



Scripts.com

Full Metal Jacket

By Stanley Kubrick

FADE IN:

WARNER BROS. LOGO:

WARNER BROS. PICTURES

WB:

A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

LOGO FADES OUT:

Music:

Johnny Wright's "Hello Vietnam"

TITLE:

CUT :

TO:

TITLE:

CUT TO:

1 INT. BARBERSHOP--PARRIS

ISLAND MARINE BASE-DAY

Marine recruits having their heads shaved
with
electric clippers. The hair piles up on the floor.

2 INT.

BARRACKS--DAY

Marine recruits stand at attention in front of their
bunks.

Master Gunnery Sergeant HARTMAN walks along the
line of
blank-faced recruits.

HARTMAN:

I am Gunnery Sergeant
Hartman, your Senior
Drill Instructor. From now on, you will speak
only when spoken to, and the first and last
words out of your filthy
sewers will be "Sir!"
Do you maggots understand that?

RECRUITS :

(in unison)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Bullshit! I can't hear you. Sound off like you got a pair.

RECRUITS :

(louder)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

If you ladies leave my island, if you survive recruit training ... you will be a weapon, you will be a minister of death, praying for war. But until that day you are pukes! You're the lowest form of life on Earth. You are not even human fucking beings! You are nothing but unorganized grabasstic pieces of amphibian shit!

Because I am hard, you will not like me. But the more you hate me, the more you will learn. I am hard, but I am fair! There is no racial bigotry here! I do not look down on niggers, kikes, wops or greasers. Here you are all equally worthless! And my orders are to weed out all non-hackers who do not pack the gear to serve in my beloved Corps! Do you maggots understand that?

RECRUITS :

(in unison)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Bullshit! I can't hear you!

RECRUITS:

(louder)

Sir, yes, sir!

Sergeant HARTMAN stops in front of a
black recruit,
Private SNOWBALL.

HARTMAN :

What's your
name, scumbag?

SNOWBALL :

(shouting)

Sir,
Private Brown, sir!

HARTMAN :

Bullshit! From now on
you're Private
Snowball! Do you like that name?

SNOWBALL :

(shouting)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN:

Well, there's one thing that you won't like,
Private Snowball! They
don't serve fried
chicken and watermelon on a daily basis in
my
mess hall!

SNOWBALL :

Sir, yes, sir!

JOKER:

(whispering)

Is that you, John Wayne? Is this me?

HARTMAN:

Who said that? Who the fuck said that? Who's
the slimy
little communist shit twinkle-toed
cocksucker down here, who just
signed his
own death warrant? Nobody, huh?! The fairy
fucking
godmother said it! Out-fuckingstanding!
I will P.T. you all until
you fucking
die! I'll P.T. you until your assholes are
sucking
buttermilk.
Sergeant HARTMAN grabs cowboy by the shirt.

HARTMAN :

Was it you, you scroungy little fuck, huh?!

COWBOY :

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

You little piece of
shit! You look like a fucking
worm! I'll bet it was you!

COWBOY :

Sir, no, sir!

JOKER :

Sir, I said it, sir!
Sergeant HARTMAN steps up to JOKER.

HARTMAN :

Well ...
no shit. What have we got here, a
fucking comedian? Private Joker? I
admire
your honesty. Hell, I like you. You can come
over to my
house and fuck my sister.
Sergeant HARTMAN purnches JOKER in the
stomach.
JOKER sags to his knees.

HARTMAN :

You little
scumbag! I've got your name! I've
got your ass! You will not laugh!
You will not
cry! You will learn by the numbers. I will
teach
you. Now get up! Get on your feet! You
had best unfuck yourself or I
will unscrew
your head and shit down your neck!

JOKER:

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Private Joker, why did you join
my beloved
Corps?

JOKER :

Sir, to kill, sir!

HARTMAN :

So you're a killer!

JOKER :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Let me see your war face!

JOKER :

Sir?

HARTMAN :

You've got a war face? Aaaaaaaagh! That's a
war face.
Now let me see your war face!

JOKER :

Aaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN :

Bullshit! You didn't convince me! Let me see
your real
war face!

JOKER :

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN :

You didn't scare me! Work on it!

JOKER:

Sir, yes, sir!

Sergeant HARTMAN speaks into cowboy's face.

HARTMAN :

What's your excuse?

COWBOY :

Sir, excuse for
what, sir?

HARTMAN :

I'm asking the fucking questions
here,
Private. Do you understand?!

COWBOY :

Sir,
yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Well thank you very much! Can I be in
charge
for a while?

COWBOY :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Are you shook up? Are you nervous?

COWBOY:

Sir, I am, sir!

HARTMAN :

Do I make you nervous?

COWBOY :

Sir!

HARTMAN :

Sir, what? Were you about to
call me an
asshole?!

COWBOY :

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

How tall are you, Private?

COWBOY :

Sir,
five foot nine, sir!

HARTMAN :

Five foot nine? I didn't
know they stacked shit
that high! You trying to squeeze an inch in
on
me somewhere, huh?

COWBOY :

Sir, no, sir.

HARTMAN :

Bullshit! It looks to me like the best part of
you ran
down the crack of your mama's ass
and ended up as a brown stain on
the
mattress! I think you've been cheated!

HARTMAN:

Where in hell are you from anyway, Private?

COWBOY:

Sir, Texas, sir!

HARTMAN :

Holy dogshit! Texas! Only
steers and queers
come from Texas, Private Cowboy! And you
don't look much like a steer to me, so that
kinda narrows it down!
Do you suck dicks!

COWBOY :

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

Are you a peter-puffer?

COWBOY :

Sir, no,
sir!

HARTMAN :

I'll bet you're the kind of guy that would
fuck
a person in the ass and not even have the
goddam common
courtesy to give him a reacharound!
I'll be watching you!
Sergeant HARTMAN walks down the line to another
recruit, a tall,
overtweight boy.

HARTMAN :

Did your parents have any
children that lived?

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

I'll bet they regret that! You're so ugly you
could be
a modern art masterpiece! What's
your name, fatbody?

PYLE :

Sir, Leonard Lawrence, sir!

HARTMAN :

Lawrence?

Lawrence, what, of Arabia?

PYLE :

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

That name sounds like royalty! Are you royalty?

PYLE :

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

Do you suck dicks?

PYLE :

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

Bullshit! I'll bet you could suck a golf ball through a garden hose!

PYLE:

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

I don't like the name Lawrence!
Only faggots
and sailors are called Lawrence! From now on
you're Gomer Pyle!

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

PYLE has the
trace of a strange smile on his face.

HARTMAN :

Do you

think I'm cute, Private Pyle? Do you
think I'm funny?

PYLE :

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

Then wipe that
disgusting grin off your face!

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Well, any fucking time, sweetheart!

PYLE:

Sir, I'm trying, sir.

HARTMAN :

Private Pyle, I'm gonna
give you three
seconds--exactly three fucking seconds--to
wipe
that stupid-looking grin off your face, or
I will gouge out your
eyeballs and skull-fuck
you! One! Two! Three!

PYLE purses his
lips but continues to smile
involuntarily.

PYLE :

Sir,
I can't help it, sir!

HARTMAN :

Bullshit! Get on your
knees, scumbag!

PYLE gets down on his knees.

HARTMAN:

Now choke yourself!

PYLE places his hands around his throat as if to

choke himself.

HARTMAN :

Goddamn it, with my hand,
numbnuts!!

PYLE reaches for HARTMAN's hand. HARTMAN jerks
it away.

HARTMAN :

Don't pull my fucking hand over there! I said
choke
yourself! Now lean forward and choke
yourself!

PYLE leans forward
so that his neck rests in
HARTMAN's open hand.

HARTMAN chokes PYLE.
PYLE gags and starts to turn red in the face.

HARTMAN:

Are you through grinning?

PYLE :

(barely able to
speak)
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Bullshit! I can't
hear you!

PYLE :

(gasping)
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Bullshit! I still can't hear you! Sound offlike
you got
a pair!

PYLE :

(gagging)
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

That's enough! Get on your feet!

HARTMAN releases PYLE's
throat. PYLE gets to his feet,
breathing heavily.

HARTMAN:

Private Pyle, you had best square your ass
away and start shitting
me Tiffany cuff links
... or I will definitely fuck you up!

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

3 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND--DAY

The training
platoon is double-timing in formation.
HARTMAN is calling cadence.

HARTMAN :

. . right, left, right, left! Left, right, left,
right,
left! Left, right, left, right, left!

JOKER:

(narration)

Parris Island, South Carolina.... the United
States
Marine Corps Recruit Depot. An eightweek
college for the
phony-tough and the
crazy-brave.

HARTMAN :

Mama and
Papa were laying in bed.

RECRUITS :

(chanting in.
cadence)

Mama and Papa were laying in bed.

HARTMAN:

Mama rolled over, this is what she said...

RECRUITS:

Mama rolled over, this is what she said...

HARTMAN :

Ah,
gimme some...

RECRUITS:

Ah, gimme some...

HARTMAN :

Ah, gimme some...

RECRUITS:

Ah, gimme
some...

HARTMAN :

P.T....
REcRuITS
P.T....

HARTMAN :

P.T....
REcRuITS
P.T....

HARTMAN :

Good for you!

RECRUITS:

Good for you!

HARTMAN :

And good for me!

RECRUITS :

And good for me!

HARTMAN :

Mmm, good.

RECRUITS :

Mmm, good.

HARTMAN :

Up in the morning to
the rising sun.

RECRUITS :

Up in the morning to the
rising sun.

HARTMAN :

Gotta run all day...

4 EXT.

PRACTICE FIELD--SUNSET

Recruits, silhouetted against the sun, climbing
ropes, nets and ladders.

HARTMAN :

...till the running's
done!

RECRUITS :

Gotta run all day till the running's
done!

HARTMAN :

Ho Chi Minh is a son-of-a-bitch!

RECRUITS :

Ho Chi Minh is a son-of-a-bitch!

HARTMAN:

Got the blueballs, crabs and the seven-yearitch!

RECRUITS :

Got the blueballs, crabs and the seven-yearitch!

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

HARTMAN marches the platoon
across a wide
expanse of asphalt. The recruits carry rifles.

HARTMAN :

Left, right, left, right, left! To your left
shoulder .
. . hut! Left, right, left! Port . . .
hut!

HARTMAN:

Left, right! Platoon ... halt! Left shoulder ...
hut!

PYLE :

momentarily places his rifle on the wrong
shoulder and immediately
corrects himself:

HARTMAN spots this and walks up to him.

HARTMAN :

Private Pyle, what are you trying to do to my
beloved
Corps?

PYLE :

Sir, I don't know, sir!

HARTMAN :

You are dumb, Private Pyle, but do you
expect me to
believe that you don't know left
from right?

PYLE:

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

Then you did that on purpose! You
want to
be different!

PYLE :

Sir, no, sir.

HARTMAN slaps PYLE hard across the left cheek.

HARTMAN:

What side was that, Private Pyle?!

PYLE :

Sir, left side,
sir!

HARTMAN :

Are you sure, Private Pyle?

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN SlAPS pnE hard across the right
cheek,
Knocking his cap off:

HARTMAN :

What side was
that, Private Pyle?

PYLE :

Sir, right side, sir.

HARTMAN :

Don't fuck with me again, Pyle! Pick up
your fucking
cover!

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

DISSOLVE TO:

6 EXT.

PARADE DECK--DAY

HARTMAN marching the platoon. - bringing up the
rear is PYLE, his fatigue pants down around his
ankles; he is sucking
his thumb and he carries his
rifle muzzle down.

7 INT.

BARRACKS--NIGHT

HARTMAN walks along the line of recruits in skivvies
holding their rifles and standing at attention in
front of their
bunks.

HARTMAN :

Tonight ... you pukers will sleep with
your
rifles! You will give your rifle a girl's name!
Because
this is the only pussy you people are
going to get! Your days of
finger-banging old
Mary Jane Rottencrotch through her pretty
pink panties are over! You're married to this
piece, this weapon of
iron and wood! And you
will be faithful! Port ... hut! Prepare to
mount! Mount!

On HARTMAN's command the platoon mount their
bunks
with their rifles and lie on their backs at
attention.

HARTMAN:

Port . . . hut!
The recruits snap their rifles to the
port arms
position. over their chests.

HARTMAN :

Pray!

RECRUITS :

(in unison)

This is my rifle. There are many
like it, but
this one is mine. My rifle is my best friend. It
is my life. I must master it, as I must master
my life.

