

OUR GIRL

SERIES FOUR, EPISODE FIVE

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20th July 2019

SALMON SHOOTING SCRIPT

(Scene numbers locked)

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1 **INT/EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. MEDICAL ROOM/CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 1

It's late at night. A restless Georgie's busy tidying her store cupboard when Mimi appears in the doorway.

 MIMI
You should be in bed.

 GEORGIE
I could say the same for you.

Georgie inspects her work. All the bandages and medical equipment has been lined up with military precision.

 MIMI
I couldn't sleep.

 GEORGIE
Is everything alright?

 MIMI
I just got a few things going round my head, that's all.

 GEORGIE
I know the feeling.

Mimi studies Georgie as she begins to close up the store.

 MIMI
I still don't understand why you've been confined to barracks.

 GEORGIE
Because no one's going to give a weapon to someone with PTSD.

 MIMI
Is that what you've got?

 GEORGIE
Of course I haven't. But they don't know that, do they?

There's a flash of fear in Georgie's face. She covers.

 GEORGIE (CONT'D)
You know what we need? A large coffee.

They start to walk down the corridor. It's eerily quiet.

 GEORGIE (CONT'D)
'Cos something tells me we're not going to get much shut eye.

 MIMI
This place gives me the creeps at night. Why's it so quiet?

They're distracted by the sound of a helicopter in the distance, shortly followed by a sudden flurry of activity as several US soldiers race past them both.

GEORGIE

Be careful what you wish for.

As a concerned Georgie and Mimi go to follow them outside.

2

EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. ROLE THREE - NIGHT

2

Georgie and Mimi have followed the US soldiers. Several injured US soldiers are being stretchered from ambulances into Role Three.

KINGY (O.S.)
Medic...

Georgie and Mimi both turn in unison to find Kingy approaching.

KINGY (CONT'D)
You're needed inside. Six US soldiers have been injured in a roadside attack.

GEORGIE
(on auto pilot)
Colour.

Kingy looks uneasy which Georgie clocks. As it dawns on her.

KINGY
The order's for Private Saunders.

Mimi looks at Georgie. She tries her best to cover.

GEORGIE
It's fine. You've got this.

Georgie watches as an overwhelmed Mimi hurries off.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
This is crazy. I came here to do a job...

KINGY
It's not my call. I'm sorry.

GEORGIE
They're not really thinking about sending me home, are they?

There's a flash of guilt in Kingy's face. His hands are tied.

KINGY
Rest up. We'll talk in the morning.

A frustrated Georgie watches as Kingy walks off.

GEORGIE
(shouts after him)
So what am I supposed to do...
sit around counting bandages?

On a redundant Georgie. Her wings well and truly clipped.

Cut to TITLES:

3 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. SCOFF HOUSE - DAY**

3

Georgie, Prof, Monk, Throbber and Cheese are eating breakfast in the scoff house. There's still tension between Monk and Throbber following their altercation.

THROBBER
You know what I don't understand?

PROF
Quantum physics. The laws of gravity?

THROBBER
Who decided that breakfast was
beans, scrambled egg and sausage?

PROF
(aside, to Georgie)
And they reckon philosophy's a dying art.

Georgie barely registers. Her mind's elsewhere.

THROBBER
Why not lamb bhuna or sweet and
sour chicken Hong Kong style?

MONK
You ever thought about running
in the elections, Throbber?

Throbber ignores him.

CHEESE
He'd get my vote.

Throbber and Cheese fist pump. Monk rolls his eyes.

GEORGIE
Did you notice how Fingers never
liked his food touching? Except for a
little corridor he'd make from his
baked beans to the scrambled eggs.

MONK

Don't forget the face he'd make
with his ketchup... Reckoned he
liked to start the day a smile.

GEORGIE

(with affection)
Cheesy bastard.

They reflect on this for a moment. Until...

THROBBER

Take this sausage. I bet it's never
been near a pig in its life.

PROF

That's because it's a turkey sausage.

THROBBER

Whatever it is. It's just crushed
up brains, hair and eyeballs.

A repulsed Georgie pushes her plate to one side. An
opportunistic Throbber grabs his fork before stabbing it *Grange
Hill* style. He quickly scrapes it onto his overflowing plate.

THROBBER (CONT'D)

No point letting it go to waste.

Prof shoots him a warning look. Throbber's confused.

THROBBER (CONT'D)

What? I'm doing her a favour.

PROF

How exactly?

THROBBER

She won't be able to eat when they stick
her in a strait-jacket, will she?

There's a collective gasp around the table. Has Throbber
crossed a line? Georgie breaks into a smile.

GEORGIE

Why're they wasting their time
sending me to the psych when
Throbber could do the job for them?

MONK

It's bang out of order, Georgie.

GEORGIE

Yeah, well. Sooner I get it
out the way; sooner I can
get back to active duty.

A bemused Monk looks up to find a tired looking Mimi approaching.

MONK
Saunders. Over here.

A reluctant Mimi approaches. Cheese relishes her unease.

CHEESE
Budge up, Throb. Let Mimi sit down.

Cheese pushes Throbber out of the way leaving Mimi with little choice but to sit down next to him.

MONK
So what's the skinny with you and Cheese? Because I'm definitely sensing some sexual tension here.

MIMI
(defensive)
Shut up, Monk.

Cheese looks directly at Mimi. He flashes a smile.

CHEESE
We come from the same town, don't we? Everyone knows each other.

THROBBER
I bet you never even made it past her old man, did you?

CHEESE
How do you mean?

Mimi wants the ground to swallow her up. Prof clocks this.

THROBBER
As if some teacher's gonna let you crack on with his daughter.

This is news to Cheese. He grins before playing along.

CHEESE
Oh yeah. That's right. Your dad... the teacher.

Cheese struggles to hide his amusement. A concerned Prof senses Mimi's unease and steps in to save her.

PROF
Georgie says you had a rough night.

MIMI
Two fatalities.

Mimi pushes her plate to one side. An eagle-eyed Throbber doesn't waste any time in swooping in and grabbing her sausage.

MONK
(to Georgie)
I still don't get why they've gone
and stuck you on the subs bench.

GEORGIE
Because I lost my cool.

MONK
How come?

PROF
It doesn't matter.

GEORGIE
They've got a right to know, Prof.

PROF
It's just speculation.

MONK
What's he talking about?

GEORGIE
Omar's trying to cut some deal
with the Americans. I guess he's
hoping for a new life in another
country. Or at least not to spend
the rest of his days in prison.

MONK
Hang on. Are you saying that
prick's gonna get off?

PROF
We don't know that for sure.

MONK
He's a warlord, Prof. They should
be stringing him up at the gate;
not getting into bed with him.

They're interrupted by the arrival of Kingy. He doesn't
immediately pick up on the tension. Monk's raging.

KINGY
You need to finish up here. The
boss is waiting to brief us.

Georgie's about to follow the rest of 2 Section out, when...

KINGY (CONT'D)
Sergeant Lane. A word.

A reluctant Georgie holds back. The tension is palpable.

GEORGIE
What's the matter, Kingy? Can't I
even attend briefings now?

KINGY
Your psych assessment has been
arranged for this morning.

Kingy hands her a referral form. She gives nothing away.

KINGY (CONT'D)
Just promise me you'll go in
there with an open mind.

Georgie just stares at him. Kingy's slightly unnerved.

KINGY (CONT'D)
You never know. It might actually
help to talk to someone.

GEORGIE
Colour.

An inscrutable Georgie walks out without saying a word.

4 **EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. SIDE ALLEY - DAY**

4

A furious Georgie storms into the alley behind the mess. She
slams past the crates and overflowing bins.

ANTONIO (O.S.)
You want to be careful. Your
government paid for those.

Georgie turns to find Dr Antonio sat on the steps outside
smoking a cigarette. He's still in his scrubs from last night.

GEORGIE
What is it with doctors and cigarettes?

ANTONIO
It's something I always do when I
lose one of my men.

A beat.

GEORGIE
Mimi said it was a tough night.

ANTONIO
One guy was so badly burnt I
couldn't even identify him
without his dental records.

Georgie sits down next to him. She's still clutching her
referral letter. He looks over her shoulder. Beat.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
A psych assessment? Someone
really is on the naughty step.

GEORGIE
I should learn to keep my mouth shut.

ANTONIO
Just when I was starting to get
used to that weird accent of yours.

Georgie half-smiles. Antonio studies her for a moment.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
Listen. I'm guessing whatever
this deal is they're making
with Omar... it wasn't a
decision they took lightly.

GEORGIE
Don't they even care how many
innocent lives he's taken?

ANTONIO
I suspect it's a little more
complicated than that.

Georgie refuses to accept this.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
I don't like it any more than
you do but sometimes you have
to look at the bigger picture.

GEORGIE
Which is what exactly?

ANTONIO
Men like Omar... they have
knowledge that's invaluable in
the fight against the Taliban.

GEORGIE
And that's more important than
getting justice, is it?

ANTONIO
You know what? Yes. Because I'm getting
a little bit sick of smoking these.

Dr Antonio gets up. A guilty Georgie looks up him.

GEORGIE
I'm sorry. I know this isn't your fault.

ANTONIO
You want a piece of advice?

Georgie's all ears.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
Blame your mother.

Georgie looks blank.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
Your psych assessment?

GEORGIE
Have you ever met my mum? She'd
flamin' lamp me one.

Antonio smiles before heading in.

