

GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM

A Comedy

by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. CONTROL ROOM - CLOSE ON THE V.U. METER OF A 1
RADIO CONTROL BOARD

OVER this, then OVER MUSIC, and as the CREDITS ROLL, we hear a dry, humorless and therefore informative radio voice say the following:

INFORMATIVE VOICE

Barring any change in the weather, the softball game between the 133rd and fourth infantry divisions will resume as scheduled at the Ban Mi Thout Park corner of Viet Ho and Hguen Van Theiuh Streets here in Saigon. Please make a note of it. Those men who lost equipment in last week's rains are asked to contact Lieutenant Sam Scheer. Lieutenant Scheer asks those men with waterlogged mitts to make every effort to dry them out in the sun before requesting new ones. Headquarters Support Activities Saigon operates libraries at six locations in the Republic of Vietnam. American personnel can check out a book in Ku Bai, Da Nang, Phung Tao, Saigon, Bien Wah and San Treng. If you can't stop in and select your own books, write to the HSAS Library. Ask for the books, by author, title, and subject and your selections will be mailed to you. Those personnel wishing to send Christmas cards home to the States are asked to do so no later than August 13 due to a yearly mail rush at that time. Don't disappoint your family with late Christmas cards. Mail your holiday cards out in August. Lost luggage: The Armed Forces sincerely regrets any inconvenience due to luggage lost on transport carriers. Personnel missing luggage are asked to drop a card to Major Gerald Kleiner over at the 5th. The card should be no larger than four by five inches and should describe the contents of your duffle.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

INFORMATIVE VOICE (CONT'D)

Major Kleiner requests that you do not describe your duffle as all duffles look alike. Those personnel with lost bags can receive a stipend to cover contents such as shoes, socks, and undergarments. The military requests that you do not apply for stipends if you have not lost a bag.

2 OMITTED
thru
102
thru
10

11 EXT. TAN SON NHUT AIRPORT - DC-8 - DAY

11

OVER the end of the last speech we see this busy, hot, relatively small airport where palm trees move casually in the soft tropical wind. A DC-8 that has just landed, taxis in, its huge engine and wheels FILLING THE FRAME and KILLING THE SOUND OF THE RADIO.

ED GARLICK, a good-natured, young Airman of about 22 waits amid the throngs of servicemen. He peers expectantly toward the DC-8, carefully looking over each GI that climbs down the ladder.

ADRIAN CRONAUER emerges from the plane and stands without conviction at the top of the gangplank, a thick wall of moist heat frying him to his spot and drenching him in sweat. He appears dazed. He sports a crazed, anaesthesia-oriented smile, and wears mirrored sunglasses, sandals, a jacket with a name tag that reads, "Hiya," a scarf knitted by a grandmother, not necessarily his, Jamaican flour sack pants, a USAF hat, and a Greek peasant shirt stained with juices of many lands. He looks into the blazing sun. He and everyone he sees is sweating.

CRONAUER

(shedding scarf)

Guess I won't be needing this.

He looks around and smiles, about to think some optimistic thought. He waits a moment, thinks better of this, and tries to head back onto the plane. A disembarking soldier prevents that from happening.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Take me elsewhere. I'll buy you a Pontiac.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Suddenly Garlick spots him. Relatively short, and wearing pink, translucent glasses, Garlick has a cute, pudgy face with a small, funny nose, a practically non-existent chin, and blue, bulging eyes. He's the kind of guy who'd do you a favor no matter how much it costs him, and no matter how well he knows you.

GARLICK

(extends hand)

Airman Cronauer? Welcome to Saigon. Warm, huh?

CRONAUER

Warm?! This is the setting for London broil.

GARLICK

It's hot, sir, there's little question.

(smiles, extends hand)

Airman First Class Edward Montesque-Garlick.

CRONAUER

First thing you'll want to do is requisition a name change.

GARLICK

(starts down gangplank)

I like you already.

12 INT. COLONEL AVERY TAYLOR'S OFFICE

12

COLONEL AVERY TAYLOR, a tall, slim, distinguished man of 55 or 60, sits behind a large, dark oak desk listening intently to SERGEANT MAJOR DICKERSON, 42, a stern, no-nonsense career man who stands before him, agitated. LIEUTENANT STAN HAUK, a tall, nervous, extra-concerned man, a man trying to make the world, if not a little better place for all, then a little better for himself, sits in a chair, preoccupied, listening.

DICKERSON

No. Frankly, I don't understand.

TAYLOR

Kindly lower your voice, Sgt. Major.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

DICKERSON

I run this show. If something's not going well, I answer for it. Don't I deserve to be notified of any change?

TAYLOR

In principal, yes. But this guy had a terrific show over at AFRS in Crete which I heard when I was over there. He really made me laugh. And the guys loved him. You were in Hong Kong, so I took it upon myself to make the change. Oh, what are you getting crazy about, Dick? We're only talking about a DJ.

DICKERSON

There's no such thing as "only" anymore, Colonel. Not in this city.

13 EXT. TAN SAN NHUT AIRPORT

13

Garlick and Cronauer make it toward the Jeep with Cronauer's bags. As Cronauer rarely looks where he is walking, he nearly bumps into about 300 Vietnamese.

GARLICK

I'm your Armed Forces Radio-Saigon Assistant in Charge of Orientation and Billeting of Enlisted Personnel and Company Clerk. Basically, it means I take care of piddly stuff.

(checks watch)

Right now we've got to hightail it over to the station so you can meet the brass. After that we can have lunch.

CRONAUER

We should have literally no problem finding an oriental restaurant.

GARLICK

(taking his bag,
excited)

Sir, you're funny; there's no question about it.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Garlick throws the bag into the back of a Jeep. Cronauer climbs in, and Garlick nervously climbs in. He starts the engine but it was already started. It makes a terrible GRINDING SOUND.

GARLICK
(continuing; shrugs
sheepishly)
It was already started.

CRONAUER
I understand.

14 EXT. SAIGON STREET - GOLDEN MOUNT

14

Garlick puts the Jeep into gear and, with a sudden jerk, pulls through the lot and heads for traffic, testing the wheel a little, enjoying the feel of it.

GARLICK
I love driving. I'm a little
crazy that way. I especially love
making left-hand turns for some
reason.

Cronauer just looks at him.

Garlick TURNS ON THE RADIO. Cronauer gazes into the strange heat, confusion and traffic of midday Saigon. The dull, almost anachronistic SOUND OF A PERRY COMO SONG COMES OVER THE RADIO.

CRONAUER
(turns to Garlick,
concerned)
Excuse me. Is that Perry Como, or
are we dead?

GARLICK
I believe it is Como, sir.

The SONG ENDS. A radio voice comes on. It's a very dry, dull voice that wouldn't be difficult to fall asleep to, even if you were very hyper:

RADIO VOICE
... that was "Papa Loves Mambo" by
the wonderful Perry Como. It's
14:19 hours and this is AFRS,
Radio Saigon. "Greetings" to all
our servicemen in the area and
thanks so heartily for joining us.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)
 AFRS Radio is owned and operated
 by the United States Government,
 and operates on an assigned
 carrier frequency of 540 with
 effective radiated power of 7,553
 watts using studio transmitter
 link KR 2831 at 749 megahertz.

CRONAUER
 (concerned)
 What that man just said was very,
 very boring.

GARLICK
 Not really. See, the purpose...

RADIO VOICE
 Now, AFRS is proud to bring you
 the following uninterrupted
 selections by Mantovanni...

CRONAUER
Mantovanni?! That's suicide!
 They play Mantovanni to insomniacs
 who don't respond to strong drugs.

GARLICK
 (protective)
 Sir, the Colonel likes "easy
 listening." Now I'm really going
 to have to ask you to...

15 EXT. OLD PARLIAMENT BOULEVARD AND PAVEMENT CAFE

15

But Cronauer's attention is quickly diverted when he
 spots a young, slim, pretty Asian woman with soft,
 lovely features in a crowd.

CRONAUER
 Young Asian woman with soft,
 lovely features at 11 o'clock.
Stop the car.

Garlick doesn't; Cronauer reacts.

CRONAUER
 (continuing)
 Are you crazy? You don't
 understand. I'm attracted to very
 few people. I broke up with
 someone last year.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CRONAUER (CONT'D)

It was a very heavy relationship, replete with crying. She left me for a tall person. I didn't think I could ever love again. Now that I find that I can, you won't stop? Please go back.

GARLICK

We have a very important meeting with the top brass.

16 EXT. CHAKKA PHAT PONG ROAD

16

Garlick gets into the thick of traffic. Cronauer takes a deep breath and tries to settle in for the ride. He suddenly spots another young, slim, pretty Asian woman in a crowd.

CRONAUER

There she is again!

GARLICK

That's another person!

CRONAUER

I can love. That's the important thing.

GARLICK

Sir! This is the military...

17 EXT. AFRS COMPOUND

17

Garlick and Cronauer are waved through at the guard gate by a South Vietnamese soldier. Garlick bucks the Jeep abruptly into a spot and CUTS THE ENGINE.

GARLICK

One great thing about Vietnam -- never a problem parking. Never.

18 INT. AFRS HALLWAY

18

Garlick walks Cronauer down the cool, dark corridor.

GARLICK

(checking watch)

Lt. Hauk is our immediate supervisor. A little goofy, but okay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

GARLICK (CONT'D)

Sgt. Major Dickerson's another story. He used to be the commander of an elite, special forces unit. He developed some prostate problems and some kind of social infection that doesn't go away.

(very confidentially)

Plus, I think he also got shot in the behind.

Cronauer's sonorous laughter booms through the hall.

19 INT. AFRS LOBBY

19

GARLICK

... Anyway, stay clear of him.

As they move down the hall toward a door marked "Lieutenant Hauk," we see Colonel Taylor who steps it up until he catches up with the men.

TAYLOR

(extending hand)

Airman Cronauer? Colonel Taylor.
Pleasure to meet you, son.

CRONAUER

Hiya, sir.

GARLICK

(wincing)

We're not supposed to
address a Colonel using,
"Hiya."

TAYLOR

Cronauer, we're counting on you.
If you need anything, give a
holler.

20 INT. LT. HAUK'S OFFICE

20

Garlick leads Cronauer past Hauk's secretary, PVT. DENNIS ABERSOLD, a thin, wan, annoying creature of 32, who sits at the entrance to Hauk's office. Through a second door we see a nervous, insecure Lieutenant with large ears, worried about a million things he has no control over, giving orders to an underling. He is Lieutenant Stan F. Hauk.

GARLICK

That's Hauk. With the ears.

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

If they flapped, they could lift him up and fly him to Guam.

Garlick laughs. The underling exits. Garlick and Cronauer enter.

HAUK

(to Garlick)

You know, it wouldn't kill you people to salute me once in a while.

(to Cronauer)

Hey. I understand you're pretty funny as a DJ and, well, humor and comedy is a kind of hobby of mine. Perhaps some night you and I could swap humorous stories together. For fun.

CRONAUER

Oh, definitely. Also, you can come over to my house when my mother is gone and we can compare Hungarian stamp collections.

Hauk doesn't follow. Sgt. Major Dickerson enters. The large, unhappy man we saw in the first scene moves swiftly into the room and stares at the DJ, obviously disgusted by his appearance. Garlick gestures to Cronauer that this is the guy to watch out for.

DICKERSON

Who has this man's papers?

Hauk hands them over. Dickerson peruses them.

DICKERSON

(continuing)

Air Force. Great.

(laughs with scorn)

Next they'll be sending me Coast Guard people, and after that, retarded Cub Scouts.

(re Cronauer's duffle)

Open the bag.

Cronauer does. Dickerson peers inside and sees four bottles of ouzo and a sock. Dickerson holds up the sock for an explanation.

CRONAUER

A man needs something to wear, sir.

(CONTINUED)

DICKERSON

(pressing)

And you are not in your military
issue, Airman.

(louder)

What are you wearing, Airman.

Cronauer looks down at his torn, faded, but still somehow loud Greek peasant shirt and homely, baggy pair of Bermuda shorts.

CRONAUER

This, sir, is the evening wear of choice for the many camp counselors in Fiji, sir. It also serves as casual wear for the Postal workers of Bali and is the official, and I might add, delightful uniform of Alcoholics Anonymous in Honolulu.

Hauk grimaces. Garlick shuts his eyes. There is a frighteningly tense beat as Dickerson's normally angry eyes bulge black with rage and contempt. He pushes Cronauer to the wall and grabs him.

DICKERSON

I don't like you, Airman, and already the feelings run real deep. You're soft. I had a guy like you out in the field one time. He got blown to pieces, but not before his stupidity took the lives of three very fine men.

Cronauer is about to speak quietly.

DICKERSON

(continuing)

You shut your fucking mouth!
You're in Southeast Asia now, pal. You got your comfy little assignment. You're here, and there's not much I can do about it, so in time I hope I can forget it. Stay out of my way, and you'll have no problem. Toy with me and I'll burn you so bad you'll wish you died as a child.

Dickerson lets Cronauer go, nods to Hauk and exits.

CRONAUER

He reminds me of Julie Andrews.
Around the eyes, right?

21 INT. CRONAUER'S ROOM - VERY TIGHT CLOSEUP - THE INNER THIRD OF A FACE 21

saying:

GARLICK

Sir, it's time to rise.

ON Cronauer now. His startled eyes are open very wide.

