

A ROYAL MARINE'S DISPOSITION

Written by

John Alden

Based on, *The Falklands War: From Defeat To Victory*

INT. HOUSE - DAY

An ordinary, middle-class home, littered laundry and newspapers and a young boy's toys.

We hear the radio, the BBC, dealing in droll tones a report of a conflict brewing overseas.

A man enters the room from outside, a stack of mail in hand. He is JOHN, late-50's, still a strong figure, with graying hair and a resolute look in his eye.

For a moment, the TV news captures his attention.

NEWS CASTER (V.O.)

While Prime Minister has pledged his unwavering support to the growing coalition of forces, we are not likely to see British troops on the ground any time soon.

He drops the mail on the table, sighs, lights the stove underneath the kettle.

KITCHEN:

Follow John through a domestic routine. He makes a pot of tea, flips through his mail. Looking up at the clock, 2:10, he makes a second snack, this for a child.

Moments later, we hear the SCREECH of air brakes. John looks up, gathers the child's snack, hurries to the door.

LIVING ROOM:

WHOOSH, the front door opens. A blur of a child, CHARLIE (12) flies through the room, dropping bags on the way upstairs.

JOHN

(calls after)

Charlie, Charlie...

The sound of a DOOR SLAM upstairs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I made you a snack.

Collapsing into his chair, John drinks from his cup of tea, looks at the snack and sighs. He takes a bite, it's good, so he keeps going, enjoying the sweet indulgence.

As the television drones, a CELL PHONE RINGS. Looking down, John quickly chews and swallows before answering it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hello?

CHRIS (V.O.)

John, it's Chris, how are you?

JOHN

Fine, I suppose. You?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Good, despite the news, I guess.

John frowns, turns the television down.

CHRIS (V.O.)

How's Charlie?

JOHN

Good. Good, I think. He moves so fast, he's like a blur.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Just like his old man, right?

JOHN

Right there.

CHRIS (V.O.)

You coming out today?

John looks up. On a shelf, tucked in the corner of the room, is a bunch of war memorabilia, medals and awards.

JOHN

I don't know.

CHRIS (V.O.)

What do you mean, you don't know?

JOHN

Like I said, I don't know.

CHRIS (V.O.)

You never come out.

JOHN

I've been working out of town the last six weeks.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Even when you are in town, John, you're like a ghost.

JOHN  
Charlie has ice hockey practice  
later on, and...

CHRIS (V.O.)  
And what?

Upstairs, the door opens. The blur that headed upstairs suddenly rushes downstairs, stopping short.

JOHN  
What is it, Charlie?

CHRIS (V.O.)  
John? Are you there?

CHARLIE  
I need a snack, Dad, I'm starving.

John looks first at the phone then the empty plate. Caught between the call and obligations, he frowns.

JOHN  
Sorry, Chris. I've got to go.

John hangs up, sighs, looks at the hungry young boy.

KITCHEN:

John fixes another snack. Lost in thought, he half-way listens to the noise of a boy playing and the bad news.

He wants to say something... he's ready to say...

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
Dad! Are you listening to this?

JOHN  
What did you say, Charlie?

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
The news, are you hearing this?

John snaps out, rubs his face.

JOHN  
Oh yeah, yeah...

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
They're talking about sending in  
the Marines, aren't they?

JOHN  
Are they, Charlie?

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
Yeah, yeah.

JOHN  
I didn't hear.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
Yeah, yeah, come and check it out.

John gathers all the muster he can, picks up the plate and continues to address his son.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. VILLAGE - ESTABLISHING - DUSK

A rolling hill in the middle of nowhere. Only a single, dilapidated house set against the dreary gray sky.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Looking back on it now, there is no surprise at all I had such a bloody bad attitude, is there?

We hear a door SLAM.

JOHN (V.O.)  
I was from no place, nothing to do, nowhere to bloody go.

On the front door of that single house and a young man, JOHN (19) a lean, good-looking guy with a to hell with the world attitude written all over his face.

JOHN (V.O.)  
What did anyone expect?

John turns to look at the camera, gives his best sneer and then snaps off down the trail on the way to:

EXT. VILLAGE - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

TITLE CARD: Jacksdale, England, 1979

Follow John as he struts through the streets. He passes shops closing up, knives through crowds outside of tea shops, crossing traffic as car brake for him.

As a car leans into its horn, John stops, stares at the cowering DRIVER, pounds the hood and flips him off.

SOCCER PITCH:

John cuts across the field. A group of KIDS play in the failing light, kicking the ball back and forth.

One of the Kids sees John.

KID #1

Hey, John, coming at you.

The Kid kicks the ball to John. In a single motion, he scoops up the ball and kicks it into the gloaming.

KID #2

Up your arse, old man.

John turns, grabs his crotch, sticks out his tongue and disappears into the bushes.

EXT. THE GRAY TOPPER - MOMENTS LATER

A sleazy, dirty bar on the edge of town.

Young people crowd around outside, drinking and cussing as loud PUNK ROCK music blares from inside.

John walks up, storms through the crowd, slams a few pounds on the ticket desk and enters.

INT. THE GRAY TOPPER - CONTINUOUS

An interior befitting the exterior, stone walls and dim light, dank like a dungeon.

On the stage a PUNK BAND tears through a loud, vicious track, flailing about, screaming as the crowd moshes violently.

John emerges from the bar with a beer in hand. He drinks, eyes the crowd, fixing to get into the mix.

On stage, the SINGER screams incoherently into the microphone as a volley of spit shoots from the crowd.

John laughs, drinks.

On the fringe of the crowd, the mosh pit devolves into a fracas, fists flying everywhere.

Standing back near the bar is PAULA (16), a tough punk chick, cute as a button. She notices John.

Seeing an opportunity, John jumps in. He swings his fists wildly, landing whatever blows he can. In turn he takes a shot, laughs it off, only to turn back and pummel someone.

The band staggers to a finish of their track to a chorus of cheers, jeers and waving fists.

SINGER

You're a bloody awful lot, aren't  
you all now?

JEERS and CHEERS. Spit rains down on the Singer who seems to love all of the abuse.

SINGER (CONT'D)

This song is called, World War.

The guitars shriek, the drums pound, the singer clutches the microphone and is ready to kick into motion.

John emerges from the fracas, lip bloodied, shaking a fist. Without a beer, he snatches a bottle from a nearby person.

PAULA

Hey John.

Her wanting look stops John dead in his tracks.

JOHN

What do you want, Little Paula?

PAULA

Not so little anymore.

John checks out her figure.

JOHN

So, you're right there.

PAULA

I hear you're going away tomorrow.

JOHN

Oh yeah, you heard that?

PAULA

Is that true?

John downs what's left of the beer, turns and throws the bottle at the stage. The drummer ducks as the glass shatters on the wall behind him.

JOHN

So what if it is?

Paula pushes him back against the wall. Standing beside the speakers, the loud guitars shriek in his ears.

PAULA

I've got something for you.

Paula drops to her knees and licks her lips. John acquiesces as she unzips his pants and goes to work on him.

John closes his eyes, enjoys the moment as meanwhile, all around him, the crowd whips into a frenzy.

FADE TO BLACK:

The sharp, piercing sound persists...

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

A train crowded with rowdy young men.

John gets on, bag slung over his shoulder. Follow as he wobbles down the aisle, sagging eyes, drunk head spinning.

Half way down the aisle, he stumbles into another Young Man who gives him the eye.

JOHN

Watch yourself, will ya?

John shakes his head, the piercing sound won't let go.

He finds a seat and collapses into it. He turns over, uses the bag as a pillow and tries to get some sleep.

After a moment, a Young Man approaches his seat. He looks back and forth, but this seat is the only open one.

YOUNG MAN

Excuse me, uhm...

John doesn't respond.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I'm looking for a seat.

JOHN

Good for you, now fuck off.

YOUNG MAN

Uhm, as of right now...

JOHN

As of right now, I'm trying to catch some sleep before this whole fucking ordeal begins, OK? So fuck off, sit somewhere else, would you?

All eyes on the train car turn to John. The Young Man won't relent, increasing the pressure.

Finally, John sits up and makes room.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Bloody hell, you're a relentless twat, aren't you?

YOUNG MAN  
Thank you.

JOHN  
Wasn't a compliment.

The train starts into motion. Everyone standing up sits down.

YOUNG MAN  
The name is Archie.

JOHN  
Good for you.

YOUNG MAN  
Your name?

John focuses his gaze the window, watching the crowd of onlookers wave as the train lurches forward.

JOHN  
John.

YOUNG MAN  
Good to meet you, John.

As the village disappears, John leans against the window. The Young Man's voice dissolves into silence as he falls asleep.

FADE OUT:

EXT. MARINE BASE - DAY

Open on a bleak stone barracks, surrounded by trees. A breeze blows, rippling the Union Jack.

TITLE SUPERS: Plymouth, UK

A group of ROYAL MARINES run by in a perfect formation. Taking up the rear of the group, JOHN, he's graceful, quick.

The CORPS SERGEANT leads, CALLING out.

In perfect unison, the Royal Marines call back to him.

## TRAINING MONTAGE:

John does a grueling set of push-ups in the driving rain.

On the firing range, John lines up a rifle shot and takes it as the Corps Sergeant strolls by, assessing every soldier.

At a BASE BAR, John drinks heavily and laughs loudly. Loud music PULSES all around the soldiers, too drunk to care.

In a CLASSROOM, John listens to instruction, nodding off.

One of the Royal Marines behind him, GARY, a slightly older, rough and tumble type flicks his ear.

John startles, fixes his attention back on the lesson.

## END MONTAGE:

## INT. MARINE BARRACKS - DAY

John struts in. He finds his friend Gary laying on his bunk, reading a PLAYBOY Magazine, tongue hanging out.

JOHN  
Good reading?

Gary spreads out the centerfold, a gorgeous brunette.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Lovely.

GARY  
Ever get a girl like that out in the sticks where you're from?

JOHN  
I got every girl in the sticks.  
(lights a cigarette)  
None of them looked like that.

Gary tosses the magazine aside.

GARY  
Going out tonight?

JOHN  
Suppose.

GARY  
What, are you going stick around here with these wankers?

John scoffs, eyes the others. He drags on his cigarette, shakes his head, no.

INT. BASE BAR - LATER

The music pulses, the lights flash.

John drunkenly leans into a gorgeous WOMAN, sexy, long hair. She's drinking, idly watching the half-filled dance floor.

Despondent, Gary returns from the end of the bar.

GARY  
This place is shite.

JOHN  
Tell me about it.

WOMAN  
Everything is always shite with  
blokes like you, isn't it?

JOHN  
It doesn't have to be.

The woman pushes him back, throws her hands up, walks away.

GARY  
We've got to get out of here.

JOHN  
I put in for a draft.

GARY  
What the hell for?

John downs his drink in a one shot.

JOHN  
A year's detachment. I'm off to the  
Falklands Islands.

GARY  
The bloody Falklands?

JOHN  
Beats sticking around this dump.

GARY  
Do you know where that is?

John slams his glass on the bar.

JOHN  
I don't know, Scotland?

Gary laughs, watches his friend walk off.

EXT. CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON

TITLE SUPERS: Buenos Aires, Argentina

A city square, packed with people, yelling and chanting. They're looking up at a balcony.

BALCONY:

A staunch man, GENERAL GALTIERI, dressed in highly decorated military fatigues prepares to address the crowd.

As he steps out onto the balcony, a ROAR goes up in the crowd, people waving Argentine flags.

EXT. SEASIDE TOWN - MORNING

TITLE SUPERS: Poole, Dorset

On a winding road along the English coast. For a moment its a sleepy, quiet ribbon of gray highway until...

WHOOSH, a motorcycle speeds by.

Follow the motorcycle. John bears down, eyes glued to the road as he races along at a breakneck speed.

EXT. MARINE BASE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A group of Royal Marines stands around, smoking and talking. They watch as the motorcycle speeds in.

John brakes, kills the engine and hops off. He removes his helmet, revealing a terribly bruised and battered face.

John walks through, followed by Gary and another Marine, DANNY, short and stocky with the intense look of an enforcer.

DANNY  
What the hell happened to you?

JOHN  
Nothing too serious.

GARY  
Bullshit, you look bloody awful.

JOHN

I got into a bit of a tousel with a bouncer back home.

GARY

What did he hit you with, a brick?

