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The Last Detail

By Robert Towne

Buddusky!
Either of you guys seen Buddusky?
Buddusky!
What?
MAA sent me.
He wants to see you right away.
Tell MAA to go fuck himself.
Well, he said, "Right away."
Come on, Buddusky.
It's your ass if you don't.
Look, maybe your orders came through.
Come on, Buddusky!
It's your ass.
Bullshit.
My ass!
Mulhall!
Master-at-arms wants
to see you right away.
I ain't going on no shit detail.
Come on! It's my ass if you don't.
I ain't going on no shit detail!
It's your ass too. Come on, Mule.
Maybe your orders came through.
Tell the MAA you couldn't find me.
He knows where you are.
When you're in the Navy
and in transit...
...nobody knows where you are!
Go tell the MAA to fuck himself.
I ain't going on no shit detail!
Morning.
You are one lucky son of a bitch...
...Bad Ass!
You are one lucky son of a bitch!
Where am I going, Chief?
How come you're so lucky, Buddusky?
You're another lucky son of a bitch.
You dudes pulled
temporary duty as chasers.
Where to?
Portsmouth Naval Prison.
- Who we taking?
- Seaman.
Used to be.

Meadows, Lawrence M.
Drew eight years and a D. D.
Jesus, what the hell did he do?
Kill the old man?
Come on inside.
Sweek!
Get these old boys some coffee.
All right, Chief.
Who'd he kill, Chief?
Didn't kill nobody. Robbery.
How much did he lift?
Forty dollars.
Forty dollars!
Forty dollars.
You're shitting me!
I wouldn't shit you.
You're my favorite turd.
Jesus!
Eight years and a D. D. for \$40.
I thought they only pulled that
shit in the Army!
You see, he tried...
...to lift the polio contribution box.
Polio box is the old man's old lady's...
...favorite do-gooder project.
She's responsible for all the polio
contributions on the base, you know?
Every year, they give her a plaque.
Along comes Meadows
and fucks over charity.
She took it very seriously.
- Jesus!
- Eight years.
That's very seriously.
You know what I mean?
Good duty for you guys.
Get to go to Washington...
...New York...
...Boston.
I'd trade places with you.
Listen...
...we could get this guy
to Portsmouth in two days.
Less.

They're going to give us a week.
You know what I mean?
So what?
We get there in two days, they won't
give us no week to get back.
Bullshit!
Besides...
...they got to give us
all that per diem, regardless.
That's money for you,
for me and for him.
We run this little shitbird's ass
all the way to the brig...
...save his per diem and ours,
split it and spend it on the way home.
You know what I mean?
Well, let's shag ass!
You're goddamn right!
Okay, Buddusky!
You're the honcho.
Carrall and driver are outside
to take you to the bus.
Here's the keys to the cuffs.
Each of you gets one key.
I want you both to sign
these chits for the pieces.
Here's one clip each.
Now, off the record...
...the old man has a
personal interest in this.
If you fuck up, you know what.
Are you all set, Cochise?
All right, shitbird. On your feet.
They're taking you to Portsmouth.
This is Petty Officer Buddusky.
This is Petty Officer Mulhall.
Yes, sir.
You know why they're chasers?
"Chasers," sir?
Do you know why they are
taking you to the brig?
No, sir.
They're bastards when they want to be,
and they always want to be.

Take my word for it, they aren't
about to take any shit from you.
If they do, they'll get reamed out,
and they know it.

- What?!

- Yes, sir!

All right, he's all yours.
It's colder than witch boob,
ain't it?
Coffee?
Let's make it.
Do you have to go to the head?
No, sir.
Be sure now, Meadows, because
from now on, whenever you go...
...one of us is going
to have to go with you.
I'm not going to kill myself.
Well, I don't think so...
...but you know how it is.
Yes, sir.
I don't need to use the head anyway.
Let's go.
Kill himself, huh?
Back of the bus.
Meadows.
Yes, sir?
I'm removing your handcuffs, Meadows.
Navy feels that on
certain kinds of vehicular transport...
...the prisoner shall have
the use of both his hands...
...to protect his self
in case of an accident.

- Ain't that right, Mulhane?

- That's right.

Where'd you get that candy bar?
I had it with me.
Okay, sailor.
I wasn't accusing you of nothing.
I had them with me!
Hey, man! I ain't said a word.
Take it easy.
You're making Mulhouse hungry.