Without me my rifle is useless. Without my
rifle, I am useless. I
must fire my rifle true. I
must shoot straighter than my enemy who
is

trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he
shoots me. I
will.

Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and
myself are

defenders of my country. We are
the masters of our enemy. We are the
saviours
of my life. So be it . . . until there is no enemy
...
but peace. Amen.

HARTMAN :

Order . . . hut!
The
recruits snap their rifles down to their sides.

HARTMAN:

At ease!
HARTMAN turns off the barracks lights.

HARTMAN:

Good night, ladies.

RECRUITS :

(in unison)
Good night, sir!

HARTMAN :

(to duty guard)
Hit it, sweetheart!

DUTY GUARD :

Sir, aye-aye, sir!
8

EXT. PARADE FIELD--DAWN

HARTMAN drills the platoon.

HARTMAN :

Right shoulder ... hut! This is not your
daddy's
shotgun, Cowboy. Left shoulder ...
hut! Move your rifle around your
head, not
your head around your rifle. Port ... hut!
Four
inches from your chest, Pyle! Four
inches!

9 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

HARTMAN marches the recruits through the squad bay. Their rifles are at shoulder arms and their left hands clutch their genitals.

HARTMAN :

This is my rifle! This is my gun!

RECRUITS:

This is for fighting! This is for fun!

HARTMAN :

This is my rifle! This is my gun!

RECRUITS :

This is my rifle!

This is my gun!

They repeat this over and over again as they march up and down the squad bay.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

HARTMAN marching the platoon, calling cadence.

11 EXT. "ARMSTRETCHER"

OBSTACLE--DAY

Hand over hand the recruits swing along the "Armstretcher."

HARTMAN :

Ten fucking seconds! It should take you no more than ten fucking seconds to negotiate this obstacle! Quickly, move it out! There ain't one swinging dick private in this platoon's gonna graduate until they can get this obstacle down to less than ten fucking seconds!

12 EXT.

"TOUGH ONE" OBSTACLE--DAY

HARTMAN watches as the recruits climb ropes

and
ladders to a high wooden tower above the platform

13 EXT.

PUGIL-STICK CIRCLE--DAY

PYLE and another recruit, wearing
football-style
helmets, batter each other with pugil sticks.

The
recruits are formed up around them in a circle.
They cheer as PYLE is
beaten, to the ground.

14. EXT. "DIRTY NAME" OBSTACLE--DAY

RECRURTS :

waiting in two lines for their turn.

HARTMAN :

Next two
privates! Quickly!

The next two recruits struggle over the obstacle.

HARTMAN:

Get over that goddamn obstacle! Move it!
Next two
privates! Quickly! Hurry up! Get
up there!

JOKER and another
recruit go over easily.

HARTMAN :

Private Joker, are you
a killer?

JOKER :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN:

Let me hear your war cry!

JOKER :

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN :

Next two privates, go!

PYLE and another recruit. PYLE is
hopeless.

HARTMAN :

Quickly! Get your fat ass over there,
Private
Pyle! Oh, that's right, Private Pyle ... don't
make any
fucking effort to get to the top of
the fucking obstacle! If God
wanted you up
there He would have miracled your ass up
there by
now, wouldn't He?

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Get your fat ass up there, Pyle!

PYLE :

Sir,
yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

What the hell is the matter with you
anyway?
I'll bet you if there was some pussy up there
on top of
that obstacle you could get up there!
Couldn't you?!

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!
PYLE drops heavily to the groulzd.

HARTMAN :

Your ass looks like about a hundred and fifty
pounds of
chewed bubble gum, Pyle. Do you
know that?

PYLE:

Sir, yes, sir!

15 EXT. CHINNING BAR--DAY

Recruits are doing
pull-ups. HARTMAN watches
JOKER finishing many, many of them.

HARTMAN :

One for the Corps! Get up there! Pull!
JOKER finally
drops to the ground.

HARTMAN :

I guess the Corps don't
get theirs. Get up
there, Pyle!
PYLE tries to do a pull-up but
can't get to the top of
the bar.

HARTMAN :

Pull! Pull,
Pyle, pull! One pull-up, Pyle! Come
on, pull! You gotta be shitting
me, Pyle! Get
your ass up there! Do you mean to tell me
that
you cannot do one single pull-up?
PYLE, exhausted from his efforts,
drops to the
ground.

HARTMAN :

You are a worthless
piece of shit, Pyle!! Get
out of my face! Get up there, Snowball!
16 EXT. "CONFIDENCE CLIMB"--DAY
PYLE climbs a high obstacle.

HARTMAN :

Get up here, fatboy! Quickly! Move it up!
Move it up,
Pyle! Move it up! You climb
obstacles like old people fuck. Do you
know

that, Private Pyle? Get up here! You're too slow! Move it, move it! Private Pyle, whatever you do, don't fall down! That would break my fucking heart! Quickly!
PYLE freezes at the top.

HARTMAN :

Up and over! Up and over! Well, what in the fuck are you waiting for, Private Pyle? Get up and over! Move it, move it, move it! Are you quitting on me? Well, are you! Then quit you slimy fucking walrus-looking piece of shit! Get the fuck off my obstacle! Get the fuck down off of my obstacle! Now!
PYLE climbs back down his side of the obstacle.

HARTMAN :

Move it!
I'm gonna rip your balls off so you cannot contaminate the rest of the world! I will motivate you, Private Pyle, if it short-dicks every cannibal on the Congo!
17 EXT. ROAD--DAY

The platoon is irregularly strung out on a road nearing the end of a rapid, forced march.

PYLE is at the end of the line ready to drop. Supported by JOKER, PYLE Staggers along as HARTMAN bellows at him.

HARTMAN :

Pick'em up and set'em down, Pyle! Quickly! Move it up! Were you born a fat

slimy scumbag, you piece of shit, Private Pyle? Or did you have to work on it? Move it up! Quickly! Hustle up!

The fucking war will be over by the time we get out there, won't it, Private Pyle?

HARTMAN gives PYLE a shove.

HARTMAN :

Move it!

PYLE gasps for breath.

HARTMAN:

Are you going to fucking die, Pyle? Are you going to die on me!! Do it now! Move it up!

Hustle it up! Quickly, quickly, quickly! Do you feel dizzy? Do you feel faint? Jesus H. Christ, I think you've got a hard-on!

18 EXT. MUD OBSTACLE--DAY

The platoon tries to run, through the mud. PYLE half carried by JOKER and COWBOY falls taking JOKER down with him.

HARTMAN :

Quickly ladies! Assholes and elbows! Move it out! Get up there! Move it! Move it, move it, move it!

19 INT. BARRACKS--PRE-DAWN

HARTMAN and two Junior Drill Instructors stride into the Squad Bay. The lights go on. HARTMAN bangs loudly on an empty metal garbage can which he carries into the room.

HARTMAN :

Reveille! Reveille! Reveille! Drop your cocks and grab your socks! Today is Sunday! Divine worship at

zero-eight-hundred! Get your
bunks made and get your uniforms on.
Police
call will commence in two minutes!

HARTMAN stops in front
of JOKER's bunk.

HARTMAN :

Private Cowboy! Private Joker!

COWBOY :

Sir, yes, sir!

JOKER :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

As soon as you finish your bunks, I want you
two turds
to clean the head.

JOKER & COWBOY

(in unison)

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN :

I want that head so sanitary
and squared
away that the Virgin Mary herself would be
proud to
go in there and take a dump!

JOKER & COWBOY

(in
unison)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Private Joker, do
you believe in the Virgin
Mary?

JOKER:

Sir, no,
sir!

HARTMAN throws down the garbage can with a loud

bang.

HARTMAN :

Private Joker, I don't believe I heard you correctly!

JOKER :

Sir, the private said "No, sir," sir!

HARTMAN:

Why, you little maggot! You make me want to vomit!

HARTMAN slaps

JOKER, hard, across the cheek.

HARTMAN :

You goddam
communist heathen, you had best
sound off that you love the Virgin
Mary . . . or
I'm gonna stomp your guts out! Now you do
love
the Virgin Mary, don't you?!

JOKER :

Sir, negative,
sir!!

HARTMAN :

Private Joker, are you trying to offend
me?!

JOKER :

Sir, negative, sir!!! Sir, the private
believes
that any answer he gives will be wrong! And
the Senior
Drill Instructor will beat him
harder if he reverses himself, sir!

HARTMAN :

Who's your squad leader, scumbag?

JOKER:

Sir, the private's squad leader is Private Snowball, sir!!!

HARTMAN :

Private Snowball!

SNOWBALL double-times up to HARTMAN.

SNOWBALL :

Sir, Private Snowball reporting as ordered, sir!

HARTMAN :

Private Snowball, you're fired! Private Joker is promoted to squad leader!

SNOWBALL :

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN :

Private Pyle!

PYLE :

Private Pyle reporting as ordered, sir!

HARTMAN :

Private Pyle, from now on Private Joker is your new squad leader, and you will bunk with him! He'll teach you everything. He'll teach you how to pee.

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Private Joker is silly and he's ignorant, but he's got guts, and guts is enough. Now, you ladies carry on.

JOKER, COWBOY & PYLE
(in
unison)

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

20 EXT. TRAINING FIELD--DAY

JOKER :

patiently explains the disassembly of an
M-14 rifle to PYLE.

JOKER :

The bolt. The bolt goes in the receiver.

Operating rod

handle. Operating rod guide.

21 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

JOKER and PYLE

sitting on their footlockers. JOKER

instructs PYLE in the correct

method of lacing his

combat boots.

JOKER :

And the left

one ... over the right. Right one

over the left. Left one over the

right. Right

one over the left.

22 EXT. CONFIDENCE CLIMB--DAY

On. top of the confidence climb, JOKER gently talks

PYLE over the top.

JOKER :

Just throw your other leg over ... that'a boy.

That's it.

Now just pull the next one over .. .

and you're home free. Ready?

Just throw it

over. That'a boy. Just set it down. All right?

PYLE :

breathes heavily. He is scared but he manages

to get over.

JOKER :

There you go. Congratulations, Leonard. You

did it.

INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

JOKER instructs PYLE in the correct way of making his bed.

JOKER :

You fold the blanket and the sheet back together. Make a four-inch fold. Okay? Got it? You do it.

PYLE :

looks down. uncertainly at the bed.
24 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

JOKER :

works with PYLE on the Manual of Arms.
25 EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE--DAY
COWBOY, JOKER and PYLE run up a ramp, grab the ropes and swing across a ditch. PYLE makes it without trouble.
26 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY
HARTMAN is drilling the squad, calling the cadence and watching PYLE who makes no mistakes.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. RIFLE RANGE--DAY
Targets are raised and lowered, red markers indicating hits. HARTMAN addresses the recruits.

HARTMAN :

The deadliest weapon in the world is a marine and his rifle. It is your killer instinct which must be harnessed if you expect to survive in combat. Your rifle is only a tool. It is a hard heart that kills. If your killer instincts are not clean and strong you will hesitate at the moment of truth. You will not kill. You will become dead marines. And then you will

be in a world of shit. Because marines are not allowed to die without permission! Do you maggots understand?

RECRUITS:

Sir, yes, sir!
28 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND STREET--DAY
The recruits are double-timing to HARTMAN's cadences.

HARTMAN:

(chanting in cadence)
I love working for Uncle Sam!

RECRUITS :

(chanting in cadence)
I love working for Uncle Sam!

HARTMAN :

Lets me know just who I am!

RECRUITS :

Lets me know just who I am!

HARTMAN :

One,
two, three, four! United States Marine Corps!

RECRUITS:

One, two, three, four! United States Marine Corps!

HARTMAN :

One, two, three, four! I love the Marine Corps!

RECRUITS :

One, two, three, four! I love the Marine Corps.

HARTMAN :

My Corps!

RECRUITS :
My Corps!

HARTMAN :
Your Corps!

RECRUITS :
Your Corps!

HARTMAN :
Our Corps!

RECRUITS :
Our Corps!

HARTMAN :
Marine Corps!

RECRUITS :
Marine Corps!

HARTMAN :
I don't know, but I've been told.

RECRUITS :
I don't know, but I've been told.

HARTMAN :
Eskimo pussy
is mighty cold!

RECRUITS :
Eskimo pussy is mighty cold!

HARTMAN :
Mmm, good!

RECRUITS :
Mmm, good!

HARTMAN :
Feels good!

RECRUITS :

Feels good!

HARTMAN :

Is good!

RECRUITS :

Is good!

HARTMAN :

Real good!

RECRUITS :

Real good!

HARTMAN :

Tastes good!

