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# Dogfight

By Bob Comfort

Half-hour dinner break.  
70 wounded and 34 were missing.  
I'm sorry. We're out of chicken salad.  
Half mile south of the southern boundary  
that separates North and South Vietnam.  
In this last week in Vietnam...  
...there are a reported 141 American dead...  
...391 wounded, and 47 listed as missing.  
Other news. In Washington  
this afternoon, the Congressional...  
Hey, Birdlace!  
I want a girl just like this, man.  
Babe!  
Back here!  
Bring it back here now!  
Damn you, Birdlace.  
No, you don't. Back here to me.  
It looks like a cartoon.  
Stand by, men.  
Asshole approaching, 11 o'clock.  
Berzin, ladies...  
This here is Fector.  
He wanted to meet you.  
Yeah.  
How you guys hanging?  
So, what can we do for you, Fector?  
Donavin says you guys are sponsoring  
a little get-together.  
I want in, if it's okay.  
I don't know, Fector.  
We're a pretty elite group.  
- What do you think, Birdlace?  
- You know the rules?  
You break the rules, you don't get your jing  
back, not a fucking dime. You got that?  
Do you have anyone to bring  
to this event, Fec-dork?  
Fucking A, I got someone to bring.  
Sounds pretty elite to me, guys.  
What do you think, Benjamin?  
Fector, you got the \$50?  
Shit. Looks like  
an outstanding candidate to me.  
Out-fucking-standing.

How about that, Fector? Okie likes you.  
In fact, we all like you.  
That means you're in.  
Festivities begin precisely at 1900.  
You'll be there.  
I'll be there in dress blues, tennis shoes,  
and a fur-lined fucking jockstrap.  
Count on it.  
Fector? Sounds more like "fective" to me.  
Defective.  
Dumb motherfucker  
still shitting boot camp chow.  
Definitely. Roger that.  
Twenty-two. That's the biggest ever.  
We going to have us a time.  
Yes, sir, we going to have  
some kind of time.  
Attention, passengers.  
The bus to Santa Cruz has been canceled.  
The bus from Los Angeles  
will be 20 minutes late.  
All right, men. Fall in.  
Attention!  
One question, men.  
- Are we assholes or Marines?  
- Sir, assholes, sir!  
- Wrong! We're Marines! What are we?  
- Sir, Marines, sir!  
And we are not just Marines.  
We are the Four Bees. What are we?  
Sir, the Four fucking Bees. Aye, aye, sir!  
The Four Bees have a special mission.  
What's that mission?  
To take no prisoners and not become one!  
Out-fucking-standing, men.  
Muster at 1900.  
Good hunting, gentlemen.  
Fall out.  
- Excuse me. Hi.  
- Hi.  
An older sister maybe?  
Maggie. Debbie's really mad at you.  
You're in big trouble this time. Excuse me.  
Excuse me. I'm new in town.

I thought maybe we could see some sights.  
The Golden Gate...  
You slut.  
Excuse me. I overheard you.  
I'm new here, too. I've got a map.  
Where do you want to go?  
Gee, thanks, but...  
I'm not interested.  
I mean, no, I don't need your help.  
I got to go.  
- Where is he?  
- You talking to me?  
Yes, ma'am, now, where is he?  
- Who?  
- Your husband.  
I don't have a husband.  
- You don't have a husband?  
- No.  
Where's your boyfriend?  
No boyfriend. What is it you want?  
Are you a lesbian?  
No, I'm not.  
A pretty little thing like yourself  
with no husband, no boyfriend...  
You got to be a lesbian.  
No, I'm just here by myself, that's all.  
Not anymore. My name's Buell.  
A lot of people call me Okie.  
You can call me Okie.  
Only if you wanted to.  
Betty, hi!  
Hey, I don't know you.  
What do you mean you don't know me?  
We've been writing to each other  
for seven months.  
I said I'd meet you here?  
Betty, it's me Sam, Sam Benjamin.  
I'm not Betty. I'm Ruth Two Bears.  
What do you mean?  
You look just like Betty... Betty Lynx Leg.  
Jesus, this...  
Jesus, this is really very embarrassing.  
I'm sorry, Ruth.  
I need a drink.

Let me buy you a drink.  
Make it up to you.  
I swear, I thought you were Betty.  
When I say "spitting image"...  
You have no Lynx Leg blood in you?  
Hello.  
The Marines have landed.  
- Oh, great.  
- I'll be there in an hour.  
- What I was saying, Gladys...  
- Alice.  
Sorry, Alice. I was saying you're nice.  
I'm being sincere.  
Listen, I'm a United States Marine.  
I'm leaving tomorrow morning to Okinawa.  
I wanted to have a nice time, that's all.  
- You want a nice time?  
- Yeah.  
Get yourself a streetwalker.  
Fucking shit!  
Excuse me.  
Oh, it's pouring out.  
We're going to get soaked.  
What will you have?  
A cup of coffee's fine...  
And I'll take one of those delicious-looking  
doughnuts, too, please.  
- What kind you want?  
- Chocolate, please.  
Say, are these things homemade?  
No.  
Well, they smell it.  
We're going to be closing soon.  
Wow.  
Please. Don't stop. You sound real good.  
It's great. It's one of my favorite songs.  
Actually, it reminds me a lot of...  
Of Jim Swaine's music.  
Don't you think so?  
I don't know him.  
Wow. Jim Swaine?  
Well, he's just...  
Well, you've heard of Dylan, right?  
Bob Dylan?