5 **EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. COURTYARD - DAY**

5

Monk, Throbber, Prof, Cheese and Mimi head towards the comms room.

MONK
Special Forces should've put a bullet
in him when they had the chance.

PROF
And that would have evened
things out, would it?

MONK
He can't cut a deal if he's
dead, can he?

THROBBER
I reckon they'll give him a
new identity. Line him up
some cushty job in Argos.

CHEESE
We could always slip the
guard a bung. Wipe that smug
grin off his face.

MONK
Don't tempt me.

A distracted Throbber checks his watch.

THROBBER
I'll catch you up, yeah?

CHEESE
Why? Where're you going?

THROBBER
(evasive)
Gotta see a man about a dog.

Cheese and Monk watch as a furtive Throbber hurries off. They're oblivious to Poya, Rabee and a couple of the ANA approaching.

CHEESE
Seems like everyone's got a secret.
Isn't that right, Saunders?

Mimi's heart sinks. A distracted Cheese knocks into Poya.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
Watch where you're going, you prick.

RABEE
No harm done.

A diplomatic Rabee steers Poya out of Cheese's path.

CHEESE
(shouts after him)
You need to learn a bit of respect, son.

MONK
Just leave it, yeah? I don't
want any more beef.

Cheese is about to follow Monk and Prof into the barracks when Mimi grabs his arm. The door slams behind them.

MIMI
You're not gonna say anything, are you?

CHEESE
'Course not. We're mates, aren't
we? And besides... I don't want
your dad giving me detention, do
I?

Cheese grins before making his way inside. On an unsettled Mimi.

6 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. COMMS ROOM - DAY**

6

2 Section are mid-briefing with Sandy. Kingy observes.

SANDY
... last night's roadside attack
was yet another attempt by
militants to undermine
confidence in the upcoming
elections. Increased security
measures are now in place at
checkpoints across Kabul.

The Brigadier enters the room.

KINGY
Sit up.

They all brace up.

BRIGADIER
Sit them at ease, Colour Sergeant.

KINGY
At ease.

BRIGADIER
Please continue, Mr Hurst.

SANDY
Throbber... Cheese. You're on
Guardian Angel duty. We have two US
officials arriving from Washington.
Are there any questions?

Monk glances at Prof.

MONK
Is this to do with Omar, Sir?

SANDY
I'm sorry?

MONK
It's just I heard he's cutting
some deal with the Americans.

BRIGADIER
That is not your concern.

The Brigadier glances at Sandy. He's not impressed. We see
the ripple effect around the room as the news sinks in.

MONK
But he will still pay for
what he did, won't he?

BRIGADIER
I think we've heard enough
from you, Private.

Monk knows not to push it further.

KINGY
Perhaps your efforts would be
better spent cleaning your barrack
room and kit ahead of inspection.

MONK
Colour.

SANDY
Right everyone, dismissed.

Everyone files out. Sandy locks eyes with the Brigadier.

7 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. CORRIDOR - DAY**

7

Sandy and the Brigadier make their way down the corridor.

 BRIGADIER
It would appear insubordination is
now rife among your platoon.

 SANDY
Tensions are still running high, Sir.
We have lost one of our men.

The Brigadier stops. He's thrown by Sandy's impudence.

 SANDY (CONT'D)
To an insurgent who by all
accounts might well evade justice.

 BRIGADIER
His interrogation is at a
critical stage, Mr Hurst. I
won't see their hard work
undermined by idle chatter. Is
that understood?

 SANDY
Sir.

The Brigadier takes the opportunity to assert himself.

 BRIGADIER
I would suggest your efforts are
better spent concentrating on
the task at hand. I take it the
Afghan recruits will be ready
for passing out next week?

 SANDY
The men are in fine shape, Sir.

 BRIGADIER
Then I look forward to seeing
them in action. You have thirty
minutes until I arrive for
inspection.

The Brigadier's veiled threat hangs in the air as he makes his
way down the corridor. Sandy knows his card is marked.

8 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. CORRIDOR - DAY**

8

A troubled Georgie is studying her psych assessment form as
she makes her way down the corridor.

 DR BAHIL (O.S.)
Someone looks deep in thought.

A startled Georgie looks up to find a bruised Dr Bahil walking towards her.

GEORGIE
Sorry. I was miles away.

Georgie studies her for a moment.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
I wasn't expecting to see you here.

DR BAHIL
I've just been officially discharged.

GEORGIE
What have they said?

DR BAHIL
I'm showroom new. Apart from
three cracked ribs.

Georgie holds her gaze. A flicker of vulnerability from Dr Bahil.

DR BAHIL (CONT'D)
It's the bruises you can't
see... They're the ones
that take longer to heal.

A troubled Georgie watches Dr Bahil continue down the corridor.

GEORGIE
I take it you've heard about Omar?

Dr Bahil stops in her tracks. She visibly bristles.

DR BAHIL
What about him?

GEORGIE
I'm sorry. I assumed... (YOU KNEW)

Georgie is on the spot. She tries to backtrack slightly.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
There's some talk of a deal
with the Americans.

Dr Bahil's shocked but not surprised.

DR BAHIL
Of course there is.

GEORGIE
You don't sound surprised?

DR BAHIL
Nothing about this country
surprises me anymore. You know that
Taliban warlords have been elected
as governors with the assistance of
Allied military?

GEORGIE
Which is why you need to
win this election.

DR BAHIL
Sometimes I wonder if the
fight's already lost.

Georgie watches as a resigned Dr Bahil walks off before looking down at her psych form with dread. As she continues down the corridor.

9 **EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. PARADE SQUARE - DAY**

9

Rabee, Poya and Zarek lead the Afghan National Army in a rigorous drill practice. The Brigadier observes from the sidelines.

KINGY
Platoon, platoon... Attention!

The Afghan National Army salute.

SANDY
Afghan Platoon in open order
awaiting your inspection, Sir.

BRIGADIER
Thank you, Mr Hurst.

SANDY
Front rank remain, fast
remainder, stand at ease.

The Brigadier starts to inspect the ranks one by one with Sandy bringing each of them to attention in turn.

BRIGADIER
This whole line needs to be
more evenly spaced. We're not
stood in the mess here.

They all reposition themselves as an unimpressed Brigadier continues to make his way down the line. A frustrated Sandy can see exactly where this is going as the Brigadier stops at Poya.

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)
Late night was it, Cadet?

POYA
Sir?

BRIGADIER
My aged mother makes quicker turns.

Sandy glances at Kingy. The Brigadier continues down the line before stopping opposite Rabee. He looks him up and down.

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)
Run out of boot polish, Cadet?

RABEE
No, Sir.

BRIGADIER
Scuffed and unpolished. Rather like
your performance here today.

As an unimpressed Brigadier locks eyes with Sandy.

9A **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. PSYCH ASSESSMENT CORRIDOR - DAY** 9A

Georgie glances down at her assessment form before eventually stopping outside a doorway. She knocks but there's no answer. She eventually makes her way inside.

GEORGIE
Hello...

But the room is empty. A frustrated Georgie closes the door before clocking a chair in the corridor. She glances up at the clock before reluctantly sitting down. It's torture.

10 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. SANDY'S OFFICE - DAY** 10

Sandy and Kingy watch the Brigadier as he sifts through various progress reports on the Afghan National Army.

BRIGADIER
They're a mess. They're nowhere
near ready for passing out.

An uneasy Sandy glances at Kingy.

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)
This is Sandhurst in the Sand
for Christ's sake. If we can't
turn those men into soldiers
then we might as well pull down
the shutters and go home.

Sandy knows better than to argue.

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)
You need to come down harder on
them, Hurst. It takes a firm
hand to keep a troop in line.

SANDY
Sir.

The Brigadier makes to leave.

BRIGADIER

I want them ready for action.
Enough time has passed for me
to start seeing results.

The Brigadier walks out. Kingy's left alone with Sandy.

KINGY

They're not in bad shape. The
Brigadier's just feeling the
strain, that's all.

SANDY

That's easy for you to say. It's
not your balls in the vice.

On an exasperated Sandy. Can he pull it back in time?

11 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. PSYCH ASSESSMENT CORRIDOR/ROOM - DAY 11**

A frustrated Georgie glances up at the clock one final time before getting up out of her seat.

She's about to walk off down the corridor, when...

 EMMA (O.S.)
Sergeant Lane...

A startled Georgie turns to find a uniformed officer approaching. She appears slightly chaotic as she attempts to juggle a coffee and her files. Georgie's disarmed.

 EMMA (CONT'D)
Captain Emma Preston. I'm a
Clinical Psychologist

 GEORGIE
I wasn't expecting you to be
in uniform.

 EMMA
I'm also a serving officer.

Georgie sizes her up for a moment. The tension's palpable.

 EMMA (CONT'D)
Come in and take a seat.

Georgie reluctantly follows Emma into her office.

 EMMA (CONT'D)
Can I get you a glass of water?

 GEORGIE
I'm fine thank you, Ma'am.

 EMMA
I think we can dispense with the
formalities, don't you?

Emma smiles as she takes a seat opposite Georgie before sifting through various files.

 EMMA (CONT'D)
Sorry. You'll have to forgive me. I
never did master the art of filing.

Stay on a guarded Georgie as she studies Emma, scrutinising her every move. Emma eventually pulls out Georgie's file.

 EMMA (CONT'D)
Here we are. Georgie Lane...