CRONAUER

If this is a dream, please, God,
let's move on to the next series.

But Garlick props him up. A clock reads 5:12 a.m. A bed at the other side of the room is already made. Cronauer moves grudgingly out of bed and hobbles toward the bathroom with Garlick's help.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

It is very, very early; I may try
to hurt you.

22 INT. AFRS HALLWAY 22

Garlick and Cronauer walk down the cool, dark hallway. TELETYPE MACHINES BUZZ in one of the rooms, spitting out pages of news.

22A INT. RADIO CONTROL ROOM AREA 22A

GARLICK

We still have a few minutes before
your show begins.

(checks watch)

When it's time to read the news
you just take it out of these
machines. You can edit it as you
wish.

23 INT. PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICE 23

Garlick walks up to a door marked "OFFICE OF PUBLIC INFORMATION." Two similar looking, moustached soldiers sitting at a desk perusing various printed materials look up with no facial expressions.

GARLICK

... But regardless of what you
read, the Department of Defense
wants final say, so every item
must be checked by these guys.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

There is a CAR NOISE heard through the window. The moustached men look to the right in unison, then back at Cronauer at exactly the same time, expressionless.

CRONAUER

(exiting; re censors)

Very special individuals.

24 INT. AFRS HALLWAY

24

Cronauer follows Garlick down the hallway to a door marked CONTROL ROOM where we see a very hefty man of 30 or so with a baby face, tremendously large mouth, and a flat-top haircut booming the news into a microphone. A red light above reads "On Air."

The minute the lights goes off (a brief pre-recorded public service tape is played), DREIWITZ spots a few moisture rings on his console. He frantically grabs a can of Endust and sprays it, trying to wipe the ring out of the wood. When the announcement finishes and the red light goes back on, the Engineer tries to cue him, but Dreiwitz continues wiping furiously at the spot. We hear the MUFFLED EXCHANGE through the glass in the door, as McPHERSON turns the red light off.

McPHERSON

I'm trying to tell you you're on the air.

DREIWITZ

But this console is filthy. Who on earth has the gall to place coffee cups on a console with a rosewood veneer?

McPherson grabs the can of polish and the rag, puts the red light back on and again cues Dreiwitz, who begins broadcasting again.

GARLICK

(explaining)

That's Marty Lee Dreiwitz. He's impeccably clean. He's the only NCO I know of who shipped a duffle from Wisconsin that was completely packed with dust mops. Also, he's your roommate, so you might want to look into suicide.

Muffled, we hear Dreiwitz reading the local news, European news, and news of an impending visit by former VP Richard M. Nixon, but it all sounds like he's announcing the Top 40.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Dreiwitz finishes up with info on local films for GI's, where GI's can go for reputable shoe repairs, bowling, and music lessons.

25 INT. CONTROL ROOM

25

The red light goes off and MUSIC GOES ON. Garlick ushers Cronauer into the Control Room. Phil McPherson, the engineer, a man of 35 who's quiet, thoughtful and shuts his eyes completely to emphasize things, rises. Dreiwitz jumps up. His voice doesn't sound so much human as it does like a radio announcement.

GARLICK

Gentlemen, our new DJ: Airman Cronauer.

DREIWITZ

Whoa! Great to meet you, even though you're short!

(confidential)

Hey, can you say something funny right this minute?

CRONAUER

I doubt it.

DREIWITZ

(howls)

"I doubt it!" Ha ha! Hilarity! The man is naturally hilarious! I already enjoy him more than Joey Bishop. You know, I never could fully understand the appeal of Joey Bishop. The guy just stands up, looks into a camera, and says things that have absolutely no appeal. Yet he's on TV and he stays on. Would anyone care to explain that one to me?

(beat, checks time)

Incidentally, your morning show begins in eight seconds.

As the song "How Do You Do What You Do to Me" by Freddy and the Dreamers ends, McPherson turns on the "record" light and Dreiwitz booms:

DREIWITZ

(continuing; into mike)

And now, direct from AFRS in Crete, the smooth, smooth sound of Airman Adrian Cronauer!

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

CRONAUER

(into mike)

Goooooooooooooood morning, Vietnam. That was "How Do You Do What You Do to Me" by Freddy and the Dreamers. Not a great song, but at least you don't have to watch him do "The Freddy." A very unenjoyable dance that is not catching on.

26 INT. LT. HAUK'S OFFICE

26

Hauk and Abersold listen at Hauk's desk.

HAUK

"Good Morning, Vietnam?" What the hell's that supposed to mean?

ABERSOLD

I guess it means, "Good morning."

HAUK

And who gave anyone permission to play modern music? That's not what we program here.

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Anyway, it's a delightful six AM here in Southeast Asia. I'm Airman A. Cronauer, I'm on now and again at four PM. I'm delighted to be here. I love a police action. It keeps you on your toes. In fact, a good military occupation can keep you awake much better than even a very strong cup of cappuccino.

ABERSOLD

He's funny. Like a Marx brother.

HAUK

I don't find him funny at all.

27 INT. AFRS HALLWAY

27

We hear the sonorous beat of the Dave Clark Five SINGING "Glad All Over." Hauk, obviously reacting to this, walks quickly down the hall, an annoyed man with a mission. The salutes he receives along the way are spotty at best. Colonel Taylor comes out of his office.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Hauk turns on the charm which takes a little edge off his real purpose as the SONG RIPS through the hallways.

HAUK

Sir, hello.

TAYLOR

(distracted)

What? Oh. Hello, Hauk.

HAUK

Sir, I want you to know I'll be doing everything I can to delete just this type of modern musical aberration from future programming choices.

TAYLOR

What? Oh, I don't know. It's kind of interesting. I find it cheerful.

HAUK

(astonished)

What? Please qualify, sir. I thought the Colonel preferred selections by personages such as Mantovanni.

TAYLOR

(shrugs)

It's like Mantovanni, Lieutenant, only faster and with drums.

The Colonel moves on, leaving Hauk alone and confused in the hallway.

28 EXT. SAIGON STREET

28

Two off-duty GI's sit on a bench in the noonday heat and try to keep cool with a beer while listening to a TRANSISTOR.

CRONAUER (V.O.)

That was the Dave Clark Five singing "Glad All Over" which is not exactly how I feel when I step outside. Which brings me to the weather. Here's today's forecast:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

CRONAUER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hot today and continued unbelievably hot with a chance of tremendous heat in the morning, cooling off to a great deal of hotness later in the day, and down to just very hot tonight. Tomorrow? Searing heat in the mountains, sweltering heat in the valleys, hot as hell at the beaches. In other words, tomorrow's weather will be exactly the same as today's.

28A EXT. SHOT OF BOAT ON RIVER - DUSK

28A

28B EXT. MARINE ENCAMPMENT NEAR MEKONG

28B

A single U.S. Army helicopter hovers overhead as a handful of U.S. soldiers dig into an installation. Several sweating men listen to a RADIO off to the side. They smoke cigarettes.

CRONAUER (V.O.)

We've also got music by the Shirelles, as well as some groups that sing in tune. And in about an hour, after my show, your host will be Airman Dan "Red" Levitan, a quiet, introspective man with limp, damaged hair. But first here's the news cleared specifically for your enjoyment by the U.S. Army, one of the best smelling armies in the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 INT. CONTROL ROOM

29

About an hour later. Cronauer starts out of the Control Room after his show. We see through the glass window of the Control Room door that the next DJ has taken over. He is a flush-faced, slim man with dingy red hair and turns out to be the man with the informative voice.

DJ 1

... will be speaking informally both on that and a variety of other subjects of interest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

DJ 1 (CONT'D)

AFRS, however, assumes no responsibility to servicemen who miss that lecture. Those interested in attending are asked to send a postal card to Lieutenant Thomas Melvin. The cards should be no larger than four by five inches...

30 AFRS HALLWAY

30

Cronauer opens the door to the hallway where Garlick waits for him.

CRONAUER

(re DJ 1)

He has limp, red, severely damaged hair, but does that stop him from being a fiery ball of unbelievable excitement? Not on your life!

31 INT. AFRS - HALLWAY - (CONTINUING)

31

Cronauer and Garlick start down the hall and are soon joined by McPherson, Abersold, and Dreiwitz. Cronauer is cheerfully greeted by two MP's as the crew files toward the conference room.

MP I

Good show, Airman. Enjoyed it.

MP II

Absolutely. "Best smelling army in the world." Funny. And true.

CRONAUER

(overly gracious)

Thank you so very much, gentlemen. Greatly appreciate the generous vote of confidence.

(confidential to Garlick)

You always want to stay on beautiful terms with guys that large.

32 INT. DJ'S RESTROOM

32

McPherson, Abersold, Dreiwitz and Cronauer enter the meeting room. A PHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

Garlick runs for it and logs the call as he thanks the caller. Hauk enters suddenly and with great pride and officiousness, as always trying to appear more important, more worldly, more wanted than he actually is. He looks around the room quickly perusing the personnel.

HAUK

Where's Airman Bloom?

McPHERSON

Asleep, sir. He was on the air all night. Levitan is on the air at the moment.

HAUK

(exhales)

Fine. Okay. At ease.

CRONAUER

(looking around)

Nobody's at attention.

HAUK

Just cool your tongue, Airman, because I intend to take issue with your performance on the air. First of all, don't make fun of the weather here. And don't say the weather is the same every day here, because it's not. In fact, it's cooler today than yesterday.

CRONAUER

Cooler?! It's a billion fucking degrees out there. My car melted yesterday.

The others laugh.

HAUK

I'm trying to run a meeting. Firstly, I hate that you people never salute. I'm a Lieutenant, and I would like salutes occasionally. That's what being a higher rank is all about. Second, programming taste:

(to Cronauer)

Frank, I found your "I love a police action" comment way out of line. How can you have the gall to compare the conflict in Vietnam with a glass of cappucino coffee?

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

Just trying to be funny, sir.

HAUK

Well, do it by using comedy, not "police action" and "coffee" remarks. Never, ever compare a U.S. supported military action with a glass of coffee, or any other beverage. Now. Programming. You are to stick to normal modes of music. Not wild stuff. Those we find acceptable here would include Lawrence Welk, Jim Nabors, Mantovanni, Trini Lopez, Perry Como, Andy Williams, and certain songs by Frank Sinatra. Understood?

CRONAUER

Absolutely.

HAUK

Now. Former Vice President Richard Nixon will be here this week. Dreiwitz, you are scheduled to cover the P.C.?

GARLICK

(whispers to Cronauer)
He likes to say "PC" instead of "press conference." The Lieutenant loves abbreviations.

HAUK

And if you do happen to speak with him, please be polite, and informal. Okay, who do we have slated as far as live talent for November?

MCPHERSON

We originally wanted Bob Hope, but it turns out he won't come.

GARLICK

He doesn't play police actions. Just wars. He likes a big room.

Everyone laughs.

HAUK

(furious)
That is not funny.

Everyone stops. There is a long beat of silence. Garlick sobers quickly.

(CONTINUED)

GARLICK

(very quiet now)

I'm sorry, sir. You're right. It wasn't funny.

CRONAUER

(smiles, whispers to Garlick)

What are you crazy? That was hilarious.

ABERSOLD

How about if it escalated?

HAUK

(about to continue)

How about if what escalated?

ABERSOLD

(beat)

The Vietnam conflict.

HAUK

(outraged)

We are not going to escalate a whole war so that we can book a big comedian.

(calms down)

We can get Tony Bennett. Or Trini Lopez.

CRONAUER

You want to boost morale, get the Beach Boys.

DREIWITZ

We tried. They're on the beach now and their agent said they won't be off the sand until November.

HAUK

(stands)

I thought I just said that kind of music was inappropriate. Knock it off now, people. Garlick: be sure to brief those DJ's who are absent on what they missed at today's meeting. The former Vice President will be here Friday. I expect every minute of the PC to be taped and broadcast within twelve hours of his arrival. Something funny, Garlick?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4)

32

GARLICK

(officials)

No, sir. The former Vice
President is a delight, sir.

Abersold follows Hauk out.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. AFRS HALLWAY - DAY

33

It is afternoon. A few days later. Cronauer and Garlick walk down the cool, dark hallway. As they head outside, we see through the glass in the Control Room door that another DJ is at the mike.

DJ 2

... those uniforms are supplied by the military and are, of course, cleaned and pressed free of charge... Requests: Soldiers wishing to hear requests on AFRS radio can do so by mail or by any one of several military communications networks. Please be sure to include your name, ranks, and infantry division, if any. The news is up next, followed by...

34 EXT. AFRS - DAY (CONTINUING)

34

Cronauer and Garlick emerge from the cool, dark hallway into an eye-closing blast of tropical heat which fries Cronauer to his spot.

CRONAUER

Pardon me, Edward. Is my hair on fire?

They head toward Garlick's Jeep.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Let's forget this Vietnam business. You and I could go AWOL. We'll catch a flight to the States. I know we're uninformed and untalented and we have no training or intelligence, but that's okay. We could write for TV.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Garlick jumps into the Jeep and STARTS THE ENGINE. Cronauer hops in. Garlick nervously starts up the engine, but it's already started. It makes that GRINDING SOUND again.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

I really hate that, by the way.

35 EXT. SAIGON STREETS

35

Garlick drives slowly down humid, crowded, flower-lined streets teeming with Asians walking, Asians selling wares and flowers. American military men are clearly in evidence, but there is a peacefulness to the street, a certain lack of general preoccupation with troubling events.

