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First Blood

By David Morrell

Excuse me, can you tell me
if Delmare Berry lives here?

He's not here.

Go in.

He's a friend of mine, he wrote
the address for me himself.

In here.

See? That's Delmare's handwriting.

This place is hard to find.

That's his writing.

- Yes, we're friends.

I'm John Rambo.

We were together in Vietnam.

Maybe he mentioned me.

I've got a photo of us both.

Somewhere.

All this junk in my pocket!

Here... here it is.

That's me, that's Danforth,
Westmore, Bronson, Ortega,
and at the back is Delmare.

He had to stand at the back,
or he'd have filled the whole picture.

- Delmare's gone.

When's he coming back?

- He died.

What?

He died last summer.

How?

Cancer.

Must have got it in Vietnam.

From the orange stuff
they sprayed around there.

He weighed nothing at the end,
I could lift him out of bed like that!
I'm real sorry.

Morning Amy! How are you, girls?

- Fine, thanks. - Everything OK?

Andy!

- Hi, Will!

Morning, Dave. - Hi, Sheriff.

- Gonna take a bath this week?

Morning!

You're visiting someone here?

No.
With the flag on your jacket
And the way you look
You're heading for trouble here, buddy.
Are you going north or south?
- North.
Jump in, I'll show you the way.
Where are you heading?
- Portland.
But Portland's in the south.
Can I eat here some place?
Is there any law against me eating here?
- Yeah, my law.
Why are you pushing me?
What did you say?
I didn't do anything.
First of all,
I ask the questions here, OK?

And second:

like you here in our town.
Drifters.
Before you know it there's a whole pile
of people like you. That's why!
Besides, you wouldn't like it here,
it's a quiet place.
Some would even call it boring.
But we like it that way.
I get paid to keep it like that.
Boring.
Straight on for Portland.
Want some friendly advice?
Get your hair cut and take a bath.
Then you'll avoid trouble.
Hope the ride helped you out.
HaVe a nice day!
Where the hell are you going?
I'm talking to you, goddammit!
Show me your I.D.!
You're under arrest!
Hands on the car.
Hands on the car, legs apart!
I said hands on the car!
It's up to you how you do it!

Legs back.

Back!

You try to be nice!

So what have we got here?

What d'you want with a knife like this?

- For hunting.

Smartass! What d'you hunt with a knife?

- Everything.

Hey, Will.

- Lester.

Let us in.

- Apropos scum of the earth!

Just a smartass and drifter.

Morning, Arthur.

- Morning, Will. What you got there?

Booked for Vagrancy, resisting arrest
and concealing a weapon.

He says he hunts with it.

- What d'you hunt? Elephants?

And clean him up a little.

He stinks like an animal!

Hey, Mitch.

Take the young man downstairs.

- Sure, Mr. Galt. This way, buddy.

OK, in here.

Old Leroy takes 10 years to paint
this hall! - Do it yourself!

Come on, Leroy, throw the paint on!

- Mr. Ward,

Take these.

- Thanks.

Name?

Your name

If you're looking for trouble
you're in the right place!

Wait.

I'll break your head!

He means it.

Yeah, I do.

What d'you say, the guy's a soldier!

Rambo.

John J.?

You're gonna talk.

I swear, soldier.

I don't think I like you.
Not at all!
I'll check his details,
Run his name over the telex.
Now roll it over there.
Roll it over!
Press it on. - Not like that,
it'll smear. Roll it over!
Put your hand on there, asshole,
or I'll break it off!
Put it on there, dammit!
- What the hell's going on down here?
Everything under control.
He won't have his fingerprints taken.
Leave the ink on!
What's your problem?
Looks like you're going to jail
for 90 days!
With a fine of 250 dollars
that I guess you can't pay!
Tomorrow at 10 you're seeing the judge
And you think we're tough!
We'll make you more presentable
for your court appearance.
Till then you can impress me
by doing what you're told.
Clean him up.
Preston, go over there
and hold the hose ready, OK?
Shit, take a look at that!
What the hell has he done?
Who cares?
Hands above your head and turn around.
God, we should tell Teasle about this.
Look at that!
You do what I tell you.
Galt, what the hell was that?
The boss said clean him up!
So clean him up!
Hey, Preston, give him a good hose
behind the ears!
How d'you like that?
What's the matter, Mitch,
don't you like water sports?

