

CHINA

BEACH

"ALL ABOUT E.E.V."

FINAL DRAFT

November 15, 1988

CHINA BEACH

"All About E.E.V."

Written by

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"All About E.E.V."

CAST

McMURPHY

LILA

BOONIE

DOCTOR RICHARD

CHERRY

K. C.

BECKETT

DODGER

WAYLOO

FRANKIE

MAI

HANG

LT. COL. EDWARD EDWARD VINCENT

CHUCK BERRY

~~CAPTAIN BUFORD~~

CORPORAL #1

CORPORAL #2

CHINA BEACH

"All About E.E.V."

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

LILA'S ROOM
K.C.'S ROOM
McMURPHY'S ROOM
TRIAGE
MARS
JET SET
WARD
BEAUTY SHOP
GRU

EXTERIORS:

BEACH
SWIMMING POOL
LIFEGUARD STAND
EVAC HELIPAD
RED CROSS CENTER
JUNGLE ROAD
SHOWERS
COMPOUND
BRIDGE
RIVERBED
TASTEE CONE
SHELL CASING GRAVEYARD
CHURCH

CHINA BEACH

"All About E.E.V."

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BEACH - DAY (SUNRISE) 1

A gentle surf lapping at the shore. All is calm, quiet. Then the harsh TWANG of a GUITAR. CHUCK BERRY's "No Particular Place To Go" FADES UP as a golf cart whizzes THROUGH FRAME.

CUT TO:

2 INT. LILA'S ROOM - DAY 2

MAJOR LILA GARREAU stands in front of her mirror, practicing facial exercises -- mouth stretching, lips twisting, nose scrunching.

CUT TO:

3 INT. K.C.'S ROOM - DAY 3

K.C. lounges in bed, smiling as she peruses a financial statement, then holds up several color photos of Cam Ranh Bay -- palm trees, white beaches, tropical waters.

CUT TO:

4 INT. McMURPHY'S ROOM - DAY 4

COLLEEN McMURPHY lies motionless on the bed, in uniform, eyes closed.

WAYLOO (O.S.)

Mind keeping it down a little,
McMurphy?

McMurphy opens her eyes, can't believe Wayloo. WAYLOO MARIE HOLMES sits at dresser in front of mirror, dabbing on mascara as she pours over notes, research. Tacked to the mirror we see photos of her journalist heroes: Walter Cronkite, Eric Sevareid, David Brinkley, a Polaroid of herself. The room is unbelievably cluttered with her belongings.

WAYLOO

Need to concentrate, big day
today.

(CONTINUED)

McMURPHY

All days are the same, Wayloo...
Except for those that are truly
worse.

Wayloo rises, moving quickly about the room, crawling over the bed, over McMURPHY, gathering her tape recorder, camera equipment, etc. McMURPHY rises, starts to change clothes, colliding with Wayloo at every turn.

WAYLOO

Not this one. Got a Silver Star
visiting China Beach -- and I'm
going to interview him.

McMURPHY

Silver Star...

WAYLOO

I want the coverage close,
intense, riveting.

McMURPHY

Isn't that the one they give out
when you fall on a land mine?

Wayloo momentarily panics, sifts through her notes.

WAYLOO

Thank God, only got his leg...
(continues moving
about room)

I do a good job on this, I'll get
assigned to cover Ambassador
Lodge when he visits the Saigon
zoo next week.

McMURPHY

(glances at mirror photos)
Walter would be proud.

Wayloo catches the glance; the two of them still bumping
into each other at every beat.

WAYLOO

This could be my ticket.

McMURPHY

Out?

WAYLOO

You think this is just another
fluff piece. But with an ambassador
... there's a difference.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

Both turn and there's a major collision. McMurphy knocking the recorder, etc. from Wayloo's hands. Wayloo knocking shampoo bottle, shower supplies, etc. from McMurphy's hands. Both stare down at the spilled goods, then back up directly at each other.

McMURPHY

Know what I think, Wayloo?

WAYLOO

This room...

McMURPHY

Is not big enough...

WAYLOO

For --

Wayloo and McMurphy turn as the front door CRASHES open. FRANKIE BUNSEN, carrying a cot and bags, stumbles in, loses her balance. The cot hits the floor, Frankie sprawled across it. Beat. She pulls a piece of note paper from her back pocket, reads it.

FRANKIE

Room 4B?

McMURPHY

You're not...

WAYLOO

Moving in?

FRANKIE

No. I'm here to take your musical requests.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. BEACH - DAY

5

"NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO" CONTINUES as the golf cart buzzes back THROUGH FRAME, flies up over a dune, crashes to a halt at the edge of the China Beach compound. DR. DICK RICHARD sits behind the wheel, smiling, then BLAM! several SHOTS ring out.

-CUT TO:

6 INT. TRIAGE - DAY

6

McMurphy at the window, laughing as Dr. Richard swerves across the helipad, avoiding sniper FIRE, then RAMS his CART through the double DOORS of Triage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO" FADES OUT as he exits cart, the CLEATS of his SHOES HITTING the LINOLEUM, joins McMurphy walking down aisle.

DR. RICHARD

Nothing like a little sniper derby to start your day. What'd we do for fun before this nimrod came along?

Dr. Richard tosses cart keys to nurse passing by.

DR. RICHARD

Fill her up, check the oil. And there's just the slightest knocking noise...

McMURPHY

Couple of more laps and our pot-shot might've won the Teddy bear.

DR. RICHARD

So far he can't even wound the Coke machine.

Lila enters, checks her watch, looks at Dr. Richard.

LILA

Six minutes past 0900.

DR. RICHARD

I'm a doctor, Lila. I play golf on Thursdays.

LILA

I'd like to make a 'private' appointment.

McMURPHY

I'll just go and check on some of the real patients.

McMurphy exits into ward. Lila spots the OR as a "private" place, quickly approaches. Dr. Richard tries to stop her, but it's too late. She pushes open the double doors. The room is dark except for the flickering of a 16mm print being projected against one wall. We hear the HOOTS and HOWLS of FIFTEEN GIs inside. We also hear the MOANS and SIGHS of the PORNO MOVIE they're watching. Lila is momentarily stunned.

DR. RICHARD

I can assure you this is purely for educational purposes.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

LILA

Disgusting.

DR. RICHARD

(eyes on movie)

And slightly out of focus.

(beat; to Lila)

We'll find someplace else.

CUT TO:

7 INT. GRU - DAY

7

Dr. Richard sits on a bench, using his dog tags to scrape sand off his cleats. Lila sits on opposite bench. Body bags, etc. lie about the b.g.

LILA

Headaches, anxiety --

DR. RICHARD

This is Vietnam... You don't happen to have an emory board, do you?

LILA

(continuing on)

Fatigue, insomnia.

DR. RICHARD

This is Vietnam.

LILA

Irritability.

DR. RICHARD

More than usual?
(off Lila's look)
Okay, what else?

LILA

Well, the most pressing problem
seems to be --

Two G.I.s enter, pushing body on cart, hoisting body onto table.

DR. RICHARD

Seems to be what, Lila?

Lila glances at G.I.s, then whispers to Dr. Richard.