RECRUITS :

Tastes good!

HARTMAN :

Mighty good!

RECRUITS :

Mighty good!

HARTMAN :

Good for you!

RECRUITS :

Good for you!

HARTMAN :

Good for me!

RECRUITS :

Good for me!

29

INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

The recruits in their skivvies stand at attention in two facing rows on top of their footlockers, arms outstretched, hands held rigidly in front of them,

palms down, for inspection.

HARTMAN moves along the row of men. He smacks a recruit's hand.

HARTMAN :

Trim 'em.

HARTMAN points at the feet of another recruit.

HARTMAN :

Toejam!

To another recruit.

HARTMAN:

Pop that blister!

HARTMAN stops in front of PYLE and notices his foot locker is unlocked. He picks up the lock and holds it up to PYLE.

HARTMAN :

Jesus H. Christ! Private Pyle, why is your footlocker unlocked?

PYLE :

Sir, I don't know, sir!

HARTMAN :

Private Pyle, if there is one thing in this world that I hate, it is an unlocked footlocker! You know that, don't you?

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

If it wasn't for dickheads like you, there wouldn't be any thievery in this world, would there?

PYLE :

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

Get down!

PYLE steps down, from the footlocker. HARTMAN flips open the lid with a bang and begins rummaging through the box.

HARTMAN :

Well, now . . . let's just see if there's anything missing!

HARTMAN freezes. He reaches down and slowly picks up a jelly doughnut, holding it in disgust at arm's length with his fingertips.

HARTMAN :

Holy Jesus! What is that? What is that,
Private Pyle?!

PYLE :

Sir, a jelly doughnut,
sir!

HARTMAN :

A jelly doughnut?!

PYLE:

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

How did it get here?

PYLE :

Sir, I took it from the mess hall, sir!

HARTMAN:

Is chow allowed in the barracks, Private Pyle?

PYLE:

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

Are you allowed to eat jelly
doughnuts,
Private Pyle?

PYLE :

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN :

And why not, Private Pyle?

PYLE :

Sir,
because I'm too heavy, sir!

HARTMAN :

Because you are a
disgusting fatbody, Private
Pyle!

PYLE :

Sir, yes,
sir!

HARTMAN:

Then why did you hide a jelly doughnut in
your footlocker, Private Pyle?

PYLE :

Sir, because I was
hungry, sir!

HARTMAN :

Because you were hungry?
Holding out the jelly doughnut, HARTMAN walks
down the row of recruits
still standing with their
arms outstretched.

HARTMAN:

Private Pyle has dishonored himself and
dishonored the platoon! I
have tried to help
him, but I have failed! I have failed because

you have not helped me! You people have not given Private Pyle the proper motivation!

So, from now on, whenever Private Pyle fucks

up, I will not punish him, I will punish all of you! And the way I

see it, ladies, you

owe me for one jelly doughnut! Now, get on your faces!

HARTMAN :

(to PYLE)

Open your mouth!

He shoves the jelly doughnut into PYLE's mouth.

HARTMAN :

They're paying for it, you eat it!

HARTMAN turns to the recruits.

HARTMAN :

Ready . . . exercise!

The platoon does push-ups.

RECRUITS:

(chanting in cadence)

One, two, three, four!

I love the Marine Corps!

One, two,

three, four!

I love the Marine Corps!

One, two, three, four!

I love the Marine Corps!

One, two, three, four . . .

While the platoon does push-ups, PYLE swallows hard to get down. bites of the doughnut.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. BARRACKS--DAWN

JOKER checks PYLE's
Uniform.

JOKER :
(quietly)
You really look
like shit today, Leonard.

PYLE :
Joker? Everybody hates
me now. Even you.

JOKER :
Nobody hates you, Leonard. You
just keep
making mistakes, getting everybody in
trouble.

PYLE :
I can't do anything right. I need help.

JOKER:
I'm trying to help you, Leonard. I'm really
trying.
PYLE grins,
trustingly.

JOKER :
Tuck your shirt in.

DISSOLVE TO:
31 EXT. TRAINING FIELD--DAY
The platoon does squat thrusts as PYLE
sits, his
cap on backwards, sucking his thumb. HARTMAN
watches.

RECRUITS :
(counting in unison)
One, turo, three . . .
nineteen!
One, two, three . . . twenty!
One, two, three . . .
twenty-one!

One, two, three . . . twenty-two!
One, two, three .
. . . twenty-three!
One, two, three . . . twenty-four!
One, two,
three . . . twenty-five!
One, two, three . . . twenty-six!
One,
two, three . . . twenty-seven!
One, two, three . . . twenty-eight!
One, two, three . . . twenty-nine!
One, two, three . . . thirty!

FADE TO BLACK:

32 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

We see a towel on a bed. A bar
of soap is tossed
on the towel. The towel is folded over the soap
forming a weapon.

A hand picks up the towel-weapon and bangs it
on
the mattress making a dull thud.

PYLE is asleep in his bunk.

The
platoon silently slip out of their beds and
form up around PYLE.

A :

blanket is thrown over PYLE, each corner held
down by a recruit,
pinning PYLE to the bed.

COWBOY shoves a gag in PYLE's mouth.

PYLE :

is helpless.

The platoon files past beating PYLE with the bars
of
soap wrapped in towels.

PYLE's screams are muffled by the gag.
JOKER is the last one. He stands back from the bed.

COWBOY:

(to JOKER)

Do it! Do it!

JOKER hesitates, then moves forward and hits

PYLE hard several times.

Then JOKER jumps into his bunk.

The recruits yank the restraining blanket of PYLE and run back to their bunks.

COWBOY :

(removing gag)

Remember, it's just a bad dream, fatboy.

PYLE sobs loudly and sits up, holding himself in pain.

Lying in, his bunk, JOKER covers his ears.

FADE :

IN:

33 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

The platoon is lined up.

HARTMAN :

Port... hut! Left shoulder ... hut! Right shoulder ...

hut! Port ... hut! Do we love our beloved Corps, ladies?

RECRUITS :

(shouting in unison)

Semper fi, do or die! Gung ho, gung ho, gung ho!

PYLE says nothing, just stares straight ahead.

HARTMAN :

What makes the grass grow?

RECRUITS :

Blood, blood, blood!

PYLE stares. Does not join in the

shouting.

HARTMAN :

What do we do for a living, ladies?

RECRUITS

Kill, kill, kill!

PYLE remains silent.

HARTMAN :

I can't hear you!

RECRUITS :

Kill, kill,

kill!

HARTMAN :

Bullshit! I still can't hear you!

RECRUITS :

Kill, kill, kill!

PYLE continues to stare blartkly
ahead.

34 EXT. BLEACHERS--DAY

The platoon sits on bleachers facing
HARTMAN.

HARTMAN :

Do any of you people know who Charles
Whitman was?

No response.

HARTMAN :

None of you
dumbasses knows?

COWBOY raises his hand.

HARTMAN:

Private Cowboy?

COWBOY :

Sir, he was that guy who shot
all those people
from that tower in Austin, Texas, sir!

HARTMAN :

That's affirmative. Charles Whitman killed twenty people from a twenty-eight-storey observation tower at the University of Texas from distances up to four hundred yards. HARTMAN looks around.

HARTMAN :

Anybody know who Lee Harvey Oswald was?
Almost everybody raises his hand.

HARTMAN :

Private Snowball?

SNOWBALL :

Sir, he shot Kennedy, sir!

HARTMAN :

That's right, and do you know how far away he was?

SNOWBALL :

Sir, it was pretty far!
From that book suppository building, sir!
The recruits laugh at "suppository. "

HARTMAN :

All right, knock it off! Two hundred and fifty feet! He was two hundred and fifty feet away and shooting at a moving target. Oswald got off three rounds with an old Italian bolt action rifle in only six seconds and scored two hits, including a head shot! Do any of you people know where

these individuals learned to shoot?

JOKER raises his hand.

HARTMAN :

Private Joker?

JOKER :

Sir, in the Marines,
sir!

HARTMAN :

In the Marines! Outstanding! Those individuals showed what one motivated marine and his rifle can do!

And before you ladies leave my island, you will be able to do the same thing!

Camera slowly moves in on PYLE staring at HARTMAN.

35 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

Recruits standing at attention in two facing rows.

HARTMAN walks between the rows, leading them in song.

HARTMAN & RECRUITS

Happy Birthday to you,
Happy Birthday to
you,
Happy Birthday, dear Jesus,
Happy Birthday to you!

HARTMAN :

Today ... is Christmas! There will be a magic show at zero-nine-thirty! Chaplain Charlie will tell you about how the free world will conquer Communism with the aid of God and a few marines! God has a hard-on for marines because we kill everything we see! He plays His games, we play ours! To show our appreciation for

so
much power, we keep heaven packed
with fresh souls! God was here
before the
Marine Corps! So you can give your heart
to Jesus,
but your ass belongs to the Corps!
Do you ladies understand?

RECRUITS :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

I can't hear you!

RECRUITS :

Sir, yes, sir!

36 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

The recruits
are seated on footlockers, cleaning their
rifles. HARTMAN prowls among
them, watching.

PYLE talizs softly to his rifle.

JOKER looks at him
uneasily.

PYLE :

(to his rifte)

It's been

swabbed.... and wiped. Everything
is clean. Beautiful. So that it
slides perfectly.

Nice. Everything cleaned. Oiled. So that your
action is beautiful. Smooth, Charlene.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT.

BARRACKS--NIGHT

A few recruits, including PYLE, are mopping the
floor.

38 INT. LATRINE--NIGHT

In the latrine COWBOY and JOKER are
also mopping
the floor.

JOKER stops, looks around to be sure they are alone,
and turns to COWBOY.

JOKER :

Leonard talks
to his rifle.
COWBOY keeps mopping.

COWBOY :

Yeah!

JOKER :

I don't think Leonard can hack it anymore. I think
Leonard's a Section Eight.
Pause.

COWBOY :

It don't surprise me.
They both go back to mopping.
JOKER speaks again after
some silence.

JOKER :

I want to slip my tubesteak into your sister.
What'll you take in trade?

COWBOY:

What have you got?
39 EXT. FIRING RANGE--DAY
HARTMAN kneels behind
PYLE, looking on with
approval.
PYLE finishes a good group and
reloads his M-14.

HARTMAN :

Outstanding, Private Pyle! I think we've
finally found something that you do well!

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

40 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

HARTMAN inspects
the recruits.

HARTMAN :

(to JOKER)

What's

your sixth General Order?

JOKER :

Sir, the private's

sixth general order is to

receive and obey and to pass on to the
sentry

who relieves me ... all orders ... Sir, the
private's

sixth ... Sir, the private has been
instructed but he does not know,
sir!

HARTMAN :

You slimy scumbag, get on your face and
give
me twenty-five!

JOKER :

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN walks to PYLE.

HARTMAN :

How many counts in that
movement you've
just executed?

PYLE :

Sir, four

counts, sir!

HARTMAN :

What's the idea of looking down in
the
chamber?

PYLE :

Sir, that is the guarantee that
the private is
not giving the inspecting officer a loaded
weapon, sir!

HARTMAN :

What's your fifth general order?

PYLE :

Sir, the private's fifth general order is to quit
my post
only when properly relieved, sir!

HARTMAN :

What's this
weapon's name, Private Pyle?

PYLE :

Sir, the private's
weapon's name is Charlene,

HARTMAN :

Private Pyle, you
are definitely born again
hard! Hell, I may even allow you to serve
as a
rifleman in my beloved Corps.

PYLE :

Sir, yes,
sir!
41 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND STREET--DAY
HARTMAN double-timing the
recruits, calling
cadence.

HARTMAN :

I don't want no
teenage queen.

RECRUITS :

I don't want no teenage queen.

HARTMAN :

I just want my M-14.

RECRUITS :

I just want
my M-14.

HARTMAN :

If I die in the combat zone.

RECRUITS :

If I die in the combat zone.

HARTMAN :

Box
me up and ship me home.

RECRUITS :

Box me up and ship me
home.

HARTMAN :

Pin my medals upon my chest.

RECRUITS :

Pin my medals upon my chest.

HARTMAN :

Tell
my mom I've done my best.

RECRUITS :

Tell my mom I've
done my best.

DISSOLVE TO:

42 EXT. FOREST--DAY

Woods. For the
first time the platoon marches in
full combat gear carrying rifles.

JOKER :

(narration)

Graduation is only a few days away and
the
recruits of platoon thirty-ninety-two are salty.
They are
ready to eat their own guts and ask
for seconds.

