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Casualties Of War

By David Rabe

Let's NDP here.
We're gonna NDP here.
Eriksson, hold up.
Set up claymores
on the left flank.
Did that sound
hollow to you, man?
What?
Wait.
We could be standing right over their
tunnels right now, couldn't we?
Right under us
at this very second...
...could be VC tunnels
as far as the eye can see.
-Shit!
-What was that?
Fix that sound!
-I hate fucking mortars.
-Fix that sound, sergeant.
They're after somebody else.
Who are they after?
-Is it 3rd Platoon?
-Captain Hill says Alpha's hit.
-Do they know we're here?
-What do you say, Meserve?
-I'll get it to you ASAP.
-Sergeant Hawthorne!
Set out security to the flanks,
front and rear.
But not too far so they
get separated from us.
Yes, sir.
Eriksson, take the right flank.
Call Superman 0-2.
We need a fix on the tube.
-We'll adjust by the sound.
-Roger.
Superman 0-2, Superman 0-2...
-What the fuck is going on?
-Cease fire!
-What do you got, man?
-Cease fire!
I saw a gook, sarge.

One of them gooks from the ville.
-You recognizing people?
-I saw him!
The tube's kicking ass on Alpha.
Fuck this!
The tube's got a fix on us!
Oh, Christ!
They found us!
They're walking them in on us!
Superman 0-2, Superman 0-2.
Let's move!
The tube's got a fix on us.
Left flank! Move on!
Go, go, go!
Silent Twin 0-2, out.
Go! Go!
Goddamn it, move!
Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus!
Jesus Christ! Oh, God!
Jesus Christ. Oh, God.
-Where's Hawthorne?
-Up this way.
Eriksson's on right flank.
He ain't in yet.
This war's getting old, Mr. Meserve.
Here comes arty!
Fuck!
Oh, shit!
Oh, Jesus!
Okay, Brownie, you get up there with
them. Keep your shit together.
My shit is forever together.
I'm an armour-plated motherfucker!
Oh, fuck! Help me!
Oh, fuck! Help me.
Somebody help me!
What's wrong with my arm?
Where's my arm?
-I got something for you.
-You gotta find my arm.
-We gotta move!
-Calm down, soldier!
Help me! Help me!
Help me, somebody!

Help me! Help!
We found your fucking arm.
-Calm the fuck down.
-Here you go.
Here's your arm. Here's your arm.
All right, let's get out of here!
Somebody help. Help me.
Help me.
Somebody help me.
Oh, God.
Help! Help!
Help me! Somebody!
Sarge, I need help! Help.
Sarge, help me! I'm stuck!
Oh, I'm stuck. Help me.
-Thank God!
-Pull!
Oh, shit!
I'll put some tracers up there.
-Back me up with the thumper, okay?
-Right.
-Ready?
-Yeah.
Get some.
Get some, motherfucker!
Get some! Motherfucker!
Motherfucker!
Yeah, you fuck!
Yeah.
Some mad fucking minute,
huh, cherry?
-We're getting too short for this.
-We ain't short yet.
Thirty days and a wake-up.
We damn near invisible.
You're gonna DEROS out of
this jungle and these clothes.
Put me on that Freedom Bird
and I figure I'm short...
...and maybe
the fucker's gonna crash.
Can you imagine that?
Escape from Nam...
-...to die an airline fatality.

-Never happen, cherry.
You survive the Nam,
you get to live forever.
How long you been here?
-Three weeks.
-Three weeks?
You're breaking my heart.
You know, Meserve,
I've been thinking.
Maybe it's time we stopped
balling these bitches.
We might end up
home diseased.
Dinky dau, man.
The Nam's a trip.
First you don't know shit,
then you don't give a shit.
I mean, you care, but it's just
humpbacked and crooked, you know?
The cherry'll get wasted
because he don't know nothing.
We'll end up in peril because
we don't care about nothing.
-I care, Brown.
-Sure you do.
It's just humpbacked
and crooked, you know?
Clark...
...you and Hatcher and Eriksson
spread out here.
Stay alert.
And don't get lost.
Brownie, let's didi.
Hershey bar number one!
Good stuff. Take a big bite.
Check out this sad ass, man.
Sui? It's mango.
Quit begging. They don't want your
candy bar. Give it to me.
Cam on ong very much.
Don't eat anything they give you.
Go back where you're supposed to be.
You want to die horribly?
-No, sarge.

-You were gonna eat it?
These people are confused.
Are they Cong or not?
-They're schizophrenic.
-Depends on who scared them last.
You eat some razor blades or
glass in something they give you...
-...what are you dead of?
-Stupidity.
It's a rog, Brown.
Much affirmed.
Yes, indeed.
We're overjoyed to have travelled
...to assist them in their struggle
to upgrade themselves.
Every one of them is old or kids.
That ain't good.
This is a retirement ville.
Sort of like Florida.
I wasn't gonna eat that.
I didn't want to be rude.
-Rude?
-Yeah.
Rude? I'll smack you upside the
head for talking that foolishness!
You do something rude, you say,
"Sorry about that."
For example,
you strangle their chickens...
...cop their rice, or barbecue
their fucking hootch...
...you say, "Sorry about that."
Let me hear you say it.
"Sorry about that."
Sorry about that.
I got something for us, sir.
We asked him which path was safe.
One day he says one,
next day the other.
You VC? VC?
Number fucking 10! VC?
-You number fucking 10?
-No!
-You VC?