Meadows?
- You want anything?
- No, sir.
Here, let me have that.
No, wait.
Give me this.
Ten cents.
Could you use a little help with that?
Thank you, young man.
Well, heading north,
huh, Mulehall?
Yeah, man...
...heading north.
My old stomping grounds.
Where you from, Mulehouse?
Hey, man.
It's "Mulhall."
Mulhall.
Understand?
Where you from, Mulhall?
Bogalusa.
Where's that?
Above New Orleans.
Hot down there, ain't it?
Listen, man...
...call me "Mule."
Everybody else does.
- "Mule," okay?
- Okay.
Yes, sir.
They always used to have trouble
with my name too.
Buddusky.
Always wanting to call me "Bad Ass."
"Bad Ass."
I am Bad Ass.
Bad Ass!
Is that true what the Chief said...
...about your getting...
...eight years and a dishonorable
discharge for stealing \$40?
I didn't get no \$40.
You didn't get it?
They caught me trying

to lift it from the box.
I didn't get it.
Jesus Christ! You mean to tell me
they gave you eight years and a D. D...
...and you didn't even get it?
Boy, they stuck it to him,
didn't they, Mule?
They sure as hell did.
They really stuck it to you, kid.
Stick it in and break it off.
Up your gigi with a wah-wah brush...
...stick it in and break it off.
Leave the kid alone.
I ain't bothering him.
Am I bothering you?
- No, sir.
- I ain't bothering him.
Just trying to be helpful.
So tell me,
how are you going to help him?
I want to ask you a few questions.
You don't have to answer,
but maybe I can help.
Come on!
Now, before this polio thing,
did you have a record?
No. Well, not with the Navy.
I got in trouble a couple of times
with the cops before I enlisted.
I see.
Was it in the nature
of a serious offense?
For example, was it in the nature
of a felony or a misdemeanor?
Well, it was in the nature
of shoplifting.
But I never was in jail,
if that's what you mean.
You know, Meadows...
...this eight years, it ain't
necessarily eight years.
- It isn't?
- No, it isn't.
They're going to knock two years off

for good behavior.
So that's six years right there.
Really?
That's something.
Ain't it?
At least we got a long train ride.
Man, I sure love trains!
It beats the shit out of sitting up
in Shit City, don't it?
Man, he didn't have those with him.
No, he didn't.
Why don't you take your coat off...?
Goddamn it! Halt, Meadows!
Halt!
I got him! All right, I got him!
You fucking asshole!
Let me go!
I got him!
I got him! I got him!
All right!
Don't you fucking move!
Sit down.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry...
...for stealing the money.
I swear I didn't want it.
I'm always stealing junk I don't need.
It's all right.
It's all right, Meadows.
Come on. Be a man.
Quart bottles of hair tonic,
model cars...
I couldn't even build a model car.
Just crap...
...you know?
I had money on the books.
You can ask anybody.
But it's gone now...
...because I got forfeiture on pay
and everything...
But I had money.
It's okay, man.
- It's okay.
- It's not okay.

The kid's crazy.
Yeah, he ought to see
a fucking psychiatrist.
What about now, man?
We got a nut on our hands right now.
You know what I mean?
We ought to take him off the train
at Washington...
...walk him around a bit
till he gets cooled off.
He's a fucking mess.
Well, the last train
don't take off till 10:30.
Plenty of time for some good chow.
What do you want to eat, Meadows?
I don't know.
- What do you think?
- Looks good.
A little crowded.
What do you think, Meadows?
It's fine.
Think they'll melt the cheese on the
burgers? I like the cheese melted.
Do you see a booth in there, Mule?
It's a little crowded.
- Fuck the crowd. I'm hungry.
- Me too.
Maybe the next place, huh?
We're going to miss our train!
Who gives a shit?
So we miss the train.
We got five days!
Come on!
Is your word worth anything?
Sure it is.
As good as the next guy's.
The next guy's a prick!
What I mean is, Meadows...
...you aren't going to try and run away
while we're here in Washington, are you?
Forget about that.
Will you not bang into people...
...and embarrass us like that?
- And not steal anything?

- No, sir.
Goddamn it!
Hold still, Meadows.
Son of a bitch. All right.
No question about it.
- It almost gets you high.
- That's entertainment.
- Cheese melted enough for you?
- Sure.
It ain't melted at all.
Send it back!
Send the goddamn thing back.
- You're paying for it.
- It's all right.
Have it the way you want it.
Waiter!
Melt cheese for the chief, would you?
Thank you.
See, Meadows?
It's just as easy...
...to have it the way you want it.
Goddamn!
Hey!
Where's these malts at?
See what I mean, Meadows?
That's good.
Better catch that train.
We still got time for a beer.
Now wait a minute, man.
I ain't old enough.
You ain't old enough for what?
For a beer.
Everybody's old enough for a beer.
Ain't that right, Mule?
Well, I'm not.
I know a place right here.
It's nice and quiet.
Eight years and a D. D.,
at least we can buy the kid a beer.
Hi, Ed.
I'll take 30 cents worth of beer
in a glass...
...and the same for my shipmates.
Ed don't work here no more.