43 EXT.

FIELD--DAY

In full combat gear and with fixed bayonets, the
recruits
charge through green smoke.

JOKER :

(narration)

The drill instructors are proud to see that we
are growing beyond
their control. The Marine
Corps does not want robots. The Marine
Corps wants killers. The Marine Corps wants
to build indestructible
men, men without fear.

44 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

HARTMAN talks to the
recruits formed up in a
school-circle.

HARTMAN :

Today
you people are no longer maggots.
Today you are marines. You're part
of a
brotherhood.

45 EXT. PARADE GROUND--DAY

Graduation. A
marching band. Spectators.
Hundreds of marines parade by in dress
uniform.

HARTMAN :

(voice over)

From now on,
until the day you die, wherever
you are, every marine is your
brother. Most of

you will go to Vietnam. Some of you will not
come back. But always remember this:
marines die, that's what we're
here for! But
the Marine Corps lives forever. And that
means
you live forever!

DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

HARTMAN talks
to the platoon, again in a schoolcircle.

HARTMAN:

Pickett!

PICKETT :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN:

O-three-hundred, Infantry. Toejam!

TOEJAM :

Sir, yes,
sir!

HARTMAN :

O-three-hundred, Infantry. Adams!

ADAMS :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Eighteen-hundred,
Engineers. You go out
and find mines. Cowboy!

COWBOY:

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

O-three-hundred, Infantry!
Taylor!

TAYLOR :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN:

O-three-hundred, Infantry. Joker!

JOKER :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

Forty-two-twelve, Basic Military Journalism.

You gotta

be shitting me, Joker! You think

you're Mickey Spillane? Do you

think you're

some kind of fucking writer?

JOKER:

Sir, I wrote for my high school newspaper, sir!

HARTMAN:

Jesus H. Christ, you're not a writer, you're

a killer!

JOKER :

A killer, yes, sir!

HARTMAN:

Gomer Pyle!

PYLE doesn't answer.

HARTMAN :

Gomer Pyle!

We see PYLE

in close-up, now completely withdrawn,

barely able to answer HARTMAN.

PYLE :

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN :

You forget your

fucking name? O-threehundred,

Infantry. You made it. Perkins!

PERKINS :

Sir, yes, sir!

47 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

The platoon
sleeps. JOKER walks slowly down the
squad bay with a flashlight.

JOKER :

(Itarration)

Our last night on the island. I draw
fire
watch.

JOKER hears a muffled sound. He isn't sure where
it
comes from. He slowly enters the latrine.

48 INT. LATRINE--NIGHT

Running his flashlight across the room JOKER Sees
PYLE sitting on a
toilet, loading a magazine for
his M-14 rifle.

PYLE looks up at
JOKER and smiles. It is a
frightening smile.

PYLE:

(strange voice)

Hi, Joker.

JOKER stares at PYLE for a few
seconds.

PYLE has suite clearly snapped.

JOKER :

Are
those ... live rounds?

PYLE :

Seven-six-two millimeter,
full metal jacket.

PYLE smiles grotesquely.

JOKER:

Leonard . . . if Hartman comes in here and
catches us, we'll both be

in a world of shit.

PYLE :

I am . . . in a world . . . of
shit!

PYLE gets to his feet, snaps his rifle to port arms,
and
starts executing the Manual of Arms.

PYLE:

(shouting)

Left shoulder ... hut! Right shoulder ...

hut! Lock

and load! Order ... hut!

PYLE picks up the loaded magazine, inserts it
into

the rifle and smartly brings the rifle down to the
order arms
position.

PYLE :

(shouting)

This is my rifle!

There are many like it, but
this one is mine.

49 INT. BARRACKS

HALLWAY--NIGHT

By now the platoon is awake.

HARTMAN bursts from his
room, wearing his
skivvies and D.I. hat.

PYLE:

(offscreen)

My rifle is my best friend! It is my life!

HARTMAN :

Get back in your bunks!

PYLE :

(o.s.)

I must master it as I must master my life!
Without me ...

50 INT.

LATRINES--NIGHT

HARTMAN Storms into the latrine.

HARTMAN:

What is this Mickey Mouse shit? What in the name of Jesus H. Christ are you animals doing in my head?

(to JOKER)

Why is Private Pyle out of his bunk after lights out?! Why is Private Pyle holding that weapon? Why aren't you stomping Private Pyle's guts out?

JOKER :

Sir, it is the private's duty to inform the Senior Drill Instructor that Private Pyie has a full magazine and has locked and loaded, sir!

HARTMAN and PYLE look at each other. PYLE Smiles from the depths of his own hell.

HARTMAN focuses all of his considerable powers of intimidation, into his best JohnWayne-on-Suribachi voice.

HARTMAN :

Now you listen to me, Private Pyle, and, you listen good. I want that weapon, and I want it now! You will place that rifle on the deck at your feet and step back away from it.

With a twisted smile on his face pyLE POintS his rifle at HARTMAN.

HARTMAN look suddenly calm. His eyes,

his manner
are those of a wanderer who has found his home.

HARTMAN :

What is your major malfunction, numbnuts?!!

Didn't

Mommy and Daddy show you enough
attention when you were a child?!!!

BANG!

The round hits HARTMAN in the chest.

He falls back dead.

JOKER and PYLE stand looking at the body.

Then PYLE looks at JOKER and
slowly raises his rifle.

JOKER :

(trembling)

Easy, Leonard. Go easy, man.

PYLE breathes heavily, and keeps the
rifle aimed at

JOKER.

JOKER is scared shitless.

PYLE looks at

JOKER for several seconds and slowly
lowers the rifle. Then he stumbles
back a few steps

and sits down, heavily on the toilet.

PYLE turns

away from JOKER and stares into space,
a strangely peaceful look
transforming his face.

He places the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth.

JOKER :

No!!!

BANG!

PYLE pulls the trigger and blows the back of
his

head over the white tiled wall behind him.

SCENE FADES TO BLACK

FADE IN:

51 EXT. DA NANG STREET, VIETNAM--DAY

Motorcycles, cars,

Vietnamese civilians. Swinging
her hips ruith exaggerated sexiness, an
attractive
HOOKER in a mini-skirt walks toward a cafe' table
on the
pavement ulhere JOKER and RAFTERMAN are
seated.

Music:

Sinatra's "These Boots Are Made
for Walking."

The girl stops at
JOKER's table.

HOOKER :

Hey, baby, you got girlfriend
Vietnam?

JOKER :

Not just this minute.

HOOKER :

Well, baby, me so horny. Me so horny. Me
love you long
time. You party?

JOKER :

Yeah, we might party. How much?

HOOKER :

Fifteen dolla.

JOKER :

Fifteen dollars for
both of us?

HOOKER :

No. Each you fifteen dolla. Me love
you long
time. Me so horny.

JOKER :

Fifteen dollar
too boo-coo. Five dollars each.

HOOKER :

Me
suckee-suckee. Me love you too much.

JOKER :

Five dollars
is all my mom allows me to
spend.

HOOKER :

Okay! Ten
dolla each.

JOKER :

What do we get for ten dollars?

HOOKER :

Everything you want.

JOKER :

Everything?

HOOKER :

Everything.

JOKER :

Well, old buddy, feel
like spending some of
your hard-earned money?

RAFTERMAN:

Just a minute.

RAFTERMAN raises his Nikon and starts
photographing
JOKER and the HOOKER.

The girl strikes quick poses for the camera and
coughs.

JOKER puts his arm around her.

JOKER :

You
know, half these gook whores are serving
officers in the Viet Cong.

The girl coughs again.

JOKER :

The other half have got
T.B. Make sure you
only fuck the ones that cough.
A young
vietnamese boy walks up behind
RAFTERMAN and grabs the Nikon camera
from his
hands.

The boy runs to an accomplice sitting on a waiting
motorbike and tosses the camera to him. Then in
mockery the BOY
excecutes a few, Bruce Lee moves
before jumping on the bike and zooming

off:

JOKER laughs.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 EXT. U.S. MARINE BASE--DAY
The main gates of the base. High-security fencing.
Tanks, jeeps,
trucks. A military helicopter lands.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. DA NANG
BASE--DAY
JOKER and RAFTERMAN walk down the base street
past rows of
hooches and other buildings. In the
background some marines play
basketball.

JOKER :

That little sucker really had some
moves on
him, didn't he?

RAFTERMAN :

Yeah ... You
know what really pisses me off
about these people?

JOKER :

What?

RAFTERMAN :

We're supposed to be helping them and they shit all over us every chance they get ... I just can't feature that.

JOKER :

Don't take it too hard, Rafterman. It's just business.

RAFTERMAN :

I hate Da Nang, Joker. I want to go out into the field. I've been in this country almost three months, and all I do is take handshake shots at awards ceremonies.

JOKER :

You get wasted your first day in the field and it'd be my fault.

RAFTERMAN:

A high school girl could do my job. I want to get out into the shit. I want to get some trigger time.

JOKER :

If you get killed, your mom will find me after I rotate back to the world and she'll beat the shit out of me. That's a negative, Rafterman.
54

INT. SEA-TIGER HUT--DAY

A Quonset hut. An editorial meeting of The Sea Tiger, the official marine newspaper, is in progress

presided over by
LIEUTENANT LOCKHART.

JOKER, RAFTERMAN, and six other marine correspondents are seated around a large messy table covered with cameras, photographs, newspapers and magazines.

LOCKHART:

Okay, guys, let's keep it short and sweet today. Anybody got anything new?

JOKER :

There's a rumor going around that the Tet ceasefire is gonna be cancelled.

LOCKHART:

Rear-echelon paranoia.

JOKER :

A bro in Intelligence says Charlie might try to pull off something big during the Tet holiday.

LOCKHART :

They say the same thing every year.

JOKER:

There's a lot of talk about it, sir.

LOCKHART :

I :

wouldn't lose any sleep over it. The Tet holiday's like the Fourth of July, Christmas and New Year all rolled into one. Every zipperhead in Nam, North and South, will be banging gongs, barking at the moon and visiting his dead relatives.

LOCKHART:

All right ...Ann-Margret and entourage are due here next week. I want someone to be there on the airfield and stick with her for a couple of days. Uh, Rafterman, you take it.

RAFTERMAN:

Aye-aye, sir.

LOCKHART:

Get me some good low-angle stuff. Don't make it too obvious, but I want to see fur and early morning dew.

RAFTERMAN :

Yes, sir.

LOCKHART:

(reading)
"Diplomats in Dungarees--Marine engineers lend a helping hand rebuilding Dong Phuc villages . . ." Chili, if we move Vietnamese, they are evacuees. If they come to us to be evacuated, they are refugees.

CHILI :

I'll make a note of it, sir.

LOCKHART :

(reading)
"N.V.A. Soldier Deserts After Reading Pamphlets --A young North Vietnamese Army regular, who realized his side could not win the war, deserted from his unit after reading Open Arms program pamphlets." That's good, Dave. But why say North Vietnamese Army regular? Is there an

irregular? How about
North Vietnamese Army soldier?

DAVE :

I'll fix it up, sir.

LOCKHART :

Lawrence Welk
Show's gonna go out on TV in
two weeks. Dave, do a hundred words on
it.
AFTV'll give you some background stuff.

DAVE:

Yes, sir.

LOCKHART:

(reading)
"Not While
We're Eating--N.V.A. learn
marines on a search and destroy mission
don't
like to be interrupted while eating chow."
Search and
destroy. Uh, we have a new
directive from M.A.F. on this. In the
future, in
place of "search and destroy," substitute the
phrase
"sweep and clear." Got it?

JOKER :

Got it. Very catchy.

LOCKHART :

And, Joker ... where's the weenie?

JOKER:

Sir!

LOCKHART :

The Kill, JOKER. The kill. I mean, all
that fire,
the grunts must've hit something.

JOKER:

Didn't see 'em.

LOCKHART :

Joker, I've told you, we run two basic stories here. Grunts who give half their pay to buy gooks toothbrushes and deodorants--Winning of Hearts and Minds--okay? And combat action that results in a kill--Winning the War. Now you must have seen blood trails ... drag marks?

JOKER :

It was raining, sir.

LOCKHART :

Well, that's why God passed the law of probability. Now rewrite it and give it a happy ending--say, uh, one kill. Make it a sapper or an officer. Which?

JOKER :

Whichever you say.

LOCKHART :

Grunts like reading about dead officers.

JOKER:

Okay, an officer. How about a general?
A few laughs.

LOCKHART :

Joker, maybe you'd like our guys to read the paper and feel bad. I mean, in case you didn't know it, this is not a particularly popular war.

