

TANGIERS PLATOON.

by

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"TANGIERS PLATOON"

FADE IN:

EXT./INT. JUNIOR RANKS' CLUB - NIGHT

CAPTION: "REDFERN INFANTRY BARRACKS, 1978."

Exterior view of a single storey brick building with a double swing door. A large sign hanging to the right of the door reads:

"JUNIOR RANKS' CLUB

22ND INFANTRY REGIMENT

"THE FIGHTING COCKS"

In thick black felt pen, Graffiti underneath shows two "snarling" penises complete with hairy balls and boxing gloves fighting.

Two young and nervous looking NAKED SOLDIERS are standing outside the club. Both are wearing army boots and are holding army helmets in front of their genitals.

Lance Corporal JAKE PATTERSON, 24, handsome, well-built and conspicuously self-assured, wearing Tangiers Platoon's "off duty" uniform of blue jeans and orange T-shirt looms out of the darkness towards the two NAKED SOLDIERS.

JAKE

All right, lads. How's it going?

The NAKED SOLDIERS give the thumbs-up sign and nod apprehensively.

JAKE

Look, it won't be that bad. We've all done it before you... I'll tell you what, guys. If you want my advice, so that nobody takes the piss out of the size of your dicks, nip round the side of the building there, and give yourself a semi...

(mimics
masturbation)

...then tie your dicks off with a bootlace.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

It keeps the blood in the right
place and stops your knob
shrinking and looking like a
walnut.

The NAKED SOLDIERS look at each other, nod in agreement and
run around the side of the building out of view.

JAKE

(laughing)

Suckers! Like lambs to the
slaughter.

As JAKE turns to enter the foyer of the Junior Ranks' Club,
on the back of his T-shirt, written in white stencilling
are the words: "TANGIERS PLATOON."

A small foyer with pinball games and large vending
machines, selling drinks and snacks, line the walls.

Loud Punk music can be heard coming from the main bar area,
which is accessed by double swing doors. As JAKE walks
towards the doors they smash wide open as a SQUADDIE
dressed in a blue T-shirt is catapulted to the floor just
missing him.

The imposing figure of Fusilier "GRANITE" RANKIN, 23,
powerfully built, skinhead and dressed in Tangiers
Platoon's orange T-shirt stands in the doorway holding two
WRIGGLING SQUADDIES, in blue T-shirts, in a headlock.

JAKE

(shocked)

Fuckin' hell, Granite. I nearly
emptied my fuckin' bowels on the
floor... Who are these three
tossers?

GRANITE

Jake, my man. How's it hanging.

JAKE

Yeah, yeah, like a fuckin'
lollipop. Wan' a suck? Now, like I
said, who are these tossers?

GRANITE

Just some clowns from Alpha
Company.

(MORE)

GRANITE (CONT'D)

They wanted to come in and see what it was like to drink with the big boys. But, now that me and the lads have drunk all their money, they're just leaving.

JAKE

Yeah, well get rid of them they are blocking my view of the bar.

GRANITE bashes their heads together and they fall to the floor in a heap.

JAKE

(sarcastic)

Tut... tut... tut. I just don't know. These young lads of today, they just can't hold their drink. They're going to wake up with a hangover that could kill a water buffalo...Right then, Granite, let's get wasted.

JAKE steps over the "bodies" and he and GRANITE enter the bar.

The club bar has an open roof space with several wooden beams running across. There are five large windows, three on the right and two on the left with drab grey drawn curtains.

In the immediate left hand corner is a small bar which has wire mesh screen covering it. A small letter box slit at bar level allows drinks to be passed through.

A noisy and boisterous PLATOON of thirty soldiers, all in Tangiers Platoon T-shirts, sit drinking at various tables with some standing around a battered and bruised jukebox playing ear-splitting Punk Rock music.

JAKE

(elbowing Granite)

Hey, do you want a laugh? Check this out.

JAKE motions GRANITE to follow him to the first window on the right hand wall.

As JAKE rips back the drawn curtains light from the bar room illuminates the two NAKED SOLDIERS standing outside.

The two startled, NAKED SOLDIERS, standing back to back, each have a bootlace between their teeth and are masturbating.

GRANITE

(howling laughter)

Ah, what a pair of mugs. They
fell for the old bootlace trick!

Other PLATOON mebers rush over to have a look and join in the *melee* of cat calls and wolf whistles.

JAKE

(wetting himself)

Hey, lads, if you tie them
shoelaces too tight your dicks
will rot off... They look like a
couple of rabbits caught in
headlights. Priceless!

The two NAKED SOLDIERS scarper off as JAKE closes the curtains

GRANITE

When are we bringing them in?

JAKE

Later, mate. We'll just let them
stew for a bit. I'm gagging for a
pint. Come on.

JAKE and GRANITE sidestep a group of BRAWLING SOLDIERS as they head for the bar.

