

3

INT./EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1002

3

Still silence.

SIMON
Get off me!

MAC
You're bleeding, you fucking
numpty!

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

SIMON
Shit! Shit! I'm bleeding! Man down!
Medic!
(Nursing the wound:)
I'm hurt. Actually, it's not too
bad.
(Checks the wadding:)
It's alright, it's stopping. I'll
be fine. I am fine.

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

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

BIRD / TOWERBLOCK
Fine. / I'm OK.

NICK
Legs?

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

LEGGATT (O.S.)
I'm fine. And I told you, don't
fucking call me Legs.

NICK
So what your name?

LEGGATT (O.S.)
Private Leggatt.

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

DRIVER / VEHICLE COMMANDER (O.S.)
Alright / Fine.

NICK
So, we're all OK.

SIMON

You're not listening, Towerblock,
you -

NICK

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

MAC

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

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

ROCKET

Oo! Found one!

(Eats it.)

Oh no, I haven't.

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

MAC

NICK

OK...

ROCKET punches MAC and laughs.

NICK (CONT'D)

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

BIRD

Urh.

NICK

...this is all my fault.

TOWERBLOCK

Come on, boss. There's no way -

NICK

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

TOWERBLOCK / BIRD / MAC / ROCKET

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

NICK

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

MAC

Ah. Got ye.

NICK

What?

MAC

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

(As MARY:)

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

NICK

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

MAC

Ah. You've finally fucked her.

NICK

What? No!

MAC

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

NICK

Well, I haven't so...

MAC

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

BIRD

(Beat.)

No.

MAC

There you go. Fucked her. QED.

TOWERBLOCK / SIMON / ROCKET

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

NICK

Thanks a bunch, Bird.

BIRD

I said no!

(Beat.)

He totally has though.

TOWERBLOCK / SIMON / ROCKET / MAC

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

NICK stands up.

NICK

OK, enough!

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

INSIDE THE MASTIFF.

NICK (CONT'D)

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

(To BIRD:)

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

SIMON

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

MAC

That's what she said.

BIRD

It's not that huge.

They all laugh.

NICK

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

BIRD is trying to hide her surprise.

SIMON

Do I hear wedding bells?

ROCKET

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

NICK

(To SIMON:)

No.

(To ROCKET:)

Nobody. Sit down meal.

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

NICK (CONT'D)

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

SIMON

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

(Inhales deeply.)

Or whatever that smell is.

NICK

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

BIRD / TOWERBLOCK

No.

TOWERBLOCK

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

(Looks around cartoonishly:)
... found one!

BIRD

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

TOWERBLOCK thinks hard.

TOWERBLOCK

Fine. We'll do it your way.

(Beat.)

Rocket, Simon, hold me out the back.

TOWERBLOCK digs out a valion.

BIRD

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

LEGGATT

(O.S.)

MAC
Shut up, Legs.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1015

4

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

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

PRIVATE SYKES
(Shouting:)
Medic's here.

JASMINE, a combat team medic, appears behind SYKES.

JASMINE
(Shouting:)
How's the AT0?

SIMON sticks his head out of the door.

ROCKET
(Shouting:)
Passed out. Breathing normally.

BIRD (O. S.)
Pulse 90.

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

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

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

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

She waits as SYKES continues to search.

CUT TO:

5 INT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1016

5

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

MAC

Such tenderness. Such care.

BIRD

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

MAC

How's that going?

BIRD

I don't even fancy him...

MAC

(Buzzer sound.)

BIRD

I don't!

MAC

(Buzzer sound for longer.)

BIRD

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

MAC

'Still'. So you fancied him once?

BIRD

(Beat.)

Briefly.

MAC

Daaaaaaaaaah!

ROCKET / SIMON

DAAAAAAH!

TOWERBLOCK (O.S.)

Oi, fuckwits, you nearly dropped me!

ROCKET / SIMON

Sorry.

MAC

(To BIRD.)

And now you're not over him.

BIRD

I am!

MAC

(Buzzer sound.)

BIRD

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

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

BIRD (CONT'D)

Nick?! Nick!

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

MAC

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

BIRD

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

MAC

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

(Nostalgically:)

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

BIRD

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

MAC

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

BIRD

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

MAC

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

BIRD
(Beat.)
I'm totally doing that.
(Looking at the debris:)
Where's our marker pen...

