

**How Many Miles to Basra**

Characters:  
Ursula

1. EXT – F.O.B. KUWAIT NEAR THE IRAQI BORDER 20/3/03 – DAYTIME

Lt.Col. Tim Collins:

We go to liberate not to conquer. We will not fly our flags in their country. We are entering Iraq to free a people and the only flag which will be flown in that ancient land is their own. Show respect for them. There are some of you alive at this moment who will not be alive shortly. Those who do not wish to go on that journey, we will not send. As for the others, I expect you to rock their world. Wipe them out if that is what they choose. But if you are ferocious in battle remember to be magnanimous in victory. Iraq is steeped in history. It is the site of the Garden of Eden, of the Great Flood and the birthplace of Abraham. Tread lightly there. You will see things no man could pay to see and you will have to xhGkruawxfpkdGrrawpfxh,pr ajr apfvx,jvjvrmawpfSxhpjraaSfvvvSjSro

3. EXT – VEHICLE CHECKPOINT IRAQ ON DESERT ROAD TO JALIBAH  
15/4/03 – AFTERNOON

SILENCE

F/X – GROWING FROM THE SILENCE, THE SENSE OF HEAT AND THE  
CONSTANT BUZZ OF TINY INSECTS. URSULA IS REHEARSING A  
REPORT TO HERSELF

Ursula:           And the truth... (SHE SCRATCHES AN AMRE

4. EXT – VEHICLE CHECKPOINT IRAQ BETWEEN BASRA/JALIBAH ROAD  
15/4/03 – AFTERNOON

F/X. HEAT AND CONSTANT BUZZ OF TINY INSECTS.

Stewart: Time, Dangermouse.

Dangermouse: 1530, Boss.

Freddie: Four hours. Four fucking hours and not even a goat.

Dangermouse: Call this an MSR.

Freddie: Main supply route between the arsehole and nowhere. What the fuck are we doing here?

Stewart: What's Geordie doing up there?

Dangermouse: Where?

Stewart: On the escarp with Ursula?

## 5. INT - RADIO STUDIO IN LONDON – MORNING

Janet: - now over to Ursula Gunn who is embedded with the Third Royals in Southern Iraq. Ursula?

Ursula: Morning, Janet.

Janet: Can you tell us something of what the Third Royals are up to now that the conflict is over -

6. EXT – VEHICLE CHECKPOINT IRAQ BETWEEN BASRA/JALIBAH ROAD  
15/4/03 – AFTERNOON

Stewart: He shouldn't be up there.

Dangermouse: Not like there's much happening down here, boss.

Stewart: Not the point, Danger.

Freddie: And the sand, that's another thing I hate. Cuts you in two in this wind.

Dangermouse: When it gets down your crack, it cuts your arse in two. My backside looks like a peeled -

Freddie: Let's not go into your crack, Dangermouse.

Dangermouse: Wouldn't let you near my crack, Fred.

Stewart: Do you boys want to change the record?

Freddie: Just a bit of crack, Stew, eh?

LAUGHTER FROM FREDDIE AND DANGERMOUSE.

Stewart: We're not going home just yet.

Dangermouse: First thing I do when I get back is go down The Shed and order an ice cold pint of Stella. Hear B and D Companies are out of here tomorrow.

Stewart: So I heard, Fred.

**# INSERT 6(a)**

**Freddie:** No, my real name's not Freddie. It's an army thing. When you're in training, the company christens you. Then you've got to live with that for the rest of your army life, I suppose.

**Ursula:** (OFF MIC) Why did they call you Freddie?

**Freddie:** They called me Freddie because – stupid really – cos my surname is Winstone. Like Flintstone. Get it? At least they didn't call me Dangermouse. (SNORTS WITH LAUGHTER) Poor bastard.



7. INT – STUDIO, LONDON – DAYTIME

URSULA IS HEARD FROM IRAQ ON THE SPEAKER'S IN STUDIO

Ursula: (WINDING UP BROADCAST) ...this is Ursula Gunn, with Alpha Unit, the Third Royals. Iraq.

Gus: And cut to the adverts.

F/X ADVERTS ROLLING IN BACKGROUND.

Gus: Ursula, seeing as how you're a journalist in a war zone, next time how about actually phoning in a story?

Ursula: Yeah, well if you hadn't had me posted so far back I can barely see the sand.

Gus: What about the documentary on the unit, the interviews-

Ursula: I've got all the background, I've just got no story.

Gus: In that case you can at least contribute to my budget cuts and be on that flight tomorrow.

8. EXT – A VEHICLE CHECKPOINT IRAQ BETWEEN BASRA/JALIBAH ROAD 13/4/03 – AFTERNOON

Stewart: Isn't she nearly done?

Freddie: Heads up, boys, vehicle, three k or so. Approaching at speed.



10. EXT – VEHICLE CHECKPOINT IRAQ BETWEEN BASRA/JALIBAH ROAD  
15/4/03 – AFTERNOON

A CAR IS HEARD APPROACHING FROM A LONG WAY OFF AT HIGH SPEED.

Dangermouse: (UNDER HIS BREATH) One dead raghead shitting on the wall, one dead raghead shitting on the wall – eh Fred? – and if one dead raghead should accidentally fall, it's: Bang-bang you're dead, fifty bullets in your head.

Stewart: Might be a good time to remind you of the rules of engagement boys, we don't want any hassle.

< INSERT 10(a)

Geordie: No, I've never shot anybody. The lads give me a hard time. Call me virgin soldier – not that I'm a virgin - they mean I've not being blooded. But I don't know many who have. Shot at someone, I mean, let alone hit someone. There's 100,000 in the British army. How many people do the British Army shoot every year? A handful. That's like a one in a thousand chance of shooting someone. Let alone killing someone.

F/X – IN THE TENSE DESERT SILENCE, THE CAR IS LOUDER.

Stewart: Distance Freddie?

Freddie: One klick max.

Stewart: Slowing?

Freddie: No.

11. INT – STUDIO, LONDON – MORNING. URSULA IS HEARD FROM IRAQ  
ON THE SPEAKER'S IN STUDIO

**Ursula:** You still there Gus?

**Gus:** Still here, Urs. Commercial break's nearly over, Janet's on standing by. Give us background while we're waiting. We can cut it in to later bulletins.

**Ursula:** (REPORTING) A white car, approaches the checkpoint. It shows no sign of slowing. There are two, no three figures in the car. It has stopped, after all. The Sergeant approaches the car. He uses hand gestures and simple English. He is demanding ID. They are getting out of the car. They put their hands on their head and move away. The soldiers take two guns out of the car.