(CONTINUED)

LILA

Hot flashes.

DR. RICHARD

(matching her
whisper)

Hot flashes?

LILA

Yes... Hot flashes.

DR. RICHARD

(still whispering)

Have they affected your voice?

Lila nods towards G.I.s just as they finally leave. Dr. Richard realizes, then pulls out notepad, gives full attention to Lila who has now unconsciously started fanning herself.

DR. RICHARD

... So, a little tropical heat wave all your own.

LILA

Well, I'm sure it's nothing. After all, this is Vietnam.

DR. RICHARD

How's your menstrual cycle?

LILA

Absolutely normal. Although I actually haven't had my period for several months.

DR. RICHARD

(jotting notes)

Uh-huh.

LILA

What? What? Now wait just a minute. Lila Garreau is not pregnant.

Dr. Richard keeps jotting notes.

LILA

I repeat, Doctor, I am not --

DR. RICHARD

Didn't say you were.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

LILA

I always use protection... or, at
the very least, I always would.

DR. RICHARD

Might not have to from now on.

Lila's stone cold quiet, not sure what she's hearing.
Dr. Richard, in his own peculiar way, tries to render
the news gently.

DR. RICHARD

Can't be sure, but there's a
chance you're just passing through
to less greener pastures... pushing
the edge of that female envelope
... rotating out a little early...

(beat)

Menopause.

ON Lila's shock and disbelief.

CUT TO:

8 INT. WARD - DAY

8

McMurphy stands over DODGER's bed, attempting to pull
one of his legs back, bringing knee up to chest.
Dodger's face is blank, disinterested, discouraged.

McMURPHY

Come on, Dodger, gotta kick a
little ass here.

DODGER

Roll me out to the compound.
Give that shooter some target
practice on an immovable object.

McMurphy pulls other leg back. Dodger winces in pain.

McMURPHY

Are you kidding? We already
starved one of Major Garreau's
bras and ran it up the flagpole.
So far not as much as a frag
wound.

DODGER

(smiling)

That's bad, McMurphy.

(CONTINUED)

McMURPHY

You're still alive.

(takes Dodger's
hands, wraps
around left leg)

Just keep pulling back as gently
as you can, slowly. Try and get
the knee up to your chest.

Dodger smiles half-heartedly, attempts to pull on leg.

McMURPHY

Be back in a minute.

Dodger nods as McMurphy moves down aisle of Ward. As soon as her back is turned, his smile fades, his leg falls to the bed.

McMurphy pushes through the double doors into Triage. FROM OFF SCREEN, we hear more HOOTS and HOWLS from the GIs inside OR, still watching the PORNO MOVIE. Lila suddenly blows in from side door -- all apoplectic huff -- picks up some paperwork off desk, then storms down the aisle and out. Dr. Richard follows from same side door, shaking his head.

McMURPHY

Don't tell me she actually has
something serious.

DR. RICHARD

An extreme dislike of yours truly.

(beat)

Our dear major just might be
entering the 'M' phase.

McMURPHY

(a moment to get it,
then)

How do we explain all her
previous behavior?

DR. RICHARD

Cut a little slack, McMurphy.

McMURPHY

Who sent you to sensitivity
training?

DR. RICHARD

We're talking about a woman going
through the big change of life.
Afraid she's losing her sex appeal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. RICHARD (CONT'D)

Get a little older, we all worry about that kind of stuff.

(nods at OR)

That's why I keep a training film on hand.

McMURPHY

I've got a little more faith in myself than that.

DR. RICHARD

Oh, you mean like riding a bike? It all comes back to you?

(off McMurphy's nod)

So if I bring in a Schwinn you'll cruise on my handlebars?

McMURPHY

Why, Dr. Richard, is that a challenge?

DR. RICHARD

Some might call it an opportunity.

McMURPHY

Then again, others might call it --

Serious HOOTS and HOWLS coming from the OR.

DR. RICHARD

I think this is the part where Sheila interviews the midgets.

He bolts into OR, leaving McMurphy behind, laughing.

CUT TO:

MAI and BOONIE LANIER stand behind bar. SAMUEL BECKETT and a totally dejected Wayloo sit on stools opposite. Wayloo stares blankly across the room.

WAYLOO

Lieutenant Andrew Mirisch... winner of the Silver Star... pie-eater.

BECKETT

You couldn't get him to stop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wayloo shakes her head. Across the room we see four normal size G.I.s sitting next to one humongous G.I. -- all engaged in a pie-eating contest. Five faces lathered with meringue.

WAYLOO

He's already eliminated thirteen corporals, eight sergeants...

BOONIE

Don't forget the four radar specialists.

BECKETT

Maybe when they finish.

WAYLOO

Film had to be in the Saigon bureau by noon.

BOONIE

(checks watch)

Wow. You really missed it.

Beckett glares at Boonie who shrugs, then Beckett tries to cover, turns to Wayloo.

BECKETT

Maybe you'd like to interview Mai here. She's new, just started this week, different perspective...

Beckett trails off as Wayloo drops from the stool, picks up her equipment, heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAUTY SHOP - DAY

CHERRY WHITE's feet are thrust high in the air, body contorted backwards, spreadeagle across the beauty shop chair. And her head is somewhere way down in that sink as K.C. stands overhead, executing a terminal shampoo.

CHERRY

K.C., really, it's okay. I don't mind waiting. I'm sure Hang will be back any --

(head pushed under,
back up again)

-- minute.

(CONTINUED)

K.C.

Where does she keep the peroxide?

CHERRY

Actually, I don't think I really want any perox --

K.C. drops Cherry's head back into the sink, then crosses to shelf, looking for peroxide. Cherry takes the opportunity to bolt out of the chair, grabs a towel, starts drying her hair.

CHERRY

Really, shampoo's all I need.

K.C.

Whatever.

K.C. sinks into a chair, pours some Chivas.

CHERRY

K.C... Is something wrong?

K.C.

Yeah, the war's going to end. Haven't you heard?

CHERRY

Not in the next couple of days.

K.C. rises, picks up several of the Cam Ranh Bay photos which lay scattered on floor.

K.C.

Cam Ranh Bay. Little cabanas on the sand, beach boys spreading out your towels, a 65 percent mark-up on all those frou-frou drinks with the paper umbrellas. I was this close to owning seventy acres.

CHERRY

You were going to build a resort? In Vietnam?

K.C.

The end is coming. Time for the Donut Dollies to say bye-bye. Time for those tourists to start booking their charters... And my financing fell through this morning. I've got 48 hours to put another deal together or the land goes to the next bidder.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

CHERRY

There must be someone with the right contacts. I've got to chopper up to Firebase Dragonfly. Maybe someone up there.

K.C.

Great idea. See if you can get all three thousand grunts to ante up a quarter each.

CUT TO:

11 INT. WARD - DAY

11

Frankie's stopped at a GI's bed, jotting down his musical request.

FRANKIE

'This Diamond Ring' or anything by Gary Lewis and The Playboys. See what I can do.

She moves to another bed. The (Caucasian) GI has a slight head wound and is clearly agitated, arms and legs flailing about. McMurphy and Dr. Richard attempt to calm him. From their glances, we get the feeling this isn't their first experience with this patient.

