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FULL METAL JACKET

The screenplay by

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Based on the novel
The short-Timers
by Gustav
Hasford

1987

FADE IN:

WARNER BROS. LOGO:

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WB

A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

LOGO FADES OUT:

Music:

Johnny Wright's "Hello Vietnam"

TITLE: A STANLEY KUBRICK FILM

CUT

TO:

TITLE: FULL METAL JACKET

CUT TO:

1 INT. BARBERSHOP--PARRIS
ISLAND MARINE BASE--
DAY

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

2 INT.
BARRACKS--DAY

Marine recruits stand at attention in front of their
bunks.

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

HARTMAN

I am Gunnery Sergeant
Hartman, your Senior
Drill Instructor. From now on, you will speak

only when spoken to, and the first and last
words out of your filthy
sewers will be "Sir!"
Do you maggots understand that?

RECRUITS

(in unison)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

(louder)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

If you ladies leave my island, if you survive
recruit
training ... you will be a weapon, you
will be a minister of death,
praying for war.

But until that day you are pukes! You're the
lowest form of life on Earth. You are not even
human fucking beings!
You are nothing but
unorganized grabasstic pieces of amphibian
shit!

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

RECRUITS

(in unison)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Bullshit! I can't hear you!

RECRUITS

(louder)

Sir, yes, sir!

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

HARTMAN

What's your
name, scumbag?

SNOWBALL
(shouting)

Sir,
Private Brown, sir!

HARTMAN

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

SNOWBALL

(shouting)
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

SNOWBALL

Sir, yes, sir!

JOKER

(whispering)

Is that you, John Wayne? Is this me?

HARTMAN

Who said that? Who the fuck said that? Who's
the slimy
little communist shit twinkle-toed
cocksucker down here, who just
signed his
own death warrant? Nobody, huh?! The fairy
fucking
godmother said it! Out-fucking-
standing! I will P.T. you all until

you fucking
die! I'll P.T. you until your assholes are
sucking
buttermilk.

Sergeant HARTMAN grabs cowboy by the shirt.

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

COWBOY
Sir, no, sir!

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

COWBOY
Sir, no, sir!

JOKER
Sir, I said it, sir!

Sergeant HARTMAN steps up to JOKER.

HARTMAN
Well ...
no shit. What have we got here, a
fucking comedian? Private Joker? I
admire
your honesty. Hell, I like you. You can come
over to my
house and fuck my sister.

Sergeant HARTMAN punches JOKER in the
stomach.
JOKER sags to his knees.

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

JOKER
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Joker, why did you join
my beloved
Corps?

JOKER

Sir, to kill, sir!

HARTMAN

So you're a killer!

JOKER

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Let me see your war face!

JOKER

Sir?

HARTMAN

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

JOKER

Aaaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN

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

JOKER

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN

You didn't scare me! Work on it!

JOKER

Sir, yes, sir!

Sergeant HARTMAN speaks into cowboy's face.

HARTMAN

What's your excuse?

COWBOY

Sir, excuse for

what, sir?

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY

Sir,
yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Are you shook up? Are you nervous?

COWBOY

Sir, I am, sir!

HARTMAN

Do I make you nervous?

COWBOY

Sir!

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

How tall are you, Private?

COWBOY

Sir,
five foot nine, sir!

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY
Sir, no, sir.

HARTMAN

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

HARTMAN

Where in hell are you from anyway, Private?

COWBOY

Sir, Texas, sir!

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

Are you a peter-puffer?

COWBOY

Sir, no,
sir!

HARTMAN

I'll bet you're the kind of guy that would
fuck
a person in the ass and not even have the
goddam common
courtesy to give him a reach-
around! I'll be watching you!

Sergeant HARTMAN walks down the line to another
recruit, a tall,
overweight boy.

HARTMAN

Did your parents have any
children that lived?

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, Leonard Lawrence, sir!

HARTMAN
Lawrence?
Lawrence, what, of Arabia?

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN
That name sounds like royalty! Are you
royalty?

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN
Do you suck dicks?

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

PYLE has the

trace of a strange smile on his face.

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

Then wipe that
disgusting grin off your face!

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Well, any fucking time, sweetheart!

PYLE

Sir, I'm trying, sir.

HARTMAN

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

PYLE purses his
lips but continues to smile
involuntarily.

PYLE

Sir,
I can't help it, sir!

HARTMAN

Bullshit! Get on your
knees, scumbag!

PYLE gets down on his knees.

HARTMAN

Now choke yourself!

PYLE places his hands around his throat as if to
choke himself.

HARTMAN

Goddamn it, with my hand,
numbnuts!!

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

HARTMAN

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

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

HARTMAN chokes PYLE.

PYLE gags and starts to turn red in the face.

HARTMAN

Are you through grinning?

PYLE

(barely able to
speak)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Bullshit! I can't
hear you!

PYLE

(gaspng)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

(gagging)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

That's enough! Get on your feet!

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

breathing heavily.

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

3 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND--DAY

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

HARTMAN

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

JOKER

(narration)

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

HARTMAN

Mama and
Papa were laying in bed.

RECRUITS

(chanting in.
cadence)
Mama and Papa were laying in bed.

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

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

HARTMAN

Ah,
gimme some...

RECRUITS

Ah, gimme some...

HARTMAN

Ah, gimme some...

RECRUITS

Ah, gimme
some...

HARTMAN

P.T....

REcRuITs

P.T....

HARTMAN

P.T....

REcRuITs

P.T....

HARTMAN

Good for you!

RECRUITS

Good for you!

HARTMAN

And good for me!

RECRUITS

And good for me!

HARTMAN

Mmm, good.

RECRUITS

Mmm, good.

HARTMAN

Up in the morning to
the rising sun.

RECRUITS

Up in the morning to the
rising sun.

HARTMAN

Gotta run all day...

4 EXT.

PRACTICE FIELD--SUNSET

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

HARTMAN

...till the running's done!

RECRUITS

Gotta run all day till the running's done!

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

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

HARTMAN

Got the blueballs, crabs and the seven-year-itch!

RECRUITS

Got the blueballs, crabs and the seven-year-itch!

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

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

HARTMAN

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

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

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

HARTMAN spots this and walks up to him.

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, I don't know, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, no, sir.

HARTMAN slaps PYLE hard across the left cheek.

HARTMAN

What side was that, Private Pyle?!

PYLE

Sir, left side,
sir!

HARTMAN

Are you sure, Private Pyle?

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN Slaps Pyle hard across the right
cheek,
Knocking his cap off:

HARTMAN

What side was
that, Private Pyle?

PYLE
Sir, right side, sir.

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

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

DISSOLVE TO:

6 EXT.
PARADE DECK--DAY

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

7 INT.
BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

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

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

HARTMAN

Port . . . hut!

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

HARTMAN

Pray!

RECRUITS

(in unison)

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

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

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

Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and
myself are
defenders of my country. We are
the masters of our enemy. We are the
saviours
of my life. So be it . . . until there is no enemy
...
but peace. Amen.

HARTMAN

Order . . . hut!

The
recruits snap their rifles down to their sides.

HARTMAN

At ease!

HARTMAN turns off the barracks lights.

HARTMAN

Good night, ladies.

RECRUITS

(in unison)

Good night, sir!

HARTMAN
(to duty guard)

Hit it, sweetheart!

DUTY GUARD
Sir, aye-aye, sir!

8
EXT. PARADE FIELD--DAWN

HARTMAN drills the platoon.

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

9 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

HARTMAN
This is my rifle! This is my gun!

RECRUITS

This is for fighting! This is for fun!

HARTMAN
This is
my rifle! This is my gun!

RECRUITS
This is my rifle!
This is my gun!

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

DISSOLVE TO:

10 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

HARTMAN marching the platoon, calling cadence.