Yeah.

Jim Swaine is a major influence  
on Dylan's music.

I thought...

...Woody Guthrie was Dylan's influence.

Well, yeah.

There's Woody,

and then there's Jim Swaine.

In fact, I think that Jim Swaine and Woody  
cowrote some songs together.

If I'm not mistaken.

I thought Woody wrote pretty much  
on his own.

Sometimes he did. He did, most definitely.

But sometimes, he would, you know,  
collaborate with Swaine.

In other words, Woody wrote the words,  
and Swaine wrote the music.

Other times, they'd switch.

See what I'm saying?

Like that famous song of his.

You know the one I mean?

- This Land Is Your Land?

- This Land Is Your Land. Exactly.

Yeah, that was...

That was an original  
by Swaine and Guthrie.

That's strange.

I've got the sheet music upstairs.

I don't remember seeing his name.

He was a ghostwriter. Sometimes.

In fact, most of the time.

Rose, your break's over.

Let's get those tables set up for tomorrow.

Your coffee's getting cold.

Thank you.

Do you write your own stuff?

Jeez, no.

You should. You've got the voice for it.

- Really?

- Abso-fucking-lutely.

Hey. My apologies.

I'm not used to being around ladies.

It's okay. I should get back to work.

Sure.

Listen, I'm just a dumb jarhead.

I am sorry.

It's okay.

So what time do you close up here?

In a little while.

What's a jarhead?

That's just what we call ourselves.

I'm a United States Marine.

It's okay if we say it,

but if a squid says it, a sailor...

...then it's fist city.

It's all right if a woman says it,

especially if she sings like you.

Thanks.

Thanks very much...

...jarhead.

- So, what's your name?

- Rose, Rose Fenny.

Rose's cafe. You own this place.

No. My mother does. Her name's Rose.

Same as me, same as my grandmother.

That's nice.

- You're a Marine?

- Yes, ma'am.

Edward Baines Birdlace?

Okay. It's not that funny.

Sorry. It's a nice name.

Thanks.

Gosh, you look so angry.

I'm not angry. I'm just ready.

Ready for what?

Ready for anything.

**Date of birth:**

That's soon. Today's the 21st.

This Monday. 19 big ones.

Well, happy birthday, Corporal Birdlace.

Gee, thanks.

I better shove off soon. Going to a party.

Birthday party?

No, just... Sort of a regular party.

Say, maybe you'd like to go with me.

Actually, I'm still working.

Sure. Right. I understand.

No. I've got to be here till closing tonight.

Rose, listen.

I'm a Marine and Marines are jerks.

Everybody knows that.

If you don't want to go with me, just say so.

It's just... My mom would be alone.

Well, I don't want to get anyone in trouble with their old lady, so...

It was nice to have met you, Rose.

Nice to have met you.

'Bye.

Rose?

You sing real good.

Real good.

Shit.

You almost done, honey?

What is this, Wednesday?

I wonder what's on TV tonight.

We'll go upstairs

and watch something nice.

- I got some new green stamps...

- Excuse me.

I love women that take pride in...

- Go away.

- Eddie!

I'm going with you, okay?

This is great.

It's great.

- What about your mother?

- What about her?

This is great.

I'm going to go get changed now.

- What kind of party is this?

- A party party.

- A dress-up party?

- Yes, a dress-up party.

Okay.

Listen, Rose, why don't you bring your guitar along?

I'm not ready to sing in front of an audience.

That's fine, too.

It'll be great just to have you along.

- Rosie?  
- I'm going to a party, okay?  
- There's still all this work.  
- I'll do it before we open.  
Rose...  
I promise.  
Jesus God.  
You look great.  
Yeah?  
Outstanding.  
Thanks.  
I'm really glad I decided to come.  
Oh, great. Me, too.  
It's nice to get away from the restaurant...  
...from my mom.  
I don't hate her or anything.  
It's just, her whole life's the restaurant.  
I don't want it to be like that.  
I don't blame you a bit.  
The Trouble with Mimi.  
- Did you see this?  
- I don't go to flicks much.  
This kind of thing drives me crazy.  
There are people right now, fighting  
for their lives and for their freedom...  
...while here we are watching this trash  
which doesn't mean anything.  
- Then why did you see it?  
- My mom.  
She loved it.  
We don't agree on anything lately.  
She's content, you know, living her life.  
I don't want to...  
I want to have an effect on the world.  
I want to get out there and get involved.  
You know, I'd like to join the Peace Corps...  
...or maybe go down south  
and help out there...  
I don't know.  
It's just so frustrating.  
Yeah, I know what you mean.  
- I'm really glad I decided to come.  
- Me, too.  
It's really nice to talk to someone.

It's really nice.

It is.

Big party!

Rose, you got really nice lips.

What?

You got nice lips. Are you wearing lipstick?

- Yes.

- Yeah?

It's kind of wearing down, I see.

- It is?