McMURPHY

Calm down, you're gonna be okay.

GI

How long are you gonna keep me here? My public's going to wonder. I play over eighty-five dates a year.

DR. RICHARD

We'll have you up in no time.

GI

What about my voice? My singing? And my fingers? Will I still be able to play the guitar?

(kicks legs in air)

And my legs? Will they ever move again? Can I still do the Duck Walk?

FRANKIE

Wait a minute.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Singing, guitar, Duck Walk. Who's
this guy think he is, Chuck Berry?

McMurphy and Dr. Richard wince; Frankie's just said the worst possible thing. But CHUCK's in heaven -- lunges half-way out of bed, grabbing Frankie around the waist, hugging her tight.

CHUCK

Oh, thank you. Thank you...

ROY ORBISON's "Only The Lonely" FADES UP as McMurphy and Dr. Richard attempt to pry him off.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 EXT. SWIMMING POOL - SUNSET

12

"ONLY THE LONELY" CONTINUES as we PAN ACROSS the pool. K.C... head resting back against the edge. Eyes closed. Glass of Chivas in her hand. Bottle of Chivas planted on the wood deck. Lila... eyes glassed over. A nearly-empty bottle of Red Mountain bobbing up and down in the water next to her.

Wayloo... gazing deeply into the frothy pinkness that is her drink, twirling the little paper umbrella on top. She reaches over, flips a button and the sound of a BLENDER drowns out "ONLY THE LONELY," which FADES OUT. Wayloo knocks off the controls, pours another daiquiri.

K.C.

You know, Wayloo, I don't mind
the unsightliness of the blender.
I don't even mind the noise. But
could you lose the umbrella?

Wayloo shrugs, in no mood to fight, tosses umbrella.

LILA

I lost an umbrella once. London,
1945. Walking along Wilton
Crescent in Belgravia -- that was
the Embassy District, of course...

Wayloo and K.C. exchange glances, both mouthing "of course."

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

LILA

A light drizzle began to fall,
I reached into my Marks & Sparks
tote bag... funny how one minute
you think something's there, the
next minute they tell you it's
gone.

K.C.

As in going, going, gone.

WAYLOO

That's just what my daddy would
say during the spring auction on
our prize bulls. Then he'd say
'Wayloo Marie honey, you make a
big enough wish and any one of
these studly beauties can someday
be your's.'"... That theory is
just not translating over here
in Vietnam.

FROM OVERHEAD, a white cloud is floating, descending.

K.C.

I have a big wish -- maybe a
little unrealistic.

LILA

You want to join the Red Cross.

K.C.

I wish 48 hours could be 72...
96... 97...

The cloud's falling closer.

WAYLOO

I wish for rain on Ambassador
Lodge's parade.

Nearly upon them.

LILA

I wish I could loan him my
umbrella.

The cloud lands and it's a PARACHUTE, billowing in the
hot evening breeze. Bouncing down ever so gently is
LT. COLONEL EDWARD EDWARD VINCENT. A terrific body --
all muscle, strength, control.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

And already dressed for R&R, including a Cuban cigar held between his fingers. Wayloo, Lila and K.C. can only stare as he disengages from the chute, smiles, strolls over to them -- the easiest stroll they've ever seen.

VINCENT

Ladies, I must be honest with you right from the start. There's a magic up there in that sky. You're floating and you don't even feel the cloud. All the world is your's but for a single wish...

(beat; smiling)

Of course, it's tough keeping the cigar lit. Everything's a trade-off.

ON Wayloo, Lila, K.C. And the easiest smile they've ever seen.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. BEACH - DAY 13

SHOOTING UP FROM BENEATH the surf -- the DISTORTED image of a man, naked from the waist up, bow and arrow held in hand. The water ripples, a smear of blood red running through green.

14 LIFEGUARD STAND 14

Boonie, barely awake, opens the lifeguard stand, then approaches Vincent, who stands waist-deep in surf, his back to the beach. Without turning, he holds up his hand, cautioning Boonie to stop, then pulls his bow and arrow taut as if to shoot. Beat. He releases the tension, turns to face Boonie.

VINCENT

Gets to be much past five in the morning, shark fishing's just no damn good.

BOONIE

We don't really encourage that around here. You know, guys on R&R, swimming, surfing. Drawing sharks to shore isn't exactly their idea of vacation.

VINCENT

(approaching Boonie)

This is Vietnam, son. There is no vacation. Don't let our boys get too soft.

BOONIE

Well, no, sir, wouldn't want to do that.

Vincent leans down, picks bucket up off sand.

VINCENT

Sport like this ought to be mandatory. Put yourself in a challenging environment.

(throws contents of
bucket into ocean)

Toss out a little blood, a little chum -- then wait. Teaches you patience. Guess what our enemy has?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

Boonie pauses several beats.

BOONIE

Patience.

Vincent smiles, taps Boonie on the shoulder.

VINCENT

You know what this war needs, son?
More lifeguards like you.

(turns, starts
walking up beach)

Oh, and you better get some men
down here. Start digging a luau
pit.

ON Boonie, watching him go.

CUT TO:

15

INT. MARS - DAY

15

Wayloo argues with CAPTAIN BUFORD as he digs through a
file cabinet. TWO CORPORALS buzz behind the counter.

WAYLOO

He's here for three days on R&R.
I know I can get an interview.
Just please give me the
background file. Lieutenant
Colonel Edward Edward Vincent.

BUFORD

I know who he is, Wayloo. The guy
fought at Iwo Jima.

CORPORAL #1

Battle of the Bulge.

CORPORAL #2

Bridge on the River Kwai.

Wayloo pauses, lets the confusion sink in on Buford.

WAYLOO

What do you say? Let's separate
the yolks from the whites... myth
from reality.

BUFORD

Don't get all documentary on me.

He begrudgingly slaps a file on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Wayloo eagerly opens it, scans the one page of contents.

WAYLOO

Where's the rest?

BUFORD

Well, Wayloo, this whole world's been waiting for you to come along and fill us in.

CUT TO:

16 INT. WARD - DAY

16

Vincent sits on a bed, chatting, joking, telling a story to a group of patients gathered. McMurphy and Dr. Richard both observe from another patient's bed. Dodger can overhear, watches. And Lila, looking particularly World War II'ish, admires from a distance, staring down through the open double doors.

VINCENT

-- This corporal reports for duty wearing a miniskirt, fishnet stockings, spiked heels, straight out of Carnaby Street. Except on top he's wearing a regular uniform shirt and this tacky, wrinkled little scarf tucked down his neck... finally the general says to him, 'Son, you know what you need? Six inches of hem and a new dickie.'

Some G.I.s groan, some laugh, all appreciating the spirit.

VINCENT

Ships the guy out to Khe Sanh that day. So much for trying to ditch the front lines.

Lila still admires from afar.

LILA

Magnificent... Men like that are capable of bringing real dignity to the word skirmish.

The ward sergeant looks up, looks around, who's she talking to? Back to work. Vincent AD LIBS "good luck," etc. to the G.I.s, shaking hands, slapping backs -- acting like he owns the restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

None of which goes unnoticed by Dr. Richard and McMurphy who pass by, then on through the double doors past Lila.

