

# COMBAT HOSPITAL

(working title)

"Welcome to Kandahar"

(Pilot)

by

Daniel Petrie, Jr.

GLOBAL TELEVISION

*from*

SIENNA FILMS INC.

183 Harbord Street

Toronto, Ontario M5S 1H5

tel: 416.703.1126

fax: 416.703.8825

*and*

ARTISTS STUDIO

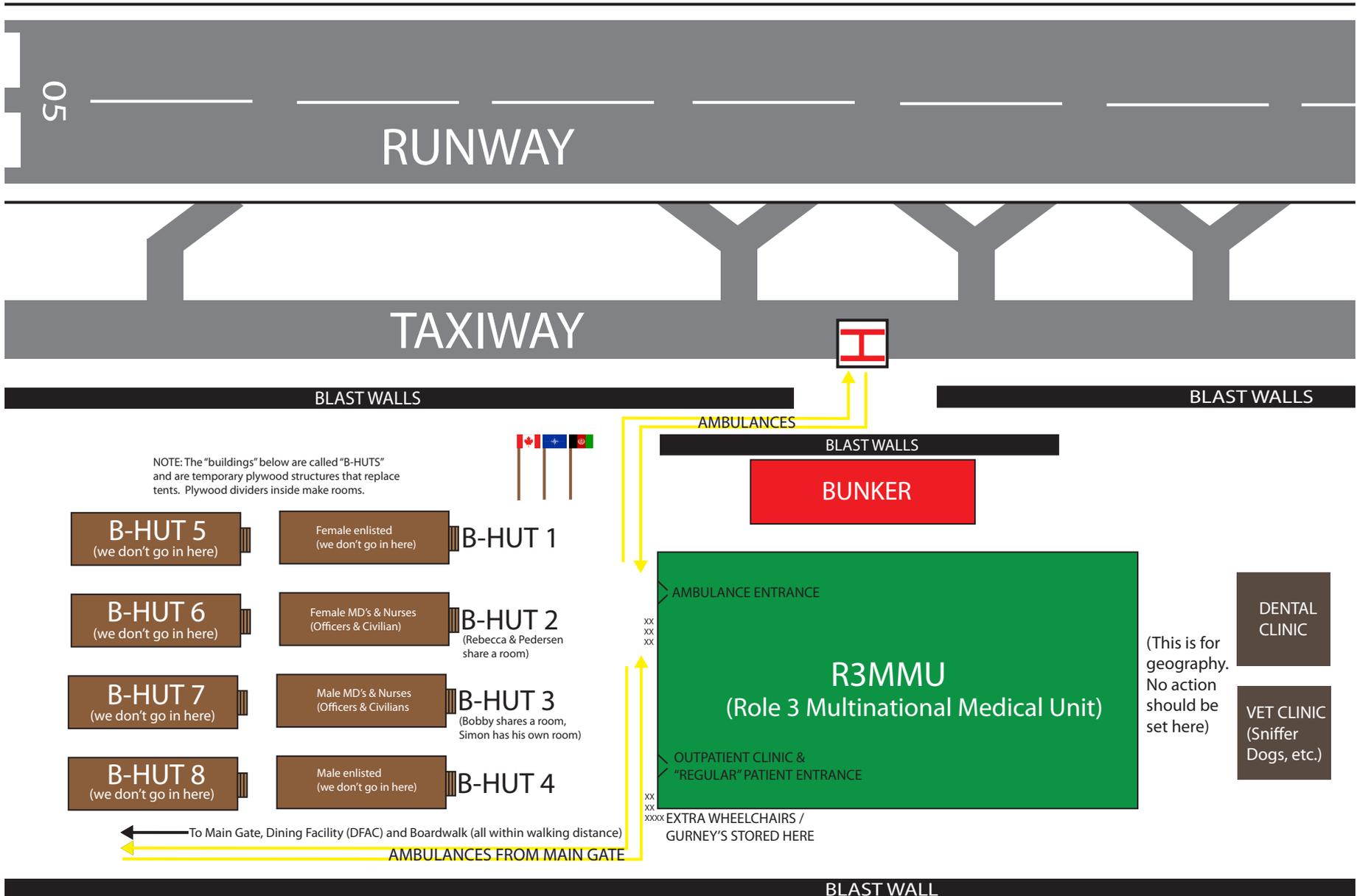
[www.artists-studio.tv](http://www.artists-studio.tv)

tel: +44 (0)800 242 5110

THIRD NETWORK DRAFT

November 10, 2010

# ROLE 3 MULTINATIONAL MEDICAL UNIT & LIVING QUARTERS - KANDAHAR AIRFIELD, AFGHANISTAN





WELCOME TO KANDAHAR

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. C-17 CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT -- DAY

A giant C-17 GLOBEMASTER flies high above ocher-brown mountains and dusty plains. A title card reads:

**SOUTHERN AFGHANISTAN - 2006**

INT. C-17 CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT -- DAY

An immense interior, configured for passengers -- almost all YOUNG MEN IN UNIFORM, almost all asleep, in spite of the TURBULENCE. They really pack 'em in: picture coach on the world's worst airline and take away the creature comforts. Against each windowless side there's a row of seats facing inward. One of these is empty. That's because:

INT. C-17 CARGO PLANE -- LAVATORY -- DAY

REBECCA KINCAID, M.D., is in the bathroom, struggling with an OVER-THE-COUNTER PREGNANCY TEST KIT. She's in her late 20's or early 30's and she's beautiful, though she'd be the first to admit we're not seeing her at her best right now. She's wearing a brand new Canadian Forces desert camo uniform, a 9 MM pistol strapped to her thigh. She's about to get a result from the test strip when the PLANE HITS A BUMP, her head SMACKS the bulkhead, and the test kit goes flying.

REBECCA  
Dammit to hell!

A KNOCK on the door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Okay in there, ma'am?

REBECCA  
Yes! Out in a minute!

The test strip has landed on the filthy, sticky floor, useless. As Rebecca uses a tissue to pick it up and flush it, we HEAR a MICROPHONE-AMPLIFIED VOICE:

MAJ. GEN. VAN DER VELDE (O.S. PRE-LAP)  
...and although today we officially recognize it, the smooth transition to NATO command...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU (MULTINATIONAL MEDICAL UNIT) -- DAY

A military ceremony is underway in a dusty courtyard between ramshackle living quarters on the left and the KANDAHAR ROLE 3 MULTI-NATIONAL MEDICAL UNIT on the right, an impressive name for the least impressive hodgepodge of shipping containers, tents, plywood and duct tape you ever saw.

MAJ. GEN. VAN DER VELDE  
...has in reality already taken  
place, thanks to the professionalism  
of the outgoing commander, Colonel  
Winton Beaven...

This takes place near the runway of Kandahar Airfield, on the other side of a ten-foot concrete blast wall: the SOUND OF A CARGO JET taking off forces MAJOR GENERAL VAN DER VELDE, the Dutch NATO commander for South Afghanistan, to pause.

MAJ. GEN. VAN DER VELDE (CONT'D)  
...and the new commander, Colonel  
Xavier Leclerc.

There's applause from the audience: a few CIVILIANS, the vast majority MILITARY PERSONNEL in desert camouflage. Sitting behind the General on the makeshift stage, COLONEL XAVIER LECLERC, M.D., mid 40's, a career military surgeon with a great face for poker, doesn't acknowledge the applause; if anything he's embarrassed by it.

MAJ. GEN. VAN DER VELDE (CONT'D)  
But this hospital has always been a  
multi-national effort, and that...

In the audience, a BEEPER goes off; an embarrassed MEDIC makes her way to the aisle. The general ignores the interruption.

MAJ. GEN. VAN DER VELDE (CONT'D)  
...will continue under Canada as  
lead nation with the U.S. providing  
the second largest contingent...

Now OTHER BEEPERS go off, and one by one those beeped slip out, trying unsuccessfully to not disturb the general, who struggles on with his remarks.

MAJ. GEN. VAN DER VELDE (CONT'D)  
...with important contributions from  
many other nations, including the  
UK, Denmark, Australia, Holland...

More BEEPERS, more MEDICS leaving, breaking into a run as they head toward the MMU.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now a BEEPER GOES OFF on stage, right behind the General: it belongs to U.S. NAVY COMMANDER ROGER "WILL" WILLETT, the soft-spoken African American Chief Nurse.

MAJ. GEN. VAN DER VELDE (CONT'D)  
...New Zealand, France, Germany,  
Romania...

The General turns to see Will whispering to Col. Leclerc.

WILL WILLETT  
Seven Marines inbound. I.E.D.

Col. Leclerc gives a apologetic look to the general, then he and Will Willett tiptoe off the stage. The general turns back to the MUCH SMALLER AUDIENCE -- and cuts to the chase.

MAJ. GEN. VAN DER VELDE  
We will now conclude with the  
benediction. Padre?

The General makes a "hurry up" gesture to the startled U.S. ARMY CHAPLAIN who takes the General's place at the podium.

CHAPLAIN  
Let us bow--

That's as far as he gets -- everyone ducks as the courtyard is WHIPPED BY THE DOWNDRAFT of TWO MEDEVAC BLACKHAWKS coming in low and fast, raising clouds of dust, blowing over metal folding chairs like confetti and knocking over the podium. The pages of the general's speech flutter away.

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU -- LANDING PAD -- DAY

A pair of truck-like MILITARY AMBULANCES wait beside the pad as the Blackhawks touch down in a cloud of dust. The engine roar makes speech impossible so the MEDIC IN THE HELICOPTER uses hand signals to say "7 wounded."

CUT TO:

INT. C-17 CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT -- DAY

Rebecca takes her seat, careful not to wake DR. BOBBY SINGH in the seat next to her. Bobby's late 20's and looks younger. Like Rebecca, he wears desert camo; he's a Captain while she's a Major. But in this case those ranks don't indicate Army experience: Captain is the entry level rank for a general practice doctor like Bobby, while Major is the entry level for a specialist like Rebecca. More telling is their brand-new uniforms, which, to the experienced eye of the US AIR FORCE FLIGHT CREW SERGEANT approaching Rebecca, clearly identifies them as new to the Army.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

USAF SERGEANT  
Major? Compliments of the United  
States Air Force.

He offers her a pair of airsickness bags.

REBECCA  
Why would you think I'd need these?

USAF SERGEANT  
Well, to be honest, Major, you  
haven't been sleeping and you look a  
little pale. And this'll be your  
first combat landing, I'm guessing.

REBECCA  
Good guess. What's a combat  
landing?