- A little bit. Got more?

- Should I put some more on?

- Sure.

Okay.

Let me try.

- Can I, please?

- Okay.

Eddie...

Hold still.

Eddie...

You put on lipstick about as good as I do.

You're supposed to put lipstick on the lips.

It's all over my...

It's all over my mouth now.

Wait. Maybe I can fix this.

It's all over the place.

There. That's fine, right?

Never mind. Forget about it.

You look fine.

You think I look okay?

It's all right.

"The Nitelite."

Wow. Looks like a pretty fancy place, huh?

Rose, this party's no big deal.

We don't have to go in...

I'd like to. Yeah.

We can go somewhere else  
if you just want to dance.

That's okay.

All right, come on.

- There you go, buddy.

- Thanks.

Friend of yours?

Come on.

Good evening, Corporal Birdlace.

Good evening, ma'am.

Fine woman you got there, Corporal.

I'll be sure to include this in my report to the inspector general.

- Thank you, sir.

- Good luck, Corporal.

Wait a second.

- I just want to...

- You look great.

- Really?

- Really. You do.

- Okay.

- Let's hit it.

You want a party? You got yourself a party.

- Hey, Birdlace!

- Hey, Zaworsky!

This is Rose.

- Hi, Rose.

- Hi, Rose.

Welcome to paradise, Corporal.

Thank you, Corporal.

- To the Four Bees!

- And their ladies.

And their girls.

- Semper fi.

- Semper fi!

That's only three B's.

Berzin, Benjamin, and Birdlace.

My name's Buell. They just call me Okie.

You've all been friends since boot camp?

No. In boot camp, you line up by height.

In ITR, infantry training after boot camp, it's alphabetical order.

So we always lined up together.

Got to be pretty tight.

Everyone started calling us the Four Bees.

And we've stuck together since then.

So, you got to be friends from standing in line?

Well, I'm happy to meet you all. I really am.

Where's our fucking drinks?

- You guys like to swear.

- No. We like to drink.

No big thing, Rose. It's just words.  
After a while, you don't even hear it.  
Don't mean shit.  
- Make room for another round.  
- I've already had two.  
Honey, don't worry about it.  
It's just a mai tai. Very weak drink.  
Trust me. You won't get drunk.  
Right. Drink up. I'll take another double.  
Everyone on the dance floor!  
Thanks.  
Gentlemen, I say we dance.  
Right.  
Care to dance, Miss Two Bears?  
Come on, darling. Let's hit it.  
Let's see if we can make a rainstorm.  
Let's show them what we got.  
- Are you mad at me?  
- No.  
- Well, you sure seem mad.  
- I'm happier than a two-peckered owl.  
It's the fucking waitress.  
Come on, Eddie. Let's dance.  
We'll be there in a minute.  
She has to finish her drink still.  
Come on, honey.  
Get off your ass and dance.  
Got some tough competition out there.  
- Having a good time, Corporal Birdlegs?  
- Yeah, yeah. Carry on, asshole.  
- Birdlegs?  
- It's just a nickname.  
- Waitress!  
- Don't drink any more.  
Talk to me.  
What kind of a bird is that?  
A bluebird, the bluebird of happiness.  
See? It flies.  
It carries me from all the troubles...  
...and takes me to where it's all happy.  
Crock of shit.  
Does it ever work?  
Let's get out of here.  
I thought we were supposed to dance.

You're a nice girl. This is a fucked-up place.

I'd like to dance. Come on.

Let's hit it, Birdlegs.

Yeah. Semper fi, do or die.

What do you give her?

- Four.

- Four?

She's not even a woman, for Christ's sake.

Bullshit.

She's a fucking guy in drag.

How can you give her a four?

Son of a bitch, that is a guy.

I'll give him a seven.

- You having a good time?

- Yes.

What have we here?

Oh, my god.

That son of a bitch.

She's nice.

Gentlemen, I think we got a winner here.

Berzin wins. Big Berzin.

Winner!

- Ten.

- Ten.

- What's wrong?

- Nothing.

Jesus.

- How many points for that?

- Honorable mention.

Here's the man!

Where's the money?

Unbelievable.

Unbelievable, man.

Where the fuck did you find her?

That's top-fucking-secret.

Congratulations, you piece of shit.

God, was she butt-ugly.

A well-deserved win. That's four in a row.

Nobody in the entire fucking Marine Corps  
ever won four in a row.

I'd say I'm one lucky motherfucker.

I think you're one lucky motherfucker.

- No hard feelings, Benjamin.

- Eat my ass.

Fuck you, too.

Oh, boy.

- Only \$50?

- Cut me some slack, will you?

Slack? You find "slack" in the dictionary.

Between "shit" and "syphilis."

Cab fare. I paid \$8 for that cab.

Berzin, this ain't the chaplain  
you're talking to.

You come to me for help. I help,  
for half the money. That was the deal.

Don't give me shit about a fucking cab.

I'm not giving you shit, you goddamn slut.

Take your goddamn money.

You fucking asshole! God...

Fucking jarheads. You're all assholes.

What's wrong, Marcie?

The man's an asshole. That's what's wrong.

He says, "Hey, Gums, how'd you like  
to make \$50...