11 EXT. "ARMSTRETCHER"
OBSTACLE--DAY

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

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

12 EXT.
"TOUGH ONE" OBSTACLE--DAY

HARTMAN watches as the recruits climb ropes
and
ladders to a high wooden tower above the platform

13 EXT.
PUGIL-STICK CIRCLE--DAY

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

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

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

RECRURTS
waiting in two lines for their turn.

HARTMAN
Next two
privates! Quickly!

The next two recruits struggle over the obstacle.

HARTMAN

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

JOKER and another
recruit go over easily.

HARTMAN
Private Joker, are you
a killer?

JOKER
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
Let me hear your war cry!

JOKER
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN
Next two privates, go!

PYLE and another recruit. PYLE is
hopeless.

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

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
Get your fat ass up there, Pyle!

PYLE
Sir,
yes, sir!

HARTMAN
What the hell is the matter with you
anyway?
I'll bet you if there was some pussy up there
on top of

that obstacle you could get up there!
Couldn't you?!

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

PYLE drops heavily to the groulzd.

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

15 EXT. CHINNING BAR--DAY

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

HARTMAN

One for the Corps! Get up there! Pull!

JOKER finally
drops to the ground.

HARTMAN

I guess the Corps don't
get theirs. Get up
there, Pyle!

PYLE tries to do a pull-up but
can't get to the top of
the bar.

HARTMAN

Pull! Pull,
Pyle, pull! One pull-up, Pyle! Come
on, pull! You gotta be shitting
me, Pyle! Get
your ass up there! Do you mean to tell me
that
you cannot do one single pull-up?

PYLE, exhausted from his efforts,
drops to the
ground.

HARTMAN

You are a worthless

piece of shit, Pyle!! Get
out of my face! Get up there, Snowball!

16 EXT. "CONFIDENCE CLIMB"--DAY

PYLE climbs a high obstacle.

HARTMAN

Get up here, fatboy! Quickly! Move it up!
Move it up,
Pyle! Move it up! You climb
obstacles like old people fuck. Do you
know
that, Private Pyle? Get up here! You're too
slow! Move it,
move it! Private Pyle, what-
ever you do, don't fall down! That
would
break my fucking heart! Quickly!

PYLE freezes at the top.

HARTMAN

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

PYLE climbs
back down his side of the obstacle.

HARTMAN

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

17 EXT. ROAD--DAY

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

PYLE is at the end of the line ready to drop.

Supported by
JOKER, PYLE Staggers along as
HARTMAN bellows at him.

HARTMAN

Pick'em up and set'em down, Pyle!
Quickly! Move it up!
Were you born a fat
slimy scumbag, you piece of shit, Private

Pyle? Or did you have to work on it? Move
it up! Quickly! Hustle up!
The fucking war
will be over by the time we get out there,

won't it, Private Pyle?

HARTMAN gives PYLE a shove.

HARTMAN

Move it!

PYLE gasps for breath.

HARTMAN

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

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

18 EXT. MUD OBSTACLE--DAY

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

JOKER down with him.

HARTMAN

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

move it!

19 INT. BARRACKS--PRE-DAWN

HARTMAN and two Junior Drill
Instructors stride
into the Squad Bay. The lights go on. HARTMAN

bangs loudly on an empty metal garbage can which
he carries into the
room.

HARTMAN

Reveille! Reveille! Reveille! Drop your
cocks
and grab your socks! Today is Sunday! Divine
worship at
zero-eight-hundred! Get your
bunks made and get your uniforms on.
Police
call will commence in two minutes!

HARTMAN stops in front
of JOKER's bunk.

HARTMAN

Private Cowboy! Private Joker!

COWBOY

Sir, yes, sir!

JOKER

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

JOKER & COWBOY
(in unison)

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN

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

JOKER & COWBOY
(in
unison)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Joker, do
you believe in the Virgin
Mary?

JOKER

Sir, no,
sir!

HARTMAN throws down the garbage can with a loud
bang.

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

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

HARTMAN

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

HARTMAN slaps
JOKER, hard, across the cheek.

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

JOKER
Sir, negative,
sir!!

HARTMAN
Private Joker, are you trying to offend
me?!

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

HARTMAN
Who's your squad leader, scumbag?

JOKER

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

HARTMAN

Private Snowball!

SNOWBALL double-times up to HARTMAN.

SNOWBALL

Sir, Private Snowball reporting as ordered,
sir!

HARTMAN

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

SNOWBALL

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Pyle!

PYLE

Private Pyle reporting
as ordered, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Joker is silly
and he's ignorant, but

he's got guts, and guts is enough. Now, you
ladies carry on.

JOKER, COWBOY & PYLE

(in
unison)

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

20 EXT. TRAINING FIELD--DAY

JOKER

patiently explains the disassembly of an

M-14 rifle to PYLE.

JOKER

The bolt. The bolt goes in the receiver.
Operating rod
handle. Operating rod guide.

21 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

JOKER and PYLE
sitting on their footlockers. JOKER
instructs PYLE in the correct
method of lacing his
combat boots.

JOKER

And the left
one ... over the right. Right one
over the left. Left one over the
right. Right
one over the left.

22 EXT. CONFIDENCE CLIMB--DAY

On. top of the confidence climb, JOKER gently talks
PYLE over the top.

JOKER

Just throw your other leg over ... that'a boy.
That's it.
Now just pull the next one over . . .
and you're home free. Ready?
Just throw it
over. That'a boy. Just set it down. All right?

PYLE

breathes heavily. He is scared but he manages
to get over.

JOKER

There you go. Congratulations, Leonard. You
did it.

23

INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

JOKER

You fold the blanket and the sheet back

together. Make a four-inch fold. Okay?
Got it? You do it.

PYLE
looks down. uncertainly at the bed.

24 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

JOKER
works with PYLE on the Manual of Arms.

25 EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE--DAY

COWBOY, JOKER and PYLE run up a ramp, grab the
ropes and swing across a
ditch. PYLE makes it
without trouble.

26 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

HARTMAN is drilling the squad, calling the cadence
and watching PYLE
who makes no mistakes.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. RIFLE RANGE--DAY

Targets are raised and lowered, red markers
indicating hits. HARTMAN
addresses the recruits.

HARTMAN
The deadliest weapon in
the world is a ma-
rine and his rifle. It is your killer instinct

which must be harnessed if you expect to sur-
vive in combat. Your
rifle is only a tool. It is
a hard heart that kills. If your killer
instincts
are not clean and strong you will hesitate at
the
moment of truth. You will not kill. You

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

RECRUITS

Sir, yes, sir!

28 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND STREET--DAY

The recruits are double-timing to HARTMAN's cadences.

HARTMAN

(chanting in cadence)

I love working for Uncle Sam!

RECRUITS

(chanting in cadence)

I love working for Uncle Sam!

HARTMAN

Lets me know just who I am!

RECRUITS

Lets me know just who I am!

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

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

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

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

HARTMAN

My Corps!

RECRUITS

My Corps!

HARTMAN

Your Corps!

RECRUITS

Your Corps!

HARTMAN

Our Corps!

RECRUITS

Our Corps!

HARTMAN

Marine Corps!

RECRUITS

Marine Corps!

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

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

HARTMAN

Eskimo pussy
is mighty cold!

RECRUITS

Eskimo pussy is mighty cold!

HARTMAN

Mmm, good!

RECRUITS

Mmm, good!

HARTMAN

Feels good!

RECRUITS

Feels good!

HARTMAN

Is good!

RECRUITS

Is good!

HARTMAN

Real good!

RECRUITS

Real good!

HARTMAN

Tastes good!

RECRUITS

Tastes good!

HARTMAN

Mighty good!

RECRUITS

Mighty good!

HARTMAN

Good for you!

RECRUITS

Good for you!