GARLICK

There's trouble in the north, but we're securing more areas than we're losing. Saigon's safe, but you've got to exercise caution. A claymore mine that injured seventeen soldiers in the mountains last month was set by a ninety-year-old grandmother.

CRONAUER

My grandmother would never explode a mine. She does fart, though, and believe me, it's almost as bad.

36 EXT. WELFARE HOUSING COMPLEX

36

GARLICK

Ever see any action?

CRONAUER

(incredulous)

In Crete? The closest I came to action was when I spilled some Baclava syrup on a cab driver. He called me a pig, so I told him I had some photos of his mother having sex with dead camels. He threw a melon and ruined my sandals.

GARLICK

Interesting story.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Garlick parks, jumps out of the Jeep, and Cronauer follows him into a bar marked with an ugly marquee that reads, "Jimmy Wah's Bar... Featuring Cocktails."

37 INT. JIMMY WAH'S

37

This is a darkish Chinese restaurant/bar inhabited mainly by U.S. servicemen and B-girls. A small, smiling Chinese MAN runs toward the two from the back, yelling, "Earl" in a high-pitched voice as he approaches.

GARLICK

It's a popular GI hangout. That's Jimmy Wah. He owns the place.

JIMMY WAH

Earl! Earl! Hi, hi, hi, hi,
hi... yes!

(beat)

Now you say "hi" to me, then you smile.

Cronauer and Garlick both say "Hi" and smile.

JIMMY WAH

(continuing)

Hey! You two Earls. What about a couple of beers?

CRONAUER

Are either of our names Earl?

GARLICK

He calls all Americans Earl.

Jimmy Wah smiles coyly, then extends his leg in a strikingly feminine ballet pose, waits, then turns.

CRONAUER

He may be a homo.

GARLICK

Let's put it this way. For three years he's been trying to buy naked photographs of Donald O'Connor. He says he's attracted to Donald O'Connor and some crazy ass black guy from the First Battalion, Second Infantry swore he could get him some naked pictures of the actor. I've tried to tell him it's no-go, but he doesn't stop.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Jimmy comes back with two beers on a tray.

JIMMY WAH
(real confidential)
Any movement on the Donald
O'Connor thing?

GARLICK
No, and it doesn't look good.

JIMMY WAH
(serving
"Ba Muy Ba" Beer. Best beer in
Vietnam.

EVERYONE IN BAR
Only beer in Vietnam.

Cronauer takes a sip of beer and spits it out in a
spray.

JIMMY WAY
(happily explaining)
Formaldehyde! We put in just a
touch of formaldehyde. For
flavor. Some people get sick,
yes, so if you have to be rushed
to a hospital, then when you
return I give you a free salad.

38 POV THROUGH WINDOW TO STREET

38

Just then, like an apparition, in POV, through the
window among the throngs of Asians passing by, Cronauer
sees a young, slender princess of a woman carrying
books. Cronauer bolts for the door.

39 INT. JIMMY WAH'S

39

CRONAUER
(bolting up)
See you.

JIMMY WAH
You can't go yet. You still have
to taste my specialty: spicy
chicken cooked with aged fish
juices, salt, buttermilk and
unusual Chinese flavor pellets.
Very attractive dish, Earl.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

CRONAUER
(already out the door)
I'll never go near it.

40 EXT. TU DO STREET 40

Cronauer runs for the girl with Garlick in tow. The girl gets on a bus.

41 EXT. TU DO STREET 41

GARLICK
Hey! I've got a specific itinerary here.

CRONAUER
She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, and it's just damn good to know I can love again. Now that I know that, there are a few other things I'd like to try.

GARLICK
We can't catch up.

CRONAUER
We'll buy bikes.

GARLICK
That'll take too long.

CRONAUER
Not the way I shop.

41A EXT. SAIGON STREETS 41A

Cronauer politely confronts two adult Vietnamese males and hands them clumps of money for their bikes, gives one to Garlick and jumps on the other in pursuit of the bus. Garlick's bike keeps sliding from under him. He looks down and we see that the wheels are just rims.

GARLICK
(frantic)
There's no actual rubber on my tires!

42 EXT. AMERICAN CULTURAL EXCHANGE 42

Cronauer races his bike toward this beautiful girl as she gets off the bus.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

A sign nearby reads "American/Vietnam Cultural Center. To Promote Cultural Understanding Between Peoples."

CRONAUER

(to girl)

Hi. My name's Adrian Cronauer.
I'm the person who's currently
talking to you.

Incredibly delicate, she stops and looks at him. Not far away, Garlick skids through an intersection on his rims, his life nearly ended by a small foreign sub-compact that comes to a SCREECHING STOP approximately a millimeter from his eyes.

GARLICK

(sweating, to driver)

I really appreciate your stopping.

CRONAUER

(to girl)

Look, I'm not great at picking up girls. I never do it. Once in L.A. I tried to talk to a girl in a Mercedes. She was cute, but when I got to the car, a closer look revealed that she has a few extra fingers I hadn't counted on. I'd rather not go into details. Would you care to go to dinner, marry, have children and move to Brooklyn where life is simple and where there are excellent bakeries?

The girl keeps walking.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

You don't want to have children with me yet; totally understandable. What about dinner?

43 INT. CULTURAL CENTER

43

But she keeps walking, and after a moment the angelic, waif-like creature enters the building. A tall, thin Vietnamese boy of about 17 meets her in the hallway and gives Cronauer a rather annoyed look. The girl joins the boy on their way to the classroom. The screendoor SLAMS back, hitting Cronauer in the forehead.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

CRONAUER

(continuing)

If you're not interested, I'd rather know now than have you string me along.

44 EXT. CULTURAL BUILDING

44

Cronauer goes back around the building to the street where Garlick, shaking from his accident on rubbery legs, pulls himself and his bike up to the curb.

CRONAUER

(to Garlick)

You're going to need some training wheels, pal.

GARLICK

(sweating and newly reverent)

I was almost killed. A car bumper was this far from my nose. My whole life flashed before my eyes, but it wasn't even interesting.

CRONAUER

There's gotta be a way to get into the good graces of this girl.

GARLICK

The whole thing zoomed right by, just the way they say it does: stamp collections, pulling chickweed from my Dad's dichondra, arranging rakes by sizes for Mom in the garage... even encapsulated in two seconds my life is dull. I find that alarming.

CRONAUER

(annoyed)

Will you stay with me on this! How am I going to get this girl to go out with me?

GARLICK

You're not. This is a very different culture. They don't have dating here. You need very specific, family sanctioned introductions.

45 INT. CLASSROOM 45

Cronauer walks over to the window and looks in. In POV we see the class in progress: the beautiful girl stands at the front, talking to the teacher, a blond young soldier named SLOAN.

46 EXT. PORCH CULTURAL CENTER 46

CRONAUER

Would the teacher be allowed to go out with her?

GARLICK

Possibly. But it would involve a very complicated series of... hey!

47 INT. CLASSROOM 47

But Cronauer is already gone. In POV we see him enter the class. We hear a vague, muffled CONVERSATION.

SLOAN

It's not possible.

Cronauer insists that it would mean a great deal to him.

SLOAN

(continuing)

It's not possible.

Cronauer takes out money.

SLOAN

(continuing)

It's possible.

Cronauer hands him about forty dollars. The soldier takes the money and leaves with alacrity.

48 INT. ENGLISH CLASS - SAME 48

Cronauer's now in front of the class, having no idea what to do. His students, numbering about twelve, include LE DUC, a young man; MINE, a young girl; DUOUNG, an old man who smiles a lot; PHAN, a slim teenager; CHIANG; a tall gawky man; TUAN, the good-looking, 17 year-old with searching sensitive eyes we saw earlier; and TRINH, the beautiful young woman Cronauer followed, and the reason he's there.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CRONAUER

Okay, first I'd like you all to write down your names on a piece of paper.

(to Trinh, mostly)

Be sure to include your home and work phone.

TUAN

(rising angrily)

Sgt. Sloan our teacher. You not suppose to being here.

CRONAUER

(wings it)

No, I received strict orders from a colonel... All I need to know now is what subject this is.

One of the kids says quietly, "English."

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Yes! English! Fantastic language. More emotional than German, yet cleaner than Spanish. Let's begin.

DISSOLVE TO:

49 SAME - HOUR LATER

49

Cronauer prompts the class as it recites from scrawl on the blackboard. Cronauer is already laughing.

CLASS

"The homely bachelor came out of his house and ate a fish with his mother."

(beat)

"The preschooler went to the bakery and swatted a fat woman on the behind."

Cronauer laughs.

CRONAUER

Okay. Kitchen utensils.

At the board figures are drawn: a woman, a boy, and utensils marked "boy," "mother," "sink," "spoon," "fork," etc.

Minh waves her hand, and stands.

(CONTINUED)

MINH

The... boy... go into the...
kitchen, and gibh his mather a
fuk.

The class doesn't laugh because they don't know what it means but Cronauer does.

CRONAUER

You'll really want to perfect that
work. It's "fcrk." Everybody.

CLASS

"Fukh."

CRONAUER

"Fork."

CLASS

"Fukh."

CRONAUER

(relents)

"You."

A bell RINGS. The students start out. Some like him and exit happily shaking his hand.

MINH

Missa Cronopp. We liking you.

CRONAUER

(stops)

You know what? I liking you, too.

DUONG

(smiles)

You teaching us American things!
Okay! Pray gamo' sohftball!

CRONAUER

Softball. Maybe if we can find
equipment.

Cronauer's eye is still on Trinh. He starts toward her as the last stragglers file out. Tuan gets between him and the girl.

TUAN

You forget the girl.

CRONAUER

I'll wait until she says no.

The girl is now gone. A door SLAMS behind her.

TUAN

She is saying "no." that is what slamming doors and running away from you means.

CRONAUER

Hey, I'm interested in the girl. I'm not the least bit interested in your love theories.

TUAN

I know because she is my sister.

CRONAUER

(quickly)

I would, however, like to buy you lunch. Come. We'll find a delightful buffet.

TUAN

(beat; backs away)

I not like you, sir.

CRONAUER

Why? I've got a lovely personality; ask anyone.

TUAN

You phony. Like American and French before you. Here to get something, leaving when you not get it. You come into my class. Some many people already like you. But you come for the girl. You not get her, you go.

CRONAUER

(stops, sincerely)

I did finagle my way in for the girl, but I like the class. I'm not leaving. Come on, let's be friends.

TUAN

You like me because my sister.

CRONAUER

(firm)

I like you because you're honest. Come on. I'll buy you a beer.

Cronauer give Tuan a playful jostle and strikes what is supposed to be an endearing, sympathetic, puppy-like pose he considers hard to resist.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

His face contorts, and it looks pretty strange, but it is kind of hard to resist. Tuan looks at him with steely eyes.

TUAN

Your face now looks like many of the fish that is swimming in the Gulf of Thailand.

Cronauer laughs good-naturedly, and gives him another jostle. Tuan tries to walk off, but Cronauer continues to block his way, with the hard to resist face. Finally the boy laughs and gives it. Cronauer takes him around the shoulder and they walk around the building as we PULL BACK.

CRONAUER

The tropical fish comment was an insult; don't think I didn't notice.

51 EXT. A SAIGON STREET

51

Cronauer and Tuan walk amid the throngs of Asians. There are many food vendors in evidence. Cronauer watches a woman serve up a dish of noodles fried with a variety of things that he does not understand.

CRONAUER

Is there anything on this street that doesn't increase diarrhea?

Tuan orders some in Vietnamese. A bowlful is handed to him which Cronauer pays for.

TUAN

You wanting some?

CRONAUER

No, no. I already ate this month.

TUAN

You can buy me lunch, but please forget about my sister. I know Americans. They see a girl with the type breasts they like and they put her in a fancy car, then they buy her some expensive foods, and lie about money, and then try to take her into a bed.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

CRONAUER

(about to argue;
then)

What's wrong with that?

TUAN

More devout here.

(frustrated)

I don't know what you believe in
America. But here, you must learn
before you try things your way.

(calmer now)

What do you believe, Cronow? What
do your people believe where you
come from?

CRONAUER

I come from Long Island. We
believe in shopping.

52 INT. MARKET - DUSK

52

Cronauer spots another food vendor who spills a dark
liquid sprinkled with carrot shreds and ground red
chili on rice.

CRONAUER

What in the hell is that?

TUAN

He pour "Nuoc mahmm" on rice. It
fermented fish juice. Very
famous. You eat some?

CRONAUER

I'd rather die.

TUAN

No! It okay. I not tell you
"okay" otherwise. You like it.
(smiles scornfully)You see? You don't trusting me.

CRONAUER

It's not you, man. I don't like
eating anything after it ferments.

TUAN

You mad I not trust you, but
truth, you not trust me. If you
want be my friend you trusting me,
you would eat it.

Cronauer is between a rock and a hard place.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

CRONAUER
 (looking closer)
 This is already fertilizer.
 (resigned; to vendor)
 Okay, one order.

A large amount is handed to him in an unfortunate looking bowl. Cronauer puts some in his mouth and immediately grabs at his scalp, repressing a scream.

TUAN
 Good?

Cronauer nods affirmatively, though we see the food is very hot. Juice spills from his nostrils.