Now, it is our job to report the news that these why-are-we-here civilian newsmen ignore.

JOKER:

Sir, maybe you should go out on some ops yourself. I'm sure you could find a lot more blood trails and drag marks.
Some laughs.

LOCKHART :

JOKER, I've had my ass in the grass. Can't say I liked it much. Lots of bugs and too dangerous. As it happens, my present duties keep me where I belong. In the rear with the gear.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 EXT. DA NANG BASE--DUSK
Rows of hootches. In the distance, fireworks.

JOKER:

(voiceover)
Tet.
The Year of the Monkey. Vietnamese Lunar New Year's Eve. Down in Dogpatch, the gooks are shooting off fireworks to celebrate.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT. HOOTCH--NIGHT
JOKER, RAFTERMAN, PAYBACK and the others are in their bunks, reading, lazing, smoking grass. JOKER is writing in a notebook.

JOKER :

(yawns and stretches)

I am fucking bored to death, man. I gotta get
back
in the shit. I ain't heard a shot fired in
anger in weeks.

PAYBACK :

Joker's so tough he'd eat the boogers out of a
dead
man's nose ... then ask for seconds.
Some laughs.

JOKER:

(John Wayne voice)
Listen up, pilgrim. A day without blood is like
a day without sunshine.

PAYBACK :

Shi-i--i-t! Joker
thinks the bad bush is
between old mama-san's legs.
Some laughs.

PAYBACK :

He's never been in the shit. It's hard to talk
about
it, man. It's like on Hastings.

CHILI :

Aw, you weren't
on Operation Hastings,
Payback. You weren't even in country.

PAYBACK :

Eat shit and die, you fucking SpanishAmerican!
You
fucking poge! I was there,
man. I was in the shit with the grunts.

JOKER :

(John Wayne voice)
Don't listen to any of
Payback's bullshit,
Rafterman. Sometimes he thinks he's John
Wayne.

PAYBACK :

You listen to Joker, new guy. He knows
ti ti.
Very little. You know he's never been in the
shit, 'cause
he ain't got the stare.

RAFTERMAN :

The stare?

PAYBACK :

The thousand-yard stare. A marine gets it
after he's
been in the shit for too long. It's like
... it's like you've really
seen beyond. I got it.
All field marines got it. And you'll have it
too.

RAFTERMAN :

I will?

STORK :

Hey,
Payback. How do you stop five black
dudes from raping a white chick?

PAYBACK :

Fuck you, Stork.

STORK :

Throw'em a
basketball.
Laughter.
They are startled by the dull boom of mortar
shells
outside.

DAVE :

Incoming.

PAYBACK:

Oh, shit!

CHILI :

They're outgoing.

DAVE:

That ain't outgoing!

Some closer explosions, much louder.

CHILI :

That ain't outgoing!

DAVE :

Now what I just
say?

The men grab their helmets, flak jackets and
weapons and run
outside.

RAFTERMAN :

Joker, is this for real?

JOKER :

Yes, it is, Rafterman.

57 EXT. DA NANG BASE--NIGHT

Men
running everywhere. Sirens. A mortar round
lands in the distance, then
others nearer. Fires
are breaking out.

58 INT. BUNKER--NIGHT

JOKER :

loads an M-60 machine gun, then hunches
down watching the main gate of
the perimeter.

JOKER :

Hey, I hope they're just fucking
with us. I
ain't ready for this shit.

STORK :

Amen.
The sound of a truck approaching.

The marines get set.
The truck
smashes through the gates.
The marines open fire.
The truck is hit
by a hail of automatic fire; it
explodes and starts burning.

N.V.A.

troops follow the truck through the gate.
The attackers are cut down
by a withering fire
from the marines.

The attack peters out.
People yell, "Cease fire."
The firing trails off:

DISSOLVE TO:

59

EXT. DA NANG BASE--DAWN

JOKER and RAFTERMAN walk through the wreckage
of the night's battle.

Prisoners are led past.

LOCKHART:

(voice over)

The enemy has very deceitfully taken
advantage of
the Tet ceasefire to launch an
offensive all over the country. So
far, we've
had it pretty easy here. But we seem to be
the
exception.

60 INT. SEA-TIGER OFFICE--DAWN

Dirty and still in their
combat gear, JOKER,
RAFTERMAN, PAYBACK and the other correspondents
are slumped in, their chairs around the table.

LOCKHART:

(walking)

Charlie has hit every major military target
in
Vietnam, and hit 'em hard. In Saigon, the

United States Embassy has
been overrun by
suicide squads. Khe Sahn is standing by to
be
overrun. We also have reports that a division
of N.V.A. has
occupied all of the city of
Hue south of the Perfume River. In
strategic
terms, Charlie's cut the country in
half... the
civilian press are about to wet
their pants and we've heard even
Cronkite's
going to say the war is now unwinnable.
In other
words, it's a huge shit sandwich,
and we're all gonna have to take a
bite.

Long, serious pause.

JOKER :

Sir ... does this
mean that Ann-Margret's not
coming?

Laughter.

LOCKHART :

(pissed off)
Joker.... I want you to get
straight up to Phu
Bai. Captain January will need all his people.

JOKER :

Yes, sir.

LOCKHART :

And Joker, you will take
off that damn button.
How's it gonna look if you get killed wearing
a peace symbol?

RAFTERMAN :

Sir? Permission to go with

Joker?

LOCKHART :

Permission granted.

RAFTERMAN :

Thank you, sir.

JOKER :

Sir, permission
not to take Rafterman with
me?

LOCKHART :

You still
here? Vanish, Joker, most ricky-tick,
and take Rafterman with you.
You're
responsible for him.
61 EXT. HELICOPTER SHOTS--DAWN

A :

military helicopter flies past a huge sun.
62 INT. AERIAL
HELICOPTER--DUSK
JOKER Sits looking out the door.
RAFTERMAN is
frightened and airsick.
The DOORGUNNER laughs and yells as he fires
his
M-60 machine gun.
We see Vietnamese below running and falling.

DOORGUNNER :

Get some ... get some ... get some ... get
some ...
yeah ... yeah ... get some ... get
some.

After a while the
DOORGUNNER stops firing and
grins at JOKER.

DOORGUNNER:

(shouting to be heard)

Anyone who runs is a V.C. Anyone who stands still is a well-disciplined V.C.

(laughs)

You guys oughtta do a story about me sometime.

JOKER:

Why should we do a story about you?

DOORGUNNER :

'Cause I'm so fucking good! That ain't no shit neither. I've done got me one hundred and fifty-seven dead gooks killed. And fifty water buffaloes, too. Them're all certified.
RAFTERMAN gags.

JOKER :

Any women or children?

DOORGUNNER :

Sometimes.

JOKER :

How can you shoot women and children?

RAFTERMAN gags.

DOORGUNNER :

Easy. You just don't lead 'em so much.
(laughs)
Ain't war hell?

DISSOLVE TO:

63 EXT. LZ HUE--DAY

The helicopter lands.
JOKER and RAFTERMAN jump out, duck down low and move away through pink smoke blown by the rotor blades.
Marines run

by carrying wounded on stretchers.

JOKER :

(to a
sergeant)

Top, we want to get in the shit.

MASTER :

SERGEANT :

Down the road, two-five.

JOKER :

Two-five.

Outstanding! Thanks, Top.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT. ROAD TO HUE--DAY

A :

road next to a small canal on the outskirts of
Hue.

Tanks, trucks
and marines are moving into the city
past a column of refugees heading
the other way.

JOKER and RAFTERMAN catch up to a Lieutenant,
salute
him and walk alongside.

JOKER :

Excuse me! Sir ... we're
looking for First
Platoon, Hotel two-five. I got a bro named
Cowboy there.

TOUCHDOWN :

You people one-one?

JOKER :

No, sir. We're reporters for Stars and Stripes.

TOUCHDOWN :

Stars and Stripes.

JOKER :

Yes, sir.

TOUCHDOWN :

I'm Cowboy's platoon commander. Cowboy's
just down
the road in the platoon area.

JOKER :

Oh. You mind if we
tag along, sir?

TOUCHDOWN :

No problem. Welcome aboard.
By the way, my
name's Schinoski. Walter J. Schinoski. My
people
call me Mister Touchdown. I played a
little ball for Notre Dame.

JOKER :

Notre Dame?

TOUCHDOWN :

(laughing)
Yeah.

JOKER :

All right!

TOUCHDOWN :

You
here to make Cowboy famous?

JOKER :

Ha! Never happen,
sir.

TOUCHDOWN :

Well, if you people came looking for a
story,
this is your lucky day. We got Condition Red
and we're

definitely expecting rain.

JOKER :

Outstanding, sir. We
taking care of business?

TOUCHDOWN :

Well, the N.V.A. are
dug in deep. Hotel
Company's still working this side of the river.
Street by street and house by house. Charlie's
definitely got his
shit together. But we're still
getting some really decent kills
here.

JOKER :

We heard some scuttlebutt, sir, about the
N.V.A. executing a lot of gook civilians.

TOUCHDOWN:

That's affirmative. I saw some bodies about
half a klick this side
of Phu Cam Canal.

JOKER :

Can you show me where, sir?

TOUCHDOWN :

Here's the canal...
65 EXT. MASS GRAVE--DAY

JOKER :

stands looking down into a large open grave
at a row of white,
lime-covered corpses.

Journalists, marines and civilians are grouped
around the grave.

A work detail leans on their shovels, their faces
covered with bandanas against the stench.

JOKER:

(voice over)
The dead have been covered with lime. The

dead

only know one thing. It is better to be
alive.

JOKER approaches a
young lieutenant-- CLEVES.

JOKER :

Excuse me. Good
morning, Lieutenant.

LT. CLEVES
Good morning.

JOKER :

I make it twenty. Is that the official body
count, sir?

LT. CLEVES
(sharply)
What outfit are you men with?

JOKER :

Sir, we're reporters from Stars and Stripes.
LT.

CLEVES :

(warms up)
Oh, I see.

JOKER :

I'm
Sergeant Joker and this photographer's
Rafterman.

RAFTERMAN :

starts shooting pictures of the
Lieutenant.

LT. CLEVES
I'm Lieutenant Cleves. I'm from Hartford,
Connecticut.

JOKER :

Have you got a body count, sir?

LT. CLEVES
We think it's twenty.

JOKER :

Do you know how it
happened, sir?

LT. CLEVES

Well, it seems the N.V.A.
came in with a list
of gook names. Government officials,
policemen, ARVN officers, schoolteachers.
They went around their
houses real polite and
asked them to report the next day for
political
re-education. Everybody who turned up got
shot. Some
they buried alive.

A marine COLONEL who has been watching JOKER
turns from the group around the grave and strides
up. JOKER snaps to
attention.

COLONEL :

Marine !

LT. CLEVES

Colonel.

COLONEL :

Marine, what is that button on your
body
armor?

JOKER :

A peace symbol, sir.

COLONEL :

Where'd you get it?

JOKER :

I don't
remember, sir.

COLONEL :

What is that you've got written
on your
helmet?

JOKER :

"Born to Kill," sir.

COLONEL :

You write "Born to Kill" on your helmet and you wear a peace button. What's that supposed to be, some kind of sick joke?!

JOKER :

No, sir.

COLONEL :

You'd better get your head and your ass wired together, or I will take a giant shit on you!

JOKER :

Yes, sir.

COLONEL :

Now answer my question or you'll be standing tall before the man.

JOKER :

I :

think I was trying to suggest something about the duality of man, sir.

COLONEL :

The what?

JOKER :

The duality of man. The Jungian thing, sir.

COLONEL :

Whose side are you on, son?

JOKER :

Our side, sir.

COLONEL :

Don't you love your country?

JOKER :

Yes,
sir.

COLONEL :

Then how about getting with the program?
Why don't you jump on the team and come
on in for the big win?

JOKER :

Yes, sir!

COLONEL :

Son, all I've ever asked
of my marines is that
they obey my orders as they would the word
of God. We are here to help the Vietnamese,
because inside every
gook there is an
American trying to get out. It's a hardball
world, son. We've gotta keep our heads until
this peace craze blows
over.

JOKER :

Aye-aye, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT.

FIELD--DAY

JOKER and RAFTERMAN Walk through a field
toward a pagoda.

67 EXT. PAGODA--DAY

Marines are moving supplies. Some men are rest
ing on the ground. A helicopter flies overhead.

Music:

"Wooly Bully."

JOKER :

Hey, bro, we're looking for First
Platoon,
Hotel two-five.