Georgie watches as Emma flicks through the file. Emma seems slightly on the backfoot as if making it up as she goes along. But we'll soon discover it's a deliberate ploy.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I take it you've been fully briefed
as to why we're here today?

GEORGIE

(calm, measured)
I'd just come back from a
funeral. I said some things in
the heat of a moment... I
shouldn't have let my emotions
get the better of me.

Emma smiles reassuringly. Has Georgie done enough?

EMMA

You recently lost a member of
your platoon I believe?

GEORGIE

Fingers. Sorry, Private Stille.
He was married to my sister.

EMMA

That must have been difficult.

GEORGIE

It was. He was like a brother to me.
We served on six tours together.

EMMA

That's a lot to process for anyone.

Georgie's responses appear studied; as if slightly rehearsed.

GEORGIE

You just throw yourself into
your work and get on with
things the best you can.

Georgie avoids Emma's scrutinising gaze.

EMMA

Would you say you're good at
compartmentalising your feelings?

GEORGIE

What does that mean?

EMMA

It's a way of coping. You
put things to the back of
your mind until you're
ready to deal with them.

GEORGIE

I suppose. There's not much
time for anything in my job.

EMMA

The problem is there's only so
long you can keep those feelings
locked away. It's a bit like
trying to close a door in a storm.

GEORGIE

I'm from Manchester. We're
used to bad weather.

On Georgie. Determined not to show any weakness.

12 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. DETENTION FACILITY - DAY**

12

Dr Antonio puts his security pass against the fob before
the gate opens. He makes his way into the detention
centre before heading over to one of the guards.

ANTONIO

I've been asked to examine Aatan Omar.

Dr Antonio follows the guard towards one of the cell doors.
He looks through the bars before unlocking the door.

13 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. OMAR'S CELL - DAY**

13

A bruised and battered Omar sits on his bed as an
apprehensive Dr Antonio makes his way into the dank cell.

ANTONIO

I'm Dr Antonio from the US Army.

Omar just stares at him. There's something chilling about his
expressionless face. Dr Antonio's slightly unnerved.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I've been asked to give you a
physical examination to
determine whether you're fit to
continue to be interrogated.

Antonio reaches into his medical bag for his ophthalmoscope.
He checks his eyes but not even the bright light provokes a
reaction from Omar. Antonio's unnerved slightly.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I need you to tell me if you
feel any discomfort.

Antonio begins to strategically work his way down his body.
Omar gives nothing away until Antonio reaches his lower
abdomen. He suddenly winces in pain.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
Have you experienced any
nausea or vomiting?

Nothing. A reluctant Antonio begins to pack up his medical bag.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
I think we'll need to bring you in
and get that looked at. Guard...

The Guard appears at the door. A slightly unnerved Antonio takes one last look at Omar before following him out of the cell.

14 INT. KABUL BARRACKS. PSYCH ASSESSMENT ROOM - DAY

14

Georgie and Emma sit in silence. Georgie watches Emma sift through her notes before she finally looks up.

EMMA
Tell me about Captain Elvis Harte.

Georgie visibly bristles.

EMMA (CONT'D)
He was your fiancé I believe?

It takes all of Georgie's strength to keep it together.

GEORGIE
Briefly. He was killed on an
operation here in Kabul.

EMMA
You must have been devastated?

Georgie refuses to let her mask slip.

GEORGIE
I was at the time. But like
anything... you just get on with it.

Georgie holds her gaze. She's determined to make her point. *

GEORGIE (CONT'D) *
It's not like there hasn't been *
other people since. Well, one *
anyway. Captain James... *

Georgie considers this for a moment. *

GEORGIE (CONT'D) *
He was probably a bit of a rebound, *
but at least I was moving on. *

EMMA *
It's not always that easy though, is it? *

GEORGIE

It's the way I was brought up. You
dust yourself down and get on,
don't you? I get that from my Nan.

Emma consults her notes.

EMMA

And that's why you chose not
to take leave?

GEORGIE

I didn't think I needed to. And besides... I made a promise to the rest of the section that we'd stay together.

Emma makes a note of this.

EMMA

But even so. Coming back to Afghanistan. That must have stirred up memories for you...

GEORGIE

(clipped)

I'm here to do a job. I don't allow time for distractions.

A steely Georgie holds her gaze. It's stalemate. Emma glances at the clock before offering Georgie a disarming smile.

EMMA

Right. I think we've probably got as far as we're going to get today.

GEORGIE

They think I've got PTSD, don't they?

EMMA

Not necessarily. But let's not rule anything out at this stage.

GEORGIE

What do you think?

EMMA

I think we should continue with our assessment tomorrow.

An unsettled Georgie's about to make her way out, when...

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's funny. I've been a serving officer for nearly 12 years. And I still can't stand the sight of blood.

GEORGIE

It's just as well you're not a medic.

EMMA

(throwaway)

Just out of interest. If you were tending to a deep cut... How would you go about treating it?

GEORGIE

I'd make sure the wound was
clean and then I'd ascertain
whether it needed stitches or
just an antiseptic gauze.

EMMA

Why not just leave it to the elements?

Georgie knows exactly where this is going.

GEORGIE

Because it might get infected.

EMMA

And the wound would fester?

GEORGIE

(reluctant)

I suppose.

EMMA

Then it's rather like grief. Treat
it and you can begin to heal...
But leave it untouched and it can
start to do some real damage.

A reflective Georgie's given food for thought as she turns
and makes her way out of Emma's office.

15

INT. KABUL BARRACKS, MEN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

15

A freshly showered Throbber makes his way into the men's
quarters with his towel and wash bag. He's oblivious to Kingy
stood with Prof, Cheese and Monk.

THROBBER

I swear I just saw Omar down
by the vending machine. But
what sort of warlord eats
prawn cocktail... (CRISPS?)

Throbber stops in his tracks.

THROBBER (CONT'D)

Colour.

KINGY

The Brigadier thinks the Afghan
Army are a fucking shambles. So
it's down to us to roll up our
sleeves and turn these grunts into
soldiers. Is that understood?

ALL

Colour.

KINGY

It's not long before they're going to be operating without us. So I don't want any more soft soaping... It's time to grab them by the balls and start knocking them into shape.

THROBBER

You can count on us, Colour.

KINGY

Thank you, Throbber. I'll sleep soundly in my bunk knowing they've got you as their mentor.

CHEESE

(of Throbber)

Talk about the blind leading the blind.

Monk bristles slightly. Throbber's oblivious.

KINGY

Now get some scoff inside you. I want you in full kit and out on the training field at 0600 hours.

They watch as Kingy makes his way out.

CHEESE

How come it's down to us to sort out the Afghans? It's not our fault they're all shit.

PROF

Come on. We all know the life expectancy of an Afghan soldier... Least we can do is make sure they're at the top of their game.

Monk, Cheese and Prof start to make their way out.

PROF (CONT'D)

(to Throbber)

You coming for some scoff?

Throbber holds up Prof's copy of *Mrs Dalloway*.

THROBBER

I'm going to stay and read for a bit.

PROF

What... Virginia Woolf?

THROBBER

(pointing to his namebadge)

No relation.

PROF
I didn't have you down as a
fan of feminist literature.

THROBBER
Huh?

Throbber looks at the cover.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
I bet that Mrs Dalloway's
a right dirty bitch.

PROF
And he's back in the room.

Throbber waits for a bemused Cheese, Monk and Prof to make their way out before getting up from his bed. He makes a beeline for his locker before checking the coast is clear.

It's only when he opens his locker door that we reveal a pile of turkey sausages salvaged from breakfast. Throbber stuffs them in his pocket before hurrying out. But where is he going?

16 **EXT. KABUL BARRACKS, KENNELS - NIGHT**

16

Throbber hurries past an expanse of outbuildings before checking the coast is clear. He then makes his way into a small metal shelter - an entire side of which is made up of metal cages.

Throbber walks over to the final cage before getting down on his knees to greet a lone military dog curled up on the floor. There's a dressing on his injured leg.

THROBBER
Hello, boy. Told you I'd come
back and see you, didn't I?

Throbber makes a fuss of the dog. He laps up the attention.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
Got a little something for you here.

Throbber goes into his pocket before pulling out the turkey sausages. He smiles as the dog starts scoffing them.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
I know you're missing your mates
but at least you got Throbber, eh?

MONK (O.S.)
You've been sneaking off to
feed some dog?

A startled Throbber turns to find Monk, Cheese and Prof staring at him from the doorway. He's immediately self-conscious.

THROBBER

He's injured, in't he? And he's
out here on his own, poor fella.

MONK

How long have you been feeding him?

THROBBER

About a week. He could be dying
and no one here gives a shit.

PROF

What is it with you, Throbber?
Willy Wonka one week... Doctor
Dolittle the next.

MONK

You've got more important
things to be worrying about
than some fucking mutt.

THROBBER

He can understand you, you know.

A bemused Monk looks at Prof and Cheese.

THROBBER (CONT'D)

He's got feelings just like we have.
I swear if this was my Mitzy...

MONK

Hang on. I thought Mitzy was
some girl you were knocking
off back in Wolverhampton!?

THROBBER

(oblivious)
She's a Pitbull cross.

MONK

There was me thinking you were
the Black Country's answer to
Harry Styles. Turns out he gets
a stalk-on watching Lassie.

THROBBER

Fuck off, Monk.