HARTMAN

Good for me!

RECRUITS

Good for me!

29

INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

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

HARTMAN

Trim 'em.

HARTMAN points at the feet of another recruit.

HARTMAN

Toejam!

To another recruit.

HARTMAN

Pop that blister!

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

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

PYLE
Sir, I don't know, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN
Get down!

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

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

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

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, a jelly doughnut,
sir!

HARTMAN

A jelly doughnut?!

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

How did it get here?

PYLE

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

HARTMAN

Is chow allowed in the barracks, Private Pyle?

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

Are you allowed to eat jelly
doughnuts,
Private Pyle?

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

And why not, Private Pyle?

PYLE

Sir,
because I'm too heavy, sir!

HARTMAN

Because you are a
disgusting fatbody, Private
Pyle!

PYLE

Sir, yes,
sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE
Sir, because I was
hungry, sir!

HARTMAN
Because you were hungry?

Holding out the jelly doughnut, HARTMAN walks
down the row of recruits
still standing with their
arms outstretched.

HARTMAN
Private Pyle has dishonored himself and
dishonored the platoon! I
have tried to help
him, but I have failed! I have failed because
you have not helped me! You people have not
given Private Pyle the
proper motivation!
So, from now on, whenever Private Pyle
fucks
up, I will not punish him, I will punish
all of you! And the way I
see it, ladies, you
owe me for one jelly doughnut! Now, get on
your faces!

HARTMAN
(to PYLE)
Open your
mouth!

He shoves the jelly doughnut into PYLE's mouth.

HARTMAN
They're paying for it, you eat it!

HARTMAN turns to the
recruits.

HARTMAN
Ready . . . exercise!

The platoon
does push-ups.

RECRUITS

(chanting in cadence)

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. BARRACKS--DAWN

JOKER checks PYLE's
Uniform.

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

PYLE
Joker? Everybody hates
me now. Even you.

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

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

JOKER
I'm trying to help you, Leonard. I'm really
trying.

PYLE grins,
trustingly.

JOKER
Tuck your shirt in.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. TRAINING FIELD--DAY

The platoon does squat thrusts as PYLE
sits, his
cap on backwards, sucking his thumb. HARTMAN
watches.

RECRUITS

(counting in unison)
One, two, three . . .
nineteen!
One, two, three . . . twenty!
One, two, three . . .
twenty-one!
One, two, three . . . twenty-two!
One, two, three .
. . . twenty-three!
One, two, three . . . twenty-four!
One, two,
three . . . twenty-five!
One, two, three . . . twenty-six!
One,
two, three . . . twenty-seven!
One, two, three . . . twenty-eight!

One, two, three . . . twenty-nine!
One, two, three . . . thirty!

FADE TO BLACK

32 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

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

PYLE is asleep in his bunk.

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

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

COWBOY shoves a gag in PYLE's mouth.

PYLE
is helpless.

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

PYLE's screams are muffled by the gag.

JOKER is the last one. He stands back from the bed.

COWBOY

(to JOKER)

Do it! Do it!

JOKER hesitates, then moves forward and
hits

PYLE hard several times.

Then JOKER jumps into his bunk.

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

COWBOY

(removing gag)

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

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

Lying in, his bunk, JOKER covers his ears.

FADE

IN:

33 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

The platoon is lined up.

HARTMAN

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

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

RECRUITS

(shouting in unison)

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

PYLE says nothing, just stares straight ahead.

HARTMAN
What makes the grass grow?

RECRUITS
Blood, blood, blood!

PYLE stares. Does not join in the shouting.

HARTMAN
What do we do for a living, ladies?

RECRUITS
Kill, kill, kill!

PYLE remains silent.

HARTMAN
I can't hear you!

RECRUITS
Kill, kill,
kill!

HARTMAN
Bullshit! I still can't hear you!

RECRUITS
Kill, kill, kill!

PYLE continues to stare blartkly ahead.

34 EXT. BLEACHERS--DAY

The platoon sits on bleachers facing HARTMAN.

HARTMAN
Do any of you people know who Charles
Whitman was?

No response.

HARTMAN
None of you
dumbasses knows?

COWBOY raises his hand.

HARTMAN

Private Cowboy?

COWBOY

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

HARTMAN

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

HARTMAN looks around.

HARTMAN

Anybody know who Lee
Harvey Oswald was?

Almost everybody raises his hand.

HARTMAN

Private Snowball?

SNOWBALL

Sir, he shot
Kennedy, sir!

HARTMAN

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

SNOWBALL

Sir, it was pretty far!
From that book
suppository building, sir!

The recruits laugh at
"suppository. "

HARTMAN

All right, knock it off! Two
hundred and fifty
feet! He was two hundred and fifty feet away
and shooting at a moving target. Oswald got
off three rounds with an

old Italian bolt action
rifle in only six seconds and scored two
hits,
including a head shot! Do any of you people
know where
these individuals learned to
shoot?

JOKER raises his hand.

HARTMAN
Private Joker?

JOKER
Sir, in the Marines,
sir!

HARTMAN
In the Marines! Outstanding! Those
individuals showed what one motivated
marine and his rifle can do!
And before you
ladies leave my island, you will be able to
do
the same thing!

Camera slowly moves in on PYLE staring at
HARTMAN.

35 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

Recruits standing at attention in two facing
rows.
HARTMAN walks between the rows, leading them
in song.

HARTMAN & RECRUITS
Happy Birthday to you,
Happy Birthday to
you,
Happy Birthday, dear Jesus,
Happy Birthday to you!

HARTMAN
Today ... is Christmas! There will be a
magic show at
zero-nine-thirty! Chaplain
Charlie will tell you about how the free
world will conquer Communism with the
aid of God and a few marines!

God has a hard-on for marines because we
kill everything we see! He
plays His games,
we play ours! To show our appreciation for
so
much power, we keep heaven packed
with fresh souls! God was here
before the
Marine Corps! So you can give your heart
to Jesus,
but your ass belongs to the Corps!
Do you ladies understand?

RECRUITS

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

I can't hear you!

RECRUITS

Sir, yes, sir!

36 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

PYLE talizs softly to his rifle.

JOKER looks at him
uneasily.

PYLE

(to his rifte)

It's been
swabbed.... and wiped. Everything
is clean. Beautiful. So that it
slides perfectly.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT.

BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

38 INT. LATRINE--NIGHT

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

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

JOKER
Leonard talks
to his rifle.

COWBOY keeps mopping.

COWBOY
Yeah!

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

Pause.

COWBOY
It don't
surprise me.

They both go back to mopping.

JOKER speaks again after
some silence.

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

COWBOY
What have you got?

39 EXT. FIRING RANGE--DAY

HARTMAN kneels behind
PYLE, looking on with
approval.

PYLE finishes a good group and
reloads his M-14.

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

40 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

HARTMAN inspects
the recruits.

HARTMAN
(to JOKER)

What's
your sixth General Order?

JOKER
Sir, the private's
sixth general order is to
receive and obey and to pass on to the
sentry
who relieves me ... all orders ... Sir, the
private's
sixth ... Sir, the private has been
instructed but he does not know,
sir!

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

JOKER
Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN walks to PYLE.

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

PYLE
Sir, four
counts, sir!

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

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

HARTMAN

What's your fifth general order?

PYLE

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

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

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

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, yes,
sir!

41 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND STREET--DAY

HARTMAN double-timing the
recruits, calling
cadence.

HARTMAN

I don't want no
teenage queen.

RECRUITS

I don't want no teenage queen.

HARTMAN

I just want my M-14.

RECRUITS

I just want
my M-14.

HARTMAN

If I die in the combat zone.

RECRUITS

If I die in the combat zone.

HARTMAN

Box
me up and ship me home.

RECRUITS

Box me up and ship me
home.