TUAN
 (continuing;
 disappointed)
 You not like.

CRONAUER
 What?! Are you crazy? You can't
 see that I love this?! This is
 some beautiful sauce!

Cronauer can't keep this ruse up. He begins to cough. The juice spills.

CRONAUER
 (continuing;
 looking down, panicky)
It's eating through my shoes!

Tuan howls with laughter. So does the vendor. Passersby love this, too, many patting Cronauer affectionately.

53 INT. JIMMY WAH'S - NIGHT

53

Cronauer holds the door open for Tuan. The place is packed with U.S. servicemen in a room filled with smoke and an air of debauchery everywhere except at the AFRS table manned by Garlick, Dreiwitz, Abersold, and McPherson. Jimmy Wah starts over.

CRONAUER
 (to Tuan, feeling
 his tongue)
 You know a food is too hot when
 you require emergency skin grafts.
 (calls out).
 Hey, Jimmy! Beers for every
 serviceman!

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY WAH

(peruses room)

Two hundred fifty people. Beer
two bucks each... 500 dollars.

CRONAUER

Beer for every Jewish serviceman.

JIMMY WAH

(looks around,
disappointed)

Four bucks.

Cronauer starts over to the AFRS table. Jimmy Wah
follows attempting jocularly.

JIMMY WAH

(continuing)

Cronolousky! You're Polish! Ha
ha! Cronofilli. Italian. I just
joke.

(suddenly sotto)

I can confide in you. Look at the
shape of that Master Chief Petty
Officer's ankles the way they so
elegantly curve into his work
boots. Help me get some photos of
those ankles. I'll give you my
bar.

CRONAUER

You are one, crazy motherfucker.

Dreiwitz notices that Cronauer has entered. His voice
booms above all others.

DREIWITZ

Ladies and gentlemen and B-girls.
Author of the comment: "Vietnam
keeps you awake better than a cup
of cappuccino"... Adrian Cronauer!

The bar cheers. Servicemen yell comments like, "Funny,
pal. You were hilarious." "Good going" and "He's
pretty short." Cronauer shakes a few hands and
receives congratulatory comments from several groups of
somewhat drunk servicemen.

Cronauer, in an effort to extricate himself from the
embraces of drunk admirers, steps on the foot of one
very large, unappreciative SERGEANT.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT 1

Hey, jerk. What the hell do you think this is.

Cronauer stands only as high as his chin.

CRONAUER

(re: chin)

This? acne.

And he moves to the AFRS table. The guys are conspiring to meet girls.

McPHERSON

You were great, man.
Really.

DREIWITZ

Real primo work, you combine comedy with laughs as well as spills!

CRONAUER

(to Dreiwitz)

Why must you talk like you're a documentary?

(re: Tuan)

Guys, this is a student in a class I started teaching today. Tuan, the guys. The guys, Tuan.

GARLICK

(fixated on girl)

Those are gorgeous gals, but it could never work out. I've always had trouble meeting gals. Especially as a young child.

McPHERSON

Who the hell gets laid as a young child? And stop calling them "gals." Cowgirls are called "gals." Those are gorgeous French-Vietnamese B-girls. Don't ruin it by conjuring up images of Dale Evans.

They AD LIB greetings.

GARLICK

Can you believe the shape of those girls?

Cronauer sees the three young, attractive Asian women who are now talking to the Sergeants we saw earlier. They have smooth legs and perfect behinds.

CRONAUER

Those behinds were developed by Jewish scientists in a special laboratory in Switzerland.

(CONTINUED)

GARLICK

We've been trying like crazy to meet them. But we haven't developed any real good opening lines.

CRONAUER

Girls! C'mon over!

McPHERSON

(slaps his head)

We never tried "C'mon over."

The incredibly well structured Asian women politely leave the company of the Sergeants and amble over to the AFRS table.

ABERSOLD

We're not supposed to fraternize with these types. We were warned about this in a memo.

DREIWITZ

Relax, silly jerkoff.

The girls walk right over to Dreiwitz and Garlick and McPherson who are a little stunned. One sits in Dreiwitz' lap.

DREIWITZ

(continuing)

Wow. Thanks for sitting on just that spot!

GARLICK

I don't know what to say.

McPHERSON

Just don't bring up anything about your coin collection.

As the girls begin to settle in the two angry Sergeants we saw earlier walk over.

SERGEANT 2

(re: Tuan)

Hey, who brought in the "gook"? I
said who brought in the fuckin'
"gook"?

CRONAUER

I did.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER (CONT'D)

Hey, you fellows could make a fortune in the midwest modeling sport jackets in large men's sizes. Let's be friends. The beers are on me.

SERGEANT 1

(incredulous at his gall)

What are you, crazy? Shut up. Just get him out.

The Sergeant pushes Tuan in the direction of the door. Tuan accidentally hits a table leg, trips and falls. Dreiwitz helps him up and wipes a drink and cigarette ash from his face. Now there is silence. Tuan rises angry but silent.

Jimmy Wah, sensing difficulties, scurries over. The situation has become quite tense.

TUAN

(to Cronauer)

We should leaving now.

JIMMY WAH

Good suggestion! I can make your beers "to go." Plus, free peanut butter for each of you any Tuesday.

(no takers)

Also, I throw in fresh egg yolks in a nice dark sauce from Thailand.

(nothing)

Plus money.

CRONAUER

(to Sergeant 1)

You look like you just walked out of "The Great Escape." But why do you look like the Germans?

MCPHERSON

Now's when I'd stop talking.

GARLICK

I'd already be home.

JIMMY WAH

(quickly interceding)

He just kidding! Make jocular. Also, he a lunatic. Just escape from big, ugly mental institution in Korea. Ha ha! Funny!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY WAH (CONT'D)

(angry, to Cronauer)

Go to Milwaukee. I'm serious.
I'll pay.

SERGEANT 1

Look, pal. Let's avoid trouble,
okay? This is a GI bar. It's the
only time we get away from
"gooks." We don't like "gooks"
and don't want them here, okay?

JIMMY WAH

(poo pooing)

Everybody say "gooks." But then
they buy many hors d'oeuvres from
me and I go out and buy a Peugeot.

(putting arms around
the warring factions)

Let's all be swell companions!

CRONAUER

(long beat; to
Sergeant 1)

You know, I've traveled far and
wide. Been all over the world.
Seen lots of people in lots of
places. People in a variety of
different shapes and sizes and
colors. But regardless of where
you go you rarely ever see a man
this large, with this deep a
voice, and this much muscle who
has absolutely no penis.

But the Sergeant is incredulous.

JIMMY WAH

Wait! He means that as a
compliment!

And in this instant Cronauer uses all his might to
smash the Sergeant squarely in the abdomen.

McPHERSON

(shuts his eyes)

Not the right move.

The Sergeant falls back. His friend grabs Cronauer and
throws him halfway across the room. Dreiwitz punches
at the Sergeant but hits him in the neck. The Sergeant
grabs Dreiwitz and breaks a mirror with him. In short
order the bar is one, large mess. A brawl.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (6)

53

Furniture and bottles are hurled with speed and regularity. The place is out of control in no time.

JIMMY WAH

(running, screaming)

Men! Men! Be nice! Please!
Don't throw chairs. You ruin my
interior design when you break my
walls. Stop! Thieves!
Catastrophe!

54 EXT. JIMMY WAH'S

54

MP's eject a soiled Tuan, a bruised and bleeding Cronauer and a dozen others. They lie in the street.

TUAN

(giving in)

Okay, you can meet my sister.

55 INT. SGT. MAJOR DICKERSON'S OFFICE

55

Dickerson sits at his desk looking down at some papers in a file. Cronauer stands before him, bruised and cut below his eye. Dickerson looks up at Cronauer with a smile that you know is not connected to anything pleasant.

DICKERSON

Real predictable.

Cronauer is about to speak.

DICKERSON

(continuing; rising,
 enraged)

You shut your fucking hole You
don't talk, you don't speak, you
don't even think until I tell you
that it's all right, AND IT'S NOT
FUCKING ALL RIGHT.

Dickerson slams his chair against his desk. He walks from his desk halfway around the room and turns as fast as a rocker arm.

DICKERSON

(continuing)

Talk...

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

Couple of guys provoked me.
Pushed around my friend. He was
defenseless...

DICKERSON

So you start a brawl. Turn a
place upside down. The
intelligent way of handling it.

(thunders)

Do you know how ridiculous it
makes me look that a man under my
command starts a fucking bar
brawl? You're not going to last
here, pal.

CRONAUER

Send me back to Crete. I'll get
back to work on my tan.

DICKERSON

You think this is a joke? I can
certainly come up with
alternatives other than Crete.
I'm real good with stuff like
that. It took some doing but I've
gotten people stuck in places they
haven't even considered how to get
out of yet. You don't think I can
come up with something good? Can
you envision some fairly
unattractive alternatives?

CRONAUER

(quietly)

Yes, sir.

DICKERSON

A restaurant brawl; that's one.
Stay cool, Cronauer, because if
you're involved in anything again,
if you're even within range of
something that happens, I'll show
you how much a debt to me can
cost. Am I being fairly clear?

CRONAUER

Yes, sir.

DICKERSON

Now get the hell out of my sight.

Cronauer exits.

56 INT. CRONAUER'S ROOM - EARLY

56

CLOSE ON Marty Dreiwitz's large face as he stares into the face of the sleeping Cronauer.

CRONAUER

(re: Dreiwitz' face)

I don't believe this face! I was having a nightmare that was much more enjoyable.

DREIWITZ

Get up, sleepyhead. You're late.

CRONAUER

Late?! It's still yesterday in a lot of places.

DREIWITZ

The last guy who was late was shipped up north. And he just sent us a very ugly card from somewhere in Cambodia.

57 INT. BATHROOM

57

Dreiwitz heads downstairs. Cronauer jumps up, grabs his shirt and shoes and starts through the hallway in his shorts, throws water on his face, putting some water in his mouth from one sink and spitting the water into another sink on the way.

GARLICK

You should wear pants, sir. Very basic requirement.

58 INT. HALLWAY AND STAIRS

58

Cronauer grabs pants and puts them on as he runs down the hall and downstairs. He grabs the news from the teletype machines, reads it over, then runs the sheets quickly into...

59 INT. CONTROL ROOM AREA

59

... the moustached GUYS in the Office of Public Information who peruse it for content.

CRONAUER

'Morning, guys.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

GUY 1
'Morning.

GUY 2
Hello.

CRONAUER

Are these guys amazing or what?

The Public Information officers continue to scan the sheets, circling sections in red.

SOLDIER I

The stuff circled in red you don't read.

CRONAUER

Why the heck not?

SOLDIER I

Because it's what's going on here,
and that's unofficial news, that's
why not.

(firm)

Okay?

Cronauer is a little taken aback. The sheets are handed back to him. Upset by this, he is about to say something, but thinks better of it, checks his watch, and leaves.

60 INT. CONTROL ROOM

60

The end of the song "Expressway To Your Heart."
McPherson cues Dreiwitz who has just made it into the room. The red light goes on.

DREIWITZ

It's six a.m.; here's Adrian
Cronauer.

Cronauer runs through the door in the nick of time, initialed news sheets flying through the air with him. He jumps at the mike.

CRONAUER

Gooooood morning, Vietnam!
Delightful day here in Southeast
Asia, home of rice.

61 EXT. TAN SON NHUT AIRPORT

61

There are twice as many transport carriers on the runway as we last saw.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Several score Marines and Army combat troops disembark from each. Supplies are unloaded. Air traffic needs to be directed by ground workers with ear protectors and paddles. Helicopters land. Over this we hear:

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Now, the headlines. England sentenced two spies yesterday.

62 EXT. MEKONG DELTA

62

Units composed of perhaps 25 men construct a supply depot, as other materials are flown in by Navy choppers. Over this, we hear:

62A EXT. SHOTS ON BOAT

62A

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Ivan Penkovsky, a former Soviet official, and Grenville Wyatt, an English businessman, confessed to passing British secrets to the Soviet Union. Penkovsky was sentenced to be shot. Wyatt was ordered to hang around undressed for a few weeks with naked Ukrainian women. "It's not fair," Wyatt was reported saying, "that he gets to be shot and I don't."

62B EXT. MEKONG DELTA

62B

An army exercise is taking place in this quiet, marshy area along the Mekong River. Ground forces set up a supply depot as helicopters hover overhead. U.S. Navy gunboat floats downriver. Several men listen to a large transistor as Cronauer's VOICE BLARES over this.

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Now, here's Walter Cronkite with the latest from Weather Central. Walter?

(as Cronkite)

Thank you, Adrian. Hot and shitty weather predicted for today with a chance of continued hot and shitty weather tomorrow.

A couple of men laugh. A couple of other men try to get closer to the radio to hear what they're missing.

63 INT. CONTROL ROOM (CONTINUING)

63

Cronauer at the mike. McPherson at the turntable.

CRONAUER

... continued crappy and uncomfortable tomorrow, with a chance of annoying weather on the weekend, followed by pain-in-the-butt weather early next week... Now, "Chapel of Love" by the Dixie Cups. A super "Oldie" even though they just recorded it three weeks ago.

The song goes on, and Hawk enters frantically.

HAUK

(referring to notes)

What the hell was that... "Crappy weather, Shitty weather," convicted spies sleeping with overweight women.

CRONAUER

It's comedy, sir.