USAF SERGEANT  
We don't want to draw ground fire,  
so we fly an evasive pattern. The  
troops love it... the ones that  
don't puke.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU AMBULANCE ENTRANCE -- DAY

The Blackhawks are on the other side of the blast wall, so we can't see the ambulances being loaded from here. Col. Leclerc and Will Willett wait with a small CROWD OF MEDICAL PERSONNEL -- including ALL THE REGULAR CHARACTERS we'll meet later. Some have managed to put on blue scrubs over their camo pants and desert boots. The first ambulance comes around the blast wall into view, the DRIVER flashing HAND SIGNALS. REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR SEAN KELLY interprets:

RSM SEAN KELLY  
"7 wounded. 4 litters, 3 walking."

The ambulances pull up and the medics swing the rear doors open, revealing PATHETICALLY SMALL CHILDREN'S FEET.

WILL WILLETT  
These aren't the Marines! They're  
kids!

COL. LECLERC  
Then where the hell are our Marines?

CUT TO:

INT. C-17 CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT -- DAY

The cabin lights come up to full strength as an ANNOUNCEMENT comes over the speaker:

FIRST OFFICER (O.S. ON LOUDSPEAKER)  
This is the flight deck, prepare for  
the cabin for combat descent.  
Buckle up, everybody!

The announcement wakes Bobby Singh. He rubs his eyes.

BOBBY  
Get any sleep?

REBECCA  
No.

BOBBY  
Still?

REBECCA  
There's a lot on my mind.

But she doesn't offer any details and he doesn't ask. Instead, he looks at the airsickness bags.

BOBBY  
What's that for?

She hands him one.

REBECCA  
Apparently we're expected to throw  
up now.

Suddenly the plane FLIPS ON ITS SIDE and DROPS LIKE A STONE -- Rebecca and Bobby, horrified, are flung forward, restrained only by their seatbelts, as...

EXT. C-17 CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT -- DAY

...the enormous cargo jet goes into a CORKSCREW DIVE worthy of a fighter plane, while back inside...

INT. C-17 CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT -- DAY

...the YOUNG SOLDIERS enjoy being flung violently from side to side: most WAVE THEIR ARMS, like kids do on a roller coaster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA AND BOBBY

try to brace themselves against the extreme, unpredictable motion but it's no use. Rebecca's looking paler by the second. Bobby's head SMACKS into hers.

EXT. KANDAHAR AIRFIELD -- DAY

We're close enough to hear the TIRES SQUEAL as the C-17 touches down, but as we

PULL BACK TO A WIDE ANGLE

the massive plane is dwarfed by the vastness of Kandahar Airfield, the busiest single runway airport in the world, NATO headquarters for South Afghanistan and home to 12,000 soldiers and civilians from a dozen countries. The base is littered with construction sites and groups of temporary buildings, the Role 3 Multinational Medical Unit somewhere among them. A pair of A-10 WARTHOG fighters take off with a ROAR as we...

CUT TO CREDITS:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. TRAUMA BAY -- DAY

It's essentially one big room subdivided with plywood into eight semi-private trauma bays. DOCTORS, NURSES and MEDTECHS work feverishly to care for the SEVEN AFGHANI CHILDREN who came in unexpectedly. But there's no shouting or yelling: they work intensely but quietly.

INT. TRAUMA BAY 3 -- DAY

Colonel Leclerc sews up a FRIGHTENED SMALL BOY'S arm.

COL. LECLERC

What's your name?

VANS, the 17-year-old Afghani "terp" -- interpreter -- translates. He's everybody's favorite kid brother. We see the source of his nickname: his T-shirt with the "Vans Warped Tour" logo on the front.

VANS

His name's Aref.

COL. LECLERC

You're doing great, Aref. Almost done.

Vans translates, and Aref looks a bit less frightened.

CUT TO:

EXT. KANDAHAR AIRFIELD -- TAXIWAY -- DAY

With all the TROOPS off-loaded, the C-17 taxis away. Buses and humvees full of troops are also preparing to drive off. Everyone's been met by their units, except Rebecca and Bobby.

REBECCA

Anybody here from the medical unit?  
Anyone going near the hospital?

Evidently nobody is. The last of the busses pull away, leaving Rebecca and Bobby standing forlorn with their duffle bags in the middle of what seems like an endless length of tarmac with nothing nearby.

BOBBY

What now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In a moment of silence between plane takeoffs, they HEAR a quiet BZZZT. BZZZT. BZZZT.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
I think that's you.

Rebecca pulls out her cell phone, which is on VIBRATE. BZZZT. BZZZT -- the sound of incoming text messages. She stares at it, incredulously.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Your phone works here?

REBECCA  
I don't know if it works as a phone, but I'm getting text messages.

BOBBY  
Maybe there's one telling us where we should go.

Rebecca starts to scroll through the messages even as the BZZZT, BZZZT of her phone announces messages still arriving.

REBECCA  
Dammit!

She stabs a key to delete the first message, and the next message, and the next, and the next, while Bobby examines his own cell phone.

BOBBY  
Nothing. No messages. No bars. Nada.

Rebecca keeps hitting delete.

REBECCA  
You'd think that Kandahar would be far enough away...

BOBBY  
You're not going to even read them?

REBECCA  
They're all from the same guy. My ex. He's turned into a stalker.

BOBBY  
Oh. No messages from here, then?

REBECCA  
No. That looks like the nearest building. Let's head there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They set out, dragging their bags along with them.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TRAUMA BAY -- DAY

Col. Leclerc comes out of Bay 3 into the main Trauma Bay where he's interrupted by a young woman with a clipboard, a unit CLERK (CORPORAL LISA ZUCKER).

CLERK LISA  
Any details on the IED, sir?

COL. LECLERC  
Check with Vans, he's talked to all the kids.

Lisa hurries off; Col Leclerc grabs a moment with Will Willett, the chief nurse.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)  
How we doing, Will?

WILL WILLETT  
Everything's under control for now, but what about--

Regimental Sergeant Major (RSM) Sean Kelly hurries in. He's the unit's senior enlisted man and Col. Leclerc's steady right hand in all things military.

RSM SEAN KELLY  
It wasn't just a screw up, sir. TOC reports there really are seven Marines, 30 minutes out. One sucking chest, two bad bleeders with tourniquets in place, rest unknown.

COL. LECLERC  
Okay.  
(to Will)  
Anything non-emergent that can't be finished in 15 minutes doesn't get started, we'll deal with it later.

CUT TO:

EXT. KANDAHAR AIRFIELD -- TAXIWAY -- DAY

The buildings Bobby and Rebecca are trudging toward don't look any closer. A sudden HONKING HORN scares the shit out of them. A ROMANIAN MILITARY POLICEMAN leans out of his humvee to SHOUT at them -- in Romanian. Rebecca shows him the flag on her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Do you speak English? We're trying to get to the hospital.

ROMANIAN M.P.

Then why you go to Romanian compound?

REBECCA

We didn't know that's what it was.

ROMANIAN M.P.

Also, it is not for walking here. This is for only airplanes. Get in, we give ride.

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU (MULTINATIONAL MEDICAL UNIT) -- DAY

The Romanian M.P.'s humvee drives away, having dropped Rebecca and Bobby off. There's no one around. They stare, incredulously, at this pile of plywood and duct tape.

REBECCA

I love what they've done to the place.

INT. TRAUMA ADMISSIONS -- DAY

Rebecca and Bobby drag their duffle bags inside to the admissions/waiting room area. There's no one in here, either. The front desk is currently unmanned.

REBECCA

Okay, now this is starting to feel like the bizarro world. Wait. I hear something in there.

INT. TRAUMA BAY -- DAY

Rebecca and Bobby push through into the trauma bay where NURSES and MEDICS work swiftly to prepare for the next wave of casualties. (The Afghani kids have all been treated and moved to the ward.) No one takes any notice of Rebecca and Bobby until Will Willett spots them.

WILL WILLETT

The outpatient clinic's closed, but if you take a seat outside we'll see you as soon as we can.

REBECCA

We're not sick. We're reporting for duty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL WILLETT

Oh, sorry. You looked a little...  
Never mind. We can use you.

He grabs a pair of mops and gives one to each of them.

WILL WILLETT (CONT'D)

Get the blood off the floor so  
nobody slips.

REBECCA

You don't understand. We're  
doctors.

A nurse, MAJOR SUZY CHAO, gives Rebecca a who-does-she-think-she-is look.

SUZY CHAO

Does that mean we have to show you  
how to mop the floor?

REBECCA

No, I know how to mop, but--

WILL WILLETT

Good. Thanks. We just had a rush  
and we're about to get another.

Then he's off. Rebecca gives Bobby a look that says, "can you believe this shit?"

REBECCA

I guess we mop the floor.

BOBBY

I guess so.

No sooner do they start than they're interrupted by  
Regimental Sergeant Major Kelly bursting in behind them.

RSM SEAN KELLY

Who the hell left their damn duffle  
bags in the middle of admissions?

BOBBY

Sorry, that was us, we just got in.

RSM SEAN KELLY

Major Kincaid? Captain Singh? We  
met your plane yesterday.

REBECCA

We got stuck in Kuwait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RSM SEAN KELLY  
Been there, done that.

Colonel Leclerc blasts in from the opposite direction.

COL. LECLERC  
Any update?

RSM SEAN KELLY  
Dustoff 17 five minutes out,  
Colonel. Dustoff 22 is right behind  
with four on board, no details  
'cause TOC's only getting every  
second word.

COL. LECLERC  
And who are they?

He means Rebecca and Bobby. The RSM answers before they can.

RSM SEAN KELLY  
Major Kincaid and Captain Singh,  
reporting for duty, sir.

COL. LECLERC  
We were expecting you yesterday.

REBECCA  
Sir, we--

COL. LECLERC  
Don't tell me -- Kuwait.  
(looks at Rebecca)  
You feeling all right?

REBECCA  
Absolutely, sir. I'm good to go.

COL. LECLERC  
Fine. Follow me.

Col. Leclerc turns to head back the way he came. Rebecca and Bobby put down their mops and hurry to catch up.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE O.R. -- DAY

Rebecca and Bobby practically have to jog to keep up with the Colonel as he leads them down the corridor. The plywood wall to their left goes only up to the waist high; above the plywood, the rest of the wall is made out of sheets of scared Plexiglas, so they can see

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTO THE OPERATING ROOMS

where OR One and Two are being prepped; a surgical procedure in still going on in OR Three. Col. Leclerc raps on the Plexiglas to get the SURGEON'S attention, then holds up his splayed hand to indicate "five minutes." The surgeon gives him a thumbs up.