DANNY

A brick would have been better.

JOHN

Can you believe it? The wanker hit me with a water jug. I'm still spitting teeth.

John continues through, not a care in the world.

COURTYARD:

Follow a line of Marines, dressed for training. Their eyes fix forward as the SERGEANT MAJOR looks at each one.

When he gets to John, he stops short.

The Sergeant Major chuckles, looks him up and down, from his split lip, gashed cheeks to his black eyes.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Did a bus happen to hit you in your face while you were on holiday?

JOHN

Why yes sir, it did.

The Sergeant Major shakes his head, steps back and addresses the group in a stern voice:

SERGEANT MAJOR

Welcome to NP8901. Take a good look around you, gentlemen, these will be your best mates for the foreseeable future. This lovely village will be your home for the next month before you eventually ship out to your end destination, the lovely Falkland Islands, where you'll spend a year lounging about on sunny beaches, working on your tans, drinking mai tais and chasing bikini girls through the cabana.

A chuckle goes through the Marines.

John manages a laugh, too, eyes Gary and Danny.

SERGEANT MAJOR (CONT'D)

If any of you mugs believe that  
load of shite, you've got another  
thing coming. Now let's fall out.

Everyone breaks into a run, keeping perfect formation,  
followed by the Sergeant Major.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

TITLE SUPERS: MARCH 19, 1982, SOUTH GEORGIA ISLAND

A wind swept island, desolate and bleak. Rough water crashes  
over craggy, inhospitable stone.

In an old whaling station in a small harbor, we see a boat. A  
small crew of MEN stand on the shore nearby.

They raise the light blue and white Argentine flag.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

In a rundown terminal, late at night.

TITLE SUPERS: MARCH 23, 1982, MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY

The NP8901 Marines sit on their bags, smoking cigarettes,  
waiting anxiously for the order that they've been set loose.

DANNY

Seven days leave.

GARY

What are you doing to do?

DANNY

Don't know, I thought I'd scope out  
a few gifts for my family.

GARY

Aren't you a peach.

JOHN

Are the girls attractive here?

DANNY

Get a look for yourself.

A couple of YOUNG WOMEN walk by, catching the eye

GARY

Is that all you think about?

JOHN

I'll take a whiskey on the rocks.

From out of the crowd of Marines, the Sergeant Major appears, ducking into a nearby phone booth.

Danny lights a cigarette.

GARY

What do you think he's doing?

DANNY

Don't know.

JOHN

Whatever it is, can't be any bloody good, I'll tell you both that.

Everyone watches anxiously as the Sergeant Major talks on the telephone, eyes the Marines, his watch.

DANNY

Just let us go already.

Finally, the Sergeant Major hangs up. He takes a deep sigh, opens the phone booth door and steps out.

JOHN

Here we go. We're about to fully appreciate the length, width and depth of the shaft.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Sorry gentlemen, I regret to inform you that your seven day leave has been suspended indefinitely.

A GROAN goes through the group.

DANNY

(whispers)

What the hell does that mean?

JOHN

What did I say?

SERGEANT MAJOR

We've made new arrangements.

Everyone shares a confused, "we're screwed" look.

EXT. DECK OF THE JOHN BISCOE - LATER

Under a cloudy sky, a small ship departs the harbor.

The NP8901 Marines huddle on the railing, staring longingly at the shore, watching leave disappear.

A cheesy pop rock song plays on the radio. John listens and shakes his head, lights a smoke.

GARY

You don't like Elton John?

JOHN

Great, I hate this bloody song now.

The ship continues on, the shore slowly vanishing.

A C-130 plane shoots across the sky over the John Biscoe.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

A PILOT looks down at the deck of the John Biscoe.

PILOT

What in the bloody hell?

On a closer look, all of the Marines on deck have dropped their pants and are shooting him a bare assed moon.

EXT. FALKLAND ISLANDS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Various shots of the islands.

Long rolling grassy hills, swept by ferocious winds.

Icy waters lap barren shores.

Deep bogs, murky and covered in SQUAWKING sea gulls.

EXT. MOODY BROOK - ESTABLISHING

A battered white barracks with peeling paint, a muddy road, an old Land Rover and a British flag whipping in the breeze.

INT. MOODY BROOK - BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

The door opens, the lights go on. The NP8901 Marines enter the empty room, looking beleaguered, worn out.

John enters, tosses his bag on a bunk.

JOHN  
What is this, shite?

Gary hops on a bunk, bounces up and down.

GARY  
Not too terrible now is it.

Danny looks around, shakes his head in disgust.

JOHN  
As far as prisons go.

Gary lights a cigarette, shake his head.

GARY  
Like mushrooms we are.

JOHN  
Kept in the dark and fed shit.

Gary playfully slaps John in the stomach then he ducks out of the way. The two tousele like restless dogs.

EXT. FALKLAND ISLANDS - HILLSIDE - LATER

Follow John on a long run up a steep hillside.

The wind blows hard, almost knocking him over, but he pushes, driving, grimacing through the pain.

Half-way up the hill, he winces, legs heavy.

Rounding a desolate cliff side, he runs as hard as he can, legs churning, head down, reaching the top.

HILLTOP:

John doubles over, breath heavy, shaking his head.

JOHN  
(out of breath)  
What in the hell have I gotten  
myself into here?

We follow as he looks out at the scene before him, a wide view of the crummy little town and the open harbor.

INT. GOVERNMENT HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - EVENING

A small, well appointed sitting room.

GOVERNOR HUNT (56) a cheeky, mannered British politician sips a cup of tea, surrounded by officials and local leaders.

A young INTELLIGENCE OFFICER enters the room.

Everyone hushes.

GOVERNOR HUNT

Come on, spit it out. Say whatever it is you've come to say.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

We have just received a dispatch of credible information. An Argentine task force is poised to gather off Cape Pembroke.

GOVERNOR HUNT

When?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Early tomorrow morning.

Governor Hunt scoffs and shakes his head before slapping his knee and continuing with his cup of tea.

EXT. STANLEY - ESTABLISHING - LATER

The small town seat of British government on the Falklands.

We watch everyday CITIZENS, women and children and old men racing back and forth, scrambling to gather up supplies.

Follow on those same streets, BRITISH SOLDIERS look around, confused about what is going on.

INT. MILITARY BAR - LATER

A dingy dive bar, a pit of lonesome despair. The walls are sparsely decorated with military portraits, photos, medals.

The tables are filled with Royal Marines and other faces, chain smoking, nervously looking back at one another.

John sits on a box of ammo. Gary and Danny on either side.

GARY

Who are these fellas?

Follow Gary as he indicates a few old men, some sea faring types, other civilian defense forces in the crowd.

JOHN

Don't know. They'e fucking locals,  
if I had to guess.

DANNY

What are a bunch of bloody locals  
doing here for?

The door opens, MAJOR MIKE NORMAN enters, a usually cheerful man whose face is right with grim resignation.

JOHN

I suppose we're about to find out.

Major Norman takes front and center stage. He looks every man in the room in they eye before drawing a deep breath.

MAJOR NORMAN

You are not fighting for this  
island. This time, gentlemen,  
you're fighting for yourselves. The  
hour is now upon us, that hour  
which every Marine worth his salt  
must one day confront. As we speak,  
Argentine forces are massing off of  
the shore, ready to invade this  
island from us. Right lads? Today?  
Today, you're all going to die, so  
get out there, do your job.

A hush goes over the crowd.

Gary stares slack jawed in disbelief at what he has heard.

John shakes his head. The ash from the end of his cigarette dangles precariously before falling to the floor.

JOHN

(whispers)  
Bloody hell.

Major Norman steps back from the front of the bar, ducks toward the front door when he holds up, eyes John.

MAJOR NORMAN

Something wrong with you? Smoking a  
fag on a box of live ammo?

John quickly jumps off the box, tamps his smoke out in an ashtray on the table and salutes.

Then Major Norman exits. The moment the door slams, a rush of uproarious chatter goes through the crowd.

INT. MOODY BROOK - WEAPONS STORAGE - LATER

Hurriedly, the NP8901 Marines arm up. They come through the line one at a time, grabbing their rifles and grenades.

Marines wipe black their faces.

Belts of ammo drape off of John's shoulders as he loads up his machine gun, a massive weapon.

Gary saunters up, tough guy look on his face, grenades and ammo magazines hanging from his belt.

Danny fiddles with his rifle.

DANNY

Who the fuck are you, Gary Cooper?

JOHN

Better be ready, when we get out there, you're my second.

John lifts the rifle, holds it out proudly.

GARY

Hee-haw.

Gary pantomimes shooting off six-shooters.

The Marines mass by the door when CORPORAL LOU ARMOR enters, rugged and tough looking, face black and ready for combat.

A hush goes through the tense crowd.

LOU

We've just received our orders.  
(lights a smoke)  
No move till midnight, so sit tight  
and await further word.

A tense sigh goes through the group.

JOHN

What does that give us, an hour?

Gary leans against the wall, lights a smoke, smiles.

GARY

Enjoy it while you can.

Danny sees that and decides a smoke sounds pretty good.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE SUPERS: 0200, HOOKER'S POINT

The HOWLING of wind and CRASHING of nearby ocean waves is suddenly overwhelming.

EXT. FALKLAND ISLANDS - HOOKER'S POINT - NIGHT

On a gun team, John face down in the grass, his gun trained on pure darkness. Beside him, Gary, gun aimed the same way.

All they can see is tall grass before them... nothing else.

Another Marine, BERNIE drops in on them, taking the position on John's other side, machine gun pointed.

JOHN  
(whispers)  
What am I looking for?

GARY  
I don't know.

BERNIE  
Bloody spics coming through the  
grass, that's what.

John wipes his brow, blinks his eyes.

EVERYTHING GOES BLACK as he blacks out for a moment.

He stirs, tired eyes open... the same thing.

His eyes grow heavy again... John snaps back at attention, firms up his grip on the gun before taking aim.

Suddenly, the radio CRACKLES...

GARY  
What the fuck?

JOHN  
I thought we were on radio silence?

Corporal Lou addresses the radio. As he listens, his expression becomes increasingly despondent.

He puts the radio down.

GARY  
What the bloody hell is it, boss?

LOU  
From headquarters.

JOHN  
Great, the Argies gave it up at the whole thing at the last minute.

LOU  
They said, good luck. However, no reinforcements will be forthcoming.

BERNIE  
Bastards.

John sighs and drops his head, trying not to show his disappointment, but it's difficult.

EXT. FALKLAND ISLANDS - VARIOUS - LATER

Out of the dark, a small boat speeds up in a bay. Argentine Marines spill out onto the land.

Clusters of Argentine Marines drop onto the airfield.

At Moody Brook, the Argentine Marines break down the door and start spraying the barracks with MACHINE GUN FIRE.

INT. GOVERNMENT HOUSE - LATER

A despondent Governor Hunt leans over, head in hands. Standing over his shoulder, his Intelligence Officer.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER  
What shall we do, Governor?

GOVERNOR HUNT  
I don't see that we have much choice, do we? We shall declare a state of emergency.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER  
Yes sir.

The Intelligence Officer salutes and walks away.

EXT. FALKLAND ISLANDS - HOOKER'S POINT - LATER

TITLE SUPERS: 0400

The droopy-eyed soldiers remain fixed on their position. Again, the radio crackles. Lou answers.

LOU  
We're moving!

Everyone except Gary and John loads into a Land Rover.

BERNIE  
Where are we going?

LOU  
To Stanley, follow in.

The Land Rover speeds away, leaving John and Gary to run for it.

EXT. STANLEY - STREETS - LATER

Flares fly up, brightly lighting the sky before fizzling. Rifle POPS and small explosions.

John and Gary run down the street.

They move from street to street. Gary lays down a cover of gunfire, John follows with huge bursts from his machine gun.

After receiving a burst of gunfire back from a dark alley, John and Gary duck against the wall.

JOHN  
Where the fuck are we going?

Gary shrugs, jumps out and sprays the alley with gunfire.

GARY  
Don't fucking know. Come on.

John and Gary continue on.

Finally, they hear voices. Straining against noise to hear, they recognize them as English speakers.

ALLEYWAY:

John and Gary duck in and catch their breath. Corporal Lou, Bernie and few other scattered Marines greet them.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Bloody good seeing you blokes.

LOU  
Government House is our objective.