-VC, no! No.
No, no, no.
All right! We got it!
Number one, old man.
-Come on.
-Eriksson!
I hope that ain't your
idea of fun, buddy.
This is some
piece of equipment!
Don't look like it to me.
Look like some tree got tangled up.
And this fool gonna tie it to his cow.
Do you know how
one of these things works?
Ain't you supposed to be
hauling water to your pals...
...instead of hanging out
with this motherfucker?
-Yeah.
-So let's go, then.
Right. Okay. No, no, no.
All right. Shit.
Sarge wants us together,
we best do it.
Don't you want to get home
for your own ploughing?
-You're married, right?
-Yeah.
Yeah, yeah,
come on, motherfucker!
What the fuck
was I talking about, man?
This some bad-ass Thai stick, man.
You got any babies?
That's what I was talking about.
-A little girl.
-A little girl?
Now ain't that my point?
What were you doing back there?
Sarge had to save you.
The ground opened up on me.
I'm hanging there. Half in,
half out of one of the tunnels.

Mortar rounds coming straight
at me. Boom, boom, boom!
-I couldn't believe it.
-Did you pee your pants?
-Don't be shy. Talk to me.
-I'm talking.
You ain't telling me nothing.
Your ass was stuck in a rabbit hole?
So, what happened?
-Man, come on.
-Come on.
Think of me as your priest.
-Lutherans don't have priests.
-Did you pee your pants?
If the sarge hadn't come back for me,
I sure would have.
Without sarge, you ain't nothing
but a sack of shit.
You ain't walking along
jiving with me.
You so much grief bagged and tagged
that your people moan all their lives.
Right, sarge?
Hatch!
-Hatcher!
-What?
You got 30 days to learn
what you can from me and Meserve.
Hatcher!
-Listen up.
-I'm listening.
We gonna DEROS
and leave Freedom Frontier...
One o'clock!
Behind you!
Oh, my God, I hit it!
Sarge!
All right, cease fire! Cease fire!
-I told you this place wasn't safe.
-The bastards set us up!
Sarge, I'm in trouble, man.
I'm in trouble, sarge.
-It ain't nothing, Brownie.
-You sure, man?

It sure feels like something.
It feels bad, sarge.
It ain't nothing, man.
Eriksson, the sarge says
I'm gonna be okay, man.
Oh, yeah. No sweat, Brownie.
Fuck this shit, man!
Fuck this!
Let's go, let's go!
Come on, move it!
Sarge!
Look in my fucking eyes!
I'm gonna hypnotize you!
-Go.
-You're fine.
I know it, man.
I know it.
I know.
I'm an armour-plated motherfucker.
I'm an armour-plated motherfucker.
I'm an armour-plated motherfucker.
Sergeant! Sergeant Meserve, you're to
go two clicks back to the road.
APCs are there to
take you to Ap Thanh.
Take a truck back to Wolf.
The company's regrouping there.
-Is that understood?
-You better watch your back here.
This ville is bullshit.
They're harbouring VC.
We'll bust some chops
before we leave.
-Don't you worry.
-Torch the fucking place.
Hey, hey, there it is.
My rack, my rack!
So, what are you gonna do?
Get shitfaced and go hump
the brains out of some hos.
-I don't know. I'm too tired.
-Come on. Are we on duty or off?
Let me have a beer.
-No. You should have bought more.

-Give the guy a beer.

-They're mine.

-I'll give you 1000 pi.

-You should have thought ahead.

-10,000 pi.

For one?

Oreos. I'll give you some cookies.

-I was hoping you were still around.

-Forget about it.

We just spent some time
in a combat zone.

The lieutenant had difficulty
getting his head out of his ass...

...and left us in the jungle
like a bunch of crazed motherfuckers.

-What happened to you guys?

-I don't think anybody knows.

-I just about got killed, though.

-What was that like?

I went nuts.

-You wanna shower?

-Later.

Come on, I want to shower.

Let's go shower.

-Wanna shower?

-Fucking A.

Hey, sarge.

It's the sarge.

Hey, sarge. This asshole, Clark,
bought one beer off me...

...for 10,000 pi.

Ain't that some shit?

Sarge, are we on duty or off?

-Off.

-Fucking A.

We've been detailed a long-range
recon in the morning.

We're off till 2100.

Where we gonna go?

The lieutenant will brief me.

I'll brief you guys, 2100.

We're out of here

at 0600.

-We're off till then?

-Yeah.

Let's go shower, man.

Sarge, we're gonna take a shower.

What are you gonna do?

I'm gonna go into town and get laid.

Sarge?

What do you hear

about Brownie?

He's dead.

This place is bullshit.

I hate this fucking place.

-They ought to blow it up and pave...

-Fucking A.

Brownie could make me laugh, man.

And I like to fucking laugh.

You know...

...I never knew a far-out spade dude
like Brownie before Brownie.

They shouldn't make you hump
the boonies when you're short.

They should send you home.

You'd be short when you were close
to where you didn't have to go.

-So what?

-So nobody'd want to go.