COL. LECLERC

Sorry we have to put you to work the minute you get here, but then...

They round the corner...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ICU -- DAY

...into another hallway that also has a wall of Plexiglas and duct tape along the left side.

COL. LECLERC

...I think you'll find that everything here is not like anything you've experienced before. That's our ICU, eight beds plus a couple of isolation rooms for detainees.

Bobby's feeling very much like the new kid on the block, but Rebecca's used to quickly rising to the top of the class in every situation she's ever been in. And she sees no reason for that to change.

REBECCA

Actually, sir, I trained at both Detroit Receiving and Miami General...

They round another corner...

INT. SOUTH HALLWAY -- DAY

...as Rebecca continues:

REBECCA

...we could see four, five, even six gunshot wounds a night.

Col Leclerc's still walking in front of them, so they don't see the trace of amusement that flashes across his eyes.

COL. LECLERC

I don't doubt it. Those doors lead to the ward, and in here...

He leads them through a doorway to the left.

INT. READY ROOM -- DAY

Half shipping container, half tent; half briefing room, half lounge.

COL. LECLERC

The US Army used to call this the "ready room," and I haven't thought of another name.

SIMON (O.S.)

The "unready room," I call it.

The VOICE of DR. SIMON HILL emerges from behind an old sofa. He raises himself INTO THE SHOT to glance at the newcomers, then, seeing Rebecca, shambles to his feet. Simon's almost -- no, definitely -- too handsome for his own good.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Well, hello.

COL. LECLERC

Dr. Hill, our neurosurgeon.

Simon shakes hands with Rebecca; it stops just short of being a caress. He uses his very sexy voice to full advantage.

SIMON

Please, call me Simon.

REBECCA

I'm Rebecca.

BOBBY

I'm Bobby.

Simon's handshake with Bobby is decidedly less warm than his handshake with Rebecca. Simon gazes into Rebecca eyes. Almost against her will Rebecca feels flattered by Simon's intense focus. Col. Leclerc impatiently cuts this short.

COL. LECLERC

You can change into scrubs over there. Just your shirt. Pull that curtain for privacy.

REBECCA

What do we do with our weapons?  
Keep wearing them?

COL. LECLERC

You're required to wear your weapon when you're outside this building or your living quarters.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

In here, you can leave it in one of the lockers or wear it, whatever you like. I always wear mine because I'm always going in and out -- and also I like it -- it's a constant reminder that we're in a war zone.

RSM Kelly appears at the door.

RSM SEAN KELLY

Sir, two minutes out.

COL. LECLERC

Any new details?

As the Colonel and Regimental Sergeant Major continue their quiet, urgent exchange, Simon addresses the curtain behind which Rebecca's changing.

SIMON

Tell me, did they try to hand you a mop?

REBECCA

They didn't just try, they succeeded.

SIMON

They tried that on me. They didn't get very far, let me tell you.

RSM Kelly takes off; Col. Leclerc turns to Bobby, who hasn't bothered to pull the curtain of the men's changing area.

COL. LECLERC

You've been a trauma team leader before, right?

BOBBY

Yes sir. In training.

COL. LECLERC

Then you're the TTL in bay 4.

Rebecca comes out from behind the curtain with a scrub top over her camo pants and desert boots. Bobby's changed by this time, too.

REBECCA

Ready, sir.

COL. LECLERC

Come on. You too, Simon, all hands on deck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON

Right behind you, Colonel.

INT. SOUTH HALLWAY -- DAY

Again the Colonel sets a blistering pace. Rebecca and Bobby try to keep up. Simon's left way behind.

BOBBY

To be honest with you, sir, I'm more a general practice guy. I like to think I'm a good diagnostician, but--

COL. LECLERC

You know your ABC's, don't you?

BOBBY

Of course, sir. Airway, breathing, circulation.

COL. LECLERC

Then you'll be fine.

Rebecca's more than a little taken aback by the focus on Bobby, who obviously feels under-qualified to be a Trauma Team Leader, whereas she's overqualified if anything.

REBECCA

I have tons of TTL experience, sir.

COL. LECLERC

I want to keep you free for surgery. Until then, just stand by in case someone needs help. The bathrooms are there, the out-patient clinic's on the left...

They make yet another right turn.

INT. ADMINISTRATION HALLWAY -- DAY

They trot down this new hallway past a set of offices.

COL. LECLERC

That's the admin office, that one's my office, in there's the TOC -- that stands for?

REBECCA

Tactical Operations Center.

COL. LECLERC

Good, you read the manual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They HEAR the SOUND of helicopters approaching -- and feel it, too: the whole flimsy building SHAKES with vibrations.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)  
They're here! Let's go!

He breaks into a run and they follow, bursting through a set of swinging doors...

INT. TRAUMA BAY -- DAY

...back into the room they started in, this time from a side entrance -- they've made a complete 360 degree circuit of the building in under five minutes of real time. Col. Leclerc peels off to meet the incoming helicopters. Will Willett sees Bobby looking like a deer in the headlights.

WILL WILLETT  
Trauma bay 4, doctor? This way.

INT. TRAUMA BAY 4 -- DAY

Will literally steers Bobby into place at the head of the table. A NURSE and THREE MEDTECHS are ready to go.

WILL WILLETT  
Meet Dr. Bobby Singh. Captain Pam Andries is your nurse/anesthetist, your medtechs are Larry Alexander, Eric Astin and Christine Ezrin.

Nods all around. Bobby still has that deer-in-the-headlights look that's hardly reassuring.

WILL WILLETT (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, they've got your back.

Rebecca, watching from the open entry, takes this all in.

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU AMBULANCE ENTRANCE -- DAY

Well rehearsed LITTER BEARERS swiftly unload the first ambulance as Col. Leclerc does triage on the spot.

COL. LECLERC  
Take him to one, then straight to the OR after resusc. He goes to three. The belly wound goes to two. This one, bay four.

We follow the litter of the young Marine destined for Trauma Bay Four as the MEDICS race him through the swinging doors--

INT. TRAUMA ADMISSIONS -- DAY

--without pausing through the Trauma Admissions area,  
bursting through the second set of swinging doors--

INT. TRAUMA BAY -- DAY

--into the big room and from there turning into one of the  
spaces partitioned with plywood, the one called

TRAUMA BAY FOUR

where the PARAMEDIC running with the litter YELLS a report.

PARAMEDIC

GCS 9, BP 100 over 40, pulse 102 and  
thready...

As his report continues, they grab the delirious young Marine  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS -- his nametag reads "LOWEN" -- and

MEDTECH ALEXANDER

One, two, three.

--on "three" they transfer him to the table. They cut off  
his clothes; someone drapes a cloth over his crotch; they  
hook him up to instruments and add additional IV lines as PFC  
Lowen writhes around in semiconscious agony while Bobby  
stands frozen, trying desperately to think.

BOBBY

GCS 9 -- should we tube him?

NURSE/ANESTHETIST ANDRES

Your call, doctor.

At the foot of the table Rebecca's watching this, itching to  
take over, as Bobby still hesitates.

MEDTECH ALEXANDER

Shallow breathing! I'm getting  
nothing on the right side!

BOBBY

We'll tube him. Could I--

The nurse slaps a laryngoscope into his hands before he can  
finish asking. She also sedates the young Marine who goes  
limp. Bobby slowly works the laryngoscope into the PFC  
Lowen's throat and attempts to insert an endotracheal tube.

NURSE/ANESTHETIST ANDRES

B.P. falling -- 75 over 20.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Damn! You got a smaller tube?

MEDTECH ASTIN

What about more blood, doctor? You want a central line?

BOBBY

Central Line? Yeah, good idea...

NURSE/ANESTHETIST ANDRES

O2 sat 93% and falling.

Bobby's struggling with the smaller endotracheal tube and struggling harder to think: his patient's going south fast. Rebecca takes a step forward and is about to intervene when Colonel Leclerc appears beside her.

COL. LECLERC

Like some help with that airway, Doctor?

BOBBY

Yes, please.

He steps back, allowing Col. Leclerc to get his hands on the laryngoscope. The Colonel gets the tube in on the first try.

COL. LECLERC

Okay, bag him.

The nurse/anesthetist has the respirator bag ready; she hooks it on and starts breathing for the patient.

MEDTECH ALEXANDER

Shallow in the left, still nothing in the right.

Emboldened by Col. Leclerc's example, Rebecca steps up to the patient's right side, grabs a scalpel off the instrument tray, and cuts a deep hole between the young Marine's ribs.

REBECCA

Chest tube.

A MEDTECH hands her one, which she slides into the opening she just created. The tube immediately fills with blood.

MEDTECH ALEXANDER

That got it. I'm getting bilateral breath sounds now.

NURSE/ANESTHETIST ANDRES

O2 sat 95% and rising.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We may not understand a single word they're saying, but there's no mistaking the RELIEF WE HEAR in their voices.

REBECCA

Should we take him to the OR?

She asks Colonel Leclerc, but Leclerc looks to Bobby.

COL. LECLERC

Doctor? What would you like?

But Bobby just stands there, crushed with humiliation and embarrassment. Col. Leclerc lets Bobby off the hook.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

It looked like we got a little less than 800 CC's from the chest tube. Under 800, we try to manage conservatively: fix up the numbers in the ICU, then get them on the jet to Landstuhl. More than 800, or more than 300 CC's an hour, then it's straight to the O.R. This is right on the border, so it's your call, Doctor.

Leclerc's trying to restore Bobby's self-respect by that last comment, but Bobby's beyond that.

BOBBY

Whatever you say, sir.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ICU -- MUCH LATER -- NIGHT

Rebecca and Bobby look through the Plexiglas window

INTO THE ICU

where Colonel Leclerc gives some last instructions to the NURSES caring for young Marines -- we see Lowen, Bobby's patient -- and the Afghani children from earlier.

BACK TO REBECCA AND BOBBY

as they watch Leclerc at work.

REBECCA

Doesn't he get tired?

BOBBY

Don't you get tired? I slept on the plane at least, and I'm ready to drop. You seem less tired than you were before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

It's the adrenaline. Which is starting to wear off, believe me.

RSM Kelly comes up to them with orientation folders.

RSM SEAN KELLY

Ah, there you are. Here's your orientation packet. It has your room assignments, your keys -- I had your bags taken over already.

He hands them each a beeper.

RSM SEAN KELLY (CONT'D)

You're to wear these at all times. The code 911 means drop whatever you're doing and get here quick.

REBECCA

Beepers? In 2006?

RSM SEAN KELLY

Old fashioned but reliable, unlike the cell phone coverage here.

