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# Whiskey Tango Foxtrot

By Robert Carlock

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That was a bomb.

No word as to whether it was an IED  
or a specific car bomb.

Over 10 fatalities reported.

Sources within ISAF suggest  
that ISI may be involved.

Did these phones just go down  
or did that fucker hang up on me?

Good thing that X was bodgy  
or I'd be flying right now!

I can't hear you, honey.

I need to talk to Ed Faber.

Well, then who is fronting the show?

I can't hear you!

Hey, that's my ass! Do you have a mother?

Don't put your ass on my hand!

Shut up, donkey pussy!

Whore! Dog-washer!

My cock in your ear!

My cock in your ear! I shit on your lips!

Eat a fart!

Hello!

Fu...

Listen up. Iraq Two is happening.

The network is stretched thin.

All our talent is going there.

We need people, any people,  
to fill the void in Afghanistan.

And you folks here are all the unmarried,  
childless personnel in this bureau.

For those of you who are  
behind the scenes, there are  
opportunities to be on camera.

Kim, are you going to be joining in?

The travel or the crying?

Hopefully, the travel.

I'll think about it.

The success of Operation Mongoose has  
overshadowed the real lesson to be learned,  
that the Taliban are far from vanquished.

And as the drums of war  
beat ever louder in Iraq,  
the NATO mission in Afghanistan

grows increasingly uncertain.

Tanya Vanderpoel, outside  
Lashkar Gah, Afghanistan,  
VBC World News.

Hey.

I got you! Hey.

When do you get back from Houston?

I think on Tuesday. Why?

Because I'm going

to Afghanistan on Tuesday.

You're going to Afghanistan on Tuesday?

Yeah.

But you write news copy.

Wait. For how long?

- Like, three months.

- What?

Kim!

Hey!

I can't believe this worked out!

Hey, you want to have a quickie  
on the changing table in the bathroom?

Yeah, I don't think I could get it up  
with that little koala looking at me.

Also, they're boarding already.

Hey, don't worry. Just go. Go, go, go.

Shoot, I... I copied a key for you, so...

Plants, mail.

- Anything else I'm forgetting?

- I think that's it.

This is crazy.

Listen, I think it's impressive.

Start a new career?

It's gonna be great.

And listen, in three months...

"I'll be back."

No, that's terrible! No.

Don't remember me like that. No.

Bye. Okay. Okay.

It's not my job. I'm a producer.

General news. Enron.

These coalminers in Pennsylvania,  
but you probably didn't see that.

'Cause we got two wars going on now,  
so, I know how to set up a BGAN

and no one will sue if I die  
so I got an expedited visa,  
like, two days ago,  
and I guess now I'm a war reporter.  
Shit dick!  
Corkscrew landing.  
In case a missile is fired  
at the aircraft!  
Kabul International Airport.  
K. I.A.! "Killed In Action."  
Once again,  
we thank you for flying with us.  
Sorry.  
Sorry.  
Shit.  
No, thank you. No, thank you.  
Miss Baker?  
I am Fahim.  
Fahim, hi! Pleased to meet you.  
The car is over here and we go.  
Cover your head, shameless whore!  
She says... "Welcome to Afghanistan."  
Okay, let's go.  
Here is your local mobile.  
The number is on the back.  
Yeah, I ordered some money  
last week. Still in the post.  
- I'll fix you up next week.  
- Okay.  
Yes, the air here  
takes some getting used to.  
It's quite polluted with feces.  
Here she is! How are you, Kim?  
Welcome to the Stan. My name's Nic.  
I'll be doing your security.  
I'll take your bag.  
Fahim. The police are giving  
me shit for parking here.  
They just want money.  
Wait, oh, no. Do you need money?  
Because the network gave me money.  
- No, keep that on you!  
- No, no, no! Kim, please!  
Piss off, that's it! That's it! Hey! Hey!

- I'm sorry. Sorry.

- Piss off!

Remember that we are at altitude here,  
so drink plenty of water  
while you acclimatize.

Where did you learn English?

At medical school. I was a doctor.

Listen, rest up tonight.

Tomorrow, I'll drive you  
to the base for your embed.

And just one bag, but make sure  
you pack extra socks and knickers.

That's like, it's like "panties," yeah?

So, you've been embedded before, then?

Not really. We all did  
hostile-zone training in 2001.

They taught us to open our  
mouths if we get mortared...

That kind of stuff.

Okay.

G'day, Qadar.

The feces smell all the way to here.

Your room, Kim, is upstairs.

Yeah, they're bloody addicted.

That one melted a laptop  
downloading porno.

Jaweed, yes, he likes  
to watch men with donkeys.

- Hi.

- Hi.

It's unfortunate.

Kim, this is Tall Brian.

Brian Hooper. Tall Brian.

- Hi.

- I'm your shooter.

So, is there another Brian around here  
somewhere that you're taller than?

Short Brian. Works for Reuters.

Couldn't one of you just be "Brian"?

Fair enough. Didn't think of that.

Also Short Brian's dead.

- Fuck. Really?

- Yes.

Anyway, welcome to the Fun House.

Home sweet home.  
This is your room.  
Is there a shower?  
A nation accustomed to war  
once again seeks a return to normality.  
And nothing symbolizes that  
effort more than this place,  
the Kabul Zoo.  
No, he didn't. The zoo?  
- Go back to Wapping.  
- You fucking tourist!  
Shit. Sorry.  
I'm trying to find the shower?  
You're the new girl.  
My God. Kim Baker.  
Just got here from New York.  
I'm Tanya. Oh, my God, it's so nice  
to have another woman in the house!  
I love that lippy color. What is that?  
No, they're just really chapped.  
You poor thing. Can I get you anything?  
I'm sorry, I'm freaking out  
because I saw your  
special about your embed in  
Korengal, and it was amazing.  
Thank you. That's so sweet.  
- Where's the shower?  
- Yes. This way.  
Can I ask a favor, Kim?  
- And absolutely feel free to say no.  
- Yeah, sure.  
I hate to even bring it up.  
- I feel so rude even asking this.  
- No, it's fine.  
Can I fuck your security guys?  
What?  
By all means, yeah.  
Yeah? I mean, I wouldn't ask,  
it's just that for some reason,  
the VBC use an American contractor  
and, I mean, no offense, but they're  
all, like, goatees and "fat-strong".  
You know? But the Aussies  
and Kiwis are so hot.