- Let me see your I. D. 's.
- How come?
Because this kid ain't old enough.
- Listen, pal...
- Listen yourself, pal.
The law says I have to serve him,
but...
I tell you what you do,
Mr. Citizen Bartender.
Take your beers
and ram them up your ass sideways.
- Can you dig it?
- Whoa there, sunshine.
We're going, so you can take your hand
off that horse cock...
...you got stashed under the bar.
How do you know I don't have
something with a little more bark to it?
This redneck's talking about firearms.
I know that you ain't got nothing
but wood under there...
...because I was here
when a certain sailor...
...got it up the side of his head.
What do you think about that, redneck?
The boss'd lose his license
for sure if I serve that kid.
I'll kick your ass around the block
for drill, man.
You try,
and I'll call the shore patrol.
I am the motherfucking shore patrol,
motherfucker!
I am the motherfucking
shore patrol!
Now give him a beer!
- I don't want...
- You're going to have a beer!
I don't feel like one right now.
Come on, man. Come on.
Come on, let's go!
Come on, man.
Man, you are a Bad Ass!
- I am, ain't I?

- Thought you'd blow his head off.
- What?
- You're a Bad Ass.
- A what?
- A Bad Ass!
- A what?!
- A Bad Ass!

You ain't leaving D. C.
till you got a belly full of beer!
Come on, kid! Jesus Christ!
Did you see that cracker asshole?
"The law says that I got to serve him,
but I..."
I thought he'd have a heart attack.
- Scared the shit out of him!
- He was scared!

He was ready to go!
He was gone!
I'd like to drink a toast to Batman...
...Superman...
...and the Human Torch!

What's a Human Torch?
A pure, white, Southern American boy.
The Human Torch...
...when he goes like this...
...he throws a ball of flames
up on you...
...and the fucking building
goes up in an explosion.
And he had a littler guy
that flies around with him.
The best goddamn drink
in the world, isn't it?
Maybe we can sneak it on the train
and finish it off there.
Know what I mean?
The train left
What?
The train left 15 minutes ago.
Well, that's nice! That's fucking nice!
For Christ's sake,
give me a break!
We got five days.
We're on per diem.

I say what we do...
...is check into a hotel...
...hoist up a few more...
...have a good night's sleep.
Tomorrow we get on the train.
Sunday.
What the fuck are you laughing at?
Laughing at that silly
son of a bitch over there.
That's what I'm laughing at.
Come on...
...let's get ourselves into...
I got to go to the bathroom!
...a hotel room.
Wonderful idea.
Prisoner...
...on your feet.
Come on.
Cheer up!
Ain't this the life, Mule?
It sure beats freezing your ass
in the alley, don't it?
Beats the hell out of being
back in Shit City too, don't it?
I bet it even beats being
at Portsmouth too.
You know, kid...
...you got a hell of a knack for
killing a conversation.
Just imagine that your hands...
...are the hands of a clock.
"A"...
...is twenty to six.
"B"...
...quarter to six.
"C"...
...ten to six.
"D"...
...straight up six o'clock...
Come on, man!
We're watching the movie.
Meadows, you want to learn
how to be a signalman?
After the movie, man!

I always tell a new semaphore personality this...
...to ensure that you send a more perfect semaphore.
Ready?
I don't expect you to get it perfect.
This just happens to require a great deal of manual dexterity.
All right.
That was very good, Meadows.
Very good indeed.
You must have a flair for this sort of thing.
Some people do.
I do, for instance.
I have a flair for this sort of thing.
We got it.
We fucking got it, boys.
Here it is.
The truck that...
Very nice catch.
The truck that made your mama's son.
Motherfucking Jesus H. Christ!
You guys mind if I say something?
That guy at the bar...
...why did you get so mad at him?
I don't blame him not giving me a beer.
Don't you never get mad at nobody?
Yeah, sure. I do. Yeah.
Who do you get mad at?
Well, not at somebody who's doing their job.
Who then?
Injustice.
Bullshit!
You don't never get mad at nobody.
You're just a pussy.
I do too get mad.
Did you ever get mad at the old man for what he done to you?
Well, he was just...
Doing his job.
They're going to take eight years