BOBBY

Mine doesn't work at all. But Rebecca's been getting text messages.

RSM SEAN KELLY

That reminds me. You had an e-mail message, Major. Sent via the DND in Ottawa.

He pulls it out of Rebecca's folder and hands it to her.

RSM SEAN KELLY (CONT'D)

You each have individual e-mail addresses in your folders. Please tell your friend to use that. The Kandahar Role 3 e-mail is for official business only.

Rebecca, embarrassed, balls up the message in her fist.

REBECCA

If he does it again, please tell him to eat shit and die.

The Regimental Sergeant Major doesn't turn a hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RSM SEAN KELLY  
"Eat shit and die." Yes, ma'am.

Colonel Leclerc comes out of the ICU.

COL. LECLERC  
Got them sorted out, Sean?

RSM SEAN KELLY  
Yes, sir. And fine additions to the team, if I say so.

COL. LECLERC  
You may, and I couldn't agree more.

Bobby gives a snort of self-disgusted amusement at this.

BOBBY  
Yeah. One of us, anyway.

At a glance from the Colonel, RSM Kelly tactfully steps away.

COL. LECLERC  
Walk with me.

Colonel Leclerc puts a hand on Bobby's shoulder to pull him out of Rebecca's earshot.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)  
So what does that mean?

BOBBY  
Oh, come on, Colonel, you saw what happened.

COL. LECLERC  
What? Did somebody die without telling me? No. Nobody died. When he came in to your trauma bay, he was dying, no question about it, and he went out alive and there he is...  
(points to ICU)  
...PFC David Lowen, 19, from Dayton, Ohio, about to come off the respirator and live a long life.

BOBBY  
No thanks to me. I couldn't think. I couldn't even get the tube in.

COL. LECLERC  
The kid had the biggest damn uvula I've ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

You didn't have any trouble.

COL. LECLERC

I've been doing this for 25 years.

ANGLE ON REBECCA

as she watches Leclerc talk with Bobby. She JUMPS when she feels a hand on her shoulder. It belongs to Dr. Simon Hill.

SIMON

Sorry if I scared you.

REBECCA

You didn't scare me. You startled me.

SIMON

I stand corrected. Are you feeling all right?

REBECCA

I'm perfectly fine. Why do people keep asking me that?

Leclerc finishes his talk with Bobby and turns to Rebecca.

COL. LECLERC

Mind if I cut in, Simon?

SIMON

Of course not, Colonel.

(to Rebecca)

I'll be in the unready room.

Simon goes off; Col. Leclerc takes Rebecca aside this time.

COL. LECLERC

You did a very good job with that chest tube tonight.

REBECCA

Thank you, sir. But I sense there's a "but" coming.

COL. LECLERC

How well do you know Bobby Singh?

REBECCA

We only just met. But we've been traveling together for 48 hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COL. LECLERC  
Do you like him? As a person?

REBECCA  
Yes, sure.

COL. LECLERC  
Well, you completely undermined his  
confidence by stepping in like that.

Rebecca's stung by the injustice of this.

REBECCA  
Me? Sir, I didn't do anything  
before you did.

COL. LECLERC  
I asked permission. You took over.  
Big difference. Did you see that  
line of red tape on the floor?

REBECCA  
Yes, sir.

COL. LECLERC  
Know what it means?

REBECCA  
No one goes past the red line.

COL. LECLERC  
Unless?

REBECCA  
Unless told to by the Trauma Team  
Leader.

COL. LECLERC  
Exactly.

REBECCA  
Sir, the patient was tanking--

COL. LECLERC  
He'd have survived another minute  
and by then Bobby would have ordered  
the chest tube. Let me spell it out  
for you in words of one syllable. I  
need both of you.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

But I've got eight trauma bays and only three OR's, so if I could only pick one of you, I need a confident, top-of-his-game Trauma Team Leader more than I need a hotshot Trauma Surgeon. Do I make myself clear?

The look on her face tells us it's crystal clear. The colonel doesn't raise his voice, which if anything makes it tougher to take, particularly for Rebecca, who is used to nothing but praise, and was expecting nothing but praise now.

REBECCA

I'm sorry, sir.

COL. LECLERC

Don't apologize to me.

REBECCA

I'll apologize to Bobby.

COL. LECLERC

Don't do that either -- that'd only make him feel worse. Just remember next time. Can I count on you to not do that again?

REBECCA

Yes, sir.

COL. LECLERC

Good. Other than that, you did very well today.

Col. Leclerc takes off down the hall. Rebecca and Bobby rejoin each other, both feeling humiliated in different ways, each wondering what the Colonel said to the other. Leclerc has an afterthought -- he turns back.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

Oh, I forgot. That business with the mop? Don't believe Simon. That wasn't some fraternity hazing ritual. The nurses and medtechs know where everything is and what needs to be restocked. The doctors don't. And blood, you know, is slippery. So the doctors mop the floor.

He turns away, then turns back one more time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

And by the way: Welcome to  
Kandahar.

The Colonel disappears around the corner, leaving Rebecca and Bobby standing together in the now empty hallway, as alone as they were when they entered the building.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. KANDAHAR AIRFIELD -- NIGHT

Tongues of flame light the runway as A PAIR OF F-18'S take off with the aid of their ROARING AFTERBURNERS.

INT. READY ROOM -- NIGHT

Rebecca and Bobby finish changing while Simon waits on a dilapidated sofa. The ROAR of the fighters gradually fades.

REBECCA

Do you ever get used to the noise?

SIMON

I've been here a year, and no.

Rebecca emerges from behind the curtain of the women's changing area. Simon stands.

BOBBY

It's really nice of you to stay and show us our rooms.

To Simon, it's so obvious that he's staying because of Rebecca, he suspects Bobby's joking.

SIMON

Are you being sarcastic?

BOBBY

Huh?

Bobby's completely baffled. Simon quickly shifts gears.

SIMON

Never mind. Follow me.

INT. SOUTH HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Across the hall from the ready room are doors marked "Blood Bank" and "Pharmacy," both locked at this hour. Simon produces a key which he uses to open the Blood Bank door.

SIMON

One of the privileges of being a civilian -- I was able to insist on a key to the blood bank.

REBECCA

Why would you need access to blood?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON

I don't. I need access to the  
freezer.

As they watch from the doorway, Simon goes

INTO THE BLOOD BANK ROOM

where he opens a freezer and pulls out a thermos bottle.

REBECCA

What is it? Vodka?

SIMON

And not just any vodka -- the real  
Russian stuff.

During this he's come back

INTO THE SOUTH HALLWAY

and re-locked the blood bank. Rebecca glances at the door  
marked "Pharmacy."

REBECCA

You don't have a key to that, by any  
chance?

SIMON

Sadly, no, but what do you need?

A pregnancy test kit.

REBECCA

Something for sleep.

Rebecca lies really well. Still, Bobby's incredulous.

BOBBY

For sleep? You haven't slept  
since... I've lost track.

REBECCA

I'm still keyed up.

SIMON

I'm sure I can help you with that.

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU -- NIGHT

They emerge from the hospital into the night. Beyond the  
blast walls to their right, the glow of a busy airbase. In  
front of them, the flimsy plywood living quarters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON

These are what the military calls --

REBECCA

-- B-huts. We read the manual.

SIMON

Good, then you can explain the name. Because there's apparently not an A-hut or a C-hut, only B-huts.

BOBBY

The manual didn't say.

SIMON

Oh well, another military mystery. B-hut 1 and 2 are for men, 3 and 4 for women. Same for the second row, 5 and 6 for men, 7 and 8 for women. Bobby, you're in here.

They climb the steps of B-hut 2.

INT. B-HUT 2 -- NIGHT

The plywood partitions that make the individual rooms don't go all the way to the ceiling, so privacy is minimal. Simon opens one of the doors leading off the tiny hallway--

THEIR POV: BOBBY'S ROOM

--revealing the kind of two-person room you'd expect in a boys' boarding school or a minimum security prison, only those would have better construction. Bobby's bags have been piled on one bunk; a SNORING MAN occupies the other one.

SIMON

That's your roommate, Bobby. Oberstleutnant Dr. Dr. Max Ebeling, to give him his full title. Wonderful fellow, but no one wants to room with him -- he snores, as you see.

BOBBY

He could play the tuba and he wouldn't wake me.

Bobby goes into the room, pulls his bags onto the floor and sprawls on his bunk without undressing: he falls asleep almost instantly. Simon shuts Bobby's door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

What I wouldn't give to be able to  
fall asleep like that.

SIMON

Step into my office, we'll soon fix  
you up.

He leads her further down the tiny hall.

INT. SIMON'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The same size as Bobby's but much nicer because Simon doesn't  
have to share. Simon's fixed it up with ANTIQUE SILK AND  
WOOL CARPETS both underfoot and hung like tapestries on the  
walls. He offers her the only chair; he sits on the bed.

REBECCA

(re: the carpets)

Wow.

BZZZT. BZZZT.

SIMON

If you know anything about Oriental  
rugs, these are the real thing. I  
paid three thousand dollars for that  
one, I could sell it in London  
tomorrow for 40,000 pounds.

BZZZT. BZZZT. BZZZT.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Are you vibrating?

REBECCA

Yes, dammit.

She pokes at her phone savagely, deleting one text after the  
other.

SIMON

Rather good luck, your phone working  
here at all.

REBECCA

Not in this case.

SIMON

Unwanted attention?

REBECCA

Damn right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON  
Ex-husband?

As she deletes messages he rummages in a footlocker to find bottles of various pills.

REBECCA  
Ex-fiance.

SIMON  
Recent?

REBECCA  
Very.

SIMON  
And did you leave him at the altar to go off to war?

REBECCA  
No. He left me.

SIMON  
Oh. Oh. How very interesting. And now it's a case of... what, on his part? Regret? Remorse?

REBECCA  
I don't know, I don't care, and I--

SIMON  
--don't want to talk about it.

REBECCA  
--don't want to talk about it.

SIMON  
I don't blame you. And it certainly explains why you can't sleep, even though you're exhausted.

REBECCA  
Stress. Anxiety.

SIMON  
Chemistry. You need to inhibit the reuptake of dopamine and serotonin, and trigger the release of oxytocin and vasopressin.

REBECCA  
I went to medical school, too.

SIMON  
Then you know how nature produces that particular combination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She answers by reflex, without thinking.

REBECCA  
Of course. Through sex.

SIMON  
What a smashing idea.

REBECCA  
Wait just a damn minute. Are you suggesting we have sex? After we've just met? After I haven't slept for 48 hours?