She starts looking.

TOWERBLOCK
OK, let me down...

CUT TO:

6

EXT. BACK OF MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1017

6

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

TOWERBLOCK
(To JASMINE:)
An ammo box dropped on his head.

JASMINE
Probably a bit of concussion.

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

JASMINE
Probably a bit of a cunt.

TOWERBLOCK
Best medic ever.

JASMINE
I'm not going to fuck you.

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

CUT TO:

7

INT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1018

7

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

BIRD
You two vallon round the vehicle.

MAC / ROCKET
OK. / On it.

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

BIRD
He's been out for five minutes.

JASMINE
(Worried:)
Five minutes?!

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

BIRD
...What? What is it?

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

BIRD

TOWERBLOCK

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

BIRD

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

FUCKING going on about it?

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

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

MAC

Not over him.

TOWERBLOCK

Too right. Simon, chuck us the forensic kit?

SIMON (O.S.)

Sure thing, daddio!

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

TOWERBLOCK

Bloody hell, dickwad!

SIMON

(Popping his head out of the mastiff:)

You are very welcome.

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

MAC

What the fuck was that?!

ROCKET

A punch?

MAC

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

MAC punches ROCKET.

ROCKET

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

MAC

Oh, aye.

MAC punches him again.

MAC (CONT'D)

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

ROCKET

I wasn't expecting it.

MAC

But you basically just asked me to punch you.

ROCKET

Oh aye.

MAC

So now you can punch me.

ROCKET

Brilliant.

ROCKET punches MAC. Frustrated, MAC punches him back.

MAC

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

ROCKET

Right. Are you expecting it now?

MAC

... aye!

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

TOWERBLOCK

Oi. This is for Weapons Intelligence.

ROCKET

(Conversationaly:)
Wiswo.

MAC

So you're saying we need to look intelligent?

MAC and ROCKET strike thoughtful poses. SIMON wanders over.

SIMON

Ooh, photo op?

SIMON jogs into shot.

TOWERBLOCK

No...

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

SIMON

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

TOWERBLOCK

Near miss, Simon? It was a direct hit.

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

SIMON

...help us put aside our petty squabbles.

TOWERBLOCK

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

SIMON

They were thirty nine ninety nine but whatever.

BIRD

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

SIMON

(Hand in the air.)

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

PRIVATE SYKES

Bird! Secondary.

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

TOWERBLOCK

(Shouting:)

Mark and avoid.

SYKES gets out an aerosol can and marks it.

TOWERBLOCK (CONT'D)

(to SIMON)

Sorry, Simon. You were saying? No secondaries.

SIMON

Well, if you -

PRIVATE SKYES

Another one!

TOWERBLOCK looks at SIMON. SIMON looks at him condescendingly.

SIMON

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

INCOMING FIRE. SHOTS ON THE MASTIFF.

TOWERBLOCK

CONTACT!

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

BIRD
(On PRR, under:)
Hello Bluestone 42 Bravo this is
42. Contact at my location. Send
SALTA to Zero.

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

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

TOWERBLOCK
They're bloody close.

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

TOWERBLOCK (CONT'D)
SHIT!

TOWERBLOCK feels a bullet hole on his helmet.

TOWERBLOCK (CONT'D)
They shot me in the fucking head!

SIMON
Technically, the helmet. Lucky, you
see?

TOWERBLOCK
Are you fucking mental?!

Behind them, ROCKET and MAC are waiting. ROCKET goes to punch

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

NICK
Everything alright, Loves?

BIRD
Boss! Get back inside!

JASMINE grabs him back.

CUT TO:

9 INT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1021

9

NICK is being pulled back by JASMINE.

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

NICK
I'm feeling both tickety and boo.

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

NICK
Not funny, is it?

JASMINE shrugs and shines a torch in his eyes.

JASMINE
Aah, you'll be fine. Probably.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1022

10

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

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

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

We hear the sound of mortars.

TOWERBLOCK
INCOMING!

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

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

TOWERBLOCK
We are fucked.

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

ROCKET
MAN DOWN! Medic!

CUT TO:

11 INT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1023

11

JASMINE is taking NICK'S collar off.

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

She gets out.

NICK
I'll do my best.

He puts on his helmet.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1024

12

JASMINE arrives next to BIRD and TOWERBLOCK.

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

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

BIRD
(Worried:)
What for?