HAUK

Comedy?! This is not comedy. Comedy is fun. Antics. Hysterical type things.

CRONAUER

"Hysterical type things?" Airman Cronauer requesting you to elaborate, sir.

HAUK

Antics, dammit. Comedy of errors. Like Keystone Kops. Falling down. General wackiness like that.

CRONAUER

Falling down, sir?
Would anybody see you
if you fell down on
radio, sir?

McPHERSON

That definitely
wouldn't work on a
radio.

ABERSOLD

I don't think
anybody'd see a
person fall through
a field radio, sir.

HAUK

(to Abersold)

Shut up.

(to Cronauer)

You are a maniac. And you'd better start changing your life.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

CRONAUER

Sir, I don't agree with your judgments or sensibilities and I'm not sure I like all that you stand for. But that doesn't change the way I feel about your pompadour; you have a very nice one; it's a delight.

McPherson can't help spitting coffee out of a laugh at this one. Hawk, about to leave, turns red with rage and storms out.

64 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

64

This is a large room furnished with desks, chairs, phones and maps. Several GI's answer phones in an attempt to keep up with the large volume of calls.

GI 1

Thank you, sir. I'll let him know.

(picks up)

AFRS. Thanks, sir. I'll be sure to tell him.

(takes another)

Thanks for holding. Yes, sir, I checked. The Soviet penal system never sentences convicted spies to time in bed with fat, Ukranian women. It was a joke, sir.

GI 2

No, I'm sure. I'm pretty positive that wasn't Walter Cronkite, sir.

(beat)

Because Walter Cronkite is not in the mountains above Ban Me Thout.

(beat)

I don't know, sir. I think he lives in Westchester.

65 EXT. AMERICAN CULTURAL EXCHANGE

65

It's a beautiful, sunny, clear day. The skies are blue. Asians pass quickly on the streets with carts and loads of wares and food.

66 EXT. PLAYGROUND

66

A BELL RINGS. Cronauer and his class emerge from the building. The class laughs playfully. Trinh's hysterical.

(CONTINUED)

67 EXT. TU DO STREET

67

Cronauer stares without expression or enthusiasm. After a moment we see what he's unenthusiastic about: Trinh is there, flanked, surrounded by chaperones. Relatives, old and young, in front and behind her, to each side of her; there are about nine Asian flankers.

TRINH

(explains quietly)

Chaperone.

CRONAUER

(mutters)

This is very, very ugly.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 EXT. SAME - HOUR LATER

68

Cronauer walks somewhere near Trinh her chaperones close at hand.

TRINH

In Vietnam... family often come...
you meet someone... you meet
someone...

CRONAUER

An added advantage is that at any
time during the date, we can field
a ball team. How are your great-
grandparents in the infield?

The city is hot and damp. The entourage walks past a street vendor selling unspeakable foods -- fish drippings, unappetizing, sweltering things, crumbly things on rice, dried rodents. Most of Trinh's group orders food. Trinh too. Not Cronauer. She holds some up for Cronauer.

CRONAUER

(continuing;
backing away)

As they say in Texas -- El Paso.

It is incumbent upon Cronauer to pay for everyone; he does. The group continues on munching. Cronauer and Trinh walk in front now. He peers back at the Vietnamese nine.

CRONAUER

(continuing; mumbling)

This'll be a tough nut to crack
sexually.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

They walk.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

You are very beautiful. I'm not used to such a quiet girl. In New York it's different. One girl I went out with from Long island talked so much they connected her to a wind turbine. She now creates enough electricity to power a small New Hampshire town.

TRINH

You talk, I think, very much.

CRONAUER

Because your beauty makes me nervous.

TRINH

I don't want make you nervous, Cronow. I know you very nice and for trusting you is the best on the gently of what you say or never to be for this for both the same and another.

CRONAUER

I lost you there at the end, babe.

TRINH

(laughs)

What you do in America?

CRONAUER

(shrugs)

We wait inside until things go on sale.

TRINH

(laughs)

No! I mean! Girls!

CRONAUER

Dating rituals? You want me to familiarize you with American dating rituals? First we sleep together. Then we eat a salad. Then, if there's time, we go to a movie. That way you're not always going out with strangers.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

TRINH

(laughs)

You not been truthfully!

69 INT. MARKET

69

Cronauer laughs, too. He looks back at the entourage, many of whose members look longingly at goods for sale on the street -- socks, underwear, small, inexpensive items that these poor people obviously do not possess. Cronauer takes out some money. The poor peoples' eyes light up. He smiles and hands a bit of money out to each of them. At first none of the relatives knows what to do, but when Cronauer gestures to them that it's perfectly okay, they begin happily buying some of these cheap but necessary items for themselves, overcome with joy. There are tears in the Airman's eyes.

Cronauer looks back at Trinh. She is about to speak, but she looks away, her face sad now. Cronauer feels in his gut what she is about to say.

CRONAUER

I know there's no way. But that doesn't mean we can't have fun. I'll accept whatever you can give, and I'll ask for nothing in return. I feel peaceful with you. Would you like to go see a movie or something?

Trinh looks up at him, then at the entourage.

TRINH

Must, to ask the people.

Cronauer looks back. The entourage actively bargains. Cronauer addresses them.

CRONAUER

Attention shoppers.

70 EXT. VIET MOVIE HOUSE

70

Cronauer and the large group pass a theatre that plays "Beach Blanket Bingo." The marquee advertises that the movie will be seen with subtitles in French, English, Cantonese, Mandarin, Thai, and Vietnamese. Several couples are buying tickets. They form a small line in front of Cronauer and his troupe. The first soldier asks for two. The next soldier asks for one.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

CRONAUER
 (fishing for change)
 Twelve.

71 INT. VIET MOVIE HOUSE

71

Cronauer, Trinh and their row watch "Beach Blanket Bingo" which is dubbed into a Vietnamese dialect, and, as promised, each time a person talks, five lines of subtitles appear a good halfway up the screen.

But Trinh is actually enjoying the movie, and when one of the beach girls on a blanket says, in dubbed Vietnamese. "Minh nembo qua va di bien tai vi minh khong co viet di lam!" Trinh and all her relatives laugh giddily.

TRINH
 She say, "Minh nembo qua va di bien tai vi minh khong co viet di lam."

CRONAUER
 And who can blame her?

DISSOLVE TO:

72 INT. AFRS BATHROOMS - MORNING

72

It's still dark outside. Dim Army issue lightbulbs provide the only illumination. McPherson brushes his teeth. Abersold begins probing his face for the acne he has no trouble locating. He rubs furiously with cotton dripped in solution. Garlick enters with dry, tired eyes. Dreiwitz enters holding a rag and a bottle of Endust.

DREIWITZ
 (re: Endust)
 Smuggled it out of that CIA shipment from Hong Kong.

McPHERSON
 The only man in Vietnam that smuggles in furniture polish, and enjoys it.
 (to Garlick)
 How'd your date with the Asian prostitute go?

(CONTINUED)

GARLICK

Let's put it this way: Oral sex is my new hobby. And I used to care about prewar silver nickels. Wow.

On the way out, they pass Cronauer's room. Dreiwitz feverishly dusts.

GARLICK

(continuing)

What are you doing?

DREIWITZ

Wiping and polishing. Dust collects day to day. The room should be sanitary. Former Vice President Nixon's coming to town.

MCPHERSON

He's not visiting your bedroom.
(to Garlick, quietly)
Let's go. This is upsetting.

Cronauer, late as always, checks his watch and after pulling sheets out of the teletype machine, runs them into the Army Office of Public Information where the two moustached soldiers go through the paperwork.

CRONAUER

Gentlemen: what can one say but -- Hiya.

SOLDIER 1

Hi.

SOLDIER 2

Hello.

They peruse Cronauer's sheets.

CRONAUER

You know, I'm looking at you and I'm beginning to realize that the two of you look exactly like living, breathing adults. How do you achieve that particular effect?

They just look up at him, expressionless, then go back to circling and covering information in red. Abersold passes by with a towel around his torso and a face flushed and irritated by acne.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Your chin looks like a map of the north, compadre.

The guys hand sheets back to cronauer.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

This is nuts. All you're leaving me with is news about Singapore, Nixon, and Nelson Rockefeller? What am I supposed to do for news?

They just look at him, expressionless. McPherson runs down the hall at him.

MCPHERSON

You're on in, like, two seconds.

Cronauer takes the sheets and we FOLLOW him and McPherson toward the control room.

74 INT. TELETYPE ROOM (CONTINUING)

74

The metal keys spit news onto sheets coming out of the machine marked "Local." The news reads, "Troops Ambushed at Hue. A score of Marines dead or missing... Troops from the 50th and 113 Infantry Divisions were killed or listed as missing as of yesterday. Search and rescue teams identified many of the bodies yesterday... U.S. Navy Bomber Shot Down... A U.S. Navy jet fighter bomber was shot down yesterday about 50 miles south southwest of Hanoi, military sources reported early this morning. This was the second downed jet in the area in a week. No parachute was seen..."

Over this we hear the end of the song, "It Ain't Me, Babe," come up and the voice of Cronauer:

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Gooooood morning, Vietnam! That was "It Ain't Me Babe" by The Turtles. Of the singing groups named after reptiles, perhaps one of the finest.

75 INT. CONTROL ROOM

75

Cronauer is at the mike. McPherson readies some discs.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

CRONAUER

We've got a terrific day planned for you today. Lots of ground to cover. Former Vice President Nixon is in town today and we'll be carefully dredging through tapes of his speech for evidence of facts. The news is up in an minute, but first some music.

McPherson puts on "The Freddy" by Freddy and the Dreamers.

CRONAUER

(continuing; re music)

That is not an enjoyable rock group.

(beat; peruses news sheet, read)

"Singapore reenters Federation of Malaysia." "Robert Kennedy disagrees with Governor Rockefeller on Lake Erie cleanup tactics." ... I can't bore a nation with this.

Cronauer rises and exits.

76 INT. TELETYPE ROOM

76

Cronauer enters and with Garlick picks through some news items coming over the wires as the Freddy and the Dreamers song PLAYS THROUGH the studio. On the teletype machine marked "local" information continues to come over regarding missing U.S. planes, VC gains and terrorist incidents claiming the lives of U.S. servicemen.

CRONAUER

I don't understand why I can't report this. It's news.

GARLICK

The Office of Information will never approve of any of it.

CRONAUER

Why? Don't you realize this is censorship? This is not what our country is all about.

(CONTINUED)

GARLICK

We're not in our country. Can we please not get into this now?

They tear a sheet of news out of the machine marked "Overseas."

CRONAUER

(reading)

"An agreement with Guam?"
 "British Deny Move to Halt GI visits to Hong Kong Area?" This stuff's not relevant. Plus, we're talking about news that would put amphetamine freaks to sleep. Oh, wait. I'm waking up. Here are some very exciting developments in the breathtaking life of Henry Cabot Lodge.

Cronauer starts to pull the VC news out of the local machine. Garlick grabs his arm and stops him.

GARLICK

No.

CRONAUER

Don't you ever break out of the mold, Garlick?

GARLICK

Not when I'd get in a lot of trouble.

CRONAUER

You know, sometimes it's nice to do things specifically so you'd get in trouble. It's called "fun."

(starts out, turns)

Do something risky once in a while. It's good for the complexion.

Cronauer throws the sheets out and leaves.

GARLICK

Okay.

(beat)

Hey! That reminds me. I want to talk to you about those GI filed interview for the McDowell stations. I figured out a way we can yank in a few bucks.

77 INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUING 77

Cronauer enters without any news.

MCPHERSON

Find anything?

CRONAUER

No. I'll just make up some headlines that sound true.

The SONG ENDS. McPherson cues him.

CRONAUER

"Sewage spill in New Jersey."
 "Homosexual men attend special concert in San Francisco," and
 "Doctors put Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia back on Maalox."

78 INT. TELETYPE ROOM - CONTINUING 78

And OVER the above, over Cronauer's energetic joking, the TELETYPE MACHINES CONTINUE to spit out incessant news. ("Saturation bombing of the north has officially begun under the general code name of 'Operation Rolling Thunder.' This bombing, authorities say, will weaken resistance in the north... Viet Cong forces have attacked several American installations in the south, it was confirmed late yesterday...")

79 EXT. TAN SON NHUT AIRPORT 79

Streets are cordoned off. A black limo accompanied by Vietnamese police escorts makes a stop near an area set up for a press conference as reporters call "Mr. Nixon" and "Mr. Vice President." Dreiwitz works a cumbersome tape machine trying to get it all recorded.

80 INT. CONTROL ROOM - LATER 80

Cronauer's a little tired. It's near the end of his morning show.

CRONAUER

(into mike)

Former President Eisenhower's itinerary this month includes moving his hands in a circular motion and rotating his sport shirts... See you after lunch.

Cronauer shuts off the mike. Garlick and Dreiwitz enter with a reel of recording tape.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

GARLICK
Nixon press conference.

Cronauer is about to leave the room, but is intercepted by Hauk.

HAUK
Where do you imagine you're going?

CRONAUER
Lunch.

HAUK
You don't have time for lunch, Airman. You'll stay here and drink instant beverage or something. We promised our audience Nixon highlights by four p.m.

CRONAUER
Hey, come on. I'm starved.

HAUK
That's an order.