"...and you don't have to do nobody? "

I say, "What's the catch? "

"No catch." So he tells me  
about this dogfight thing.

So I say, "Sure."

I even offer not to wear my teeth.

I'm sorry. I don't understand.

Shit. Never mind.

No. I'd like to hear.

It's not really as bad as it sounds, all right?

Free cocktail, free beer...

...and they got to be polite.

Those are the rules. They got to be polite.

- What rules?

- The rules of the dogfight.

See, they each put in some money,  
like \$50, \$70, \$75...

Who does?

The assholes, the Marines.

And out of that they rent the joint,  
pay for the food and the booze...

...and the rest of the money  
goes to prize money.

The thing that gets me is how great

they think they look.  
You ever seen such a pack of pukers?  
There's prize money?  
That's right.  
The ugliest woman wins \$100...  
...for the guy who brings her.  
I'm the ugliest, so I win.  
Only, see...  
...I ain't really that ugly. You should  
see me when I'm really dressed up.  
Oh, God. This is awful.  
Marcie, you must feel terrible.  
It's not so bad.  
At least I got \$50.  
All you got was sick.  
Hey!  
- How you doing there, Shitbird?  
- Good.  
You just won honorable mention.  
That's \$26 in prize money.  
It's a good thing she puked up  
or we'd have to give it to Fector.  
Hell of a lot better than a bayonet  
up your ass.  
Always.  
Hey!  
Don't you dare "hey" me.  
You are a cruel, heartless, ignorant creep.  
If I were a man, I'd beat you to a pulp.  
Who gave you the right  
to treat people like this?  
It's vicious!  
All of you are just vicious!  
I'm sorry!  
How can you be sorry?  
You have no feelings.  
You're just a worthless excuse  
for a human being.  
- Hey, that's my shipmate!  
- Shut up, you creep!  
Your apology means nothing.  
Everything out of your mouth  
has been rotten, dirty lies.  
I'm sorry I ever met you.

Okay.  
God, what a bitch.  
Where did you find her?  
Jerk!  
For Christ's sakes.  
What the hell was that about?  
Jesus Christ!  
You should be able to control your woman.  
Rose.  
What?

**It's 8:**

I decided to come home early.  
You have a good time?  
Yeah. It was nice.  
I'm going to go practice my guitar.  
Not too loud, okay?  
Repent!  
Hey, watch your step.  
Repent!  
Get the fuck out of here with that bullshit.  
Cartoons for adults!  
I love winning, Corporal!  
It feels so fucking good.  
Here. I got you a beer.  
Quit eye-fucking me.  
Jesus!  
They got these fucking things timed.  
First it stops just when  
she takes off her bra.  
Now it stops just as she  
takes off her panties.  
That pisses me off.  
Let's put on our hat.  
Belly up to that holster.  
You look like Daddy's little cowgirl.  
Now, what's the most important thing  
to remember...  
...during a Wild West shootout?  
Kill, kill, kill.  
Right. Get in position.  
Line that son of a bitch up.  
- Draw!  
- Kill! Kill! Kill!

What are you doing?

Excuse me, ma'am. I got to talk to him.

- What's going on?

- The dogfight's over.

Okay, now half-mast those skivvies.

Bitch! Fucking machine!

What, you just learn to walk?

Okie, give me another nickel.

- All right, but I get to see, too.

- Okay.

- I'm serious.

- I'm serious. Give it to me.

Where did Birdlace go?

He said he'd meet us at Navy Bill's.

If I don't see her ass soon,

I'm going to hump you.

Dog!

Rosie, what is it? Who's out there?

It's all right. It's just Captain.

Here.

Come on.

Come on. Here.

Good boy. Yeah.

You're a big fucker, aren't you?

Yeah? Want some? Look at those ears.

Okay, easy.

Motherfucker!

What do you want?

Pretty hokey, isn't it?

Sorry. I thought you'd like it.

Did I win anything?

Nothing.

You were disqualified.

- Liar.

- Rose, I swear.

What about those other girls?

What about them?

What about their feelings? Do you honestly think they have no feelings?

They didn't know anything about it.

Besides, you're different.

I've been to six different dogfights.

You're the first girl I ever tried to talk out of going.

- You did not.  
- Yes, ma'am. You don't remember?  
In front of the Nitelite? I tried to stop you.  
And before dancing, too.  
When you dance, that's final judging.  
That's crazy. I don't understand you.  
There's a lot of shit I don't understand.  
I don't apologize, ever.  
And I came all the fuck way back here  
to apologize.  
And I don't understand that.  
I wanted to take you out to dinner...  
...and try to make things up to you  
if possible...  
...and I'm standing here now  
feeling like an idiot.  
So, fuck it.  
If you don't want me around  
and I'm a pain in your ass...  
...just tell me to leave, and I'm gone.  
I want you to stop swearing.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
- Okay what?  
- Okay, let's go to dinner.  
But if this is part of your dogfight,  
I'll kill you.  
No, Rose, it's not.  
I promise. It's just you and I  
at a nice joint having a nice dinner.  
We won't ever mention this dogfight again.  
Roger that.  
It'll just be like a regular date,  
just two regular people on a regular date.  
Right.  
Well, knowing Birdlace,  
he's probably out looking for action.  
Speaking of action...  
Can you believe it?  
Two beautiful women lost  
to a detachment of deck apes!  
- Well, I thought I smelled squid shit.  
- I smell it.  
How'd you like to eat my shit?