A furious Throbber pushes past him. Cheese sees an
opportunity to ingratiate himself with Throbber.

CHEESE

I got a mate in the dog
handling division. Why don't I
ask him if he knows something?

A flash of guilt from Monk.

THROBBER
Nice one, Cheese. It's good to
know someone's got my back.

PROF
Now let's get out of here. Or
your mate won't be the only one
missing his balls.

As the lads follow Prof out of the kennels.

17 **EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. COURTYARD - NIGHT**

17

Cheese, Throbber, Prof and Monk make their way towards the
barracks. Throbber spots Georgie in the distance.

THROBBER
Lane. I thought they'd
have locked you up by now?

GEORGIE
No such luck, Throbber.

They catch up with Georgie.

MONK
(wry)
You sure you're even allowed to
talk to us? What if the Americans
have got eyes on you now?

PROF
She's not Deep Throat, Monk.

THROBBER
You dirty dog, Prof!

A confused Prof looks at him.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
There was this girl I knew in
Wolverhampton. She could...

PROF
I'm talking about whistleblowers,
Throbber. President Nixon? Watergate...

THROBBER
She could do that an all.

Throbber, Cheese and Monk walk ahead. Prof holds back.

GEORGIE
So what have I missed?

PROF
Kinky and the boss got a
bollocking from the brig.

GEORGIE
Did anyone ask after me?

PROF
'Course they did. It's shit out
there without you, Georgie.

GEORGIE
You might have to get used to it.

PROF
What're you saying?

Prof studies her for a moment. A flash of fear in his face.

PROF (CONT'D)
This is just temporary, isn't it?

GEORGIE
It's not my decision.

PROF
Listen. I know it's a bit
messed up but maybe it'll do
you good to talk to someone.

GEORGIE
How do you mean?

PROF
No one's invincible,
Georgie. There's no shame in
admitting you need help.

GEORGIE
Not you as well.

A panicked Prof tries to backtrack. He grabs her.

PROF
I'm just saying you've been
through a lot, that's all.

GEORGIE
So you think I'm crazy too?

PROF
No. Of course I don't!

A furious Georgie starts to walk off.

PROF (CONT'D)
(shouts after her)
Georgie...

But she's already gone. On a frustrated Prof.

18 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. FEMALE QUARTERS - NIGHT** 18

Georgie gets into bed. She looks across at Mimi who's fast asleep in her bunk before instinctively reaching for Elvis' ring on the necklace around her neck. She looks up at the ceiling, her mind racing. Is everyone right about her?

19 **EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. TRAINING AREA - DAY** 19

The following morning. 2 Section and the recruits from the ANA have gathered at a fake compound used for training exercises. Sandy and Kingy are exchanging notes with the Afghan leader whilst Throbber makes a beeline for Prof, Monk and Cheese.

An ostracised Mimi watches from the sidelines. Cheese enjoys making it look as if they're talking about her.

THROBBER

Did you talk to your mate about the dog?

CHEESE

Yeah. He's called Flash.

THROBBER

That's a boss name!

CHEESE

Reckons he was shot by the Taliban whilst out on patrol.

THROBBER

Bastards.

A troubled Throbber studies Cheese for a moment.

THROBBER (CONT'D)

He's gonna be alright though, isn't he? A few weeks rest and he'll be fighting fit.

CHEESE

My mate says he's pork pied.

MONK

What does that mean?

CHEESE

I don't know. Mince meat I guess... off to doggy heaven.

THROBBER

You mean they're gonna put him down?

Throbber tries to process this. The lads feel bad.

THROBBER (CONT'D)

But he was injured in the line of duty...

They're oblivious to Sandy approaching. Throbber's gutted.

SANDY

For this training exercise,
intelligence suggests an
insurgent is currently lying
low in this disused building.

As all eyes turn to Kingy and Sandy.

20

INT. KABUL BARRACKS. DISUSED COMPOUND - DAY

20

Monk lifts open the shutters before storming inside. Rabee,
Cheese and Poya following behind.

KINGY (V.O.)

Your job is to systematically
search each room, shouting 'clear'
if the room is empty of target.

Monk and Rabee pair up as they crash through the first door.
Rabee takes one corner of the room whilst Monk takes the other.

MONK

Clear.

KINGY (V.O.)

Make sure you have eyes on each other
throughout in case of enemy approach.
And listen to your British mentor.

Poya locks eyes with Cheese.

KINGY (V.O.)

Always remember you're working
for the soldier next to you
and not for yourselves.

CHEESE

(at Poya)

Oi, Biggerlugs. Are you with us not?

Cheese decides to take the lead. He passes in front of Poya.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake. If you want a
job doing... Eyes on me.

Cheese kicks open the door to be met by a sea of thick smoke.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

CS gas has been released. Grab your mask.

Cheese goes to grab the respirator mask left out for them but Poya begins to lose his footing in the haze of smoke.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
What part of 'eyes on' do you
not fucking understand?

Poya eventually battles his way through the billowing smoke before looking down at the floor for his gas mask. Cheese watches him struggling before kicking the mask out of reach.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
I said locate your mask, Cadet.

But the smoke has already begun to engulf a choking Poya.

21 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. DISUSED COMPOUND - DAY**

21

Rabee kicks down the door to reveal an empty room with an old wardrobe in the corner. Monk has his weapon poised as Rabee slowly makes his way over to the wardrobe. He gently prises open the door to find the 'suspect' hidden inside.

RABEE
Hands up. Hands up...

The 'suspect' is compliant as Rabee begins to search him.

MONK
Nice one, Rabee.
(into radio)
Suspect located.

Monk begins to survey the room.

MONK (CONT'D)
Where the hell is Cheese?

Go with Monk as he heads back into the corridor to find Cheese stood over Poya who's now bent double, choking on the fumes.

MONK (CONT'D)
(into radio)
We need a medic.

As Monk races to locate Poya's respirator.

22 **EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. TRAINING AREA - DAY**

22

Intercut with Kingy as he motions for Throbber, Mimi, Zarek and Prof to enter the building as back-up.

KINGY
Prepare to move. Move...

23 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. DISUSED COMPOUND - DAY**

23

Monk, Cheese and Rabee are stood over Poya as he continues to take deep breaths into his respirator.

MONK
Deep breaths, yeah?
(to Cheese)
What the fuck was he doing
without a mask?

CHEESE
I don't know. I just found him like this.

The smoke in the building has finally started to subside as Mimi, Prof, Zarek and Throbber make their way towards them.

MIMI
What's happened? What's wrong with Poya?

MONK
He wasn't wearing a mask.

POYA
I couldn't find it.

Poya takes the mask away. His eyes are beginning to sting.

POYA (CONT'D)
My eyes are burning.

Mimi reaches for her water bottle before beginning to pour it into his eyes. Cheese feigns concern as he looks on.

MONK
Let's just bag and tag the suspect -
and get the hell out of here.

Rabee nods at Monk before heading off to retrieve the suspect. Stay with Cheese, Throbber, Monk, Mimi and Poya.

MIMI
The first sting's always the worst.

CHEESE
Don't worry, mate. It
happens to the best of us.

Poya doesn't take his eyes off Cheese. It unnerves him slightly.

RABEE (O.S.)
Guys. We've got a problem...

They turn to find Rabee in the doorway of the empty room.

RABEE (CONT'D)
He's gone.

24

EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. TRAINING AREA - DAY

24

A sheepish 2 Section and the Afghan soldiers make their way out of the disused building to find an unimpressed Sandy and Kingy stood with the suspect in question. Cheese makes a point of assisting Poya who's still struggling with his eyes.

KINGY
What the hell happened?

CHEESE
He must've panicked, Colour. Got disorientated putting on his mask.

POYA
(defiant)
I didn't panic.

Off Monk's reaction.

KINGY
If you're given an instruction, cadet, you follow. Understood?

POYA
Colour.

KINGY
Saunders. Take Poya to the medical facility for a check up.

Mimi goes to follow Poya.

CHEESE
(shouts after him)
You can thank me later.

Cheese watches them walk off. All eyes back to Kingy and Sandy.

KINGY
I think it's safe to say that was a fucking dog's dinner. I want you all in positions ready to start again.

2 Section and the ANA get into position. Kingy's left with Sandy.

SANDY
Maybe the Brig had a point.

On an exasperated Sandy.

25

INT. KABUL BARRACKS. PSYCH ASSESSMENT ROOM - DAY

25

A bored Georgie waits in silence as Emma makes notes in her file. She looks around the room for a moment before clocking a framed picture of Emma and her partner, Sally.

GEORGIE
Is this your partner?

EMMA
Sally.

An intrigued Georgie makes her way over to the picture. She stares at the photo before breaking into a tentative smile.

GEORGIE
My mum and dad met when they were fourteen. He was on his way home from the boxing club when he saw her coming round the corner on her new Chopper. 'Course Mum being the klutz she is goes and mounts the kerb... ends up flying into the road. Dad ran over to check she was alright and ended up carrying her all the way home. Mum on one shoulder; her bashed up bike on the other. And that was it... they've been together ever since.

Emma looks up at her.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Thirty one years later and they still act like a couple of teenagers.

EMMA
That's a pretty tough act to follow.

Georgie's face says it all. She sits back down opposite Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Tell me about Elvis, Georgie.

GEORGIE
What do you want to know?

EMMA
I don't know. What's one residing memory you have of him?

Georgie instinctively goes to pull down the shutters.