Right. I get it. Be my guest.  
You sure?  
Don't just say that to be polite.  
No, I wouldn't. I'm not.  
Even Nic? You don't want Nic for yourself?  
Nic?  
No. I don't. No.  
That's... No, that would never happen.  
So you're good.  
Hey! No, Kim, don't say that.  
You could have Nic.  
In Afghanistan,  
you're a serious piece of ass.  
Thank you. That's nice.  
Because you're what, I mean, you're like,  
a seven, a six or seven in New York?  
Here, you're a nine.  
Borderline ten.  
It's called "Kabul Cute."  
What are you here, like a 15?  
Yeah.  
The thing is, I have a very  
serious boyfriend at home,  
so, you're good.  
All right, well, come talk  
to me in two months  
when your pussy's eating your leg.  
Shower's that way.  
How you doing?  
It's bananas here. It's...  
My nose is running.  
There's shit in the air,  
literally.  
And  
I don't think I can do this.  
Do what?  
Kim?  
I don't think I can do this.  
Can you see... I don't... Hello?  
Shit.  
I'm sorry, Colonel,  
I can't accept gifts as a journalist.  
Okay.  
So lodging, transport, chow

and protection, that's all you can accept?  
I'll do my best to stay objective.  
I don't care if you can do your job.  
I care if my men can.  
Are you familiar with the term  
"four-ten-four", Miss Baker?  
I am not, Colonel.  
It refers to women who are fours back  
home become tens when they ship out  
and when they're back stateside,  
they become fours again.  
Are you saying I'm a four?  
I'm saying you carry  
an orange fucking backpack.  
I've seen people with actual experience  
make bad decisions here.  
So while you're outside  
the wire with my men,  
you will in no way  
distract them, understood?  
Are you asking me not  
to sleep with your soldiers?  
No, not "soldiers". Marines.  
You're not here to sleep with or perform  
jobs of any type on my Marines.  
Clear copy, Miss Baker?  
- Copy that.  
- Good.  
We'll get you out to a FOB  
as soon as we find a ride for you.  
In the meantime, Captain Stern here  
will see to it that you get a wet hootch.  
A what?  
It's a tent with a shower.  
Unless you'd prefer a dry hootch.  
I would not, sir.  
Sorry.  
Could you just...  
State your name and rank?  
Gunnery Sergeant Clinton J. Hurd.  
All right. Dang it!  
So, do you believe the Afghani people  
are happy about our presence here?  
No, Afghans are the people.



Afghanis is the currency.  
That's right. I knew that. Thank you.  
What do you believe  
your mission to be here?  
Ma'am, you got a sticker on your pants.  
It's bugging the shit out of me. Ma'am...  
Fahim.  
What inspired you to enlist originally?  
I'm a big fan of the movie Predator  
with Arnold Schwarzenegger.  
We're the same height.  
Do you think the war in Iraq  
has affected your resources here?  
I'm sorry, ma'am, I'm not authorized  
to answer that question.  
I'd say we're both on the  
wrong side of Persia, ma'am.  
Iraq is where you get some right now.  
Here just has shit all.  
Are you guys getting  
outside the wire much?  
Yes, ma'am. Most days.  
You know, we help out with  
community projects and all.  
And wells.  
And sometimes at night  
we shoot the big gun,  
- but, you know, it's quiet here.  
- Jesus!  
We don't wear IBAs on the FOB.  
I don't even chamber a round  
in my weapon anymore, because,  
you know, I figure accidental discharge  
is scarier than the Taliban.  
With Iraq, do you feel like people  
have forgotten about Afghanistan?  
Well...  
Yes, ma'am. I'd say that  
surely is the word for it.  
This here's a forgotten war.  
It's capital F, capital W.  
What's your... Your name and rank?  
I'm Lance Corporal Coughlin,  
India Company 3-5.

Thank you.  
Kim. Your hair.  
Thanks, Fahim.  
You really are a fixer.  
Moon's out.  
It's beautiful.  
Suck my dick!  
What does that mean?  
It means, "What a terrible event!"  
Miss Baker.  
Colonel Hollanek is coming to Norton  
tomorrow to check on some of our PRT work.  
And you and your crew  
are clear to tag along.  
- Great, thanks.  
- Rolls out at zero-six.

**- That's 6:**

- I know that, yeah.  
Fire!  
Come on, let's go!  
Get this shit together! We gotta move!  
Fucking hands out of your pockets!  
You think you're in the fucking Army?  
What is this?  
That's my supplies. Camera stuff.  
You fucking kidding me?  
This is an orange ruck.  
No, ma'am. Not on my vehicle.  
The girl at the North Face store  
said it was, like, military grade.  
Well, where are you gonna hide it?  
Inside a fucking sunset?  
I mean, even the Dutch Army  
don't wear orange.  
Fix it.  
How do I fix it?  
Rapono!  
Got to stay hydrated, ma'am.  
Coughlin. I didn't recognize you.  
That's 'cause I'm in warrior mode.  
It makes me taller.  
Enjoy the ride, ma'am.  
I'm dying to know who blew up my well.

Working on it, Colonel.  
That was a nice fucking well, Corporal.  
What'd he say?  
What's that mean?  
He wants to know if you are the Russians.  
The Russians?  
No!  
No, sir. That was 20 years ago.  
And we're here to help.  
And I'm black.  
The Russians are blacks now.  
If we fix the well, you can't blow it up.  
Kim, I was talking to some  
of the younger men.  
They say the Taliban came at night.  
I don't care. No. I drank  
too much water and I have to pee.  
Stop. Stop. I am engaged to be married.  
Okay, Fahim,  
I know you like your women to be, like,  
beautiful, mysterious IKEA bags, okay?  
But we urinate, Doctor.  
Out of our vaginas.  
You think you urinate out the...  
No. I know it's a separate thing!  
God! Just please help me.  
There is nowhere for you to go.  
I cannot ask these men about this.  
And I'm not allowed to talk to the women.  
Fine. Forget it. I'll hold it.  
Women are tough, right?  
Are you okay, ma'am?  
Gosh, damn it, man. This is a new one.  
I was cursing your name at 0-stupid-30,  
but I'm glad I came out today.  
Would you not have gone  
on patrol today if I weren't here?  
No, I'd be back in Norton filling HESCOs.  
Copy that.  
We're still 5 mikes.  
It must be one hairy dump.  
No, I'm just getting my pants on.  
Damn it, Sergeant Hurd.  
Whatever.

- Sorry. Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.  
- Marine!  
Make a hole, Baker.  
Move out!  
Why are we stopping?  
The lead vehicle bottomed out.  
Okay! Heads on a swivel!  
Didn't we come this way?  
We most surely did.  
- Contact left!  
- Stay in the vehicle!  
Shit! Hot! Hot bullet things!  
Kim, don't get out of the car! Kim!  
Get down behind the engine block!  
Stay there! Stay there!  
Kim.  
Get back in the car!  
No, please, Kim!  
Ma'am, I asked you to stay put!  
Those assholes tried to shoot us!  
Jesus!  
You have got to be shitting me!  
You just shot a Javelin at a fucking car!  
That's an \$80,000 piece of ordnance!  
Can any of you geniuses  
tell me the Kelley Blue Book value  
of a 1989 Toyota pickup?  
Oorah, Baker. Get some.  
I hope you got all that on film, ma'am.  
'Cause that right there,  
that's what we do best.  
Hearts and minds.  
That's the two best places  
to shoot somebody.  
What?  
I told you to stay in the car.  
Okay, I'll get back in the car.  
The Marines don't have  
much to say about Iraq.  
Their mantra is that they are  
focused on doing the job here.  
And even though, as we saw firsthand,  
attacks against coalition forces are up,  
Corporal Coughlin told me earlier

that he is still not planning  
to lock and load his weapon  
when he is out on patrol.  
Our own Kim Baker reporting for us live.  
Welcome!

Wow, good job, Kim! Ruthless!  
Bitch, we are going out tonight!

It's okay. It's okay. Here.

It's okay. It's all right.

Why don't I know who you are?

You're what, like, 42?

Sold.