I don't want to go now.

They keep moving it back.

They move it back. Pretty soon
they wouldn't send anybody here.

What's wrong with that?

What I'm saying is these
fucking gooks are shit, man!

They're lowlifes!

Every motherfucker in that ville.

Every man, woman and child knew
about the fucking mortars.

They knew about the snipers,
and they just let them zap Brownie.

They're slugs.

They're roaches, and total destruction
is the only way to deal with them.

-Sorry, sarge. Passes are cancelled.

-What?

-The ville's off-limits.

-What did he say?
-For how long?
-Indefinitely.
-He's serious, man.
-Fuck them.
-Watch it, sarge!
-Come on.
-Motherfucking...
-Take it easy.
That was easy!
-Motherfucking easy!
-What we gonna do?
Know what this shit's about?
Fucking Cong is in town tonight.
Charlie's in the whorehouse.
-No shit?
-Didn't you know?
Charlie's gotta get laid too.
He works hard killing us. Don't he?
What are we gonna do, sarge?
What are we gonna do?
Goddamn it!
The Cong's getting laid.
And we're just...
It ain't fair, you know?
Am I talking?
I can't tell
if I'm talking or not.
Diaz, how you doing?
Do one of you guys got a Playboy
on you I can borrow?
-Jeez, on me?
-Yeah.
-I gotta find one.
-Somebody sent you a present.
This is Diaz.
He's Brown's replacement.
We're out of here in the morning
at 0500.
I want everyone carrying two frags.
Make sure you got smoke. Sit down.
Leave your vest.
I don't want any heat casualties.
Beyond that, wear what you want,

as long as it's charmed...
...as long as it's helped you survive.
Our destination is Hill 209
in the Tra Khuc Valley.
The hill's here.
There are caves,
there might be VC.
We're looking for tunnels, bunkers,
unmapped trails, whatever.
Now, the orders are we don't shoot
except in self-defence.
You get one of these fuckers
out in the open, you waste him.
All right.
We're leaving an hour early because
we detour 2000 meters to the south...
...to the ville of Nghia Hanh.
What we're gonna do is
requisition ourselves a girl.
A little portable R and R.
It'll break up the boredom,
keep up morale.
I want charmed people around me.
So bring your good-luck stuff.
Like this, sarge?
Does it feel lucky?
It looks lucky.
He really say that?
He wouldn't do it, would he?
Bring a girl?
Are you crazy?
As short as he is?
He is out of here
in less than 30 days.
So why did he say it?
I don't know.
What did the other guys think?
Everybody was joking.
Clark.

Clark says:

"What's this, some new
addition to Lurp rations?"
Right. I mean,

some broad in your pack.
You see how nuts that sounds?
That'll never happen, G.I.
That is the one, sarge.
She's the pretty one.
Take the pretty one.
-Get over here, you fucking cunt!
-Jesus God!
Hold her.
What's going on?
You wanna suck this,
you fucking whore?
You wanna suck this,
you fucking whore?
You guys done this before?
No.
This is unbelievable.
I didn't think he meant it, Hatch.
Did you?
I don't know, man.
Let's move. I want to be
out of here by first light.
What do you want?
What do you want?
You want her to have this?
All right, no sweat. No big thing.
She can have it!
Shut up, bitch!
Let's get out of here, sarge.
Get some rest. You're upset.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Yep. We're gonna win
her heart and mind. If she's got one.
Hey, sarge.
A few more clicks, we'll rest.
-I thought you were kidding.
-I was serious as a heart attack.
That's what I mean.
This is kidnapping, ain't it, sarge?
Take the point.
-Go relieve Hatch on point.
-Why?
You got the point.
-Go!

-Yeah. Right.
Hatch, slow up.
I'm supposed to relieve you.
It's just like Genghis Khan, man.
That's what I was thinking.
-Ever heard of Genghis Khan?
-What?
-What are you talking about?
-Meserve is unbelievable.
I mean, what we're doing...
...it's fantastic.
Why didn't we think of it before?
-This is nuts.
-It ain't nuts. It's what armies do.
-We ain't Genghis Khan.
-You're the one who's nuts.
It's the 20th century, man.
We're supposed to be here
to help these people.
I'm definitely gonna fuck this bitch.
What's the matter with you?
You okay? Come here.
Come here for a second. Come here.
You all right? You all right?
That was some hump, huh?
Yeah.
You want some gum?
Come here. I'm not gonna hurt you.
Do I have to mess with her?
Diaz...
No, man.
Hey, come here.
Come here, somebody.
Somebody, come here, quick.
-Come here.
-Check it out, Clark.
-Is that a farmer or VC?
-Where?
-In the pool.
-What is it, Clark?
-It's a rock, I think.
-It's moving.
The bushes are moving,
the rock ain't.