ANNIE, the barmaid, 30, plump, blond and brassy is pushing pints through the wire mesh slit. Dressed in a low cut top showing her ample bosom she clenches a cigarette between her teeth.

JAKE

Alright, Annie? Bit quiet in here
tonight.

ANNIE

(watching brawlers)

Not quiet enough...Oi, you lot,
pack it in!

The bar brawl continues. ANNIE parks her lighted cigarette between her breasts.

Reaching above the bar she brings down an air rifle takes aim and fires, at the BRAWLING SOLDIERS, breaking a beer class that one of the soldiers is about to hit his opponent with.

The soldiers stop fighting and look over at ANNIE in stunned amazement.

ANNIE

Oi, shit-for-brains!
 (squeezing breasts in rhythm)
 Read... my... tits... no...
 weapons!

The soldiers look over to Annie, give a big cheer, sit down together and continue drinking as the best of friends

JAKE

Nice shot, Annie. The Regiment is short of snipers ever thought of joining up?

ANNIE

No, I wouldn't be any good in the army. I can only shoot standing up. Can you imagine me trying to lie down on my front with these buggers?

ANNIE leans forward displaying her ample charms.

JAKE

You've got a point there. You do have a cleavage like a builders arse.

ANNIE

Aw, Jake. You sweet talking bastard.

JAKE

Yip, that's me. Two pints please, Treacle.

ANNIE goes off to pour the pints.

GRANITE

(to Jake)

What have you been doing with yourself, then? I haven't seen you all day.

JAKE

I just caught up on a bit of admin. I went down to the village laundrette to get my kit washed.

GRANITE

You dirty bastard! You went down to get a service wash off Rose, didn't you?

JAKE

Ooh, yeah.

INT. VILLAGE LAUNDRETTE - DAY - EARLIER, FLASHBACK

A small village laundrette with several industrial washing machines positioned back to back in the centre of the room with tumble driers lined against one wall.

The two large windows either side of the entrance door are steamed-up with the view to the street further obscured by posters.

JAKE enters the laundrette from the street. He is carrying a large army kitbag and is dressed in combat uniform.

JAKE

Hallo...Shop...Anyone here?

ROSE, 40, attractive, bubbly, dressed in shop worker overalls and wearing cowboy boots enters from a back office.

ROSE

Oh, it's you again...I was hoping you would come in early today and beat the rush.

JAKE

Well, you know what they say...the early worm catches the bird.

ROSE

(points at kitbag)

Hmm...What you got there, then?

JAKE places his kitbag on the floor and removes six large house bricks, placing them carefully into a washing machine.

JAKE

A full service wash please, Rose.
On a very hot boil.

ROSE

Anything for our brave boys in
uniform. Especially, the good
looking ones.

ROSE walks over to the entrance door, locks it and turns
the sign to closed.

Returning to JAKE, she pours a large quantity of soap
powder into the washing machine. She removes her underwear
twirling it around her finger before throwing it into the
washing machine and slamming the machine lid shut.

JAKE delves into his bag and produces two cheap "Kiss Me
Quick" cowboy hats, placing one on ROSE'S head and one on
his own. JAKE lifts ROSE onto the washing machine lowers
his trousers and positions himself between her legs.

JAKE

Full spin, please, Miss.

ROSE reaches over and turns the control button to full
spin.

ROSE and JAKE start to have intercourse as the machine
rocks and vibrates wildly across the floor. The soap suds
belch from it engulfing them in a sea of bubbles.

ROSE

(screaming)

Yeeha! Ride 'em cowboy!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. JUNIOR RANKS CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

JAKE and GRANITE are still standing at the club bar.

GRANITE

Good old Rose. She's been doing
the troops and the troops washing
for years.

JAKE

God bless her and all the men's
semen that have sailed in her.

JAKE and GRANITE clink their class in a toast and are about to take a drink when there is a loud crash as the entrance door to the bar is kicked violently open.

A menacing figure burst into the room dressed in a black leather bomber jacket, blue jeans and wears a ski mask. The GUNMAN brandishes a large machine gun with a belt of fifty rounds of ammunition loaded into it. Two further belts of ammo criss-cross his chest Rambo style.

The GUNMAN opens fire moving the gun back and forth across the room. Panic ensues as the PLATOON dives for cover knocking over tables and chairs sending glasses and bottles flying and smashing to the floor.

The empty bullet cases from the gun clatter to the floor until the last round is fired.

Silence. The GUNMAN stands still, both feet wide apart, his eyes darting back and forward.

Strangely, JAKE and GRANITE stand indifferent at the bar sipping their pints.

JAKE

(shakes head)

I don't know. What a fuckin' idiot...Does he ever listen to what he is told?

The PLATOON members start to get up slowly from the floor looking at each other in bewilderment that no one appears to be wounded. Then several of them launch themselves at the GUNMAN pinning him to the floor.

JAKE puts his pint down on the bar and walks calmly towards the restrained GUNMAN. He picks up one of cartridge cases from the floor.

