jump a little.

SANDY

What the fuck was that, Kingy?

They all tense up cos Sandy's tense. Kingy steps in.

KINGY

Nothing can get into this vehicle.

They travel on. Kingy looks at Sandy, and with his eyes and hands tells him to calm down... Kingy can see he is tensing the others.

PROF (V.O.)

'On the 13th of January, just seven days after the retreat commenced, one man, bloody and torn, mounted on a miserable pony, and pursued by horsemen, was seen riding furiously across the plains to Jalalabad. That was Dr. Brydon, the sole person to tell the tale of the passage of Khourd Kabul.'

Georgie looks out of her window and sees the hospital up ahead.

GEORGIE

Location ahead, boss.

Sandy nods.

The crowded area around the hospital. Seemingly hundreds of people milling around. There are stalls and kite fliers, a real slice of Kabul.

We see the armoured vehicle heading through the throng when suddenly AN ENORMOUS BLAST rocks the very foundations of the locale. People and children are thrown into the air, amid the dust and chaos.

Sandy, Kingy, Georgie, Mimi, Rabee and Poya have been thrown about and are shocked, but the vehicle is intact.

GEORGIE
 Is everyone okay? Mimi... Kingy?
 (to Rabee and Poya)
 You guys okay?

RABEE
 We need to get out and help.

KINGY
 Nobody is getting out. Understood?
 We sit tight. Call it in, boss.

Kingy nods to the radio. Kingy's authority makes Sandy get a grip.

SANDY
 (into radio)
 Alpha to zero... contact, wait out.

Georgie and Mimi are desperately trying to see what's happening outside.

59 **EXT. HOSPITAL. KABUL - DAY**

59

Carnage. Sirens approaching. People scream. Medics are running out of the hospital and tending to the injured and dying.

An Afghan policeman is signalling for them to alight the vehicle.

60 **INT. ARMOURED VEHICLE - DAY**

60

Kingy is trying to control the situation.

SANDY
 The policeman wants us out to help.

KINGY
 We stay put and await rescue.

RABEE
 We need to move out...

KINGY
 There could be a secondary device.

GEORGIE
 Kingy... all the other medical staff are risking it.

Kingy is clearly weighing it up.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
 People need our help.

SANDY
Kingy? I say we move.

MIMI
There's children... looks bad.

KINGY
(to Sandy)
You need to speak to the Brigadier,
sir. Take instruction.

They are all looking at Sandy for direction.

GEORGIE
We've got four medically-trained
personnel here...

KINGY
There could be a secondary! Stay
the fuck put.

Mimi looks out at the injured. Sandy puts his hand on the handle to open the door. Kingy grabs Sandy's hand and shakes his head, forcibly stopping him opening the door.

61

EXT. HOSPITAL. KABUL - DAY

61

We see Mimi's face at the window. She is looking at the Afghan policeman.

SANDY (V.O.)
I don't need to speak to the
Brigadier, I'm the officer
commanding here...

GEORGIE (V.O.)
Saunders... Saunders...

Suddenly, the policeman looks suspicious. We then see he is wearing a suicide vest and explodes it.

There is a second blast, even more powerful than the first. The Afghan policeman is red misted. A dust cloud engulfs all. The armoured vehicle is rocked onto its side.

62

INT. LECTURE ROOM - DAY

62

Prof is at the front of the 'class' as they all hear a distant blast. He stops and all eyes automatically turn to the window.

PROF
So... as you can hear... Afghan is
a complicated beast...

THROBBER
That maybe we should have put down
years ago!

Prof prepares to carry on. The atmosphere changed/sober.

63

INT. ARMoured VEHICLE/EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

63

We close in on Georgie hanging upside down in a state of shock.

KINGY
Georgie! Georgie!

Georgie turns and looks at Kingy. The guys are all picking themselves up. The sound distorted, she looks around, almost slo-mo... the fear... the sound returns to normal and she snaps out of it.

GEORGIE
(picking herself up)
Everybody okay? Poya, you ok?

POYA
(picking himself up)
Yes, yes.

Kingy signals to Sandy they need to get out.

SANDY
Okay guys, prepare to move...

He nods for Kingy to open the doors.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Move! Safe path along the wall. 0s,
5s and 20s.

They all scramble out of the upturned vehicle.

64

EXT. HOSPITAL. KABUL - DAY

64

Mimi is straight onto the injured, assessing injuries. Rabee and Poya are too as Kingy and Sandy, all eyes, are on cover. We see Georgie trying to take in the scene, the noise, the screams, the smoke... all make her freeze.

MIMI
Georgie! Georgie!