Why have I never heard of you?

Yeah, I haven't done  
a lot of overseas reporting.

I've done mostly domestic reportage.

"Reportage"?

Domestic reportage.

Look, everyone in the Kabubble  
is full of shit. It's okay.

Half the accents are fake.

The whole "I'm ex-Special Forces"  
wankers are flat out lying.

"Reportage"?

Oh, Christ, what is this?

I really shouldn't have  
my back to the door.

It's bad tradecraft, but it's worth it  
to talk to you two ladies.

Fuck off.

You got it.

Champagne?

Thank you.

Finish this, and then we'll go meet  
some friends in Wazir Akbar Khan.

And I am warning you now,  
do not sleep with Iain.

- Who is Iain?

- He's a proper asshole.

- Shall we?

- Yeah.

Is that a cab?

Is your full name Shakira?

'Cause I thought it was

a Colombian nickname.

Why would you think that?

Because of the singer.

No, I know. I'm kidding.

No, it's Arabic for "thankful."

Kim is American for "white lady".

Actually, "Kim" means "who" in Turkish.

"Who's that white lady?"

It's Kim.

That's so you can remember my name.

So... This is Iain. Iain, Kim.

Kim. Kim. Kim. Kim, nice work.

You sit next to the only two women  
in a country the size of Texas  
that remind a man that you're  
really only okay looking.

Well, she said you were an asshole,  
but that's really above and beyond.

- Who said that?

- Tanya.

No. No. No. I don't think so.

A lot of women find me very charming, Kim.

- No, not biological women.

- Oh, really?

Women who think that an accent is  
the same thing as a personality, maybe.

Nae, haud yer wheesht.

Go bile yer heid, ya wee bampot.

I bet you're wetter than a submarine  
with screen doors now.

I got that from a pickup book.

- Jesus.

- Oh, yeah.

So what's your deal?

You got chucked over by some guy  
so you think, "Forget him.

"I'm gonna go discover

the wonders of the East,

"and I'm gonna fuck a Scottish guy  
and write a book."

I'm Scottish, by the way.

Cheers.

- Cheers.

- Salud.

- Cheers.  
- To Kim!  
- Is this your first night out?  
- Yes.  
It is, actually.  
That little bastard!  
Oh, no, Kim.  
You didn't give Egg Boy money, did you?  
Hey! Egg Boy! Hey!  
You're a little shitbird!  
I hope you get salmonella!  
I gave him, like, \$100!  
- \$100?  
- What?  
I'd give you my eggs for \$100.  
Where are we going?  
A whorehouse. You're going to love it.  
You see that?  
It's a brothel and a Chinese restaurant.  
Do you remember this video?  
Everybody was drawings.  
Me? Oh, no, thank you.  
Look, a month ago,  
I was writing a story about corn syrup.  
Okay? I was not happy.  
I didn't think there was anything else  
out there for me.  
Just death.  
Then this came along and...  
I don't care  
Wenge, do you guys have  
regular access to healthcare?  
He called me a Fenian bastard.  
I fuckin' showed him what for,  
kicked his teeth in, the cunt.  
Oi, Tanya? What's her story?  
She has a boyfriend.  
And she's unconscious, okay?  
Not that either of those things  
have ever stopped you before.  
That's not true. That's not true.  
Firstly, I'm afraid of boyfriends.  
Secondly, I'm a gentleman.  
What? According to no less

an authority than Grace Mugabe.  
I held a door open for her once.  
Let me just have a little peekaboo.  
Get out!  
Actually, not bad.  
- I think I missed one.  
- Stop!  
Il y a du monde au balcon. Pas mal.  
Kim?  
You all right there, mate?  
Wouldn't you like to know?  
Hey. I'm just talking about her safety.  
Nic here does security for Kim, Iain.  
Right, well!  
I'm off. Excuse me.  
- Excused.  
- Good night.  
- Bye, darling!  
- Good night.  
The best, Nic!  
Oh, that's Oprah.  
Hello.  
It's Fahim. Are you ready to go?  
Go where, dude? It's Saturday.  
Friday is the only day off  
in the Islamic week.  
We have interviews.  
No! That was not made clear. That's... No.  
That's bullshit, Fahim. No.  
Kim, today we are meeting  
Ali Massoud Sadiq.  
I sent research.  
He's likely to be Attorney General.  
- Please hold.  
- Please come outside.  
This is against what I believe  
as an American.  
I am sorry, but we have to go.  
My shoes. Shit.  
You wish to interview me, Mr. Ahmadzai?  
I do, Mr. Sadiq. Yes, on camera.  
Mr. Ahmadzai,  
I am a person of, of no consequence.  
Well, you soon might be the second



most powerful person in Afghanistan.  
Mr. Ahmadzai, I run a small department  
inside the Interior Ministry.

What possible interest  
could I be to the Americans?

Because your Ministry  
for the Prevention of Vice  
and the Encouragement of Virtue  
sounds a lot like the Taliban's old  
Ministry of Vice and Virtue.

Don't you think?

Kim Baker.

When the Taliban was in power,  
they enforced their version of sharia.  
One of their edicts was a rule that  
all men must shave the hair of their pubis.

They would walk the streets  
carrying a small wooden rod,  
a dowel,

which they would roll along  
the front of a man's trousers.

If a man's pubic hair was long enough  
to curl around the dowel,  
they would beat him.

Now, I ask you,  
do I look like a man to walk the streets  
carrying a hair-of-the-pubis dowel?

No, sir, you do not.

I returned to this country to save it.

I am a friend of America.

Which is why you should let me interview  
you, so people can understand that.

I like you, Kim.

I like your mouthiness.

That is a word, yes?

It reminds me of my time living in London.

You make me feel like a young man again.

But I do not know you.

How can we get to know each other, Kim?

Yes, excellent, Kim!

Put a turban on her,  
she'd make a very handsome boy.

How are you? You okay there?

What the hell was that?

It's probably just  
a wedding somewhere nearby.  
They like to shoot off guns  
at weddings here.  
You get it, you're from Florida.  
Funny.  
When was the last time I saw you?  
Since June?  
I'm sorry that I didn't  
get back last month.  
I can be in New York by Thursday.  
I miss you and I want to see you. And I...  
I have...  
Not again.  
I hate this fucking airport.  
Can I bring you guys  
anything from New York?  
Just bring us back a six pack?  
- This is Kim.  
- Kim Baker?  
It is Sadiq.  
Mr. Sadiq, hi.  
How about an interview with Pacha Khan?  
Pacha Khan, the warlord?  
Pacha Khan is a businessman.  
Would you like that?  
Yeah. Yeah. But I'm on my way  
to New York to see my boyfriend.  
You will be the first Western journalist  
to interview him since the Soviet War.  
Shall we say tomorrow?  
Okay, yes, of course. Thank you.  
- What?  
- Back in the car.  
Wait here.  
It's okay, come.  
She is a Muslim?  
Yes  
Have her pray for me.  
She is Turkish.  
You wouldn't understand her anyway.  
- Okay. Yes.  
- Yeah?  
Okay.