JAKE

Coming through...Stand aside...Make space there, lads... Twelve month pregnant woman carrying two bags of coal, coming through...Have a heart...think of the baby...Thanks.

The PLATOON parts letting JAKE through. He holds the empty cartridge case aloft for all to see. The PLATOON of soldiers sigh in relief.

JAKE

Blanks... Look, lads, it's only blanks. And, it was fired by the biggest blank in the British Army...Fusilier Willie Hare. Better known as...

(pulls off mask)

Pubic!

The PLATOON reacts in relief and moves away picking up the overturned chairs and tables.

Fusilier Willie "PUBIC" Hare, 20, runt of the litter and bright as a two watt bulb sits dishevelled on the floor.

PUBIC

Did I do it right, Jake?

JAKE

(sighs)

When were you supposed to come in and shoot the place up, was it before, during or after we brought the two rookies in?

PUBIC

Well it was...eh...it was...eh...before.

JAKE

No, not before. I said don't come in before I have a chance to tell the rest of the platoon that we had a little surprise lined up to scare the shit out of the two- Oh, you know what, just forget it. Go get yourself a drink.

Brushing himself down PUBIC gets up from the floor.

PUBIC

If you want I could go back out and do it again.

JAKE

I hate to burst your bubblegum bubble, Pubes, but, I think we've lost the element of surprise. It's too late now. Granite, go get the two rookies in.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

(shouting over)

Hey, Annie, get Pubic a drink on me. He's paying!

ANNIE

(walking away)

I'll be back in a minute. I think I have just shit myself. Thank God, I'm wearing tights or I would be mopping this floor.

JAKE

(to the Platoon)

Right then, guys! While Annie is away powdering her arse it's time for the games...to begin!

The PLATOON goes crazy cheering insanelly, banging the tables with their bottles and glasses.

PLATOON CHANTING IN RHYTHM: "Zulu, Zulu, Zulu."

The main doors fly open as GRANITE pushes in the two NAKED SOLDIERS wearing only their helmets and boots.

JAKE, his arms out stretched calms the PLATOON.

JAKE

(to naked soldiers)

Now then, lads. You may well have been posted into Tangiers Platoon but, in order to show that you are worthy to be a member of this platoon we have devised a test for you. A test of teamwork that will-

PUBIC

There is no "I" in teamwork!

JAKE

Yes. Thank you, Pubic. A test of teamwork that will show-

PUBIC

There is no "I" in teamwork!

JAKE

If you don't shut it, there'll be no eyes in Pubic.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Now zip it... A test of teamwork-

JAKE looks menacingly at PUBIC who folds his arms and sulks childlike.

JAKE

-that will show, that you are fit and tough enough to join this platoon. If you fail this test, which every man here has taken and passed...

The PLATOON cheers wildly.

JAKE

...then you will not be allowed to drink in this bar and no member of Tangiers Platoon will talk to you.

GRANITE

You will be sent to Coventry!

PUBIC

Yeah, and you will have to walk there 'cause we'll burn your fucking train warrant.

JAKE

(rolls eyes)

Starting from the bar you will circumnavigate the room by swinging hand over hand using the roof beams and window ledges until you return to the finish at the bar. If one of you fails, then you both fail... You will of course carry out this mission under fire.

The PLATOON cheers as the two NAKED SOLDIERS look at each other in bewilderment.

ANNIE returns to the bar.

JAKE

Oh, and for safety purposes you will be roped up... Annie, will you do the honours.

ANNIE

I love this bit! And, by the way everybody, just for the record, I didn't shit myself after all.

The PLATOON cheers as ANNIE comes from behind the bar and kneels seductively in front of the NAKED SOLDIERS. She removes a bootlace out of each of their boots.

She ties the laces together to make one long cord then ties each end to each of their penises, leaving a three feet gap between them. Holding the centre of the cord she leads them to the club bar.

The NAKED SOLDIERS climb onto the bar and turn to face the howling PLATOON.

JAKE

You have until the music stops to complete your mission. Standby...

GRANITE smashes a beer bottle over the jukebox and it starts to play "God Save the Queen" by the Sex Pistols at maximum volume.

JAKE

Go! Go! Go!

The two NAKED SOLDIERS, still tied together, jump from the bar on to the first beam above them and start to swing monkey stile to the window ledge on the other side of the room.

The PLATOON screams and shouts encouragement, whilst throwing bottles and glasses, and anything else they can get their hands on, at them.

One of the NAKED SOLDIERS loses his hold; his mate grabs his hand and helps him regain his grip on the beam with both hands.

GRANITE

Oow! If he had gone down one of them would have had his cock ripped clean off.

JAKE

Yeah, but, look on the bright side. He would have a new career working in some Maharaja's harem as a eunuch.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Course, the other one could take the rest of the day off and go fishing, seeing that his line is already baited.