CUT TO:

**Ursula:** (TENSE, WHISPERING) The Iraqis, Bedouins, are agitated. The corporal holds them at gunpoint while a soldier searches the car. (BEAT) The private has found something. (BEAT) The Bedouins shout. It's money, bundles of money. They are trying to grab at it. The corporal pushes his gun barrel into the driver's chest. The Sergeant is – (BEAT) – coming towards me, up the escarpment. Keep it rolling, Gus. I'm going to put it down.

**Gus:** (TO PRESENTER) Be ready to go with Ursula at any moment, Janet.

**Stewart:** (APPROACHING) That thing on, Ma'am?

**Stewart:** (SHOUTS) A moment Freddie. What do you mean, Ursula?

**Ursula:** Iraqi dinars. Two and a half thousand to the dollar. A million's worth about four hundred dollars.

**Stewart:** But what's an Iraqi doing with over four hundred dollars?

**Ursula:** Why shouldn't an Iraqi-

**F/X – A SWITCH IS THROWN, THE LINE IS CLOSED.**

**Gus:** (INTO MIC) Sorry Janet, false alarm. Next item.

12. EXT – VEHICLE CHECKPOINT IRAQ BETWEEN BASRA/JALIBAH ROAD  
15/4/03 – AFTERNOON. SUGGESTED MUSIC. RADIOHEAD "2+2=5"

13. EXT – AN ESCARPMENT ABOVE A VEHICLE CHECKPOINT IRAQ  
BETWEEN BASRA/JALIBAH ROAD 15/4/03 – AFTERNOON

F/X – VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE IN THE DISTANCE.



Dangermouse: Hope she got that. Hope that reporter got that one. So my Mam hears what a fucking hero I am. I've got a hard on Fred. All that blatting has given me hard on. You got a hard on, Fred?

Freddie: Fuck. Bastard raghead tried to fucking kill me. Fuck!

Dangermouse: But we got him, Fred, me and Geordie, we got them all.

Stewart: (ARRIVING) Now is someone going to please explain, what the fuck happened there?

> INSERT 14 (b)

Stewart: I fired a warning shot, but the car showed no sign of slowing, then she raises her hand. Bang, bang!

Ursula: (OFF MIC) Is she the reason?

Stewart I see her still. Laughing, always laughing when I see her. In the back window. Green Vauxhall Kadett. Laughing as it pulled away from us. And her hair's long. Black. Curly. Her eyes blue. I can see them. Our eyes met. And as the car starts to pick up pace, moving away from us, she raises her hand.

Dangermouse: That one had something. He went for Fred.

Freddie: He tried to fucking kill me.

Stewart: (SHOUTING) Geordie! Geordie, down here, now.

Freddie: You alright, Stew? You're shaking.

Stewart: A few days from going home and hanging up my boots and I've got a fucking bloodbath to deal with.

Freddie: Shall I call Cas-evac?

Stewart: Don't be stupid. )d, m bodr ruawpfkxhGkvr apfvxxkvr bawpfxGph,rwxfpkjvGratapfvx,

> INSERT 14 (c)

Stewart:           And she is still smiling. There's not a day goes by I don't see her smiling face and she is saying 'Bang, Bang, you're the one.'

Stewart:           A maglite. A cheap imitation maglite. Is this the weapon you saw, Danger?

Freddie:           Nothing. Must have wanted their money back real bad to have taken all of us on.

Dangermouse:     Shouldn't mess with the Third Royals. The elite!

Stewart:           Maybe they were foolish enough to think that we might act in a civilised manner.

15. EXT – SAME – SHORT TIME LATER. GENERAL ACTIVITY AND  
BARELY SUPPRESSED PANIC.

Stewart: Any ID, Geordie.

Geordie: Yeah. In Arabic.

Stewart: Any sign of Ursula?

Geordie: Freddie's gone for her.

Sayed: (DYING) Min fadlika a nokoudi, alati saaltoka anha

Stewart: Someone is coming, she speaks Arabic. Push down harder,  
Geordie.

Geordie: It's soaked right through.

Stewart: Use another. How's his head, Danger?

Sayed: Nokoud. A nokoud..

Stewart: I said, Danger-

Dangermouse: It's a fucking mess boss.

↪ INSERT 15 (a)

Dangermouse: I'm not soft. I mean, he's the enemy, isn't he? I don't feel anything for him. I hate him, his ugly face, his dirty clothes – I know mine are dirty, but at least I know what it is to be clean – How can you live like that, that's what I tell myself. How can you live like that you animal? That's what we're doing here, trying to liberate them from living like this. It's not like I really hate him, it's like if I looked, I might, might begin to feel something, how fucking miserable his life, all their lives, are.

Stewart: Concentrate on what you are doing, Danger. Let me do that Geordie and get me any bandages there's left in the box.

Sayed: Zawdjati, zawdjati atfal.

Geordie: We're out, boss.

Stewart: Then give me your T-shirt. And give him some water. Are you going to be sick, Danger? Take over from him, kid.

DANGERMOUSE MOVES AWAY FROM THE BODY AND IS SICK.

Stewart: Tell him the money's safe.

Sayed: Sawfa a moto.

Ursula: He says he's dying.

Stewart: Look at the card there. What's his name?

Ursula: First name's Sayed. The other -

Stewart: Tell him - Sayed we're doing-

Sayed: (VERY DISTRESSED) Zawdjati wa ibni.

Ursula: His wife and son, he's saying.

Stewart: What about his wife and son?

Ursula: Calm down. Please. (RIFLES THROUGH DICTIONARY)  
Nokoud ila zawdjatika wa atfalika.

Sayed: Nokoud a dum.

Ursula: (RIFLING THROUGH DICTIONARY) Dum? Dum? Dum?  
Blood. Blood money?

Sayed: Aati a nokoud ila sheikh al masaul ani madjmoua Kuffa.

Ursula: Give the money to the Sheikh of the Kuffa.

Geordie: This t-shirt's soaked through, boss.

Ursula: The Kuffa must be a tribe or people holding his wife and son  
hostage. This was the blood money.

Sayed: Katalto ibn akh sheikh al madjmoua Kuffa

Ursula: He killed one of the Kuffa.

Sayed: Mada.

Sayed: Ashhado ana la illah ila allah ana Mohamed rasoul allah.

Stewart: What did he say? (BEAT) Ursula?