Hauk exits; Cronauer sigh, defeated. Meanwhile, Garlick has threaded the tape into a player. Nixon's VOICE COMES ON.

NIXON (V.O.)
... question I've been asked many times... Critics of American foreign, draft resisters are soft. They're shallow and they have no purpose.

Cronauer smiles.

CRONAUER
He wants tape highlights? I'll give him tape highlights. Boys, let's edit.

81 INT. JIMMY WAH'S

81

Cronauer enters. It's crowded with U.S. servicemen and quite smokey. Jimmy Wah emerges from the crowd somewhat daintily in a green silk suit.

CRONAUER
Nice look, Jimmy. I love a shiny green suit.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

JIMMY WAH

I got it in Hong Kong. Home of
shiny green suits. Come! You
drink a beer! You only pay for
one, plus I promise I will not try
to molest you!

He laughs, strikes a pose.

CRONAUER

(like Jimmy Wah)

Oh, Jimmy! You always carve out
such a great deal.

JIMMY WAH

(seductively)

Stop imitating me!

CRONAUER

(like Jimmy Wah)

Don't talk like that. You make me
sound too dainty. Now cut it out
or I prick you with a pencil
point. When you bend forward to
apply the Band-aid I shoot you
with a special ray gun I purchased
in San Francisco.

Jimmy Wah laughs and laughs, but then stops suddenly
and, miffed, says:

JIMMY WAH

What's that supposed to mean?

82 INT. CONTROL ROOM

82

Dreiwitz is in the booth. We hear Cronauer interview-
ing Nixon OVER THE MONITORS.

CRONAUER (V.O.)

And the Viet Cong, sir?

NIXON (V.O.)

Well, their support is not as
great in the countryside as it
once was.

83 INT. HAUKE'S OFFICE

83

Hauk and Abersold are busy with paperwork, passively
listening to the Nixon interview in the background.

(CONTINUED)

HAUK

Why would Cronauer's voice be on that tape?

NIXON (V.O.)

I'd also like to say that our boys in Asia are doing one heck of a job.

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Now, I'd like to switch my emphasis, sir. Would you mind telling the men in the field what your testicles are like, sir?

NIXON (V.O.)

It's a question I've been asked many times and I'm glad to answer this... They are soft and shallow and they have no purpose.

HAUK

Oh, my God. Oh. My Wow.
GOD!

ABERSOLD

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Which must make sex kind of an adventure for you. Finding them.

NIXON (V.O.)

Tough as nails.

HAUK

Holy, grizzly motherfuckers.

ABERSOLD

Yikes.

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Would a sex change operation be one way to go? There's a new operation in which they can surgically transform you into a female Great Dane.

NIXON (V.O.)

Yes. I've thought of that. But this is only a beginning. But at least it's a hopeful beginning in that respect.

Abersold laughs.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

CRONAUER (V.O.)
 Sir, is it true that
 in order to tell the
 truth on important
 occasions you need to
 have intramuscular
 injections of special
 truth drugs followed
 by very strong elec-
 tric shocks?

NIXON (V.O.)
 Absolutely.

HAUK
 (fuming)
 What the hell are you
 laughing at?

ABERSOLD
 Why would Nixon answer
 these awful questions?

HAUK
 (exiting)
 Has anyone ever told you
 you were a very stupid
 man?

84 INT. CONTROL ROOM

84

Hauk flies in. Dreiwitz and Garlick are on the floor
 laughing.

CRONAUER (V.O.)
 ... which, as you know, always led
 the American public to believe
 that you possessed certain mingo-
 loid traits...

HAUK
Cut that thing off! I want
Cronauer.

DREIWITZ
 I believe he's at luncheon, sir.

HAUK
Find him, goddammit!

Hauk storms out. McPherson puts a record on as Garlick
 grabs the mike frantically and says:

GARLICK
 We interrupt this broadcast to
 bring you an emergency selection
 of the Benny Goodman orchestra.

85 INT. COLONEL TAYLOR'S OFFICE

85

Military maps paper the walls. A photo of a nice
 family hangs behind a rolltop desk near a large color
 photo of Lyndon Johnson. Hauk tries to make cogent
 points. The Colonel sits behind his desk.

HAUK
 We simply need to consider taking
 him off the air.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Hundreds, maybe thousands of calls and letters come in each week. It's fan mail, Lieutenant. We have a DJ at AFRS, the first DJ in the history of Armed Forces Radio that gets fan mail. Every GI in the country is glued to his Radio set at 0600 hours and 1600 hours to hear that lunatic.

HAUK

Sir, respectfully, the man has a irreverent tendency. He did a very off-color parody of former Vice President...

TAYLOR

It was hilarious.

HAUK

The former Vice President is a good man and an honest man.

TAYLOR

Oh, bullshit. I know Nixon personally and he lugs a trainload of crap behind him that could fertilize the Sinai. I wouldn't buy an apple from the man and he's my best friend.

Dickerson brushes past Colonel Taylor's secretary and storms in.

DICKERSON

This is a moral outrage! What the hell is this place turning into?

TAYLOR

(stands in a rage)

You calm down, Goddammit!

There is silence. The Colonel gains his composure.

TAYLOR

(continuing)

Look, we've got a mounting crisis on our hands in this country. We found a DJ that the fighting men in this country love unanimously. If you two have a personal problem, work it out.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

DICKERSON

Sir, I have twenty years experience in these Armed Forces, with special citations as a commander both here and in the elite services. Am I expected to command this Radio station and have nothing to say about how it runs?

TAYLOR

Right now, yes.

The Colonel stands. The men salute and exit.

Dickerson and Haul leave the office and walk down the hall.

DICKERSON

This is not over.

86 INT. JIMMY WAH'S

86

It is noon. Cronauer sits at the window seat, reading an old sports page from the Daily News, having a contemplative beer. Business is slow. A few GI's drink coffee and discuss the virtues of small town midwestern American life with a couple of B-girls. Tuan spots Cronauer from the street. He enters.

TUAN

What are you doing in here? Such a nice day.

CRONAUER

Hiding out. Swirling beer foam. Care to join in some of the excitement?

TUAN

You say after you go out with Trinh you meet me at Viet Hoa for a lunch to talk a discussion about her!

CRONAUER

Viet Hoa? Let's cancel lunch, it'll save me big bucks on diarrhea medication, and after a few months I'll be able to buy an imported car.

(CONTINUED)

TUAN

Come, okay? Trinh meet us.

CRONAUER

Trinh doesn't want me.

(re: paper,
disgusted)

The Mets, by the way, are tied for last place with a team that doesn't have arms.

TUAN

(animated, excited)

Yes! She do liking you. This why she telling she is wanting meet for you then, today!

CRONAUER

Okay. But, Jesus. It sounds like you learned grammar from the United Federation of Teamsters.

(beat)

Let's go.

They walk in silence for a moment. Cronauer dips into his pockets for some money to buy flowers. Tuan holds several bunches of possibilities as Cronauer bargain with the old woman smoking a cigar.

CRONAUER

(astonished)

Two cents for only three hundred and fifty petunias? That's highway robbery! I'll call my Congressman!

Cronauer and Tuan laugh and the woman laughs and Cronauer presses a dollar into her hand.

Suddenly there is a HARD, LOUD, PIERCING BLAST THAT RUMBLES THE GROUND. Cronauer looks back. Jimmy Wah's is on fire. The windows are shattered, the roof has caved in and fire engulfs several adjacent buildings.

Cronauer drops the flowers and he and Tuan run back. People stagger out of the rubble. Cronauer immediately jumps into action. He alerts some civilians to call the police and others to begin helping him evacuate victims where that's possible. Several police and GI's arrive from nearby.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

Jimmy Wah scrambles out, blackened and screaming. Several more GI's arrive and with Cronauer carry out those who can walk. An ambulance arrives. Two men are placed on stretchers.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Delightful, secure city. Right.

Cronauer helps one more man out who is crying. The man is placed in a vehicle as a crowd gathers on the street. GI's deliver two more men, but they are simply placed on the sidewalk next to a wall as the first man is immediately whisked away in an ambulance. Cronauer is stunned.

CRONAUER

(continuing;

to GI's)

What the hell are you doing? You forgot two people! Put them with the others! These men are hurt!

M.P.

(quietly)

The boys are gone, soldier. The boys are gone.

The M.P. tries to pull Cronauer away, but Cronauer just stands there stunned, staring at youths who will know no other days, sad nor sweet. Cronauer crouches down and holds one of their hands.

88 EXT. AFRS PARKING LOT

88

It is afternoon. Cronauer runs past the sentry through the lot.

SENTRY

Loved that Nixon thing! Great parody, man.

89 INT. AFRS HALLWAY

89

Cronauer rushes in, his clothes covered with soot and stained with blood. He runs down the hallway. TWO AFRS SOLDIERS walking calmly down the hall are about to greet him. Cronauer just runs right past them. He checks his watch; it's 3:45 p.m.

90 INT. TELETYPE ROOM

90

Cronauer runs in out of breath and slams the door shut. News TICKS onto the teletype machines with information about clashes in India and Bangladesh, strife in Burma, and schoolteachers in New York and Chicago. Cronauer rips the news out of the machines and throws them into the garbage. The machine TYPES the story about the two GI's deaths and three injuries due to a terrorist bombing at Jimmy Wah's. Cronauer grabs those sheets and exits.

91 INT. AFRS CONTROL ROOM CORRIDOR

91

It is nearly 4 p.m. Through their half-open door the Two Soldiers in the Office of Public Information see Cronauer run toward the control room with his sheets. Dreiwitz finishes up his show, and smiles to Cronauer. The OPI Soldiers run after him.

SOLDIER 1

What are you doing? You are forbidden to read anything not checked by our office.

CRONAUER

There's nothing to check. I was there; it's accurate.

OPI Soldier 2 motions to another Soldier who gets on a phone.

OPI SOLDIER 1

Airman, you know the rules. If this is a legitimate news story, it must go through normal channels.

CRONAUER

(incredulous)

Are you serious?! This is a real event. It's the truth. I'm just going to report the truth, okay? It'll be a nice change of pace.

By this time the Soldier and OPI Soldiers are restraining Cronauer from entering the control room.

Suddenly Dickerson is running down the hall, his whole hefty body bouncing in anger, his mouth clenched as he jogs.

DICKERSON

What the hell is happening?

(CONTINUED)

Dickerson grabs the pages from Cronauer's hands and reads them. His face reflects his continued disgust with Cronauer.

CRONAUER

Sir, please listen...

DICKERSON

This is unofficial news, Airman. As far as I'm concerned, it didn't happen.

CRONAUER

It did happen! I was there!

DICKERSON

Shut your mouth...

CRONAUER

What are you afraid of? That this city is not as secure as you want people to believe?

DICKERSON

(pressing)

The news is not official, Airman.

CRONAUER

You want everyone to go on the assumption that it's perfectly safe here? Because it's not. The fighting is not just in the hills, Dickerson. It's in town. Downtown. It's just down the street.

DICKERSON

I said it's none of your fucking business.

There's a long beat. Cronauer waits. He thinks. He looks at Dickerson and the Soldiers surrounding him, and finally nods.

CRONAUER

Yeah, I see your point. Let's forget it. Sorry. Sometimes in the afternoon I get a little cranky. I'll have to start taking naps. Thanks for setting me straight.

Cronauer takes a breath, smiles respectfully, self-effacingly, and enters the control room at the STRIKE OF 4 P.M., shutting the door behind him. He gives the Army men an "Okay" sign, mouthing the words, "I'm okay."

92 INT. CONTROL ROOM

92

The red light goes on and IN POV, THROUGH THE WINDOW IN THE DOOR, we see Cronauer take the mike. McPherson cues him.

CRONAUER

(into mike)

Goooooooooooooed afternoon, Vietnam.
Nothing of note has happened
locally today. Overseas...

Cronauer shuts his eyes and holds his head. He presses on.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Overseas there were clashes in
Burma... The Prime Minister of
Canada had a Coca-Cola...

Cronauer bumps into the mike. There is silence. McPherson and Dreiwitz look on, concerned. THROUGH THE WINDOW IN THE DOOR we see Dickerson and the OPI Soldiers staring in, concerned. Cronauer takes a deep breath, then makes the decision, then acts.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Right! In Saigon today, nothing
happened. For example, one thing
that didn't officially happen: A
bomb didn't officially go off. At
14:30 hours, a plastique explosive
did not officially rip through and
destroy Jimmy Wah's cafe, a
popular hangout here in Saigon.

93 INT. CONTROL ROOM CORRIDOR

93

Dickerson yells "shit" and grabs the door handle. It's locked. He throws his weight against the door.

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Three GI's were
unofficially wounded,
and two young men
whose identities were
not known were
killed, unofficially.

DICKERSON

(to Soldiers)

Get him out of there.

OPI SOLDIER 2

The door's locked.

DICKERSON

Well, break it down.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

The soldiers begin trying to break the door down as Cronauer continues. A sentry runs down the hall.

DICKERSON

I want the fucking power in this building turned off now.

The sentry runs back. CLOSEUP on V.U. meter which goes dead. CRONAUER'S VOICE CONTINUES for a beat or two. Then there is SILENCE.

94 INT. COLONEL TAYLOR'S OFFICE

94

The Colonel sits, somber. Dickerson stands before him.

DICKERSON

The man should be court-martialed.

TAYLOR

You think this is the most serious set of affairs I have to address this week, because it's not.