Hurry up, I need my coffee.
Sit down. - Real quiet.
Sit down!
Shit, he's hard to hold!
Forget the soap, Ward, he's tough.
Just shaVe him. Dry!
Can't you see he's crazy?
- Can't you see I don't care?
Yeah, I can.
- That's better.
See, I knew that you...
We're just shaVing you, easy now.
- Hold him, Mitch.
Keep still.
I don't want to cut your throat.
You asshole!
What the hell...
I'll kill the asshole!
- Art, don't shoot!
There are some people!
Get help! I'll go after him!
Out of the way!
Son of a bitch!
Lester, it's Will. I'm on to him.
He's driVing east of Smith's farm,
towards Chapman Creek.
I know you can hear me!
You're finished!
You won't get any further!
D'you hear me?
He's up there behind the hollow.
Mitch, get Orval on the radio.
Tell him to come with his dogs.
The Dobermen! It's gonna rain,
they can hunt on sight.
Lester, tell Paul he should
get the lumberjacks' helicopter.
If they make any trouble he should
book them for obstruction!
We'll get him.
No problem.
Go on, Hooch! Get him, Thunder!
Go, babes!
We'll get him!

He'll soon be stuffed and on the wall.
- We'll make a bearskin out of him.
Weren't we here last year for
the deerhunt? - I shot some.
Mitch, up the hill!
Get these hounds away from me, Orval!
MoVe, they can run and eat
at the same time!
He's going to the peak. - Smart.
- It's dangerous. - He's stupid!
Hey, you're messing up the trail.
Let my babes do their work!
This is no good.
- Why?
We were three in a cell.
He beat us up.
Come on!
We've got him, he's trapped!
- Art, he's heading for the ravine.
Head him off!
There he is! On the cliff!
Asshole!
What's going on?
What are you doing?
We're just supposed to find him!
Hold it steady.
- Won't work 'cos of the thermal draft.
He can't go anywhere!
If you don't hold that thing steady,
I swear, I'll kill you!
Sheriff to Galt!
Hold it steady, you asshole!
Galt, please come in, damn you!
Closer and hold still!
- Galt, talk to me! What's up?
There he is!
Over there, dummy! Come on!
Hey, soldier boy!
Galt, go to the radio! What's up?
I want him alive, Galt!
Art Galt, come in!
Helicopter, come, dammit!
Oh God, look!
My God, giVe me the binoculars!

Oh no! Shit!
I don't understand. How could he
fall out? - Is that important?
Let's nail him!
Look!
Looks like he's turning himself in.
One man is dead. It's not my fault.
I don't want any more hurt.
Stop!
Stay there and give yourself up!
But I didn't do anything!
Move, and I'll blow your head off!
I didn't do anything!
Hold your fire!
Ward, hold your fire!
We hit him.
Let's go down, come on!
Sheriff to base, come in.
Yes, Will?
We're in the gorge. Galt is dead.
Where's the goddam chopper?
It's not coming, 'cos of the storm.
I don't give a fuck,
I want the chopper!
I'm not leaving Galt's body here.
- Oh, by the way,
You're messing with some guy:
John Rambo is a Vietnam Veteran,
belongs to the "Green Berets", has the
medal of honor and is a war hero.
That freak?
- I knew there was something about him!
I checked it twice.
What shall I do?
Do what I told you:
Get the chopper here, at once!
A Green Beret!
A war hero!
Great! Just great!
- Shut up!
What's up with you?
He's alone and wounded.
Those Green Berets are real hard guys!
So leave him to the state police.

Come here, boy! Goddammit!
Look. Look at him!
That's Art Galt, boy!
We were friends when your mother
was still wiping your nose!
Now he's dead. Because of that psycho-
path up there! Now you listen good:
I'm gonna get that bastard and pin
that medal to his liver.
And I'm gonna do it
with or without your help!
We're getting closer, scent's getting
stronger. - Keep your eyes open.
Storm coming, that's all we need!
Will, let's go before it gets dark.
Afraid of the black man, you pansy?
I'll show you who's the pansy!
Stop it! Ward, get away! The fight's
out here! He's waiting for you
Mitch, get up and get moving!
Find the guy, for Chrissakes!
And keep your eyes open!
See you later, Ward!
- Shut up, Mitch.
There he is!
Let them go, Orval!
There's your dinner, sweethearts!
Hold fire!
I got hit, goddammit!
He's got a gun.
That's a damned scarecrow.
That was no scarecrow shooting.
He's here!
Kill him! Get him!
Get him, Maggie!
Mitch, Ward, come here!
Shingleton, give us cover.
Look at his leg! - Mitch, make a
tourniquet with your belt.
He needs a doctor!
- Do it! Where's the first-aid box?
I let it in the car. Where did he
get the gun? - From Galt.
Got no more bullets. - How d'you know?