GEORGIE
I can't think of anything. Not off the top of my head.

EMMA
You don't like talking about him, do you?

GEORGIE
Not particularly.

EMMA
Why is that?

GEORGIE
Because no good ever comes
from dragging up the past.

Emma smiles. She tries a different approach.

EMMA
Tell me about the day he died.

Georgie visibly bristles. It hurts to relive it.

GEORGIE
It was a radio controlled IED.
Omar had it wired to a mobile.

EMMA
Omar?

GEORGIE
Aatan Omar. He's a Taliban warlord
currently detained here at the
barracks. He planted the bomb.

Georgie seems detached almost matter of fact in her delivery.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
I tried to administer first aid but it
was too late. Elvis was already dead.

FLASH/CUT to Georgie as she races over to Elvis' scorched body.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
It's just as well I didn't put
down a deposit on the dress.

EMMA
You do that a lot. Use humour as
a defence mechanism.

GEORGIE
I told you I'm Manc. It's in our DNA.

Georgie struggles under Emma's scrutinising gaze.

EMMA
It must make you angry? All
those plans you made together.
Gone... in the blink of an eye.

GEORGIE
Elvis knew the risks when he signed up.

EMMA
But what about you?

Georgie's clearly uncomfortable talking about herself.

GEORGIE

Being angry doesn't get you anywhere.

EMMA

You don't think you would have benefited from a leave of absence?

GEORGIE

I'm not sure what good sitting around feeling sorry for myself would do. My family have got enough to worry about.

EMMA

It would have given you time to grieve, Georgie. Because believe it or not, it doesn't fall into some convenient schedule.

Georgie's pulled up.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Seems to me you're a rock to your colleagues and family. But who's there to hold you up?

Georgie looks down at her feet. She's visibly uncomfortable.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You can't be everything to everybody. At some point, something's got to give.

GEORGIE

Do you mind if we stop for today? I've got a splitting headache.

EMMA

Of course.

A flustered Georgie makes to leave. She's about to walk out of Emma's office when she suddenly stops in the doorway.

GEORGIE

He used to sleep with his arm under my pillow. Said he'd always be there if I fall.

Georgie turns to look at her. The mask finally slips.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

(simply)
But he isn't, is he?

Go with a resigned Georgie as she turns and makes her way out of the office. It takes all the strength she has not to cry.

26

EXT. KABUL BARRACKS, KENNELS - DAY

26

A furtive Throbber checks the coast is clear before making his way into the kennels. He walks past the row of empty cages to find his dog sat waiting for him. Throbber gets down on his knees before giving him another treat he's salvaged.

THROBBER
I heard you took on the Taliban
singlehanded. Boss little
solider, ain't you?

Throbber watches as the dog rolls onto his back.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
You've gotta promise me you'll
be a big brave boy, you hear?

Throbber chokes up.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
Because when you're up there...
you can have all the sausages
you can eat. There'll be
rabbits too. And no one's gonna
bollock you if you chase 'em.

Throbber gets up. His heart breaks for the dog.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
You look after yourself, yeah?

A heartbroken Throbber is on his way out of the kennels when he suddenly stops in his tracks. He looks back to find the dog staring at him with sad eyes. On a conflicted Throbber.

27

INT. KABUL BARRACKS. CORRIDOR - DUSK

27

It's later that evening. A shattered Georgie's on her way back from the ablution block when Kingy runs up behind her.

KINGY
Georgie. Wait up...

A reluctant Georgie stops.

KINGY (CONT'D)
How did you get on?

GEORGIE
They haven't discharged me yet.

KINGY
We could have done with you
on the exercise today.

GEORGIE
Maybe you should've fought
harder for me then.

KINGY
That's below the belt.

GEORGIE
So did you fight my corner
with the Brig or not?

KINGY
You're in my chain of command,
Georgie. You know I can't
discuss this with you.

Georgie shakes her head. She's got her answer.

GEORGIE
You're also my friend, Kingy.
At least I thought you were.

KINGY
Georgie...

GEORGIE
If I get sent home... That's it for us.

On a frustrated Kingy as he watches her walk off.

28 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. MEN'S QUARTERS - DUSK**

28

A distracted Monk's trying to get a signal on his iPad
as he makes his way into the men's quarters.

MONK
Who's used up all the Wifi? If this
is you looking up porn again...
(THROBBER)

But Throbber's not listening. His eyes are on the next bed.

MONK (CONT'D)
Earth to Throbber...

THROBBER
Huh?

Monk follows Throbber's eyeline. It appears to be a scrunched
up blanket under the bed. It starts to move slightly.

MONK
What the fuck is that?

THROBBER
I don't see nothing.

MONK

There's something moving under that bed.

Throbber has to think on his feet.

THROBBER

Maybe it's an insurgent?

MONK

You seen many midgets in the Taliban?

Monk walks slowly towards the bunk. Throbber knows the game is up as he watches Monk get down on his hands and knees before staring at the big lump concealed by a blanket.

We go to the dog's POV as the blanket is whipped off to reveal a furious Monk staring back at him, nose to nose.

MONK (CONT'D)

What the hell have you done, Throbber?

29

INT. KABUL BARRACKS. MEN'S QUARTERS - DUSK

29

A few moments later. Mimi, Monk, Cheese and Prof have gathered around a hapless Throbber and the dog.

THROBBER

I wasn't just gonna leave him there to die, was I?

CHEESE

So what were you planning to do? Tie him up under Colour's desk?

THROBBER

I hadn't thought that far ahead.

MONK

That's you all over that is.

MIMI

Don't be tight, Monk. His heart was in the right place.

Mimi makes a fuss of the dog.

MONK

Last time you screwed up, we were all up to our necks in shit.

PROF

You could get kicked out for this. You know that, don't you?

THROBBER

That's something I'll have to live with.

PROF
(thrown)
You'd do that for a dog?

THROBBER
I'd do that for any of my mates.

A frustrated Monk's heard enough.

MONK
Right, that's it. I'm taking
him back to the kennels.

Monk goes to grab the dog's collar but Throbber blocks him.

THROBBER
You can't!

PROF
Throbber...

THROBBER
Don't you think we've seen
enough death on this tour?

Monk stops in his tracks. The mention of Fingers reverberates
around the room. A moved Monk locks eyes with Prof.

THROBBER (CONT'D)
Please, Monk. I'm begging you.

All eyes turn to Monk. He buckles under the strain.

MONK
I need my head bloody testing.

CHEESE
You serious?

MONK
It's either that or see him
get kicked out.

A delighted Throbber makes a fuss of the dog.

THROBBER
You hear that boy? You're part
of 2 Section now.

30 **EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. SHED - DUSK**

30

A reluctant Monk and Cheese are on lookout with the dog whilst
Throbber arranges an old blanket on the floor of a shed.

MONK
This is just temporary. You
know that, don't you?

THROBBER

So where do we take him after this?

MONK

Me!? I've done my bit.

THROBBER

I need you to stay here until I
come back for you, alright? And
remember: eyes 360 throughout.

CHEESE

Like he understands you, you muppet.

THROBBER

He's cleverer than he looks.

CHEESE

He's cleverer than you that's for sure.

Monk struggles to hide his growing irritation with Cheese as
a reluctant Throbber locks the door to the shed.

31 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. MEDICAL ROOM - DUSK**

31

Georgie opens the store and is disappointed to find everything
as tidy as she left it. She's all set to start sorting through
it *again* when she finally comes to her senses. A fired up
Georgie slams the store door before walking off with purpose.

32 **INT. ROLE THREE HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

32

Georgie crashes into Role Three to find Dr Antonio finishing
his rounds. The ward's relatively quiet.

ANTONIO

Sergeant Lane. Just when my
evening was starting to drag.

GEORGIE

I need something to do.
Anything... I'll even tidy up your
supplies cupboard if you like.

ANTONIO

Is it really that bad?

GEORGIE

I had to stop myself putting my
pills in colour order.

An amused Dr Antonio pulls back a curtain to reveal a US
soldier with a laceration to his leg.

ANTONIO

This one got into an altercation
with some barbed wire... it'll
need cleaning and suturing.

GEORGIE

Thank you!

ANTONIO

(to the US soldier)
Who needs flowers when a deep
laceration does the job?

Dr Antonio goes to follow Georgie as she starts to prepare
the necessary suturing equipment.

GEORGIE

I really do appreciate it.

ANTONIO

Stick around. There's plenty
more where he came from.

GEORGIE

I didn't mean that. You've
been a real mate to me here.

Georgie holds his gaze. A flicker between them.

ANTONIO

Yeah, well. Maybe one day I'll
get to call in that favour.

Antonio smiles as Georgie sets to work on suturing the
American's wound. She's conscious of him watching her.

GEORGIE

(fishing)
You seem to know your way round a
psych assessment.

ANTONIO

That's because I'm American. We
like nothing more than to talk.

GEORGIE

And I'm a Manc. There's nothing we
can't fix with a cup of tea and a
hobnob.

ANTONIO

I take it it didn't go well?

GEORGIE

(introspective)
I just don't see the point of going
over everything again.

ANTONIO
Anything you want to share?

GEORGIE
Not unless you got a packet of
biscuits in that drawer.

Antonio knows better than to press her further. He smiles.

ANTONIO
So am I ever going to get a tour of
Manchester? Assuming my liver can
take it.

GEORGIE
You wouldn't stand a chance.

ANTONIO
You worried your mother wouldn't
approve?