out of your life.
Six years. You said six.
What the fuck difference does it make?
You don't even care about it.
Hey, come on, Bad Ass.
- That don't help him.
- Fuck help!
I mean, fuck fair.
Fuck injustice.
Don't you ever just
want to stomp on someone...
...and bite off their ear,
just to do it?
Just to get it out of your system?
Well, I do remember something
I got mad at.
Something when I was in the brig
a marine did.
What happened? Grunts beat you up?
But that didn't get me mad.
Well, goddamn it,
what did get you mad?
This marine guard...
...he asked me if I believed
in Jesus Christ.
I said, "Yeah."
And he said that from now on...
...he was Jesus Christ,
and I shouldn't ever forget it.
What'd you do?
Did you hit him?
Can you imagine that?
That's awful!
Did you coldcock him?
He better hope the chaplain
don't catch him.
Most of the chaplains I know...
...want to stand up on the bridge
with the old man...
...and look through aviator sunglasses.
It takes a lot of dedication
to be a Navy chaplain.
Don't take diddlyshit, man!
Come on.

Come on. Come on!
Take a fucking poke at me!
Take a poke at me. Come on.
- Come on.
- What for?
I'll punch you out...
Punch me out, you little prick!
- He won't punch you. You know that.
- I'll make him!
Bad Ass, I like you.
Yeah, I like you.
I'm taking you to jail,
motherfucker.
That ain't your fault.
Come on, Mule!
Come on, goddamn it!
Bad Ass?
Would you teach me the hand signals?
I don't give a shit!
One time...
...when I was down in Long Beach...
...this friend of mine
was looking for me...
...and I was up
on top of the car...
...and I pissed on his head.
Just being crazy, you know what I mean?
Don't you get crazy with me!
I think I'm going to be sick again.
How're we going to work this out?
Work what out?
Who gets what bed!
What the fuck difference does it make?
Well, I can't take...
...this shit indefinitely, man.
What shit?
Somebody's got to make a decision.
There you go.
Just remember...
...rank has it privileges.
Wait a minute.
They make them shit here.
What?
All we got to do is

get off the train at Philly...
...and take a bus to Camden.
What's the matter with that?
It's a couple hours.
He didn't ask to see his mother.
He wouldn't ask...
...to go to the head if he had the runs.
I'm telling you,
he wants to see his mother.
How do we know she's home?
- It's Sunday!
- Sunday?
What's that supposed to mean?
Come on!
You want to go see your mother?
I don't want to get you guys
in trouble or nothing.
You've been so good
to me already.
Let's go and see your mother.
Don't worry about it, Mule.
Know what I mean?
That's Calvin Coolidge Junior High.
I went there.
Where's your old man, Meadows?
Seattle.
Seattle, Washington.
I know where it is. What's he doing?
I think he works in a hardware store.
He's married.
Well, I mean not to my mother,
but to somebody else.
Maybe I even have a half sister.
I think I do.
Camden High!
I graduated from there.
Miss Marabito.
I wonder if she still teaches there.
She made me want to be a veterinarian.
You want to check next door or anything?
Your mom have any friends
in the neighborhood?
- Mrs. Esposito.
- Maybe she's over there.

Her car's gone.
What do you want to do?
You want to wait around a little?
We could wait around a little.
I'll go check with Mrs. Esposito.
- Legs really bother you, don't they?
- Sometimes.
You ought to take vitamins.
No, take vitamins. Seriously, man.
Go to the dispensary.
- What's wrong?
- We let him go by himself!
He could get away!
Don't get excited.
That kid ain't going nowhere.
What makes you so sure?
Well, you know him.
Jesus Christ!
Then where is he?
Where is he?
There.
Don't get your balls in an uproar.
Meadows ain't going nowhere without us.
Let me tell you something
about a kid like Meadows.
He's the kind of guy,
he's going to the brig...
...and secretly he's probably glad.
On the outside, too many things
can happen to him, all of it bad.
This way, the worse part's
already happening.
He's probably glad.
Glad.
If you ain't right...
...you better be quick,
because I ain't.
She went for the day.
Sunday!
You want to go in and wait awhile?
What for?
Well, she might come home early.
No, thanks.
Well, at least you could sit

in your own house.
Maybe we can get in.
I don't know what
I would've said to her anyway.
You know what Meadows ought to do?
He ought to get his old lady
to write her congressman.
She can write letters to her congressman
till she owns the fucking post office!
It don't mean diddlyshit!
Look, either we let him go
or he lives with it.
And we ain't about to let him go.
Understand?
Now look what you made him do.
- What I made him do?
- Yeah.
- Where you going?
- To the head, okay?
If that don't make you just
want to shit in your flat hat, man.
Look what you went... Look what you...
I hope you're satisfied!
You're the one insisted
we take him to see his mother!
I hate this detail.
I hate this fucking
chicken-shit detail!
I love the fucking detail, I suppose.
What am I supposed to do?
I'm just trying to...
Meadows?
Meadows, open up!
Meadows, you all right?
You all right?
I consider myself in jeopardy with you.
Understand?
In jeopardy.
This ain't no farewell party,
and he ain't retiring.
Understand?
He's a prisoner, and
we're taking him to jail.
You have a tendency to forget that.