Pacha Khan, thank you  
for your kind hospitality.  
Put a turban on her and she  
would make a handsome boy!  
What?  
No.  
- Kim. Cheers.  
- Hi.  
What a rush, yeah?  
Pacha Khan, yeah.  
It's like, adrenaline. Everyone was...  
Good job.  
Yeah, it went well.  
But, you know, I was... I was in the...  
The New Zealand SAS back home.  
And today felt like  
jumping out of an airplane.  
Or like, you know, like having sex.  
Kim!  
Tanya's got scotch.  
It won't last long, so...  
Nic, you're welcome, too, you big cunt!  
That's a term of affection, by the way.  
You were supposed to be  
in New York, sneaky girl.  
Yeah, Chris is not super pleased.  
Chris can suck a fat one.  
I'm trying to see if they put my story up,  
but this Internet connection is the worst!  
- Goddamn it, Jaweed!  
- Christ!  
Really?  
Although, donkeys aside,  
he's a good fixer.  
No, thanks. Morning shows.  
You have something  
they want for the mornings?  
Maybe. I don't know. Maybe.  
That's what I'm trying to see.  
You know, I heard  
that he has contacts in the Tribals.  
Like real Taliban contacts.  
- Jaweed?  
- Jaweed.

- No fucking way.

- Apparently.

Would you do that?

Would you go down there?

Yeah, sure, if it was the right call.

Yeah, but how do you know

if it's the right call?

Fuck, man, I don't know.

That is why we drink, do drugs and shag  
strangers in restaurant bathrooms.

Kim, are you okay? What's going on?

Oh, shoot. Sorry, what time is it?

I don't know. I'm in Seattle.

God, I thought you got shot  
at a wedding or something.

- Jesus, Kim!

- No.

Sorry. So, just real quick...

- I want you to come visit me.

- In Afghanistan? Really?

I mean, I've got tons of miles.

I could fly you first class.

I have to look at a calendar.

I don't think I can do it this month.

I'm here until, like, at least the 15th.

But when I get back maybe...

- Who is in your bed, Chris?

- What?

No, that's my bag.

Look in the mirror, dipshit.

My God. You motherfucker.

Unbelievable. Unbelievable!

You calm the fuck down!

Listen, you haven't been home in months.

You forgot my fucking birthday!

Right, it's my fault.

Great, Chris. You're a genius.

And I kept your stupid

fucking plants alive,

but you let this relationship

wither and die!

Did you have that prepared?

- What?

- Pussy!

You know what? Have fun in Seattle.  
You should go to the Rock 'n' Roll Museum.  
It sucks. You'll fit right in.  
Are you shitting me?  
Fahim.  
Let's apply for another embed.  
Because I want to get out of Kabul.  
I just need to get out of Kabul.  
I need "me time", exactly. That's...  
See? I told you that O magazine would  
increase your understanding of women.  
Hey, you guys are 3-5, right?  
Do you know a Corporal Coughlin?  
No, ma'am.  
Sorry, but I've only been here  
for a couple months.  
Ma'am, if you set one foot  
in front of the other,  
there's less chance you lose  
both feet if we hit an IED.  
Vides, make ready.  
Man, we are definitely losing the war  
when it comes to this particular well.  
I swear to God, they blow up another well,  
I take another pair of boots off.  
It's like fucking musical chairs.  
Hey, do I have to buy a dress  
for your wedding?  
No. Whatever you wear in Kabul is fine.  
- Yeah?  
- Yes.  
The only thing I ask is that  
you make sure my friend is there.  
Your friend is me.  
I get it.  
- Mount up!  
- Jesus, Stern!  
General, excuse me. Hey.  
General, do you have a minute?  
- Not now, Baker.  
- It's just...  
The Taliban haven't been  
destroying the well here.  
The women of the village

are destroying it.  
Or so they tell me.  
We dug that well several times  
for the women  
so they don't have to walk to the river.  
But they want to walk to the river.  
It's their only chance to be social  
and gossip and, you know, hang out.  
I think that they have a bunch  
of old Soviet landmines,  
and they just prop one up  
and throw rocks at it.  
Kim, did you ever feel like  
you're manning that tollgate  
and the engineer's yelling,  
"I got pig iron, I got pig iron"?  
No. I don't know what that means.  
But it's very folksy.  
Also, the women, obviously,  
they don't want the men  
to know about this, so they are hoping  
that you would just refuse  
to repair the well this time.  
Well, they're in luck.  
That's exactly what  
I told the mullah, so...  
Well done, Baker.  
Hooyah, General.  
Marines say "Oorah".  
The Navy says "Hooyah".  
- Don't mix those two up.  
- Got it.  
Have a good... Have a good ride.  
Kim.  
Kim.  
Sorry.  
- You look beautiful!  
- You look beautiful!  
Oh, my God.  
- Oh, my God.  
- Oh, no!  
Kim!  
What the dick?  
Why did Fahim tell me

I could dress like this?

Well, he didn't want you  
to have to go buy something.

Oh, my God. I only washed  
the front of my hair.

Here. You know what?

- I'm going to let you have one of these.

- Thank you.

- Now I look great.

- Now you're ready.

- Now I'm ready to party.

- Oh, she likes it.

- Sure.

- Oh, wow. Well...

It was worse than a unibrow.

It went all the way into his hair.

We all have some reason for being here.

What's your reason?

What is yours?

I don't have a good one. I'm just here.

Come on, she just told her unibrow story.

I just... I don't have one.

Come on.

I was at the gym after work  
one night. Stationary bike.

Okay? The same bike every day.

And I notice this  
indentation in the carpet,  
it's, like, a foot in front of my bike.

And I realize that it's from  
where my bike used to be.

I have done thousands of miles  
on this bike

and I have gone backwards.

I have literally gone backwards.

I just  
wanted to blow everything up.

I just wanted out of my job,  
writing news scripts for dumb  
pretty people to read.

I wanted...

...out of having to decide whether

I should just marry my mildly  
depressive boyfriend.

And that's it.

I just... I couldn't look at that  
fucking carpet anymore.

Well, that is officially the most  
American white lady story I've ever heard.

- Shut up.

- It is.

You know what? Fuck that. You are  
a battle-tested foreign correspondent.

You're a solid Kabul 9.5.

And you are fucking single, all right?

So that lady back at the gym, she's dead.

This is your life.

Despite Taliban threats,

election observers

are reporting high voter turnout,

especially in cities.

A British fighter-bomber last week

reduced this compound to rubble.

...not to cooperate.

Oh, God. Christ, there's a...

Bahzo! There's a bahzo here!

The surprise visit from

Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld.

Today, Kabul's

first licensed female driver,

Gulbahar Yousofy, hits the road.

That sucks. That sucks for women.

Thank you.

Congratulations on your promotion,

- Mr. Attorney General.

- Thank you.

As I said, we could have

done this over the phone.

I'm just looking for a statement

on sharia in Kandahar.

I understand that you are no longer

with your special friend Chris.

Who told you that?

Very little happens in Afghanistan that

Ali Massoud Sadiq does not know about.

Very little.

- May I show you something?

- Of course.



You have a bed in your office.

Yes.

There is a bed here now.

So, no comment on sharia in Kandahar or...

No comment.

- We are going to ISAF later, yes?

- I don't know.

Pressers and "right of boom" crap.

Who cares?

We need to enterprise something. Okay?

We need to get out of the bubble.

That hit the net.

- The what?

- It hit the net.