JOHN  
Finally somebody tells us.

Lou points to the end of the alley.

John and Gary go there. The sun is coming up. They can see a small wood, an open field, and a large house beyond.

LOU  
You ready?

John readies his machine gun, confidently nods yes before preparing to step out of the alley.

STREETS:

John steps out, laying a burst of gun fire.

Lou leads the Marines out, Gary, Bernie and the others following him from alley to alley.

They do this over and over until they reach a fence line.

FENCE:

John slides against a fence. He's out of breath. Gary comes up behind him, looks around in all directions.

LOU (CONT'D)  
You've got to get over.

JOHN  
I'm knackered.

GARY  
Here, het me help.

Gary grabs the rifle barrel, ready to help him lift it. The heat from the metal SIZZLES his hand.

Gary pulls back, revealing a bloody hand missing skin.

JOHN  
You alright?

Before Gary can answer, rifle fire peppers the fence. They duck and cover, wait for it to pass.

GARY  
Let's go, come on.

John readies the machine gun, nods.

FIELD:

John hops over the fence onto a football pitch. Holding his machine gun out, he signals to the others to follow.

As John jumps over the fence, machine gun fire sprays the fence right where his legs were seconds ago.

A row of Marines follows on his heels, sprinting through the open toward the hedge row on the other side.

There is a tunnel through the thick hedge row. Through the tunnel, on the ground, they can see bodies.

Backs to the bushes, Lou grabs John's attention. He points.

JOHN

You want me to go first?

LOU

Anyone fires at you, fire back.

JOHN

Good advice.

Lou grabs someone else, a Marine named RICH.

LOU

When we get to the back door, you identify us.

Rich skittishly nods, yes.

Lou looks down the line. Every one the Marines looks back him and nods, OK, ready. Then he signals to John, go.

EXT. GOVERNMENT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Marines creep slowly across the manicured lawn, inching toward a large white house, dark windows staring back.

Bodies are strewn about on the grass.

John leads. His head is on a swivel, eyes seeking any signs of movement from the bushes or shadows.

They arrive at the back door. Rich steps forward:

RICH

(shouts)

Royal Marines!

A tense moment, everyone ready to fire back at the door.

Finally, after what feels like forever, CORPORAL PARES opens the door, eyes them gratefully.

CORPORAL PARES

It is bloody good to see the likes  
of you, get inside.

Holding open the door, the Marines enter the house.

INT. GOVERNMENT HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The NP8901 Marines dash into a well appointed butler's pantry where they draw a breath and look around.

JOHN

Bloody hell, can you believe that?

Gary shakes his severely burned hand.

Lou storms through, looks around the room, eyes his troops.

LOU

Upstairs everyone. Positions in the  
windows, prepare to return fire.

As quick as they took a deep breath, the Marines depart for:

BEDROOM:

A modest bedroom, made up with homey decor.

John and Gary burst in. They run to the window where John uses the butt of his rifle to break the glass.

LOU (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mind the fucking windows.

John looks at Gary, shakes his head.

JOHN

Can you believe that?

GARY

Sadly, I'm not surprised.

JOHN

A bloody bollicking for breaking a  
window? What do they think this is,  
a fucking holiday?

Gary pushes past, clears the pane of broken glass and helps John position his gun.

GARY

Eyes on the prize, Alden. Come on.

John shakes his head, refocuses. He stares down the barrel of his gun, turned on the front lawn.

He blinks. His eyes get heavier, exhaustion taking hold as the seconds tick into minutes, the minutes into...

LATER:

CRACK, CRACK...

John stirs, awoken by gun shots outside. Instinctively, he pulls the trigger, spraying the lawn with gun fire.

The commotion passes.

JOHN

You see anything?

GARY

Not a bloody thing.

John fixes his hat, leans in, takes aim.

Downstairs, we hear the CRACKLE of radio communication. Both Gary and John turn their heads to it.

MEETING ROOM:

Phone in hand, Governor Hunt looks incredulous.

GOVERNOR HUNT

I will do no such thing.

Major Norman listens, waiting on pins and needles.

GOVERNOR HUNT (CONT'D)

Oh heavens, can you just imagine the indignity of it?

With that, the Governor hangs up.

MAJOR NORMAN

What did he say?

GOVERNOR HUNT

The Argies are sending the whole bloody army at us.

MAJOR NORMAN

We can hold out against these guys.  
Without back-up however, I'm afraid  
we're in a lot of trouble.

GOVERNOR HUNT

Precisely why they recommended that  
we surrender now.

MAJOR NORMAN

Surrender?

Governor Hunt nods, runs a worried hand through his hair.

BEDROOM:

Chatter fills the house. John and Gary strain to keep one eye  
on the scene outside, while listening.

JOHN

What are they saying?

GARY

I can't quite tell.

From down the hall, they hear uproarious voices. In the midst  
of the all the tumult, the word "surrender" comes clear.

JOHN

I don't believe it.

Gary reaches over John, points outside.

ON THE LAWN:

Behind a hedgerow, we see a white flag. It's advancing toward  
the front yard, but we cannot see who carries it.

BEDROOM:

Gary clutches his rifle.

GARY

It can't be...

A group of ARGENTINE SOLIDERS gather on the lawn. They light  
cigarettes and share a laugh.

JOHN

Fucker.

From down the hall, a ruckus.

SOLDIER'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I won't surrender to a bloody spic.

The sound of MACHINE GUN FIRE fills the house. John and Gary, following the lead, open fire.

The Argentine soldiers on the lawn duck and cover, returning fire at the upper levels of the house.

HALLWAY:

Major Norman frantically runs down the hallway, shouting at the Marines occupying the bedrooms.

MAJOR NORMAN  
It's a cease fire, you fools. Hold your fire, hold it.

BEDROOM:

Major Norman passes their door.

MAJOR NORMAN (CONT'D)  
Damn it, you two, hold your fire.

John and Gary ease up. Smoke dissipates as the gunfire everywhere slowly dies down.

Major Norman disappears down the hallway.

Once silence is restored, John and Gary exchange looks.

JOHN  
What are we doing?

GARY  
Might as well pull one off.

MAJOR NORMAN (O.S.)  
Lay down your weapons. Lay them down where they are. Everyone, out.

FRONT ROOM:

Governor Hunt chokes back his pride as a stout Argentinian soldier, GENERAL GARCIA enters, cigar in his teeth.

GENERAL GARCIA  
(looks around)  
Lovely accommodations you have provided. These will do nicely.

General Garcia's entourage filters in, taking over.

GOVERNOR HUNT

This is an outrage.

General Garcia reaches out to shake hands. Governor Hunt looks disdainfully at his hand then at him.

GENERAL GARCIA

Come on, no hard feelings.

A long pause. Finally, General Garcia shakes his head, lights his cigar and walks away.

GENERAL GARCIA (CONT'D)

Fair enough, have it your way.

Governor Hunt keeps a stiff upper lip as Argentine forces filter into the house, taking over everything.

EXT. GOVERNMENT HOUSE - LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Argentine soldiers stand around. They keep their guns drawn on a line of Royal Marines. They walk out of the house, hands up, looks of confusion on their faces.

John comes out toward the end. A Soldier jabs him with the butt of his rifle as he gathers with the others.

ARGENTINE SOLDIER #1

Line up, come on.

The Royal Marines form lines.

ARGENTINE SOLDIER #2

Empty your pockets, everyone.

With indignant looks, the Royal Marines turn out pockets. Knives, wallets, personal affects pile up.

A PHOTOGRAPHER moves in and out of the crowd, snapping pictures of everything he sees.

SNAPSHOT:

Royal Marines lying face down, hands over their heads.

SNAPSHOT:

A row of Royal Marines receives General Garcia who shakes their hands, a smug look on his face.

SNAPSHOT:

The Argentine Soldiers pull down the British flag.

MOMENTS LATER:

The Royal Marines sit on the lawn, exhausted, defeated, waiting to see what comes next.

We overhear them talking, exchanging battle stories, pointing to different parts of Stanley and the outlying areas.

DANNY  
Section four is missing.

JOHN  
Where did you hear that?

DANNY  
I don't know, around.

GARY  
You being serious?

DANNY  
I am, not a word.

John nudges Danny.

JOHN  
Got a cigarette?

DANNY  
That Argie bastard over there took my last fag.

GARY  
Guys, get a look at this.

Gary stands up, shivering in the hard wind. The other Royal Marines follow him, watching as Governor Hunt is led away by a squadron of Argentinian soldiers.

JOHN  
The bloody nerve.

DANNY  
I heard he wouldn't shake their General's hand.

Gary spits on the ground.

GARY  
Fucking right.

With forlorn expressions, everyone watches as the displaced Governor is driven away.

LATER:

The Royal Marines lay around on the grass, bored to death, hungry, tired and irritated.

In the distance, a great cheer goes up. Everyone looks in that direction as the Argentine flag raises.

John takes one look, shakes his head.

JOHN

I've got to take a shit.

He rises from the lawn, hurries off into the bushes while the others look at the shameful spectacle.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

The wind whips furiously as the Royal Marines form a line. A line of personnel carriers pull up.

DANNY

Where are they taking us?

JOHN

I'm not going.

DANNY

Don't have a bloody choice, do you?

GARY

It's the old divide and conquer tactic, I'll tell you that much.

Danny ducks his eyes as two Argentine soldiers pass by, talking amongst themselves in Spanish.

DANNY

Bastards looking for section four.

The Argentine soldiers motion for everyone to get on board.

JOHN

Cannot tell a lie, I know fuck all about where those blokes ended up.

One by one, the Royal Marines get on.

EXT. MOODY BROOK BARRACKS - LATER

The wooden exterior of the barracks has been completely shot through, peppered with bullet holes.

The Royal Marines shake their heads in disbelief.

ARGENTINE SOLDIER #3  
You have ten minutes.

JOHN  
Ten minutes for what?

ARGENTINE SOLDIER #3  
Go on, gather your things, go on.

John and Gary share a disbelieving look. They follow the lead into the barracks:

INT. MOODY BROOK BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

John shakes his head. Everything inside of the barracks has been looted or ransacked.

GARY  
Those bastards.

INT. PERSONNEL CARRIER - MOMENTS LATER

The loud vehicles rolls over the rough road. Exhausted faces shake and jostle, heavy eyes sag.

They look out as the town of Stanley vanishes behind them.

At the end of the carrier, an Argentine Soldier watches them, satisfied look on his face.

ARGENTINE SOLDIER #3  
So, do you think you'll be back?

One Royal Marine looks him straight in the eye.

ROYAL MARINE  
You're damn right we'll be back.

The satisfied look vanishes from his face.

EXT. AIR FIELD - LATER

The sun goes down, wind more furious than before. In the distance, an airplane awaits.

Royal Marines are lined up, waiting to be searched. One by one, they step forward, throw up their hands, allow themselves to be patted down before continuing to the plane.

John watches as one Royal Marine puts up his hands, a sly look breaks across his face as the Argentine Soldier pats him down and finds... a Bowie knife.

The Argentine Guards look at one another before passing the Royal Marine further along the line.

John and Gary share a dismayed look... then a laugh.

INT. AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

The Royal Marines plop down in their seats, each one utterly exhausted and disgusted.

John collapses, stretches out.

Gary falls in the seat in front of him, and looks around.

GARY

Would be right decent of them to  
get us a drink, wouldn't it?

Danny sits, removes his beret.

DANNY

A gin and tonic, thank you.

GARY

Make mine a double.

JOHN

Since when did decency have  
anything to do with it?

John slumps and closes his eyes as ENGINE NOISE intensifies.

EXT. AIR FIELD - LATER

The night sky is pitch black. We can only see the blinking lights of air traffic control and vehicles.

John staggers out of the plane, Gary a step behind him. They yawn and stretch, barely awake.

As John's senses rouse, he notices they're surrounded on both sides by Argentine Soldiers, machine guns trained on them.

A surreal, strange moment as John startles, senses roused, passing through the gauntlet.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER

TITLE CARD: Montevideo, Uruguay, April 3rd, 2:00AM.

Open on a nice hotel. The exterior is marked by gorgeous gardens, bubbling fountains, personnel running about.

A bus pulls up. The doors open, letting out a line of exhausted but wide-eyed Royal Marines.

ROYAL MARINE #1  
Holy shit, will you look at this?