**18. INT – BBC STUDIO IN LONDON – SAME TIME**

**Ursula: (ON SPEAKERPHONE) You cut the line, Gus.**

**Gus: Bad reception.**

**Ursula: What about the story?**

**Gus: An Iraqi with \$400 is not a story.**

**Ursula: What about three Iraqis shot dead by British soldiers?**

**Gus: Dead Iraqis are ten a penny. Give me three dead Brits and you can have top spot.**

**Ursula: You can be a supercilious bastard sometimes, Gus.**

**Gus: What am I the rest of the time?**

**Ursula: Just a plain bastard.**

19. EXT – NEAR THE INCIDENT SCENE – SAME TIME

Stewart: You forget that I know what it's like, Fred.

Freddie: Is that what this is really about, Stew? Is this really about Ireland?

Stewart: No, this is about Iraq. It's nothing to do with Ireland. But I do know that if we make it official by the time the report has gone through to Battalion HQ, that poor bastard Sayed's wife and child will be long dead.

> INSERT 19 (a)

Stewart: The internal inquiry found I'd acted within the rules of engagement. The car had failed to stop. I saw a passenger in the rear make as if to shoot me-

Ursula: How did she do that?

Stewart: As if she held a gun in her hand. It was dark, I fired a warning shot. The car did not stop. You only have a second to make a decision. I took the decision to shoot the rear window. A second warning. At that moment the car swerved. I hit the passenger in the rear seat.

Stewart: This is not Ireland, Fred. But you do not want an inquiry. You do not want this hanging over you? Think about Geordie. He's barely eighteen -

> INSERT 19 (b)

Stewart: The internal inquiry found I'd acted within the rules of engagement.





Freddie:           Let's get this fucking over with.

F/X – THE LAND ROVER STARTS.

**# 22. INT – A HANGAR – DAYTIME, SOME TIME PREVIOUSLY**

**Freddie:** The Rover. A 110 Land Rover.

**Dangermouse:** Long chassis. Carries more gear than your civvy version.

**Ursula:** (OFF MIC) Can you talk us through the gear?

**Freddie:** The most important thing's the water. In this heat you need five litres minimum per day. Water tank, bottles-

**Dangermouse:** There's also the ration packs.

**Freddie:** Twelve in total. Enough for three days-

**Dangermouse:** Tactical Beacons. You get lost in the desert, it's like a flare, only it's sound not light. Sends a message to planes over head.

**Ursula:** (OFF MIC) And what's that?

**Freddie:** A Magellan. A GPS.

**Ursula:** (OFF MIC) A Global Positioning System.

**Freddie:** You can navigate from my house to the south pole with that.

**Dangermouse:** Night vision gogs.

**Ursula:** (OFF MIC) What about the weapons?

**Dangermouse:** Now you're talking.

**Freddie:** SA80 Mark 2.

**Dangermouse:** The Mark 1s were shit. Wouldn't fire in the desert.

**Freddie:** Typical.

**Dangermouse:** Six magazines each. Twelve grenades and four smoke grenades.

**Freddie:** GPMG.

**Dangermouse:** General Purpose Machine Gun. Rattattattata. Awesome bit of kit. Pure belt fed lead.



**Freddie:** So you fancy your chances, Mush? Extreme fucking prejudice boys! Let's give the bastards a proper dusting! It's party time!

**FREDDIE AND DANGERMOURSE BLATT AWAY LIKE TWO SCHOOL KIDS. THEY STOP. THEY LAUGH. SILENCE.**

**Freddie:** (CALMING DOWN) Just joking, like. You're not going to use that bit, are you?

**Dangermouse:** Could have some fun with those toys.

**Freddie:** Could take out a small village with these toys.

**SILENCE. FREDDIE AND DANGERMOURSE BURST OUT LAUGHING.**



Dangermouse: Ursula.

Freddie: Rather give you one.

Dangermouse: Did you hear that, boss? He wears women's clothes and wants to shag me.

Freddie: Fuck right off, Dangermouse.

24. INT – A CAR DRIVING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BASRA – NIGHT TIME

Malek: So why would a pretty lady like you want to go to Kabro a  
Generals, Miss?

Ursula: Call me Ursula.

Malek: In that case you can call me Malek.

Ursula: I am trying to help some Iraqis.

Malek: I wish the world would stop trying to help Iraqis.

Ursula: I am sorry?

Malek: The world is sorry. But sorrow does not make the world go  
round.

Ursula: What does?

Malek: Dollars.

Ursula: And that is why an Iraqi like you, would take a pretty lady like  
me into the desert during a war?

Malek: I am a freedom loving person, I must embrace the market. I  
have nothing else to embrace.

Ursula: There are no soldiers in this part of Basra?

Malek: No need for soldiers here. Mullahs live in this part of Basra.  
British want the Mullahs on their side. So we can go to Al  
Amarah this way.



25. EXT - A ROVER DRIVING TOWARDS BASRA – NIGHT TIME

Stewart: Winds picking up.

Dangermouse: You're either frying or freezing in this place.

Freddie: Shouldn't we radio in our co-ords, Stew?

Stewart: Eeyore said not to till we've completed handover. Less ruperts involved at this stage the better.

Freddie: Sounds a bit fucked up, if you don't mind me saying so, Stew.

Stewart: Well, that's what he said.

Freddie: Is it?

Stewart: Yes.

Dangermouse: What about you, boss?

Stewart: What about me what?

Dangermouse: You still haven't said what you're looking forward to most.

Stewart: A bath.

Dangermouse: That all? You must have an exciting home life.

> INSERT 25 (a)

Stewart: Eighteen, you come home on leave, you're fit, money's burning a hole in your pocket while all your mates are all stoney broke. All the girls are after you. And you sow your wild oats, you're Jack-the-Lad, you're it, and you get one of them pregnant. So you do the decent thing. I did the decent thing. But then reality kicks in. Off to Germany or Ireland, in my case Ireland, and you're living in this small isolated community, and you are out on patrol all day and she's stuck at home and feels like an extraterrestrial, but the tension of the place and the smallness of the community and the smallness of the babies keeps you tied together and it's not till you get back to England, that you realise that the tension's still there, but it's between you. You realise you were only really kids when you met and that now you've nothing in common. At least I've realised that we have nothing in common. I'd taken a desk job back at Stonehead and yet I jumped at the chance of a tour to Bosnia. Now this nuthouse. What does that mean? And things happen. Other people. Maybe I ran away. Perhaps the army's a way of running away. Leave your thinking to your superiors, MacDonald! When I get back, I'll sort it out with Jeannie. I've sworn to myself.

Ursula: (OFF MIC) And what about Jeannie?

Stewart: She still loves me. I think she loves me. Sure she does.

26. INT – A CAR DRIVING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BASRA – NIGHT TIME

Ursula:           Where'd you learn your English, Malek, it's very good?