- The invisible net?

- Yes.

- My point.

- Let's go. Bullshit.

You know, Kim, the reason that your village well story got traction is because it wasn't a bang-bang, it was about women's rights.

It was a brilliant piece, that.

Oh, fucking hell.

- We should go to Kandahar.

- No, too dangerous.

No way. It's a wee bit fluid down there these days, security-wise.

Yeah, it might be a bit much for you, Nic?

You're a bit late to the whole "Kandahar's gone to shit" party. You know?

What about the woman thing where the sharia law is back?

And there was a firebombing the other day.

Yeah, I think it's worth the risk.

That's easy for you to say, mate, sitting there in your cozzie taking photos of the fucking garden.

Look, Nicky, I know you've been specially trained to protect New Zealand from, what, fucking dolphins?

But I'm not exactly a war zone virgin, you know?

I was kidnapped by the AIG  
when they were still called that.  
Why dolphins?  
What do dolphins got to do  
with New Zealand?  
Nothing to do with it. I'm just...  
White pointers and sharks,  
but the dolphins never hurt anyone.  
I know they've not hurt anyone, mate.  
I'm just making the point...  
I'm not gonna protect my country  
from an animal that hasn't hurt anyone.  
Oh, Jesus Christ.  
Dolphins? What a joke.  
I'll come with you  
in the car if there's room.  
Oh, great, we're all going to Kandahar!  
I can make some calls. We can take my car.  
Kim, if we are going to Kandahar,  
you will need to buy some new clothes.  
I can't...  
It's so pretty, I don't even want to vote.  
I'm flipping you the bird  
in here right now.  
- Is this your car, Fahim?  
- Yes.  
This is a fucking piece of shit.  
I think it's very nice.  
No one is staring at me. It's weird.  
You are in the Blue Prison now.  
Fahim, what does the graffiti say?  
"No education for woman."  
Brian.  
Fahim, what's going on up there?  
The Taliban used to do this.  
Execute the radios and televisions.  
Oh, shit!  
Get out of the way!  
Move on! Move on!  
You guys can't go out there, but I can.  
- Kim, come back.  
- Kim, wait! Come back.  
Kim, now. We must hurry. We must hurry.  
Get in the car!

Get out of here!

That was a men's park, Kim! Men only!

Fuck!

Bebakhshid, Fahim.

...coalition capacity,  
priorities and support.

Let's look now at the 12 first-tier drivers  
in the current COIN paradigm.

Shit.

Tactical and institutional...

...is always in purple,  
and noting as such...

- Kim Baker.

- Sir, do you have a minute?

If I'm understanding this briefing,  
I have all the fucking time in the world.

Okay. Well, I'm covering the girls' school  
in Kandahar that was firebombed  
and I'm wondering if you could  
give me something, on background,  
just about the security situation here  
and the state of the war in general.

Yeah, I can give you something:

This war is like fucking a gorilla.

You keep going till  
the gorilla wants to stop.

I think I can paraphrase that.

Knock yourself out.

You know, Afghanistan produces  
90% of the world's narcotic opiates.

So they say.

When I worked in the hospital,  
these men, heroin addicts,  
would come in with a child.

They'd say, "Oh, my son,  
he broke his arm."

And while we were tending to the child,  
the men would steal our morphine.

And we would wonder how  
the arm got broken to begin with.

What are we talking about, Fahim?

The human body produces its own heroin.

In fact, when the fight-or-flight instinct  
is activated in the hypothalamus,

your body releases endorphins,  
dopamine and norepinephrine.  
That is heroin, cocaine  
and amphetamine, all at once.  
Okay, great. Are we having  
the Afghan version of this conversation,  
where in New York we would have  
gotten to the point, like, five minutes ago?  
There is a reason to believe that a person  
can get addicted to this type of high.  
Soldiers, athletes...  
War reporters. Got it.  
An addict always needs  
a greater and greater dosage.  
And then people make mistakes,  
people get hurt.  
I get it. You're a newlywed. I can  
probably get them to go up to \$125 a day.  
Let us have the  
American version of this conversation.  
Okay.  
I do not want to work with you anymore.  
No, okay, wait. Fahim, I know I fucked up.  
I do not think you do.  
- Hear me out.  
- Kim, no.  
I am now married. I want to have children.  
It will not happen again.  
It's not gonna...  
"I ride after a deer and find  
myself chased by a hog.  
"I plot to get what I want  
"and I end up in prison.  
"I dig pits to trap others and I fall in.  
"I should be suspicious of what I want."  
I don't know what that means.  
You do.  
Fahim?  
I can't breathe in here.  
Time to take a walk.  
I have to go outside.  
I have to go home.  
Put on your headscarf  
Shit.

It's the wrong house.  
Oh, shit.  
Kim?  
What the hell are you doing?  
Here.  
Kim, sip that. Okay? You all right?  
Keep sipping that.  
You're all right. It's okay.  
It's okay. Hey.  
Hey, it's all right.  
Oi. Now, that there was a bit of fun.  
- Are you mental?  
- Okay, mate...  
I'm not your mate. I'm gonna  
ask you again, are you fucking mental?  
- Come on, Iain, it's not his fault.  
- What's your job again?  
Because if I hadn't come back  
to see you lot  
because I stole a bottle of sake  
from a Japanese travel writer...  
Wait, you have sake?  
...you could've killed her, "mate!"  
Oh, fuck off.  
Jesus! What the fuck?  
Dude, what the fuck?  
Did you fucking sucker punch me?  
You broke my nose.  
- You fucking American?  
- Are you a Yank?  
I'm Canadian, you asshole.  
I almost fucked a Canadian?  
I'd stay down if I were you, ya wee cunt.  
And that's not a term of affection.  
Fuck that.  
Oh, God!  
- Wait.  
- Oh, fuck.  
Iain, don't carry me around.  
I'm not a fucking baby.  
Goddamn it.  
What the fuck are you doing?  
- Take it off.  
- I'm fucking trying to take it off!

Oh, God, I'm gonna put it  
in you so fucking hard,  
- you're gonna fucking get it.  
- Don't talk.  
- I want everything in your mouth.  
- Iain, just shut it.  
I'll take you lying down, come on.  
Do you have one of those  
weird little penises?  
No! This is how I want to go.  
No, I don't want to see myself.  
Roll off!  
Okay, fuck it.  
Oh, God, I fucking...  
What are you doing?  
I'm just putting my fucking  
finger in your mouth.  
No!  
Come on, just put everything  
in your mouth.  
- Do you want me to go?  
- No.  
There's aught like a good shag.  
Okay, let's try to be adults here.  
I think we were.  
Obviously this was just  
a Kabubble thing, right?  
Just a  
fun mistake where one of us had an orgasm.  
I mean, we're both in a really bad place.  
And then you punched Nic.  
I don't know. It's endorphins, right?  
Nope, that's not what this is.  
No, you don't need to be gallant.  
I'm serious.  
I fancy you, Kim Baker.  
I do.  
Of all the dozens of women  
in this country, I chose you.  
No, you didn't, because this is not me.  
I would never do this.  
Precisely. Because you're not you anymore.  
You're in the Kabubble.  
You said so yourself.