ROYAL MARINE #2  
Imagine where they'd put us if we  
had beat those bastards?

John, Gary and Danny are off next. They shake their heads, not quite able to believe where the hell they are.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - LATER

A tasteful white marble lobby filled with tropical plants and artwork... full of filthy Royal Marines.

Major Norman steps out, scowling at his men.

MAJOR NORMAN  
Hurry up, hurry up. Come on, let's  
get you blokes fed. Not that any of  
you deserve it, seeing the shite  
behavior you've thrown out.

John shakes his head.

JOHN  
Another fucking bollicking, how  
bloody delightful.

DINING HALL:

A large room lined with tables. The Royal Marines file in, taking seats, removing their berets and jackets.

GARY  
A steaming pile of warmed over  
rations, if I had to guess.

John points to two SERVERS bringing loaded trays.

JOHN  
Looks like steak.

DANNY

The boss got off his wad, how generous of him.

Plates heaped with steak and potatoes arrive at their table.

GARY

Thank you, Madam Thatcher.

JOHN

The generous cunt.

A drink trolley rolls out... everyone stands, excitedly eyeing the pints of beer, ready for a drink.

By the time the drink trolley gets through the first table, however, all the beer is gone.

GARY

Don't give me a Coke.

DANNY

Bring out the bloody beer!

Cheers go through the crowd, more beer, more beer, everyone ready to riot for a sip of it.

MAJOR NORMAN

Quiet down, that's an order. You're under house arrest here, I expect you all to behave accordingly.

The crowd quiets down, while the few Royal Marines that got beer lord their frothy pints over their mates.

JOHN

Fucking wanker.

Gary tries to slice off a piece of the steak with a knife, but it won't cut.

BEDROOM LATER:

An immaculate room.

John and Danny enter, a glazed over look in their eyes.

DANNY

You ever stayed in a hotel like this, John?

JOHN

I've never stayed in a hotel.

John walks to the window, looks out. Meanwhile, Danny staggers off to find the bathroom.

For a moment, John looks out the window, eyeing the darkness. He's exhausted, beaten, but the look in his eye says something else. It says, how the hell did I even get here?

We linger there for a moment until Danny emerges from the bathroom, confused look on his face.

DANNY  
Can you help me?

JOHN  
What's the matter, Danny boy? Lost your pecker?

DANNY  
Take a look at this, would you?

BATHROOM:

John and Danny stand over the bidet, baffled by what the contraption is and how it works.

JOHN  
What in the hell?

DANNY  
That's what I said.

JOHN  
Maybe it's for washing the sand off of your feet?

DANNY  
Bloody lap of luxury, not for me.

Danny engages it, a little squirt of water shoots out. They share an awkward laugh over it.

INT. HOTEL - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Danny smokes a cigarette at the window.

DANNY  
I don't fucking believe it.

John wakes, rolls out of bed and crosses the room to him. The view from the room is of a wide, gorgeous beach.

JOHN  
What is it?

DANNY  
Will you look at that?

John looks closer, following to where Danny has indicated.  
The entire hotel is surrounded by police cars.

JOHN  
There's house arrest for you.

DINING HALL:

The room full of Marines, talking loudly, smoking, eating.  
Danny sits between John and Gary.

DANNY  
I heard Governor Hunt is here.

GARY  
Where?

JOHN  
Follow the scent of room service.

GARY  
Bloody right.

DANNY  
I wonder if he's gotten his  
bollicking yet.

GARY  
Probably give him a medal.

JOHN  
Anyone heard anything about what  
happened to Section 4?

Gary and John shake their heads, no.

DANNY  
That can't be good.

JOHN  
No contact since yesterday?

GARY  
That's the word.

DANNY  
They're tough, they'll be fine.

A roar goes through group.

Everyone looks up, catching the drink trolley passing through again. In seconds, it's overrun.

JOHN

I'm not getting shut out again.

John forces his way to the trolley, elbowing his way toward grabbing a beer for everyone at the table.

DANNY

It's warm.

GARY

It's beer, fucking drink it.

JOHN

If you're going to piss about it,  
I'll drink it.

A group of Marines follow the trolley, scribbling their names on pieces of paper.

DANNY

We gotta sign for it?

GARY

Like hell.

John takes a receipt, fishes a pen from his pocket and writes something down. The other guys look over his shoulder then break out into fits of laughter.

DANNY

Good thinking.

Gary snatches the pen away.

GARY

Give me that.

John holds up his receipt.

JOHN

Thanks to M. Thatcher.

A roar of laughter goes throughout the crowd. Everyone signs their drink receipts to M. Thatcher, M. Mouse, D. Duck.

Major Norman and Governor Hunt share curious looks.

INT. OFFICES - MORNINGD

Follow MARGARET THATCHER and her Chief of Naval Staff, HENRY LEACH through the busy halls of government.

THATCHER

What has our response to this senseless aggression been thus far?

LEACH

We've mobilized.

THATCHER

That was days ago, Henry.

LEACH

Yes, ma'am.

Margaret Thatcher stops short of opening a door.

THATCHER

We've been invaded. Our response must be far more robust.

Henry nods, yes, understanding.

Then Margaret Thatcher opens the door, revealing a hectic scene, thick with smoke and frantic activity that stops cold when the Prime Minister enters.

She flashes a familiar smile and gets to work.

EXT. PORTSMOUTH - DAY

A massive vessel, the HMS Invincible slips through the water, guided by helicopters and tug boats.

Crowds stand on the shores, cheering and waving them on.

EXT. AIR FIELD - DAY

TITLE CARD: Two Weeks Later

Open on the deafening sound of a airplane.

A military aircraft lands and comes to a screeching halt.

A solemn crowd of uniformed military personnel lines up to greet the NP8901 Marines as they get off the plane.

Follow a line of Marines, eyes unwaveringly forward.

A soldier in a wheelchair, SIR STEUART PRINGLE is wheeled out before the Marines. Then rising from the chair, he wobbles down the line of Marines, eyeing each one.

On John, eyes forward, choked up.

Sir Steuart Pringle comes to John, smiles crookedly and shakes his hand with a firm grip.

SIR STEUART PRINGLE  
Chin up, lad. Your chance has yet  
to come, won't it?

John nods, shakes his hand as Sir Steuart Pringle moves on.

INT. BASE - DAY

A crowded Ammunitions storage room. Royal Marines line up, gather their weapons, check out ammo.

John cleans his machine gun.

JOHN  
Why do I feel as though we've been  
left behind?

DANNY  
Because we have.

GARY  
I don't know about you, but I'd  
sooner spend a couple of weeks here  
in port than cooped up on a boat  
with a bunch of virgins.

John clicks his machine gun in.

JOHN  
We'll be cocks of the walk when we  
meet up with those bastards.

DANNY  
Ascension Island.

GARY  
Any idea where that might be, John?

Gary slaps John playfully on the chest.

JOHN  
Near Scotland, I gather.

Everyone around them gets a great big laugh as John stands tall and brandishes his machine gun.

EXT. ASCENSION ISLAND - ESTABLISHING

Various shots of a rocky, volcanic island. Blue waters, gold beaches, tiny villages nestled around a military barracks.

BARRACKS:

The NP8901 Marines stroll into the barracks, look around. John removes his sunglasses, shakes his head.

JOHN

A hell of a lot nicer than that  
shit shack, Moody Brook.

In the background, we hear someone call out in glee.

SWIMMING POOL:

A swimming pool outside the barracks. Marines take turns jumping into the water, horsing around.

Major Norman walks onto the pool deck, sees what his men are up to and shakes his head in disgust.

MAJOR NORMAN

(to one of his men)  
Get those fools out of there.

He walks away, leaving his men to deal with Tom-foolery.

EXT. ASCENSION ISLAND - TRAILS

On a steep, cone-shaped volcano.

Follow the NP8901 Marines as they run in a tight formation up the steep mountain trails.

John bears down, sweat pouring down his face. He's determined, running as hard as he can when suddenly...

Danny races by, leaving him in the dust.

JOHN

Fucking knacker...

Gary is on John's heels.

GARY

When those fuckers get here, we're going to be in tip-top shape.

Then Gary blows by John, setting off a frantic, playful race for the top of the mountain.

EXT. SS CANBERRA - MORNING

The SS Canberra is a long, white ocean liner, decked out for luxury cruises.

ON DECK:

The NP8901 Marines board, getting a look around. Every bell and whistle leave John and Gary wide-eyed.

JOHN

Look at us, Gaz.

GARY

Just a couple of country boys in the lap of luxury

JOHN

If I knew it would take getting my ass kicked by a bunch of Argie bastards to live like a king, I would have let it happen years ago.

GARY

Easier said than done.

Danny passes, nudges Gary on his way through.

DANNY

Don't get used to the way that silver spoon feels up your arse.

JOHN

Fuck off.

DANNY

It's E Deck for the likes of you.

John and Gary share a confused look.

SLEEPING QUARTERS:

John and Gary look around at the tight, damp quarters. This is definitely not the lap of luxury.

JOHN  
This is more like it.

John tosses his bag on the bunk.

GARY  
For fucks sake, in the bloody belly  
of the white whale.

A couple of Marines get on, ready to dump their bags.  
Immediately, John and Gary recognize them.

JOHN  
Section 4, Jim McKay's group.

ROYAL MARINE #4  
Aye, that's us.

GARY  
We heard you guys went missing.

ROYAL MARINE #5  
We did. We hit out for days before  
they found us and stuck us in an  
Argentinian jail.

ROYAL MARINE #4  
The bastards.

John and Gary watch as the two Marines drop their bags.

INT. CANBERRA - THEATER - NIGHT

Tightly packed, smoke fills the air. The Marines watch news  
broadcasts about the situation in the Falklands.

NEWS CASTER  
Another day, another round of peace  
talks on the gradually worsening  
situation in the Falkland Islands.

John and Gary watch from the back of the room.

ON THE SCREEN:

A split screen image of Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher.

GARY  
Whose breath do you think is worse,  
Ron Reagan, or old M. Thatcher?

## NEWS CASTER

Once again the Americans sat down with representatives from the warring sides, and once again, they came away empty handed.

## JOHN

Damn it.

John tosses his cigarette and walks out.

## GARY

(calls after him)

What did you think, they were going to hand it back over tea?

## MONTAGE:

- The Marines run laps around the deck of the Canberra.
- In the dining halls, the Marines play cards, drinking and smoking, laughing riotously.
- In the theater, the Marines watch an old, black and white film, "Cross Of Iron".
- On the deck, the Marines drill in formation.
- While sitting on deck, sunning themselves, planes fly over and they fire them a proper salute.
- John, Gary and Danny strut around, looking tough. They give everyone a macho look.

## END MONTAGE:

INT. CANBERRA - THEATER - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: May 2nd, 1982

The theater room is packed. Everyone sitting up on the edge of their seats, chain smoking, eyes wide.

## NEWS CASTER

At just short of 4Pm local time, in the waters east of the Falkland Islands, inside of what England earlier designated as the Total Exclusion Zone, the ARA Belgrano, Argentina's only cruiser was hit by two torpedoes.

ON THE SCREEN:

News footage of a sinking ship.

The Marines in the room go crazy. Everyone cheers and jumps out of their seats, giving one another hugs.

In the back of the room, John and Gary smoke cigarettes, shaking their head in utter disgust.

GARY  
There it goes, right?

JOHN  
Down the shitter.

GARY  
Oh well.

John shrugs, watches as the Marines around him celebrate.

INT. CANBERRA - DINING HALL - NIGHT

The Marines pack in around the tables, chain smoking, drinking beer and playing cards.

John is in a particularly tough game of cards. We watch as he lays out cards, takes cards, eye his opponent.

It's down to John and another player. They show their hands. John jumps out of his seat, pulls the money in.

HALLWAY LATER:

John walks out, stack of cash in his hand. Gary and Danny happen to be walking the other way.

JOHN  
I'm up three hundred quid, how do you like that?

Gary and Danny are serious.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
What's up your asses?

GARY  
Come on, the boss is gathering everyone in the theater.

John follows, obviously concerned.

THEATER:

Everyone sits, smoking heavily, eyes glued on the stage.  
Major Norman steps out, grim look on his face.

The room is quiet enough to hear a pin drop.

Finally, Major Norman removes his beret, runs a hand through his hair and looks everyone in the eye.