You're a menace, man!
You ain't no simple shit.
You're a motherfucking menace!
From now on, MAA can go
piss up a rope. You ain't no honcho!
I don't want to hear more of
this psychology jive!
No more turning his head around
to prove what a big man you are!
You're a lifer like me!
Navy's the best thing
ever happened to me.
I don't want you to fuck me up.
You understand?
- Buddusky?
- I hear you.
Do you agree?
I was just trying to show him
a good time. Know what I mean?
He can't have a good time.
It ain't in him.
- He had a good time in Washington.
- All right.
He had a good time in Washington.
Think that'll make it any
easier to pull his eight years?
It won't. It'll make it harder.
So what.
You know what I mean?
Your attention, please.
Amtrak 211 for Chicago, boarding...
...in 10 minutes at gate three.
Amtrak 211 for Chicago...
...boarding at gate three.
We go this way.
The train for Boston leaves
in two hours.
We don't leave the building until then.
Understand?
You got a quarter?
Where are you going?
Head.
All right?
Sailor looks like he's lost something.

Probably have trouble finding it
with those 13 buttons.

If I was a Marine, I wouldn't
have to fuck with no 13 buttons.
I'd just take my hat off.

Hi, boys.

- I call it karate!

- I call it motherfucker!

What's going on here?

Come on...

Wipe your nose, will you, kid?
He fought like a champ, though,
didn't he? Jesus.

Goddamn, that was great.

It was great, wasn't it?

It was great. Admit it!

Give me a little of this!

Give me just because
they call me Shine in here.

I got your greatness.

Meadows, over here...

...they have the finest Italian sausage
sandwiches in the world...

...and I'm buying.

Goddamn...

I ask you, man.

Where else in the world can you get
a sandwich like this?

And for 50 cents!

I never ate anything so good.

I ain't shitting you.

I'm going to have to have
another one of these.

I'd like a little more onions.

- Little more? There's some.

- How about some of these?

You got it.

We got to figure out what to do.

And we will.

We will.

Only we're going to do it
over a bottle of Heineken's.

What's Heineken's?

The finest beer in the world, kid.

President Kennedy used to drink it.
Goddamned Dutch soup is about all...
Double up, there.
Want to get in this
or do you want to keep quiet?
All right, how'd you do?
Help me get Buddusky out.
He's betting with our travel money.
Hope this won't go in the toilet.
He's losing too.
All right, gentlemen.
It's you and me, one on one.
Easy money, eh?
What do you think?
Here's to you.
Cheers.
You want the honors?
You go ahead.
Don't worry about a thing.
I'm hustling this guy, understand?
I got him right where I want him.
Maybe he's hustling you.
Maybe he is, but this isn't the time
to argue about it...
...because if I don't win,
we don't leave New York.
Fourteen years.
Fourteen motherfucking years.
This'll make him go crazy.
The man is going to hustle me,
with glasses.
Fifty-four...
...sixty-one...
...sixty-three dollars.
That's \$21...
...apiece.
Apiece?
Sure, we're partners, ain't we?
Yeah, Bad Ass.
Then take your fucking 21 bucks and
don't give me such a hard time.
For you, back here.
Right here.
Bravo, Yankee. Bravo, Yankee.

You're damn right.
"Dead man," in Russian.
That was damn good, kid.
You ought to put in for signalman.
What's that?
I don't know. I hear it too.
What the hell is an "Indiana dog"?
Goddamn, that's the goddamnedest thing
I ever heard!
- What is that?
- Hey, let's go take a look.
I mean, what the hell?
Eight years and a D. D.
What are we going to do?
Take off your shoes.
Must be one of them Jap joints
where we got to take off our shoes.
What are they saying?
Hold it down.
I think we're in a church.
Good evening.
Good evening!
Welcome to Nichiren Shoshu meeting.
Tonight throughout the city there
are hundreds of meetings like this.
Where people learn about
Nam-Myoho-Renge-Kyo and Gohonzon.
What's a Gohonzon?
I'll tell you about it later.
We're going to do that
through the experiences we've had.
Who's had an experience?
Good evening!
When I first started chanting...
...I wanted to find a girl
that I could relate to...
She took me to a meeting like this.
I remember thinking,
"These people are out of their minds!"
But later we went to her apartment,
and I tried her Gohonzon.
Come on, what's a Gohonzon?
I'll tell you later.
And now I really love the clarinet...