DR. RICHARD

Who's the new cheerleader?

McMURPHY

Some war monger... Excuse me, I meant hero.

LILA

At least he makes them laugh.
More than I can say for the two of you.

FOLLOW WITH Vincent as he moves to Dodger's bed. Cherry stands alongside. Vincent eyes her a beat, then turns his gaze to Dodger who's attempting his leg exercises.

VINCENT

Active and passive range of motion
... your rehabilitation exercise.

DODGER

Active parts's not working.
Probably never will.

VINCENT

Got kind of a pathetic attitude,
don't you? Must be nice being one
lazy son-of-a-bitch, lying there
on your butt --

CHERRY

Wait a minute, he --

VINCENT

Getting others to wipe that
troubled brow, write a letter
to your mama...

Cherry looks between them, not knowing what to do.

VINCENT

Change your sheets, empty your
bed pan --

CHERRY

But Dodger --

VINCENT

Even got the Donut Dollies here to
stand guard...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

Dodger's heard enough, lunges his arms towards Vincent, who easily ducks the move, smiles.

VINCENT

There you go. Just weren't seeing the big picture. Sooner you get out of that bed, sooner you can kick guys like me in the ass.

Vincent's smiling. Dodger's glaring hard back at him when...

LILA (O.S.)

Colonel Vincent.

He turns to see Lila standing behind him.

LILA

Major Lila Garreau.

VINCENT

Of course.

Lila rambles as she escorts Vincent back towards Triage. He's all ears to her, but his eyes shift around the room, checking out other nurses, seeing McMurphy up ahead, a glance back at Cherry.

LILA

We're all extremely pleased to have you here at China Beach. A somewhat shoddy facility compared to what you and I are used to. Nevertheless, the sunsets are --

He instantly turns his eyes to Lila.

VINCENT

Magnificent?

LILA

Yes.

They stop by the O.R. desk. McMurphy and Dr. Richard stand in the b.g., overhearing all.

VINCENT

Not unlike those off the coast of Portsmouth.

LILA

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

VINCENT

1945.

A rarity for Lila; speechless. But her eyes say yes.

VINCENT

Actually, '44 was a better year for sunsets... Perhaps later you could show me around.

LILA

Yes.

Vincent moves off in one direction, Lila in the other. McMurphy turns to Dr. Richard.

McMURPHY

A better year for sunsets?

DR. RICHARD

(his old line)

What's it all about? A little fluttery flirtation... Coquettish conquest... S-E-X.

McMurphy scoffs and Dr. Richard pulls open desk drawer, revealing the 16mm print inside.

DR. RICHARD

Maybe Lila sneaked a peak.

McMURPHY

Come on.

DR. RICHARD

Maybe you should sneak a peak.

McMURPHY

Richard --

DR. RICHARD

What's wrong, McMurphy, no sense of adventure?

McMURPHY

Be careful what you wish for, Doctor. I can still ride a bike with the best of 'em.

McMurphy gives a light push to the drawer, closing it. Dr. Richard smiles.

CUT TO:

17

INT. MARS - DAY

17

FROM the phone room, THROUGH THE GLASS INTO radio booth, we see Chuck Berry, a small patch on his forehead, tagging Frankie as she crosses back and forth, filing albums, etc. The disc jockey snoozes in his chair.

PAN DOWN TO K.C. at a phone desk, jotting notes on a legal pad as she speaks.

K.C.

That's right, Lieutenant Colonel Edward Edward Vincent. Get me everything you can. His bank accounts. His friends' bank accounts. And anything starting with the letter 'S' as in Switzerland... Oh, and that includes who he likes to visit in Bangkok... Yeah, well, every little bit helps.

PAN UP TO Frankie and Chuck in booth.

FRANKIE

Chuck, you're gonna have to cool out on this and just take my word for it... I am not Aretha Franklin.

CHUCK

Then how come everyone calls you Frankie?

FRANKIE

I'm a private in the Army. I don't sing.

CHUCK

Sure you do.

FRANKIE

We've been over this.

CHUCK

If you could only get out of that uniform, I know you'd realize your true reality.

Frankie just looks at him, shakes her head.

CHUCK

I'm gonna help you, Frankie. I've been with the best, known the rest.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Played the bit parts, played the whole -- always ready to shake, rattle and roll.

FRANKIE

Who are you?

CUT TO:

18 EXT. EVAC HELIPAD - DAY

18

A rousing game of pickup BASKETBALL is underway -- Vincent, stripped down to his shorts, playing one on eight with a group of black G.I.s.

19 EXT. RED CROSS CENTER - DAY

19

Wayloo sits alone on the steps, watching the game. Watching Vincent. She holds her microphone up, turns recorder on, starts taping an intro for her interview.

WAYLOO

'He was all sweat. Glistening like raindrops on a windshield. Dew drops on asphalt. Eyedrops on -- '

(abruptly turns off tape)

Jeez, what am I saying?

LILA (O.S.)

Composing a poem, dear?

Wayloo turns. Lila stands to her left, dressed in a brief terry cloth cover-up.

K.C. (O.S.)

Maybe a letter -- to her parents.

K.C.'s suddenly appeared on the other side, legal pad in hand. Wayloo looks back and forth between them.

WAYLOO

Don't you people have jobs?

All three turn their eyes back to Vincent.

LILA

Probably like to interview him, wouldn't you?

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

Wayloo shrugs, the ultimate in blase.

LILA

Be something of a coup. War hero,
decorated five times. Might help
bump you out of career-stall.

Wayloo holds it all in, won't give her the satisfaction.
Lila turns to K.C.

LILA

And you'd probably like to --

K.C. turns. Her look stops Lila cold. Beat.

K.C.

You know, Lila, I may not have
been through the Hundred Years War
like you have, but, believe me,
I've seen a million guys like him.
(turns her gaze back
to Vincent)

And, yes, it's true, they all put
their pants on one leg at a time.

WAYLOO

Lila knows that... she's been to
the movies.

Lila pauses several beats, catching her breath.

LILA

Well, seeing as neither of you is
interested in entertaining our
guest, I will.

With that, she marches down the steps, leaving Wayloo and
K.C. to trade looks... and then BLAM! Several SHOTS RING
OUT.

20

HELIPAD

20

G.I.s scatter, duck, hit the ground -- one of them
getting nicked in the arm. Vincent grabs his revolver,
narrows in on the direction of the shots, walking towards
them, shooting straight through the Jet Set patio, FIRING
off one, two, three, FIVE TIMES.

Boonie's ducked for cover near the church, watches, can't
believe what Vincent's doing. Lila suddenly appears be-
hind Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

LILA

Colonel... time for your tour.

Vincent turns, smiles at her. ON Boonie, as Lila and Vincent stroll off.

CUT TO:

21 INT. JET SET PATIO - DAY

21

Frankie, Beckett, Mai and Chuck sit around a table.

BECKETT

Says he gave his guitar to some orphan kids down at Pleiku... that kind of makes sense.

FRANKIE

This man cannot be Chuck Berry.

BECKETT

Don't you think I know that?