MARINE :

Around the back.
JOKER and RAFTERMAN walk to the back of the
building.

JOKER :

(to another marine)
First Platoon?

MARINE :

Yeah, through there.
68 INT. PAGODA COURTYARD--DAY
Through a moon-door opening on to the pagoda
courtyard, We see COWBOY
shaving. Other marines
are sprawled around the courtyard walls.
JOKER walks up behind COWBOY.

JOKER :

Hey, Lone Ranger.

COWBOY :

Holy shit!

JOKER:

You old motherfucker.

COWBOY :

It's the JOKER.

JOKER :

What's happenin'?
They hug each other.

COWBOY :

Boy, I hoped I'd never see
you again, you
piece of shit!

JOKER :

(laughs)

What's happening, man?

COWBOY :

Oh, I'm

just waiting to get back to the land
of the big PX.

JOKER :

Yeah? Well, why go back? Here or there,
samey-same.

COWBOY :

Been getting any?

JOKER :

Only your sister.

COWBOY :

Well, better my sister than my mom, though
my mom's not
bad.

COWBOY leads JOKER to the center of the courtyard.

COWBOY :

This is my bro Joker from the Island. And
this is...

JOKER :

Rafterman.

COWBOY:

...Rafterman. They're from
Stars and
Stripes. They'll make you famous.
Adlibs of "All
right!"

COWBOY :

We're the Lusthog Squad. We're
life-takers
and heartbreakers.

Adlibs.

COWBOY:

We shoot 'em full of holes and fill 'em full of lead.

Adlibs of

"Yeah!" etc.

A big grunt, ANIMAL MOTHER, approaches JOKER.

Trouble.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Are you a photographer?

JOKER :

No ...

I'm a combat correspondent.

ANIMAL MOTHER:

(smiles)

Oh, you seen much combat?

JOKER returns the smile.

JOKER :

Well, I've seen a little on TV.

The other marines laugh.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

You're a real comedian.

Some more laughs.

JOKER :

(pause)

Well, they call me the JOKER.

Adlibs.

"Oooooooooo!" and laughter.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

(moves

closer)

Well, I got a joke for you. I'm gonna tear you

a new

asshole.

Adlibs, laughter.

JOKER :

(John. Wayne
voice)

Well, pilgrim ... only after you ... eat the
peanuts out
of my shit!

Loud laughs and shouts.

ANIMAL MOTHER:

(moves in close)

You talk the talk. Do you walk the walk?
Anticipatory adlibs of "Ooooh!" and "Whoooa!"

EIGHTBALL, a black
grunt, gets up and steps between
JOKER and ANIMAL MOTHER.

EIGHTBALL :

(to JOKER)

Now you might not believe it but
under fire
Animal Mother is one of the finest human
beings in
the world.

Laughter.

EIGHTBALL :

All he needs is
somebody to throw hand
grenades at him the rest of his life.
Laughter.

EIGHTBALL leads ANIMAL MOTHER away.

COWBOY:

(laughing)

Come on, sit down. Come on, new guy.

EIGHTBALL and
ANIMAL MOTHER sit down together.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Hey,
jungle bunny. Thank God for the sickle
cell, huh?

EIGHTBALL :

Yeah, mother.

CRAZY EARL sits on the ground next to a figure sprawled in a chair.

CRAZY EARL :

Hey ...

photographer! You want to take a good picture? Here, man ... take this. This ... is my bro.

CRAZY EARL lifts the hat which has been, covering the man's face. We see he is a dead N.V.A. soldier. Laughter.

CRAZY EARL :

This is his party. He's the guest of honor. Today ... is his birthday.

Adlibs:

zipperhead!" etc.

CRAZY EARL :

I will never forget this day. The day I came to Hue City and fought one million N.V.A. gooks. I love the little Commie bastards, man, I really do. These enemy grunts are as hard as slant-eyed drill instructors. These are great days we're living, bros!'We are jolly green giants, walking the earth with guns.

These people we wasted here today ... are the finest human beings we will ever know.

After we rotate back to the world, we're gonna miss not having anyone around that's worth shooting.

69 EXT. A FIELD, OUTSKIRTS HUE CITY--DAY
COWBOY's platoon, advancing towards the city in a

sweep formation behind tanks.

Cuts
of the squad, nervous and alert.

Mortar rounds explode ahead.
LIEUTENANT TOUCHDOWN is hit and goes down.

The platoon dives for
cover.

DOC JAY crawls to him and starts mouth-to-mouth.

SERGEANT :

MURPHY crawls up, has a look, moves to
the back of the tank and picks
up a field radio.

The platoon stays flat.

MURPHY:

Delta Six Actual, this is Murphy. Over. Delta
Six Actual, this is
Murphy. Over.

DELTA SIX :

(o.s.)
Delta Six.

MURPHY :

Delta Six, we are receiving incoming fire from
the
ville. The Lieutenant is down. We're going
to stop here and check
out what's in front of
us. Over.

CRAZY EARL, keeping low,
scrambles up to the
LUSTHOG SQUAD.

CRAZY EARL :

Okay.
Lusthog Squad, listen up! We're gonna
move up these two roads here
and check the
ville. I want the third team up this road here.
First and second fire team behind me up this
other road, okay?
Adlibs of "Right!" and "Okay!"

CRAZY EARL :

Let's go!

Let's get it done!

Bending low the squad moves out past the tanks, leapfrogging toward some ruined buildings a couple of hundred yards in front of them.

HAND JOB peers cautiously around the corner of a house and is killed instantly by a burst of automatic fire.

ANIMAL:

MOTHER opens fire with his M-60 machine gun at some windows where the shots came from.

Everyone opens fire, blasting chunks out of the building with a zillion rounds.

T.H.E. ROCK fires an M-79 grenade, blowing out a window.

RAFTERMAN photographs the action, his Nikon violently shaking.

The fire slackens.

Then it gets quiet.

All

their senses alert, everyone watches the building, listening hard.

They reload.

As CRAZY EARL reloads he spots six V.C. dashing across

the street fifty yards away. They are out of sight in a second.

Having missed his first chance, CRAZY EARL gets set hoping for another.

Two more V.C. rush out into the open. He fires a long burst from his M-16 and they both go down.

CRAZY EARL turns to the squad with a big grin.

Music:

over

through the next scene.

70 EXT. LOW WALL--DAY

The platoon are
hunched down behind a low wall.
Tanks fire at some distant buildings. A
three-man
TV crew, ducking low, moves past them, filming.

JOKER :

(John Wayne voice)
Is that you, John Wayne? Is
this me?

COWBOY :

Hey, start the cameras. This is
"Vietnam-the
Movie!"

EIGHTBALL :

Yeah, Joker can
be John Wayne. I'll be a
horse!

DONLON:

T.H.E. Rock
can be a rock!
T.H.E. ROCK
I'll be Ann-Margret!

DOC JAY :

Animal Mother can be a rabid buffalo!

CRAZY :

EARL :

I'll be General Custer!

RAFTERMAN :

Well,
who'll be the Indians?

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Hey, we'll let the
gooks play the Indians!
Laughter.

71 EXT. HUE CITY RUINS--DAY

The bodies of LIEUTENANT TOUCHDOWN and HAND
JOB laid out on ground
sheets. The LUSTHOG SQUAD
are gathered around them. The camera moves to
each man, pausing for them to speak.

T.H.E. ROCK

You're
going home now.

Camera move.

CRAZY EARL :

Semper fi.

Camera move.

DONLON :

We're mean marines, sir.

Camera
move.

EIGHTBALL :

Go easy, bros.

Camera move.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Better you than me.

RAFTERMAN :

Well,
at least they died for a good cause.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

What
cause was that?

RAFTERMAN:

Freedom.

ANIMAL:

MOTHER :

Flush out your head gear, new guy. You think
we waste
gooks for freedom? This is a

slaughter. If I'm gonna get my balls
blown off
for a word ... my word is "poontang."

COWBOY:

Tough break for Hand Job. He was all set to
get shipped out on a
medical.

JOKER :

What was the matter with him?

COWBOY :

He was jerkin' off ten times a day.

EIGHTBALL:

It's no shit. At least ten times a day.

COWBOY :

Last
week he was sent down to Da Nang to
see the Navy head shrinker, and
the crazy
fucker starts jerking off in the waiting room.
Instant Section Eight. He was just waiting for
his papers to clear
division.

72 EXT. HUE CITY--VARIOUS PLACES--DAY

The television crew
interviews members of the
LUSTHOG SQUAD.

REPORTER :

You
ready?

CAMERAMAN :

Yeah.

REPORTER:

Turnover.

CAMERAMAN :

Rolling.

REPORTER:

Hue City interviews. Roll thirty-four.

ANIMAL MOTHER:

Well ... like, like you see, you know, it's a major city, so we have to assault with, uh ... tanks. So, they send us in first squad ... to make sure that there are no little Vietnamese waiting with, like, B-40 rockets that blow the tanks away. So we clear it out and we roll the tanks in and ... basically, blow the place to hell.
(chuckles)

COWBOY :

When we're in Hue ... when we're in Hue City ... it's like a war. You know like what I thought about a war, what I thought a war was, was supposed to be. There's the enemy, kill 'em.

RAFTERMAN :

Well, I don't think there's any question about it. I mean we're the best. I mean all that bullshit about the Air Cav ... When the shit really hits the fan, who do they call? They call Mother Green and her killing machine!

CRAZY EARL :

Do I think America belongs in Vietnam? Um ... I don't know. I belong in Vietnam. I'll tell

you that.

DOC JAY :

Can I quote L.B.J.?

REPORTER:

Sure.

DOC JAY :

(imitating L.B.J.)

"I will not send American boys eight or ten thousand miles around the world to do a job that Asian boys oughtta be doin' for themselves."

EIGHTBALL :

Personally, I think, uh ... they don't really want to be involved in this war. I mean ... they sort of took away our freedom and gave it to the, to the gookers, you know. But they don't want it. They'd rather be alive than free, I guess. Poor dumb bastards.

COWBOY :

Well, the ones I'm ... I'm fighting at are some pretty bad boys. I'm not real keen on ... some of these fellows that are . . . supposed to be on our side. I keep meeting'em coming the other way. Yeah.

DONLON :

I mean, we're getting killed for these people and they don't even appreciate it. They think it's a big joke.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Well, if you ask me, uh, we're shooting the wrong gooks.

RAFTERMAN :

Well, it depends on the situation. I mean, I'm--I'm here to take combat photos. But if the shit gets too thick, I mean, I'll go to the rifle.

ANIMAL MOTHER:

What do I think about America's involvement in the war? Well, I think we should win.

COWBOY :

I hate Vietnam. There's not one horse in this whole country. They don't have one horse in Vietnam. There's something basically wrong with that.
(laughs)

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Well, if they'd send us more guys and maybe bomb the hell out of the North, they might, uh, they might give up.

JOKER :

I wanted to see exotic Vietnam, the jewel of Southeast Asia. I wanted to meet interesting and stimulating people of an ancient culture and ... kill them. I wanted to be the first kid on my block to get a confirmed kill.
73

EXT. WRECKED MOVIE THEATER--DAY

The marines are seated outside the theater on rows

of broken movie seats.

A motor-scooter, driven by a
young ARVN soldier
with a pretty teenage Vietnamese HOOKER sitting
behind him, and pulls up in front of the LUSTHOG
SQUAD.

The girl
gets off slowly, swinging her hips as she
walks.

Adlibs, hoots anal
hollers.

COWBOY :

Ten-hut!

More hoots and hollers.

COWBOY :

Good morning, little schoolgirl. I'm a little
schoolboy,
too.

Adlibs and laughter.

COWBOY :

What you got there,
chief!

The girl stands facing them, hands on hips.

ARVN :

PIMP :

Do you want number one fuckee?

Adlibs and laughter.

COWBOY :

Hey, any of you boys want number one
fuckee?

Adlibs.

JOKER :

Oh, I'm so horny. I can't even get a piece of
hand.

DONLON :

Hey! Hey! Me want suckee.

ARVN PIMP :

Suckee,
fuckee, smoke cigarette in the
pussy, she give you everything you
want. Long
time.
Laughter.

COWBOY :

Everything
you want! All right! How much
there, chief!

ARVN PIMP:

Fifteen dolla each.

Adlibs:

COWBOY:

Number ten. Fifteen dolla beaucoup money.
Laughter.

COWBOY :

Five dolla each.

ARVN PIMP :

Come on. She
love you good. Boom-boom long
time. Ten dolla.

COWBOY:

Five dolla.