GEORGIE
If I brought a doctor home for tea?
She'd be on the phone booking the
church.

Antonio grins. Georgie feels the need to prick his ego.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
That's until she found out you were
military.

ANTONIO
She wouldn't like that?

GEORGIE
(sadly)
Been there; bought the t-shirt.

They're interrupted by a trolley being pushed into
theatre. Georgie doesn't immediately notice the patient
who is flanked by two guards and a nurse.

NURSE
Your patient's here for his x-ray.

ANTONIO
Some warning might've been nice.

GEORGIE
What have we got?

An intrigued Georgie goes to follow Antonio before suddenly
stopping in her tracks. It's Omar staring back at her.

ANTONIO
I think it's best you leave.

Georgie can't take her eyes off him.

GEORGIE
What's he doing here?

ANTONIO
A suspected internal
rupture. Now, Sergeant Lane.

A stunned Georgie backs out of the room, barely taking her eyes off Omar as she goes. She watches the door swing behind her before suddenly gasping for breath. It's floored her.

33 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. MEN'S QUARTERS - DAWN** 33

Everyone's fast asleep when the lights are suddenly turned on. The bleary eyed boys look up to find Kingy in the doorway.

KINGY
Full kit. Twenty minutes.

34 **EXT. KABUL BARRACKS - DAWN** 34

SANDY (V.O.)
This morning at 0600 hours, we will be
launching Operation Strike Op Cobra.

Various vehicles are being loaded up by 2 Section and the ANA whilst the remaining platoon check their kit and weapons.

Poya watches Cheese laughing with Throbber and the lads. Cheese makes a point of catching his eye before smiling.

SANDY (V.O.)
Intelligence suggests two
suspects are responsible for
cultivating bombs in the back
room of a laundry in the Ka
Faroshi district of Kabul.

As the platoon begin to embark their respective vehicles.

SANDY (V.O.)
There's every likelihood they
intend to strike at next week's
election. Our job is to locate and
extract the suspects in question.

Cheese sneaks up behind an unsuspecting Mimi. He follows her gaze to Georgie who's watching in the distance. She smiles tentatively at Mimi before giving her the thumbs up.

CHEESE
Stabilisers are well and truly off,
Saunders. You better not mess this up.

A terrified Mimi watches as Cheese disappears into the vehicle, before reluctantly following behind.

Go to an envious Georgie, still stood at the sidelines. She watches the vehicle pull away, her mind racing.

She eventually turns and starts walking back towards the barracks with purpose; determined to be part of the action.

35

EXT/INT. KABUL/ARMoured VEHICLE - DAY

35

Sandy, Kingy, Throbber, Prof, Rabee, Cheese, Poya and Mimi are in the back of the armoured vehicle. The rest of the Afghan Platoon and Team Cobra are in the other vehicle.

CHEESE

You heard the latest,
Throbber? Apparently the
Americans are thinking about
sending Omar to Wolverhampton.

THROBBER

He wouldn't be the first. We got an
Afghan warlord in our chicken shop.

The boys crack up.

THROBBER (CONT'D)

It's true. Mental Malek they
call him. He once put a lad's
hand in the deep fat fryer.

PROF

(at Rabee)

I'm sorry. Turns out Throbber missed
the cultural sensitivity class.

THROBBER

(to Prof)

What?

Throbber gets the wrong end of the stick.

THROBBER (CONT'D)

(to Rabee)

You know him?

There's a sharp intake of breath. Is it about to kick off again?

RABEE

Know him? He's my cousin.

The lads all crack up. Throbber and Rabee fist pump.

MONK

Not really a laughing matter, is it?

Throbber feels bad. A distracted Cheese is too busy
eyeballing a sullen Poya who's sat next to Mimi.

CHEESE

Check out the mood hoover over
there. Crack a smile, mate.

MIMI

(aside, to Poya)

Just ignore him.

Mimi and Poya continue to talk in whispers.

POYA
That's easy for you to say. I'm
sick of you British.

MIMI
Don't have a pop at me. I'm
not the bad guy here.

POYA
You lot are all the same. You don't
care what devastation you bring.

A concerned Rabee looks across at Poya.

MIMI
That's not fair. We're here to help you.

POYA
Who do you think killed the most
civilians in the last year?
Because it wasn't the Taliban.

Mimi struggles to hide her hurt as Sandy pipes up.

SANDY
Right, guys. The objective of this
operation is to move fast and get out
of there as quickly as possible.

35A **INT. KABUL BARRACKS, O/S COMMS ROOM - DAY**

35A

A fired-up Georgie is in the midst of a heated conversation
outside the comms room with an N/S soldier.

GEORGIE
I don't care if I need permission.
My platoon are out on a raid...
I've got a right to know how
they're getting on, haven't I?
(beat)
Please.

The N/S soldier reluctantly steps aside.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

As a relieved Georgie makes her way into the comms room.

36 **EXT. KABUL. MARKET PLACE - DAY**

36

SANDY (V.O.)

This is a thriving market... If the enemy have eyes on we need to make sure we are not static and can react to any changes to the threat level... So I need you to be alert at all times.

The army vehicles pull up in a side street adjacent to the busy market area. Stalls and livestock take up much of the street as locals go about their everyday business. We pick up on an old man selling melons from a market stall.

SANDY (V.O.)

In a fire support role, Team Oscar: Myself, Monk, Rabee, Prof and Zarek.

Monk, Rabee, Prof, Sandy and Zarek are the first to disembark as they get themselves in position.

SANDY (V.O.)

In a medical support role, Private Saunders and Poya.

(MORE)

SANDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Cheese and Throbber... I need you to
secure the end of the street. No one
in or out.

Time is of the essence as Mimi, Throbber, Cheese, Poya and the rest of 2 Section emerge before positioning themselves at various points on the street. Kingy and the rest of the fire team await further instruction from the armoured vehicle.

It's a breathless moment until Sandy gives them the signal. As Monk, Rabee, Sandy, Zarek and Prof burst through the doors.

37 INT. KABUL. PRECINCT OF SHOPS - DAY 37

The door flies open to reveal a group of screaming women in a laundry room. Monk puts his fingers to his lips to silence the women before surveying the room for potential traps. Sandy, Rabee, Zarek and Prof have eyes on him throughout.

38 INT. KABUL BARRACKS. COMMS ROOM - DAY 38

We pick up on a tense Georgie in the comms room with a technician as she listens to the raid on a headset. She catches the tail end of the women's screams.

MONK (V.O.)
Clear.

An overwhelmed Georgie breathes a sigh of relief. For now.

39 EXT. KABUL. MARKET PLACE - DAY 39

A crowd has started to gather in the street outside the shops. A focussed Cheese has eyes 360 as he forms a human barrier at the end of the street. He's loving the authority.

CHEESE
I need you all to stay back.

The old man from the melon stall pushes his way through the crowd, desperate to get to his wife in the laundry.

OLD MAN
(in Pashto)
My wife's inside.

CHEESE
Nobody's getting through.

But the old man refuses to give up. He waits a moment before trying again. This time, Cheese pushes him back.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
Do you not fucking understand
me? I told you to stay back.

The frustrated old man takes a step back. In the background, Throbber, Poya and Mimi have been alerted to the fracas.

MIMI

Can everyone just stay calm?

Poya remains stationed outside the building as Mimi and Throbber go and assist Cheese who's badly outnumbered by the crowd.

40 **INT. KABUL. PRECINCT OF SHOPS - DAY**

40

Sandy, Monk, Rabee, Prof and Zarek make their way down the long corridor, keeping security 360 degrees at all times. Sandy nods to the lone door at the end of the corridor as they approach in absolute silence. He examines it for a moment.

SANDY

(sotto)

It's reinforced. We're going to have to detonate.

Monk pulls out a detonator before attaching it to the door. They all take a step back.

MONK

(in radio)

Breach prepare... Breaching now in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

As the detonator explodes...

40A **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. COMMS ROOM - DAY**

40A

Georgie physically recoils as she hears the explosion. We sense her growing unease. It's torture not being there.

41 **EXT. KABUL. MARKET PLACE - DAY**

41

The sound of the explosion reverberates down the street as the desperate old man tries to duck under Cheese's arm in a last ditch attempt to get to his wife.

CHEESE

I told you to stay back!

Cheese strikes the old man with the end of his rifle. A woman in the crowd screams as the old man falls to the floor, his face covered in blood. Cheese looks up to find a horrified Throbber and Mimi staring back at him.

42 **INT. KABUL. PRECINCT OF SHOPS - DAY**

42

Monk, Sandy, Rabee, Prof and Zarek burst through the door.

MONK
Hands up, hands up...

But the room's empty. A lone soldering iron burns on the table as they continue to scan the room.

SANDY
Don't touch anything.

Prof walks slowly towards the window before noticing something on the table. It's a suicide vest.

PROF
Sir...

Sandy makes his way over. Every step he takes reverberates around the room. Zarek and Rabee have eyes on him throughout.

PROF (CONT'D)
They must have legged it out the back.

MONK
For fuck's sake.

SANDY
(in radio)
Hello zero, this is one zero
alpha, all rooms cleared.
Bomb making factory found...
suspects gone, out.

43 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. COMMS ROOM - DAY**

43

KINGY (V.O.)
Need you to withdraw and head back
to location, over.

A breathless Georgie rips off the headset before getting up out of her chair. The tension's unbearable.