- The dog wasn't killed by a bullet.
Orval, listen. You have to stay awake.
Release the tourniquet every 15 minutes.
We'll get him. He has no more bullets.
He shouldn't have killed my sweetheart!
Get that son of a bitch!
OK, listen everyone.
We've got him. We'll walk
in one row, 50 feet apart.
Don't stop, then he can't escape.
OK, the hunt is on.
Hunt?
We're not hunting him, he's hunting us!
Spread out, dammit!
I said 50 feet apart!
I hate this!
Will, it's Mitch!
Who is it?
What's up here?
- Shut up!
He's got Ward.
Spread out, I'll go this way.
Who's shooting there?
Who's shooting there?
- I got him!
Shingleton, follow me!
I got him!
Help me!
Help me, Will!
Balford? Where the hell are you?
Shingleton, over here!
Easy now.
- Get me out of here!
Shingleton, where the hell are you?
I could have killed them all.
And you too.
In town you're the law, here I am.
Don't push it.
Don't push it, or I'll give you a war
you won't believe.
Let it go.
Let it go.
Get back, people!
How bad is the situation? Captain...

That's the only positive thing about it,
it's good for business.
The reporters are drinking the town dry.
Looks like you've had it.
Go home. Now it's my problem.
Your problem? Dave, don't give me that
damned jurisdiction thing, OK?
Shall I go out?
- Finish the job.
Somewhere on this mountain,
probably above the snow line
and surrounded by fog
the fugitive, John Rambo, is hiding.
The state police and the national guard
are being mobilized right now.
The local authorities have so far been
unable to explain where the
Ex Green Beret got the weapons
he used to kill a deputy sheriff
And wound 6 others. They only survived
thanks to their police training.
They say the fugitive will be
caught in the next few hours.
Your maps.
Will, there's something you should know.
Let's talk later.
What is it, Lester? Spit it out!
I talked to Mitch.
Galt and the others
must have treated the guy rough.
Assholes!
That doesn't change anything,
Dave, and you know it!
If one of the deputy sheriffs
goes too far, the prisoner comes to me!
If he's right
I kick the deputy sheriff's ass!
I'm the law!
And that's how it should be.
If you trample on the law,
there's hell to pay!
Why does God create a man like Rambo?
- God didn't create Rambo,
It was me.

Who are you?
Sam Trautman. Colonel Samuel Trautman.
We have a lot to do. What do you want?
I'm here because of my boy.
- Your boy?
I recruited him, trained him and
commanded him for 3 years in Vietnam.
He belongs to me.
Why does the Pentagon send
a colonel to sort things out?
The army thought I could help.
I don't know how. Rambo is
a civilian now, so he's my problem.
You don't understand. I'm not here
to save Rambo from you,
But you from him.
Thanks for your concern, Colonel.
We'll take real care.
Amazing that some men survived!
Oh really?
Strictly speaking, he failed.
You were lucky!
Great! So you're just here to see
why your machine broke down?
You're dealing with an expert
in guerilla warfare.
He's the best with a gun, a knife
and his bare hands.
He was trained to ignore
pain and the weather,
and to eat things
a goat would puke up.
In Vietnam his job was to get rid of
enemy personnel, to kill them.
Winning by attrition.
And Rambo was the best!
Now we're afraid, what do you
and the special forces suggest
We do with the psychopath?
- Let him go.
What?
- First for now.
Defuse the situation, defuse him.
Let him get away.

You'll soon find him in Seattle,
working in a car wash.
That way no-one gets hurt.
I'll do my job myself, instead of
praying they catch him in Seattle!
Your people are gonna get killed!
We hillbillies do our duty same as
the heroes in the special forces.
We teach them to stay aliVe!
- I never thought of that!
Do you want a war that you lose?
- With 200 men against one?
If you're sending out so many people
get in enough body-bags!
You just want to save your own ass,
but whatever side you're on,
If you really want to get rid of Rambo,
then follow me.
State police to John Rambo.
Acknowledge.
State police to John Rambo.
Come in please. Acknowledge!
If you're listening, Rambo, this is

your situation:

Every escape route is blocked, all the
highways, street and fire breaks.
Your services to your country
will be taken into consideration.
Answer me, it can all be sorted out.
Please come in. - Anything?
He took a radio.
- He's sure to be listening.
I would try to pick up something.
- Sure he's listening!
But he never breaks radio silence.
- Not for us, maybe for you.
He's your boy, ain't he?
Persuade him to spare us all
and giVe himself up.
I can try.
We can get a bearing on him if you want
to lay a trap for him.
That would be like

taking the birds to the cat.
Thanks for sending your people.
- You're welcome.
Put the magazine away and listen.
We'll only get one chance.
Troop leader to Raven.
Raven come in please.
Troop leader calling Raven.
Troop leader to Raven,
talk to me, Johnny.
Troop leader calling the Baker Team:
Rambo, Messner, Ortega, Coletta,
Jorgensen, Danforth, Berry, Krakauer.
Confirm.
Colonel Trautman speaking.
Talk to me, Johnny.
They're all gone, Sir.
There he is! Go get him!
- Rambo. Are you OK?
All the Baker team are dead,
Not Delmare Berry, he made it.
Berry too, sir.
How?
Caught his death in Vietnam, without
knowing it. Cancer ate him up.
I'm sorry, I didn't know that.
I'm the last one, sir.
It's good to hear your Voice, Johnny,
it's been a long time.
You've done some damage here, but they
don't want any trouble. - North-west.
That's why I'm here.
I'll fly you out of here.
Just you and me. We'll work it out.
Is that an offer?
Where do you come from, Sir?
- Bragg.
I called, but they could never
find you in Bragg.
I'm hardly ever there, at the moment
I'm sitting on my ass in Washington.
I wish I was in Bragg.
We'll talk about it when you come in.
- I can't do that, Sir.

We can't allow you to kill
friendly civilians.
There are no friendly civilians.
- I'm your friend.
I was there, up to my knees in blood!
I've saved your ass many times.
Keeping you out of trouble
is a life's work.
Without the fucking cops
there wouldn't be any trouble!
I just wanted something to eat.
But the man provoked me, Sir.
- You provoked them too, John.
They shot first, not me.
Let me get you out of here!
They shot first.
Do you still hear me?
Troop leader to Raven!
Rambo, acknowledge!
He's finished, Colonel
We've got a bearing. In the morning
I'll send all my men to the ridge.
We'll get him my way.
Dammit.
Dammit!
Go, move!
Does the guy have a gun?
The guy the cops are shooting at!
- I see him! - I've got him!
Don't shoot!
This way! Let's go!
There he is! Come on!
Now we've got him!
Yeah, I know where that is. Listen!
Surround the area, but don't go in.
Don't go in! Wait till I'm there!
And don't shoot! I want him alive!
Keep firing!
Go on, men, shoot!
Come on!
You're great!
Steve. You and Bruce, you go
round the trees to the mine entrance.
Screw you, Clinton, I'm not going!

- Never.

Brandon, go into the mine.

- No way.

What do you mean? - I'm not gonna
get shot. He's just waiting for that!

What's up with you, Clinton?

Rambo?

This is Lieutenant Clinton speaking!

National Guard leader.

I'll give you 3.0 seconds
to come on out.

Who's got the rocket launcher?

- Me. - Come here, Earl.

This is your last chance!

Maybe we should wait.

The guy's a killer! I'm in charge here

and I say:

Now fire that thing!

Just let me get out of the way first.

Give the man a cigar!

Bull's eye!

Where are you?

- 500 yards up the hill.

Get a little closer together.

I don't believe it! Idiots!

One more for "Soldier of Fortune"!

Do you think we're in a circus here?

Get going!

Clinton, for God's sake! I ordered you
to wait till I was there!

He shot at us!

I didn't want to take any risks.

What a mess.

We have to get the body out right away.

A bulldozer can't get up here,
someone has to dig him out.

It's your mess! You dig! - I have to be
back in the store tomorrow.

Then you'd better start now!

Buried in a hole by a bunch of
weekend warriors!

He was your best guy?

It doesn't matter how he ended,

he was once something real special.

Nonsense! He broke the law.

- Vagrancy, right?

It'll look great on his gravestone

in Arlington:

awarded the highest medal of honor.

Survivor of countless missions

in enemy territory,

killed in a dump for Vagrancy!"

Cut the shit! Rambo wasn't the only one

who had it tough in Vietnam.

He killed a policeman!

- He could have killed you all.

This guy! Struts in here and

tells us to let this nut go,

to save our asses! We did that,

without letting him go!

The better guy lost!

And he doesn't like that!

How are you, Will?

- Hold my calls.

Sit down.

Miss, another one, please.

- Sure. - And for my friend...?

A short, "wild turkey".

If I went too far earlier on

I'd like to apologize.

That doesn't matter now, does it?

No, I guess not.

I think...

I just have the feeling...

You've been cheated out of your chance?

I wanted to kill the boy.