Simon's the picture of innocence.

SIMON  
You brought up the subject, not me.

REBECCA  
I wasn't making a suggestion.

SIMON  
I didn't think you were.

REBECCA  
Good.

SIMON  
I merely wanted to indicate that, if you had been making the suggestion--

REBECCA  
Which I was absolutely not. Come on, I haven't even taken a shower in 48 hours! I must stink.

SIMON  
Just for the record, you smell delicious. Good enough to--

REBECCA  
Careful!

Simon just smiles: he knows better than to press his luck. Having introduced this element of sexual tension between them, he's content to retreat... for now. He gestures to the impressive number of pill bottles he's lined up.

SIMON  
Let's go back to chemistry, then, and try the pharmaceutical approach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON (CONT'D)

One of the benzodiazepines? I have several. Diazepam, alprazolam, lorazepam -- there's a bit of found poetry in there: Lorazepam, diazepam/make me forget/just who I am... Sorry. My little hobby.

REBECCA

Poetry?

SIMON

One has to keep the mind busy. Anyway, I suggest that a 2 milligram dose of--

Their BEEPERS go off simultaneously, almost perfectly in synch. They each have the same message.

REBECCA

(reading it)

911.

Simon hands her a pill bottle.

SIMON

Keep this for later, then.

REBECCA

The whole bottle?

SIMON

Plenty more where that came from.

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU -- NIGHT

DOCTORS, NURSES and MEDTECHS -- Rebecca, Bobby and Simon among them -- pour down the steps of the B-huts and race across to the hospital. They can HEAR incoming helicopters.

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU AMBULANCE ENTRANCE -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

The rear doors of the first ambulance swing open and LITTER BEARERS unload WOUNDED AFGHANI SOLDIERS as Col. Leclerc does triage on the spot. One WOUNDED AFGHANI, YELLING CURSES in Pashto, is accompanied by a PAIR OF U.S. AIR FORCE "P.J."s -- for Pararescue Jumpers, regarded as the elite of helicopter medics -- Master Sgt. RICARDO RAMIEREZ and Technical Sgt. JIRO HAMANO, still wearing their night vision-equipped helmets. They run alongside the litter holding IV bags.

P.J. RAMIREZ

Hot one, sir! EHVI with through and through GSW's right midline and LLQ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In English, that's an Enemy High Value Individual with Gun Shot Wounds through his right chest and Left Lower Quadrant of his abdomen.

COL. LECLERC

Take him to 4.

INT. TRAUMA BAY 4 -- NIGHT

Bobby's back in place at the head of the trauma table, sick with nervousness, as the STILL CURSING TALIBAN -- we'll learn later that his name's HAKIM MONIB -- gets transferred from his litter onto the trauma table. Bobby's team goes to work, cutting away clothes and plugging in more IV's.

P.J. HAMANO

EHVI with entrance wounds here and here, corresponding exit wounds in back, we sealed the sucking chest, gave fluids and Ox and he's got 6 mg morphine on board.

REBECCA

EHVI?

P.J. HAMANO

"Enemy high value individual." He's Taliban.

Rebecca's at the entry way, itching to step forward, but she stays back, forcing herself to watch and wait while Bobby listens to the cursing Afghan's chest. There's a long pause as Bobby collects his thoughts. It's agony waiting for Bobby to speak, especially for Bobby himself. Finally:

BOBBY

(to nurse/anesthetist  
Andries)

Put him under, we'll tube him.

(to Medtech Alexander)

Plug in a big central line and flood him with O positive and Ringers until we get a cross match.

(to Rebecca)

I need chest tubes left and right.

(to Medtech Ezrin)

Find the Colonel, tell him this one's got to go straight to the OR.

The team responds purposely and quickly to Bobby's instructions. The sedative knocks the patient out almost instantly, allowing Bobby to insert the laryngoscope while he's still giving his orders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rebecca tears open a chest tube kit and makes a deep incision between the Taliban's ribs. Bobby takes a deep breath before carefully inserting the endotracheal tube. This time it goes in the first try. Rebecca gets the first chest tube in place, then goes around the table to start on the second one.

MEDTECH ALEXANDER

Strong breath sounds on the right.

There's a COMMOTION AT THE ENTRYWAY as Vans, the young interpreter, tries to prevent four AFGHANIS ARMED WITH AK-47'S from entering the already crowded space.

BOBBY

What's going on?

VANS

These guys are ANA -- Afghan National Army. They're afraid the Taliban guy's going to escape.

BOBBY

Tell them he's not going anywhere.

VANS

I did, they don't believe me. They think he's faking.

REBECCA

Oh, yeah? Tell them to watch this.

She picks up a fresh scalpel, cuts a deep hole in the Taliban's flank, then shoves her gloved index finger all the way in. For the Afghani soldiers, who turn pale at the sight, it's a convincing demonstration that the Taliban prisoner is indeed unconscious. After a few more words from Vans, the Afghani soldiers take off. Vans turns to Rebecca.

VANS

That was so cool, how you just stabbed him like that.

MEDTECH EZRIN

Did you meet our terp yet? This is Vans. Vans, Drs. Rebecca Kincaid and Bobby Singh.

REBECCA

Nice to meet you, Vans -- but I didn't stab him, I made an incision.

VANS

Whatever, you made the point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Col. Leclerc appears in the entry.

COL. LECLERC  
What've we got here, doctor?

Rebecca keeps working on the second chest tube; she knows by now to keep her mouth shut.

BOBBY  
Adult male, history unknown,  
presenting with GSW's to mid thorax  
and LLQ abdomen. We sedated and  
intubated and placed bilateral chest  
tubes for decompression. He's had  
three liters each of LRS and  
universal donor whole blood but he's  
losing volume as fast as we give it.  
Recommend immediate laparotomy and  
thoracotomy to control the bleeding.

COL. LECLERC  
Without a CT scan?

BOBBY  
Yes, sir. In my opinion the risk of  
fatal hypovolemia outweighs the  
benefits of imaging.

COL. LECLERC  
Very well, doctor. Will?

Will Willett instantly reappears at Colonel Leclerc's side.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)  
This one's going straight to OR 3  
without passing Go and without  
collecting 200 dollars. Surgeons  
are Dr. Kincaid and myself.  
(to Rebecca)  
Which do you want, the chest or the  
belly?

REBECCA  
The chest.

Leclerc's impressed: she's taken the more challenging of the  
two procedures.

COL. LECLERC  
Good choice.  
(to Bobby)  
And good work, doctor. I want you  
to follow this guy's post-op.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

Fix up the numbers in the ICU and  
make sure he gets a CT scan.

INT. OR 3 -- LATER -- NIGHT

Rebecca and Col. Leclerc operate on the Taliban prisoner from opposite sides of the table, with Leclerc well along in his exploration of the abdomen while she's deep in the prisoner's chest. Every so often he flicks his eyes over to check on her work. His eyes don't reveal what he thinks.

INT. MAIN WARD -- NIGHT

The ward's one big room with 14 beds that can be curtained off from each other. With the Afghani children and wounded Marines, on top of the OTHER PATIENTS already here, the ward's almost full, so Will Willett's creating more space by putting the kids two in a bed. Will picks up Aref, the smallest kid, his arm now wrapped in bandages. Aref looks terrified.

WILL WILLETT

What's his name?

VANS

Aref.

WILL WILLETT

Hi, Aref!

Will makes some funny faces, and before long has little Aref laughing. Meanwhile A YOUNG SOLDIER in a Canadian Forces T-shirt with an IV plugged in his arm gets out of bed.

WILL WILLETT (CONT'D)

And where do you think you're going?

YOUNG CANADIAN SOLDIER

Just over there, sir. I don't need  
to take up a bed.

The young Canadian soldier pulls his IV stand over to the wall and takes a seat on the floor. Not to be undone, TWO US MARINES also drag their IV stands over to sit on the floor next to the Canadian. Will Willett's so moved by this gesture that he has to clear his throat before saying...

WILL WILLETT

Thanks, guys.

YOUNG CANADIAN SOLDIER

Not a problem, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will sees ANOTHER MARINE struggling to get up like the others, only this one has a leg wound.

WILL WILLETT

Don't even think about it! Your leg needs to be elevated, so stay right there. That goes for the rest of you. We have enough beds now.

INT. OR 3 -- NIGHT

Rebecca and Col. Leclerc are closing the Taliban prisoner.

COL. LECLERC

Very nice job on the thoracotomy. They trained you well at Miami General.

REBECCA

Thank you, sir.

Without raising his voice, Col. Leclerc instantly gets everyone's attention.

COL. LECLERC

Nobody move. Hold very still.

Rebecca and the OR staff all freeze. Rebecca watches, wide-eyed, as Leclerc pulls the glove off his right hand, then cautiously DRAWS HIS 9MM out of the shoulder holster he always wears. He takes careful aim at the floor past Rebecca, who, obediently keeping still, does not turn to see what he's aiming at. BAM -- Leclerc FIRES A SINGLE SHOT. Now she turns to see:

A PIT VIPER

with its head blown off. The deadly snake was less than six feet from her legs.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

Could I get a fresh glove?

A STUNNED NURSE pulls a glove onto his outstretched hand.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

(to Rebecca)

I don't want you to think that's an everyday occurrence, because it's not -- not even here.

RSM Kelly bursts in, an M-16 assault rifle at the ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, Sean, we're all fine.  
We just had a snake.

RSM SEAN KELLY  
Can't have snakes in the O.R., sir.

COL. LECLERC  
Don't throw it away. Keep it on  
ice, to show our friend from L.C.S.

RSM SEAN KELLY  
Right you are, sir.

He picks up the snake and carries it off.

REBECCA  
I have to admit, that was a first.

COL. LECLERC  
No snakes at Miami General?

REBECCA  
Not in the OR, no.

COL. LECLERC  
It's not an everyday occurrence  
here, either.

REBECCA  
I can't tell you how glad I am to  
hear that.

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU -- DAY

Rebecca and Bobby come out of the hospital building, surprised that it's now daylight. The flags flutter in the dusty breeze as Rebecca and Bobby cross to the B-huts.

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM -- DAY

Rebecca comes in to her room for the first time to find her bags, as promised, on her bunk. Rebecca sits down, almost too tired to shove the bags onto the floor. This moment of privacy and exhaustion reveals a vulnerability to Rebecca which normally hides under her I-can-do-anything-better-and-faster facade she presents to the world. That facade snaps back in place when the door opens and MAJOR VANESSA PEDERSEN, 40's, Danish, a no-nonsense psychiatrist, comes in.