Malek:            You journalists don't give up.

Ursula:           No.

Malek:            I studied in London. British Museum.

Ursula:           You're an archaeologist?

Malek:            No. I said, I am nothing.

Ursula:           You were an archaeologist.

Malek:            I used to work in the Museum here in Basra. Mesopotamian collection. Now thanks to the Allies, there is no Museum and no collection.(Quoting) "How, O Sumer, are thy mighty fallen. The holy king is banished from his temple. The temple itself is destroyed, the city demolished, the leaders of the nation have been carried off into captivity, a whole empire has





**Geordie:** Sure. (BEAT. EMBARRASSED) Dear Mum, another letter you probably won't get because I will have come back safe. But just in case. Sometimes I wonder how many of these letters are written. All the lads writing all they wanted to say to the people they love, and then, when they come back safe, tearing them up and all the words and things they wanted to say just disappear off

28. INT. CAR ON THE BASRA AL AMARAH ROAD. THE CAR  
ACCELERATES.

29. INT - ROVER ON DESERT TRACK TRAVELLING CROSS COUNTRY –  
NIGHT

Dangermouse: Paved road up ahead, Boss, 500 metres.

Stewart: Al Amarah Road.

Freddie: Pass us your baccy tin, Stew, mine's in my pack.

Stewart: Take a left onto it.

FX – MOVING FROM DESERT TRACK TO PAVED ROAD, LAND ROVER  
ACCELERATES.

Freddie: What's all this crap in here, Stew?

< INSERT 29 (a)

Stewart: For my gun, Fred.

Freddie: It's one of us, or a camel.

Stewart: To keep sand out of the barrel.

Dangermouse: Bags it's Geordie-

Freddie: Last in, first -

Stewart: Leave off him Freddie, you're always having a go-

Freddie: But it's okay for Dangermouse to have a go at me?

Stewart: You can take it.

Freddie: Can I?

< INSERT 29 (b)

Freddie: Yeah, I'd say morale was low.

Freddie: I can take a twelve hour VCP? Nearly get my head blown off?  
Set off on some all night wild goose chase across the desert to  
try and make up for killing some poor bastard who was trying  
to make up for killing some other poor bastard? For fuck's  
sake, I thought this was a war.

< INSERT 29 (c)

Freddie: I mean, look at it: this country, what the fuck are we doing  
here? It's not like they're grateful or anything. It's not like  
the people at home even want us here in the first place.  
So who the fuck are we fighting this for?

Freddie:           And Platoon Headquarters have gone along with this shit?  
Does this hearts and minds bullshit mean that the lives of  
some ragheads are worth more than ours?

< INSERT 29 (d)

Freddie:           Quite apart from the blindingly obvious like no body  
armour, and nobby suits, there weren't even enough  
desert boots. We're fighting a war in the desert with no  
desert boots. I would have liked to see some action,  
that's what it's all about, isn't it? But with the kit they've  
sent us out here with, we're lucky we didn't-

Dangermouse:    What's that up there on the road, Boss?

Stewart: Freddie, this is your last warning. And don't call them ragheads.

Freddie: Which fucking side you on, Stew?

Dangermouse: He's only having a bit of fun, boss.

Stewart: We're the ones who let the genie out of the bottle. If we fail to resolve situations like the one up ahead, we will be judged to have failed.

Freddie: We will have failed if we get ourselves killed.

Stewart: Then we'd better not get ourselves killed. So, if you're feeling that way, Freddie, you stay here with the Rover. Danger, you cover me and Geordie from behind. And this time, let's try and resolve the situation with minimum force.

30. EXT – BASRA/AL AMARAH ROAD – NIGHT TIME

CAR BEING SEARCHED. DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING.

Malek: Ma 'idna slah. Ma 'indi floos. Fetshooni itha treedoon, bes la  
tfetshoon marti. [We are not armed. I have no money. Search  
me if you like but please – my wife...]

First Bandit: Incheb! [Shut up]

BANDIT PUNCHES MALEK

Ursula: Malek!

First Bandit: Inte Moo 'Iraqi. Inte Emreeky [You're not Iraqi, you're  
American] Hai Mertek Hilweh? Yimkin akhuthheh weyeh  
floosek [What's she like under her hijab? Maybe I'll have her  
and your money]

F/X – TWO GUNS ARE COCKED.

Stewart: (OFF) Put down the gun and leave the lady alone.

First Bandit: La tirmi! La tirmi! [Don't shoot]

Second Bandit: La tirmi!

Malek: Thib il-Slah wu 'oof il mereh. [Put down the gun and leave the  
lady alone]

First Bandit: Thebeiteh. Thebeiteh. Sawwoo mithil m



Second Bandit: Tereh ma ekhethneh hwaiyeh [Please, it is just a little misunderstanding]

Malek: Maku Mushkileh. He says it is just a little misunderstanding. I said there is no misunderstanding, you understand t









**Freddie:** Well then, was this action ordered by Platoon HQ or not? (NO REPLY) Fucking bastard. Why?

**Stewart:** Because it's the right thing to do. Because I believe it was the right thing to do.

**Freddie:** You believe!!!! To land us without water, food, comms or transport in the middle of a warzone?

**Stewart:** We made a mistake, Geordie made a mistake firing, and Dangermouse. You made a mistake calling on them to fire. And I made a mistake not staying on top of the situation. And

< INSERT 32(a)

Stewart: Do I think there is such a thing as a just war? Yes. Yes I do. War is a dreadful visitation upon a people. It is the unravelling of the moral threads that bind a society, the releasing of a genie from a lantern, but in some cases-

Ursula: (OFF MIC) This case?

Stewart: I don't know. Right war, wrong reasons, perhaps.

Stewart: Okay, okay Freddie, what do you say we do?

Freddie: I say we take this car, we drive back to Base Camp. Simple as that. That's wh/thGkriaw,fSjjprsah au0

mpn1ai p ss t

lspa1pn1oo:ek:reddiay ws dd,ih,fSjjprm apfvx,jvrysapfvx,jvrws





Stewart: Look down, Danger, you're up to your waist

33. INT – CAR – EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING. – A SEVERELY  
WEIGHED DOWN CAR DRIVING ALONG THE BASRA AL AMARAH ROAD.

Freddie: Move your elbow, Dangermouse.

Dangermouse: Up yours.

Freddie: It is up mine, you fat bastard.

Dangermouse: I've got big bones.

Freddie: You're a fat bastard.

Ursula: Enjoying yourself, boys?

Freddie: Fuck off!

Malek: You do not speak to lady like that in my car.

Freddie: What lady?