ARVN PIMP :

No. Ten dolla.

COWBOY :

Be glad to trade you some ARVN rifles. Never
been fired
and only dropped once.
Laughter and derisive adlibs.

ARVN :

PIMP :

(angry)

Okay, five dolla. You give me.

Adlibs.

COWBOY :

Okay, okay!

EIGHTBALL, a black grunt, walks up to the girl.

EIGHTBALL :

Let's get mounted.

HOOKER:

(speaks in Vietnamese)

ARVN PIMP :

(argues in Vietnamese)

EIGHTBALL :

Something wrong there, chief?

ARVN PIMP :

She says, uh, no boom-boom with soul brotha.

EIGHTBALL :

Hey, what the mother fuck?

ARVN PIMP :

She say soul brotha too boo-coo. Too boo-coo.

EIGHTBALL:

Hey, what is this, man?

COWBOY :

(breaiting up)

I think what he's trying to tell you is that you black boys pack too much meat.

Laughter.

ARVN PIMP :

Too boo-coo. Too
boo-coo.

EIGHTBALL :

Oh, shi-i-i-t! (laughs) This
baby-san looks
like she could suck the chrome off a trailer
hitch.
Laughter.

ARVN PIMP :

She say too boo-coo. Too
boo-coo.

EIGHTBALL :

Uh, excuse me, ma'am. Now what we
have
here, little yellow sister, is a magnificent...
(takes out his dick)
. . specimen of pure Alabama blacksnake.
But it ain't too goddamn boo-coo.
The girl looks at it.
Hoots and
catcalls.
TEENAGE HOOKER
Okay. Okay. Emjee.
More
hoots.

COWBOY :

(mimicking Vietnamese word)
Okay! Okay! Emjee! Emjee!
Adlibs of "Emjee."
EIGHTBALL starts to
lead her away.

EIGHTBALL :

All right! This is my boogie!

COWBOY :

Hey, we need a batting order.
ANIMAL MOTHER grabs the

girl's arm, EIGHTBALL
holds on to the other one.

ANIMAL :

MOTHER :

I'm going first.

EIGHTBALL :

Hey, now back
off, white bread. Don't get
between a dog and his meat.

ANIMAL :

MOTHER slaps EIGHTBALL on the wrist like
he's a naughty boy and pushes
the girl into the
movie theater.

ANIMAL MOTHER:

(jokingly)
All fucking niggers must fucking hang.
Adlibs of "Fuck
you!" and laughter.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Hey, hey! I won't be
long. I'll skip the
foreplay.

FADE IN:

74 EXT. HUE CITY
RUINS--DAY

The LUSTHOG SQUAD on patrol moves slowly in
single file,
fifteen yards apart, through the ruined,
smouldering city.

JOKER :

(voiceover)
Intelligence passed the word down that
during
the night the N.V.A. had pulled out of our
area to

positions across the Perfume River.
Our squad is sent on patrol to
check out the
report.

75 INT. BOMBED FACTORY--DAY

The patrol
moves carefully through the gutted shell
of a building. The clink of
their gear as they walk
sounds loud in the unnatural silence.

CRAZY :

EARL stops to pick up a child's stuffed toy.

BANG!

The toy triggers a
booby trap, blasting CRAZY EARL
across the room.

The squad dives for
cover.

COWBOY :

Face outboard and take cover! Do it!
DOC JAY scurries up to CRAZY EARL, who is
unconscious and gives him
mouth-to-mouth
resuscitation.

COWBOY scrambles up to them. He looks
at CRAZY
EARL. Then JOKER runs in.

DOC JAY:

(stops for a second)
He aint gonna make it.

COWBOY:

(to himself)
Shit.
COWBOY doesn't know, what to do. Then he
fumbles
for his field radio.

COWBOY :

Hotel One Actual,
this is Cowboy!

DOC JAY continues the mouth-to-mouth.

COWBOY :

Hotel One Actual, this is Cowboy!

MURPHY:

(o.s.)

Hotel One. Over

COWBOY :

Murph, this is
Cowboy. Craze is hit. Booby
trap.

MURPHY:

(o.s.)

Roger. Understand. Wait One.
COWBOY looks around edgily.

MURPHY :

(o.s.)

You're senior N.C.O. You take charge and
continue on with the patrol. Call in at the
next checkpoint. Over.

COWBOY :

Roger. Out.

COWBOY stares at the radio. He looks scared.
He
turns to JOKER.

COWBOY:

I'm squad leader.

JOKER :

punches him reassuringly in the arm.

JOKER :

I'll follow
you anywhere, scumbag.

DOC JAY stops working over CRAZY EARL and
slowly
looks up.

DOC JAY :

He's dead.

The three men
stare at the body.

76 EXT. BURNING FALLEN BUILDING--DAY

The squad
moves past a burning five-storey
building that has collapsed and is
lying on its side.

DISSOLVE TO:

77 EXT. LOW CONCRETE WALL--DAY

EIGHTBALL, on point, studies a map as he walks.
Then he slours to a
stop and signals to halt the
squad.

The squad stops and crouches
down in the rubble.

EIGHTBALL gestures for COWBOY to move up.

EIGHTBALL :

(quietly)

Cowboy!

COWBOY moves up and they
kneel behind a low
concrete wall.

COWBOY :

What's up?

EIGHTBALL :

I think we made a mistake at the last
checkpoint.

He shows COWBOY the map.

EIGHTBALL :

Here ... see what
you think. I think we're
here and we should be here.

COWBOY :

studies the map.

COWBOY :

We're here?

EIGHTBALL :

Yeah.

COWBOY :

We should be here?

EIGHTBALL :

Yeah ...yeah ... that's right.

COWBOY is confused and
scared.

He checks his compass. Then he peers over the wall
through
his binoculars.

COWBOY looks back nervously at the squacl strung
out
behind him.

COWBOY :

Fuck ... What do you think?

EIGHTBALL :

Well, I think we should change direction.

EIGHTBALL :

doesn't sound like he really knows what
to do either.

COWBOY knows
he has to make a decision.

COWBOY :

Okay. We'll change
direction.

COWBOY motions to the squad to come up. They
rattle up
and take positions behind the low wall.

JOKER :

What's
up?

COWBOY :

Changing direction.

JOKER:

What, are we lost?

COWBOY :

Joker, shut the fuck up!

COWBOY :

(to squad)

Okay! Listen up! Can you hear me?

Adlibs of "Yeah!"

COWBOY :

Okay, we're changing
direction. We're heading
over that way.

COWBOY points over the
wall to some ruined
buildings across an open space to their Left.

COWBOY :

Eightball's gonna go out and see if he can
find a way
through.

EIGHTBALL shrugs, apprehensively.

COWBOY:

Got it?

Adlibs of "Yeah!"

COWBOY :

Eightball ... let's
dance.

EIGHTBALL slowly gets to his Knees and peers
over the wall.

EIGHTBALL :

Put a nigger behind the trigger.

78 EXT. RUINED STREET

HUE--DAY

EIGHTBALL climbs over the low wall and moves
cautiously out
into the open, heading for the
damaged buildings.

The squad covers
him.

EIGHTBALL reaches the buildings and stops to
study the
smoke-filled square.

79 SNIPER P.O.V. -- DAY

P.O.V. from a concealed
position on the second
floor of a building on the square, an AK-47
rifle is
slowly raised and aimed at EIGHTBALL.

EIGHTBALL turns back
to wave the rest of the
squad up.

BANG!

The SNIPER fires.
EIGHTBALL is hit in the leg.

Seen in slow motion, EIGHTBALL twists and
crumples to the ground.

The LUSTHOG SQUAD fires blindly, wildly, at
every
door and window in the direction of the shot.

COWBOY:

Okay, cease fire! Cease fire, goddamn it!
Some of the squad keep
firing.

COWBOY :

Cool it, goddamn it! Cool it! Cease
fire!

AdLibs of "Cease fire!"

The firing stutters to a stop.

COWBOY :

Okay, listen up! Did anybody see a sniper?
Did anybody
see anything?

T.H.E. ROCK

(down the line)

Did anybody see a sniper?

DOC JAY :

No!

DONLON :

Nothing!

RAFTERMAN :

Negative!

T.H.E. ROCK

Nothing!

Adlibs of "No!"

COWBOY:

Okay, then save your ammo! Nobody fire till I tell you!

Seen, in slow, motion, the SNIPER fires again and hits EIGHTBALL in the arm. He screams in pain. The squad opens fire at buildings facing them.

COWBOY :

No, no! Cease fire! Cease fire! Animal, cease fire!
Keeping low, DONLON comes up and hands COWBOY the radio.

DONLON :

Cowboy, it's Sergeant Murphy.

COWBOY:

(into radio)
This is Cowboy. Over.

MURPHY:

(o.s.)
This is Murphy. What is your present position? Over.

COWBOY :

Murph, we're receiving enemy sniper fire. Eightball is down. Our position is about half a klick north of checkpoint four. Believe possible strong enemy force occupying buildings

in
front of us. Request immediate tank
support. Over.

MURPHY :

(o.s.)
Roger. Understand. I'll see what I can do.
Over.

COWBOY :

Roger. Over and out.

COWBOY:

(to Donlon)
Stay close.

DONLON :

Got it.

COWBOY :

thinks hard for a few seconds.

COWBOY :

(to squad)
Okay, listen up! I think we're being set up
for an ambush. I think
there may be strong
enemy forces in those buildings over there.
I've requested tank support. We're gonna sit
tight until it comes,
but keep your eyes open.
If they decide to hit us, we'll have to
pull
back fast.

The SNIPER fires, wounding EIGHTBALL again, this
time in the foot. He shrieks in agony.

Again the squad opens fire.

COWBOY :

Goddamn it! Hold! Cease your fire, Mother!
Cease your
fucking fire!
The firing stops.

DOC JAY :

Cowboy!

COWBOY :

What?

DOC JAY :

We can't leave him out there!

COWBOY :

We're not leaving him! We'll get him when the tank comes up.

DOC JAY :

He's hit three fucking times! He can't wait that long!

COWBOY :

I've seen this before! That sniper's just trying to suck us in one at a time!

The SNIPER fires and hits EIGHTBALL in the thigh. His cries echo across the open space ground.

ANIMAL MOTHER fires madly.

COWBOY:

(shouting)

Goddamn it! No!

The squad continues firing.

COWBOY :

Goddamn it, cease fire!

The firing trails off:

ANIMAL MOTHER :

He's out there alone!

COWBOY :

Cease

fire!

The firing stops.

DOC JAY :

Man, fuck this, fuck
this shit! I'm going out to
bring him in!

COWBOY:

No! You stay the fuck down!

DOC JAY :

Cover me!

DOC :

JAY jumps over the wall and, ducking low, zigzags
across the open
ground.

The squad fires to cover him.

DOC JAY gets there safely and
momentarily drops out
of sight.

COWBOY :

Goddamn it!

Goddamn it! Okay, cease fire!

He's there!

Adlibs of "Cease fire!"

80 SNIPER P.O.V.--DAY

DOC JAY, Seen over the sights of the SNIPER's
AK-47,

drags EIGHTBALL toward cover.

81 EXT. THE SQUARE--DAY

The

SNIPER fires. DOC JAY is hit and falls next to
EIGHTBALL.

The squad

opens fire again.

COWBOY:

Hold your fire! Hold your
fire!!! Cease fire!

You can't see the sniper! Save the ammo!

Nobody fire till I tell you! Nobody!

ANIMAL MOTHER :

What
the fuck do we do now, Cowboy?

COWBOY :

Gimme that
fucking radio.

DONLON scuttles over with the radio.

COWBOY :

(into radio)
Murph? This is Cowboy. Over.

MURPHY :

(o.s.)
This is Murphy. Over.

COWBOY:

Murph, we're in some deep shit. I got two men
down. What's the story
on that fucking tank?
Over.

MURPHY :

(o.s.)
Sorry, Cowboy. No luck so far with the tank.
Will advise. Over.

COWBOY :

Roger. Out.
(muttering to himself)
Numbnut
bastards!
(to the squad)
Okay, listen up!
T.H.E. ROCK
Listen up!

COWBOY :

Can't afford to wait
for the tank. I think
they're gonna hit us any minute. When they
do we won't have time to pull out. We gotta do
it now. Let's get
ready to move.

No one moves or says anything.

T.H.E. ROCK

Get ready to pull out!

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Wait a minute!

Hold it! Hold it! Nobody's
pulling out! There's only one fucking
sniper
out there!

COWBOY :

Back off, Mother! I'm
calling the plays! I say
we're pulling out!