Fucking jarhead.

Fight! Fight!

Market and Powell.

- Do we get off here?

- Yeah.

I think I know a place.

Here.

We can do better.

- Eddie, this is a nice restaurant.

- We can do better.

- Can I help you?

- Yeah. Excuse me. Dinner for two.

- Do you have a reservation?

- Yes, my secretary called in. Gilmore.

Not that that should matter,  
being there's plenty of room.

Yes, sir, there is,  
but unless you have a jacket...

...I can't seat you.

I'm wearing a jacket.

You're wearing a windbreaker, sir.

I was speaking of a dinner jacket  
or at least a tie and sports coat.

Couldn't you just put us in the back,  
out of the way?

It's my last night stateside...

...and I wanted to take my girl  
out to dinner.

I'm sorry, sir,  
but it's a rule strictly enforced.

Well, thank you.

- That man's a prick!

- He was doing his job.

Bullshit! Just like a 2nd lieutenant,  
give them some power...

...they roll in it like dogs in shit.

Makes them feel like wolves  
instead of the little lap dog that he is.

I'm going to burn his ass.

Eddie, what is the problem?

We were supposed to have  
a nice, normal date.

There's no problem.

Just a man with a mission.

What kind of mission?  
You and me against the pricks.  
Are you with me?  
It has just been the craziest night.  
Eddie's grandfather dies,  
and we're headed for midnight mass.  
Put that back where it belongs.  
Eddie just doesn't have appropriate  
funeral wear hanging in his closet.  
I understand. But it's late. We were asleep.  
I know, I'm very sorry, it's just...  
We'd just like one jacket  
so Eddie can look his best.  
- Please, darling, hurry.  
- Okay, darling.  
I'm hurrying as fast as possible.  
Eddie's having trouble making decisions.  
He's shook up.  
What the hell's going on?  
They're going to a funeral.  
Rose, that was outstanding bullshit.  
I was really impressed.  
It wasn't easy with you  
throwing jackets all over.  
Good evening. Dinner for two, please.  
Thanks.  
Look. It's so nice, so clean!  
Rose, what do you think of this one?  
Hey, friendly. Over here.  
This will be just fine, thanks.  
Please.  
It's my pleasure.  
Thank you so much.  
You've been so wonderful.  
This is for you. \$1.  
- That won't be necessary.  
- Please, I insist!  
You're worth \$1. Isn't he?  
See? You are worth \$1.  
Thank you so much for your time and effort.  
Just wait till I'm through with him.  
He won't know whether to shit or go blind.  
You've had your fun.  
Why do you have to do this?

Someone dumps on me five pounds,  
I dump back fifty.  
I'm not through with that jack-off, yet.  
If you spend the night  
making him miserable...  
...Im going home.  
- What?  
- I'm serious.  
What are you talking about?  
We came here to have a nice dinner.  
And I'd like some respect from him.  
You deserve respect, too.  
We're paying just like everyone else.  
That's how you get respect?  
People are such goddamn idiots.  
I know they are.  
But what's the point of spending all your  
energy trying to get even with everybody?  
Because it feels great.  
It feels fucking great, especially...  
And what's the point of every word  
out of your mouth being a curse word?  
Are you ready to order now?  
Yes, goddamn it.  
I'm going to have  
the fucking poached salmon...  
...with the son-of-a-bitching rice...  
...and a dirty-bastard salad...  
...with a shitload of Roquefort dressing.  
Thank you.  
And who knows what this asshole wants.  
I'll just take a fucking beer.  
Thank you.  
- That's all you're going to have, a beer?  
- Yeah.  
You must be starved.  
No, I'm not starved.  
- Here you are.  
- Thank you.  
I'll just put this over here for now.  
Poached salmon and rice pilaf.  
It's beautiful. Isn't this beautiful?  
Yeah. That looks good, real good.  
See, you are hungry.

Why didn't you order anything?  
I couldn't pay for it.  
I can pay for that, and for this,  
but that's all till payday.  
What's that for?  
What are you doing?  
Thanks.  
I'm going to hit the head.  
Okay I'll wait outside.  
I know that he was so rude to you.  
But I don't think it's fair  
to prejudge people...  
...on how they look or how they're dressed.  
Don't you think?  
Thank you.  
So, what are you grinning about?  
I was wondering what you'd look like  
with your hair a little longer, and without...  
...that bruise on your face.  
Well, not much better. That's for sure.  
We've got a saying:  
"Shot at and missed. Shit at and hit."  
That's me.  
So, I should take you home soon.  
Right? It's kind of late.  
I don't know.  
I feel like walking. You feel like walking?  
Sure.  
Thanks for dinner.  
- You're so welcome.  
- It was really nice.  
It's probably the most expensive meal  
I ever had.  
We had to relocate to Missouri.  
Soon as I got there,  
I tried to join the Air Force...  
...but their recruiter was out to lunch.  
The Marine Corps recruiter sees me  
pacing there in the post office and says:  
"Eleanor Roosevelt was talking about you."  
Eleanor Roosevelt?  
Yeah. So I say, "That's quite a trick,  
seeing as she's dead."  
He says, "She said it before she died."