As she makes her way out of the comms room...

44 **EXT. KABUL. MARKET PLACE - DAY**

44

Mimi and Poya tend to the old man who appears dazed and is bleeding profusely from a wound on the top of his head. Cheese and Throbber observe at a safe distance.

MIMI
What the hell were you doing?

CHEESE
I kept telling him to stay back.
What was I supposed to do? Let
some random screw up the raid?

MIMI
(to the old man)
Can you hear me?

The old man starts to murmur something. Mimi's dressing the wound on his head as Kingy pushes his way through the crowd.

KINGY
You need to patch him up and
return to the vehicle. The
Afghan Police and bomb disposal
can deal with the fallout.

MIMI
But Colour...

KINGY
Now Saunders. Before this situation
starts to spiral out of control.

Cheese and an uneasy Throbber go to follow Kingy.

MIMI
(to Poya)
Will you tell him to get that cut
on his head checked out?

Poya relays this to the old man in Pashto.

POYA
(in Pashto)
You need to go to a hospital.

OLD MAN
(in Pashto)
But my wife...

The man seems disorientated as if trying to get his bearings.

KINGY
Now Medic...

MIMI
I can't leave him, Colour. I
have a duty of care.

KINGY
And I have a duty of care to save
your arse, Private Saunders.

MIMI
Then you'll have to go without me.

A conflicted Kingy looks at Mimi and then back at the van.

KINGY
(in radio)
Zero, this is one zero alpha, request
from one zero alpha for casevac,
request for ambulance, serious
civilian casualty, out.

Kingy looks across at Mimi who has bent down to the old
man's level before checking his vital signs.

MIMI
I need you to follow my finger.
Can you do that for me?

Poya relays this to the old man in Pashto.

POYA
(in Pashto)
Look at her. Listen to what she's saying.

OLD MAN
(in Pashto)
It's her heart. She needs ne.

Poya watches a concerned Mimi as she checks his pulse.

MIMI
What's he saying?

POYA
I don't know. He's not making much
sense. Something about his wife...

MIMI
Ask him his name and what
year he was born.

The old man starts to murmur something before his eyes start
to get heavy. Mimi starts to gently slap him across the face.

MIMI (CONT'D)
I need you to stay with me.

She looks across at Kingy who's assessing the crowds.

MIMI (CONT'D)
We don't have time to wait for
an ambulance. We need to get
him to the hospital now.

KINGY
We follow procedure, Medic.

MIMI
He could have a bleed on the brain.
I'm not leaving him here to die.

A frustrated Kingy motions in the direction of local forces.
Mimi steps aside as several officers rush to his aid.

45 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. PSYCH ASSESSMENT ROOM - DAY** 45

Emma walks into her office and is surprised to find Georgie waiting for her. She seems tense as if spoiling for a fight.

 GEORGIE
I've just listened in on the
operation. We put our lives
on the line every day
because of people like him.

 EMMA
Who are you talking about?

 GEORGIE
Omar. He's over in Role Three
getting waited on hand and
foot by a team of nurses.

Emma holds back. She lets Georgie find her own pace.

 GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Is that what we do for warlords
now? Give them a sticker for
being a good patient?

A manic Georgie gets up. She starts to pace the room.

 GEORGIE (CONT'D)
You asked me why I came back to
Afghanistan. It's because this place...
it's all I've got left of Elvis.
I told myself I was back here
because I was needed but that was
a lie. I had to be here... I know
it sounds stupid but this is the
only place I feel close to him.

 EMMA
It doesn't sound stupid.

 GEORGIE
But all I keep seeing is that
explosion. It's like it keeps
playing on this loop in my head.
I see myself running but I'm not
quick enough. Maybe if I'd got
to him sooner...

 EMMA
Elvis died as a result of the
blast, Georgie. There was
nothing you could do.

GEORGIE

He shouldn't have even been up there. They lured him into a trap.

Georgie hesitates for a moment.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

And the man responsible... he's being treated like some VIP. It's like I can't escape him. At home. In my head... it's as if he's following me round; taunting me.

A breathless Georgie looks at her.

EMMA

How does that make you feel?

GEORGIE

I want to hurt him. I want him to know what it's like to have your heart ripped out your chest. And I know it's wrong to think like that but I'm angry... I'm angry about everything he took from us. Our wedding; kids... All those memories we were supposed to make together.

Georgie struggles to find the words.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

I look at my mum and dad sometimes and I feel jealous. Because I can never have what they have, can I? Because my soul mate... the man I was supposed to spend the rest of my life with... he's gone. And there's nothing I can do about it.

Georgie bursts into tears. Months of pent-up emotion erupt like a tsunami inside her. Emma just holds her as she sobs.

46

EXT. KABUL BARRACKS - DAY

46

2 Section and the ANA disembark. Sandy makes a beeline for Mimi.

SANDY

Good work, Saunders. You too Poya.

KINGY

Cheese. What the hell went down with that old man?

Cheese locks eyes with Throbber and Mimi.

CHEESE

He was coming at me, wasn't he?
Behaving in an aggressive manner.

KINGY

He was an old codger.

Throbber looks desperately uncomfortable.

CHEESE

I gave him clear instructions but
he wouldn't listen. Isn't that
right, Throbber?

A wrongfooted Throbber looks at him. He hates lying.

THROBBER

It's like he said, Colour.

KINGY

Medic?

She stares at Cheese before nodding reluctantly.

KINGY (CONT'D)

I want a full statement in
your after incident reports.

A disgusted Mimi shakes her head at Cheese before walking off.
Monk, Poya and Rabee are unloading equipment in the background.

CHEESE

What's the big deal? He's
just some flip flop.

Poya looks over. An embarrassed Monk tries to recompense.

MONK

(sincere)

Just ignore him. He's talking bollocks.

Poya smiles tentatively. He appreciates the gesture.

MONK (CONT'D)

If you want to come down to ours
later. I've been saving up the
wifi to watch the Hammers game.

RABEE

Hammers? I thought your team was Millwall?

MONK

Just when I was starting to like
this fella. Later, yeah?

They fist pump before Monk heads back towards the barracks.

47

INT. KABUL BARRACKS. PSYCH ASSESSMENT ROOM - DAY

47

Georgie walks back into the office having just washed her face.

EMMA

How are you feeling?

GEORGIE

Like I've just done one of
Kingy's workouts in full kit.

EMMA

Be kind to yourself, Georgie.
Remember you need time to heal too.

Georgie nods tentatively.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I know I did.

A wrongfooted Georgie stares at her for a moment before
looking across at the photograph of Emma and her partner.

GEORGIE

You mean...

EMMA

Cervical cancer. It will have been
three years in November.

GEORGIE

I'm sorry.

EMMA

It may not seem like it now
but it does get easier.

A touched Georgie smiles at her. She hovers for a moment.

GEORGIE

So is that us done now?

EMMA

This isn't the end, Georgie. This
is just the start for you.

Georgie looks at her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Remember what I said about the door
in the storm? You've been trying to
keep these feelings in since Elvis
died.

Beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)

And if I've gone some way to
opening that door - just a little -
then I will have done my job.

Georgie half-smiles.

EMMA (CONT'D)

The key now is to keep talking.
Whether that's here in Afghanistan
or with someone back at home.
That's certainly the recommendation
I'll be making in my report.

Georgie nods.

EMMA (CONT'D)

None of us are infallible, Georgie.
Sometimes the bravest thing you can
do is admit you need help.

Georgie knows there's some truth in this. It feels like a
major breakthrough for her.

GEORGIE

Does this mean I can return to active duty?

EMMA

Unfortunately the final decision
doesn't rest with me.

Georgie's crestfallen. Emma tries to bolster her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

If it's any consolation, I don't
think you have PTSD.

Georgie's relief is palpable.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You're grieving, Georgie. That
doesn't detract from your
abilities as a soldier.

GEORGIE
Thank you.

EMMA
(corrects her)
Thank you, Ma'am.

Georgie smiles before making her way out of her office.

48

INT. KABUL BARRACKS. MEN'S QUARTERS - DUSK

48

Cheese, Monk, Prof and a subdued Throbber are lying on their
beds when Sandy and Kingy walk in. They stand to attention.

SANDY
Good work today 2 Section. It's
just a shame they were one step
ahead of us. As a special
treat, I've arranged for you to
watch the Hammers game on the
big screen in the mess.

MONK
Nice one, Sir.

KINGY
We'd also like you to keep your eye
out for a missing military dog.

Kingy stares directly at Throbber.

KINGY (CONT'D)
Because at approximately nineteen
hundred hours, the dog in question is
due to fly back to Melton Mowbray.

MONK
Melton Mowbray?

SANDY
The home of the humble
pork pie no less.

A raging Monk locks eyes with a grinning Cheese. Did he know?

THROBBER
What's he doing there, Colour?

KINGY

Convalescing at the Defence Animal
Training Regiment whilst they get
him ready for civilian life.

THROBBER

So they're not gonna put him down?

KINGY

The only hardship that dog's
gonna face is whether he has
rabbit or chicken for his dinner.

SANDY

As Kingy says. If you hear
anything, do let us know.

A suspicious Kingy follows Sandy out.

CHEESE

Don't shoot the messenger. I
only told you what I heard.

PROF

You just need to put the dog
back where you found him.

THROBBER

How am I supposed to do that? That
dog's got more eyes on him than Omar.

A despondent Throbber walks out. Prof locks eyes with Monk.