Chuck slurps a root beer float, looks between the others as they converse. Frankie bears down on him.

FRANKIE

Where'd you first play 'Maybelline'?

CHUCK

Cosmopolitan Club. 1951.

FRANKIE

Who was knocking keyboards on 'Reelin' and Rockin'?

CHUCK

Lafayette Leake, of course.

FRANKIE

Drums on 'Nadine'?

CHUCK

Odie Payne.

MAI

(to Beckett)

Are these the correct answers?

Beckett shrugs. Chuck then turns to Mai.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

CHUCK

Frankie here is a wonderful performer.

BECKETT

(sotto)
Ooh, we got a live one.

CHUCK

I think we'd all like to see her up on stage.

FRANKIE

Yeah, great. Chuck and Aretha.

CHUCK

(beaming)
Together again.

Beckett casts a glance at Frankie who leans back in despair.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

22

A symphonic version of "Some Enchanted Evening" FADES UP as we're CLOSE ON particles of sand, getting caught in Lila's sandals, flipping up against the back of her legs as she strolls along the beach with Vincent.

VINCENT

Whole ball of wax kind of went to hell when Eisenhower pulled out.

LILA

You knew him?

VINCENT

(nodding)
Algeria... and then later at Normandy.

(then, wistfully)
We've come an awfully long way.

Lila glances back.

VINCENT

Since 1944.

LILA

Oh, yes.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

VINCENT

And a long way still to go.

She acts as if she knows what he's talking about.

LILA

Yes.

VINCENT

Lila, you're so quiet... gives you
a sense of mystery. I think we
have potential.

Lila stops, gazes into Vincent's eyes.

LILA

Shall we?

With some difficulty, she slips her terry cloth cover-up off her shoulders, keeps her eyes focused on his, backs her way down the sand, towards the water, into the water, then BAM!, she's flattened by a huge wave coming up behind her. Vincent hurries down to help and he, too, bites the surf -- the two of them entangled, tossing in the waves.

In the b.g., as they grope their way to dry land, we see a group of G.I.s... digging a luau pit.

CUT TO:

23

INT. WARD - NIGHT

23

McMurphy sits at the desk. She's alone, it's late, the ward is quiet. Then the sound of someone HUMMING, getting LOUDER. Dr. Richard cruises in on a bicycle, humming "Some Enchanted Evening." Rides down the aisle, past the desk and on out the doors of Triage, the HUMMING LINGERING on into the night. McMurphy laughs to herself, then her eyes catch the desk drawer. She looks around, she's alone, she pulls it open.

ON McMurphy, film in hand, disappearing into the O.R.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

24

Vincent drives like a madman down a rough, dirt, overly-vegetated jungle road. Palm fronds slap Wayloo in the face as she struggles to hang on, her tape recorder bouncing up and down in her lap. "SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN" BLASTS out from a Jeep RADIO. Between the music and the RUSH OF WIND, they're forced to scream at each other the entire time.

WAYLOO

Always wanted a career in communications. So I dropped out of East Texas Aggie Tech and joined the Air Force.

VINCENT

What?

WAYLOO

I joined the Air Force.

VINCENT

Makes sense.

She thrusts the mic in his face, makes him say it again.

VINCENT

Makes sense.

WAYLOO

Do you feel more comfortable now?
Ready to do the interview?

VINCENT

What?

Wayloo tries to turn down radio volume; knob is broken.

WAYLOO

Have I revealed enough of myself
so that you feel --

VINCENT

(looking her over)

Never.

She smiles, knows he's playing with her, enjoys it.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Worked in agriculture once myself.
With the Koreans, after the war.
New technologies. All very hush
hush.

WAYLOO

Feel like talking about it now?

He gives her a look; she gives up, shrugs.

WAYLOO

So... we're on a mission?

VINCENT

Thought you'd enjoy some field
maneuvers.

WAYLOO

Search and destroy?

VINCENT

Oh, no. Have to bring this
prisoner back alive. Matter of
fact, your background might prove
helpful.

WAYLOO

Terrific.

VINCENT

So are you.

WAYLOO

What?

VINCENT

I said, you have a real sense of
mystery.

WAYLOO

What?

VINCENT

We have potential.

WAYLOO

Oh, yeah, the rains... torrential.

CUT TO:

"RAINDROPS KEEP FALLING ON MY HEAD" DRIFTS out from a TRANSISTOR RADIO atop the shower wall. Dr. Richard scrubs down, glances over his shoulder. In the distance, McMurphy, wearing a bathrobe, rides a bicycle across the compound, heading straight for him.

Dr. Richard peers over the shower wall as she pulls up, blithely reverses the "Men Only" to "Women Only" sign, cruises into a stall and starts showering.

DR. RICHARD
McMurphy, what're you doing?

McMURPHY
Taking a shower.
(beat)
So... know any bike tricks?

DR. RICHARD
What do I look like, one of the flying Zarenda Brothers?

McMurphy attempts to peek over shower wall.

DR. RICHARD
McMurphy...

McMURPHY
I've been giving some thought to your... proposition.

DR. RICHARD
Proposition?

McMURPHY
Sounds dirty, doesn't it?

DR. RICHARD
For God's sake, you're a nurse.

McMURPHY
You are sharp today.

DR. RICHARD
My nurse.

McMURPHY
Big question seems to be... your turf or mine?

He nearly drowns in that next gulp, spitting all over himself.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

DR. RICHARD
McMurphy, what are you doing?

McMURPHY
Taking a shower.

DR. RICHARD
You're kidding, right?

McMURPHY
What's wrong, Doctor, no sense
of adventure?

Dr. Richard pauses several long beats, composing himself.

DR. RICHARD
Okay... I, uh... I think the turf
should be... neutral.

McMurphy nods, thumbs-up and Dr. Richard's stuck.

McMURPHY
By the way, in the last scene of
that movie... were all those
things legs or what?

CUT TO:

26

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

26

The JEEP SCREECHES into the compound, Wayloo now sitting in the back. A huge pig sits prisoner in the passenger seat next to Vincent. Vincent pulls to a stop, pulls keys from ignition, tosses them to Wayloo and jumps out.

VINCENT
I'll send someone over for the
pig.

Wayloo just looks at him; where the hell's he going?

VINCENT
Oh, and don't worry about the
interview. We'll do it later
at the beach -- or better yet,
tonight at the luau... wonderful
outing, wasn't it?

And he's gone, leaving Wayloo in the back with the keys, the pig. K.C. passes by. Gives a look. Says nothing.
ON Wayloo, unhappy.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. BEACH - DAY

27

Vietnamese workers are setting up tables for the luau. Vincent stands nearby, carefully studying each and every face. He locks in on one worker, a teenage boy.

Boonie crosses, sees Vincent interrogating the boy, approaches.

BOONIE

Is there a problem?

VINCENT

Of the civilian workers, how many do you suppose are V.C.?

BOONIE

This kid's worked here for months.

VINCENT

Then maybe you know whether or not he was on his shifts during the sniper fire... 'Cause your friendly marksman probably works on the base.

Boonie glares at Vincent who nods for the teenager to take off. He returns to the others.