HARTMAN

Pin my medals upon my chest.

RECRUITS

Pin my medals upon my chest.

HARTMAN

Tell
my mom I've done my best.

RECRUITS

Tell my mom I've
done my best.

DISSOLVE TO:

42 EXT. FOREST--DAY

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

JOKER

(narration)

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

43 EXT.

FIELD--DAY

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

JOKER

(narration)

The drill instructors are proud to see that we
are growing beyond
their control. The Marine
Corps does not want robots. The Marine
Corps wants killers. The Marine Corps wants

to build indestructible
men, men without fear.

44 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

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

HARTMAN

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

45 EXT. PARADE GROUND--DAY

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

HARTMAN

(voice over)

From now on,
until the day you die, wherever
you are, every marine is your
brother. Most of
you will go to Vietnam. Some of you will not
come back. But always remember this:
marines die, that's what we're
here for! But
the Marine Corps lives forever. And that
means
you live forever!

DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

HARTMAN talks
to the platoon, again in a school-
circle.

HARTMAN

Pickett!

PICKETT

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

O-three-hundred, Infantry. Toejam!

TOEJAM

Sir, yes,
sir!

HARTMAN

O-three-hundred, Infantry. Adams!

ADAMS

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

O-three-hundred, Infantry!
Taylor!

TAYLOR

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

O-three-hundred, Infantry. Joker!

JOKER

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Forty-two-twelve, Basic Military Journalism.
You gotta
be shitting me, Joker! You think
you're Mickey Spillane? Do you
think you're
some kind of fucking writer?

JOKER

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

HARTMAN

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

JOKER

A killer, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Gomer Pyle!

PYLE doesn't answer.

HARTMAN
Gomer Pyle!

We see PYLE
in close-up, now completely with-
drawn, barely able to answer HARTMAN.

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
You forget your
fucking name? O-three-
hundred, Infantry. You made it. Perkins!

PERKINS
Sir, yes, sir!

47 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

JOKER
(Itarration)
Our last night on the island. I draw
fire
watch.

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

48 INT. LATRINE--NIGHT

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

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

PYLE

(strange voice)

Hi, Joker.

JOKER stares at PYLE for a few seconds.

PYLE has suite clearly snapped.

JOKER

Are those ... live rounds?

PYLE

Seven-six-two millimeter, full metal jacket.

PYLE smiles grotesquely.

JOKER

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

PYLE

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

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

PYLE

(shouting)

Left shoulder ... hut! Right shoulder ... hut! Lock and load! Order ... hut!

PYLE picks up the loaded magazine, inserts it into the rifle and smartly brings the rifle down to the order arms position.

PYLE

(shouting)

This is my rifle!
There are many like it, but
this one is mine.

49 INT. BARRACKS
HALLWAY--NIGHT

By now the platoon is awake.

HARTMAN bursts from his room, wearing his

skivvies and D.I. hat.

PYLE

(offscreen)

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

HARTMAN

Get back in your bunks!

PYLE

(o.s.)

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

50 INT.

LATRINES--NIGHT

HARTMAN Storms into the latrine.

HARTMAN

What is this Mickey Mouse shit? What in the
name of Jesus H. Christ

are you animals

doing in my head?

(to JOKER)

Why is

Private Pyle out of his bunk after

lights out?! Why is Private Pyle

holding that

weapon? Why aren't you stomping Private

Pyle's

guts out?

JOKER

Sir, it is the private's duty to inform
the

Senior Drill Instructor that Private Pyie has a

full

magazine and has locked and loaded, sir!

HARTMAN and PYLE look at each
other. PYLE Smiles

from the depths of his own hell.

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

HARTMAN

Now you listen to
me, Private Pyle, and, you

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

With a twisted smile on his face PYLE
POINTS his
rifle at HARTMAN.

HARTMAN look suddenly calm. His eyes,
his manner
are those of a wanderer who has found his home.

HARTMAN
What is your major malfunction, numbnuts?!!
Didn't
Mommy and Daddy show you enough
attention when you were a child?!!!

BANG!

The round hits HARTMAN in the chest.

He falls back dead.

JOKER and PYLE stand looking at the body.

Then PYLE looks at JOKER and
slowly raises his rifle.

JOKER
(trembling)

Easy, Leonard. Go easy, man.

PYLE breathes heavily, and Keeps the
rifle aimed at
JOKER.

JOKER is scared shitless.

PYLE looks at
JOKER for several seconds and slowly
lowers the rifle. Then he stumbles
back a few steps
and sits down, heavily on the toilet.

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

He places the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth.

JOKER

No!!!

BANG!

PYLE pulls the trigger and blows the back of his head over the white tiled wall behind him.

SCENE FADES TO BLACK

FADE IN:

51 EXT. DA NANG STREET, VIETNAM--DAY

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

Music: Nancy
Sinatra's "These Boots Are Made
for Walking."

The girl stops at
JOKER's table.

HOOKER

Hey, baby, you got girlfriend
Vietnam?

JOKER

Not just this minute.

HOOKER

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

JOKER

Yeah, we might party. How much?

HOOKER

Fifteen dolla.

JOKER

Fifteen dollars for
both of us?

HOOKER

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

JOKER

Fifteen dollar
too boo-coo. Five dollars each.

HOOKER

Me
suckee-suckee. Me love you too much.

JOKER

Five dollars
is all my mom allows me to
spend.

HOOKER

Okay! Ten
dolla each.

JOKER

What do we get for ten dollars?

HOOKER

Everything you want.

JOKER

Everything?

HOOKER

Everything.

JOKER

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

RAFTERMAN

Just a minute.

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

The girl strikes quick poses for the camera and
coughs.

JOKER puts his arm around her.

JOKER

You

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

The girl coughs again.

JOKER

The other half have got
T.B. Make sure you
only fuck the ones that cough.

A young
vietnamese boy walks up behind
RAFTERMAN and grabs the Nikon camera
from his
hands.

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

JOKER laughs.

DISSOLVE TO

52 EXT. U.S. MARINE BASE--DAY

The main gates of the base. High-security fencing.
Tanks, jeeps,
trucks. A military helicopter lands.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. DA NANG
BASE--DAY

JOKER and RAFTERMAN walk down the base street
past rows of
hootches and other buildings. In the
background some marines play
basketball.

JOKER

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

RAFTERMAN

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

JOKER

What?

RAFTERMAN

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

JOKER

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

RAFTERMAN

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

JOKER

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

RAFTERMAN

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

JOKER

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

54

INT. SEA-TIGER HUT--DAY

A Quonset hut. An editorial meeting of The Sea Tiger, the official marine newspaper, is in progress presided over by LIEUTENANT LOCKHART.

JOKER, RAFTERMAN, and six other marine correspondents are seated around a large messy table covered with

cameras, photographs,
newspapers artd magazines.

LOCKHART

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

JOKER

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

LOCKHART

Rear-echelon paranoia.

JOKER

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

LOCKHART

They say the same thing every year.

JOKER

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

LOCKHART

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

LOCKHART

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

RAFTERMAN

Aye-aye, sir.

LOCKHART

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

RAFTERMAN
Yes, sir.

LOCKHART

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

CHILI
I'll make a note of
it, sir.

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

DAVE
I'll fix it up, sir.

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

DAVE
Yes, sir.

LOCKHART

(reading)

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

JOKER

Got it. Very catchy.

LOCKHART

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

JOKER

Sir!

LOCKHART

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

JOKER

Didn't see 'em.

LOCKHART

Joker, I've told you, we run
two basic stories
here. Grunts who give half their pay to buy

gooks toothbrushes and deodorants--Winning
of Hearts and
Minds--okay? And combat
action that results in a kill--Winning the
War.

Now you must have seen blood trails ... drag
marks?

JOKER

It was raining, sir.