-What are you doing?
-He said to shoot them in the open.
It's a water buffalo, sarge.
Dumb, very fucking dumb.
Aspirin. Number one. Okay.
Open.
-Hey, sarge.
-Yeah.
We on track?
Just follow the red Crayola line.
About two and a half hours
and we'll be there.
Give me a minute
on this thing we're doing.
I mean, what we're doing.
What are we doing, sarge?
We have a VC suspect.
Is that what you mean?
She's a VC whore
and we're gonna have fun with her.
But she's just a farm girl.
Look. You're the cherry here,
right? So lighten up.
-Let me carry the weight.
-What's the problem, sarge?
He don't think our VC whore
is a VC whore.
He don't? You've been in town.
They'll sell their children.
These people were sleeping
in their hootch.
He got the wrong outlook
on this thing.
You got the wrong outlook.
-What are you talking about?
-She's a VC.
-She ain't.
-I'm telling you, Eriksson.
This ain't a VC. Clark ain't.
Hatcher, he ain't no VC.
Diaz ain't no VC.
I ain't. I ain't no fucking VC.
Now this?
This here's a VC.

And you?
You I don't know about.
Hold it up. You ain't cutting
yourself this slack, man.
You ain't humping your ruck,
hump mine.
-Why, man?
-Just put it on.
-Hey, sarge!
-Hey! I'm a corporal, Hatcher.
This is a direct order.
You hump my ruck.
Oh, man. What an asshole!
It's all clear, sarge.
The stream's 30 meters down.
Plenty of water.
Get her inside.
Get your ruck off her, Hatcher.
Put mine over there.
We'll use this place as our C.P.
Eriksson, you and Diaz
get the chow and ammo stored.
Clark, you and Hatcher
come with me.
Let's do it.
I ain't gonna rape nobody.
You gotta back me up.
-I'll back you.
-Swear it.
I do, man. I promise.
You gotta back me too.
You got it, man.
Okay. Okay.
Okay. Okay. Okay.
It's okay. I'm not gonna hurt you.
I'm not gonna hurt you.
You're cut. You're hurt.
Let me fix it, okay?
No, no, give.
It's okay.
We'll get it clean. Okay?
I'm not going to hurt you. Okay?
I'm not going to hurt you.
Come here.

It's okay.
Stay still.
See?
It's going to be okay.
Okay, I'm your friend.
I'm your friend.
Mind if I pull up a chair?
Go ahead.
C-rats, huh? What you got there?
-Franks and beans.
-Army don't want to surprise us.
Leave that to the dinks.
How you doing?
I'm all right.
I'm sorry I jumped on you
back there.
We're out here with the Cong
hanging in every tree...
...waiting to grease us.
Humping six hours
of the worst bush.
Gooks should be fighting to get
out of here, not to keep it.
Six hours of the ugliest
snakes and spiders.
What do we have to count on?
All we have is each other. Right?
Yeah.
Come here.
I don't want any problems with you.
I'm counting on you in particular.
I don't know what's going on here.
We're gonna...
...interrogate the prisoner.
This isn't right.
We ain't supposed to do this.
Don't fuck with me.
You're taking your turn.
No. I ain't raping nobody.
You're saying no to me?
You ain't hotshot enough to say no.
Motherfucker! Motherfucker!
Think you're standing up to me?
I ain't doing it. No way.

Don't you like girls? You ain't got a pair? Is that your problem?

-What's going on, sarge?

-He don't want to ball the dink.

-Why?

-I don't know.

-Chickenshit.

-Is that it?

Is that your problem?

-No.

-So, what is it?

-Maybe he's queer.

-You a faggot?

-Is that it?

-No!

So, what is it?

Everybody else is up for this.

What are you looking at Diaz for?

He's with the program.

You got a problem?

-Hell, no.

-Okay.

Would you stop looking at Diaz?

Oh, wait a minute.

Maybe he is a queer.

Maybe Eriksson's a homosexual.

We got us two gals.

Is Eriksson a faggot?

-I don't know.

-I think so.

He's chickenshit.

I'm gonna cut his heart out.

How we gonna count on you?

You're a VC sympathizer.

You could get killed real easy.

Don't you know that?

Somebody stumbles...

They don't mean to shoot you.

Sorry. Friendly fucking casualty.

I mean, a body bag's a body bag.

Your mama and your daddy

are crying.

-He's dead.

-What?

-My father's dead.
-Nobody cares about your history.
-Nobody's asking about that.
-You're taking your turn. In there.
No.
Maybe when I'm done with her,
I'm gonna come after you.
When I'm done humping her,
I'm gonna hump you!
You're taking an
attack posture with me?
Yeah, you got a weapon.
Clark got a weapon. He's got a knife.
We all got weapons.
Anybody can blow anybody away...
...any second.
Which is the way
it ought to be. Always.
The Army calls this a weapon.
But it ain't.
This is a weapon.
This is a gun.
This is for fighting.
This is for fun.
Are you gonna watch?
Take security, Eriksson.
You got security.
-Who's next, man?
-Not you, man!
I wish we had some beers.
I'd really like an ice-cold beer.
Better than nothing.
Wish we had a beer.
Don't you wish you had a beer?
Are we gonna flip a coin?
-Diaz is next.
-When am I up, sarge?
-After Clark.
-That's last.
Move it, Diaz, move it!
Wish we had beer. We ought
to have some goddamn beers.
-Shut the fuck up.
-I just want a beer, man.