BOONIE

You really think you can just stand here, pick some face out of the crowd and declare him the enemy?

VINCENT

Should we try and catch him now, while he's still hitting the latrines, nicking ball players? Or should we wait? Give him a little more practice. Let him get really good.

BOONIE

Man, you scare me more than any guy up in those trees. You don't have any idea who's responsible.

VINCENT

Someone's got to take a guess, don't they?

BOONIE

And what if that guess is wrong? You nail the wrong guy.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

VINCENT

Where do you think you are, son?
In a court of law?

BOONIE

I know where I am. And I was
out there long enough to know a
lot of guys like you.

VINCENT

And did we inspire you to become
a lifeguard? That certainly
makes sense.

BOONIE

Take a sniff of the war, Colonel.
Nothing makes sense.

Beat. Vincent glares back hard at Boonie.

BOONIE

All I'm saying is, that kid is
not the enemy. There is no way --

VINCENT

You don't belong here, son.
Anyone who starts a sentence
with 'there is no way' does
not belong here.

A beat as Boonie now glares back at him.

VINCENT

It's not who the enemy is, what
the enemy has done, where is he
out there... It's who he could
be, what he could do. Will do.

(beat)

Where is he around here?

Vincent turns, heads back up the beach. ON Boonie,
watching him go.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. RIVERBED - DAY

28

K.C.'s laughing, enjoying this. Two professionals at
work. She opts for dry land while Vincent stands in the
river, washing the pig.

(CONTINUED)

K.C.

That's not the way I heard it. I heard you got out of Korea with the Buddha collection.

VINCENT

Is that so?

K.C. nods.

VINCENT

Your sources might be a little inaccurate.

K.C.

No. Only incomplete... I was hoping you could fill in some of the blanks.

VINCENT

Only gonna be in Dodge for 48 hours.

K.C.

Perfect.

VINCENT

(smiling)
Excited about the luau?

K.C.

I always enjoy biting into a good pig.

VINCENT

Selection of the animal is the most important part of the process. Correct proportions of fat, fleshiness. The skin soft, smooth, well-rubbed. Muscle shouldn't be too sinewy.

K.C.

You would've made a great butcher.

Vincent looks at her a beat, smiles.

VINCENT

And you've got great style, K.C. I like that. A real sense of mystery.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

K.C.

Must feel like you're talking to
yourself.

VINCENT

(smiling again)

Yes, I definitely think we have
potential.

K.C.

Is that so?

In the b.g., Wayloo walks across the bridge, glancing
down at Vincent and K.C. As she continues past the
checkpoint tower, we PAN UP to see Lila standing inside,
binoculars focused on the riverbed.

CUT TO:

29 INT. McMURPHY'S ROOM - NIGHT

29

Frankie lies on her cot, staring up at the ceiling.
Wayloo's at the dresser mirror, wearing a pariu, fussing
with her spiked heel sandals and a hibiscus flower that
won't stick in her hair. McMurphy's pacing nervously
back and forth, checking her watch every other beat.

FRANKIE

I'd like to know who he really is.

WAYLOO

So would I.

FRANKIE

Does talk a good game about rock
and roll.

WAYLOO

Blasting 'Sweet Little Sixteen'
halfway up to DaNang.

FRANKIE

But he's definitely not black.

WAYLOO

(turning)

Colonel Vincent?

FRANKIE

Chuck Berry.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

McMURPHY

Chuck Berry is black.

(checks own watch)

What time is it, anyway? Maybe
I'll just go to this stupid
luau and forget about... I mean,
what am I trying to prove?

From O.S, the BEEP BEEP BEEP of a HORN. Wayloo starts
rushing for the door.

WAYLOO

Hot damn. Think the colonel sent
a cab?

McMurphy holds her arm out, stops Wayloo.

McMURPHY

No, I think it's for me.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

30

Dr. Richard sits in his golf cart, glances over as
McMurphy emerges from the room, approaches. A toss-up
as to who's more nervous.

CUT TO:

31 INT. LILA'S ROOM - NIGHT

31

Lila brushes her hair, then drags a comb through her
grass hula skirt, preparing for the luau.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. BEACH - EQUIPMENT SHACK - NIGHT

32

McMurphy stands in the sand by the golf cart. Dr.
Richard reaches in, tosses out snorkels, masks, fins.

DR. RICHARD

I suppose it makes sense that
Boonie keeps the equipment in the
equipment shack.

McMURPHY

So much for the idea of neutral
turf... Place is no good anyway.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DR. RICHARD
(holds up snorkel
and mask)

I don't know. Has possibilities.

He follows McMurphy's glance way down the beach... the luau area. Sees people waving tiki torches up and down.

DR. RICHARD
They're not coming for us, are they?

CUT TO:

33 INT. K.C.'S ROOM - NIGHT

33

K.C.'s not getting ready for the luau because she's always ready for the luau. She's assumed her usual lounge: the overstuffed chair, the drink, the smoke. And resting on the nightstand: a syringe, a spoon, a small rice paper-wrapped package.

CUT TO:

34 INT. GRU - NIGHT

34

Dr. Richard and McMurphy stand just inside the door.

McMURPHY
This would be... disrespectful.

DR. RICHARD
Morbid.

McMURPHY
Irreverent.

From across the room, a little giggling, a little bumping up and down beneath some unused body bags.

DR. RICHARD
Crowded.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. SHELL CASING GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

35

A tent rests amongst the shell casings. Three rounds of SNIPER FIRE are heard. Beat. Vincent, wearing only a loincloth and carrying a revolver, emerges from the tent, peers out into the darkness, then approaches his Jeep.

As Vincent drives by in the Jeep, we STAY ON the golf cart, parked in front. A snorkel hangs over the rear-view mirror. Dr. Richard and McMurphy sit inside.

DR. RICHARD

Okay, the truth is... I've already had a sexual experience at an ice cream facility.

McMURPHY

Best laid plans of mice and men.

DR. RICHARD

Oh, sure, mention the word 'laid.'

McMURPHY

I meant the Tastee Cone. Damn war'll be over before they finish building this thing.

DR. RICHARD

So, I guess we should keep looking.

McMURPHY

What? Oh, yeah, sure, absolutely.

Neither of them moves a hair. Several beats.

McMURPHY

You know, I had kind of an ice cream thing once.

DR. RICHARD

McMurphy.

McMURPHY

More than once, actually. Problem is: the stuff is really cold.

DR. RICHARD

Have to let it melt.

McMURPHY

Then there's the little toffee nuggets...

DR. RICHARD

Pieces of peppermint...

McMURPHY

Sprinkles.

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Richard snaps out of it, looks at her.

DR. RICHARD

I can't believe this. You did it
with sprinkles?

McMURPHY ~

What?

DR. RICHARD

McMurphy, you're a nurse. You
hold people's hands. You hold
my hand. Tell me not to get
upset about my wife and 'Uncle
Doug.' And all this time you've
been cavorting with sprinkles?

McMURPHY

Hey, look, if my past is gonna
get in the way here...

DR. RICHARD

I just think maybe we should...

McMURPHY

Reconsider?

DR. RICHARD

Obviously we don't really know
each other.