...and I can't remember why
I wanted a flute in the first place.
There's a sun
shining in your heart
There's a song
waiting to be sung
There's a dream
longing to be free
In your life
happiness you'll see
Bring it out
Your shining light
You can change this world
of trouble and strife
Why does all of this
make me feel so fucking bad?
Bring it out now
Bring it out now
Bring it out now,
hey!
A bunch of candy-asses.
Ever hear such happy horseshit?
That one guy was a big homo, huh?
Yeah, but you guys,
he sure was a happy homo.
If you're going to chant, let's figure
out what you're going to chant for.
How about I get sprung from Portsmouth?
Let's see if it works.
Then you can chant
for something really big.
Yeah, like how's about
the three of us get laid, huh?
Should you chant
for something like that?
Why the fuck not?
Well, it's a religion!
You're too good to believe!
"Yodeling in the canyon."
Ever heard of it?
You ever done that before?
Not exactly, no.
Are they really doing that
when they take that picture?

Well, kid, there's more things in this
life than you can possibly imagine.
I knew a whore once in Wilmington.
She had a...
...glass eye.
She used to take it out
and wink people off for a dollar.
Really?
There's still some room for your rank.
You want it?
No, I don't think so.
Yeah, come on, kid.
It's time you made your rate.
They busted me to E-1.
You know that.
Listen, right now
we're a navy of three.
Pick a rate. Any rate.
I can make you anything I want to
because I'm the honcho.
What'll it be?
Chief Signalman?
Okay, partner.
L. Meadows, S. M. C.
Show me some moves, kid!
Look, he don't know what to do.
He don't know!
He looks like a
goddamn big penguin, don't he?
Watch out for children!
- Hey, look...
- Cruise right through them!
Give them the spinner, kid!
He sure is having a good time.
Sure is. And you said
it wasn't in him.
All right.
Watch out for the Indian, kid!
Don't crush somebody.
Look at the size of this guy
on roller skates.
I was wondering if we're done.
It worked!
I chanted to stay on my feet and I did.

It worked.
Lighten up, will you, Meadows? Jesus!
You're chanting!
I'm a member of Nichiren Shoshu.
My name's Donna.
How do you do?
Hello.
What are you chanting for?
Go ahead, Meadows.
Tell her what you're chanting for.
A girl?
That's okay.
You can chant for anything.
- What's your name?
- Meadows.
- Your first name.
- Larry.
Why don't you come over
and meet some people?
Just for a minute.
Come on. We'll be right back.
If this guy gets pussy out of this,
I'm gonna eat my fucking flat hat.
I'm going
to start chanting too.
Hey, you guys? Drop your socks and grab
your cocks. We're going to a party.
This could be the big one,
eh, Meadows?
You just moved in?
Not too long ago. I think I
might move out again too.
- It's a problem, finding a place.
- This is a nice party.
Might as well be at a fucking bus stop.
- Relax.
- I am relaxed.
Hey, I'm telling you, Mule,
we got it made.
All we got to do is get rid of
that creep there...
...and we got these three chicks
to ourselves.
We have, huh?

Yeah. Why not?

Because those three chicks would rather fuck each other than us, that's why not.

There's nothing...

...like being on the sea...

...even in the Navy.

Being on the bridge...

...doing a man's job...

That's great.

Where you going?

I'm not putting down the government.

I just want him to tell me one thing.

There must be one thing

you don't like about Nixon.

You sure have a lot of records.

I get most of them free.

I work in the business.

What business?

- I smoked grass.

- Huh?

I smoked grass, Bad Ass.

I'm giving this girl such a line of horseshit. It is unbelievable!

She loves it. She loves it!

Doing a man's job...

...talking to ships...

...across miles and miles...

...of liquid real estate.

Ooh, big time.

How come you don't

see more black officers?

Because you need a recommendation from a white man, usually.

- How can you stay...

- Nothing Nixon says disturbs you?

Just tell me, is that right?

Henry, you're driving me crazy.

You guys on leave, or what?

"Liberty," you mean.

Liberty.

No.

Well, what are you guys doing anyway?

They're taking me to jail.

I've seen things.