MAJOR NORMAN

Time has come, as most of you know.  
We make landfall in the Falklands  
in less than thirty-six hours.  
Those of you who have been through  
the shit know, it's not going to be  
a bloody pleasant.

John and Gary eye one another.

An Assistant passes through down the aisle, passing papers, envelopes and pencils to everyone.

MAJOR NORMAN (CONT'D)

It brings me no pleasure to ask  
each of you to write that letter.  
To your sweat heart back home, your  
Mum, whomever, opened only on the  
untimely meeting of your death. Let  
them know what your thoughts were,  
proud, scared or otherwise, on the  
brink of this momentous event.  
(takes a deep breath)  
Go on, you have fifteen minutes.

Major Norman steps away.

The room remains quiet.

Everyone shares an awkward look. One by one, the Marines find a private space and huddle up to write their letters.

John stares at the blank page... he's paralyzed by it.

Across the room, we hear a soft SOB. This spurs John on. He picks up the pencil and begins writing.

JOHN (V.O.)

Dear Dad. If you've received this,  
you know what happened.

John turns out his pocket full of cash.

EXT. FALKLAND ISLANDS - NIGHT

TITLE SUPERS: May 21, 1982

Pitch black. Water laps against the shore.

JOHN (V.O.)

Go on out, have a drink on me.

We see a light on the distant water.

EXT. SAN CARLOS WATERS - ESTABLISHING - HOURS LATER

The sun barely up, fills the dreary scene with sparse light.

We hear the HUM of an engine.

A massive warship sits anchored in shallow waters. In the distance, we can see the Falkland shore.

DECK OF THE CANBERRA:

On the faces of Royal Marines, eyes glued to the shore, watching for any signs of combat.

John puffs hard on a cigarette. Beside him Danny and Gary exchange worried looks.

GARY

Where are they?

JOHN

We don't fucking know, do we?

Danny wipes his brow, shakes his head.

Lou struts by, stopping at the front of the line.

GARY

They go and set 'em up, we knock 'em down, eh John?

JOHN

Bloody right.

LOU

(to the group)

OK, lads, we're off.

One by one, the Royal Marines tamp out their smokes, grab their weapons, file down the deck.

## LANDING CRAFT:

On small aquatic landing vehicles. We watch as soldiers file down into them, taking their place in line.

Gary first, John second, Danny last.

The moment John sits, he lights another cigarette.

Once the soldiers are crowded on, the landing vehicles depart the ship, cutting across the water to the shore.

Lou stands at the back, head high, cold wind in his face.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Landfall in fifteen minutes.

Gary, John and Danny exchange looks.

We follow the Royal Marines on the landing vehicles for a long, tense beat, scared boys with eyes on the nearing shore.

Suddenly, a POP and flash of light.

Everyone jumps at once, exchanging frightened glances.

DANNY  
What the hell was that?

Lou rises, the shore roughly seventy-five yards out.

LOU  
Expecting a dry landing, you can be sure to thank me later.

Putting his cigarette out on his boot, John readies, fastens his gun to his shoulder, shakes his head.

## EXT. FALKLAND ISLANDS - SHORE - MOMENTS LATER

A desolate shore. A muddy, rocky expanse that stretches out in every direction. Cold wind ripples the tall grass.

We see the boats pull up the shore and stop. The front gates drop into the water.

SPLASH...

Soldiers flood out of the landing craft... into five feet of icy cold ocean water.

Gary hits the water first, braces against the cold. As he trudges forward, John follows, Danny on his heels.

Finally on the shore, everyone is soaked.

GARY  
Son of a bitch.

JOHN  
(whispers)  
So much for a for a dry landing.

Lou storms past, gathering everyone's attention.

LOU  
We have two downed Gazelle  
helicopters over the ridge. Reports  
say the Argies shot the pilot while  
he was in the water.

GARY  
Bloody bastards.

LOU  
We'll march up the side of the bay,  
advancing to contact. Let's go.

The Royal Marines gather their packs and weapons, form a single file order and start up a trail.

VARIOUS BAYSIDE LOCATIONS:

The Royal Marines yomp up the side of the bay.

We watch the line wind toward the top of a ridge, following narrow, steep sided trails.

Eyes mostly down, the soldiers occasionally look up to take in the bleak, rolling gray wastelands before them.

RIDGE TOP:

At the very top of the surrounding range, the peak overlooks a small lake.

Lou brings the men to a halt.

Gary, John and Danny stop, catching their breath.

GARY  
Where is the contact?

DANNY  
Be bloody grateful, Gaz.

GARY

What are you worried about, popping  
your cherry, Danny?

Around them, the soldiers set up, ready to settle in.

JOHN

Look around you, boys. This looks  
like home.

GARY

Are you fucking kidding?

Dropping to the ground, John crosses his arms, backs up  
against a rock and nods.

JOHN

Welcome to the Falklands.

Shaking his head, Gary drops his pack and joins him. Looking  
out at the others, Danny cannot believe it.

MONTAGE:

On various shots of the Royal Marines:

- They lay out on the ridge top, wind whipping around them.
- We watch Lou communicate.
- They pick at meager, unappetizing rations.
- Shivering, they rub hands, layer rags over their frozen  
fingers, doing whatever they can to stay warm.
- Exchanging canteens, they drink dirty bog water.
- On watch over the lake, their exhausted eyes droop.
- Lighting a cigarette, John shivers deeply, rubbing his  
stiff, wet legs from the knee down.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. FALKLAND ISLANDS - HILLSIDE - MORNING

A similarly bleak, gray day to the others thus far.

At the bottom of the hill, we see San Carlos waters.

We follow the line of Royal Marines down a hillside trail,  
switching back and forth.

With every step, John winces painfully. Gary notices.

GARY  
You alright, John?

JOHN  
I'm fine.

GARY  
Don't give me a bullshit routine.

JOHN  
I said I'm fine.

Gary shakes his head as if to say, suit yourself.

LATER:

On Royal Marines, digging a trench in the hillside. We can hear the POP of distant EXPLOSIONS.

John steps on the shovel, grimaces.

More EXPLOSIONS, only nearer now.

Gary notices. He looks at Danny who shrugs, uncertain.

LATER:

A steady rain has started falling.

With trenches dug, the filthy, miserable Royal Marines huddle into the much a mire.

Throughout the scene, POPS and EXPLOSIONS go off around them.

John lets out a great sigh of relief as he sits.

GARY  
Enough is enough...

JOHN  
Don't badger me, Gaz.

GARY  
At least get those boots off so we  
can get a look at them.

Shaking his head, John removes a boot. Pulling it off, he HOWLS in pain, shaking his head.

John's foot is swollen and red.

DANNY  
What the fuck?

GARY  
Trench foot.  
(to John)  
Get dry socks on them.

Rummaging around in his pack, John searches. He pulls out a pair of socks and wrings them out.

DANNY  
We need a medic.

JOHN  
No.

GARY  
Listen to reason.

JOHN  
It's nothing worse than...

A particularly close EXPLOSION interrupts him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
...than anyone else, Gaz.

GARY  
You have to do something.

As John pulls his boot on, three Marines yomp by, splashing the accumulated mud and water on him.

Glaring at Gary, John pulls his boot back on, his grimace deep, painful, but he manages to stand.

JOHN  
What? Give up my penthouse view on  
Bomb Alley?

John pushes through the soldiers to the trench edge, leaning out, looking over the view.

LATER:

Nightfall. Pouring rain.

Follow down the row of filthy, shivering faces of soldiers, watching the water below.

POP. RATTA-TAT. POP. POP.

The sounds of battle don't phase them.

We end on the last in the row, Gary, Danny and John.

Gary produces a cigarette, lights it.

POP-POP. POP.

Unfazed, John pulls a smoke, reaches for the light. Gary gives it to him.

On John's feet... we see he's standing knee deep in water.

FADE OUT:

EXT. GOOSE GREEN - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

TITLE SUPERS: May 28, 1980

On a small, water side settlement consisting of just a few scattered buildings, houses, and roads.

A series of EXPLOSIONS pepper the grassy outcroppings.

ON THE STREET/IN THE GRASS:

The battle has been raging for a while.

We can hear a few SCREAMS and SHOUTS of Argentine soldiers rising above the noise.

They rise, fire on the advancing Royal Marines, fall back.

Out in the grass, the Royal Marines creep their way closer, firing on the buildings and structures.

BBC ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We have reports, credible reports,  
that British forces are preparing  
an assault on an area known as  
Goose Green, a settlement just a  
few miles from 2 Para in Darwin.

Another series of EXPLOSIONS, out of which we watch Royal Marines advance closer to the small settlement.

HILLSIDE NEARBY:

Helicopters circle over a position near the settlement.

John, Gary and Danny, along with the rest of J Company, support the artillery regiment shelling the village.

They fire rockets...

BOOM, they strike down near the settlement below.

We see Lou toward the back, working radio communication.

Thick black smoke fills the sky. It billows up from a raging fire on a small schoolhouse.

Finally, we see a white flag rise out of the smoke.

The Royal Marines cheer.

EXT. GOOSE GREEN - OUTSKIRTS - LATER

Smoke fills the air. Fires rage in bombed out buildings.

Follow a line of Argentine Soldiers, hands up in surrender, as they wind through the J Company Royal Marines.

Gary and John smoke, watch.

GARY

Can you fucking believe this?

John shakes his head, no.

JOHN

I've lost count.

GARY

Uno, dos...

(thinks about it)

Tres.

Royal Marines yomp in from the grass outside of town.

JOHN

Look at that bloody terrain,  
nowhere to fucking hide.

GARY

Amazing anyone from 2 Para made it.

Gary kneels down, opens his pack.

JOHN

What do you think you're doing?

GARY

Care for a cup of tea? I think  
we're in the clear.

John looks around, shrugs.

JOHN  
Suppose it's safe.

Gary sets about lighting his little cook stove, dumping water into the pot.

GARY  
I'll be happy when I can turn on a faucet again.

JOHN  
Drink of something that won't blow out the other end.

Lou and his entourage pass through.

GARY  
Got any numbers, boss?

LOU  
Them or us?

GARY  
Give me the good news.

LOU  
Fifty-five dead Argies. So far no reports of wounded or killed civilians.

GARY  
Don't know that I'd want to come back home to this mess.

John looks over his shoulder at WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS.

JOHN  
And the bad news?

GARY  
What are you, fucking morbid?

LOU  
2 Para lost fifteen.

GARY  
Bloody fifteen?

Lou nods, yes.

JOHN  
(to the nearest Argie)  
The bastards.

Gary laughs at how the enemy cowers before kneeling down to check his water.

GARY

I think we're about boiling...

Out of nowhere, an EXPLOSION interrupts Gary.

A massive clump of earth thrusts forward, sending two Argentine Marines into the air.

Gary and John exchange looks.

JOHN

What the fuck?

At first they're shocked, a little horrified, then it quickly turns to grim amusement.

GARY

Hey boss? Hey boss, look. Looks like it's fifty-seven.

John shakes his head, disbelieving the whole spectacle.

JOHN

Just like Blazing Saddles.

GARY

Blazing what?

JOHN

Blazing-fucking-Saddles?

GARY

What? You need to take a shit again, John?

JOHN

It's a movie. You've never seen the fucking movie?

Gary pours the water, shakes his head, no.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Fucking savages.

Gary hands over a steaming cup of tea while shaking his head the entire time.

LATER:

On the trail leading into Goose Green.

Gary and John walk slowly, staring down, distracted by the line of dead Argentine Soldiers.

Eyes wide, they scan the battered, bloody faces.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Makes you think.

GARY  
Fuck that, makes you think, maybe.

Suddenly, Gary stops.

JOHN  
What are you doing?

Gary kneels, lifts up one of the dead hands.

GARY  
Don't think he's gonna need this.

He shows John a gold ring.

JOHN  
Are you crazy?

GARY  
Come on, John.

JOHN  
Talk about me being morbid.

GARY  
What do they say about the victor?  
To him goes the spoils.

John looks around, hoping not to get caught.

JOHN  
You're bloody crazy.

Gary wrenches at the ring. As he applies increasing pressure, the fingers snap back, forming a fist.

GARY  
What the fuck...?

John laughs heartily.

GARY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck was that?

JOHN  
Just move on, let's go.

Still in shock, Gary shakes his head, continues on, looking back at the now clenched hand.