34. INT – CAR – LATER. EARLY MORNING.

F/X - THE RADIO PLAYS 'I HATE ISRAEL' BY SHA'ABAN ABDEL REHIM.  
MALEK SINGS ALONG.

Freddie:           What the hell is this shit?

Malek:             This, Mr Freddie, is a very popular song. It is called 'I Hate  
Israel'. He is singing: 'Since the fall of the towers we are living  
in a tornado'.

Freddie:           Raghead bullshit. It's this country I hate-

FX – CAR LURCHES TO A HALT. EVERYONE IN THE BACK MOANS.

Malek:             You hate this country?

Freddie:           Steady on, Mr Raghead, we're packed pretty tight here.

Malek:             Look around you.

Freddie:           What?

Malek:             Look around you, what do you see?

Freddie:           Fuck all, it's barely dawn.

Malek:             What do you see against that dawn? On the horizon.

Freddie:           Pylons. Electricity pylons.

Malek: No, Mr Freddie, they are broken electricity pylons, because they have been bombed. Look, look at the side of the road, burnt out cars. How many can we see from here? Five? Six? And I'd swear if you look close enough you'll find the charred remains of 'ragheads' that even the vultures and the rats won't touch. To remove this monster Saddam whom you made to keep us in our place, you have bombed us, impoverished us, stood by and let our children die of the most preventable



35. INT – CAR – EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING. CAR RADIO PLAYS  
THE WORLD SERVICE OR EQUIVALENT.

News Reader on Car Radio:

'...

Malek: Of course, Miss Ursula, you are the boss.

FX – CAR SLOWS DOWN. CAR DOOR OPENS AND URSULA GETS OUT.

Stewart: Nearly light. We're going to have to lie up for the day soon anyway. Too hot to keep going like this. How far from the desert road, Malek?

Malek: Twenty kilometres. We could make it before the sun is too high.

Stewart: Except they'll have checkpoints and eagle patrols everywhere looking for us.



35a. EXT – CAR – CONTINUOUS.

Ursula:           Hi, is Gus there?...Ursula, Ursula Gunn...

Ursula: The army is not looking for me.

Stewart: We are your story.

Ursula: If I don't phone in, I still get to record the story.

Stewart: Sure.

Ursula: And I'll have yours and the others' full co operation with interviews?

Stewart: I'll tell them.

Ursula: And publishing rights.

Stewart: Have to talk to my agent about that. I'm joking, Ursula. We don't all have agents. The book, the film, whatever, it's yours.

Ursula: Right.

Stewart: One thing, though.

Ursula: What?

Stewart: Pull up your knickers.

< 36. INSERT

Freddie:           Why do I hate you? Who says I hate you?



37. INT - CAR BOUNCING OVER ROUGH TERRAIN – EARLY MORNING.  
THE CAR JUDDERS ACROSS ROUGH TERRAIN. MOANS.

Stewart: Don't worry lads. We'll lie up once we're out of sight of the road.

Malek: This way is your decision, Sergeant MacDonald, you'll have to buy me a new car when we get back to Basra.

Stewart: I'll buy you a new car. Ursula's going to make us all famous.

Freddie: Like Bravo Two Zero?

Dangermouse: My Mum will be dead proud.

Freddie: I meant Bravo Two Zero waso TvvraaSfvvSjSrnavpfxhGkk,Mf[ rmawpfSxhpjraawi

Stewart: Can we ponce a few cups when we stop?

FX – THE CAR HAS STUCK ON SOMETHING. THE WHEEL SKIDS AROUND. MALEK REVS THE ENGINE.

Ursula: Only if Freddie is very, very nice to me.

Stewart I'm sure he can manage that.

Dangermouse: Looks like we have stopped, Boss.

Stewart: What's wrong Malek?

Malek: Stuck. A stone. Crazy to go off the road in this car.

Stewart: Let's get out, have a stretch and give it a push, boys.

FX – CAR DOORS OPEN AS THEY GET OUT.

37a. EXT OF CAR IN THE DESERT. ENGINE KEEPS RUNNING.

Stewart: Right, grab a little water, boys, but go easy -

FX – BOOT OPENING.

Dangermouse: Boss, it isn't a stone.

Stewart: What's that, Dangermouse?

Dangermouse: Unexploded shell. American.

Freddie:           Fucking yanks.

Stewart:           Fuck. Malek and Ursula, out of the car! Don't ask, get out now.

FX – DOOR OPENING.

Stewart:           Leave the doors. Don't close it. Everyone, quickly, carefully, quietly move back. Keep looking, there might be others.

FX – FIVE PEOPLE MOVING AWAY FROM CAR. MIC STAYS WITH THEM.

Dangermouse:   (STILL WITH CAR) I'll grab the guns, b

# INSERT 37

**Dangermouse: Why do they call me Dangermouse? You remember  
Dangermouse the cartoon? 'Dangermouse, you've saved**



38. EXT. DESERT. SHORT WHILE LATER. DANGERMOURSE BADLY HURT, OTHERS ROUND HIM.

Freddie: His arm. Fuck.

Geordie: It's right off.

Stewart: Dangermouse, can you hear me?

Dangermouse: Got the guns, Boss.

Stewart: Shit, Dangermouse, I mean, thank you.

Dangermouse: And your minidisc, Ma'am.

Ursula: Ursula, Dange.

Stewart: Don't talk, Danger. I'm going to try a tourniquet.

Dangermouse: They were in my hand -

Freddie: You mad bastard, Dangermouse.

Dangermouse: (LAUGHS WEAKLY) Mad, bad and dangerous to know.

Ursula: You shouldn't have, Dangermouse. I always keep my best stuff in my pants.

Dangermouse: (LAUGHING WEAKLY) Big pants.

Ursula: Small discs, Danger.

39. EXT – DESERT EAST OF BASRA AL AMARAH ROAD 16/4/04 – MID-MORNING.

Freddie:           What now, Batman?

Stewart:           I'm thinking.

Freddie:           He's dying.

Stewart:           I know.

Malek:             And, I'm afraid, now you do owe me a new car, Sergeant MacDonald.

Freddie:           Shut up about your car, you fucking raghead.

Ursula:            I shouted. I shouted to him-

Freddie:           You shut the fuck up too.