LOCKHART

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

an
officer. Which?

JOKER
Whichever you say.

LOCKHART
Grunts like reading about dead officers.

JOKER
Okay, an officer. How about a general?

A few laughs.

LOCKHART
Joker, maybe you'd like our guys to read the
paper and
feel bad. I mean, in case you didn't

know it, this is not a
particularly popular war.
Now, it is our job to report the news that
these why-are-we-here civilian newsmen
ignore.

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

Some laughs.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

55 EXT. DA NANG BASE--DUSK

Rows of hootches. In the
distance, fireworks.

JOKER

(voiceover)

Tet.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT. HOOTCH--NIGHT

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

JOKER

(yawns and
stretches)

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

PAYBACK

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

Some laughs.

JOKER

(John Wayne voice)

Listen up, pilgrim. A day without blood is like
a day without sunshine.

PAYBACK

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

Some laughs.

PAYBACK

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

CHILI

Aw, you weren't
on Operation Hastings,

Payback. You weren't even in country.

PAYBACK

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

JOKER

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

PAYBACK

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

RAFTERMAN

The stare?

PAYBACK

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

RAFTERMAN

I will?

STORK

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

PAYBACK

Fuck you, Stork.

STORK

Throw'em a basketball.

Laughter.

They are startled by the dull boom of mortar

shells
outside.

DAVE
Incoming.

PAYBACK

Oh, shit!

CHILI
They're outgoing.

DAVE
That ain't outgoing!
Some closer explosions, much louder.

CHILI
That ain't outgoing!

DAVE
Now what I just
say?

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

RAFTERMAN
Joker, is this for real?

JOKER
Yes, it is, Rafterman.

57 EXT. DA NANG BASE--NIGHT

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

58 INT. BUNKER--NIGHT

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

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

STORK

Amen.

The sound of a truck approaching.

The marines get set.

The truck
smashes through the gates.

The marines open fire.

The truck is hit
by a hail of automatic fire; it
explodes and starts burning.

N.V.A.
troops follow the truck through the gate.

The attackers are cut down
by a withering fire
from the marines.

The attack peters out.

People yell, "Cease fire."

The firing trails off:

DISSOLVE TO:

59

EXT. DA NANG BASE--DAWN

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

Prisoners are led past.

LOCKHART

(voice over)

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

60 INT. SEA-TIGER OFFICE--DAWN

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

LOCKHART

(walking)

Charlie has hit every major military target
in
Vietnam, and hit 'em hard. In Saigon, the
United States Embassy has
been overrun by

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

Long, serious pause.

JOKER

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

Laughter.

LOCKHART

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

JOKER

Yes, sir.

LOCKHART

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

a peace symbol?

RAFTERMAN

Sir? Permission to go with
Joker?

LOCKHART

Permission granted.

RAFTERMAN

Thank you, sir.

JOKER

Sir, permission
not to take Rafterman with
me?

LOCKHART

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

61 EXT. HELICOPTER SHOTS--DAWN

A

military helicopter flies past a huge sun.

62 INT. AERIAL
HELICOPTER--DUSK

JOKER Sits looking out the door.

RAFTERMAN is
frightened and airsick.

The DOORGUNNER laughs and yells as he fires
his
M-60 machine gun.

We see Vietnamese below running and falling.

DOORGUNNER

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

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

DOORGUNNER

(shouting to be heard)

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

You
guys oughtta do a story about me
sometime.

JOKER

Why should we do a story about you?

DOORGUNNER

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

RAFTERMAN gags.

JOKER

Any women or children?

DOORGUNNER

Sometimes.

JOKER

How can you shoot women and children?

RAFTERMAN gags.

DOORGUNNER

Easy. You just don't lead 'em so much.

(laughs)

Ain't war hell?

DISSOLVE TO:

63 EXT. LZ HUE--DAY

The
helicopter lands.

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

Marines run
by carrying wounded on stretchers.

JOKER
(to a
sergeant)
Top, we want to get in the shit.

MASTER
SERGEANT
Down the road, two-five.

JOKER
Two-five.
Outstanding! Thanks, Top.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT. ROAD TO HUE--DAY

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

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

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

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

TOUCHDOWN
You people one-one?

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

TOUCHDOWN
Stars and Stripes.

JOKER
Yes, sir.

TOUCHDOWN
I'm Cowboy's platoon commander. Cowboy's

just down
the road in the platoon area.

JOKER

Oh. You mind if we
tag along, sir?

TOUCHDOWN

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

JOKER

Notre Dame?

TOUCHDOWN

(laughing)

Yeah.

JOKER

All right!

TOUCHDOWN

You
here to make Cowboy famous?

JOKER

Ha! Never happen,
sir.

TOUCHDOWN

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

JOKER

Outstanding, sir. We
taking care of business?

TOUCHDOWN

Well, the N.V.A. are
dug in deep. Hotel
Company's still working this side of the river.

Street by street and house by house. Charlie's

definitely got his
shit together. But we're still
getting some really decent kills
here.

JOKER

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

TOUCHDOWN

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

JOKER

Can you show me where, sir?

TOUCHDOWN

Here's the canal...

65 EXT. MASS GRAVE--DAY

JOKER

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

Journalists, marines and civilians are grouped
around the grave.

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

JOKER

(voice over)

The dead have been covered with lime. The
dead
only know one thing. It is better to be
alive.

JOKER approaches a
young lieutenant-- CLEVES.

JOKER

Excuse me. Good
morning, Lieutenant.

LT. CLEVES

Good morning.

JOKER

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

LT. CLEVES

(sharply)

What outfit are you men with?

JOKER

Sir, we're reporters from Stars and Stripes.

LT.

CLEVES

(warms up)

Oh, I see.

JOKER

I'm

Sergeant Joker and this photographer's
Rafterman.

RAFTERMAN

starts shooting pictures of the
Lieutenant.

LT. CLEVES

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

JOKER

Have you got a body count, sir?

LT. CLEVES

We think it's twenty.

JOKER

Do you know how it
happened, sir?

LT. CLEVES

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

A marine COLONEL who has been watching JOKER
turns from the group around the grave and strides

up. JOKER snaps to
attention.

COLONEL
Marine !

LT. CLEVES

Colonel.

COLONEL
Marine, what is that button on your
body
armor?

JOKER
A peace symbol, sir.

COLONEL
Where'd you get it?

JOKER
I don't
remember, sir.

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

JOKER
"Born to Kill," sir.

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

JOKER
No, sir.

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

JOKER
Yes, sir.

COLONEL
Now answer my question or
you'll be standing

tall before the man.

JOKER

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

COLONEL

The what?

JOKER

The
duality of man. The Jungian thing, sir.

COLONEL

Whose
side are you on, son?

JOKER

Our side, sir.

COLONEL

Don't you love your country?

JOKER

Yes,
sir.

COLONEL

Then how about getting with the program?

Why don't you jump on the team and come
on in for the big win?

JOKER

Yes, sir!

COLONEL

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

JOKER

Aye-aye, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT.
FIELD--DAY

JOKER and RAFTERMAN Walk through a field
toward a pagoda.

67 EXT. PAGODA--DAY

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

Music: Sam the Sham's
"Wooly Bully."

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

MARINE
Around the back.

JOKER and RAFTERMAN walk to the back of the
building.

JOKER
(to another marine)
First Platoon?

MARINE
Yeah, through there.

68 INT. PAGODA COURTYARD--DAY

Through a moon-door opening on to the pagoda
courtyard, We see COWBOY
shaving. Other marines
are sprawled around the courtyard walls.

JOKER walks up behind COWBOY.

JOKER
Hey, Lone Ranger.

COWBOY
Holy shit!

JOKER

You old motherfucker.

COWBOY

It's the JOKER.

JOKER

What's happenin'?

They hug each other.