"She called you an oversexed, overtrained,  
underfed, underpaid killing machine."

I thought he was crazy.

So I asked him, I said:

"What the hell are you talking about? "

He says, "She was talking about Marines.

"And you sure as hell  
look like a Marine to me."

I thought that was pretty neat.

So I bolted home, got the old man,  
brought him back...

...and he signed those papers so damn fast  
he nearly sprained his wrist.

I was a little shit back then,  
but I was only 16.

I don't think you're a little shit.

Gee, thanks.

- There you go.

- It's a beauty.

Out-fucking-standing.

I mean, out-fucking-standing!

Get up. Me next.

Okay, and remember...

...exact same bee  
on the exact same spot for him.

Gotcha.

And remember, there's another one  
of us coming. Birdlace.

He ain't here yet,

but exact same thing for him.

Same spot and same bee.

Yeah. Yeah.

'Cause there's four of us.

Four Bees.

There's Birdlace and Berzin.

My name's Buell.

Goddamn it, Okie! Leave the fucking guy  
alone, for Christ's sakes.

He's Benjamin.

Eddie, will I get to see you some more?

I don't know. You want to?

Yeah.

Okay, then I'll take you out  
as soon as I get back.

Get back from where?

Well, I'm shipping out  
first thing tomorrow morning.

Going overseas.

- Where are you going?

- Okinawa.

But I'm aiming for this other place.

It's a little country near India  
called Vietnam.

I read about it.

- Aren't they fighting there or something?

- No, not really.

We'll just be there as advisers  
to teach them how to handle the Commies.

That could be dangerous.

No.

Kick a little ass, take a few names.

Be back in a couple of months.

Why didn't you tell me before  
that you were leaving?

I thought it would sound like bullshit.

You know, something just to say  
to get into your skivvies.

- Would you mind if I wrote you?

- Me? Hell, no. That would be great.

Want to go to this club in North Beach  
called the Still Life Cafe?

I want to sing there one day.

When I write about it, you'll understand.

Yeah. Sure.

We don't have to. I thought it'd be nice,  
but if you have to get back, that's okay.

As long as I'm back for formation  
in the morning, it's fine.

Okay.

- You got to write me, too.

- I will.

You don't seem much  
like the letter-writing kind.

- You okay?

- I'm fine.

I just don't like blood.

Sorry. I can't help it.

You sure you're okay?

I'm fine.  
You'll be done soon, right?  
Real soon. Looking nice.  
I can't believe we finally did it.  
We talked about getting these bees  
for two months.  
There you go. It's a bee. It's my bee.  
My bee is smiling.  
Berzin, your bee have a smile on his face?  
This one has a huge grin.  
I don't think that's me.  
You see the tits on this broad?  
Nice pair.  
This gonna look the same?  
Exact same bee? Exact same spot?  
Ever been with somebody  
with tits like that?  
- Sure. Haven't you?  
- Yeah, sure.  
- Really?  
- Yes.  
Okay.  
- Okie, how you doing?  
- No sweat.  
Where's fucking Birdlace? It's his turn.  
I tell you what. If Birdlace  
doesn't show up, I'll get his for him.  
So Jim Swaine doesn't exist.  
And you don't know  
who Woody Guthrie is or Pete Seeger.  
The only folk singers I know  
is Peter, Paul and Mary.  
- There they are now.  
- Very funny.  
Peter, Paul and Mary  
are not real folk singers.  
- No?  
- No.  
Real folk singers write their own stuff.  
They say what's on their minds.  
- They can make things happen.  
- How's that?  
Their music can change the world.  
If you want to change the world...

...why don't you join the Marines  
and start shooting?  
Shooting changes things real quick.  
I can't believe you just said that.  
- Well, I just did.  
- That's ridiculous.  
Shooting doesn't solve anything.  
You shoot at people,  
people shoot back at you.  
When you sing to people,  
your message goes straight to the soul.  
You open a new point of view.  
You disarm them.  
All I know is that President Kennedy's  
sending troops to make some changes...  
...and he certainly didn't issue them guitars.  
There are people who use  
music over aggression.  
Ever heard the song We Shall Overcome?  
What's so funny?  
What... Why are you laughing?  
- I'm not laughing.  
- Yes, you are.  
You think this is some joke?  
You've never even heard this song.  
Bullshit. Berzin goofs on it all the time.  
That's funny.  
All that proves  
is that your friend is not only a cheat...  
...but a complete moron.  
What are you talking about?  
Hey, Rose!  
You just met the guy.  
You're calling him a cheat?  
He is a cheat. He didn't find Marcie.  
He hired her.  
- He even told her not to wear her teeth.  
- Come on.  
He did. I overheard them fighting about it.  
He was trying to chisel her out of her share.  
He's not only a cheat and a moron,  
he's a cheapskate.  
That son of a bitch.  
Hey! Hold it.

What's going on here?

I ain't spending my last few hours stateside  
arguing with you.

Especially you. I like you.