~ INSERT 39

40. EXT – DESERT EAST OF BASRA AL AMARAH ROAD 16/4/

41. EXT – DESERT EAST OF BASRA AL AMARAH ROAD 16/4/04 – MID-MORNING

Ursula: (TO HER RECORDER) It was my fault, Dominic, my stupid fault. I shouted to him for my bag. This fucking minidisc. It's a reflex - your recordings, your notes – we're programmed that way. The story is all that counts. Just like he is programmed to follow orders. I shouted for him, Dom, to get my things. He heard and obeyed. 'It's just a job, Chief.' We used to sit like on the sofa after school, like two peas in a pod, watching Dangermouse, Dom. And now he's lying on the red sand, his blood draining from the stump of where his arm once was. Th h

rrowpfxh,prowpfxhjSrsawvfkS

Ursula: I lost my brother.

Freddie: To an American shell?

Ursula: No, an RUC bullet. An accident. I mean, they're not even meant to kill anyone. The bullets. Rubber. Nor the police.

Freddie: These things happen.

Ursula: He was going to a school disco.

Freddie: Sometimes you've got to make snap decisions. Mistakes can be made.

Ursula: But there was no inquiry into the mistake. They didn't even apologise. They just told lies about him to cover up their mistake.

Freddie: Sometimes the truth must be sacrificed to a greater end.

Ursula: No, the truth must be known. That's why I became a journalist. To report the truth. It's the least we owe those upon whose suffering our world is built.

Freddie: You must be happy then.

Ursula: Happy?

Freddie: This must be like revenge.

Ursula: Revenge?

Freddie: Seeing us suffer.

Ursula: I'd never wish on anyone -

Freddie: Well, you've got your story now.

Ursula: I've told you -

Freddie: Probably got it running now.

Ursula: Only because you interrupted-

Freddie: Danger lost his arm for that thing.

Ursula: I'll turn it off. Don't touch it.

**FREDDIE THROWS THE MINIDISC ONTO THE HARD GROUND.**

Ursula: My machine! Don't touch me, Freddie, don't -

Freddie: I've been watching you all along.

Ursula: Freddie, don't, we're in enough trouble-

Freddie: Whose fault is that? Stew's lost it. I wanted him to turn back.

Ursula: Freddie, you're hurting me.

Freddie: No, you're the one who made mistakes. Giving Stew an out. Saying they'd stolen your satphone. There's a blackened sat dish near the wreckage looks remarkably like yours. Where was the truth then, truth seeker?

Ursula: Freddie -

Freddie: The others would have come with me. But you twisted him round your little finger. Standing behind the car with your knickers round your ankles. Waving your cunt at him. And shouting at Dangermouse to get you're stuff. His biggest problem is that he's a decent guy, it gets in the way of his professionalism.

Ursula: Freddie, I'll scream.

Freddie: No, you won't. Because I'm sick of listening to you.

FREDDIE PUTS HIS HAND OVER HER MOUTH AS SHE STRUGGLES.

Freddie: Just playing at being a soldier. This is war. The genie from the bottle, isn't that what Stew calls it? (SINGS) We shall overcome, we shall overcome.

Geordie: I'm afraid I can't do that, Corporal.

Freddie: You follow that soft bastard MacDonald like a dog across the desert, and now you won't obey me?

Geordie: Sergeant MacDonald is trying to do the right thing.

Freddie: Since when is it your job to think what's right and what's not? It's about obeying orders. I've given you an order.

Geordie: I am afraid I can't obey you, Corporal.

Freddie: You little -

**FREDDIE JUMPS TOWARDS HIM. A GUN IS COCKED. STEWART HAS ARRIVED.**

Stewart: Easy, Fred.

Ursula: Keep him away from me, Geordie.

Freddie: You don't have the balls, Stew.

Stewart: Don't push me, Freddie. Normal rules don't apply anymore. You've decided that.



42. EXT – A LITTLE WAY OFF FROM THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT –  
LATE MORNING

Malek:            So this is the liberation that you bring us?

Stewart:        Please, Malek.

Malek:            These are the actions of lovers of freedom? Skhan Wijih.

THEY RUN OFF.

43. EXT – SAME AS ABOVE – MOMENTS LATER

Geordie:            (APPROACHING BREATHLESS) His gun's gone, and one of

**^ INSERT 43**

**Malek:           The day the bomb came was my daughter's birthday. I had saved. Saved a whole year. She had set her heart on a white silk dress. Nothing we could do could persuade her to change her mind. She wanted to look like an angel that she had seen in a book of Christian Art**

44. EXT – WALKING ACROSS THE EASTERN IRAQI DESERT – DUSK. A LIGHT WIND MIGHT BE DISCERNIBLE. THE TERRAIN IS DIFFICULT AND TIRING AS THEY WALK

45. EXT – WALKING ACROSS THE EASTERN IRAQI DESERT – NIGHT

Geordie:           How far do think we've done, boss?

Stewart:           Ten clicks. Good progress.

Malek:             My shoes are falling to pieces.

Stewart:           We'll stop soon. Let's hope they wait for us.

Malek:             Who?

Stewart:           The Kuffa. The sheikh of the Kuffa.

Geordie:           There's only a litre of water left boss.

Stewart:           We'll find some.

Malek:             There used to be water here. This used to be Marshland. All these wadis were waterways. Then Saddam dammed up the Euphrates. We will be lucky to find a cup of water.

Malelai





FX – THE WIND AND SAND ARE REALLY BLOWING.

Stewart:           It's blowing from the south west. There's a wadi bank up there  
                          might do us.

FX – A SANDSTORM HOWLS.



46. THE DESERT 16/04/03 – NIGHT TIME. A SANDSTORM HOWLING ONLY SLIGHTLY LESS. THE CONVERSATION, IN CONTRAST, IS



47. EXT - DESERT 17/4/03- MORNING. SILENCE OF EXTREME HEAT IN THE DESERT. GEORDIE IS DESPERATELY DIGGING WITH HIS HANDS.

Geordie: (HOARSELY) Boss! Boss! You in there? (MORE DIGGING)  
Boss! You under there?

STEWART SPITTING. GROANING.

Geordie: You alright Boss?

STEWART COUGHING AND SPITTING.

Geordie: Where's Ursula?

Stewart: Here. With me.

Ursula: (SPITTING AND COUGHING) Thanks.

Stewart: What time is it, Geordie?

Geordie: 0830, Boss.

Stewart: We've lost them.

Geordie: The others?

Stewart: The mother and child.

Ursula: We couldn't have gone on in this. Maybe they never made it to the rendezvous either.

Stewart: Perhaps. You okay, Ursula?

Ursula: I need water.



49. EXT – DESERT – DAY

Stewart: He's dead or bugged out.

Ursula: I can't believe he'd have left us.

Stewart: He didn't owe us anything.

Ursula: We owed him a lot. He said he didn't care, but he wanted to see it through.

Stewart: Whatever. We can't stay here. We've got to get moving.