DICKERSON

I can't believe you're downplaying this. This man is subversive.

TAYLOR

He made a mistake.

DICKERSON

What more proof do you want? I don't want to be here when he broadcasts U.S. troop movements to the Reds. I run this station according to strict guidelines set by military intelligence.

TAYLOR

Military intelligence. There's a contradiction in terms.

HAUK

Sir, the man is a keg of dynamite.

DICKERSON

He's been on eight weeks. He's already disobeyed orders. He's read unofficial news. What happens in six months? What happens in nineteen months? And what happens when he's ten times as popular. How easy will it be to get him off then?

TAYLOR

And who's supposed to do Cronauer's shows?

(CONTINUED)

- 94 CONTINUED:

94

DICKERSON

Hauk can handle it until I find
someone else.

TAYLOR

(long beat)

Okay, for now I'll suspend him.
I'll figure the rest out later.

DICKERSON

You've made the correct choice,
sir.

Hauk salutes, and leaves, trying not to look too grati-
fied.

95 INT. VIET HOA RESTAURANT

95

Cronauer sits at the small, vacant bar with Tuan.
Cronauer's eyes are red and he is quite drunk. He
plays with his fingers on the bar top, enjoying them
greatly as they dance around.

CRONAUER

(turns to bartender)

Can you train fingers to go to the
bathroom themselves?

The Vietnamese bartender doesn't smile or notice. This
ain't Jimmy Wah. Tuan finally becomes disgusted.

TUAN

You have drink too much.

CRONAUER

Did you know that cheese doodles
originated in Northern China?
Yes. Up near that part of China
that shares its border with Miami
Beach.

TUAN

You need help, Cronow! You too
upset.

CRONAUER

Well, fuck it! So I lose my job.
This will give me a chance to do
other things I didn't have time
for, like shopping. I'll buy
fruit! You need fruit for
roughage.

(beat)

What am I talking about?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

Cronauer's eyes glaze. Tuan keeps him preoccupied.

TUAN

(stops him from
a drink)

You will sick if you drink some
more.

(helps him up)

My home, my village not too far.
You come there for resting. You
can see how we live.

CRONAUER

(scoffs)

You think a glimpse of Vietnamese
hamlet life is going to cheer me
up?

TUAN

You will see Trinh there.

CRONAUER

(rising quickly)

I'll drive.

(as Tuan moves
to aid him)

Relax.

(beat, inhales)

I can drive.

Cronauer gets off the bar stool. His rubbery legs
buckle immediately and he spins and falls.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

It's walking I'm worried about.

96 INT. CONTROL ROOM CORRIDOR

96

Hauk moves quickly down the hall from the teletype room
with sheets of paper. Garlick and Dreiwitz, combative,
follow him, Abersold flanks.

DREIWITZ

Sir, news is one
thing, but this stuff
you wrote, it's...
it's not funny, sir.
It's sad.

GARLICK

Sir, I'm begging you,
don't try to do comedy.
It's not in your blood.

(CONTINUED)

HAUK

I'll do fine. Comedy is what you make it. I've got all kinds of jokes and comments. Right, Abersold?

ABERSOLD

You'll probably be hitting bottom, sir.

HAUK

You're a fuck.

GARLICK

(pleading)

You're not funny, sir. Ask around.

They enter the control room.

DREIWITZ

The men don't want decency, sir. They want fun. And you won't be giving it to them.

Abersold readies his cue. Dreiwitz takes the mike as the song "I GET AROUND" ENDS.

DREIWITZ

(continuing;
reading)

That was the great and exciting sound of Nancy Sinatra.

MCPHERSON

(hits his head)

Beach Boys. Those were guys.

DREIWITZ

... of the Beach Boys. Now, I've got a great surprise for you. Adrian Cronauer is on temporary assignment, but substituting for him is our own program director, Stan Hawk!

GARLICK

(to himself)
You'll only let them down if you build him up.

HAUK

(to Dreiwitz)
Shut up.

Hawk nervously takes the chair and reads his stuff real stiff.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

HAUK
 (freezing up,
 immediately)
 Vietnam? Hello. And
 greetings. Soon?
 The news. Later?
 Music. Then?
 Special features.
 Comedy? You bet:
 wow. Warm tonight?
 Hot tamale.

GARLICK
 I knew he wasn't funny.
 I didn't know he was an
 idiot.

DREIWITZ
 I knew he wasn't funny.
 I knew he was an idiot.
 I didn't know he was
 ridiculous.

McPHERSON
 I knew he wasn't funny.
 I knew he was an idiot
 and I even knew he was
 ridiculous. I didn't
 know he was a Mongoloid.

98 EXT. A SAIGON STREET

98

Cronauer is driving drunk and erratic, trying to focus,
 weaving through lanes, nearly hitting some policemen.
 He laughs.

CRONAUER
 I'm drunk driving!

TUAN
 (impressed)
 This considered quite accurate
 here.

98A EXT. INTERSECTION

98A

They stop at an intersection, waiting for traffic. A
 small subcompact car that has been following closely
 for about a block, makes a right turn, but stops before
 he completes it. The driver, dressed in civilian
 clothes, pulls out a camera and snaps several shots of
 Cronauer with a high-power lens.

99 EXT. RT I-A CHECKPOINT

99

Hours later. Cronauer is stopped by a SENTRY who
 checks the men's I.D.

BLACK MARINE
 Hey! I got Airman Cronauer here,
 man!

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

BLACK MARINE (CONT'D)

(to Cronauer)

Love your show. I love the "News for the Learning Impaired and Career Military"! But you're drunker'n hell. Let your friend drive.

They switch and the Marine waves them through. Tuan drives no better, nearly tipping the vehicle over more than once.

100 EXT. A ROAD TURNOUT

100

The sun lowers in the sky as the men drive in the shakily driven Jeep. Cronauer's drunk has worn off.

CRONAUER

I love a jungle.

101 EXT. JUNGLE ROAD

101

Tuan pulls off the road onto a dirt turnout. The car JERKS.

CRONAUER

You're one of the few people whose driving makes me nauseous even after you park.

TUAN

(getting out)

We must walk.

CRONAUER

Are we safe here?!

TUAN

A little, yes.

CRONAUER

(swallows)

Do the VC operate here?
Seriously.

TUAN

Yes.

CRONAUER

Excellent; then can we please go the hell back?

(CONTINUED)

TUAN

(shakes his head)

It's more safer to go on. If you die, I take responsibility.

CRONAUER

(beat)

That's an inducement?!

TUAN

(helping him out)

You try to look Vietnamese. VC will not shoot at Viet peasants.

CRONAUER

How can I look Vietnamese? I don't even look like the kind of guy that has Japanese friends.

TUAN

Move like this.

Tuan starts scurrying through the grass, and Cronauer tries to imitate this scurrying movement. In the distance we hear FAINT GUN POPS.

CRONAUER

I look like a naked actuary on Mescaline.

TUAN

Try like this one.

Tuan moves more from side to side now with shorter steps, head down. Real Oriental. Cronauer tries. It looks shitty.

TUAN

(continuing)

Take pants off.

CRONAUER

What, are you crazy?

The GUN POPS BECOME LOUDER.

CRONAUER

(continuing;
reacts)

No problem.

Cronauer strips down to his boxers which have little Liberty Bells on them.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

CRONAUER

(continuing;
explaining)They were a gift from some
retarded people in Vermont.

Tuan gives Cronauer his straw hat and rips and dirties Cronauer's shirt. We hear some FAINT GUN POPS in the far distance.

Tuan begins his scurry and Cronauer does that. From the rear, half-naked and with a straw hat, Liberty Bell underwear, and a gait that could almost pass, Cronauer actually begins to look Vietnamese as he scurries through the grassy field with Tuan.

102 EXT. VIETNAMESE HAMLET - DAY

102

Next day. The warm morning sun embraces this gentle village and its modest holdings: a cow, some goats. Tuan crouches in front of a thatched hut with the same relatives we saw on Cronauer's date. Tuan's FATHER is also there -- a thin, frail, elderly man with wise, knowing eyes and a thin grey beard. Cronauer crouches with them hung over, squinting in pain from the sun. The family does not eat until Cronauer does.

TUAN

You interesting to them.

Tuan's Father says something solemn, then laughs a high-pitched laugh. Cronauer looks to Tuan for translation.

TUAN

(continuing)

He say you "very nice."

The old man finishes his soup and says something else in Vietnamese.

TUAN

(continuing)

He say, you have much luck and health and peace in life, but you must act restrain sometimes. He say Americans not act enough restrain.

The old man looks up to the sky with a pensive look, thinks a while, then says one word in Vietnamese very thoughtfully, very philosophically.

TUAN

(continuing)

He say, "Hi."

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

CRONAUER
(smiles)

Hi.

Trinh emerges from a different covered hut and when she sees Cronauer she is about to go back in but Tuan calls to her, and after a beat she reluctantly comes outside. She sits hear Tuan and has some soup.

DISSOLVE TO:

103 EXT. ADJACENT HAMLET AREA

103

Cronauer walks stiffly with Trinh, Tuan a comfortable distance behind. She stops, and turns to him quite unexpectedly.

TRINH

You keep trying coming closing to me, but not try anymore, please.

CRONAUER

I like you.

TRINH

You not understand. You not. We... no future together, Cronop. My country, maybe, no future.

CRONAUER

I'm not backing you into a corner. I just like you.

TRINH

I not can do this, Cronop.

Cronauer is about to respond, but Trinh cuts him off.

TRINH

(continuing)

No! No friends, Cronop. Not comfort for me. My brother, okay, friend. But, Vietnam, ladies, not friends.

Cronauer understands. He touches her empathetically, understanding, but she pulls away sharply.

TRINH

Please! Okay! Not friends!

Trinh looks at him with fear and anger. She then runs off with tearful eyes. Cronauer just stands there. He sighs.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

CRONAUER
This is some week.

DISSOLVE TO:

104 EXT. PADDY FIELD - HOUR OR TWO LATER

104

Cronauer and Tuan walk.

TUAN
Trinh very young, and so many
differentness. Cultural. Friend
and family watching. Not
situation like from America.

CRONAUER
I wasn't asking for anything in
particular. I just wanted to hang
around with her.

TUAN
(nods)
I liking you, Cronow. But
the others Caucasian: French,
American... not good to Vietnamese
people.

As they walk they pass a small hut on stilts not far
from a rice paddy where women busily harvest young
plants. A man near the hut tends two goats.

TUAN
(continuing)
This man losing one son from
blasting American mine. Father
and brothers killed by French long
ago. I think that not fair to
him.

As they walk an older woman sows rice in a paddy. Her
face reflects the fear and loss of a lifetime.

TUAN
(continuing)
Vietnamese just wants to peaceful
and happy and live quietly. Not
even mind being poor. Come. I
will taking you to Buddhist temple
now. Very lovely and peaceful.

They walk.

105 EXT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE

105

Cronauer and Tuan approach from the brush. Through the thicket we come to a simple but beautiful temple. Elderly men, monks, sit quietly, still as stones, and breathe barely imperceptibly in front of a large carved wooden buddha painted and flaked with gold leaf. It shines through the clearing charged with the light of the sun.

CRONAUER

What are they doing?

TUAN

Buddhists. They are sitting. For peace, wisdom, and the knowledge they sit. And wait. For enlightenment. Do the people in America sit?

CRONAUER

Absolutely.

TUAN

What do they wait for?

CRONAUER

Generally appetizers.

106 EXT. A MARINE ENCAMPMENT

106

A platoon of about thirty Marines sit and eat, covered with dirt and sweat. There are helicopters overhead. We can hear the end of an ugly modern interpretation of an Eastern European folk SONG on a RADIO lying on the ground.

HAUK (V.O.)

That was "Polsky Polka" with the great Lawrence Welk. And we've got more for you on this day: routines, humor, different types of nuttiness, attitudes, and more polka dances.

INFANTRYMAN

(re: radio)
First no sex, then war,
now this shit.

107 EXT. TAN SON NHUT AIRPORT

107

This place is much busier than when we last saw it.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

There are about five DC 8's unloading men and supplies, the heavier traffic now kept under control by perhaps two dozen MP's. Helicopters take off and land in a fiery blaze of heat and confusion.

108 INT. COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - DAY

108

Several days later. PHONES RING off the hook. Calls are taken by Dreiwitz. Garlick, McPherson and two other AFRS privates. Colonel Taylor is there.

COLONEL TAYLOR

You feel these calls represent a consensus?

DREIWITZ

Absolutely. Those duffel bags are filled with mail asking for Cronauer's reinstatement.

There are five green duffel bags brimming with mail.

DREIWITZ

(continuing;
into phone)

Yes, sir, but there is nothing we can do right now.

(to Colonel)

They want Cronauer back. He's an exhilarating personality and polkas are just no substitute.

GARLICK

(checking call
sheets)

One corporal from Wichita called to say he thought Hauk's comedy was visionary and interesting. The other eleven hundred calls said the man can't do radio to save his dick.

(covering)

It's a quote, sir.

MCPHERSON

I've taken 90 calls this morning. They just don't like Hauk.

DREIWITZ

Most calls were quite unequivocal, sir.

(reads)

"Hauk sucks strings of shit."
That's pretty to the point, and not at all a delightful picture.