COWBOY

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

JOKER

(laughs)

What's happening, man?

COWBOY

Oh, I'm
just waiting to get back to the land
of the big PX.

JOKER

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

COWBOY

Been getting any?

JOKER

Only your sister.

COWBOY

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

COWBOY leads JOKER to the center of the courtyard.

COWBOY

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

JOKER

Rafterman.

COWBOY

...Rafterman. They're from
Stars and
Stripes. They'll make you famous.

Adlibs of "All
right!"

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

Adlibs.

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

Adlibs of
"Yeah!" etc.

A big grunt, ANIMAL MOTHER, approaches JOKER.

Trouble.

ANIMAL MOTHER
Are you a photographer?

JOKER
No ...
I'm a combat correspondent.

ANIMAL MOTHER

(smiles)
Oh, you seen much combat?

JOKER returns the smile.

JOKER
Well, I've seen a little on TV.

The other marines laugh.

ANIMAL MOTHER
You're a real comedian.

Some more laughs.

JOKER

(pause)
Well, they call me the JOKER.

Adlibs.
"Ooooooooooo!" and laughter.

ANIMAL MOTHER
(moves
closer)
Well, I got a joke for you. I'm gonna tear you
a new
asshole.

Adlibs, laughter.

JOKER
(John. Wayne
voice)
Well, pilgrim ... only after you ... eat the
peanuts out
of my shit!

Loud laughs and shouts.

ANIMAL MOTHER
(moves in close)
You talk the talk. Do you walk the walk?

Anticipatory adlibs of "Ooooh!" and "Whooooa!"

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

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

Laughter.

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

Laughter.

EIGHTBALL leads ANIMAL MOTHER away.

COWBOY

(laughing)

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

EIGHTBALL and
ANIMAL MOTHER sit down together.

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

EIGHTBALL
Yeah, mother.

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

CRAZY EARL

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

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

Laughter.

CRAZY EARL

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

Adlibs: "Happy Birthday,
zipperhead!" etc.

CRAZY EARL

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

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

69 EXT. A FIELD, OUTSKIRTS HUE CITY--DAY

COWBOY's platoon,
advancing towards the city in a
sweep formation behind tanks.

Cuts
of the squad, nervous and alert.

Mortar rounds explode ahead.

LIEUTENANT TOUCHDOWN is hit and goes down.

The platoon dives for
cover.

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

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

The platoon stays flat.

MURPHY

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

DELTA SIX
(o.s.)
Delta Six.

MURPHY

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

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

CRAZY EARL
Okay.

Lusthog Squad, listen up! We're gonna
move up these two roads here
and check the
ville. I want the third team up this road here.

First and second fire team behind me up this
other road, okay?

Adlibs of "Right!" and "Okay!"

CRAZY EARL
Let's go!
Let's get it done!

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

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

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

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

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

RAFTERMAN photographs the action, his Nikon
violently shaking.

The fire slackens.

Then it gets quiet.

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

They reload.

As CRAZY EARL reloads he spots six V.C. dashing
across
the street fifty yards away. They are out of

sight in a second.

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

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

CRAZY EARL turns to the squad with a big grin.

Music: "Surfin' Bird" by the Trashmen. This carries over through the next scene.

70 EXT. LOW WALL--DAY

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

JOKER

(John Wayne voice)

Is that you, John Wayne? Is this me?

COWBOY

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

EIGHTBALL

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

DONLON

T.H.E. Rock can be a rock!

T.H.E. ROCK

I'll be Ann-Margret!

DOC JAY

Animal Mother can be a rabid buffalo!

CRAZY

EARL

I'll be General Custer!

RAFTERMAN

Well,
who'll be the Indians?

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

Laughter.

71 EXT. HUE CITY RUINS--DAY

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

T.H.E. ROCK

You're
going home now.

Camera move.

CRAZY EARL

Semper fi.

Camera move.

DONLON

We're mean marines, sir.

Camera
move.

EIGHTBALL

Go easy, bros.

Camera move.

ANIMAL MOTHER

Better you than me.

RAFTERMAN

Well,
at least they died for a good cause.

ANIMAL MOTHER

What
cause was that?

RAFTERMAN

Freedom.

ANIMAL

MOTHER

Flush out your head gear, new guy. You think
we waste
gooks for freedom? This is a
slaughter. If I'm gonna get my balls
blown off

for a word ... my word is "poontang."

COWBOY

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

JOKER

What was the matter with him?

COWBOY

He was jerkin' off ten times a day.

EIGHTBALL

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

COWBOY

Last
week he was sent down to Da Nang to
see the Navy head shrinker, and
the crazy
fucker starts jerking off in the waiting room.

Instant Section Eight. He was just waiting for
his papers to clear
division.

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

The television crew
interviews members of the
LUSTHOG SQUAD.

REPORTER

You
ready?

CAMERAMAN

Yeah.

REPORTER

Turnover.

CAMERAMAN

Rolling.

REPORTER

Hue City interviews. Roll thirty-four.

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

(chuckles)

COWBOY

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

RAFTERMAN

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

CRAZY EARL

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

DOC JAY

Can I quote L.B.J.?

REPORTER

Sure.

DOC JAY
(imitating L.B.J.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

COWBOY

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

(laughs)

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

JOKER

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

73

EXT. WRECKED MOVIE THEATER--DAY

The marines are seated outside the
theater on rows
of broken movie seats.

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

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

Adlibs, hoots and
hollers.

COWBOY

Ten-hut!

More hoots and hollers.

COWBOY

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

Adlibs and laughter.

COWBOY

What you got there, chief!

The girl stands facing them, hands on hips.

ARVN

PIMP

Do you want number one fuckee?

Adlibs and laughter.

COWBOY

Hey, any of you boys want number one fuckee?

Adlibs.

JOKER

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

DONLON

Hey! Hey! Me want suckee.

ARVN PIMP

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

Laughter.

COWBOY

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

ARVN PIMP

Fifteen dolla each.

Adlibs: "Nooooooooo!"

COWBOY

Number ten. Fifteen dolla beaucoup money.

Laughter.

COWBOY

Five dolla each.

ARVN PIMP

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

COWBOY

Five dolla.

ARVN PIMP

No. Ten dolla.

COWBOY

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

Laughter and derisive adlibs.

ARVN

PIMP

(angry)
Okay, five dolla. You give me.

Adlibs.

COWBOY

Okay, okay!

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

EIGHTBALL

Let's get mounted.

HOOKER

(speaks in Vietnamese)

ARVN PIMP

(argues in
Vietnamese)

EIGHTBALL

Something wrong there, chief?

ARVN PIMP

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

EIGHTBALL

Hey, what the mother fuck?

ARVN PIMP

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

EIGHTBALL

Hey, what is this, man?

COWBOY

(breaiting up)

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

Laughter.

ARVN PIMP

Too boo-coo. Too
boo-coo.

EIGHTBALL

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

Laughter.

ARVN PIMP

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

EIGHTBALL

Uh, excuse me, ma'am. Now what we
have
here, little yellow sister, is a magnificent...

(takes out his dick)

. . specimen of pure Alabama blacksnake.

But it ain't too goddamn boo-coo.

The girl looks at it.

Hoots and

catcalls.

TEENAGE HOOKER
Okay. Okay. Emjee.

More
hoots.

COWBOY
(mimicking Vietnamese word)

Okay! Okay! Emjee! Emjee!

Adlibs of "Emjee."

EIGHTBALL starts to
lead her away.

EIGHTBALL
All right! This is my boogie!

COWBOY
Hey, we need a batting order.

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

ANIMAL
MOTHER
I'm going first.

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

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

ANIMAL MOTHER
(jokingly)
All fucking niggers must fucking hang.

Adlibs of "Fuck
you!" and laughter.