Seen men do things that...
...I wouldn't even begin to tell you
at a time like this, my fair darling.
- I can see what it's done for you.
- Can you?
That's wonderful.
Must be the uniform.
- They are cute, aren't they?
- Oh, yeah.
I like the way...
You know what I like about it?
One of my favorite things
about this uniform...
...is the way
it makes your dick look.
How did you feel about
going to Vietnam?
The man says, "Go."
I got to do what the man says.
We're living in this man's world,
ain't we?
Oh, wow!
Eight years.
I get two off.
So it's only six.
Why don't you get away?
Get away?
To Canada.
I've got this friend, George Lucido!
He Shakabukued me!
He's a group chief in Toronto.
I'll give you his number.
I couldn't.
Why not?
It would be their ass.
What do you owe them?
They're my best friends, Donna.
Come on.
- Where are we going?
- Come on.
You know what I mean?
What?
It's up to you...
...but I'm going to chant for you.

I'm going to chant for you
with my whole heart.
Chant?
Yes...
...that you get away.
Bad Ass?
What the fuck is it now, Meadows?
If you're Catholic, do you think
it's sacrilegious to chant?
- Did it get you laid?
- No.
Then, Meadows, what the fuck do you
want to go on chanting for?
Chant your ass off, kid.
But any pussy you get in this world...
...you have to pay for,
one way or another.
Hallelujah!
When do we get to Boston?
Two hours.
What time we got to be in Portsmouth?
Not after 1800 tomorrow.
Well, what do you think?
- I think we ought to get the kid laid.
- Laid?
Ever heard of it?
- Waiter?
- Yes, sir?
I asked for my eggs over easy.
They are over easy, sir.
No, they're not.
I'm learning. I'm learning.
Oh, Jesus!
You're taking the kid
to the cathouse, ain't you?
Yeah. Come on, Mule.
He's 18 years old.
He ain't never been fucked.
Next chance he gets,
he's going to be 26.
He might not want any by then.
You mean right now?
Just go ahead and do it?
No. Not this exact minute.

Later on tonight.

I think I would.

- Yeah, get the old ashes hauled.

- "Ashes hauled"?

- What are we doing?

- Huh?

- What are we doing?

- Looking for a certain guy.

Here, here, here.

This one right here.

How're they treating you, partner?

Fine, sailor. Where to?

Just down the road.

Let me tell you
what we really want.

You look honest.

I think I can trust you.

We're in transit,
the three of us, see, and...

We could use
the services of a decent whorehouse.

Know what I mean?

One that don't hate Gls.

Sizable tip in it for you.

Save the tip. I get it
at the other end.

Hey, thanks a lot.

I've been in transit a few times too.

I'm an old minesweep sailor myself.

Oh, yeah? You're a swabbie?

I thought you was. I did.

I thought he was a swabbie.

Minesweep, eh?

Hi, boys.

I'm Millie.

- Hi, Millie.

- Come on in.

- Thank you.

- The Navy's always welcome here.

Too late for Captain Kangaroo, ladies?

Here, let me tell you how it is, Mil.

We got a friend we'd like to do
a favor for. He's going on a trip.

- Just him?

- Just him, yeah.
What kind of party you after?
Well, it's his party.
You name it, sailor.
Okay, sailor.
Take your pick.
Pick a winner, kid.
Make it a good one, honey.
It's got to last a long time.
Sure, honey. Anything you say.
You know what I mean?
Kid, you picked a real winner.
You boys just make
yourselves comfortable.
Goddamn! He picked the same one
I would have.
She's a cute little thing, isn't she?
Your coat, honey.
Come over here by the sink.
Let me check you out.
You're not going to have
a bit of trouble.
Jesus Christ!
Well, that's what I call "quick."
Look, those are the rules. Doesn't
matter if it's 10 hours or 10 seconds.
Okay, tootsie. We'll stake him
to another shot.
I'm sorry.
You want to try it again, kid?
Yeah.
Okay, honey.
Don't worry, kid.
Plenty more where that came from.
You got all night, kid.
You ever been married?
Not so you'd notice.
Once.
A little girl in Torrance.
Know where that is?
It's near San Pedro, on the way
to Terminal Island, you know?
Dottie Brown.
She had great tits and wore

angora sweaters all the time.
She wanted me to go to trade school
and become a TV repairman.
Drive around all that smog and shit...
...fixing TVs out of the back
of a VW bus.
I just couldn't do it.
You ever been married?
I still support my mama.
She can't brag enough about me.
Tells everybody all the places I go,
how many men are under me...
...all that shit.
Yeah, man...
...I don't know what I would've done
without the Navy.
I guess we're just a couple of lifers.
How was...
How was what, honey?
Well, you got off to a shaky start.
After that, you took to it
like a duck to water.
I don't know if I have
enough money to go again...
...but I'll pay you what I have...
...just to look at you.
Just to what?
Look at you.
Guess you haven't seen many girls
with their clothes off, have you?
Well, let me tell you.
I've got a good body.
Not great, but pretty good.
It's beautiful.
What did she say again?
"Let me check you out, honey."
I swear to God.
Like I was in a gas station
and she was checking the oil.
- And then...
- Then we know what happened.
Yeah, but after. After...
Well, maybe it was an act for her.
I mean, I know she was a whore...