McMURPHY

(letting him off
the hook)

After all, you are just the doctor
and I am just your nurse.

DR. RICHARD

I tried to tell you.

Beat. Dr. Richard looks forward, says nothing.
McMurphy smiles to herself, then reaches out, turns
the keys in the ignition and the MOTOR STARTS UP.

CUT TO:

Everything's quiet. Frankie lies on her cot reading a
paperback. From outside the strains of music are heard.
A SLOWED-DOWN, acoustic guitar rendition of "NADINE."
Frankie wanders out.

Frankie follows the music and there, sitting in the middle of the copter pad, is Chuck Berry, strumming, then singing when he sees Frankie.

CHUCK

'Nadine, honey, is that you?'

FRANKIE

(singing)

'Oh, Nadine, honey, is that you?'

FRANKIE/CHUCK

'Seems like everytime I see you, darlin', you got something' else to do.'

Chuck finishes with a flourish on the strings, showing us he really can play. Frankie just shakes her head, sits down next to him. Beat.

CHUCK

You didn't think I would lie to you?

FRANKIE

I think this war's turned me into a crazy person.

CHUCK

That would be great. A whole side of you I've never seen... And you can sing.

FRANKIE

No one's ever been real interested in seeing a tall, gawky, gangly kid like me belting out 'Surrey With The Fringe On Top.'

CHUCK

Well, that's a bad choice of music, Frankie... So, instead, you let them put you in a uniform.

FRANKIE

Does help to blend in.

Chuck slowly shakes his head, gives her his "I know better" look. Frankie tries to sluff him off, looks at the guitar.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

So what're we gonna do about this situation?

CHUCK

Well, we could... entertain the troops... put on a show.

FRANKIE

Terrific. Now he thinks he's Mickey Rooney.

A beat and she gets up, nods for him to follow. Chuck gets up, softly strumming away at "Nadine" again as they stroll off into the night.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

So where'd you get the guitar?

CHUCK (V.O.)

My mom sent it.

DISSOLVE TO:

A real bluesy (Eric Clapton/Chuck Berry) version of "IN THE WEE WEE HOURS" FADES UP, PLAYS OVER the remnants of a luau... the pig is history, the fire's low.

Beckett and Mai now sit in the front seat of the golf cart... McMurphy and Dr. Richard cross-legged in the sand, laughing, enjoying a beer... Boonie on a dune, apart from the others... then Wayloo, K.C., Lila -- all sitting separately, alone. Lt. Colonel Vincent has never shown.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

40 EXT. EVAC HELIPAD - DAY

40

The sound of a HUEY. K.C. and Wayloo are both crossing the compound. Dr. Richard, McMurphy, Lila and several corpsmen emerge from the ward. The copter hovers ten feet off the pad. Hanging off the side, still dressed in his loincloth, is Vincent, directing the landing, yelling instructions. The copter sets down -- a rush to evacuate the wounded. McMurphy and Dr. Richard exchange glances as Vincent takes charge, slapping the pilot on the back, ordering the corpsmen to hurry up, etc.

VINCENT

Let's go, let's go... Come on,
get these boys patched up...
Volleyball in ten minutes.

Lila's immobilized, all the activity working around her. Wayloo and K.C. stare from their separate positions. Vincent escorts his wounded, into the ward. Dr. Richard, McMurphy -- all hurrying in. Which leaves only Lila, K.C. and Wayloo to watch as, after several beats, CHERRY WHITE appears at the threshold of the copter door.

CUT TO:

41 INT. BEAUTY SHOP - DAY

41

Chuck's in the chair, HANG working on him with a fierce determination, occasionally referring to several clipped-out magazine photos of the real Chuck Berry. Frankie paces back and forth, going over a list.

CHUCK

Frankie, you seem nervous.

HANG

(holds up photo)
You the one who should be nervous.

FRANKIE

Okay, so after 'Jonny B. Goode,'
we'll move into 'Bye Bye Johnny,'
then 'Run Rudolph Run.'

CHUCK

Actually, I think a more natural
segue would be 'Run Rudolph Run,'
'Bye Bye Johnny,' 'Johnny B.
Goode.'

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Hang looks between the two of them. Chuck glances up.

CHUCK

Doing the hair isn't entirely necessary.

HANG

Most challenging head ever.

FRANKIE

Yeah, tell me about it.

CHUCK

(again re: hair)
People would understand. There is a war on.

HANG

I never understand. Americans come all the way over here. Lots of lives, lots of money. Then what they do? Frizz up and play music.

On Frankie and Chuck, shrugging as Hang continues her work.

CUT TO:

42 INT. WARD - DAY

42

In the b.g., Lila stands in the doorway, the sunlight reflecting off her hair. She's talking, flirting with Vincent. McMurphy works with Dodger who's barely able to move a muscle. In more pain than ever.

McMURPHY

Why don't you stop for a while.

DODGER

Have to try.

McMURPHY

Dodger...

McMurphy looks down as Lila finishes with Vincent, comes back into ward. Vincent lingers in the doorway a beat, looking back at McMurphy. She turns back to Dodger.

McMURPHY

You're doing too much.

(CONTINUED)

DODGER

Something's wrong, McMurphy.

She wipes the sweat off his forehead. He pushes her hand off, then turns his face away. Beat. McMurphy rises, looks back at the doorway -- Vincent is gone. She moves down the ward, joins Lila who's standing by the supply shelves, holding Q-tips in her hand.

LILA

You know, I never realized these little ear swabs don't come in camouflage. Bandages do. Gauze does.

Before McMurphy can even ponder a response, Dr. Richard approaches, interrupts.

DR. RICHARD

Well, I, for one, am going to miss him.

LILA

So will I.

DR. RICHARD

He was so whimsical, so inept. He fit right in.

LILA

Inept? Colonel Vincent?

DR. RICHARD

The shooter, Lila. The sniper, the pot-shot.

LILA

But Colonel Vincent said he took care of him. Last night. That's why he couldn't escort me to the luau.

DR. RICHARD

I know, Major. That's exactly what I'm talking about...

McMURPHY

Can we lose this conversation? Let's all just give thanks that China Beach is once again safe for democracy.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

LILA

I'll be sure to tell him you said so. He's stopping by my room later.

McMurphy and Dr. Richard share a look.

LILA

To exchange addresses. So we can correspond.

Lila moves off. McMurphy turns to Dr. Richard.

McMURPHY

Just what this war needs, more pen pals.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. LIFEGUARD STAND - DAY

43

Wayloo sits on the steps with Vincent.

WAYLOO

I'd really rather ask the questions myself. I mean, that is the point of an interview.

VINCENT

Wayloo... the real color of a man's soul, the smell of his gut... that's something only he can tap into on his own. That's why I recorded a tape for you this morning. Gave you everything you'll ever need to know about me.

She's not buying it. Vincent smiles.

VINCENT

Make a great article in the Sunday supplement.

He smiles again, she gives in, smiles back.

VINCENT

Drop it by later.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

44

K.C. walks across with Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

She reads the last set of names off a typewritten list.

K.C.

Richard Tuggle, Hong Kong, Li Son
Narai, Singapore, General
McDonnell stationed in Saigon...
A terrific list, Colonel.