EXT. GOOSE GREEN - COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER

A small building, miraculously still in tact.

As the Royal Marines walk toward the building, a long line of FALKLAND CIVILIANS walk out.

They look at one another, sharing shock, fatigue, gratitude.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

A small space with a open floor.

The Royal Marines have turned this into a makeshift sleeping quarters.

Danny, Gary and John set up on the floor.

GARY  
Out of the bloody wind.

DANNY  
Finally.

JOHN  
Never been so happy to sack out on  
a hardwood floor before.

GARY  
Me either.

Danny collapses, head against the wall, eyes already closed.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Where is the buffet line?

Danny chuckles.

JOHN  
I missed my drink ticket.  
(slaps Danny)  
Did you get yours?

DANNY  
A gin and tonic.

JOHN  
Now that would take the edge off.

GARY  
I'll take a blonde.

JOHN  
Now you're talking.

As Danny and Gary continue talking, John sits and removes his boots, revealing his red feet.

For the moment at least, they don't seem too painful.

LATER:

In the middle of the night, with everything dark and quiet, John bolts upright, writhing in pain.

Gary SNORES, happily staying asleep.

Danny wakes and looks immediately at John.

DANNY  
Are you OK, John?

JOHN  
No, I'm not bloody OK.

DANNY  
Have you been shot?

JOHN  
My feet, Danny. My God damn feet.

DANNY  
Let me see.

Pulling back the blankets, Danny gets a look at his feet. They've swollen up to twice normal size like red balloons.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Holy shit.

JOHN  
There's your good bedside manner,  
Doctor Danny.  
(groans)  
What am I going to do?

DANNY  
Put your boots back on.

JOHN  
What?

DANNY  
You heard me.

JOHN  
Did you get a look at them?

DANNY  
We don't have a medic, do we?  
Nothing to deal with the pain,  
right?  
(looks around)  
The best thing you can do is keep  
your boots on.

John grabs his boot, looks at it with grim resolve.

JOHN  
Help me?

DANNY  
Help you...?

JOHN  
Yeah, help me, would you? They're  
not going to just slide on like a  
ruby slipper now are they?

DANNY  
Yeah, I suppose not.

Danny kneels, grabs a boot and looks at John.

JOHN  
Spare me, alright? Just do it.

DANNY  
One, two...

Danny lurches forward, forcing the boot over John's foot.  
SCREAMING out in pain, John throws his head back and writhes.

EXT. GOOSE GREEN - THE NEXT MORNING

The sound of chopper blades cuts through the early morning.  
Smoke still billows from burning buildings.

The Royal Marines, led by Lou, line up, waiting their turn to  
board a Chinook helicopter.

Toward the middle of the line, Gary and Danny wait. John  
stands behind them, wincing with every step.

GARY  
Never got that blonde. Sure as hell  
dreamt about her though.

DANNY  
(to John)  
You able to keep on your feet?

JOHN  
For the time being.

GARY  
You alright?

JOHN  
Swelled up, something fierce.

DANNY  
Crammed them back in his boots.

The rear of the helicopter opens, revealing a PILOT.

PILOT  
What the fuck is this?

LOU  
What are you talking about? J  
Company, ready for Mount Kent.

PILOT  
What is there? Ninety of you.

LOU  
We have our orders.

GARY  
Speaking of cramming them in.

DANNY  
Has the boss gone mad?

JOHN  
I don't know, but we're not all  
getting on that death trap.

Gary, Danny and John share a worried look.

EXT. SKY - LATER

On a morning sky, thick with clouds.

We can hear the helicopter for a long moment before it  
emerges through the clouds.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Roughly half of J Company packs into their seats, clutching their weapons, daring not to look out the window.

GARY

I hope the bloody pilot knows where  
he's going in all this.

Danny grips his rifle, eyes closed.

Meanwhile, John leans forward, eagerly looking for where they're going to land.

EXT. MOUNT KENT - LATER

TITLE SUPERS: Mount Kent, 11 KM From Intended Drop Zone

A cloud covered mountaintop, barren and desolate, just like everything else around it.

We hear the helicopter's blades cut the air. Slowly, it lowers toward the ground, hovering a moment before landing.

One by one, Royal Marines hop off onto the ground, taking defensive positions around the helicopter.

John races out, takes his position.

Falling into position a short distance on either side of him, Gary and Danny drop, turn their rifles out...

A long, tense moment of questioning.

GARY

Where is the rest of J Company?

DANNY

They're supposed to be here.

GARY

They're leaving after us, what are  
you daft? We're the first here.

Danny nods, refocuses.

John shakes his head, distracted by the uncertainty.

TIME PASSES:

All around their position, stillness, nothing, leading to looks of confusion from the others.

JOHN  
If this is some kind of a joke...

DANNY  
It's not a joke.

JOHN  
Someone had better tell the boss,  
it's not funny.

GARY  
They should have been here by now.

Gary tenses up.

GARY (CONT'D)  
We're lost.

Danny wipes a bead of sweat off his brow.

DANNY  
Don't talk like that.

GARY  
Don't tell me that.  
(indicates beside him)  
I heard it from him. Isn't what  
happened obvious by now? They  
dropped us on the wrong bloody  
mountain top.

DANNY  
The wrong mountain top?

John firms his grip.

JOHN  
We don't know that.

GARY  
You wouldn't be very surprised,  
would you though? Look around, not  
that it would be hard.

Lou storms out of the fog.

LOU  
Listen up. Every single one of you  
needs to keep your ears open,  
listening for the sound of combat.  
That way we'll know our heading off  
this awful rock.

JOHN  
To the next awful rock.

The Royal Marines linger, they wait...

TIME PASSES, until...

POP, CRACK.

Everyone turns as though an alarm sounded.

POP, POP, CRACK.

Rising out of his position, Gary points to where he heard the sounds of combat coming from.

GARY  
(excited)  
Over there.

JOHN  
Get back down.

GARY  
That's where we're going.

A BUZZ of excitement races through the squadron.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - LATER

Follow a line of Royal Marines down the mountainside.

POP, CRACK.

By now, the sounds of combat hardly has any affect on them. They march down the trail, heads down.

EXT. MOUNT CHALLENGER - MORNING

TITLE SUPERS: Mount Challenger, 18 Kilometers East of Stanley

Wind whips, rain falls sideways.

Royal Marines huddle up behind a patchwork lean-to made out of ponchos, anything to get out of the rain.

John huddles, Gary nearby.

GARY  
Where's our packs?

JOHN  
Don't know.

GARY  
They haven't come yet?

JOHN  
Obviously not.

GARY  
No fucking pack, no sleeping bags,  
no dry socks.

Another Royal Marine, tired of hearing Gary's griping, turns and walks away.

JOHN  
Look at what you've done.

GARY  
Bollocks to him, I was tired of  
looking at his mug anyway.

Danny enters the lean-to.

DANNY  
Stanley is just down the bloody  
ridge from here. If you look hard  
enough, you can practically see it.

GARY  
Sounds like something your girl  
might say in the bedroom.

John has a laugh, tries to huddle up against the wind.

DANNY  
Fuck off.

JOHN  
Don't get your panties in a bunch,  
it was pretty funny.

GARY  
You know what I could use right  
now? A glass of brandy and a nice  
plate of Shepherd's Pie.

DANNY  
Sounds fucking beautiful.

GARY  
My Mum used to make it. I can still  
taste the gravy, right now.

JOHN

Shut your hole. Your Mum never made that for me after I shagged her. Of course by then, she had her fill, didn't she?

Now it's Danny's turn to laugh.

Before Gary can kick back, John spins out of the lean-to, leaving them alone for a moment.

Follow John. He weaves his way through groups of Royal Marines standing around, huddled on the ground, dug in.

Everyone is freezing. Everyone is doing anything to warm up.

Gary comes running after him, rifle over his shoulder.

GARY

John, John...

JOHN

You don't just look like your Mum, you sound like her too...

GARY

Jokes aside. We've got patrol.

At the word patrol, John turns and follows Gary.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - LATER

Follow a group of Royal Marines through a series of shots.

MONTAGE:

- They wander down into a meadow.
- They take evasive maneuvers around rocks, looking for encamped soldiers.
- They yomp through brush, guns out.

END MONTAGE:

At the peak of a steep ridge, John stops, winces.

Gary walks up behind him.

GARY

What's the matter?

JOHN  
Nothing.

GARY  
It's your feet, isn't it?

JOHN  
It's nothing, I'll be fine.

John continues on, defiant of Gary's concern.

EXT. MOUNT CHALLENGER - LATER

The patrol arrives back on the mountain top amid commotion.

GARY  
What the fuck is going on?

JOHN  
Don't know.

Knifing to the center of a group, they find everyone standing over a Royal Marine, clutching a knee, bleeding everywhere. Screaming out in pain, he writhes and wails.

GARY  
What in the hell?

A Royal Marine standing beside them turns, unlit cigarette on his lip.

ROYAL MARINE #6  
Bastard tried to knock his bloody  
knee cap off with a shovel.

GARY  
Why would anyone do that?

From over their shoulders, a MEDIVAC team arrives.

JOHN  
Easiest way to get off this rock.

Lou makes his way through the group.

LOU  
Clear a path, clear a path.

Everyone stands back, watches as the Medevac Team puts the injured soldier on a stretcher.

On John, watching the screaming man carried away.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Snow falls in the darkness.

Amid the shivering, soaking wet, miserable ranks, John sits, knees to his chest, shuddering, thoughts elsewhere.

MIDNIGHT:

The wind howls louder, faster, more powerful than before.

On Danny, hunkered down, tent sheet rippling in the storm. Although he clutches for dear life, the wind power increases until it rips the sheet off of him.

Exposed to the conditions, Danny staggers around the mountain, looking for cover.

Wind and rain smack him in the face. He shivers, pushing against the tremendous gales.

Finding another tent, Danny crouches, peers inside.

SECTION COMMANDER

What are you doing here?

DANNY

(through shiver spasms)  
I lost my... my tent sheet.

SECTION COMMANDER

What do you want me to do about it?

DANNY

Can I take cover?

SECTION COMMANDER

No. Not enough room. Move on.

The Section Commander pulls his tent flap back, pushing Danny back into the cold and rain.

LATER:

Danny pokes his head into John's tent. At first he stirs suspiciously, but seeing his friend there, he's concerned.

JOHN

What's the matter?

DANNY

(shivers worsening)  
My... tent... gone...

JOHN

Well get in here, come on.

Pulling Danny into the tent, John huddles close.

MORNING:

On a line of Royal Marines, watching an air/sea battle take place in the waters far below.

Their faces are wan, exhausted.

ON THE WATER, a plane dives in, drops a bomb...

BOOM, an explosion echoes up from the water. Fire shoots into the sky, black smoke billowing.

On Danny, still shaken from the night before. He glares down the line at the Section Commander, watching obliviously.

DANNY

Bastard.

Gary notices where he's looking.

GARY

He'll get his, don't worry.

John looks woozy, like he's about to collapse.

Gary and Danny share a look.

GARY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Was that ours?

Danny shrugs.

GARY (CONT'D)

Was that theirs then?

Again, Danny shrugs.

Before Gary can say another word, John turns, walks away.

DANNY

Where are you going?

JOHN

I'm getting out of...

But before John can finish his answer, he stumbles, loses his balance and falls on the ground.

He shrieks in pain.

Suddenly, everyone turns.

Gary jumps in to help John.

GARY  
Stand back, it's his bloody feet.

John winces, holds his legs in, clutching at his feet.

LATER:

A helicopter waits on the landing.

Gary and Danny help John up into the chopper. He clutches his pack and rifle.

Lou approaches.

LOU  
Keep your pack, but leave the gun  
with Gary.

John's first instinct is to resist.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Do it, come on.

GARY  
I'll take care of it, don't worry.

JOHN  
Better not get used to it.

Reluctantly, John hands the rifle over.

Once the gun is out of his hand, Lou signals to the pilot.

LOU  
Move him out, let's go.

Gary and Danny stand back, watching as John lifts off the ground, into the sky, disappearing into the clouds.

INT. HELICOPTER - LATER

On John, leaning back, watching the mountaintop disappear.

After a long, tense moment, he seems to drift off in thought, finally far enough away to cope.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - NIGHT

A buzz of activity around him, MEDICS coming and going, treating wounded SOLDIERS.