Georgie suddenly focuses on hearing her name. She struggles for a beat but is able to pull herself together and be back on track. She jumps on the injured with Mimi.

GEORGIE

Good work, Saunders. Tourniquet and administer morphine... write on foreheads so the doctors know.

65

INT. LECTURE ROOM. KABUL BARRACKS/EXT. KABUL - DAY

65

We hear the sound of laughter as the Prof puts up another slide. It is a group of hippies smiling at the camera. (Monk is looking out of the window at a rising smoke plume from the area of the hospital.)

PROF

So, where do we think this is... Woodstock..? Isle of Wight rock festival..? Some hippie trail somewhere..? This, this is in fact... Kabul, God's own Afghanistan in 1969.

(zooming in)

And this hot chick here... is my grandmother.

(zooming in further on her stomach)

And this bump here... is my mother... conceived in Afghan and just waiting to make her entrance into the world!

They are all amazed.

66

EXT. HOSPITAL. KABUL - DAY

66

Georgie injects a woman with morphine and flashes a look at Mimi, who is expertly tourniqueting a child, Giti's, upper leg, the lower having been badly damaged. Such a contrast to 1969.

MIMI

(stroking Giti's head)
It's alright baby, don't worry,
we're going to look after you...

Dr Antonio, 29, an American doctor seconded to the hospital from his regiment, but dressed as an NGO medic, white coat splattered with blood, is checking on the dead, confirming death, checking pulse etc. He flashes a look at Mimi who is comforting Giti.

ANTONIO

(snapping to Mimi)
You're supposed to be getting the child into the hospital, not reading it a bedtime story! This is a hot zone, move yourself.

Mimi quickly lifts the child and runs towards the entrance and the other doctors with stretchers etc.

GEORGIE
(to Antonio)
The child would have bled out if it
wasn't for her...

ANTONIO
Been here a day and already a
goddamn expert. So fucking British.
Let's move!

Georgie, hurt, glares for a second as Dr Bahil (Afghan lady, 40s) arrives, pulling on her white coat.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
(to Dr Bahil)
Tell your guys to leave the dead
for now and concentrate on all of
those with a pulse.

Dr Bahil starts to instruct her team in Pashto.

DR BAHIL
(to Georgie)
What's happening, medic?

GEORGIE
(to Dr Bahil as the
porters are putting her
patient on a trolley)
Suspected hemothorax, breathing
erratic, morphine administered.

Dr Bahil translates and writes this on the patient's forehead and runs alongside her to the hospital. Mimi following with screaming child. Already there is a massive Afghan National Army and Afghan Police presence arriving.

Chaos and carnage. Bodies on stretchers and people running everywhere. Georgie is running along with her patient when the patient goes into cardiac arrest. Georgie immediately starts to pump the patient's chest.

GEORGIE
(shouting to porter)
Get a doctor! I need a doctor!

He heads off as Georgie pumps away. Dr Bahil rushes up to her with a hand pump for pushing oxygen into the lungs.

DR BAHIL
(working on patient)
Let's move her along to the
emergency room...

They hurry along together.

DR BAHIL (CONT'D)
Are you the guys coming to see me
from the British Army?

GEORGIE
We're meeting the hospital
administrator about the vaccination
program.

DR BAHIL
That's me. Hospital administrator.

Georgie looks up at her.

DR BAHIL (CONT'D)
And doctor... when needs must.

They arrive at the emergency room and it's as packed and
chaotic as everywhere else.

DR BAHIL (CONT'D)
Unfortunately needs must a lot in
my country.

They continue to work together on the patient. Dr Antonio
arrives with the porter. He is injecting and pumping the
patient's heart, proficient and necessarily speedy. Georgie
watches, willing the heart to start again. Antonio checks
some vitals and after a beat shakes his head.

ANTONIO
(checking his watch)
Time of death... 19.40.

GEORGIE
Is it worth me...?

ANTONIO
No. We have so many other patients
with a better prognosis.

Georgie is stunned. Antonio is called to another patient.
Georgie looks up and sees Mimi covered in blood, with the
small child. Close on Georgie as she shakes her head,
indicating to Mimi that the mother is dead.

68

INT. KABUL BARRACKS. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE - DAY

68

The Brigadier sits behind his desk. Sandy, Kingy, Georgie and Mimi stand in front of him. They are still in blood-splattered uniforms.

BRIGADIER

Scrub yourselves up and get some food. I'd appreciate if you could do your 'after action reports' this evening.

ALL

Sir.

BRIGADIER

You had the E.C.M. in the vehicle, Mr Hurst?

SANDY

Yes, sir. Local forces seemed to think the secondary device wasn't detonated by mobile.