So much, that I could taste it.

Doesn't fit with the badge.

Things are sometimes confusing.

In Vietnam it was pretty confusing

for Rambo and me. We had orders.

If in doubt:

But you're a civilian. You're going

back to your wife and your house.

You don't have

to make sense out of all this.
How much sense did you make of it?
What would you have done with him?
Would you have given him a big hug
Or blown his brains away?
To answer that
I'd have to be standing in front of him.
There it is.
Just as well we'll never find out.
Drive!
Don't look at me, look at the road.
That's how accidents happen.
What's your name?
- Cathcart, Robert A.
What's in the back, Robert A.?
- M16s
OK, Robert, get out of the truck.
- I don't want anything from you. - Get!
Turn it up.
What's your story, Steamboat?
Someone cheered too soon.
That Rambo? He's on the loose again.
Will, it's Rambo! He's still alive!
Jesus Christ!
- Get out. Go on!
What's going on here?
Watch out!
- They're all gonna blow!
Attention, all civilians!
For your own safety
please clear the streets.
Stay in your houses
and await instructions. I repeat:
This is a police emergency.
Clear the streets at once!
They found Rambo's body.
It stole a truck
and blew up a gas station.
The boy is tough.
Forget about it.
- To hell with your advice!
Before, you knew he was
still alive, didn't you?
I suspected it.

Sure, that's why you stayed here.
You trained him.
You taught him
how to get out of a caVe like that.
But he won't get out of this place.
You and your men were never a match
for him. So what's changed?
God knows what damage he'll do.
You're going to die, Teasle.
Everybody dies!
Only one of us has a chance
and not because I'm better than him.
He trusts me.
I'm his only family,
that giVes me an adVantage.
What sort of people are you?
It's my job, Trautman,
it's my town!
I'm not giVing it up to you,
Rambo or anyone else!
Keep out of my way!
Go nearer!
- Don't go,
It's too hot!
Will, Lester here, d'you hear me?
Come, let's go!
Will, Lester here, d'you hear me?
We've got serious problems.
The highway is cut off.
The truck is here, but no body.
It's burnt out.
Preston, send the people away!
Push them back to the south side.
We don't know how many gas tanks
there are under the pumps...
Go on, go!
You crazy asshole!
- Rambo!
Rambo, don't do it!
Listen to me!
You've got no chance.
Put your gun down.
A chopper will fly you to Bragg.
Cease fire!

- Yeah? - Cease fire!
Think what you're doing.
The building is surrounded.
There's no way out.
There are 200 men outside with M16s!
You helped cause this priVate war.
You've done enough damage!
The mission is oVer, understood?
The mission is oVer!
Look at them outside.
Look at them!
End it, or they'll kill you.
Do you want that?
It's oVer, Johnny. It's oVer!
Nothing is oVer! Nothing!
You can't just switch it off!
It wasn't my war.
You asked me, I didn't ask you!
I did everything to win,
but someone didn't let us win.
And at home at the airport
those maggots were protesting.
They spat at me, called me
a baby murderer and shit like that!
Why protest against me, when they
weren't there, didn't experience it?
It was hard, but it's in the past.
For you! CiVilian life means nothing
to me. There we had a code of honor.
You watch my back, I watch yours.
Here there's nothing!
You're the last of an elite troop,
don't end it like this.
There I flew helicopters, droVe tanks,
had equipment worth millions.
Here I can't even work parking!
Where is everybody?
I had a friend who was there for us.
There were all these guys.
There were all these great guys!
My friends!
Here there's nothing!
D'you remember Dan Forest?
He wore a black headband.

He had found magic markers,
That he sent to Las Vegas,
because we'd always talked about that.
About the 58 Chevy Convertible we wanted
to drive until the tires fell off.
In one of these barns a kid came to us
with a kind of shoe cleaning box.
"Shine?"
He kept on asking. Joe said yes.
I went to get a couple of beers.
The box was wired. He opened it...
There were body parts flying everywhere.
He lay there and screamed...
I have all these pieces of him on me!
Just like that. I try to get him off me,
my friend! I'm covered with him!
Blood everywhere and so...
I try to hold him together,
But the entrails keep coming out!
And nobody would help!

He just said:

And called my name.
"I want to go home, Johnny!
I want to drive my Chevy!
But I couldn't find his legs.
"I can't find your legs!"
I can't get it out of my head.
It's seven years ago.
I see it every day.
Sometimes I wake up and don't know
where I am. I don't talk to anyone.
Sometimes all day long.
Sometimes a week.
I can't get it out of my head.
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