Don't fucking hide.  
Kim, you know the frog  
in the pot of water?  
You raise the temperature bit by bit,  
the frog doesn't notice?  
That's what this place and that's  
what this job does to all of us.  
It changes your perception  
of what's normal until...  
...until here we are.  
You know the frog boils to death  
- at the end of that, right?  
- Nope.  
- Yeah.  
- Nope.  
Is that my toothbrush?  
What's going on  
with my Kandahar piece, Ed?  
Jerry killed it.  
Wait, who killed it?  
Jerry Taub, head of the network, Kim.  
- What happened to Angela?  
- She left.  
She's running a website  
for women or something.  
Look, I can't sell Afghanistan  
in Monday meetings.  
Your war's got chronic  
same-shit-different-day-itis.  
Great. What am I even doing here, Ed?  
I wouldn't ask that too loudly, Kim.  
Though I'd be thrilled to have  
you back at your old desk.  
That's all I got.  
Hey, I heard that Nic quit  
and you fucked Iain!  
Whoa, hold on.  
Listen, the Iain thing  
is not a thing, okay?  
We have the same size hands. I can't.  
It's just work has been  
a little frustrating.  
Yeah. I get it.  
Because Afghanistan doesn't rate anymore.

That is bullshit.  
You've got to find your own  
luck here, babe, you know that.  
What?  
What? What is that?  
Hey! You're hooking up  
Tanya in the Tribals?  
What the fuck, Jaweed?  
Her network will pay me triple.  
I taught you how to clear  
your Internet history, okay?  
What has Vanderpoel ever done for you?  
Give me a break, man.  
Whatever. You owe me.  
What else do you have?  
You're Ghilzai, right?  
Do you have any other connections  
to members of the Ghilzai family?  
- You mean Hekmatyar?  
- Maybe.  
Are you fucking crazy, Kim? Please.  
Hey! Nabil! Hey.  
Are you still in touch with that ISI guy  
who says he knows who killed Abdul Haq?  
That guy? He's dead two years.  
Hey.  
Oh, for fuck's sake.  
Mrs. MacKelpie.  
- Twice?  
- Two and a half, actually.  
I don't remember what happened last night.  
Kabul happened, my wee froggy in the pot.  
Did I not wear a headscarf?  
Where's my phone?  
I believe I threw your mobile  
in my cupboard.  
Why?  
Because mid-coitus you tried to call Tanya  
about some bloody wild goose chase  
in the Tribals.  
I told you about that?  
It was hard to understand you once you asked  
me to stuff your knickers in your mouth.  
I'm joking, Kim. That didn't happen.



Fuck. I am...  
I am fucking losing it.  
I need a win.  
Christ, if you're that hard up,  
I'll share my Badakhshan thing with you.  
What Badakhshan thing?  
You know China won the contract  
to mine for gold up there.  
They built roads, airport,  
housing, all that.  
Well, guess whose responsibility it is  
to protect the investment of Red China  
in this restive nation?  
American troops, Chinese gold.  
Oh, Iain, that's really good.  
People are gonna get mad.  
Just waiting for my guy  
to give me the green light.  
You pay for the trip,  
I'll share the story with you. Easy peasy.  
Really? Thank you. That's...  
I owe you one.  
Well, how about a half of one?  
And then we can make it an even three.  
Yeah. Or I could buy you breakfast.  
Or a half of one and we can  
make it an even three.  
I think breakfast  
is of equal monetary value.  
My middle name is Eoghan.  
Which is Erse... Shut up.  
It's Erse for Owen.  
"Oo-hee"?  
- Iain "Oo-hee".  
- Don't bother.  
Where is Bin Laden?  
People think he's in Pakistan, right?  
Yeah.  
You've got egg in your beard. Hang on.  
Thank you.  
Your national animal is the unicorn.  
I think it's romantic.  
That is the national animal of the kingdom  
I ruled when I was eight.

Who's your favorite Three Stooge?  
Larry. Because he's put upon  
in a way that I identify with.  
He's the Art Garfunkel, right?  
Yeah.  
So, I thought I might like to  
hang out with you for a bit.  
Yeah. Okay. Yeah.  
Do you really want to know  
what I want to do?  
Yeah. Okay.  
I'd like to kiss you.  
Who knew?  
Here's my little man.  
No, Iain, don't. It's a scam.  
Do you think so? Really?  
I know it's a scam, Kim. So what?  
He's still begging in the street.  
Hey, Abraham.  
There's my boy.  
I knew I'd win you over.  
Jesus!  
What the fuck, Jaweed?  
Are they coming or not?  
Here they are.  
There they are.  
4-6800, line six north.  
Standing by approval.  
We are clear to engage target.  
Roger. Clear to engage target.  
It is him. That's my guy.  
If we go anywhere,  
Jaweed, we take our vehicle.  
No carpooling.  
All right. Okay.  
Shit! Shit!  
Stay calm.  
Splash.  
Cease laser. Safe laser.  
Laser off. Laser safe.  
I'm looking for someone. Excuse me.  
- Oh, my God. Tanya.  
- Hi.  
- Jesus.

- Oy.

Jaweed's dead.

- Andy's in surgery.

- I know. Iain talked to Colin.

- Jesus!

- I know. It's fucked.

You know, Colin was rolling.

What, like, rolling-rolling?

You have tape?

He got the whole fucking thing.

I'm going to go live with it

as soon as they let me out of here.

Can you fucking believe it?

Hey.

Hi.

Aye.

- How are you?

- You doing all right?

Holy shit!

And as we watch it again there, Susanna,  
you can actually see the Hellfire missile  
right before it detonates.

What is going on with Badakhshan?

Snow's killing us.

So unless your network wants

to stump up the money for the helicopter,  
we'll have to wait

till they clear the passes.

Kim, we have a bit of a situation outside.

What?

I just need you to see something.

Sorry to interrupt.

- Did he say what he wanted?

- I don't know.

Fuck.

Qadar. Qadar, it's okay. You can go in.

He just wants to talk to me.

- Okay. Okay.

- It's okay.

Please, do not cover

your hair on my account.

It's such beautiful hair.

It's like the hide of a fine horse.

Sadiq, what are you doing here?

I was just going home  
from closing a woman brothel  
when I told my driver,  
"Mahboobullah, this is where  
my best friend Kimberly lives!"  
But she has been a bad friend lately.  
She does not call.  
She does not invite me to her party.  
I'm sorry,  
but I didn't think the Attorney General  
of the Islamic Republic of Afghanistan  
went to parties at guesthouses.  
And why not?  
I am still a man, no?  
I love music.  
I love to dance!  
But  
even though you have been a bad friend,  
I want you to be happy.  
Do you have a special friend?  
Because  
I would love to be your special friend.  
Would you like that, Kim?  
You're a bad friend.  
You are a bad friend.  
In America, I would get  
a book deal out of this shit!  
You can't just do this, okay?  
I haven't been on the air in months!  
My best friend here almost died,  
and I am jealous of her!  
And I am just...  
Fuck this! All of it!  
That was a bomb.  
Hello! So, wait!  
Who is fronting the show?  
Tucker? No, I don't know who that is.  
Okay, well, I could go live  
for the overnights, but this is...  
"Satellite time?"  
No, I have a dedicated feed.  
Since when?  
This is Tucker Wang.  
This is Kim Baker.