We should gag her.
We'll have VC all over our case.
Hatcher manages three strokes,

then he goes:

Like a fucking mouse.
Clark had his knife to her throat.
So what?
Well...
What do you mean?
When is the last time
you had a real woman?
She was real.
I think she was real.
My brother had this car, man.
It was a '57 Chevy Bel Air.
Raked, nosed.
Had 10 coats of hand-rubbed
candy-apple-red lacquer.
The coolest.
It had a 283 in it,
bored and stroked.
The fastest thing in the street!
Diaz will relieve you at 2400, okay?
You probably like the Army,
don't you?
I hate the Army.
This ain't the Army.
This ain't the Army, sarge.
Yea, though I walk
through the valley of evil...
...I shall fear no death.
Because I'm the meanest
motherfucker in the valley.
It's a bunch of them little people.
There you go.
What do you think?
You want to light them up?
There's something happening here.
Maybe they're just fishing.
You two get back to the hootch.
Load up on extra ammo
and smoke grenades.
Diaz, get Big Brother.

I want support.
Didi mau, gentlemen.
Big Brother 0-2,
this is Silent Twin 0-2.
Fucking bullshit, man.
What did I do to deserve this?
I'm sick of babysitting this whore.
What's happening?
-Meserve wants ammo.
-We're gonna light them up.
-Where's Meserve?
-He's at the ridge.
What do I do, man?
Babysit the whore
while you guys waste some gooks?
What'd he say about me?
He didn't say anything.
All right, man. I'm saying it.
I'm saying I'm going up there, man.
Eriksson, you stay here.
-I'm supposed to go.
-I'm going up there and get some.
Okay? I ain't gonna miss this.
You ready?
-Meserve won't like this.
-I'm a corporal. You're a PFC.
Now you stay here.
Give me the thump gun.
-Let's didi, Hatch.
-We're gonna K.I.A. some VC.
Fucking A.
No more.
No more. I'm not gonna hurt you.
No, no, no.
I'm not gonna hurt you, okay?
I just want to untie you. All right?
Just a minute.
Okay.
Oh, God!
I'm sorry.
My friends...
...number 10.
You're sick, huh?
You're sick?

It's okay.
Oh, man, you're burning up.
You're hot.
You hungry? Hungry, food?
Eat, okay? Number one.
Get you something to eat.
Okay? Okay.
Number one. It's good, it's good.
It's okay. Good.
Okay, okay, take it easy.
I don't understand.
I don't understand.
I don't know what you're saying.
I don't know what you're saying.
-What's happening?
-Why are you here?
-Shit's happening.
-Where's Eriksson?
-In the hootch.
-You left him alone with the whore?
Are you nuts?
Go get him up here. Get everybody
and everything up here ASAP. Go.
I gotta do everything myself?
I'm gonna take you out of here.
Okay?
You. You.
You, me, we go.
We're gonna didi. Okay?
We're gonna go home.
Home.
We go home in the ville. Ville.
Ville.
Thank God.
Okay, that's right.
We're going home.
Wait a minute.
I can't go. You go. Go, go!
I can't go!
I'll be a goddamn deserter.
Go! No. Go!
You don't understand. Go.
No, I'm sorry! I can't do this!
I can't do it.

You don't understand!
No, I can't do this.
No, I can't do this.
Oh, Jesus. Okay. All right.
What are you doing?
Nothing, man.
Nothing.
Meserve wants everybody up top.
Shut the fuck up!
She'll give us away
with all that coughing.
We gotta waste her.
She'll get us lit up.
-Eriksson, waste the bitch.
-What?
You heard me. Grease her.
Another boat, sarge.
Get Reilly. I want that support.
Slicks, snakes, everything.
Right, sarge.
Big Brother 0-2,
this is Silent Twin 0-2, over.
I want you to waste her.
I don't know
what you're talking about.
-Kill the bitch.
-You're nuts!
-Yeah?
-Brownie would kick your ass on this.
He would not tolerate this bullshit!
Brownie ain't on
my frequency no more.
Brownie's dead.
You on my frequency, motherfucker?
If you ain't, you're K.I.A.,
just like those gooks there.
Let her go, sarge!
What she gonna do, man? Let her go!
-Hatcher, waste her.
-What?
-I'll do it.
-No, Hatcher's gonna do it.
-Why me?
-You piece of shit. You do what I say.

I don't want to.
Choppers, sarge.
Goddamn it!
They're gonna see her.
We gotta get rid of her.
We'll have every bird
circling this area.
Diaz!
-Do it!
-I'll do it, sarge.
-Diaz is gonna do it. Do it!
-Diaz, no, man. Don't do it.
-You yellow piece of shit! Be a man!
-Don't do it.
-Be a man! Do it! Do it!
-Don't do it!
-Do it!
-Don't let him make you.
-Don't do it, man!
-Do it!
Do it!
You fucking piece of shit, do it!
-Diaz! Diaz!
-Do it! Do it!
-Do it!
-Diaz! No!
You don't have to worry
about her coughing anymore!
Eriksson, you stay here!
-Everybody else move! You cover!
-Now we're in the shit.
Take no names
and count the bodies!
What the hell is that? Look, sarge!
It's a gunboat.
I fixed her, sarge. I fixed her.
Everybody, move! Right flank!
Right flank!
Switch with me, Hatch. Go!
Go!
Get some, motherfuckers!
Get some!
Oh, God.
-She's getting away!