He flashes a look at Kingy.

SANDY (CONT'D)

There was... an Afghan Police officer trying to call us out of the vehicle...

KINGY

Local forces intel indicating he had a vest... self-detonated, sir.

BRIGADIER

You knew to remain in the vehicle until instructed to do otherwise.

SANDY

Indeed, sir.

The Brigadier nods. Sandy gives a slight eye glance to Kingy.

69

INT. CORRIDOR. BARRACKS - DAY

69

Kingy and Sandy are walking purposefully along.

SANDY

(slightly awkward)
Thanks for not... you know... in there.

KINGY

You're the boss.

They walk on.

70 **INT. FEMALE ABLUTION BLOCK - DAY** 70

Georgie's in the shower. She rests her head against the wall as she tries to wash Afghan off her skin.

We see the blood from the day's events swirling around the drain at her feet.

71 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. MEDICAL ROOM - DAY** 71

Georgie's drying her hair with a towel as Mimi arrives and lingers in the doorway, deep in thought.

GEORGIE

You okay, Saunders?

MIMI

Yes, Sergeant... sorry, Sergeant...
bit knackered.

GEORGIE

It takes it out of you, doesn't it?

MIMI

It's just like... so matter of fact
over here. Did you see all that
blood on the ground...

GEORGIE

Have you called your parents?

MIMI

What would I say to them... how
could I explain today? It'd freak
them out.

GEORGIE

You don't need to say anything. I
don't. It's just nice to hear their
voices sometimes. And I'm sure your
parents will wanna hear your
voice... you're just a kid.

MIMI

I'll ring them... promise.

GEORGIE

Well done. I'm nipping down for
scuff.

MIMI

(picking up phone)
I'll call them and then join you if
that's okay.

Georgie nods and heads off. Mimi pretends to dial out on her phone until she is certain that Georgie has gone... then drops the phone down.

72

INT. KABUL BARRACKS. MEN'S QUARTERS - DAY

72

The guys are all starting to settle down, some listening to music, some reading etc. We see Prof on his bed, reading. As the guys walk past him on their way back from the ablutions etc, they friendly tap his feet.

THROBBER
(from his bed, playing a game on his phone)
So you're an Afghan then basically, Prof.

MONK
How d'you work that one out, you plank?

THROBBER
All that... stuff about his mum in Kabul.

MONK
So... if your nan went to Scotland for her holiday that makes you a jock, right?

THROBBER
I ain't a jock!

FINGERS
No, you're even worse than that... you're a brummie!

THROBBER
I ain't a fucking brummie... I'm Wolves!

Georgie walks past, stopping at the sound of the banter.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
You wouldn't last five minutes in Wolverhampton, Fingers.

This makes them all laugh.

FINGERS
Thank God you're alright, sis.

GEORGIE
Of course I'm alright.

FINGERS

Wouldn't wanna have to ring my wife
and tell her something had happened
to you.

GEORGIE

Shut it.

73

EXT. KABUL BARRACKS - DAY

73

Kingy is walking along with Sandy, discussing something in hushed tones. They pass Georgie who is still on her way towards the mess, and suddenly go quiet.

GEORGIE

(sensing something is
amiss)

What's happened?

Kingy stares at her, with an almost indiscernible shake of the head.

SANDY

Intelligence briefing with Afghan Special Forces. Seems like the Taliban were targeting the hospital...

KINGY

And Doctor Bahil.

GEORGIE

Why?

SANDY

She's standing in the elections.
Her husband was killed last year...
she's taking his place.

KINGY

They think it was the local warlord.

SANDY

Aatan Omar. He's our Ace of Hearts. Responsible for much of the carnage within Kabul and its environs. He's been MI6's most wanted since 2012 when he blew up a UN Convoy carrying medical supplies to Kandahar.

Kingy stares at Georgie, waiting for some penny to drop.

GEORGIE

(desperate)

Oh my God.

Sandy looks from one to the other.

KINGY
He was behind the Special Forces
fatality in Kabul, sir.

SANDY
(innocently)
Elvis Harte?

Georgie hurries away.

KINGY
We were on the mission, boss.

Sandy nods, thinking he understands.

74

INT. KABUL BARRACKS. MEDICAL ROOM - NIGHT

74

Georgie comes in, panicked. Almost gasping for breath. She
grips the furniture for support.

An almost hallucinatory scene of the moment Elvis died... she
is in the middle of some sort of shock, reeling... the
sound/music distorting, 'She Moves in her Own Way', the
images of a dead Elvis flashing through her mind. All
distorted.

Close on Georgie. She realises the magnitude of everything.

End of Episode One.