VINCENT

Said you needed some contacts,
people interested in a solid
financial opportunity.

K.C.

And what a coincidence that most
of these are the very same
'investors' who already pulled out
on me.

VINCENT

I'll have to do better then, won't
I?

K.C.

I'd hate to think we have no
potential.

VINCENT

In that case, I'll drop something
off later.

CUT TO:

45

INT. WARD - DAY

45

McMurphy watches from a distance as Dodger lies still,
sweating, unable to move at all. She turns, glances out
the window, sees Vincent, alone on the copter pad,
pressing weights, mad dog in the midday sun.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. EVAC HELIPAD - DAY

46

Vincent lies flat, lifting barbells overhead. Skin taut,
every muscle in control. Glistening.

BOONIE (O.S.)

Heard you took care of the sniper.

Vincent glances up. Boonie stands directly in the sun,
the light obscuring his face, Vincent's body in and out
of shade.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

BOONIE

So... thanks.

Beat. Vincent doesn't respond, keeps lifting. Boonie moves off. ON Vincent, the sunlight flooding back over his body.

CUT TO:

47 INT. JET SET - DRESSING ROOM/ON STAGE - NIGHT

47

From O.S., the SOUNDS of a CROWDED Jet Set. Frankie's pacing again, dressed in her uniform, a nervous wreck. Chuck's peeking out the door.

FRANKIE

Sounds like a full house.

CHUCK

Nah... two lesbians and an Airedale.

He shuts door, sits on a cot, starts pulling clothing from a carrying case. Something silk, something shiny.

FRANKIE

This is not fair. Why couldn't you just let me blend in? I've got stage fright up the wazoo and you sit there... unpacking a suitcase.

CHUCK

Frankie, I'm a seasoned performer.

She looks at him, wants to kill, goes back to pacing. Chuck continues pulling out clothes.

FRANKIE

This was a bad idea, Chuck. A real bad idea. Never gonna work.

She stops again, looks over at him.

FRANKIE

Did you hear me, Chuck? I said, this is never gonna work.

SMASH CUT TO:

48 INT. JET SET - NIGHT

48

"Rock and Roll Music" in high gear, blasting across the Jet. The backup band in full swing, a packed house -- including Boonie, Beckett, Mai, McMurphy, Dr. Richard.

Chuck's flying across the stage, guitar in hand, wildly duck walking. Frankie looking fabulous -- all silk and tight gold lame, moving like she never knew she could... a whole side of her we've never seen. The two of them playing with each other, off each other, belting out the lyrics. "Rock and Roll Music" continues over.

DISSOLVE TO:

49 LILA

49

Lying in bed, the sheets pulled up, but not that far up. And she's laughing. Vincent stands opposite, dressed in his loincloth, his revolver strapped to his waist. He approaches, slowly unstraps the belt, dropping the revolver to the floor, lets out a howl, dives for the bed. As the sheets gradually cover them, a hand reaches out, tosses a hula skirt across the room. "ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC" continues as we STAY ON those sheets, tossing back and forth across the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

50 MORE SHEETS

50

bumping up and down. Suddenly, Wayloo bolts upward, casting the sheet away, her naked back exposed TO CAMERA. She laughs, smiles down at Vincent lying beneath her.

With all mock seriousness, Wayloo picks up the bow from one edge of the bed, an arrow from the other -- aims across the room. Vincent rises up to her, face to face, puts his hands around hers, pulling the string taut. The arrow flies, sticking in the wall. Vincent wraps the bow around her naked body, pulling her close, then slowly back down on the bed. She reaches around, draws the sheet up over them, the two of them moving beneath.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 SHEET

51

hangs loosely, tucked around Vincent's waist. His loincloth now strapped around his forehead like a headband. K.C. laughs as he approaches. She's sitting in the overstuffed chair, naked. We see arms, legs, flesh.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

She stands just as Vincent discreetly pulls the sheet up around himself, then wraps it around her, twirling them around the room. K.C. slyly reaches one leg behind his, tripping him -- and together they stumble back onto the bed. We STAY ON the sheet as K.C. and Vincent begin pushing it back, moving it down their legs, using their feet to kick it completely off -- until, finally, it lies crumpled on the floor.

From O.S., the sound and APPLAUSE of a CHEERING Jet Set CROWD. "ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC" begins to FADE OUT.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. LILA'S ROOM - DAY

52

Lila's in her bathrobe, looking out the window. The same Mama San seen earlier cleans around the room, picks up a manilla envelope with Lila's name on the front. She hands it to Lila, who pulls out a piece of note paper: Vincent's name and address. Lila looks, slides it back in, hands the envelope back to the Mama San. Then, with a sly, knowing, self-satisfied smile...

LILA

No, thank you. It wasn't his address I wanted.

The Mama San doesn't understand, continues cleaning. Lila turns back to the window, looks out at the blue sky.

LILA

Might rain today. See if you can dig out my umbrella.

The usual deafening ROAR of HUEY begins to BUILD, mixing with the sounds of patriotic/military MUSIC.

CUT TO:

53 INT. McMURPHY'S ROOM - DAY

53

A manilla envelope lies on the floor, Wayloo's name written on front. Sound and MUSIC continue as Wayloo fast forwards, then backs up her recorder, hearing only the SCRATCHY NOISE of a blank TAPE. Then the sound of the HUEY. She looks out the open door of the room.

CUT TO:

54 INT. K.C.'S ROOM - DAY

54

A manilla envelope rests on the window sill. Next to it: a spoon, a small rice-paper package, some powder spilling out. K.C. reads off names from a typewritten list.

K.C.

Tuggle, Hong Kong... Li Narai,
Singapore... McDonnell in
Saigon...

She laughs to herself, crumples the paper, then glances out the window as she hears the GROWING sounds of a HUEY.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. EVAC HELIPAD - DAY

55

The sunlight BLURS our view as the chopper lifts off, patriotic MUSIC BLASTING out.

Vincent's figure comes IN and OUT OF FOCUS, hanging off the side, looking down at China Beach. And below, wandering out onto the copter pad -- K.C., Wayloo, then Lila. And then Cherry, joining them. All four staring up.

The rush of wind, dust, MUSIC is everywhere and the sound may be DEAFENING, but not deafening enough. Cherry manages to scream over it.

CHERRY

What a crazy guy... I've been to a lot of firebases, heard a lot of lines, but his were the best yet...

K.C., Wayloo, Lila -- turn.

CHERRY

Something about my sense of mystery... kept trying to tell me we had potential...

The words set in and now K.C. throws her head back, starts laughing -- that real big laugh. Wayloo's infuriated, glancing over at K.C., Lila, then Cherry, then back up towards Vincent. And Lila smiles to herself, a smile that grows bigger, into a laugh -- a laugh she's even willing to share with K.C.

CHERRY

Must have thought I was born yesterday...

(CONTINUED)

All four continue when the sudden PING of sniper FIRE breaks through. For a beat they look around. A nick off the Coke machine. A tiny hole in the water tower, water spurting out.

Then all four women... looking back up. Wind, dust, debris flying everywhere. The chopper floating away.

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END