-No! No!
She's getting away!
She's getting away!
That bitch!
I stuck her more than twice!
Waste her!
-No! Stop it!
-Waste her!
Shoot her!
Shoot her!
Shoot her!
Let's make our hat!
Rowan! Rowan!
You okay?
They did it.
We didn't think they would...
...but they did. They killed her.
-The girl?
-This ain't supposed to happen.
We go into this ville.
We just march in...
...and they take this girl.
They tie her up, they drag her out.
They fucked her and killed her.
-It shouldn't happen.
-Jesus Christ.
I mean, this ain't supposed to happen.
Nobody fucking told me.
Hatcher's talking...
Hatcher's talking about
Genghis Khan.
-And Meserve said I'm K.I.A.
-And Clark?
-He's nuts.
-He's here.
Eriksson, what are you
talking to him about?
I'm allowed to be talking to him.
What happens in the field
stays in the field, man.
You know that.
Everybody knows that.
Clarkie, where's Meserve?
Is he back?

What happened? You disappeared.

-I got choppered out, Clark.

-Yeah?

-We have to regroup...

-Don't pull at me!

Don't pull at me.

Reilly said in an hour.

-I'll be there.

-You better be, cherry.

Victor Charles Cong is hardcore.

They said that we were on alert.

I said, "I am always on alert."

-Did you see him, man?

-That was freaky, man.

They get me back in the bush,

I'm coming back in a bag.

You gotta tell somebody.

Who do you think?

-Tell Reilly.

-Hill's the captain.

You should tell Reilly first.

All right.

On the day I was born,
my mama grunted.

I popped out.

Took one look around.

"Shit," I says,

"it's Two Creeks, Texas."

So about eight years ago

I'm still in Two Creeks.

My wife's about to have
our first child.

I took her to the hospital,
a natural thing to do.

She was refused admittance to this
hospital on the basis of her race.

Which is,

as you might guess, Negro.

Next thing I know,

the baby ain't about to wait.

So my son is born

on the goddamn floor...

...of this hospital's reception room.

Eriksson, I flipped the fuck out.

I started turning over chairs...
...kicking lamps.
It wasn't long before I was in jail.
Now, wasn't I on the side
of righteousness?
So, what was I doing in jail?
What I was doing,
let me advise you...
...was fixing to shoot some
motherfuckers in that hospital.
That's what I was doing.
But you know what?
It was like they read my mind...
...and they kept me in that jail
until my mind was turned around.
When I got out,
I only wanted to see...
...my baby and my wife.
And I started thinking to myself...
...what happened
is the way things are.
So why try and buck the system?
This is what I'm gonna do.
I'm gonna break up the squad,
send you in different directions.
Sir.
-I think this is...
-No, you don't think. You listen.
You'd best just relax
and try to forget about this thing.
You can't expect anything else
in the combat zone.
Is that clear?
Sir. Yes, sir.
Guys, I got some boneless chicken
I'll trade for some pound cake.
-We'd kill to keep our pound cake.
-Everybody says that.
In fact, we have killed
to keep our pound cake.
If you was me,
what would you have done?
What do you mean, man?
I mean, if you were me,

what would you have done?
I don't know.
There was this one minute,
you know?
I had this chance.
I could have got her out of there.
We both could have taken off.
And then Clark... What was I
supposed to do? Waste a corporal?
-No, man.
-Just blow away four Americans?
-No.
-What then?
Guys, I can't find my squad.
Why are you here?
-I can't find Wilkins.
-Find any pound cake?
-No, just chicken.
-Where is yours?
Somebody stole it.
Can I stay with you?
Yeah, back there.
I should have gone to Captain Hill.
He'd straighten this out.
When we reconnoitre to those caves,
do you think...?
Private, move out.
-You told Reilly?
-Reilly's bullshit. He's doing zip.
No, I gotta see Captain Hill.
He'll square this shit away.
Don't go around
your immediate superior.
If I do nothing, she'd just vanish.
You can't do that.
There's a chain of command.
I wouldn't violate something
so sacred for a murder.
What are you talking about?
Don't worry about it.
I better go. I feel like
I'm doing something wrong.
-I'll see you later.
-Hey.

You won't see us later if you don't
stop bopping around here.
Just take it easy, okay? Slow down.
All right.
Tough. There he goes.
-Pathetic.
-He ain't rendezvoused with his brain...
Cease fire! Cease fire!
What's the haps, sarge?
Booby trap.
Somebody stepped on a toe-popper.
All right, let's move it out.
Get where we should.
-Who got hit, sarge?
-Cherry.
That boy was bagged
the minute they sent him here.
They should have
just shot him at home.
Okay, let's move out.
Get your people out of here.
Let's go.
Oh, Jesus.
Pathetic, dumb-ass Cherry.
Wait a minute.
This goddamn thing
is turning us on our heads.
We're getting it backwards.
Because every day
is a dose of bullshit.
Just because we could
all be blown away...
...everybody's acting like
we can do anything.
And it don't matter what we do.
But I think it's the other way around.
The main thing is the opposite.
Because we might die
in the next second...
...maybe we gotta
be extra careful what we do.
Because maybe it matters more.
Maybe it matters more
than we even know.