PEDERSEN  
Well, hello. You must be Rebecca.  
I'm Vanessa Pedersen, your roommate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Pleased to meet you.

PEDERSEN

And I'm so delighted to see you awake and dressed and ready. I was worried you'd be too tired.

REBECCA

Too tired for what?

PEDERSEN

The Colonel didn't tell you? We do a women's clinic, off the base. Afghani women won't come to the hospital, you see. They'd be dishonored if they're seen by men outside the family. So the women from the hospital, we go to them.

REBECCA

Actually, I am kind of tired.

PEDERSEN

Oh. Well, it's strictly volunteer. But I was hoping -- you see, we do get a lot of physical problems as well as the emotional ones. In fact, most of the women we see are physically sick.

REBECCA

Stands to reason that you'd see a lot of sick people at a clinic.

PEDERSEN

But I'm a psychiatrist. My medical training on the physical side is twenty years old. I do the best I can, but even things like stitches, mine are pathetic. But if you're really too tired...

Rebecca uses her duffle bags to propel herself to her feet.

REBECCA

I'm not too tired. Of course I'll come.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU -- OUTPATIENT ENTRANCE -- DAY

A mini-convoy of THREE ARMORED G-WAGONS, one equipped with a top-mounted machine gun, waits outside the hospital's outpatient entrance. An AFGHANI POLICE CAR with lights flashing pulls up and parks. MAJOR GHEZAL SAMIZAY, one of just a handful of women in senior Afghan National Police ranks, gets out and hurries into the hospital.

INT. PHARMACY -- DAY

Major Pedersen loads a bag with supplies as Rebecca hunts through the shelves for something.

PEDERSEN

(to herself)

Dressings, tape, syringes...

(sees Rebecca looking)

Help you find something?

REBECCA

Do we stock pregnancy test kits?

PEDERSEN

I never saw any. Why?

REBECCA

Don't some of the women who come to the clinic want to know if they're pregnant?

PEDERSEN

I've never had an Afghani woman ask me that. I don't think they'd regard it as a medical question.

REBECCA

Well, suppose someone on the base thought she might be pregnant? There's got to be a way for her to find out.

Major Pedersen regards her curiously.

PEDERSEN

I suppose we'd just send a urine sample to the lab.

Rebecca smacks her forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Of course. Duh. We have a lab.

PEDERSEN

It can't do complex microbiology,  
but it's fully equipped for all the  
routine stuff. Do you have a  
special reason for asking?

REBECCA

Me? No -- just a general question.

If Pedersen suspects Rebecca's lying, she doesn't let on.  
The PHARMACIST -- a US Army Captain -- comes in to start her  
day's work and sees them already inside.

PEDERSEN

Rebecca Kincaid, this is Captain  
Mary Ann Wade, our pharmacist.

CAPT. WADE (PHARMACIST)

Nice to meet you -- but I didn't see  
you and you didn't see me. I'll get  
a coffee. Lock up when you leave.

She exits, leaving Rebecca confused.

REBECCA

What was that about?

PEDERSEN

This is one of those grey areas.  
The top brass like it that we run a  
women's clinic, hearts and minds and  
all that, but there's not exactly a  
budget for supplies.

REBECCA

Wait -- are you saying they want us  
to run a Women's Clinic, but we have  
to steal the supplies?

PEDERSEN

Not stealing, exactly. What was  
that phrase Col. Leclerc used?

Regimental Sgt. Major Kelly appears in the doorway.

RSM SEAN KELLY

"Requisitioning without paperwork."

PEDERSEN

That's it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RSM SEAN KELLY

The colonel's compliments, Majors,  
and can he see you in his office?

INT. COL. LECLERC'S OFFICE -- DAY

As in every military unit, an effort's been made to make the commander's office look nice. The one touch of individuality is the Colonel's racing bike, hung on the wall over the sofa where Major Ghezal Samizay sits. Pedersen and Rebecca arrive in the doorway.

PEDERSEN

You wanted to see us, Colonel?  
(seeing Maj. Samizay)  
Ghezal! What's wrong?

COL. LECLERC

The Women's Clinic isn't happening today. Major Samizay thinks we're going to be attacked, because of our High Value Individual.

REBECCA

The Taliban we operated on just now?

COL. LECLERC

Hakim Monib. Turns out he's the number three Taliban in Kandahar province.

AFGHAN POLICE MAJOR SAMIZAY

In all south Afghanistan. It was on Sky News. The Taliban must know that he would be taken to this hospital. They will lose respect if they do not respond. There are rumors flying everywhere. That is why no women would come to the clinic today.

Vans appears in the doorway.

VANS

Excuse me, Colonel--  
(noticing Maj. Samizay)  
Auntie!

He respectfully leans down to kiss her on each cheek.

COL. LECLERC

What is it, Vans?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANS

Sorry, sir. The fathers of the kids from Arghandab are here, they want to take the children now.

COL. LECLERC

They were supposed to come tomorrow.

VANS

They think we are going to be attacked today. They demand to take their children.

AFGHAN POLICE MAJOR SAMIZAY

You see?

COL. LECLERC

Sean!

RSM Kelly pokes his head in from his adjoining office.

RSM SEAN KELLY

Sir?

COL. LECLERC

Make sure TOC sends this report up the chain.

RSM SEAN KELLY

Already done, sir.

COL. LECLERC

Thanks.

(to Vans)

If the father's want to take the kids, we can't stop them.

He scribbles a prescription and hands it to Vans.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

Send them home with these.

INT. CT SCAN ROOM -- DAY

M.P.s stand guard as Hakim Monib, the number three Taliban in Southern Afghanistan, struggles against his restraints.

BOBBY

If he doesn't hold still, I'm going to have to sedate him.

ANOTHER INTERPRETER translates. The Taliban replies by spitting at the terp. Bobby fills a syringe and plugs it into the Taliban leader's IV line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Ask him to count backwards from one hundred.

The Taliban manages to say a few words before he conks out.

INTERPRETER 2

(translating)

He says you should copulate with...

BOBBY

With what?

INTERPRETER 2

He didn't finish.

INT. MAIN WARD/SOUTH HALLWAY -- DAY

SEVERAL AFGHANI FATHERS expostulate in Pashto with Will Willett, who stands in the doorway, preventing the men from leaving with the kids.

WILL WILLETT

Nobody's going anywhere without their antibiotics.

Of course they don't understand him any more than he understands them. Vans comes running down the hall with seven bottles of pills which he hands out to the fathers.

WILL WILLETT (CONT'D)

Each kid gets two pills a day, one in the morning, one at night.

VANS

They say the Taliban have many rockets hidden in the mountains.

WILL WILLETT

They give the pills with food -- that's very important.

Vans translates. The Afghani fathers are getting the idea that they're not leaving until they hear Will's instructions.

WILL WILLETT (CONT'D)

Give them all the pills until they're gone.

VANS

They say thank you for helping their children, and they hope that you will survive, God willing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will steps back from the doorway to let them past. The fathers lead the kids away with FURTHER EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE which need no translation. Then Will realizes Vans still has a pill bottle in his hand. Will looks back into the ward. The smallest child, Aref, is still there.

WILL WILLETT

(to Vans)

Tell'em to wait!

Will picks up the little boy and brings him out into the hall. The Afghani men shrug as Vans asks about Aref.

VANS

Nobody knows who he is.

WILL WILLETT

Not even the other kids?

VANS

No, nobody. They say he's not even from Arghandab. He must be from another village.

The Afghani fathers take their children out, leaving Will standing there with the little boy in his arms.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM -- DAY

Rebecca's in a stall, holding a urine sample jar. In this moment of privacy, once again we see her looking vulnerable, almost lost. She's also so tired her eyes start to close.

INT. SOUTH HALLWAY -- DAY

Lisa the Clerk opens the door to the Women's restroom.

CLERK LISA

Major Kincaid? You there?

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM -- DAY

Rebecca's eyes snap open, the vulnerability vanishes.

REBECCA

I'm in here.

CLERK LISA (O.S.)

Oh, good, I've been looking all over. Captain Singh needs you, in the CT viewing room.

REBECCA

Okay, I'll be right there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She can't go see Bobby carrying a urine sample. MUTTERING A CURSE under her breath, she flushes it.

INT. CT SCAN VIEWING ROOM -- DAY

Bobby studies CT scans of the prisoner as Rebecca rushes in.

BOBBY

Where were you?

REBECCA

I'm not allowed to pee? How's our prisoner? Did you hear he's famous?

BOBBY

Yeah, the number three top Taliban in Kandahar province?

REBECCA

Please -- in all South Afghanistan, no less.

BOBBY

Well, there might be a vacancy, our number three's not doing so good. He's still shocky, and look at that.

He points to a shadow on the CT scan. To us it could be anything, but it means a lot to Rebecca.

REBECCA

Oh, crap. How could've I missed it? I was practically right there.

BOBBY

He needs to go back to the O.R.

REBECCA

Yeah, no kidding. When Leclerc sees this he's gonna ream my ass out but good.

COL. LECLERC (O.S.)

Ream your ass out for what?

His voice, practically in her ear, startles the hell out of her. She nearly hits the ceiling.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

Sorry. Didn't mean to creep up on you. So what am I reaming your ass about?

Rebecca points to the CT image.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

That bleed. I didn't know how I could've missed it.

COL. LECLERC

I don't know how you could've seen it. Your surgical field was way over here.

REBECCA

Yeah, but if I just went a couple of inches over--

COL. LECLERC

Yeah, but why would you? You can't excavate the entire thoracic cavity on the chance you'll find something. No, you did fine, no reaming today. You want to take him back in, or are you too tired? You've both been going since you got here.

REBECCA

I'm fine, and I'd like to take him if that's okay.

COL. LECLERC

Good. OR 1 is prepped and ready, take him in there. Bobby, why don't you scrub in with her?

BOBBY

Happy to, sir.

COL. LECLERC

Good.

And he's off as swiftly as he arrived.

REBECCA

We've got to put taps on his shoes or something so he can't creep up like that.

BOBBY

You sure you're not too tired for surgery?

REBECCA

I'm never too tired for surgery. There's nothing that makes me feel more...

She gropes for the right word. Bobby tries to supply it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY  
Focused? Energized?

REBECCA  
Alive.

INT. TOC (TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER) -- DAY

The TOC is the communications hub for the hospital. Information constantly flows in across the bank of seven computer screens: the TOC monitors all military activity so the hospital has some idea what to prepare for. Col. Leclerc and RSM Kelly stand behind the two people watching the screens. TOC 1 is SGT. HANNAH CORDAY, CF, and TOC 2 is TECH. SGT. BOB BANNER, USAF.