The NAKED SOLDIERS jump onto the first window ledge then move along the other window ledges until reaching the far end of the room, all the time under a barrage of flying bottles and cans.

On reaching the far beam they again start to cross the room. ANNIE fires her air rifle several times striking both men in the buttocks, wincing in pain they carry on.

Scrambling across, they reach the other side, jumping on to the window ledges. Beer bottles crash through the windows as they arrive back at the bar, just as the music ends. The PLATOON surges forward to congratulate them.

JAKE

Well done, lads! Well done! Now, to celebrate your victory you each must down a pint in less than five seconds. A pint of Regimental Homebrew Beer.

JAKE points over at several PLATOON members just finishing urinating into two pint glasses. The full pint glasses are handed to the NAKED SOLDIERS.

JAKE

Drink up, lads, while it's still hot.

Retching violently the NAKED SOLDIERS start to drink.

THE PLATOON CHANTS: five!.. four!.. three!.. two!.. one!

A great cheer goes up as they finish their drinks.

JAKE presents two Tangiers Platoon T-shirts to the NAKED SOLDIERS, who promptly vomit onto the floor.

JAKE

Gentlemen... Gentlemen, May I introduce you to the two newest members of Tangiers platoon...The drinks are on them!

The PLATOON charges forward to the bar where ANNIE has several pints prepared and is passing them through the slot in the wire.

PUBIC rushes to the bar between the two NAKED SOLDIERS, who are still tied together, causing all three to collapse to the floor. The NAKED SOLDIERS scream and roll about in pain. PUBIC is covered in sick.

JAKE and GRANITE look at each other shake their heads and run to the bar.

INT. JUNIOR RANKS' CLUB FOYER - NIGHT - LATER

JAKE, GRANITE and PUBIC enter the Junior Ranks' Club foyer, from the bar, in a drunken state. They are holding each other up with PUBIC, semiconscious, in the centre.

JAKE steers the group to one of the glass fronted vending machines which sells sandwiches.

JAKE

I'm so hungry, I could eat a scabby mattress between two pissed horses. Have you got any money?

GRANITE

No, I'm skint... I suppose we could always start a fire and eat Pubic.

JAKE

It's against the law to eat endangered species.

JAKE and GRANITE stare at the sandwiches in the machine, turn to look at each other and then at PUBIC.

They pick up PUBIC and using him as a battering ram smash his head through the glass front of the machine.

PUBIC

(head in machine)

I take it that nobody had any money left...again.

GRANITE

Cheese and pickle for me.

JAKE

While your there, roast beef and onion.

PUBIC hands them their sandwiches and pulls himself out of the machine.

PUBIC

You know what would be brilliant? If I had one of these machines in my room I wouldn't have to get out of bed and trek down to the cookhouse for breakfast in the morning.

JAKE

(between bites)

Pubes, me old mate, even though you're thicker than the Earth's crust at its thickest bit... Sometimes... Just sometimes, you come up with a great idea.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE JUNIOR RANKS' CLUB - NIGHT

The exit doors of the Junior Ranks' Club creak slowly open as JAKE, GRANITE and three OTHER SOLDIERS carry out a large vending machine, at shoulder height, as if carrying a coffin.

They carry it twenty meters from the door when a large figure steps out of the darkness and blocks their way.

The SERGEANT MAJOR, 40, with a row of medal ribbons on his barrelled chest, wearing "best dress uniform" with a peak cap and carrying a pace stick.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Still! Stand still, there!

JAKE, GRANITE and the three OTHER SOLDIERS freeze instantly to attention.

JAKE

Shit, it's the Company Sergeant Major. We're fucked.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Well, well, well, I might have buckin' well guessed.

(MORE)

SERGEANT MAJOR (CONT'D)

Any trouble that goes on in this regiment you can be sure that Tangiers Platoon will be involved. I should throw you lot in the jail...However, I have need of you. You lot have just volunteered to act as burial party, tomorrow morning, for an old soldier of this regiment-

JAKE

But, Sir! Inkerman Platoon have been rehearsing all week for that funeral. Why do you need us?

SERGEANT MAJOR

(to Jake)

Correct, Corporal Patterson, they were tasked to provide the burial party. Unfortunatley, I have just been informed by the military police that the whole of the burial party have been arrested for fighting in the village and will not be released until tomorrow afternoon. Too late for the buckin' funeral!

GRANITE

Bastards...we missed a fight?

SERGEANT MAJOR

(to Granite)

Yes, you missed a fight, which is lucky for me because it pulls me out of the brown and sticky stuff. The deceased's last request was that he spends his final night on earth in an army camp. So, we will be transporting his body to the cemetery in Upton, for the burial service at eleven hundred hours. I want to see you lot, sober, dressed in best uniform, in the Garrison Church at zero seven thirty hours. Now drop that buckin' machine and get away!

They drop the vending machine with a loud crash and sprint away.