-PFC Eriksson reporting, sir.
-At ease, Eriksson.
-Captain Hill, something happened...
-I'm aware of why you're here.
Reilly detailed it to me
just after you brought it to him.
I'm handling everything.
I didn't know that, sir.
That just about cover it, trooper?
I am max-attentive to this situation.
Yes, sir.
Is there someone I should speak to?
Has the investigation started?
I hope you understand
how serious this situation is.
Yes, sir.
That's why I reported it, sir.
This could cause a major international
incident. Do you know that?
Yes, sir.
Eriksson...
...these men fucked up good...
...but you bringing
formal charges against them...
...is that gonna help that girl
one little bit?
Maybe if you had been there, sir.
If you heard her screaming...
Don't tell me shit about screaming!
I've heard a lot of fucking screaming!
Most of it's come from
wounded American boys.
I'm gonna transfer you out
of my company. That okay?
I'll get you out of the bush,
any fucking place you want to go.
I saw your 201 file in the rear.
You volunteered to be a tunnel rat.
Is that what you want?
I want out of this company.
Well, that's a rog.
You're a tunnel rat.
It won't keep me
from bringing this out, sir.

Nobody's trying to keep you
from doing a goddamn thing.
My function here is just to tell you
how this will come down.
And you ought to be advised...
...that military
court-martials are lenient.
And stateside review boards
are even more lenient.
If these guys get convicted
they won't do any real time.
Yes, sir.
In fact, they'll be out of the stockade
before you know it.
And if I was them, I'd be pissed off.
Wouldn't you?
I'd be looking for payback!
Now, a man like you,
wife, baby daughter...
...I'd be considering
those factors very carefully.
Pardon me, sir.
What's your point, sir?
There ain't no point, Eriksson.
I'm just illuminating the terrain
in which we find ourselves deployed.
You don't mind, do you?
And if you do, fuck you!
-You on my frequency?
-Yes, sir.
You maggot!
Who do you think you are?
You recommended Meserve
for a Bronze Star!
He pulled you out
of a VC tunnel, boy!
What he did was wrong.
But he's a kid.
He's 20 goddamn years old!
And you're gonna ruin his life?
He saved yours!
No, man, no!
Now listen to me, man.
Just don't get too happy

with those dice.
-I'll be there in two seconds.
-Okay. All right.
Hey, Clarkie!
What?
-Charlie's in the wire!
-What the hell's going on?
Christ! What was it?
Who was on watch?
Anybody still in there?
Get that fire out over there.
Let's roll. Come on, let's roll.
-Get over here.
-On the perimeter now. Let's go!
-I need some help down front.
-Go, go, go.
Come on. Sweetest of the day.
Come to daddy, sweet ones.
You sick son of a bitch!
I told you, cherry.
What happens...
Nobody cares, Meserve.
Oh, I told everybody.
You don't have to worry.
You don't have to kill me.
I told them, and they don't care!
You dinky dau, man.
You beaucoup dinky dau!
All right, sergeant. Let's go.
Come on, move it.
I said, go, man.
Goddamn it, we got a fire here.
How you doing, son?
Sir.
I'm sorry, sir.
Drunk, sir.
Mind if I join you?
Drunk. Very drunk, sir.
You going on leave?
Getting transferred, sir.
Fini boonies.
This little darling
must be your daughter.
You're not gonna do anything

crazy with that gun, are you?
Just protecting myself, sir.
I gotta protect myself.
Trouble at home, son?
Pardon, sir?
I thought you had problems at home,
with the wife, sickness in the family.
The answer's not in that can, son.
Are you sure, sir?
I'm a chaplain. Try me.
That's what I do.
You a chaplain, sir?
Are you religious, son?
I'm a Methodist.
I'm a Lutheran.
We can still talk, can't we?
I went on a long-range patrol, sir.
And we kidnapped a girl...
...from a village.
And the other four men...
...raped her.
And they murdered her.
And I failed, sir...
...to stop them.
Where was the girl supposed
to have been abducted from?
-Nghia Hanh ville, sir.
-How old was she?
She was...
-...eighteen, 18 to 20, sir.
-How do you know that?
Because her mother was there.
She was just... She was young.
She just appeared young...
How do you know she wasn't 14 or 12?
How do you know she wasn't 28?
Because she... I don't know. I guess
that's how old she seemed to be.
-Was she VC?
-No, no. I really didn't...
How do you know she wasn't?
-Did she struggle?
-Yeah, her mom was...
How do you know she wasn't

struggling because she was a VC...
...being taken prisoner?
Look, sir...
...the sarge said
we were gonna get us a girl.
And we did.
That's what he said, sir.
How far out did the patrol go?
We went to Hill 209, sir...
...that's about a five hour hike.
And you did it all on foot?
No helicopters?
No. No helicopters.
We hiked in.
So after you got there
what happened to the girl?
They killed her. They...
-She was stabbed.
-The chaplain says you said...
...they shot her.
Yeah, well, first this guy Clark, he said
he stabbed her two or three times.
And then he saw her
crawling away.
So he started screaming
and then everybody came running over.
-Who shot her?
-Everybody shot...
-You saw these people shoot?
-Yes, sir.
-I saw them shoot her.
-If she was dead...
...when did they rape her?
Jesus.
That was before.
At the hooch.
Guess what?
This is a grade A bullshit story.
Do you know why?
-It isn't.
-But it is.
Because if what you're telling us is
true and you hiked in and hiked out...
...and these things happened