Why am I being told that  
I don't have a sat hookup?  
Because you're on the hourly plan now.  
And either way, the show is full tonight.  
No. Who is your boss?  
I want to talk to this  
Jerry whatever, Taub.  
Okay, look, Jerry has mentioned  
Afghanistan to me once,  
and mentioned it to know why  
the only good story to come  
out of there in a year  
was on another network.  
What, Tanya's thing?  
No, I've got shit like that.  
I'm waiting for the snow to melt!  
I want to talk to Jerry.  
If I could just get you to get me a story  
that somebody would care about,  
it would be fine. But meanwhile...  
Okay, what if I come to New York and I  
burst into Jerry's office? How about that?  
Well, that might look  
like I hadn't done my job.  
Perfect. See you Wednesday.  
Cunt.  
Kim.  
Kim, look at these dogs.  
How does this end?  
A bucket of cold water, I suppose.  
No.  
How does this  
end?  
I don't really know, Kim.  
We grow old together?  
Get a cottage in the country?  
Raise chickens?  
Eat scrambled eggs off each other?  
Look, we're good, aren't we?  
We'll always have Kabul.  
No, we won't. We won't "always have" it  
because I have to go home.  
No, this is home.  
I have to go to New York City

and justify my life  
to somebody named Jerry before  
he takes it all away, and I  
cannot go back to sitting  
at a goddamn desk. I can't.  
Aye. Listen...  
No one can take it away from you.  
Not all of it.  
Whatever happens, you'll have me.  
That's a very nice thing to say, but...  
But what?  
Following a fatal traffic accident  
involving a coalition truck,  
long simmering frustration  
today boiled over  
into violence and despair.  
They kill us!  
They kill us and they break our hearts!  
And I also give this message  
to President Hamid Karzai:  
What the hell is happening here?  
Okay, I don't care who the hell's in there.  
I'm Kim Baker.  
Go on in, Kim. Jerry's expecting you.  
Well, that's fucking unsatisfying.  
- Can I take your bag?  
- Yes. Please.  
- Would you care for some water?  
- Yes.  
I should've Googled you.  
I've been... I've been using  
all the wrong swear words.  
Well, I hope  
I didn't ruin your big moment.  
Look, Geri, I don't know what  
Tucker has been telling you.  
He said that you're upset  
about the air time you're getting.  
That's just wrong,  
because this is not about me.  
My frustration is with our priorities  
and what's best for the network.  
Isn't deciding what's best  
for the network my job?

I'm just saying, as journalists,  
we have an obligation to this story.  
And Afghanistan should be  
on our air more, period.  
With the resources we have over there,  
Afghanistan should definitely  
be on our air more.  
But the problem is, as much as  
everyone loves the troops,  
they don't actually want to watch them  
on the news anymore.  
They just don't.  
So I can't give Afghanistan more air.  
Which means I need to give  
Afghanistan fewer resources.  
That's what's best for the network.

- Geri...

- You have that call now.

I'm not trying to be a bitch.

Okay, let me pitch you something.

All right, the Chinese  
mining concession...

Jesus!

Look, the last person who got any  
kind of bounce out of Afghanistan  
was your friend Tanya Vanderpoel.  
She's actually got me over a barrel  
thanks to that drone story.

What do you mean, "over a barrel"?

She's London, Kim.

- You're hiring Tanya.

- Yes.

I assumed you two flew here together.

She's here.

I'm sorry, you started talking  
to her before the UAV strike?

Is UAV a drone?

Hello! Where are you going?

No, I'm only here for a few days.

Oh, I know.

Fuck.

I don't know what to say.

Ducky, I'm sorry. I fucked up.

Did you go to the Tribals because

you were in a contract negotiation?  
Dude, I'm not stealing your job, okay?  
Tanya, this is not about my fucking job.  
We have to make good calls, right?  
And now Andy lost an eye  
and Jaweed is dead.  
Christ, man, we've both  
fucking made mistakes!  
No. Tell me you didn't go to the Tribals  
because of a contract.  
You would have done exactly what I did  
if Jaweed had gone to you.  
No. I'm not you.  
Do you remember your first embed?  
You interviewed a young Marine?  
Coughlin? Yes. What?  
Yeah, well, after they aired your story,  
where you used his soundbite  
about not loading his rifle,  
they sent him to Helmand.  
And he got his legs blown off.  
So I hear.  
See you in Kabul.  
I'm not really surprised  
she chased the story.  
That's what we do. That's what you do.  
I would do it.  
Sorry.  
Goddamn it, I'm tired.  
You booked your return yet?  
'Cause you could come through  
Glasgow if you wanted.  
- I'll meet you.  
- What?  
No. What about Badakhshan?  
Badakhshan, that will keep because  
the fucking pass is still snowed in.  
I need that story.  
I need a hit, all right?  
I need something  
so that Geri doesn't decide  
I'm more useful as an ottoman  
in her fucking office.  
What you need, Kim,



is some time out of the bubble.  
You'd better get ready.  
I'm fucking making love to you  
to bagpipe versions of Sade songs.  
Yeah, okay.  
Really? You'll meet me in Glasgow?  
Yeah, I'll meet you in Glasgow.  
- I'll get the next flight.  
- Okay.  
- Bye.  
- Bye.  
Hey, Antoine.  
Where have you come from?  
I thought you were in Badakhshan.  
I was. Drove back overnight.  
- Wait, what? The pass is open?  
- Oui. For now.  
Cheers.  
Oh, Christ.  
Excuse me.  
Kunduz near?  
Far?  
I'd like to rent a car.  
Aye, thank you.  
Yeah, I get it. Thank you. Thanks a lot.  
Oh, Jesus.  
Oh, shit.  
Welcome to Glasgow International Airport.  
Outside temperature's 18 degrees Celsius.  
Local time is 15 hours.  
There will be an airline representative  
to assist you to your luggage.  
Once again, thank you  
for flying with us...  
Oh, my God.  
Leaving a message for Susan.  
Woodward, I'm back in Kabul again.  
I'm trying to get information about  
the disappearance of Iain MacKelpie,  
so if someone at Reuters  
can please call me back.  
Call to let me know  
that you've received this message.  
Thank you.