SERGEANT MAJOR
 (looking skywards)
 Fusilier Hare.

PUBIC (O.S.)
 Yes, Sir.

SERGEANT MAJOR
 Are there any cheese and pickle
 sandwiches left?

PUBIC (O.S.)
 Eh...No, Sir. There's some...
 Em...egg and mayonnaise.

SERGEANT MAJOR
 That will do fine, lad.

The SERGEANT MAJOR points his pace stick at the vending machine as PUBIC'S hand comes up and skewers a sandwich on to it. Still skewered onto the pace stick the SERGEANT MAJOR takes a bite.

SERGEANT MAJOR
 Hmm...Not bad. Hare, I am putting
 you in charge of transport. Ensure
 that you collect the Regiment's
 hearse from the Transport Section
 and be outside the Garrison Church
 at zero seven thirty hours,
 precisely.

PUBIC jumps up from the vending machine.

PUBIC
 You can count on me, Sir. I'll be
 there at zero eight thirty hours.

SERGEANT MAJOR
 No, Dicksplash! I said be there
 at...In fact...I have a better
 idea.

The SERGEANT MAJOR removes a thick black felt-tip pen from his breast pocket and starts to write on PUBIC'S forehead.

PUBIC
 Ah, I know what your doing, Sir.
 (MORE)

PUBIC (CONT'D)

You're writing the time on my forehead so that in the morning, when I look in my shaving mirror, it will remind me what time I have to be outside the gymnasium, at.

SERGEANT MAJOR

(gritted teeth)

Garrison... Church.

PUBIC

When I get promoted to the rank of Sergeant Major I'm going to write important messages on my men's foreheads, just like you, Sir.

The SERGEANT MAJOR completes what he is writing by pulling his arm back and adding a forceful period.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Now then, when I say "move", I want to see you disappear in to the darkness at the speed of a startled and very cowardly gazelle... Standby!... Move!

PUBIC turns around to reveal that the SERGEANT MAJOR has written "PUNCH ME."

He watches as PUBIC runs off into the darkness.

SERGEANT MAJOR

(exasperated)

Thank God, we still have a navy.

INT. GARRISON CHURCH - DAY 2 - 07:25 HOURS

A small military church with rows of wooden pews, stained glass windows and a white cloth draped over the altar. Union Jack flags on staffs are positioned either side of the altar and a large wooden crucifix hangs on the wall behind.

JAKE, GRANITE and three other soldiers, acting as PALLBEARERS, dressed in their best uniforms, are gathered around a coffin which is resting on a trellis in front of the altar.

Using the coffin as a table, they are all eating sandwiches from brown paper bags and slurp noisily from juice cartons with straws in them. Crumbs and drips fall on to the coffin lid.

The SERGEANT MAJOR enters dressed in best uniform.

SERGEANT MAJOR
Corporal Patterson!

JAKE
Sir!

SERGEANT MAJOR
Where the buckin' hell is the hearse? Why is it not waiting outside, like I ordered.

JAKE
I reminded Fusilier Hare to collect it from the Transport Section, Sir. He should have been here by now.

SERGEANT MAJOR
There better not be any cock-ups or I will have your stripes.
(sees paper bags)
Why are you lot eating your packed lunches now? Get that rubbish off the buckin' coffin. Show the stiff a bit of respect.

They hurriedly remove the paper bags and rubbish from the coffin. GRANITE, seeing the crumbs, is about to use the sleeve of his uniform to wipe the lid clean.

SERGEANT MAJOR
(to Granite)
Don't do that, Fusilier Rankin! You'll make a mess of your uniform and smear the lid. Tip the coffin lid over and get rid of those buckin' crumbs.

JAKE
Give me a hand, Granite. Unscrew those wing nuts at your end.

JAKE and GRANITE quickly unscrew the four wing nuts on the coffin lid and tilt the lid over. On the inside of the coffin lid they notice large scratch marks.

The CORPSE of an old, white haired and bearded man is visible, dressed in a First World War uniform, his eyes are wide open and he has a look of horror on his face. His hands are up by his face and are contorted into a claw like manner.

GRANITE

Shit! Check that out. Do you think he's dead?

JAKE

(sarcastic)

Do I think he's dead? I don't know, Granite. Shall we ask him?

(shakes the corpse)

Wake up! Wake up! You will have to wake up, mate, or you will be late for your own funeral.

The CORPSE lets out a trouser ripping fart making JAKE and GRANITE jump back.

JAKE

Fuck me! He *is* alive!

SERGEANT MAJOR

(pause)

No, he isn't. It's just gas escaping from the body. I have seen it happen many times. So, stop shitting yourselves.

GRANITE

By the smell of things, he's the one shitting himself.

JAKE

Yeah, I know. It smells like someone just died in here!

The sound of a vehicle horn is heard coming from outside.

SERGEANT MAJOR

At last! That will be Fusilier Hare with the hearse. Get the lid back on and let's get going. And, get rid of those packed lunch bags!