URSULA TEARING HER JACKET

Stewart: What are you doing, Ursula?

Ursula: Making a keffiyya out of my jacket.

Stewart: What about tonight? You'll freeze.

Ursula: We won't be alive by tonight if we don't find water.

Geordie: She's right, boss. Nineteen hours you can go in the desert without water.

Stewart: Right, get tearing.

ALL TEARING.

Geordie: Look at us. A bunch of ragheads.



Stewart: A fair distance, kid. We've done a fair distance. Eight, nine k.  
The desert route to Kabro a Generals shouldn't be too far.

Ursula: What's that Stewart?

Stewart: Where? I can't see clearly.

Ursula: Up ahead. In the sand.

Geordie: You mean...?

Stewart: It's circular, the wadi. I don't know which way we are facing



Stewart:           There must be water. Dig! Dig!

Ursula:            It looks dead.

Geordie:           There's something tied to it.

^ INSERT 49 (d)

Stewart:           Can you have a collective mirage? Perhaps if people  
                          want the same thing badly enough. Or fear the same  
                          thing badly enough.

Ursula:            It's a man.

Geordie:           (SHOUTING) Hey! Hey!

Ursula:            He's not moving.

Stewart:           Another mirage.

Ursula:            No, there is a man. He is tied to a tree.

Geordie:           We all see him. Hey!

Ursula:            He is there, Geordie, but he's dead. His eyes -

Geordie:           He has no eyes.

Ursula:            Pecked out. By vultures.

Geordie:           He's been nailed, Boss, not tied. (BEAT) Freddie.

GEORDIE DRY WRETCHES.

**^ INSERT 49 (e)**

**Geordie:           And I got sick, but I couldn't even do that. All I'd had for twenty-four hours was an oatmeal block. It was Freddie. I saw him. I swear. I didn't like Freddie, he could be mean bastard. But for fuck's sake, this? He'd been beaten and cut. Badly. Looks like the Fedayeen had found him and taken the whole war and Saddam and the crapness of it all out on him. Then they crucified him and left him in the sun to burn. The Boss said it wasn't him. That we were all seeing things.**

50. EXT – THE DESERT – MID TO LATE AFTERNOON.

Geordie:           They'll follow us, Boss, they'll get us too.

Stewart:           It wasn't him, Geordie, do you hear me? There's no one out there.

Geordie:           There is, I know it.

Stewart:           Don't lose it on me. Keep it together. We need to keep it together until we find water.

**Stewart:** The sound of flies.

**Geordie:** Bees. It was bees. Louder and louder. And he was laughing.

**Stewart:** I cannot say. I was blind. But I sensed something -

**Geordie:** And though he stood between us and the sun, I could see his head was the shape of a bull. And that he had a long beard, of bees. And he laughed. It was his voice I'd heard all along. The genie from the bottle. Malek told me. Genies are Djinnns. Desert spirits. Ancient gods. And he struck the earth with a great club -

**FX – THE TRICKLE OF WATER, SLOWLY BEGINS TO FLOW.**

**Geordie:** And he laughed, I swear he was laughing, and he struck the earth and it began to flow with water. First a trickle, then a rush -

**FX - THEN THE WATER RUSHES, BECOMING A FLOOD.**

**Stewart:** (SWIMMING FRANTICALLY AND LAUGHING) Ursula!

**Ursula:** (DITTO) StewrDawjfgpGpkraajfSdGj,drRawpfhGdvGrAawdfpvk,GMdf,xkhdrWaSO)  
!!UgajfSdGjzrapfzjSun]8BwSj,fGviwpGij]dBr alj BpGfvvi]"B]c[rUawjfgdhvvrwapfkh,xjrsajfxjh

Stewart:        Grab my arm, Geordie.

Geordie:        It's a miracle, a fucking miracle.

LAUGHING, SPLASHING AND DRINKING.

FADE TO:

51. EXT – DESERT – EVENING. SILENCE

Ursula: How does a desert fill up with water?

Geordie: It's a miracle.

Stewart: It's getting on for evening. The stars will be out soon. Let's fill the bottles and move on.

Ursula: We're a day late.

Stewart: Perhaps they were delayed too. We can only try.

Geordie: Boss.

Stewart: What is it now?

Geordie: Four-wheeler coming towards us. From the North.

Stewart: You imagining things again, kid?

Geordie: You're still blind? Could be the same ones that did for Freddie?

FX – FOUR WHEELER DRIVING OVER DESERT APPROACHES.

Stewart: We don't know what happened to Freddie. (BEAT) Cover me anyway.



**Malek:** He is saying he will divorce his wife if you do not accept his hospitality.

**Stewart:** Please explain to him why we must hurry.

**Malek:** Sergeant MacDonald, the woman and child are okay. He sent word to the Kuffa. You will meet tomorrow. Now you must rest.



52. INT – STUDIO – LONDON. A WEEK LATER.

Ursula:           So?

Gus:               Yes. Good stuff, Urs.

Ursula:           It's just a rough cut, Gus -

Gus:               I can tell. But still. Those last interviews -

Ursula:           Stewart and Geordie?

Gus:               Yes. The hallucinations. When did you do them?

Ursula:           That night. And some the next morning. Before we went to  
Kabro a Generals.

Gus:               And you brought the recordings from the next day, from there?

Ursula:           I brought them. There's not much. I've tried to put them in  
some order. There's not much, just the stuff I recorded at the  
temple.

URSULA CLICKS A MINIDISC. WE LISTEN TO THE TWO FOLLOWING  
EXTRACTS ON MINISDISC IN THE STUDIO IN LONDON:

INSERT 52(a)

URSULA FAST FORWARDS THE RECORDINGS:

INSERT 52(b)

Ursula: I am now in the Temple of the Generals built by Alexander the Great over 2400 years ago. At first we thought the floor was covered in twigs. They were in fact bones. The hand of the lord laid me down in a valley of bones, Ezekial. But these are not ancient bones. These bones came with id cards. One reads: Salam Mohammed. Born 17 July 1958. The very day of Iraqi Independence.

URSULA FAST FORWARDS AGAIN. SHE PRESSES PLAY. WE ARE AT THE SCENE.

53. INT – THE TEMPLE – DAY AFTER SC.51 – THE SCENE CROSS FADES FROM BEING PLAYED ON THE MINIDISC TO REAL THING.

Stewart:            Sheikh Kuffa.

Sheikh:            Gulleh tereh il-Ingileeze yimkin akbar 'asheereh bil-Basra, bes hai Gaa'neh. Gulleh khelli yinezzil Slaha

Stewart:            Malek?

Malek:            He says the British might be the biggest tribe in Basra, but here, he is boss. Put down your guns.