Damn it.

I'm sorry if...

I'm sorry if I upset you in any way.

That song is very important to me.

I don't like to see it ridiculed like that.

I understand that. I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

No. I'm sorry, so shut up.

Thank you, but I'm really sorry,  
so you shut up.

Yeah. Just give us the word,  
and we're there.

- Just the two of you?

- Just the two of us.

She sings, I play, and...

Hey, Bob.

- I'm just going to show him around, okay?

- Sure.

Where did you play?

We played over at Rudy's  
a couple weeks ago. They really dug us.

So this is it.

You guys have a manager?

No.

- Well, it's interesting. It's nice.

- Yeah.

- You ever sing here?

- No.

I'm waiting for my hair to get longer  
and write my own stuff.

Then I'll be ready to hoot.

Hoot? What's that?

Short for hootenanny.

Every Tuesday night,  
anybody can come up on stage and sing...

...and if Bob likes them,

he might ask them back...

...or give them a gig or something.

- Why don't you sing something?

- What?  
Yeah. Sing something, like...  
Like that song you sang earlier at the cafe.  
I don't know that song very well.  
That's okay.  
I just want to see you up there.  
Well...  
You've got the stage.  
You've got me as the audience.  
So why don't you just sing?  
Please?  
Okay.  
I don't know piano all that well.  
That's okay.  
I'll just play it very simply.  
That's fine.  
Okay.  
Rose, lock your eyes on their numskulls  
and brain them!  
Yeah!  
See, I think that you're going to like this.  
Advertisers have found  
that the women of America...  
...are keenly interested  
in the type of soap they use.  
In fact, the men of America  
have a keen interest in the product...  
...and how it is used also.  
The outboard motor has brought a  
renewed interest...  
...in water sports in this country.  
Outstanding liberty, isn't it?  
Out-fucking-standing.  
...lakes and streams for exercise...  
I guess I should go.  
You got to get up early in the morning.  
Yeah. You, too.  
Yeah.  
So I'll just leave now.  
Or, you could...  
...come in for a minute.  
You think so?  
Yeah, for a little while, if you want.  
I'd love to.

Okay, let's go.  
Okay.  
Is she sleeping?  
Yeah. She always sleeps with the TV on.  
Do you want to hear some music?  
Sure.  
Who are these people?  
Okay. This is Malvina Reynolds.  
She's the one who wrote the song  
that I sang today.  
And, and...  
That's Woody Guthrie.  
And that's Pete Seeger.  
That's Joan Baez.  
She's my favorite.  
And there's Bob Dylan.  
You know him, right?  
And that's Odetta.  
She has the most beautiful voice.  
And...  
Sorry, no pictures of Jim Swaine.  
Do you want to play musical bingo?  
- Sure.  
- Okay.  
It's really fun.  
Okay.  
Okay. You can be the maestro...  
...and you get 12 chips.  
Here. You can count those out.  
And I'll get 12, and...  
Is this like bingo?  
It's a musical bingo.  
I can't play bingo.  
- No?  
- No.  
Okay.  
We don't have to play bingo.  
No.  
- Is this okay?  
- Yeah.  
Yeah?  
Do you think I should change maybe?  
Should I change?  
Yeah?

Okay. I'll change.  
My nightgown.  
And I'll just... I'll go in here and change.  
You look good.  
- You look real good.  
- Thank you.  
Sorry. The bed's small.  
Couldn't we just...  
Here's my address.  
You can write if you want.  
Take care of yourself.  
Okay.  
Goodbye, Eddie.  
'Bye.  
How about a dime for coffee?  
- Corporal Birdlace reporting for duty.  
- Where the hell have you been?  
Yeah.  
I don't know. I forget.  
I look a lot better than you.  
What happened?  
We had a pissar of a time.  
Tangled assholes with some squid.  
Went to a skin flick,  
met a very sensitive woman.  
She did the three of us for \$10.  
And before that, we got a tattoo.  
- A bee.  
- Check it out.  
A bee for the Four Bees.  
What do you think?  
I like it, it's nice.  
Berzin got yours for you.  
Show him, Berz.  
Fuck off.  
That's pretty.  
You owe me a bee.  
Attention, all military personnel.  
The shuttle for Treasure Island departs...  
Let's go.  
So? You going to tell us or what?  
Spit it out, Birdlegs.  
I told her I wouldn't tell no one.  
Come on, you asshole. We tell you.

Keep it down. She was married.  
Married? She was married?  
You fuck! She was married.  
Outstanding, Corporal.  
Out-fucking-standing.  
You know what they say. Married's best.  
"They don't tell, they don't swell."  
Good-looking?  
Oh, yeah. 32, blond, built like a...  
32? What are you, some grandma-fucker?  
If the grandmother looked like this,  
you bet your ass.  
She was real good-looking.  
She couldn't get enough.  
Her old man didn't give her attention.  
Probably a fag.  
What do you expect  
from a lieutenant commander in personnel?  
An officer's wife!  
That's out-fucking-standing!  
You know what, Berzin?  
I think you and me are full of shit.  
Come on, Birdlace. What's your beef?  
That toothless sack of shit  
that you took to the party...  
The dogfight.  
That was a setup, right?  
What makes you think that?  
I wasn't out with the officer's wife  
last night.  
I was out with Rose. She told me.  
I figured she was going to do that.  
I saw you with her last night in Chinatown  
while we were getting our bees put on.  
You're shitting me.  
- Fucking A.  
- I won't tell them.  
Just like you won't tell them  
I fixed the fight, right?  
How did we get to be so full of shit?  
I mean, how did we become  
these fucking idiots?  
I was sitting here thinking about it, and...  
Fuck it.