JAKE and GRANITE and the PALLBEARERS start to put the lid of the coffin back on. GRANITE gathers up the brown paper bags and stuffs them into the coffin.

GRANITE

Just in case he wakes up again and feels hungry.

JAKE, GRANITE and the PALLBEARERS hoist the coffin on to their shoulders and with the SERGEANT MAJOR walking in front they head for the exit.

JAKE

(looking around)

You know, this place is actually quite nice. I might turn over a new leaf and start going to church on Sundays.

An almighty clap of thunder causes the windows to rattle and the wooden crucifix to become detached from the wall so that it swings like a pendulum in the upside down position knocking over the two Union Jack flags.

JAKE

Er... maybe not.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE GARRISON CHURCH - DAY

The Garrison Church is a single story building with double doors and has a wooden cross on the apex of the roof. A painted sign on the wall states:

"54th DIVISION GARRISON CHURCH.

ALL WELCOME.

No Tangiers Platoon personnel beyond this point. By order of the Padre."

A path leads from the church's double doors to a road on camp.

JAKE, GRANITE and the PALLBEARERS carry the coffin through the church doors. The SERGEANT MAJOR is walking out backwards, his hand steadying the coffin as they exit.

The SERGEANT MAJOR turns around to see a small, battered and rusty red Mini car with a Union Jack logo on the roof and bonnet.

PUBIC is standing rigidly to attention and saluting whilst holding the passenger's door open with his free hand.

SERGEANT MAJOR

What?... What?... What the fu-
Fusilier Hare, where is the
hearse?

PUBIC

Well, there was a bit of a
problem, Sir. So, I had to bring
my car. I went to get the hearse,
just like you said. And, it turns
out that somebody nicked it, more
than likely to take their bird out
for the weekend. There's plenty of
room in the back of a hearse for a
mattress, if you know what I mean,
Sir.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Why didn't you get a truck?

PUBIC

They've all been nicked, too. The
last one we had disappeared last
week and still hasn't been found
yet. You can get loads of
mattresses in the back of an army
truck. Isn't that right, Corporal
Patterson?

JAKE

Don't look at me, I wouldn't know.

INT. BACK OF AN ARMY TRUCK - DAY - EARLIER THAT WEEK,
FLASHBACK

The back of a canopied army truck. Several mattresses are
lying on the floor of the truck.

JAKE, GRANITE and PUBIC are naked and are involved in an
orgy with three NAKED WOMEN.

JAKE is pouring beer down a giggling woman's breasts whilst
GRANITE does pull-ups from the canopy superstructure,
watched by an admiring woman.

PUBIC flicks through the pages of a pornographic magazine
entitled: "Tiny Tits", sitting beside a large breasted and
bored looking woman.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT./INT. ROAD IN CAMP/PUBIC'S CAR - DAY

The coffin has been loaded onto the roof of the Mini and tied down with rope. PUBIC walks around the car pulling on the ropes, checking that they are secure.

Inside the Mini the SERGEANT MAJOR is seated in the front passenger seat. JAKE and GRANITE are sitting on the knees of the three PALLBEARERS in the rear passenger seat.

JAKE and GRANITE have their heads close together looking out of the front windscreen.

PUBIC jumps into the driving seat, slamming the door several times, much to the annoyance of the others.

PUBIC

Right then, that's us ready for the off.

GRANITE

I still think it would have been a better idea to have left the stiff in his box.

JAKE and GRANITE move their heads apart to reveal the CORPSE sitting in between them.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Trust me, it is better this way. This heap of shit has so much rust on it, if rubber-nuts, here...

(points to Pubic)

hits the breaks the weight will rip the buckin' roof clean off. Now, stop your whinging and let's get going.

PUBIC

Okay, Sir. Granite, did you pick up my packed lunch?

GRANITE

I did, mate. Do you want your sandwich now?

PUBIC

Yeah. I am so hungry I could gnaw on a dog's boner.

GRANITE moves the hand of the CORPSE, which is gripping a sandwich, and taps PUBIC on the shoulder with it.

PUBIC, without turning around, takes the sandwich and takes a bite from it.

PUBIC
Mmmm... This is not bad, at all.
The cooks must be using some kind
of new dressing on them.

JAKE
(sniggering)
It's called embalming fluid.

PUBIC
Embalming fluid, eh? It's really
tasty... Oh... it's starting to
make my tongue go numb.

SERGEANT MAJOR
And, my arse is starting to go
numb! Now, get a bloody move on!

PUBIC starts up the engine and his tape deck starts to play, at full volume, the children's song, "Nellie the Elephant."

SERGEANT MAJOR
Turn that crap off!

PUBIC
I can't, Sir! The cassette is
stuck in the deck and I've lost
the control buttons!

JAKE and GRANITE start to dance in the back of the Mini as they move the CORPSE'S arms in time to the music.