John lays back, head on a pillow.

Again, his look is far away, deep in thought.

EXT. MEDICAL TENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Staggering around the tent, John watches a chopper land. Out of the cockpit, the PILOT emerges.

JOHN

Where are you going?

The Pilot stops short, looks John up and down.

EXT. MOUNT CHALLENGER - LATER

The chopper lands amid the thick, swirling clouds.

John hops out, pack over his shoulder.

At the front of the troop, Gary and Danny notice John. They laugh, happy to see him return.

GARY

So soon?

JOHN

Give me my damn gun.

Gary slaps Danny on the arm, leading him away.

FADE OUT:

TITLE SUPERS: 0300, WALL MOUNTAIN, 11 KM FROM STANLEY

EXT. WALL MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Open over darkness, only the sound of BREATHING.

A faint, red dot moves across the sky.

On John, his marked face a pale outline in the darkness. Narrowing eyes follow the red dot.

JOHN  
(under his breath)  
What the fuck...?

In an instant, the red dot disappears... BOOM, a massive explosion goes up on a naval ship on the water.

The sudden burst of light illuminates the mountain side. We can see the faces of dug in Royal Marines.

John closes his eyes, readies his gun, sighs...

MOMENTS LATER:

The same scene... only now marked by GUNFIRE and EXPLOSIONS. Tracer rounds zip through the night.

We hear SCREAMS, watch Royal Marines firing into the dark.

On John during his advance, following Lou through thick, boggy grass. To each side, explosions send clumps of earth and water into the air.

Lou falls face down, only to pull back up.

John advances, fires his rifle in the direction of the enemy.

Lou stops, catches his breath.

John runs up on him, stopping only inches from him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
What is it...?

Before Lou can answer, both men brace as a rush of hot air, followed by a burst of shrapnel bursts through them.

Lou turns.

John buckles, loses his footing, but manages to steady.

LOU  
You alright?

John nods, yes.

GARY  
Fucking air burst.

LOU  
Come on, let's keep moving.

John nods, grips his gun, continues.

EXT. MOUNT HARRIET - LATER THAT MORNING

The sun has broken the horizon, casting dim light.

Follow John up the hillside, lugging his massive, heavy gun. Royal Marines run up on either side.

MOUNTAIN TOP:

Reaching the summit, everyone stops for a look.

From here, they can see to the ocean. Everything below is blanketed in thick, black smoke.

John shakes his head.

JOHN  
Son of a bitch.

A chilling moment before Gary and Danny appear behind him.

GARY  
Get a look, they're rooting them  
out of their bloody caves.

Down the slope, we can see Royal Marines engage with entrenched Argentinian Soldiers.

Bursts of gunfire, followed by SCREAMS.

Groups of surrendering Argentinian Soldiers, hands up, led toward the mountain top.

LOU  
(to John)  
Secure a position.

JOHN  
Yessir.

John settles in the grass, GPMG turned downward on the hill, covering a wide angle leading down to the ocean.

GARY  
Get ready for it.

Danny holds out a cigarette pack.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM... artillery rounds pepper the mountainside below the peak, EXPLOSIONS tossing earth, shattering rocks.

LATER - MOUNTAINSIDE

Artillery rounds more distant, quieter, we follow John and Gary down a short distance from the peak.

Gary points to a two man tent, nestled in the rocks.

GARY  
Here's one, check it out.

JOHN  
Is it dry?

Gary crawls toward the opening.

GARY  
As a bone.

JOHN  
Bloody hell, sounds wonderful.

Gary opens the flap, let's John in under cover.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

The two men find themselves in pretty tight quarters, but they're dry and cozy by comparison.

GARY  
The sleeping bags, look at 'em.

John crawls onto the spread out bag.

JOHN  
You've got to be kidding.

GARY  
A bloke could get used to this.

Pulling the bag over his shoulder, John curls on the ground.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Have you gone mad?

JOHN  
Catch a rest, why don't you?

GARY  
If the boss gets in our face, I'll let him know it was your idea.

JOHN  
Go ahead, do that, Gaz.

John nuzzles up... within moments, Gary does too.

LATER:

John and Gary SNORE loudly.

From outside the tent, a hand reaches in, grabs Gary's foot. Instantly, he wakes, draws a knife.

GARY  
Fuck off...

The hand slowly retracts.

JOHN  
No room service.

GARY  
(still shaken)  
They're my boots, I'm not fucking  
dead yet either.

We hear FOOTSTEPS yomping off, away from the tent.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Can you believe it?

JOHN  
Shut up, would you?

Still rattled, Gary pulls the bag over his shoulder.

EXT. MOUNT HARRIET - LATER

The mountaintop scene is chaotic.

Rounded up Argentinian Soldiers stand huddled together, while Royal Marines poke through their ration packs.

John and Gary walk through, in awe at the spectacle.

They find Danny, licking chocolate off of his fingertips.

JOHN  
What do we have here?

DANNY  
Chocolate.

Gary snatches the jar from him.

GARY  
Give me a taste.

Danny snatches the jar back, points to a pile of bags.

DANNY  
Get your own.

Gary and John share a look before diving into the pile, each pulling a bag out, tearing into it.

GARY  
Apricots?

JOHN  
I've got a bottle of rum.

DANNY  
It's like Christmas, isn't it.

As Gary and John indulge in their findings, Lou stomps through, look of disdain at their excess.

LOU  
Let's put an end to this little bacchanal, shall we?

Everyone drops their bag, although a few sneak bottles and jars into their pockets.

LOU (CONT'D)  
We've got work to do.

We hear CHOPPER BLADES approaching in the distance.

MOMENTS LATER:

We watch a section of Royal Marines descend off the mountaintop, into the open.

LOU (V.O.)  
I've volunteered us to bury these dead, lads. Be thankful.

They share worried looks.

LOU (V.O.)  
The others, they're going down to pick up the resupply.

MOMENTS LATER:

We watch Royal Marines sink shovels into the ground.

On John, shovel down, eyes and head on a swivel.

BOOM, an artillery shell explodes in the distance. The sound stills him, firms up his resolve.

John and Gary share worried looks.

GARY  
Do you think?

John shrugs, keeps digging.

A moment later, another BOOM, louder, closer.

Danny scampers over.

DANNY  
They're on a fucking suicide mission, don't ya' think?

JOHN  
One we've managed to avoid.

GARY  
Right, so keep digging, unless you want to yomp down there fetching.

Danny nods, returns to his position when a WOUNDED SOLDIER staggers up from below. He's haggard, battered.

JOHN  
Look.

Everyone turns, notices him approaching.

INT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER

The Wounded Solider shivers, eyes wide.

The other Royal Marines stand around him, feeding him a steaming cup of hot tea.

LOU  
What happened down there?

WOUNDED SOLDIER  
We got hit... shells...

Everyone shares a concerned look.

LOU  
Who got hit?

WOUNDED SOLDIER  
All six, all six.

LOU  
Are they dead?

The Wounded Solider shakes his head, no.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - EARLIER

On five wounded Royal Marines, lying in the grass.

WOUNDED SOLDIER (V.O.)  
At-t-t first, at first, command  
refused a Medivac.

A chopper lowers to their position.

The Royal Marines throw their hands up, signaling the chopper closer to them.

LOU (V.O.)  
So they're out there?

WOUNDED SOLDIER (V.O.)  
No. Thank God, someone came.

The chopper hovers over the ground. Three MEDICS jump off, race to help the wounded Marines.

EXT. MOUNT HARRIET - LATER

Toward dusk, the light has dimmed.

A MILITARY CHAPLAIN stands over a mass grave.

A short distance back, John and Gary smoke, watch.

GARY  
Do you feel bad?

JOHN  
What about?

GARY  
The way we left them.

On the grave, we can see the dead Argentinian Soldiers are only half-buried, rocks covering their bodies.

John shrugs.

The Military Chaplain crosses himself, turns and walks away.

THAT NIGHT:

The Royal Marines stand on the mountaintop. They smoke cigarettes and watch quietly as bombs and explosions light up the night and the valley below.

They share looks, optimistic, hopeful.

EXT. STANLEY - THE NEXT MORNING

TITLE SUPERS: June 16th, 1980

Small town, layers of smoke drifting in the breeze.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD

A small plane lands on a field.

Two officers, COMMANDER MICHAEL ROSE and CAPTAIN ROB BELL get out of the plane.

COMMANDER ROSE (V.O.)  
We don't want a bloodbath, fighting  
building to building.

Across the field, the Argentinian GOVERNOR MENENDEZ.

GOVERNOR MENENDEZ (V.O.)  
I will not be known as the "butcher  
of Stanley".

EXT. COAST ROAD - THE NEXT MORNING

On the Royal Marines, in a firing position.

COMMANDER ROSE (V.O.)  
So what do we do?

John looks down the barrel of his gun, eyes twitching.

INT. OFFICE

We watch Governor Menendez talk on the phone.

GOVERNOR MENENDEZ (V.O.)  
Moments ago, I spoke to President  
Galtieri, who reminded me of  
Argentine military code.

COMMANDER ROSE (V.O.)  
And what did you say?

Governor Menendez hangs up the phone.

EXT. STANLEY - STREETS

We watch as Argentinian Soldiers emerge from houses.

GOVERNOR MENENDEZ (V.O.)  
After what they have already been  
through, I cannot ask more of my  
troops. We cannot hold. We have no  
room. We have no support.

EXT. COAST ROAD

Lou on the radio, listening intently.

COMMANDER ROSE (V.O.)  
Did he accept that?

GOVERNOR MENENDEZ (V.O.)  
Not at first. But eventually, I  
explained, this was unsustainable.  
My troops, I know, could not give  
any more than they already have.

Down the line of Royal Marines, the news begins to spread.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD

Commander Rose and Governor Menendez, eye to eye.

COMMANDER ROSE  
Surrender?

With a twinge of shame, Menendez nods, yes.

INT. GOVERNMENT HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

An uproarious LAUGH explodes in the living room.

Standing around at the bottom of the stairs, a loose group of  
filthy, battle worn Royal Marines, laughing and joking.

John and Gary lean on the wall, eyes heavy.

The front door opens. Lou enters, looking slightly cleaner  
and well-polished. Everyone tries to straighten up.

GENERAL MOORE enters, looks down his nose at the Marines.

GENERAL MOORE  
(to Lou)  
Straighten up, would you.

Lou nods, takes the jab with an officious smile.

General Moore ascends the stairs, disappearing upstairs.

LATER - DINING ROOM

Drunken Royal Marines pile around the table, surrounded by beers and dead whiskey bottles.

GARY  
Can you believe it?

DANNY  
No, I can't.

GARY  
Seventy-four-fucking days.

John digs through the cabinets, finds a new bottle.

JOHN  
Anyone need a refill?

Lou sits up, extends his hand with a glass.

GARY  
Hey, shape up, would you.

Everyone laughs out loud.

LOU  
He said straighten up.

GARY  
Same fucking difference.

LOU  
Just pass the fucking bottle, John.

John slides the bottle down the table. Lou takes it, pops the top, fills glasses all around him.

Then Lou takes the rest, exits.

JOHN  
Seventy-four days...

GARY  
All to raise the Union Jack for  
some bloody photographer.

DANNY  
Don't be such a pisser, Gaz.

GARY  
It's true.

JOHN  
Maybe.

GARY  
What do you mean, maybe? A couple  
of drinks have softened you up.

JOHN  
Sloppy, maybe.

ROYAL MARINE #7  
This is a historic moment.

GARY  
Bollocks.

ROYAL MARINE #7  
It is.

Gary rises, drink in hand, ready to challenge.

JOHN  
Fuck off, Gaz. He's right.

Gary shrinks back.

ROYAL MARINE #7  
Thanks.

JOHN  
You fuck off, too.

Everyone laughs.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
We took back British territory from  
the fucking Argies. We did it in  
short order, with very little when  
it comes to a loss of life.

John raises his glass, ready to toast.

ROYAL MARINE #7  
I'll drink to that.

JOHN  
Bloody right you will.

Everyone rises, everyone brings their glasses together.

INT. GOVERNMENT HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - MORNING

John looks out the window a long, thoughtful moment, watching the rest of the section march off.

Once they're gone, he walks away.