Who kidnaps a Scottish  
freelance photographer?  
The whole point of kidnapping  
is to get money, right?  
As far as I understand, Iain was just  
in the wrong place at the wrong time.  
Can this half-assed country  
not even do kidnapping right?  
ISAF does not think this was  
an upper-tier organization.  
So these men will probably try  
to sell him to someone else.  
And then there will be some talking,  
you know.  
Oh, my God, Fahim. They're gonna kill him.  
No, they will not, Kim, inshallah.  
Now is when you're supposed  
to say "I told you so".  
Fuck!  
Ramadan has ended.  
They are slaughtering lambs.  
- May I speak with him?  
- The general's busy.  
Really, General? The elliptical?  
I have bad knees.  
I'm guessing you didn't come  
here for the smell of balls.  
Everybody get the fuck out!  
They believe that he may have been sold  
to another organization  
somewhere in that same region.  
That's a pretty big ask, Baker.  
There's a real-time clock on this.  
I'm sorry, I can't help you.  
You know, it's just a shame that  
y'all don't get credit for all these  
high-profile things that you do.  
You know, especially with  
SEALs and Delta out there.  
I mean, what week goes by they don't  
see those assholes on TV, am I right?  
And then next time Congress votes  
on a Pentagon budget  
and there's this pesky little

10% line item for the Marines,  
next thing you know,  
you guys are just part of the Navy.  
Although, sir, you would look spectacular  
in one of those pretty white uniforms.  
God, you know what?  
It's just occurring to me  
that, unlike JSOC,  
you guys allow reporter embeds.  
Which means that a cameraman  
could go on a FORECON mission.  
Don't you think that would be  
great for the Corps, sir?  
That kind of exposure?  
Pretty good for you, too.  
Look, we don't go in blind.  
We have to know what we're  
doing and where we're going.  
It's the way we work.  
We're not likely to get an address, but...  
When you have something concrete,  
come back and we'll get kinetic.  
Please tell Mr. Sadiq  
that his "special friend" is here.  
What can I get for you?  
Some tea? The new PlayStation?  
No, thank you.  
I just need a moment of your time.  
We still friends, Sadiq?  
Well, that is up to you, Kim.  
Because you once told me that nothing  
happens here that you don't know about.  
So you must know about my friend  
Iain MacKelpie getting kidnapped.  
I did hear about this, yes.  
Yeah, well, everybody heard about it,  
but a powerful man such as yourself  
must actually know something.  
Or your friend Pacha Khan knows something.  
- Or his friend does.  
- Of course.  
I could make some inquiries, but I can  
only do this for a very special friend.  
I have a video that I think

you should watch, Sadiq.  
You push the little triangle.  
You can watch video on the phone?  
What is this?  
It looks like the Attorney General  
of the Islamic Republic of Afghanistan  
dancing in the street  
with a Western enemy of Islam  
at a party where alcohol was served.  
I've never touched alcohol in my life!  
Well, I'm just saying how it looks.  
It's a good idea, right?  
It's a great idea!  
It's fucking ace!  
Good on ya, Kim!  
Let's go, load up!  
Let's go, move, move, move!  
You drink Tennessee whiskey, Miss Baker?  
Yeah.  
Outstanding.  
Tall Brian? What the fuck?  
Hang tight, sir.  
I'm gonna get you that ride.  
Thank you.  
What happened to the army, Dr. Brydon?  
I am the army.  
Thank you, Kim.  
How are you?  
I've had worse kidnappings.  
MacKelpie is being  
treated for minor injuries.  
Again, this incredible footage was  
produced by our very own Kim Baker.  
Just incredible. Way to go, Kim!  
If you want to kidnap someone  
fucking twice, you do a Toyota.  
Fucking not as interesting as it got  
when they fucking pulled out a burqa.  
It's too fucking long for me!  
I don't know who  
the woman was it belonged to.  
I'm not fucking 6'2", right?  
I'm dragging this fucking thing along,  
thinking the only consolation is,

at least if I'm a fucking woman,  
I'm not gonna get buggered,  
you know what I'm saying?  
So anyway, I took  
a little something, actually.  
I went to the gift shop at Taliban.  
I'm afraid all I could get was that.  
It's a shame you're going.  
Well, I hope at least they're  
flying you first class.  
Geri doesn't like me that much.  
But she does like me now,  
so while I have this juice, I've got  
to leverage it into something better.  
Yes!  
Yes, wait, Iraq.  
I'll come with you.  
No, actually, Pakistan.  
That's where the real shooting shit is.  
It's like the Wild West out there.  
Actually, I told Geri  
that I want New York or D.C.  
No, I did.  
No, really, where are you going?  
New York or D.C.  
Why?  
You can still come with me.  
Because I think  
there's plenty of good work  
to be done in the real world,  
and the Kabubble is well-established.  
Is this about me going  
to Badakhshan without you?  
'Cause you would have done  
exactly the same thing.  
And, hey, what, I forgive you!  
This is not about you.  
It's not about Badakhshan, or Glasgow,  
or the cottage with the chickens.  
What chickens?  
It's okay. I know you're not gonna come.  
I just have to get out of here  
before it's too late.  
What do you mean?

I started to feel like this was normal.  
You know it's not, right?  
Come to New York and get it.  
Remember, you're like a six in Manhattan.  
How's your baby?  
Which one?  
- You have two?  
- Yes.  
Irish twins.  
No, they are very good.  
The younger one, the boy,  
he's very strong.  
I bet the girl is strong, too.  
She's stronger.  
So,  
those men in the hospital, the addicts...  
Any of them ever get better?  
Have a happy ending?  
In my culture, we would hug.  
Hey.  
You know, I miss it. The Stan.  
Yeah, I miss it, too.  
Actually, I tried to go back  
but even the Army wouldn't take me.  
I mean, the Army!  
I mean, that's just hurtful.  
Well, I'm very sorry  
for what happened to you.  
So if there's anything that you want  
to say to me, that's why I'm here.  
That's why I came here.  
Ma'am,  
I lost my legs because of an IED,  
not because of you.  
I appreciate that,  
but if I hadn't quoted you,  
you wouldn't have been transferred.  
No, really, you can say  
whatever you want to me.  
That's why I'm here.  
Okay, well, then let's say you're right.  
It's still not 'cause of you, ma'am.  
Some 12-year-old haji  
had to plant that bomb.

And, hell, you know, if Bin Laden's parents hadn't have gotten divorced, maybe none of us would've been in the Stan to begin with. And the Taliban, they wouldn't have even been there for UBL if Brezhnev hadn't have gone and fouled up Afghanistan in the first place. And the British Empire. Yeah. And Kim Baker. Okay, I deserve that. Goddamn! Once you got no legs, everyone takes everything so serious. I mean, there's only so much any of us have any control of, good or bad. If you didn't learn that in Afghanistan, you were not paying attention. So, you're not gonna yell at me? I mean, ma'am... Kim, you've got to move on. You're giving yourself way too much credit. You embrace the suck, you move the fuck forward. What other fucking choice do we have? Do I hear swearing over there? How are you standing there the one time I curse? - "One time". - I mean... It's true. He had a good long run in the military. Don't cover up for him. So, Kim, are you gonna stay for dinner? Of course she will. Bye! Say bye to Kim. Say bye. Bye, Kim! Colonel, the Afghan National Army missed yet another benchmark for preparedness. How do you think that will affect our draw down in the region? There needs to be a revision to the previously announced draw down

or our future exit strategy.

- Thank you, Colonel Roberts.

- Thank you. My pleasure.

Coming up, a look at the war on terror

that's close to home

for those of us who cover it.

From London, I'll be joined by award-winning

combat photographer, Iain MacKelpie.

His new book, Conflict Zone,

chronicles a decade spent working

in the Middle East and Afghanistan.

That's when we return.

And we're clear. Back in 40.

Hi, Iain.

Hi. Was I supposed to say something then

- when you introduced me?

- Nope.

Nope. Just sit up, smile.

I can't smile. My face feels weird.

No, you're fine. You look good.

- Thank you for coming on the show.

- No, please. Thanks for having me.

I got it. Okay, yeah. Got it.

You know, they got me

on this book tour at the moment.

I'm gonna be in New York at the end

of the month, if you'd fancy a coffee.

We're back in five, four, three...