ANIMAL :

MOTHER :

Yeah, well, what about Doc Jay and Eightball?

COWBOY :

I know it's a shitty thing to do, but we can't
refuse to
accept the situation.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Yeah, well, we're
not leaving Doc Jay and
Eightball out there!

COWBOY:

Doc Jay and Eightball are wasted! You know
that!

ANIMAL:

MOTHER :

Bullshit! Come on, you guys! We gotta go
bring'em back!
Let's go get 'em! Let's do it!

COWBOY :

Stand down,

Mother! That's a direct order!

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Fuck you,
Cowboy! Fuck all you assholes!
ANIMAL MOTHER jumps over the wall and
runs
screaming and firing his M-60.
The squad fires to cover him,
blasting chunks of
mortar and concrete from the buildings.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

(screaming)
Fucking son-of-a-bitch! You
motherfucker!
Aaagh! Whooo!
ANIMAL MOTHER reaches the buildings
and drops
down against a shattered wall. He calls across the
open
street.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Doc! Doc! Doc! Where's the
sniper?
DOC JAY tries to speak.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Doc,
where's the sniper?
Barely able to move, DOC JAY tries to point in the
direction of the SNIPER.
Suddenly he and EIGHTBALL are riddled by a
burst
of automatic fire from the SNIPER, Killing them
instantly.
ANIMAL MOTHER's eyes widen in horror.

ANIMAL MOTHER:

(under his breath)
Shit!
ANIMAL MOTHER gets to his feet and edges
forward to

the corner of the building.

He carefully looks around the corner across the square at the black building, from where he thinks the shots were fired.

BANG!

A shot from the SNIPER ricochets off the wall a few inches from his head.

He ducks back around the corner, breathing hard.

ANIMAL MOTHER looks around and carefully works his way to a safer spot behind another building.

He shouts to the squad.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Hey, Cowboy!

COWBOY:

Yeah!

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Doc Jay and Eightball are wasted!

There's

only one sniper, nothing else. Move up the squad!

You're clear up to here! Come on!

COWBOY isn't sure what to do.

COWBOY :

(mutters)

Son-of-a-bitch.

The squad look to him.

He takes a couple of thoughtful breaths and decides to go.

COWBOY :

Okay, listen up!

No-Doze, Stutten, Donlon, Rock--you come

with me, we'll take a look! The rest of you stay put and

cover our ass! We may be
coming back in a big hurry!

JOKER:

I'm going with you.

RAFTERMAN :

I'm coming,
too.

COWBOY :

Okay.
(To the others)
You
all set?
Adlibs "Yeah!"

COWBOY :

Let's move out!
T.H.E. ROCK
Let's do it!
The five men clamber over the wall and
dash
across the broken ground to the smouldering
cluster of
buildings.
When they reach ANIMAL MOTHER he leads them
to a street
off the square where they duck down
against a shattered building.
They catch their breath and move forward to the
next building, where
they crouch down against
the wall.

ANIMAL MOTHER:

(pointing)
Cowboy . . . top of the black building,
around the
corner.

COWBOY cautiously moves to the corner of the
building and
studies the strange-looking black
building which commands the square.

Then. he ducks back around the corner, more uncertain than ever what they should do.

COWBOY :

Donlon ... give me that radio.
COWBOY moves to DONLON to take the radio.
Facing away from the black building, COWBOY does not notice that from the place he has moved to he can be seen. by the SNIPER through a jagged hole in the building.

SNIPER P.O.V. OF COWBOY

The SNIPER's P.O.V. --COWBOY's upper body is just visible through the hole in the building.
84 EXT. SQUARE--DUSK

COWBOY :

Murphy, this is Cowboy. Over!
A gunshot reverberates.
In slow-motion COWBOY falls.

JOKER :

Cowboy!

ANIMAL :

MOTHER starts firing his M-60.

RAFTERMAN :

(shouting)
Holy shit! The sniper's got a clean shot through the hole in the wall.
Much yelling, shouting and confusion as the men realize where the shot came from.

JOKER :

(shouting)
Get him! Get him the fuck outta here!!
COWBOY is carried behind the building.
All talk at once.

JOKER:

Easy! Easy!

DONLON :

Get him on his back.

Adlibs.

COWBOY :

(weakly)

Oh, I don't believe this shit.

Adlibs, fumbling for bandages, etc.

JOKER :

Shut up!

You'll be all right, Cowboy.

T.H.E. ROCK

Take it easy,

Cowboy.

Four pairs of hands doing things.

COWBOY:

(moaning)

Uhhh, that son-of-a-bitch!

JOKER :

You're

gonna be all right.

T.H.E. ROCK

You're going home, man.

You're going home.

DONLON :

Easy, man. Easy. Easy.

COWBOY :

Ohhhh, don't shit me, JOKER! Don't shit me!

JOKER :

I wouldn't shit you, man. You're my favorite
turd.

COWBOY begins to lose consciousness.

JOKER :

Cowboy...

DONLON :

Hang on, man. Hang on!

COWBOY:

(coughs)

I ... I can hack it.

T.H.E. ROCK

You can
hack it.

COWBOY :

I can. I-I...

COWBOY spits up some
blood and dies in JOKER's
arms.

JOKER bends down and hugs COWBOY.
Nobody moves.

Then, one by one, they slowly get to their feet.

JOKER:

is the last to get up.

They stand looking at the body.

ANIMAL:

MOTHER leaves two men to continue firing
at the SNIPER, and he scuttles
around the corner to
the group around COWBOY's body.

He looks at
COWBOY and then at JOKER.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Let's go get
some payback.

JOKER looks up slowly.

JOKER:

(in cold anger)

Okay.

ANIMAL MOTHER leads them down a narrow
street.

They stop to take cover behind a building just off
the

square.

They have to cross the open square, which would give the SNIPER a clear shot at them.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Give 'em some smoke.

He and JOKER toss three smoke grenades into the square.

They explode with a dull bang.

They wait while the square slowly fills with smoke.

ANIMAL MOTHER waves and they run out blindly through the thick smoke to the other side of the square.

85 INT. BLACK

BUILDING:

They work their way into the shattered, burning building, past twisted steel girders and huge broken chunks of concrete.

They come to a place where they have to split up. ANIMAL MOTHER points one way.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Donlon, Rock--that way. You two with me.

DONLON and T.H.E. ROCK move off as ordered.

JOKER and RAFTERMAN follow ANIMAL MOTHER the other way.

They come to another place where they have to choose which way to go.

ANIMAL MOTHER:

(pointing)

JOKER, in there! New Guy with me.

JOKER cautiously

enters one door. ANIMAL MOTHER
and RAFTERMAN disappear through the
other.

86 INT. WRECKED AND BURNING LOBBY--DAY

JOKER finds himself in
what was the lobby of the
building, a large room, which is on fire,
with
shattered columns, oriental arches, and windows
with large
decorative grillwork.

JOKER inches slowly into the room.

He hears a
noise, ducks behind a column and peers
around it.

He sees a small, black-clad figure standing at a
window - the SNIPER.

He raises his
rifle, aims and squeezes the trigger.

A loud click.

In slow motion
the SNIPER turns to face JOKER.

We see the startled face of a
beautiful Vietnamese
girl of about fifteen.

In slow motion JOKER
frantically works the bolt of
his M-16.

With the hard eyes of a
grunt, the SNIPER fires her
AK-47 rifle.

In slow motion JOKER ducks
behind the column,
desperately trying to unjam his M-16 rifle.

In,
slow motion the SNIPER fires and runs down a
few steps to get a better
shot at JOKER.

The bullets from her AK-47 tear large chunks of
masonry from the column shielding him.

Suddenly the SNIPER's body
seems to explode as she
is hit by a burst of automatic fire.

RAFTERMAN has come up and fires his M-16 into the

girl's body.

JOKER :

stands trembling against the shattered column.

RAFTERMAN snaps another M-16 magazine into place, gestures JOKER to stay put, and moves forward like Supergrunt to check out the rest of the room.

It's clear.

He moves to the window, and shouts to the two men in the square.

RAFTERMAN :

We got the sniper!

The SNIPER lies on the floor, writhing in pain.

JOKER and RAFTERMAN cautiously approach her.

RAFTERMAN kicks away her AK-47.

The two men stare at her in disbelief:

The SNIPER is a child, no more than fifteen years old, a slender Eurasian. angel with dark beautiful eyes.

They are startled by a faint sound.

They dive for cover.

They listen.

ANIMAL MOTHER calls from behind cover at the other end of the room.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Joker?

JOKER:

Yo.

ANIMAL :

MOTHER :

What's up?

JOKER :

We got the sniper.

RAFTERMAN and JOKER circle around the SNIPER as
DONLON and T.H.E. ROCK
and ANIMAL MOTHER walk
up.

RAFTERMAN :

I saved JOKER's
ass. I got the sniper. I fucking
blew her away.

RAFTERMAN laughs
hysterically, and kisses his rifle.

RAFTERMAN :

Am I bad?
Am I a life-taker? Am I a heartbreaker?

No one pays any
attention to RAFTERMAN.

The SNIPER gasps, whimpers.

DONLON stares
at her.

DONLON :

What's she saying?

JOKER:

(after a pause)

She's praying.

T.H.E. ROCK

No more

boom-boom for this baby-san. There's
nothing we can do for her.

She's dead meat.

ANIMAL MOTHER stares down at the SNIPER.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Okay. Let's get the fuck outta here.

JOKER :

What about her?

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Fuck her. Let
her rot.

The SNIPER prays in Vietnamese.

JOKER :

We
can't just leave her here.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

Hey, asshole
... Cowboy's wasted. You're
fresh out of friends. I'm running this
squad
now and I say we leave the gook for the
mother-lovin'
rats.

JOKER stares at ANIMAL MOTHER.

JOKER :

I'm not
trying to run this squad. I'm just
saying we can't leave her like
this.

ANIMAL MOTHER looks down at the SNIPER.

SNIPER:

(whimpering)
Sh . . . sh-shoot . . . me. Shoot . . . me.

ANIMAL :

MOTHER looks at JOKER.

ANIMAL MOTHER :

If you want to
waste her, go on, waste her.

JOKER looks at the SNIPER.

The four
men look at JOKER.

SNIPER :

(gasping)
Shoot .
. . me . . . shoot . . . me.

JOKER slowly lifts his pistol and looks into her eyes.

SNIPER :

Shoot . . . me.

JOKER jerks the trigger.

BANG!

The four men are silent.

JOKER stares down at the dead girl.

RAFTERMAN :

(laughs)

JOKER ...

we're gonna have to put you up for the Congressional Medal of...

Ugly!

(laughs)

JOKER looks at RAFTERMAN, blankly.

DONLON :

Hard core, man. Fucking hard core.

87 EXT. BURNING

CITY--NIGHT.

The platoon moves through the city, silhouetted against the raging fires. A scene in, hell.

JOKER:

(narration)

We have nailed our names in the pages of history enough for today. We hump down to the Perfume River to set in for the night.

The marines start to sing.

MARINE PLATOON:

Who's the leader of the club that's made for you and me?

M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

Hey there. Hi there. Ho there. You're as

welcome as can be.

M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey
Mouse.)

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Forever let us hold our
banner high.

High. High. High.

Come along and sing a song and
join the
jamboree.

M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

Here we go
a-marching and a-shouting
merrily.

M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

We play fair and we work hard and we're in
harmony.

M-I-C-K-E-Y

M-O-U-S-E.

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey
Mouse.)

Forever let us hold our banner high.

High. High. High.

Boys and girls from far and near you're as
welcome as can be.

M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

Who's the leader of the club that's made for
you and me?

M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

Who is marching coast to
coast and far across
the sea?

M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Forever let us hold his banner high.

High. High. High.

Come

along and sing a song and join the
family.

M-I-C-K-E-Y

M-O-U-S-E.

JOKER :

(voiceover)

My thoughts
drift back to erect nipple wet
dreams about Mary Jane Rottencrotch
and
the Great Homecoming Fuck Fantasy. I am so
happy that I am
alive, in one piece and short.
I'm in a world of shit . . . yes. But
I am alive.
And I am not afraid.

MARINE PLATOON:

(singing)

Come along and sing this song and join our
family.
M-I-C-K-E-Y- M-O-U-S-E
The marines march off into the distance.

MARINE PLATOON:

(singing)

Who's the leader of the club
that's made for
you and me?
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E
Hey
there! Hi there! Ho there!
You're as welcome as can be.
Mickey
Mouse ...
The sound fades away as the scene fades to black.