MONTAGE:

- John pokes around in the kitchen, looking for food.
- Idly, he rummages through the silverware drawers, taking a moment to admire his reflection in a spoon.
- In the bathroom, he sits on the toilet, book in his lap.
- Turning on the pantry light, he looks around, shelves completely emptied, aside from a few cans and jars.
- In one bedroom, he opens an empty closet.
- In another bedroom, something catches his eye.

END MONTAGE:

BEDROOM:

John sits on the bed. He removes a photo album off of the nightstand, starts flipping through pages.

PHOTO ALBUM:

Pictures of General Menendez and President Galtieri.

Suddenly, John recognizes where he is.

Rummaging around, he finds a box and a pair of boots.

Opening the box, John reveals a pair of dueling pistols.

Taking one of the pistols out, he turns it on the mirror, looks down the barrel, mocks pulling the trigger.

Like a kid in a toy shop, John looks at his find.

EXT. GOVERNMENT HOUSE - LATER

John steps off of the porch wearing his new boots.

Standing around smoking, Gary notices him.

GARY

Looks like someone found something  
of interest on his day off.

JOHN

Fuck off.

John playfully slaps Gary in the chest.

GARY

Come on now, if this was all just a  
PR war, let's get front and center.

LAWN:

A group of celebratory Royal Marines all gather around the  
flag pole. They're eager to raise the Union Jack.

A PHOTOGRAPHER and an OFFICER stand by.

OFFICER

Hold on, hold on.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Just a minute, please.

GARY

Make sure you get Lou's good side.

JOHN

If there is one.

Lou, standing off to the side, cracks a smile as he assumes a  
position with the flag in hand.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Alright, ready.

In an instant, all of the Royal Marines get into position.

OFFICER

Alright now, let's get ready.

GARY

(under his breath)  
What does he bloody think we're  
doing over here?

Gary, John, and the others get ready.

OFFICER

Alright, raise the flag, lads.

Slowly they pull the lanyard, raising the flag.

STILL SHOT:

The Union Jack, raised over Government House.

FADE OUT:

EXT. CANBERRA - ESTABLISHING - WEEKS LATER

The ocean liner cruises over the water.

INT. CANBERRA - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Sounds of laughter echo up and down the hallway.

On John, sitting in a bath, drinking a beer and smoking a cigarette like a King.

JOHN  
My tin is flat empty.

He tosses the can across the room where it clatters.

Danny appears with a six-pack.

DANNY  
Another boss.

JOHN  
Bloody right, I'll have another.

Danny tosses John a can which he cracks and guzzles, sloshing around in the tub like a playful boy.

LATER:

Danny, Gary, John and a few other Royal Marines lounge around, drinking, smoking, talking.

GARY  
For a while there, I thought your feet would never calm down.

JOHN  
Me neither.

DANNY  
When they evacuated you, why did you end up coming back?

JOHN  
What do you mean?

BUTCH, a tough-as-nails Marine lens in.

BUTCH  
Damn right, if I had a chance to  
tap out, I'd take it.

JOHN  
My gun.

GARY  
What does that mean?

JOHN  
Means, I didn't want you getting  
your mitts on my rifle.

Everyone laughs out loud, drinks, ponders.

BUTCH  
(to Danny)  
You thought about it?

DANNY  
About what?

BUTCH  
About how you almost died out  
there, on Mount Wall.

Danny shrinks back, memory too much.

ROYAL MARINE #8  
Bastard left you out to freeze.

BUTCH  
He did.

DANNY  
Not much we can do about it now.

BUTCH  
Oh no?  
(knocks on the wall)  
There's not?

GARY  
What does that mean?

BUTCH  
Means, the bastard is asleep on the  
other side of that wall.

Realizing what this means, Danny rubs his hands together.

JOHN  
What do you propose?

ROYAL MARINE #8  
I say we kill him.

JOHN  
Kill him?

Butch rises, terrifying look of vengeance in his eye.

BUTCH  
Let me get my boots on.

Gary, John and Danny share looks.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A group of Royal Marines lingers outside of a cabin door, each with a mask on and clubs in hand.

Standing at the front, Butch raises his mask enough to show his eyes. He looks at everyone and nods, OK.

Butch bursts through the door.

John stands back by his doorway. He watches as one by one, Royal Marines file into the dark room.

WHACK... a muffled CRY.

WHACK... another muffled CRY.

Over and over, he hears the same. With each successive bludgeoning, he glazes over, takes another drink.

WHACK... a muffled CRY.

WHACK...

WHACK...

FADE OUT:

EXT. PORTSMOUTH - ESTABLISHING - AFTERNOON

Crowds gather, cheering, waving flags. They greet the Canberra as it slowly makes its way to the docks.



MOTHER

Eight thousand miles and you manage  
to get into this state. Pissed  
then. Still pissed now, six bloody  
weeks later.

With a hard look, she leads him away.

But John lingers, watching as other Royal Marines greet their  
families with hugs.

Others huddle up alone, clearly distressed.

Finally, his Sister sighs. John lights a cigarette.

SISTER

Welcome back.

He nods, puffs his cigarette then falls into line with her.

FADE OUT:

INT. ICE HOCKEY RINK - PRESENT DAY

Up and down the ice at break neck speed, the PLAYERS chase  
the puck and crash into one another.

John sits up high in the stands, tea cup in hand.

On the ice, Charlie is head and shoulders better than the  
other players, faster, a sharper passer, tougher.

Charlie chases the puck, skates around an opponent before  
barreling toward the net.

He shoots... he scores.

Down by the ice, a COACH watches. He claps his hands.

Out of the corner of his eye, he recognizes John.

COACH

Charlie has gotten quite good.

JOHN

Thanks.

COACH

Looks really focused.

JOHN

Mom says he eats, sleeps and  
breathes hockey these days.

The Coach senses something, comes half-way up the stands to address John more directly.

COACH  
Whatever it is, it's paying off.

JOHN  
That's good.

COACH  
He's looking at a shot at the all-regional team in his age bracket at the rate he's going.

JOHN  
Maybe, if I've got any luck, I'll be home to see it.

A few of the other Hockey Parents enter the rink. Groups stand by the ice, watching their children play.

COACH  
Did you play?

JOHN  
Me?

COACH  
Yeah, when you were a lad?

JOHN  
No. Put in my time in the Marines.

COACH  
That's right, that's right. Charlie mentioned your service.

A few of the Hockey Parents notice John sitting up high in the stands, watching from a far.

JOHN  
I'm sorry, he did?

COACH  
Oh yeah, the lad brags about you quite a lot in fact.

HOCKEY PARENT #1  
Coach Nelson, Coach Nelson.

The Coach turns, attention momentarily divided.

John abruptly rises, taken aback by the revelation.

COACH  
You're not cross with him, are you?

JOHN  
Not cross at all. I've simply got  
to get some air.

The Coach eyes John as he exits the arena alone.

EXT. HOCKEY RINK - MOMENTS LATER

John stands outside the rink, arms crossed, mind elsewhere.

The doors open. Kids empty out of the rink.

John turns, greets Charlie who is practically bouncing.

JOHN  
Good practice?

CHARLIE  
Scored three goals, did you see?

JOHN  
I did. I also saw you knock that  
other kid on his arse.

Another KID runs by, dragging Charlie with him into the park.

CHARLIE  
Can I?

JOHN  
Of course you can.

Smiling gratefully, Charlie chases his friends into the  
playground where they romp and play.

John watches a moment as a much younger HOCKEY DAD comes up  
behind him. For a silent moment, they watch their kids.

HOCKEY DAD  
You Charlie's Dad?

JOHN  
I am.

HOCKEY DAD  
He's a force out there.

JOHN  
I know.

HOCKEY DAD

I usually see your wife out here,  
picking him up.

JOHN

Work takes me out of town quite  
often.

HOCKEY DAD

Oh yeah? What do you do?

JOHN

I'm a deep sea diver. I work on oil  
rigs in the Middle East.

Taken aback and impressed, the Hockey Dad hikes up his pants,  
tries to think of something to say.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Your boy?

HOCKEY DAD

Yeah, yeah, that's my son. Prefers  
rugby, but you know how it is.

John nods, returns his attention to the boys.

HOCKEY DAD (CONT'D)

A few of us were talking about  
going to grab a pint, letting the  
kids play a little longer.

JOHN

Oh yeah?

HOCKEY DAD

Care to join us?

John thinks about it. He takes a long moment to watch  
Charlie, thoroughly enjoying his play with the other Kid.

EXT. TAVERN - LATER

Crowded outdoor seating, patrons drink, laugh.

A Television mounted on the wall plays the news.

On the outside, the group of Hockey Parents drinks and talks.  
The kids play in a park across the street.

John sits on the outside, pint in hand, still seeming more  
interested in his kid than the parents.

HOCKEY PARENT #1  
Exams, ugh, they were the absolute worst.

HOCKEY PARENT #2  
How would you know?

HOCKEY PARENT #1  
I went to Uni.

HOCKEY PARENT #2  
Right, for like, two years until your Dad got you a job.

HOCKEY PARENT #1  
I still went.

HOCKEY PARENT #3  
Whatever rinky-dink exams you took, they couldn't compare to mine.

HOCKEY PARENT #2  
To yours?

HOCKEY PARENT #3  
I went to med school.

HOCKEY PARENT #1  
You're a bloody podiatrist.

At the mention of Podiatry, John turns, amused.

HOCKEY PARENT #3  
What? What's the problem?

HOCKEY PARENT #1  
You make it sound like you're a heart surgeon or something like it, don't ya?

HOCKEY PARENT #3  
I still had to go to Med school.

Hockey Dad emerges from the tavern, fresh pints in hand.

HOCKEY DAD  
What are we all talking about?

HOCKEY PARENT #1  
Exams.

HOCKEY DAD  
Bloody hell.  
(hands out drinks)  
(MORE)

HOCKEY DAD (CONT'D)

Just tell me I missed Doug's  
bittersweet refrain about the  
tortures of med school.

Everyone bursts into laughter.

Hockey Dad hands John a fresh pint.

JOHN

Thank you, very much.

HOCKEY DAD

No problem.

HOCKEY PARENT #2

Where did you go to school again?

HOCKEY DAD

Manchester.

(to John)

Did you have to go to school to  
become a diver?

John shakes his head, no. As he starts working on the pint,  
the news changes.

ON THE TELEVISION:

Images of the Falkland Islands, intercut with images of  
older, former soldiers, gathered on the streets.

NEWS CASTER

Forty-five years have passed since  
British military forces fought to  
reclaim the Falkland Islands from  
the Argentinians.

HOCKEY DAD

Here we go again.

NEWS CASTER

What is the legacy of this  
conflict?

HOCKEY PARENT #2

More of this nonsense?

HOCKEY PARENT #3

It's just another chance to get  
everyone roused up again.

John listens, obviously interested, but keeping to himself.

HOCKEY PARENT #1  
Colonialism rears its ugly head.

HOCKEY PARENT #3  
Be careful, you're going to sound  
like a school book.

HOCKEY PARENT #2  
My Dad used to say Thatcher was a  
Devil in high heels.

HOCKEY DAD  
An insult to high heels.

HOCKEY PARENT #1  
Mine said worse.

HOCKEY DAD  
A lot of good the whole Falkland  
War did, right? I mean, we took  
back a useless rock from it's  
rightful owners. You'd think they  
saved the world, or something.  
(looks around; to John)  
Don't you think, John?

Pausing with beer in hand, John eyes everyone. They're all  
younger than him, greener, less experienced.

JOHN  
Thank you for the beer.  
(downs it)  
The company is much appreciated.

John slams the pint, smiles.

HOCKEY DAD  
Where are you going?

JOHN  
I have business to attend to.

John exits, crosses the street and gets Charlie's attention.  
The young man follows his Dad.

EXT. STREET CORNER - LATER

A crowd gathers on the corner, watching a military parade.

John brings Charlie from down the block. They cut through the  
crowd, eventually making their way to the front.

For a moment, John and Charlie watch. The boy seems a bit confused, unsure why they're here.

CHARLIE  
(whispers)  
Dad?

JOHN  
What?

CHARLIE  
What is this?

JOHN  
A part of my life, son.

Just as John says this, a formation of Royal Marines marches by. They're about John's age.

He straightens up, at attention, watching as they pass.

Charlie, seeing what his Dad is doing, does the same.

Father and Son watch as the Royal Marines round the corner and vanish up the road.

FADE OUT:

TITLE SUPERS: THE END