the way you're telling it...
...you would've never made it
walking back.
You would've been K.I.A.
I was choppered out.
I said we walked in.
-I was medevaced out.
-You were choppered out?
-Yes, sir.
-So then what happened?
After they shot her, what happened?
What'd they do with the body?
She's there.
The body is there, sir.
So if someone went out there,
they could find the body.
Yes, sir.
Couldn't let it rest, could you?
You had to push it.
Go to hell.
Sir!
So you don't feel responsible
for the rape and murder?
No, sir. I don't.
Is it your feeling, Corporal Clark...
...that you are wrongly brought
to trial by the U.S. Government?
I don't have anything
against the government.
But I just think soldiers
like Tony Meserve and me...
...belong out in combat...
...not here.
Throw us in the stockade and you're
helping nobody but the Viet Cong.
When Sergeant Meserve called you,
did you go willingly into the hootch...
...and rape the girl...
...Tran Thi Oahn?
Please answer the question.
Yes, sir. Yes, sir.
Have you any idea why Eriksson
stayed out of the hootch?
Well, he was brand-new, sir.

I was there a lot longer than him.
At least three weeks longer than him.
You're saying, then...
...you involved yourself in rape
to avoid being ridiculed?
When you go out on a patrol, sir...
...you're not gonna be
as good as you wanna be.
These guys aren't helping you
do anything.
There's gonna be four people
on that patrol, and an individual.
And so I did what I did,
and I got remorse about it.
But I also got remorse
about talking at this trial.
I have a loyalty to the men
I was out there with.
Is it standard for U.S. personnel...
...to have sex with prisoners
and kill them?
-Objection!
-Overruled.
The prisoner tried to give away
the squad's position.
She was ill and coughing
from the abuse of you and your men.
She shouldn't have been there
to jeopardize your position!
You dragged her out
and raped her!
And then you blame her for coughing,
so you kill her!
-Does that about sum it up?
-Objection.
Overruled.
Well, sir...
...I've seen a lot of killing...
...which it's our duty to do,
because it's kill or be killed.
Sometimes you hate
the enemy so badly...
About two ops back...
...Operation Turner...

...we saw a hootch
that had been burned down.
Some Vietnamese were carrying kids
out of a bunker.
They suffered
from smoke inhalation.
I gave one small child
mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.
That just shows you
we ain't all combat over here.
Isn't it true that shortly before
the incident on Hill 209...
...you were involved in an action...
...during which you were put out
on flank security?
Where you failed utterly...
...to either protect
your fellow soldiers...
...or regroup
according to your instruction?
It was a mortar situation, sir.
The concussion opened up
the earth underneath me.
I was in a tunnel. I fell in the dirt,
there was dirt collapsed all around me.
I couldn't move, sir.
And who helped you?
Sergeant Meserve.
-Do you respect Sergeant Meserve?
-No, sir.
Are you afraid of him?
Not if he doesn't have
a weapon, sir, no.
And during this alleged rape...
...you went off to sit in the jungle.
Is that correct?
-I was placed on...
-Were you off in the jungle?
-Yes or no? Answer the question.
-Yes, sir.
Does sexual activity
always repulse you in this way?
Isn't it true you went to figure out
how to use this incident...

-...to get out of the infantry?

-Objection.

Didn't you fabricate your charges
against them to avoid combat duty?

-Objection.

-I applied for tunnel rat, sir.

-That's hazardous duty.

-I know what you applied for.

And I know what you're doing.

You're working as an orderly...

...and a witness.

And neither one is hazardous.

Why the hell didn't you just let
that girl go when you had the chance?

In fact, if you wanted to save her
so badly, why didn't you just shoot...

...the other members of your patrol
and be done with it?

-I thought about it.

-But you didn't do it, did you?

Because you were watching out
for your own sweet ass...

-...is why you didn't do it.

-Objection, sir.

I probably should have shot him.

Yeah, I probably

should have shot Clark.

And Meserve.

Yeah, I probably should have
shot them. Yes, sir...

...instead of what I did...

...which was nothing.

They killed her, sir.

I mean, they fucking killed her!

Of the charges of rape
and unpremeditated murder...

...PFC Diaz is found guilty...

...sentenced to eight years'
hard labour.

Of the charge of rape,

PFC Hatcher is found guilty...

...and sentenced

to 15 years' hard labour.

Of the charges of rape

and premeditated murder...
...Corporal Clark is found guilty...
...sentenced to life imprisonment
at hard labour.
Of the charge of
unpremeditated murder...
...Sergeant E5 Meserve
is found guilty...
...sentenced to 10 years'
hard labour.
Sentences will begin immediately...
...at U.S. Disciplinary Barracks,
Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.
Prisoners dismissed.
If these guys get convicted,
they won't do any real time.
They'll be out of the stockade
before you know it.
And if I was them, I'd be pissed off.
Wouldn't you?
I'd be looking for payback!
Excuse me. Excuse me, miss!
-You forgot this.
-Oh, thank you. Bye.
Do I remind you of someone?
Yeah.
You had a bad dream, didn't you?
Yes.
It's over now, I think.