The car with the coffin on top and still playing loud music drives off in reverse at high speed down the road.

SERGEANT MAJOR (O.S.)
Fusilier Hare, why are we driving
backwards!?

PUBIC (O.S.)
My car doesn't have any forward
gears, Sir!

SERGEANT MAJOR (O.S.)
Unbe-buckin-lievable! I assume the
brakes are working alright!

PUBIC (O.S.)

Brakes, Sir? Brakes are for wimps!

Still in reverse, the Mini negotiates a roundabout several times causing other vehicles to swerve out of the way.

JAKE and GRANITE press the CORPSE'S face up against the rear window and make it wave at passing PEDESTRIANS.

The CORPSE lets out a great big long fart causing them to hang their heads out the window.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A quiet hedged lined country road in the middle of rolling fields.

CAPTION: TWENTY LONG MILES LATER.

A road sign states, "UPTON 10 MILES."

With smoke billowing from its engine the Mini comes around a corner, the coffin on its roof and still playing the same loud music, it finally gives up and stutters to a halt.

JAKE, GRANITE, PUBIC, the SERGEANT MAJOR and the PALLBEARERS all climb out of the Mini and stretch themselves.

JAKE

(points to sign)

Oh, shit. Look, Sir. We're never going to make it to the service by eleven.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Don't bet on it, Corporal. We will just have to carry him the last ten miles.

JAKE

Ten miles! Oh, Sir. Do we have too? We're really bored playing with the dead guy. Can't we just bury him here and say we lost him?

GRANITE

We could leave him in the middle of the road and phone the council to come and get him. They're always scrapping up road kill.

PUBIC

(enthusiastic)

Now, you're talking! We could roll him up into a big ball and stick loads of twigs in him, so that he looked like a giant hedgehog, then the council would come out with a big shovel and scrape him off the road and take-

SERGEANT MAJOR

Shut up! I do not believe I am hearing this. We have a mission to complete and nothing is going to stop us. Now get the hedgehog... I mean the stiff, back in his box and we will get going.

The BURIAL PARTY all gather around the Mini and start to untie the ropes holding the coffin.

PUBIC

Hey, Sir. I know this area pretty well, if we cut over the fields, there, it will save us at least five miles.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Are you sure?

PUBIC

Sir, is your mother a virgin?

SERGEANT MAJOR

(looking confused)

Well... Okay, Fusilier Hare. Something tells me I might live to regret this. Lead the way.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) With PUBIC leading, the BURIAL PARTY, carrying the coffin, struggles up a very steep hill.
- B) With the SERGEANT MAJOR leading, the BURIAL PARTY runs back down the same hill. PUBIC runs behind with two black eyes.
- C) The BURIAL PARTY crosses an electric fence by throwing the coffin over it. PUBIC stops to urinate on it getting an electric shock.

D) The BURIAL PARTY runs across the skyline being chased by a large snorting bull.

E) GRANITE runs across the same skyline chasing the bull.

EXT. SMALL STREAM - DAY

A bend in a forest lined track, leads to a narrow muddy stream which has five large stepping stones used to cross it.

The BURIAL PARTY runs around the bend in the track. The SERGEANT MAJOR, looking exhausted, sits astride the coffin.

They stop at the bank of the stream lowering the front of the coffin to allow the SERGEANT MAJOR to slide gracefully off.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Which way now, Fusilier Hare?

PUBIC

(pointing)

That way, Sir. Just a skip and a jump over these stones and that will take us into the back of Upton.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Call me mad, but I don't trust you. Take a walk over those stones and make sure it's safe for us to cross.

PUBIC, picking up a stick from the ground, walks over the stepping stones. As he steps on the fourth stone it starts to wobble.

PUBIC

You were right not to trust me, Sir. This one is a bit unsafe.

PUBIC using the stick starts to probe the muddy water at the side of the stones. Removing the stick from the water he shows the SERGEANT MAJOR that only the tip is wet.

PUBIC

Look, Sir, it's only about a quarter inch deep here, we could easily get across if we walk to the side of the stones.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Well done, Fusilier. At last, you are starting to think like a soldier.

Grinning PUBIC rejoins the BURIAL PARTY as they pick up the coffin in readiness to cross.

SERGEANT MAJOR

(looking at watch)

Follow me, lads. We do not have a moment to lose. And, try and not get your boots too muddy.

The BURIAL PARTY runs across the stream and disappears into six foot of mud.

Dragging themselves and the coffin to the other side of the stream they sit panting, caked in mud.

JAKE

(to Pubic)

I ought to take this coffin and wedge it right up your rusty bullet hole.

PUBIC

Aw, come on, guys. You can't blame me for this. There must have been something wrong with that stick. I must have picked up a faulty one.

GRANITE

(flicking mud)

Tosser!

EXT. UPTON VILLAGE - DAY

A small village back street leads to a main road where a petrol station has an automatic carwash and two petrol pumps. The DRIVER of a large immaculate hearse is fuelling up from one of the pumps.