MONK

For fuck's sake. If I knew I'd be
working with kids, I'd have
stayed at home with my Thumper.

As an exasperated Monk heads off in pursuit of Throbber.

49

INT. ROLE THREE HOSPITAL. DR ANTONIO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

49

Dr Antonio's busy going through some paperwork when he clocks
a distracted Georgie walking past his office. He gets up
before opening his office door.

ANTONIO

So were you just going to ignore me?

GEORGIE

Sorry. My head's somewhere else today.

Dr Antonio ushers Georgie into his office.

ANTONIO

Listen. What happened
yesterday with Omar...

GEORGIE
It's fine.

ANTONIO
I just had to make sure he was
fit to be interrogated.

Georgie nods. This hangs in the air for a moment.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
How was the psych assessment?

GEORGIE
Really good actually. I feel like a
weight's been lifted off my shoulders.

Dr Antonio pulls her in for a hug.

ANTONIO
If that's not a reason to celebrate,
I don't know what is.

Dr Antonio reaches into his drawer before pulling out two
bottles of alcohol free beer.

GEORGIE
Are you trying to get me drunk?

ANTONIO
Unfortunately they're alcohol-
free. But we could always pretend.

He hands her a bottle.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
I used to be able to open them with my
teeth but why spoil this face, eh?

The room crackles with electricity as Antonio heads out in
search of a bottle opener. Georgie looks around his office
for a moment before clocking several framed photographs on
his desk. One is a graduation photo; another from the Army
and one of Antonio, Dr Bahil and Dak in New York. She
smiles.

Georgie looks at them for a moment before something on his
desk catches her eye. It's a picture of Omar attached to a
file. The temptation's too much for Georgie as she picks up
the file and starts sifting through it. Her face falls.

Everyone's gathered in the mess to watch the Hammers game. We
pick up on a raging Mimi as he pushes her way through the
crowd towards an unsuspecting Cheese.

MIMI

You're a psychopath, you know that?

Cheese tries to keep his cool. He moves away from his mates.

MIMI (CONT'D)

I'm going to make sure everyone
knows what you did to that old man.

CHEESE

And what are your little
friends going to say when they
find out who you really are?

Mimi's pulled up. Stalemate.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

So how about we make a deal. You keep
my secret... and I'll keep yours.

A furious Mimi watches as Cheese heads back over to the lads.
She's oblivious to a tentative Poya approaching.

POYA

You did a really kind thing today.

MIMI

I was just doing my job.

POYA

You saved his life, Mimi.

Go to Sandy and the Brigadier watching from the back.

BRIGADIER

That's one less bomb factory to
worry about I suppose.

SANDY

The hospital called. That old boy
had a subdural hematoma.

BRIGADIER

Then he owes his life to the quick
thinking of your Platoon.

They both stand in silence for a moment.

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)

You probably think I've been a bit
tough on you lately?

Sandy looks at him.

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)

But you have to understand I'm
doing this for your own good.

(MORE)

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)
Your problem is you want to be
liked, Hurst... But you can't run
with the hare and hunt with the
hounds.

Am unsettled Sandy watches as the Brigadier walks off.

51 **INT. ROLE THREE HOSPITAL. DR ANTONIO'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 51

Georgie gives nothing away as Dr Antonio returns with a bottle
opener.

GEORGIE
Actually. Can we save that
beer for another time?

Georgie makes to leave. Dr Antonio's wrongfooted.

ANTONIO
Is it something I said?

GEORGIE
Today's just taken it out of me, that's
all. I'll see you tomorrow, yeah?

A confused Dr Antonio watches as an impenetrable Georgie
hurries out of his office. What the hell's got into her?

52 **EXT. ROLE THREE HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 52

Georgie closes the door behind her before pulling out Dr
Antonio's security pass. She takes a breath. Now what?

53 **EXT. KABUL BARRACKS. KENNELS - NIGHT** 53

Monk checks the coast is clear before Throbber emerges with
the dog concealed under a blanket.

MONK
I can't believe I'm missing the
Hammers for a fucking dog.

THROBBER
You wait here, yeah? The chopper
will be coming for you soon.

Monk avoids making eye contact with the dog.

MONK
Don't look at me. I know your game...
(taps his head)
You want to get inside here, don't
you? Well it ain't happening.

Monk goes to follow Throbber before making the fatal error of looking back at the dog. They lock eyes for a moment. He stops.

MONK (CONT'D)
Did you see the way he just
looked at me? I swear down
it was like he could see
into my soul or something...

On Monk as he falls victim to the curse.

54 INT. KABUL BARRACKS. CORRIDOR O/S ABLUTION BLOCK - NIGHT 54

A reflective Georgie's stood in the corridor as Prof finally emerges from the ablution block. He's surprised to see her.

PROF
Georgie. What're you doing here?

GEORGIE
I've just seen a file about
Omar on Antonio's desk.

PROF
And?

GEORGIE
He's just signed him fit to be
transferred to Pakistan.

Prof holds her gaze. He's slightly on the backfoot.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
You don't get it, do you? He's known
about Omar's deal this whole time.

PROF
What else did the file say?

GEORGIE
He's leaving tomorrow.

Prof's pulled up.

PROF
So that's it then?

GEORGIE
Not necessarily...

Georgie throws him Dr Antonio's security pass. A confused Prof stares at it for a moment before looking back at her.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
So will you help me or not?

As a conflicted Prof looks back at the pass. Will he do it?

55 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. DETENTION FACILITY - NIGHT** 55

A reluctant Prof is in a white coat as Georgie follows him into the detention facility. Prof's bricking it as he presses the security pass against the fob as the gate opens.

 PROF
 It's not too late to change your mind.

 GEORGIE
 I need to look him in the eye,
 Prof. This might be my only chance.

The guard looks across at them both before making his way over to Omar's cell door. Georgie looks at Prof as she watches the guard unlock his cell. On Prof's growing unease.

56 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. DETENTION FACILITY - NIGHT** 56

A breathless Georgie makes her way into Omar's cell to find him sleeping on his bunk. Prof hovers in the doorway as Georgie makes his way over to his bed.

She looms over him as Omar suddenly wakes with a start.

 OMAR
 Who are you?

 GEORGIE
 I'm the girl whose future
 you stole from her.

Omar stares up at her. Georgie doesn't even flinch.

 GEORGIE (CONT'D)
 Elvis Harte. He was my fiancé.

Omar just stares at her. A frustrated Georgie reaches inside her jacket. A confused Omar looks across at Prof.

 GEORGIE (CONT'D)
 Don't look at him. He's not going to help
 you.

Georgie pulls up her screensaver of Elvis.

 GEORGIE (CONT'D)
 You lured my fiancé into a trap,
 remember? A radio-controlled IED.

Omar holds her gaze. Something in his face unnerves her.

 GEORGIE (CONT'D)
 Well go on then! Look at him.

Georgie pushes the phone in his face. A reluctant Omar stares at the picture but there's not even a flicker of recognition.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
He had his whole life ahead of
him. And you took that from him.

PROF
(tentative)
Georgie...

Georgie turns to look at an agitated Prof.

PROF (CONT'D)
We should go.

GEORGIE
I hope one day you love someone
the way I loved Elvis... Because
maybe then you'll understand
what I lost that day.

Georgie stares at Omar. There's a look of genuine confusion
in his face which unnerves her slightly.

As an unsettled Georgie goes to follow Prof out of the cell.

57 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. CORRIDOR O/S DETENTION FACILITY - NIGHT**
Prof and a pensive Georgie walk down the corridor in silence.

PROF
Did you get what you want?

GEORGIE
Not really.

Georgie's mind is racing.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
I thought I'd know as soon as I
looked him in the eye...

PROF
Know what?

GEORGIE
... whether he was sorry.

PROF
And was he?

GEORGIE
There was nothing. Not even a flicker.

Prof stops in his tracks. He looks at her.

58 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. MESS/CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

58

 PROF (V.O.)
What're you saying, Georgie?

 GEORGIE (V.O.)
You're going to think I'm mad...

 PROF (V.O.)
Try me.

 GEORGIE (V.O.)
...warlords aren't usually shy
in coming forward, are they?
He just lay there looking
confused. He couldn't even
look me in the eye, Prof.

The Hammers are still playing as Poya makes his way out of the mess. He's on his way to the toilets when a hand grabs him from behind and shoves him up against the wall. Poya struggles for a moment before eventually freeing himself.

 POYA
Get off me.

Zarek finally releases him as Rabee steps out of the shadows.

 RABEE
You need to watch that temper. I
won't let you fuck this up for me.

 POYA
It's not me you've got to worry
about. What about your stooge? What
if he betrays us when he gets to
Pakistan?

 RABEE
He doesn't know enough to be
dangerous.

 POYA
So we're all set?

 RABEE
No one suspects a thing.

Rabee flashes a chilling smile.

 RABEE (CONT'D)
They're all too stupid to see
what's right in front of them.

59 **INT. KABUL BARRACKS. CORRIDOR O/S DETENTION FACILITY - NIGHT**

Prof has stopped to look at an ashen Georgie.

PROF

Your head's all over the place. These things are never as you imagined.

GEORGIE

I thought I'd feel better...
But now all I've got is this
gnawing feeling inside my gut.

PROF

Saying what exactly?

GEORGIE

That something's not right here.

On a concerned Georgie. Is she right to trust her gut?

End of Episode Five.