I guess I don't know what started it all.

- Yeah. Forget about it.

- Right.

- Go back to sleep.

- Right.

It ain't worth it.

So you won the dogfight fair and square...

...and I was dating the officer's wife  
for one night.

- Roger that, Corporal.

- Bullshit.

See what I mean?

I do.

Let me tell you something about bullshit.

It's everywhere.

You hit me with a little, I buy it.

I hit you with a little, you buy it.

It doesn't make us idiots.

That's what makes us buddies.

We buy what the Corps hands out,  
and that's what makes us Marines.

And the Corps is buying the bullshit  
from Kennedy...

...and Kennedy's buying the bullshit  
from everybody in the US of fuckin' A.

And that's what makes us Americans.

- It's still bullshit.

- Right.

And we're in it

up to our goddamn lips, buddy.

See what I'm saying?

Berzin, you can make sense out of anything.

I don't know if I'm making sense, but...

This makes a hell of a lot of sense  
to me, boy.

There's no bullshit in this.

Jesus.

Very fucking charming, Okie.

Very fucking charming.

Was that the Okie aroma I smell?

Hey, Birdshit, tell me again,  
was she a fox or what?

- What?

- You know, the officer's wife.

How good-looking was she?

- Tell me.

- All right. Tell him.

I'll tell you this, you sorry son of a bitch.

She was so fine,

you'd crawl through a minefield...

...just to smell the tires on the laundry

truck hauling away her skivvies.

Get out of here!

Get off of me!

Hey, come on!

Watch my hair!

- Daley.

- Here.

- Erlich.

- Here.

- Bailey.

- Here.

- Riker.

- Here.

- Lincoln.

- Here.

- Sanders.

- Here.

- Sarnof.

- Here.

- Tate.

- Here.

We have NBC's Bob MacNeil on the line  
now with a report. Please go ahead, Bob.

White House Press Secretary

Malcolm Kilduff...

...has just announced

that President Kennedy...

...died at approximately 1:00 Central

Standard Time, just about 35 minutes ago.

- After being shot at...

- After being shot...

...by an unknown assailant...

...by an unknown assailant...

...during a motorcade ride

through downtown Dallas.

...during a motorcade ride

through downtown Dallas.

- The president died...  
- The president died...  
...approximately 25 minutes...  
...approximately 25 minutes...  
I'll see your four...  
...and raise you five.  
Y'all want to hear a joke?  
That's it. I won.  
What's this shit?  
- Want to hear a joke?  
- What are you trying to pull?  
- You think I'm stupid.  
- Tell the fucking joke.  
What did the ghost say to the bee?  
I don't know.  
"Boo, bee. Boo, bee."  
Actually, that's pretty good.  
That's real funny, Okie.  
My knee!  
I've been hit.  
- I need help!  
- My fucking arm!  
Benjamin!  
He's dead! He's dead!  
The motherfucker's dead!  
Where's Benjamin?  
Eddie, don't you fucking give up on me!  
San Francisco.  
Watch your step getting off.  
So, thanks for coming, folks.  
Hey, man, how many babies did you kill?  
We're having Big Brother  
and the Holding Company.  
A benefit  
for the Haight Community free clinic.  
Check it out before the prices go up.  
He had a scorpion on his back.  
A tattoo, like this big.  
It was one of those T-shirts with no sleeves.  
How are you doing?  
Let me have a CC and water.  
- Yeah, I think Karl wants one, too.  
- Right.  
- I can't afford one. Give me a raise.

- Yeah.

Runner on at first.

That'll be \$1.10.

Here's \$2. Keep the change.

Thanks.

- That's nice. It do anything?

- What?

The bluebirds.

It didn't take me where it was supposed to,  
but it still flies.

We were just talking about tattoos.

Nice bees.

You just get them?

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

I got one that dances.

The man doesn't want  
to see your belly.

All I said was I got one that dances.

Believe me, it's no big deal.

Let me see it.

For crying out loud.

You get it? Belly dancer?

Hey, I got it in TJ.

You ever been to TJ?

Yeah.

I got this one in Dego  
after I got out of boot camp.

You a Marine?

Yes, sir.

- Vietnam?

- Yeah.

Yeah. Bummer.

No charge on that, Karl.

- Thanks.

- Thank you.

Boy, things have really changed  
around here.

Yeah. You can say that again.

You ain't kidding.

Rose still run that place  
across the street, the cafe?

There's been a couple of Roses.

Yeah, but I think they're grooming

a granddaughter of hers now.

I think I've seen the granddaughter before.

She's kind of chubby?

Chubby? She ain't no prize.

Like you're some kind of winner, Karl?

I am a lover.

A lover?

Rose?

Hi.

Hi.