...but I think she liked me.
They got feelings just like
everybody else, kid. She probably did.
Well, it was real for me.
That's what counts.
Welcome to the wonderful world
of pussy, kid. The sink's yours.
We don't have to be there till 1800.
It takes an hour and a half
to get to Portsmouth.
We could go see a movie or two.
We can get us a couple of six-packs.
Shit, we can even go back
to the cathouse if you want to.
No.
I already did everything one time.
That makes that one time stick out.
You know what I mean?
- It sure is a shit day.
- Ain't it the truth.
Yeah, it is.
If it was summer, we could maybe
have a picnic.
Son of a bitch!
Thank you.
This wood's too fucking green, man.
It ain't going to burn.
Wet wood.
Wait a minute!
- What are you looking for?
- Buns.
I forgot them.
- You forgot the buns?
- Yeah.
How can you eat a hot dog
without a bun?
- It's not a hot dog without...
- Don't eat the fucking thing, then!
Shit!
It ain't bad.
Shit!
- I don't want no fucking hot dogs.
- He don't eat them without buns.
It's kind of like being at sea.

I was on a weather ship once...
...off of Greenland.
Right in the middle of winter.
How was it?
I like being at sea.
Kid's come a long way
in the last few days, ain't he?
Let's get this over with.
He don't stand a chance
in Portsmouth, you know.
You know that, don't you?
Goddamn grunts kicking the shit
out of him for eight years.
He don't stand a chance.
I don't want to hear about it.
"Maggot" this. "Maggot" that.
Marines are really assholes,
you know that?
It takes a certain kind of a sadistic
temperament to be a Marine.
What the fuck's he doing?
Hey, Meadows!
What's he doing?
"Bravo...
...Yankee...
...Bravo, Yankee.
Bye-bye. End of the word."
Hey, this son of a bitch
is running away!
Halt, you son of a bitch!
Halt! You motherfucker!
Buddusky, don't!
Don't!
Goddamn, I lost my fucking shoe!
Let me go!
Buddusky, don't!
Let me go, you bastard!
Please let me go!
I lost my fucking shoe!
Baker, Mooney, prisoner from Norfolk,
on the double!
Where'd you get the idea
that wearing an armband...
...and a sidearm entitles you

to abuse a prisoner?
They teach you that in the Navy?
Or was that your idea of a good time?
I guess.
You guess what, sailor?
- Nothing.
- Nothing?
Nothing, sir.
- Did the prisoner offer any resistance?
- No, sir.
Did he try to escape?
Not exactly.
That's a little vague.
Either he did or didn't. Which is it?
Don't look at him
for the answer. Which is it?
- He didn't.
- He didn't what?
He didn't try to escape.
He didn't try to escape, "sir."
He didn't try to escape, sir.
You haven't left yet.
Sir?
Your orders weren't endorsed. According
to this, you're still in Norfolk.
Well, we're standing here.
It's not our fault.
You haven't left yet.
- You haven't left!
- That's not our fault!
Look, sir. We both got
a lot of time in.
What's that supposed to mean?
Too much time to be hard-ass
because some dude in Norfolk...
...forgot to endorse our orders.
You're asking for trouble.
I'm asking to see the XO.
Deep trouble!
No.
We ain't about to say
anything else until we see the XO.
Get the hell out of here.
You're supposed to pull a few copies.

Goddamn grunts!
Think they can get away with anything!
Telling me how to do my job.
I know my job.
I know my goddamn job better than
anybody else in the goddamn Navy!
We really told him though, didn't we?
Trying to ream our ass...
...and he don't even have sense
to pull a few goddamn copies!
Bunch of candy-asses!
I hate this motherfucking,
chicken shit detail.
Where are you going?
- Norfolk.
- I mean now.
I don't know. Stop off
in Baltimore maybe. You?
Back to New York, I guess.
See you in Norfolk.
Yeah. Maybe our fucking orders
have come through.