TOC 1 CORDAY  
Total lockdown, sir. They've doubled perimeter security, suspended non-emergency takeoffs and landings. But they don't know if it'll be a rocket attack, or truck bomb, or suicide strike, or what.

COL. LECLERC  
If anything at all. That's military intelligence for you.  
(to RSM Kelly)  
Okay, Sean, you know what to do.

INT./EXT. TRAUMA BAY/EMERGENCY EXIT/BUNKER -- DAY

Will Willett, with young Aref in his arms, orchestrates a procession of patients from the ward being carried on litters or, in the case of the YOUNG SOLDIER and MARINES we saw earlier, walking, propelling their own IV stands, out through the EMERGENCY EXIT DOORS on the north side of the building to A CONCRETE BUNKER ten yards away.

INT. ICU -- DAY

The patients in here can't be moved, so NURSES and MEDTECHS drape ballistic body armor over them and put helmets on their heads. Among these patients is PFC DAVID LOWEN of Dayton, Ohio (the young marine who was the first patient in Bobby's trauma bay). He's off the respirator and LAUGHING and JOKING with some of his MARINE BUDDIES who've come to visit, among them LANCE CORPORAL "WHITEY" WHITE who is finishing a story.

LCPL. "WHITEY" WHITE  
...so the Captain says, "No sir, it was only spaghetti."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That causes them all to laugh so hard PFC Lowen nearly pulls out his stitches. The duty nurse, Major Suzy Chao (who we met when Bobby and Rebecca first arrived) comes over.

SUZY CHAO

What's so funny?

LCPL. "WHITEY" WHITE

You had to be there, ma'am.

SUZY CHAO

I guess so. Listen, you guys are going to have to go to the bunker.

LCPL. "WHITEY" WHITE

Oh, come on, ma'am, we're already wearing our frag vests, we've got our helmets.

SUZY CHAO

Sorry -- if my Colonel catches you in here during an attack, there'd be hell to pay.

Grumbling a little, the visitors head for the exit.

INT. OR 1 -- DAY

Bobby assists while Rebecca works to find the elusive bleeding vessel represented by the shadow on the CT scan. As they work, a NURSE drapes ballistic vests over their patient: ironically, the Taliban leader gets this protection, while the surgeons trying to save him can't be encumbered so they get none.

REBECCA

See if you can retract the pulmonary hilum.

BOBBY

Okay. How's that?

REBECCA

Good.

They HEAR the WAIL OF SIRENS from around the base, followed by the SOUND OF AN EXPLOSION powerful enough to shake the OR table. Rebecca and Bobby's eyes meet: oh, shit. But they carry on working. Another EXPLOSION rattles the whole building. The LIGHTS FLICKER.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. KANDAHAR AIRFIELD -- WIDE ANGLE -- DAY

No planes come in or out, due to the rocket attack. We see a puff of smoke followed by the SOUND OF AN EXPLOSION: a rocket's landed somewhere in the vastness of the airbase.

INT. OR 1 -- DAY

As Rebecca and Bobby continue their very delicate surgical work, another EXPLOSION rattles the operating room. The lights flicker again, then GO OUT ENTIRELY. Pitch black.

REBECCA

Anybody got a flashlight? Anything?

The HUM OF GENERATORS trying to kick in, then the lights come back on to reveal a horrific sight: A SPRAY OF BLOOD shoots several feet into the air, pulsing with every heartbeat. Rebecca's caught with nothing but a scalpel in her hand but Bobby has a clamp and he uses it on the artery she nicked.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Holy crap. Thanks, Bobby. Suture, please.

BOBBY

Did we lose much volume?

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Can't have been much, BP is holding.

BOBBY

Let's hang some more FFP just in case.

The CIRCULATING NURSE hangs a bag of fresh frozen plasma and plugs it into the Taliban Leader's IV line. Rebecca finishes her repair of the nicked artery. Her eyes meet Bobby's. She knows she came close to killing this guy.

INT. ROLE 3 MMU BUNKER -- DAY

The claustrophobic cement bunker is packed with hospital staff and patients. Little Aref is frightened by the EXPLOSIONS going off. Will Willett tries to distract Aref by taking the boy's picture with his cell phone. Aref's suddenly fascinated by seeing his picture appear on the little digital screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANS

The little dude loves it. He says  
to take another.

WILL WILLETT

My battery's almost dead, anybody  
have a camera?

PFC Lowen's Marine buddies (who have stripped down to T-shirts in the heat) cluster around: they all have digital cameras or cell phones. They take pictures of Aref, who's so fascinated he stops reacting to the EXPLOSIONS outside. Meanwhile Whitey spots Vans' "Vans Warped Tour" T-shirt.

LCPL. "WHITEY" WHITE

Hey, man, cool shirt. I was there.

VANS

What? You saw the Warped Tour?  
Which one?

LCPL. "WHITEY" WHITE

The last one, Camden New Jersey,  
summer '05.

Vans is out of his mind with excitement.

VANS

My Chemical Romance? The Offspring?

LCPL. "WHITEY" WHITE

The Offspring were sick, man.

VANS

Oh, they had to cancel?

LCPL. "WHITEY" WHITE

No, dude. They were "sick," meaning  
awesome, wicked cool.

WILL WILLETT

Don't go teaching him more slang, I  
can barely understand him as it is.

VANS

With all respect, pay no attention  
to Commander Willett. Who else you  
did you see? Sevenfold?

LCPL. "WHITEY" WHITE

No, they were at the other stage,  
but I saw the Dropkick Murphys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL WILLETT  
Hey, son, what's that?

Will reaches over and lifts young Whitey's T-shirt, revealing a HUGE PURPLE BRUISE covering his whole side.

LCPL. "WHITEY" WHITE  
Oh, sir, that's nothing, my frag vest took the impact, didn't even broke the skin.

WILL WILLETT  
Still, get it looked at.

LCPL. "WHITEY" WHITE  
Sure sir, but really it's nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. KANDAHAR AIRFIELD -- DAY

The SIRENS go off again. This time it's the "all clear."

INT./EXT. TRAUMA BAY/EMERGENCY EXIT/BUNKER -- DAY

Aref's having the time of his life riding on Will Willett's shoulders as we see the evacuation in reverse: now, the litter bearers and the walking wounded are heading from the bunker back to the hospital.

INT. ICU -- DAY

The nurses remove the fragmentation vests they've used to cover the patients.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM -- DAY

The Taliban prisoner gets wheeled into the recovery room just outside the ICU where he's hooked up to monitors.

INT. SOUTH HALLWAY -- DAY

Rebecca and Bobby, utterly exhausted, stagger like zombies as they come down the hall to the Ready Room.

REBECCA  
I don't think I'll make it to my room. I might just crash on the couch in there.

INT. READY ROOM -- DAY

Rebecca and Bobby come in, and all hope of crashing vanishes. The Ready Room's packed with the whole staff, with Col. Leclerc standing at the white board along one wall.

COL. LECLERC

Ah, good, you're just in time for  
the end of rounds. Max?

OTHER STAFFERS make room for Bobby and Rebecca to sit. As Bobby's roommate MAX EBELING reports in a German accented monotone, Rebecca starts to nod off. ANOTHER DOCTOR pours her a cup of coffee and taps her on the shoulder. Thinking she's been called on, Rebecca by reflex starts a report.

REBECCA

Preoperative diagnosis as determined  
by CT imaging revealed indications  
of an upper anterior mediastinal...

She realizes that everyone's looking at her oddly and that she's been offered a cup of coffee. She takes it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

COL. LECLERC

All right then, moving on--

A VERY FAT CIVILIAN comes in, and, seeing a meeting in progress, tries to back out of the room.

L.C.S. GUY

Sorry. I'll come back.

COL. LECLERC

Wait right there, I want to talk  
with you.

He's the L.C.S. GUY, and he represents the giant construction company (a division of Halliburton) responsible for the facilities and construction, such as they are, at KAF.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)

(to the room)

Rounds are over.

(to the L.C.S. guy)

We had a snake in O.R. 3 last night!

L.C.S. GUY

A snake, in the operating room?  
That's ridiculous!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COL. LECLERC  
Yeah? Sean? Get the snake.

While the RSM Kelly goes to get the snake, Rebecca slips out.

COL. LECLERC (CONT'D)  
And while he's getting the snake,  
let's talk about the dust...

INT. LAB -- DAY

Rebecca approaches the LAB TECH at the counter, a urine sample in hand.

REBECCA  
I wonder if you'd mind running a  
test for me. Thing is, I don't have  
any paperwork; it's for a friend,  
she wants to be discreet, so...

LAB TECH  
No problem, Doc, what do you need?

INT. RECOVERY ROOM -- DAY

Bobby's checking over the still unconscious Taliban leader when Rebecca comes in.

BOBBY  
I think he's good to go to the ICU.  
Want to double check?

REBECCA  
If you're happy, I'm happy.

INT. ICU -- DAY

The Taliban leader gets pushed across the ICU to one of the two detainee isolation rooms in the back. Rebecca and Bobby follow. They're surprised to see TWO ARMED MEN IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES waiting for the prisoner. They could be anything: CIA, private contractors, special forces. We'll call them CONTRACTORS for now.

CONTRACTOR 1  
You the surgeons?

REBECCA  
Yes, who wants to know?

SUZY CHAO  
Dr. Singh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE BACKGROUND

of what follows WE SEE Suzy Chao, the ICU Nurse, take Bobby over to introduce him to PFC David Lowen and his Marine buddies. Meanwhile

IN THE FOREGROUND

Rebecca deals with the two contractors.

CONTRACTOR 2

Never mind who we are, miss.

REBECCA

It's "doctor," not "miss," and what do you mean, never mind who you are? Where are the M.P.'s who were guarding him?

CONTRACTOR 2

We took over.

CONTRACTOR 1

When can he be moved?

REBECCA

When he's well enough.

CONTRACTOR 2

When will that be?

REBECCA

When I say so.

BOBBY

Rebecca? Got a second?

REBECCA

(calling back)

Be right there.

(to the contractors)

Any other stupid questions? No?

Then excuse me.

She turns her heel and goes over to where Bobby's standing by PFC David Lowen's bed with the patient's Marine buddies.

BOBBY

This is Dr. Kincaid. She's the one who saved your life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

It wasn't me, I just assisted --  
(pointing to Bobby)  
Thank him.

PFC LOWEN

(to Bobby)  
What can I say, except--

BOBBY

Don't look at me, it was her.