The BURIAL PARTY, bedraggled and covered in mud, emerge from the back street onto the main road, in front of the petrol station.

JAKE

(pointing)

Look, Sir! Do you see what I see?

SERGEANT MAJOR

Buckin' hell! This could be the answer to our prayers. Well spotted, Corporal. Right then, lads. Sort yourselves out. Remember we are in the public eye!

JAKE

Yeah, and the last thing we want is for the public to get the *right* impression about us.

They start to straighten their ties, belts and fuss over their uniforms.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Brace up, there! By the left...Quick march... Left, right, left, right, left, right, left.

With the SERGEANT MAJOR leading the BURIAL PARTY, carrying the coffin, march very smartly across the road to the garage, passing the hearse and straight into the carwash.

With soap suds covering them, the brushes of the carwash whirl around cleaning off the mud from the coffin and their uniforms.

An industrial air dryer blast them dry as they stand firmly to attention looking like wind blown heroes.

When the machine stops they march out clean and sparkling and come smartly to a halt.

JAKE

(Beat)

Eh, actually, Sir, I was pointing at that hearse that's parked on the forecourt.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Hearse? What buckin' hearse?

The hearse drives off down the road.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Bollocks!

EXT. UPTON VILLAGE CEMETERY - DAY - 10:59 HRS

An old village cemetery with a small church which has a clock tower. The clock shows 10:59 hours.

The cemetery and church are enclosed by a high cast-iron fence that has a double gate which is fully opened to the main road.

A VICAR stands beside a small group of MOURNERS, who are gathered around an open grave. The VICAR is looking impatiently at his watch, the clock tower and the open gates.

A loud commotion is heard coming from the opposite side of the cemetery. The VICAR turns to see the BURIAL PARTY scrambling over the high cemetery fence.

The coffin is thrown over the fence and smashes into several pieces with the CORPSE lying on the ground.

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE.

The minute hand on the clock starts to quake towards eleven. Everyone in the BURIAL PARTY looks at the CORPSE then the clock tower. JAKE mouths something to GRANITE and points to the grave.

GRANITE picks up the CORPSE, throws it over his shoulder and starts to run towards the open grave, followed by the rest, who are carrying bits of the coffin, GRANITE weaves his way heroically through the grave stones.

GRANITE reaches the grave and throws the CORPSE into it, falling flat on the ground as he does so. The pieces of the coffin are thrown in on top of the CORPSE.

END SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE.

The clock starts to chime eleven. The BURIAL PARTY jump up and down congratulating each other on a job well done.

The MOURNERS and the VICAR look on in shock as one elderly female MOURNER looks into the grave and faints when the CORPSE lets out another ground vibrating fart.

The SERGEANT MAJOR arrives out of breath at the graveside, huffing and puffing, his face like thunder.

SERGEANT MAJOR

You stupid buckin' fastards! Not there... there!

The SERGEANT MAJOR points over to the far side of the cemetery where an ARMY CHAPLIN and a group of BRITISH LEGION types, holding flags on staffs, stand by an open grave, stare over in disbelief.

GRANITE

I think we might be in the shit for this one, Jake.

JAKE

We are always in the shit, it's just the level that varies. Anyway, don't worry about it. What's the worst they could do to us?

EXT./INT. ARTIC TUNDRA/ TENT - DAY.

An icy storm blows across open Artic tundra. A lone tent flaps madly in the howling wind as a ripped and torn Union Jack Flag flies from a bent flag pole.

Inside the tent, dressed in Artic uniform complete with fur lined hoods, sit JAKE, GRANITE and PUBIC.

GRANITE watches PUBIC, who is spit roasting a fully feathered penguin, tied to a stick with string, over a small candle.

JAKE is scoring off days on a "Visit Florida the Sunshine State" calendar.

JAKE

Three months down... three to go.

GRANITE

I'm bloody starving. When will that thing be ready to eat?

PUBIC draws his finger across the frozen penguin and puts it in his mouth.

PUBIC

In about... three weeks.

GRANITE

Aww, man. This sucks big time.

JAKE

We've got to do something to get out of here.

PUBIC

I've got it! We could shoot ourselves in the foot then they would have to send a rescue plane to fly us out of here before we bled to death. Then, when the rescue plane lands, we could hijack it and force the pilot to rescue us and fly us out of here.

JAKE

Yeah, brilliant plan, Einstein. Just one problem, they didn't give us any ammo in case we shoot ourselves in the foot.

PUBIC

Bastards!... They think of everything.

JAKE, GRANITE and PUBIC look at each other and start to giggle, their laughter gets louder and louder.

Focus on the outside of the tent as the sound of manic laughter vibrates across the Artic wilderness. In the distance a crack in the ice appears and starts to move rapidly zigzagging towards their tent.

FADE OUT.

THE END