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

FADE IN:

74 EXT. HUE CITY
RUINS--DAY

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

JOKER

(voiceover)

Intelligence passed the word down that
during
the night the N.V.A. had pulled out of our
area to
positions across the Perfume River.
Our squad is sent on patrol to
check out the
report.

75 INT. BOMBED FACTORY--DAY

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

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

BANG!

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

The squad dives for
cover.

COWBOY

Face outboard and take cover! Do it!

DOC JAY scurries up to CRAZY EARL, who is
unconscious and gives him
mouth-to-mouth
resuscitation.

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

DOC JAY

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

COWBOY

(to himself)
Shit.

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

COWBOY
Hotel One Actual,
this is Cowboy!

DOC JAY continues the mouth-to-mouth.

COWBOY
Hotel One Actual, this is Cowboy!

MURPHY

(o.s.)
Hotel One. Over

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

MURPHY

(o.s.)
Roger. Understand. Wait One.

COWBOY looks around edgily.

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

COWBOY
Roger. Out.

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

COWBOY

I'm squad leader.

JOKER
punches him reassuringly in the arm.

JOKER
I'll follow
you anywhere, scumbag.

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

DOC JAY
He's dead.

The three men
stare at the body.

76 EXT. BURNING FALLEN BUILDING--DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

77 EXT. LOW CONCRETE WALL--DAY

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

The squad stops and crouches
down in the rubble.

EIGHTBALL gestures for COWBOY to move up.

EIGHTBALL
(quietly)
Cowboy!

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

COWBOY
What's up?

EIGHTBALL
I think we made a mistake at the last
checkpoint.

He shows COWBOY the map.

EIGHTBALL

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

COWBOY
studies the map.

COWBOY

We're here?

EIGHTBALL

Yeah.

COWBOY

We should be here?

EIGHTBALL

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

COWBOY is confused and
scared.

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

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

COWBOY

Fuck ... What do you think?

EIGHTBALL

Well, I think we should change direction.

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

COWBOY knows
he has to make a decision.

COWBOY

Okay. We'll change
direction.

COWBOY motions to the squad to come up. They
rattle up

and take positions behind the low wall.

JOKER

What's
up?

COWBOY

Changing direction.

JOKER

What, are we lost?

COWBOY

Joker, shut the fuck up!

COWBOY

(to squad)

Okay! Listen up! Can you hear me?

Adlibs of "Yeah!"

COWBOY

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

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

COWBOY

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

EIGHTBALL shrugs, apprehensively.

COWBOY

Got it?

Adlibs of "Yeah!"

COWBOY

Eightball ... let's
dance.

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

EIGHTBALL

Put a nigger behind the trigger.

78 EXT. RUINED STREET
HUE--DAY

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

The squad covers him.

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

79 SNIPER P.O.V. -- DAY

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

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

BANG!

The SNIPER fires.

EIGHTBALL is hit in the leg.

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

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

COWBOY

Okay, cease fire! Cease fire, goddamn it!

Some of the squad keep firing.

COWBOY

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

AdLibs of "Cease fire!"

The firing stutters to a stop.

COWBOY

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

T.H.E. ROCK
(down the line)

Did anybody see a sniper?

DOC JAY
No!

DONLON

Nothing!

RAFTERMAN
Negative!

T.H.E. ROCK
Nothing!

Adlibs of "No!"

COWBOY

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

Seen, in
slow, motion, the SNIPER fires again and hits
EIGHTBALL in the arm. He
screams in pain.

The squad opens fire at buildings facing them.

COWBOY

No, no! Cease fire! Cease fire! Animal, cease
fire!

Keeping low, DONLON comes up and hands COWBOY
the radio.

DONLON

Cowboy, it's Sergeant Murphy.

COWBOY

(into radio)

This is Cowboy. Over.

MURPHY

(o.s.)

This is Murphy. What is your present position? Over.

COWBOY

Murph, we're receiving enemy sniper fire. Eightball is down. Our position is about half a klick north of checkpoint four. Believe possible strong enemy force occupying buildings in front of us. Request immediate tank support. Over.

MURPHY

(o.s.)

Roger. Understand. I'll see what I can do.

Over.

COWBOY

Roger. Over and out.

COWBOY

(to Donlon)

Stay close.

DONLON

Got it.

COWBOY

thinks hard for a few seconds.

COWBOY

(to squad)

Okay, listen up! I think we're being set up for an ambush. I think there may be strong enemy forces in those buildings over there.

I've requested tank support. We're gonna sit tight until it comes, but keep your eyes open. If they decide to hit us, we'll have to pull back fast.

The SNIPER fires, wounding EIGHTBALL again, this

time in the foot. He shrieks in agony.

Again the squad opens fire.

COWBOY

Goddamn it! Hold! Cease your fire, Mother!
Cease your
fucking fire!

The firing stops.

DOC JAY

Cowboy!

COWBOY

What?

DOC JAY

We can't leave him out there!

COWBOY

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

DOC JAY

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

COWBOY

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

The SNIPER fires and
hits EIGHTBALL in the thigh.

His cries echo across the open space
ground.

ANIMAL MOTHER fires madly.

COWBOY

(shouting)

Goddamn it! No!

The squad continues firing.

COWBOY

Goddamn it, cease fire!

The firing trails off:

ANIMAL MOTHER

He's out there alone!

COWBOY

Cease
fire!

The firing stops.

DOC JAY

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

COWBOY

No! You stay the fuck down!

DOC JAY

Cover me!

DOC

JAY jumps over the wall and, ducking low, zig-
zags across the open
ground.

The squad fires to cover him.

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

COWBOY

Goddamn it!
Goddamn it! Okay, cease fire!
He's there!

Adlibs of "Cease fire!"

80 SNIPER P.O.V.--DAY

DOC JAY, Seen over the sights of the SNIPER's
AK-47,
drags EIGHTBALL toward cover.

81 EXT. THE SQUARE--DAY

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

The squad
opens fire again.

COWBOY

Hold your fire! Hold your
fire!!! Cease fire!
You can't see the sniper! Save the ammo!

Nobody fire till I tell you! Nobody!

ANIMAL MOTHER

What
the fuck do we do now, Cowboy?

COWBOY

Gimme that
fucking radio.

DONLON scuttles over with the radio.

COWBOY

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

MURPHY

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

COWBOY

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

MURPHY

(o.s.)

Sorry, Cowboy. No luck so far with the tank.
Will advise. Over.

COWBOY

Roger. Out.
(muttering to himself)
Numbnut
bastards!
(to the squad)
Okay, listen up!

T.H.E. ROCK

Listen up!

COWBOY

Can't afford to wait
for the tank. I think
they're gonna hit us any minute. When they

do we won't have time to pull out. We gotta do
it now. Let's get
ready to move.

No one moves or says anything.

T.H.E. ROCK

Get ready to pull out!

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

COWBOY

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

ANIMAL

MOTHER

Yeah, well, what about Doc Jay and Eightball?

COWBOY

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

COWBOY

Doc Jay and Eightball are wasted! You know
that!

ANIMAL

MOTHER

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

COWBOY

Stand down,
Mother! That's a direct order!

ANIMAL MOTHER

Fuck you,
Cowboy! Fuck all you assholes!

ANIMAL MOTHER jumps over the wall and

runs

screaming and firing his M-60.

The squad fires to cover him,
blasting chunks of
mortar and concrete from the buildings.

ANIMAL MOTHER

(screaming)

Fucking son-of-a-bitch! You
motherfucker!

Aaagh! Whooo!

ANIMAL MOTHER reaches the buildings
and drops
down against a shattered wall. He calls across the
open
street.

ANIMAL MOTHER

Doc! Doc! Doc! Where's the
sniper?

DOC JAY tries to speak.

ANIMAL MOTHER

Doc,
where's the sniper?