Stewart:            We are putting down our guns. Geordie?

Geordie:            Sure, boss.

GUNS BEING PUT DOWN.

Stewart:            We did not wish to show any disrespect.

Malek:            Moo Qasidhum

Stewart:            We come not as soldiers, but to pay a debt.

Malek:            Ma Jayyeen Bwajib, bess metloobeen deyn.

Stewart:            A debt we have incurred by our own rashness and fear.

Malek:            Ihneh jibneh hell museebah 'ala rwahneh.

Stewart:            We have brought the blood money.

Malek:            Lfloos 'ldhum.



54. EXT – MORNING. THE ONLY BUZZ NOW IS THAT OF APPROACHING

55. INT – STUDIO IN LONDON – DAYTIME. THE PREVIOUS SCENE CONTINUES BUT WE ARE NOW LISTENING TO IT ON MINIDISC IN LONDON

Geordie:            Couldn't be!

Ursula:             What?

Geordie:            We're the target. This place is the target. It's a blue on blue. Fuck. I've got to tell Stew-

Ursula:             No.

Geordie:            (MOVING AWAY) I must tell Stew and Malek. Move away from the cars, Ursula -

Ursula:             What about the mother and child?

Geordie:            (RUNNING) Just run!

EXPLOSION. URSULA CLICKS THE MINIDISC OFF. PAUSE.

Ursula:             I thought a documentary.

Gus:                 And what would your line be?

Ursula:             The true story of Alpha Unit. MacDonald's as the central story. He made the decisions. Most interesting character.

Gus:                 I can see why S.I.B. are so keen to get their hands on the

**Ursula:** Isn't that the pot calling the kettle a supercilious bastard?

**Gus:** He wishes to preserve the men's reputations as heroes.

**Ursula:** He wishes to preserve his own backside.

**Gus:** He's threatening the Official Secrets Act.

**Ursula:** You won't give in?

**Gus:** The subjects gave their consent to the recordings. The recordings are your property.

**Ursula:** Glad to see your run in with the government hasn't dimmed your commitment to press freedom.

**Gus:** If you think the government's bad, you should try the advertisers.

**Ursula:** No language anymore except the language of the market.

**Gus:** Malek?

**Ursula:** I went looking for a trace of him in Basra but could find none. He was the last of his family. Deleted from history. Perhaps we could do a second doc -

**Gus:** Ursula.

**Ursula:** What? I know that 'Ursula'.

**Gus:** I said there was some excellent stuff there.

Ursula: But?

Gus: We're under a lot of pressure.

Ursula: You said with three dead Brits I could have top spot. I've got four. And an army cover up. I want a documentary.

Gus: The board have demanded we go through our procedure with a fine-tooth comb. I'm only back on sufferance.

Ursula: So?

Gus: Recordings smuggled out of Iraq from under the nose of the Military Police...

Ursula: What are you saying?

Gus: ...in your knickers does not constitute best practice.

Ursula: They were my recordings. The subjects gave their consent.

Gus: The MoD have issued a statement saying how these four servicemen died escorting three Bedouins through the British zone to deliver blood money to save a Bedouin woman and boy.

Ursula: They shot three unarmed Bedouins.

Gus: They died heroes.

Ursula: They were heroes, but -

Gus: One when the car went over a mine -



Ursula: Unexploded American shell.

Gus: One presumed lost in a sandstorm -

Ursula: Having attempted to rape a journalist.

Gus: And two at the rendezvous which had inadvertently been arranged at an archaeological site Saddam was using as a weapons dump.

Ursula: It was a two and a half thousand year old body dump. And the Allies have just dumped more bodies on it.

Gus: Their story is largely true.

Ursula: Apart from the bits that are blatant lies. Christ, Gus, isn't it our jobs to report the truth?

Gus: There you go again with your truth. As if the truth was so simple -

Ursula: There you go again dufph,GraawxfxviwpGfvvi]dB[ rAaSfp,jkxrlawpvhvppkrlawpvhvpl



**Ursula:** You only asked me in to get the recordings from me.

**Gus:** Lots of complexity in Brussels. Not so sure about truth.

**Ursula:** You bastard, Gus.

**Gus:** I'll hang onto the material, Urs. Till a later date. There's some good stuff there. When the war is over and forgotten and the Government are off our back we'll get put out.

56. EXT – DOORSTEP IN STONEHEAD – EARLY AFTERNOON IN EARLY SUMMER.

FX – DOORBELL RINGS. DOOR OPENS.

Ursula: Mrs MacDonald?

Jeannie: Yes?

Ursula: Ursula Gunn.

Jeannie: Jeannie. Call me Jeannie. Come in.

57. SCENE INT – STONEHEAD – EARLY AFTERNOON



Ursula: I came here because I wanted you to know that your husband was a good man-

Jeannie: I know that. I know that. How dare you! I don't need a journalist to tell me.

Ursula: Yes. I'm sorry. He saved my life three times. The third time, at Kabro a Generals, I think he knew something was going to

Ursula: He kept everything that was important to him in it.

Jeannie: A candle stub, tablets, more tablets -

Ursula: Aspirin.

Jeannie: An Absolut Vodka miniature. Empty.



58. EXT – DRIVEWAY IN STONEHEAD – EARLY AFTERNOON.

FX – HOUSE DOOR SLAMS. JEANNIE & URSULA WALK A FEW PACES TO THE CAR. CAR DOOR OPENS.

Ursula: Jeannie?

Jeannie: Yes.

Ursula: He loved you.

Jeannie: He told you?

Ursula: Yes.

Jeannie: When?

Ursula: The morning, the morning he died.

Jeannie: (BEAT) Thank you for saying that, Ursula. Perhaps, if you're allowed, if you had any tape of him. His voice.

Ursula: I'll make you one.

Jeannie: Good-bye.

F/X A CAR MOVES OFF.

**^ INSERT 58**

**Stewart: It had been a day of miracles, the bull headed creature, a djinn or genie or even an ancient God of Babylon, Marduk or Baal or the God of a Thousand Faces Malek said, who made the desert flow with water. And then Malek's return, and then the Ma'adan who had so little, whose very world had dried up under Saddam, yet for us they had rolled out the carpet and celebrated our deliverance with olives and kofta balls and water from their deepest secret wells, water that tasted like the finest wines. And afterwards, we lay on the floor of the desert looking up at the heavens. No mediation. Nothing in between us and eternity. At peace.**

**MUSIC: 'WHERE IS THE LOVE?' BLACK EYE PEAS AND JUSTIN  
TIMBERLAKE.**

**END**