PFC LOWEN

(to Rebecca)  
I'm so--

REBECCA

Dr. Singh was your trauma team  
leader, so if you want to thank  
somebody--

BOBBY

Thank her.

REBECCA

Thank him.

PFC LOWEN

Well, both of you, I'm so--

Without warning Lance Corporal Whitey White SUDDENLY  
COLLAPSES, falling to the floor unconscious -- the light  
moment turns deadly serious in a flash.

REBECCA

Back up!

The other Marines make room. Bobby, Rebecca and Suzy Chao  
all kneel beside the stricken Marine. Bobby tries to feel  
for a pulse as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. ICU -- DAY

Bobby's got his fingers on the young Marine's carotid artery.

BOBBY

I've got a pulse, rapid and weak.

They pull off Whitey's clothes to examine him, revealing the huge bruise on his side that Will spotted earlier.

REBECCA

How close was he to the explosion?

PFC LOWEN

Next to me -- but he wasn't hurt!

BOBBY

Was he unconscious at any point?

PFC LOWEN

Only for a minute.

Rebecca's feeling Whitey's abdomen while Bobby checks his eyes with a penlight.

REBECCA

Belly distended and rigid.

BOBBY

And a blown pupil. Get Dr. Hill, stat.

REBECCA

He needs a CT scan, right now. Help us get him on a gurney.

Whitey's horrified friends hurry to help.

PFC LOWEN

What's happening?

REBECCA

He's been bleeding internally.

PFC LOWEN

But he was fine!

The young Marine says this to their backs as they're racing with the gurney out of the ICU.

CUT TO:

INT. CT SCAN VIEWING ROOM -- DAY

Bobby, Simon and Rebecca urgently view the films from the young Marine. Col. Leclerc's been summoned and looks over their shoulders. They're appalled by what they see.

SIMON

He must have had a slow intra-axial hemorrhage since the IED went off.

REBECCA

And a splenic rupture.

COL. LECLERC

You better take him in right now.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE O.R. -- DAY

The other visiting Marines cluster in the hallway outside OR 2, looking in through the battered plexiglass at Whitey White's surgery. They mercifully can't see the patient, only the surgical team surrounding their friend.

INT. OR 2 -- DAY

Simon lifts off a major part of the young Marine's skull to allow the brain room to swell. Rebecca operates on his abdomen at the same time. Rebecca looks up to see the Whitey's buddies looking through the plexiglass.

REBECCA

Pull the curtain, please.

The circulating nurse does so. Just in time. The cardiac monitor's ALARM SOUNDS.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Flatline.

Rebecca's and Simon's eyes meet.

SIMON

This is swelling like I've never seen. Brain stem damage, no question about it.

REBECCA

He's not in fib?

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

No -- electroshock won't help.

REBECCA

He's not clotting at all, either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON

Does anyone think there's anything  
more we can do?

Silence from around the OR. The frivolous side to Simon  
we've seen so far is nowhere in evidence now.

SIMON (CONT'D)

All right. I have 12:17, local time  
Kandahar. Let's take a moment.

Simon, Rebecca and the OR staff stand silently by Lance  
Corporal Whitey White's body, each paying their last respects  
in their own way.

INT. ICU -- NIGHT

It's a WIDE ANGLE so we see the tableaux but don't hear the  
words as Rebecca and Bobby break the news to PFC David Lowen  
and the other Marines.

CLOSER ANGLE ON THE MARINES

as they mourn for their lost comrade.

PFC LOWEN

I'm sure you did all you could.

REBECCA

We did.

PFC LOWEN

I was the guy that got hurt, not  
him. He was fine!

BOBBY

He wasn't, I'm sorry to say. He  
thought he was, but he wasn't.

REBECCA

Maybe if we got to him sooner -- I  
don't know. We're very sorry.

Rebecca and Bobby catch each other's eyes; they step back to  
give the Marines some privacy by pulling the curtain around  
PFC Lowen's bed. Then they go around the ICU, checking on  
the other patients. Rebecca goes over to the detainee  
isolation area.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Bobby and nurse Suzy Chao run over to her, and now they see  
what she's seeing:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE ISOLATION ROOM

where Taliban leader Hakim Monib was being cared for IS NOW EMPTY. No Taliban, no contractors guarding him either.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Where'd they go?

SUZY CHAO

They didn't go past me.

But there's no other way out -- apparently, at least. But Rebecca points to a section the flimsy plywood outer wall that's just leaning there, having been pried open.

REBECCA

Dammit!

INT. SOUTH HALLWAY -- DAY

Rebecca and Bobby trot down the hall. Rebecca's hopping mad. They encounter Will Willett, giving a piggy back ride to young Aref.

REBECCA

You see Colonel Leclerc?

WILL WILLETT

He was in his office a while ago.  
Something wrong?

REBECCA

You bet there is. Somebody stole my patient!

They hurry on down the hall. Behind them, the lab tech Rebecca left the urine sample with comes into the hall and tries to get her attention.

LAB TECH

Oh, Doctor!

Rebecca's so intent on finding the Colonel that she doesn't stop, but Bobby does -- he turns to answer the lab tech as

REBECCA ROUNDS THE CORNER

into the administration hallway.

BACK IN THE SOUTH HALLWAY

The lab tech comes up to Bobby, report in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAB TECH (CONT'D)  
Mind giving this to Dr. Kincaid?

BOBBY  
Okay, but it better be good news.

LAB TECH  
That depends on her friend.

BOBBY  
Her friend? A friend back home?

The lab tech smiles.

LAB TECH  
No, a friend here. Not unless she  
carried a urine sample on the plane,  
and I can't picture that.

BOBBY  
No, neither can I.

LAB TECH  
You'll give this to her, then?

Bobby rather reluctantly takes the report.

BOBBY  
Sure.

INT. ADMINISTRATION HALLWAY -- DAY

Rebecca, meanwhile, looks into Col. Leclerc's office but he's  
not there. Rebecca continues on down the hallway. She  
arrives at the doorway of

THE TOC (TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER)

which always has soldiers scanning the computer screens.

REBECCA  
Anyone seen the Colonel?

TOC 1 CORDAY  
I think he's outside.

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU -- DAY

Rebecca comes out, and stops abruptly when she sees:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COL. LECLERC AND RSM SEAN KELLY

standing side by side, facing the flagpoles, saluting as the flags of Canada, Afghanistan and NATO are LOWERED TO HALF STAFF in respect to Lance Corporal Whitey White.

BACK TO REBECCA

who comes to attention and salutes also.

WIDER ANGLE

With the flags now at half staff, the Colonel and the Regimental Sergeant Major simultaneously lower their arms from the salute, then turn back to the hospital building as Bobby comes out behind Rebecca. Bobby arrives at her side just as Col. Leclerc and RSM Kelly reach her.

REBECCA

Colonel--

COL. LECLERC

The Taliban prisoner's gone missing.  
I know.

REBECCA

He didn't "go missing." He was taken out of here. What are you going to do about it?

COL. LECLERC

Nothing right now.

REBECCA

What? Aren't you pissed off?

COL. LECLERC

I'm pissed off for the same reason you are, that we lost that young man. I take it personally when we lose one and I see that you do, too.

REBECCA

But what about--

COL. LECLERC

We'll discuss it tomorrow. Get some sleep now. That's an order.

Rebecca's on the verge of trying to continue the argument but thinks better of it. Col. Leclerc and RSM Kelly walk on past them, back toward the Role 3 MMU. Rebecca and Bobby turn towards the living quarters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

I've completely lost track, how long's it been?

BOBBY

Since we got here?

REBECCA

Yes.

BOBBY

I've lost track, too. It was daylight. It's daylight again. 48 hours, maybe?

BZZZT. BZZZT. Rebecca pulls the cell phone out, throws it to the ground, and STOMPS ON IT with her thick-soled Army desert boot. She grinds the pieces into the ground.

REBECCA

There. Done. Over and out. Maybe now I can get some sleep.

BOBBY

Actually, there's one more thing.

REBECCA

You're kidding me.

BOBBY

No. I don't know what to do, except hand it to you.

He gives her the results of the urine test.

REBECCA

The lab gave this to you?

BOBBY

To give to you, yes. He didn't think anything of it. Since it was for your "friend."

She sits down on the steps of B-hut 2 to read the report. He sits down as well. Both of them are hideously embarrassed about this secret they now share.

REBECCA

You looked at it, naturally.

BOBBY

It wasn't exactly in a sealed envelope. Are you relieved or sad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Frankly I don't know how I feel at this point. Relieved, I guess.

BOBBY

It would have been a ticket out of here.

REBECCA

You know what? We just had the 48 hours, or whatever, from hell -- and there's no place in the world I'd rather be than here.

BOBBY

Me, too.

REBECCA

So you're my doctor now. And I'm sure you've figured out that I thought I might be pregnant and according to this, I'm not -- what's going on? You're the diagnostician.

BOBBY

It could be one of several things, none of them serious. You need a blood test. Can you stay awake for another half hour?

REBECCA

Honestly? No. This...  
(the test results)  
...is what I was worried about. If it's something else, I can wait to find out.

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM -- DAY

Rebecca falls on her bed, fully dressed, and this time, mercifully, she can sleep.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT 5

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. ROLE 3 MMU AMBULANCE ENTRANCE -- DAY

An ambulance waits to take SUCCESSFULLY TREATED COALITION TROOPS to the plane that will take them to Landstuhl. Our folks have gathered to say goodbye to PATIENTS like the Canadian Soldier and the two U.S. Marines that gave up their beds in the ward. PFC DAVID LOWEN of Dayton, Ohio, shakes hands with Bobby and Rebecca.

PFC LOWEN

I will. And thanks from my parents,  
and thanks from my wife and kids.

REBECCA

You have a wife and kids?

PFC LOWEN

No, but they thank you anyway.

BOBBY

The pleasure was all ours.

Regimental Sergeant Major Kelly comes out and BELLOWS:

RSM SEAN KELLY

Get that thing moving! We got five  
civilian ambulances incoming from  
the main gate!

Our people hurry to finish loading the ambulance, while others race back inside to prepare. As the military ambulance drives off in one direction, the first of the CIVILIAN AMBULANCES rounds the corner from the other. Rebecca finds herself standing next to Col. Leclerc.

REBECCA

You were right. Nothing prepared me  
for this place.

COL. LECLERC

Me neither... me neither.

FROM A HIGH ANGLE

with the flags at half-staff in the foreground, WE SEE the CONTROLLED CHAOS as the CIVILIAN AMBULANCES pull up and another day at the Kandahar Role 3 begins.

THE END