Barely able to move, DOC JAY tries to point in the
direction of the SNIPER.

Suddenly he and EIGHTBALL are riddled by a
burst
of automatic fire from the SNIPER, Killing them
instantly.

ANIMAL MOTHER's eyes widen in horror.

ANIMAL MOTHER

(under his breath)

Shit!

ANIMAL MOTHER gets to his feet and edges
forward to
the corner of the building.

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

BANG!

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

He ducks back around the
corner, breathing hard.

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

He shouts to the
squad.

ANIMAL MOTHER
Hey, Cowboy!

COWBOY

Yeah!

ANIMAL MOTHER
Doc Jay and Eightball are wasted!
There's
only one sniper, nothing else. Move up the
squad!
You're clear up to here! Come on!

COWBOY isn't sure what to do.

COWBOY

(mutters)
Son-of-a-bitch.

The squad look to
him.

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

COWBOY

Okay, listen up!

No-Doze, Stutten, Donlon, Rock--you
come
with me, we'll take a look! The rest of you
stay put and
cover our ass! We may be
coming back in a big hurry!

JOKER

I'm going with you.

RAFTERMAN

I'm coming,
too.

COWBOY

Okay.

(To the others)

You
all set?

Adlibs "Yeah!"

COWBOY

Let's move out!

T.H.E. ROCK

Let's do it!

The five men clamber over the wall and
dash
across the broken ground to the smouldering
cluster of
buildings.

When they reach ANIMAL MOTHER he leads them
to a street
off the square where they duck down
against a shattered building.

They catch their breath and move forward to the
next building, where
they crouch down against
the wall.

ANIMAL MOTHER

(pointing)

Cowboy . . . top of the black building,
around the
corner.

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

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

COWBOY

Donlon ... give me that radio.

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

83

SNIPER P.O.V. OF COWBOY

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

84 EXT. SQUARE--DUSK

COWBOY

Murphy, this is Cowboy. Over!

A gunshot reverberates.

In slow-motion COWBOY falls.

JOKER

Cowboy!

ANIMAL

MOTHER starts firing his M-60.

RAFTERMAN

(shouting)

Holy shit! The sniper's got a clean shot
through the
hole in the wall.

Much yelling, shouting and confusion as the men
realize where the shot came from.

JOKER

(shouting)

Get him! Get him the fuck outta here!!

COWBOY is
carried behind the building.

All talk at once.

JOKER

Easy! Easy!

DONLON
Get him on his back.

Adlibs.

COWBOY
(weakly)
Oh, I don't believe this shit.

Adlibs, fumbling for bandages, etc.

JOKER
Shut up!
You'll be all right, Cowboy.

T.H.E. ROCK
Take it easy,
Cowboy.

Four pairs of hands doing things.

COWBOY
(moaning)
Uhhh, that son-of-a-bitch!

JOKER
You're
gonna be all right.

T.H.E. ROCK
You're going home, man.
You're going home.

DONLON
Easy, man. Easy. Easy.

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

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

COWBOY begins to lose consciousness.

JOKER
Cowboy...

DONLON

Hang on, man. Hang on!

COWBOY

(coughs)

I ... I can hack it.

T.H.E. ROCK

You can
hack it.

COWBOY

I can. I-I...

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

JOKER bends down and hugs COWBOY.

Nobody moves.

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

JOKER
is the last to get up.

They stand looking at the body.

ANIMAL

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

He looks at
COWBOY and then at JOKER.

ANIMAL MOTHER

Let's go get
some payback.

JOKER looks up slowly.

JOKER

(in cold anger)

Okay.

ANIMAL MOTHER leads then down a narrow
street.

They stop to take cover behind a building just off
the
square.

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

Give 'em
some smoke.

He and JOKER toss three smoke grenades into the
square.
They explode with a dull bang.

They wait while the square slowly
fills with
smoke.

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

85 INT. BLACK
BUILDING

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

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

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

JOKER and RAFTERMAN
follow ANIMAL MOTHER the
other way.

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

(pointing)
JOKER, in there! New Guy with me.

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

86 INT. WRECKED AND BURNING LOBBY--DAY

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

JOKER inches slowly into the room.

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

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

He raises his rifle, aims and squeezes the trigger.

A loud click.

In slow motion the SNIPER turns to face JOKER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RAFTERMAN has come up and fires his M-16 into the girl's body.

JOKER
stands trembling against the shattered column.

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

It's clear.

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

RAFTERMAN
We got the sniper!

The SNIPER lies on the floor, writhing in pain.

JOKER and RAFTERMAN cautiously approach her.

RAFTERMAN kicks away her AK-47.

The two men stare at her in disbelief:

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

They are startled by a faint sound.

They dive for cover.

They listen.

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

ANIMAL MOTHER
Joker?

JOKER

Yo.

ANIMAL

MOTHER

What's up?

JOKER

We got the sniper.

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

RAFTERMAN

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

RAFTERMAN laughs
hysterically, and kisses his rifle.

RAFTERMAN

Am I bad?
Am I a life-taker? Am I a heart-
breaker?

No one pays any
attention to RAFTERMAN.

The SNIPER gasps, whimpers.

DONLON stares
at her.

DONLON

What's she saying?

JOKER

(after a pause)
She's praying.

T.H.E. ROCK

No more
boom-boom for this baby-san. There's
nothing we can do for her.
She's dead meat.

ANIMAL MOTHER stares down at the SNIPER.

ANIMAL MOTHER

Okay. Let's get the fuck outta here.

JOKER

What about her?

ANIMAL MOTHER

Fuck her. Let
her rot.

The SNIPER prays in Vietnamese.

JOKER

We
can't just leave her here.

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

JOKER stares at ANIMAL MOTHER.

JOKER

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

ANIMAL MOTHER looks down at the SNIPER.

SNIPER

(whimpering)

Sh . . . sh-shoot . . . me. Shoot . . . me.

ANIMAL

MOTHER looks at JOKER.

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

JOKER looks at the SNIPER.

The four
men look at JOKER.

SNIPER

(gasping)

Shoot .
. . me . . . shoot . . . me.

JOKER slowly lifts his pistol and looks
into her
eyes.

SNIPER

Shoot . . . me.

JOKER jerks
the trigger.

BANG!

The four men are silent.

JOKER stares down at
the dead girl.

RAFTERMAN

(laughs)

JOKER ...

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

(laughs)

JOKER looks at RAFTERMAN, blankly.

DONLON

Hard core, man. Fucking hard core.

87 EXT. BURNING
CITY--NIGHT.

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

JOKER

(narration)

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

The marines start to sing.

MARINE PLATOON

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

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

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

welcome as can be.

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

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey

Mouse.)

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)
Forever let us hold our

banner high.

High. High. High.

Come along and sing a song and
join the

jamboree.

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

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

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

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

M-I-C-K-E-Y

M-O-U-S-E.

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey

Mouse.)

Forever let us hold our banner high.

High. High. High.

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

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

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

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

Who is marching coast to
coast and far across

the sea?

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

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Forever let us hold his banner high.

High. High. High.

Come

along and sing a song and join the
family.

M-I-C-K-E-Y

M-O-U-S-E.

JOKER

(voiceover)

My thoughts
drift back to erect nipple wet
dreams about Mary Jane Rottencrotch

and

the Great Homecoming Fuck Fantasy. I am so

happy that I am
alive, in one piece and short.
I'm in a world of shit . . . yes. But
I am alive.
And I am not afraid.

MARINE PLATOON

(singing)
Come along and sing this song and join our
family.

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

The marines march off into the distance.

MARINE PLATOON

(singing)
Who's the leader of the club
that's made for
you and me?
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E
Hey
there! Hi there! Ho there!
You're as welcome as can be.

Mickey
Mouse ...

The sound fades away as the scene fades to black.