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

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

BIRD
COVERING FIRE!!

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

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

NICK
Nice day for it.

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

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

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

MAC / ROCKET
Fuck me. / Jesus.

ROCKET
(Pointing:)
Taliban are moving!

MAC
They're trying to flank us.

SIMON
Roger that.

He returns fire.

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

TOWERBLOCK / BIRD
What? / Eh? You must be concussed.

NICK

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

BIRD

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

TOWERBLOCK

You're right.
(To NICK:)
She's right.

BIRD

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

NICK

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

He squints at TOWERBLOCK.

BIRD

He's your number two!

TOWERBLOCK

You are fucked in the head, boss!

NICK

I was kidding! I'm fine!

BIRD

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

NICK

Shit, I forgot to bring my pocket MRI with me. Right, PE7!
(Getting up:)
Whoa... Got up too quick. I'm fine.

BIRD

Boss...?

MAC, ROCKET and SIMON are returning fire.

SIMON

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

MAC

Try hitting them skip.

SIMON

Thanks Mac.

Rocket! Give the medic a hand
moving Sykes.

ROCKET
Roger that.

SIMON
They're moving again!

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

NICK
We need a metric fuck tonne of
covering fire!

BIRD
BOSS! This is insane!

NICK
Your mum is! Zing!

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

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

NICK goes to him.

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

MAC
Nah. Violence never solves anything.

MAC fires some more shots.

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

BIRD
Right. Thanks for the girly chat, Mac.

MAC
Nae bother.

BIRD
So much easier with men. And a gun.

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

CUT TO:

13 NICK'S POV

13

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

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

CUT TO:

14 EXT. MASTIFF - DAY 1, 1028

14

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

TOWERBLOCK runs to him.

TOWERBLOCK
SHIT! Everyone in the Mastiff!

TOWERBLOCK helps him away, almost dragging him.

TOWERBLOCK (CONT'D)
You fucking are concussed!

NICK
Nah... dodgy oysters.

TOWERBLOCK
What?! How long were the fuses?

NICK
Twenty. Ish.

TOWERBLOCK
Shit...!

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

BIRD

Nick?! NICK! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

NICK

(Getting up:)

I am thanks. How are you?

SIMON

Let's go, superstars!

BIRD

Good work, boss.

NICK

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

BIRD exasperated. The Apaches fly over them.

NICK (CONT'D)

OK, now I can hear Apaches.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. BASE - DAY 1, 1100

17

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

SIMON

Home sweet home!

MAC

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

LT COL

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

NICK

Is that ham? Out here?

FARUQ

Ham-style goat.

NICK

Mm. Tasty.

FARUQ

(Indicating: ish...)

Mmh...

(He catches the LT COL's eye.)

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

NICK

Is the padre in?

LT COL

I think so.

BIRD

Go see the medic!

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

NICK

Padre first.

BIRD

Nick...!

(To LT COL:)

We need to get him to Bastion for a scan.

LT COL

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

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

BIRD

Sir.

LT COL

Carry on.

(Toddling off, singing:)

I'm not in love... So don't forget
it... It's just a silly phase I'm
going through...

BIRD heads off. In the background, ROCKET and MAC appear.
ROCKET punches MAC in the head.

MAC
Yes! Better!

ROCKET raises his arms in delight. MAC punches him in the
head. ROCKET laughs.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. MARY'S QUARTERS - DAY 1, 1105 18

NICK ruffles his hair, takes a moment and pushes open the
door.

CUT TO:

19 INT. MARY'S QUARTERS - DAY 1, 1105 19

NICK opens the door and goes in. He leans against the doorway
insouciantly.

NICK
So. Mary. This isn't going to sound
like me, but I don't think it's the
concussion talking and I'm not
ruling out another fantastic fuck
on the desk, but I've realised
something today. You and me, we've
got -

NICK looks bereft. Pause.

NICK
(To himself:)
Bloody hell.

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

CUT TO:

20

INT. DET - DAY 1, 1140

20

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

SIMON
Time for a brew, methinks.

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

BIRD
Took your time.

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

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

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

SIMON
Yeah, sometimes the volume resets to zero.

TOWERBLOCK
Eh?

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

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

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

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

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

MAC
(Shrugs.)
OK.

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

ROCKET
(O.S.)
Brilliant.

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

CREDITS.