(CONTINUED)

GARLICK

(reads)

From a Marine in Da Nang: "Captain Hauk sucks the sweat off a dead man's balls." No idea what it means, sir, but it seems negative.

McPHERSON

(reads)

From Second Lieutenant Garner at the 2nd Battalion, 320th Artillery at Phan Rang, "Put Cronauer back on AFRS... Hauk is excrement. His show is excrement. Polkas are excrement." Also, we received reports over the wires this morning that said some of the men out of Bien Hoa have been reluctant to go out on patrol unless Cronauer's show is put back on.

The Colonel sighs, thanks them, and leaves.

Hauk stands, dejected.

HAUK

Sir, if it's the programming... I've been broadcasting the polkas because I thought a certain segment of men were not represented by Cronauer's broadcasts of...

COLONEL TAYLOR

It's not whether you play polkas or you don't play polkas. Forget that. This is military politics. Nothing personal. The men want him on the air.

HAUK

He maliciously and with purposeful intent read unofficial news...

COLONEL TAYLOR

He made a mistake. We all make them. There's just too damn much going on now, and I don't want to upset a balance with something as insignificant as a disc jockey. If it makes that much of a difference, I want him back on.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

HAUK

Sir, I know this is related to my broadcasting choices. You heard from men who don't like my humor. But what about the silent masses who do? And as far as polkas, they are a much maligned...

COLONEL TAYLOR

(stands, enraged)

I don't care about polkas, dammit! There's rioting in Hue. They're bringing in thousands of men every month. Terrorist incidents are on the rise right here in Saigon. We've got problems in this country that have absolutely nothing to do with whether you play polkas or you don't play goddamn polkas. Now reinstate the man.

Hauk turns, salutes, and red enough to give himself a stroke, exits.

110 INT. CRONAUER'S ROOM - DAY

110

Next day. It's 5:30 A.M. Cronauer lies in bed. He's not asleep. Dreiwitz is up brushing his teeth wildly. Garlick enters dressed for work, excited.

GARLICK

(shaking Cronauer)

Sir... sir...

CRONAUER

Stop calling me "sir." We're the same rank.

GARLICK

It just came down the pike. You're back on the air.

CRONAUER

(to Dreiwitz)

Kindly stop dripping toothpaste foam on my sneakers.

111 INT. WASHROOM

111

Cronauer rises sluggishly and hobbles out of the room. We FOLLOW them into the washroom. Abersold passes by, face flushed, with a towel around his waist, with stringy damp hair and watery shaving foam still dripping from one ear.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

CRONAUER
(to Abersold)
You're an unattractive man,
Abersold. Don't think people
haven't noticed.

Cronauer enters with Garlick in tow.

CRONAUER
(continuing;
in answer)
I'm not going on.

GARLICK
What do you mean?

CRONAUER
You seriously didn't understand
what I just said? You might want
to consider my English I class.

Cronauer douses his face with water.

CRONAUER
(continuing;
sipping some)
Water. The drink of kings.

Cronauer blots his face with a towel.

GARLICK
But your reinstatement has been
totally arranged. What the heck
will you do if you're not going to
go on?

CRONAUER
(shrugs)
Today? Who knows. I may contact
some Filipinos I know and discuss
anchovies for a few hours. I may
take some samba lessons downtown
from a man named "Rosario." Or I
may just stay inside and listen to
Pat Boone records. The man's a
beautiful genius.

He starts out.

GARLICK
(following)
What are you saying?!

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

CRONAUER

I'm saying I'm through. I'm tired of being told what to say. I can't read this news. That news is unofficial. This comment is too ascerbic, that comment is too sarcastic. I can't even make fun of Richard Nixon, a man who's screaming out to be made fun of constantly. So, fuck it.

Cronauer walks out nearly knocking over McPherson and McPherson's toothbrush.

McPHERSON

Is he all right?

GARLICK

(angrily)

No, he's not "all right." A man does not refer to Pat Boone as a "beautiful genius" if things are "all right."

112 INT. AFRS HALLWAY - CONTINUING

112

As DJ 1 and DJ 2 cross out of the Office of Public Information Cronauer heads for the door that leads outside. Garlick tries to catch up with him but is intercepted by Hauk who comes out of his office with a batch of paper.

HAUK

I'd like you to collate these one minute spots prior to broadcast.

But Cronauer is gone, and perhaps Garlick was thinking of making a break for him in spite of Hauk's orders, but Hauk's voice brings him to.

HAUK

(continuing)

You have a problem with that, young man?

GARLICK

(miffed)

Absolutely not. I live to collate, sir.

Stifled as always, Garlick marches toward Hauk's office.

Cronauer finishes diagramming a sentence on the board. There are a series of lines and arrows coming in and out of words and sentences. The class pays attention, but it doesn't look like they know what's going on.

CRONAUER

(points to a word)

This one is a what?

Nobody says a word.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Correct. A conjunction. And the same would hold true for what?

Beat, no one answers.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Exactly. For the verb "to be." Now what is "of." Would some of you feel more comfortable phoning your answers in next week?

MINH

(uncertain)

Prepotition?

CRONAUER

A preposition. Yes. They are similar to the "adjective clause" words that you have in Vietnamese. On the table. Under the sea.

Tuan raises his hand. Cronauer recognizes him. Tuan stands.

TUAN

Cronow. How come you used to be interesting, but now you acting like strange, ugly man from China?

CRONAUER

How do you figure?

TUAN

You give us very boring-type assignment now, making ugly sentence putting us to sleep.

CRONAUER

(shrugs)

Grammar is often ugly. It's a reality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

CRONAUER (CONT'D)

And I don't think anybody finds it boring except you. And possibly the last four rows.

Cronauer goes back to the lesson which they try to follow. Suddenly Garlick appears at the door.

GARLICK

I would sincerely like to have a word with you.

CRONAUER

Not now, senor. I'm in the middle of hypnotizing people of all ages.

TUAN

Somebody should better talk to him. Now he makes no sense. Act very boring.

GARLICK

You and I are going to have a few words, and I mean now.

Cronauer is a little taken aback by Garlick's sudden assertiveness. He looks the young man over for signs of bullshit.

CRONAUER

(to class)

I'll be right back. Sing songs about Indiana for entertainment. When I get back I'm going to tell you how you can make quick cash by selling adverbs to the aged, door to door.

Cronauer and Garlick leave. Tuan follows.

114 EXT. AMERICAN CULTURAL INSTITUTE - CONTINUING

114

Garlick leads Cronauer around to the front of the building. It is very hot. The sun pierces the clouds overhead. Traffic along the main boulevard begins to choke up as several military convoys make their way through the city. Armored vehicles and supply vehicles abound, carrying both men and supplies. Tuan closes up the rear.

CRONAUER

This is a lovely place to talk. In the direct sunlight on a 400 degree day.

(CONTINUED)

GARLICK

I would like an explanation.

CRONAUER

About anything in particular?

GARLICK

A lot of people went to the mat for you. I personally put my job on the line to try to get you back on the air. Not to mention that thousands of guys wrote in from all over the country. Now you're letting everyone down. I literally think you owe it to everyone to get your ass back on the air.

CRONAUER

You're funny, you know. You don't think a person gets to feel lousy if every single thing he does is criticized? Don't you see? It's not going too well for me here.

TUAN

Not going too well for many people. But even with bad, you not make it better if you not bring joy. Making it a little worser.

CRONAUER

(to Tuan)

Pardon me, but I don't recall having requisitioned for any editorials.

GARLICK

The important people want you.

CRONAUER

Well, the Army doesn't. They've been fighting me and hounding me from the first day.

GARLICK

So what? The officers aren't what matters. It's the guys in the field. You do something that has meaning for thousands of people away from home.

(CONTINUED)

TUAN

He right. If you want to be the "courage," then be cheerful at the time when nearly impossible to doing it.

CRONAUER

You know, just because you say things with large eyes and that voice of appeal does not mean I'm going to see things your way. You don't know what I'm feeling. I can't do what I do best, so why should I do it all?

GARLICK

Because it means a lot to a shitload of people, that's why.

CRONAUER

Forget it. I'll just put in the rest of my days here. I'll file. I'll drink the soupy mixtures they serve up here in town, I'll shop for stomach remedies, and count the days until I go home. After that I'll settle down in New Jersey with a girl of Italian extraction named Linda. She'll make veal with pepper and spaghetti all the time, but somehow she'll stay slim. It'll be beautiful. No more bullshit.

GARLICK

(enraged)

You're just gonna leave the whole fucking thing behind? Leave every fucking body hanging?!

CRONAUER

That's two foul words in one year, Edward.

TUAN

(to Cronauer,
re: Garlick)

I think he very correct. Really.

CRONAUER

(getting fed up)

Oh, Jesus...

(CONTINUED)

GARLICK

(to Cronauer)

Don't you realize how important you've become? You practically speak for the men here. These guys are in shit out there. You're practically all they got.

CRONAUER

You're starting to sound like a priest in a 40's movie, Garlick, and believe me it's unattractive. Now, if you don't mind...

GARLICK

(grabs him)

I do mind! You always told me to take chances! Now I'm taking them!

CRONAUER

I liked you the other way; be boring again.

GARLICK

You're a shitbox. You're a devil-may-care-sort-of-guy.

CRONAUER

It doesn't matter anymore, Garlick. There's a war now. It just doesn't matter.

GARLICK

Doesn't matter? Did you read any of the mail? It doesn't matter?!
MAIL doesn't matter?

CRONAUER

(shoots back)

Correct.

GARLICK

(incredulous)

It doesn't matter. Because the Army fucked you over it doesn't matter. Because you're irritable it doesn't matter. Shit. You really piss me off. I thought you were a man with principles.

CRONAUER

I'm not. I'm a man with...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER (CONT'D)

(touches his face)

... razor burn. I gotta go. If I don't get back there and teach them conjunctions there are going to be a lot of short people talking in choppy sentences all next week.

Garlick grabs Cronauer and prevents him from moving. Cronauer looks back at him, incredulous. Garlick doesn't let go. Traffic around them seems to slow even more, if that's possible. HORNS begin to honk. The convoy of military trucks begins to slow in late afternoon traffic. An American car hits the side of another American car, both driven by Americans, one serviceman and one an American civilian, perhaps an intelligence man. They get out of their cars and begin to argue. Traffic slows to a standstill.

CRONAUER

(to Garlick)

Let go of the sleeves. You're disturbing the cotton/polyester blend.

GARLICK

You can't give up this way.

Garlick waves his arms wildly at the men in one of the half dozen camouflage trucks stalled in traffic.

GARLICK

(continuing)

Gentlemen! Hey, guys! Bet you can't guess who in the hell I got over here!

CRONAUER

Now cut that shit out, man.

GARLICK

(to soldiers)

Come on. Guess! He's famous.

CRONAUER

Stop it now. I'm a shy guy about this type of thing.

GARLICK

(to guys)

Guess.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (5)

114

The Soldiers yell back at him cheerfully at random.

SOLDIER I SOLDIER II SOLDIER III SOLDIER IV
Wallace Cleaver. Roger Maris. Howdy Doody. Maurice Chevalier.

GARLICK

Guess again.

SOLDIER I SOLDIER II SOLDIER III SOLDIER IV SOLDIER V
Brooks Robinson. John Glenn. Einstein. Jane Fonda. Krushchev.

GARLICK

The guy I got here is a fellow
named Adrian Cronauer.

The guys in the truck perk up. Some guys from the back
of the truck move closer. The truck begins inching
forward as traffic eases up a bit until Soldier I yells
up to the cab:

SOLDIER I

Hey! Peterson! Hold it the fuck
up. I think we got Cronauer here.

SOLDIER VI

(from cab, yells)

You're shittin' me.

The truck comes to a slow stop. The truck behind pulls
up next to the first truck and stops right in the
middle of traffic, holding up the convoy. The guys in
the two trucks climb all over the truck and each other
to get a look at Cronauer. Some soldiers from trucks
behind yell out as well, although some men are
unconvinced.

SOLDIER II

This ain't Cronauer. This guy is
short.

SOLDIER III

How the fuck would you know how
the fuck short he is or isn't?

SOLDIER I

(thinks, shrugs, concedes)

Good point.

SOLDIER III

(to Cronauer)

Say "Gooood morning, Vietnam,"
man.

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

(hedging)

I can't. It's afternoon.

SOLDIER III

(quoting him)

But to you "Good
Afternoon" always
sounds depressing, so
go ahead. Say "Good
morning."

SOLDIER II

We love "News for the
Mentally Retarded and
Career Military."

SOLDIER V

We love the
Eisenhower jokes,
man. Shit! That
motherfucker is
old! I seen pictures
of him in bridge
chairs, man!

SOLDIER I

C'mon. Just say it. Who
are you saving yourself
for?

CRONAUER

(to Garlick)

When this is all over, I'm pushing
you down.

(clears his throat)

"Good Morning, Vietnam."

The Soldiers are fed up with this rendition.

SOLDIER III

Oh, bullshit.

SOLDIER IV

Fuck.

SOLDIER V

Fuck that shit.

CRONAUER

Okay, okay. Here. "Gooooooood
Mornin', Vietnam! And another in
a series of great days in
Southeast Asia, home of rice, but
where rice pilaf is not yet a real
issue. We've got a little song by
Ernest Hemingway for you this
morning, but first the
headlines: Lyndon Johnson lifts
up his shirt; thousands flee.
Richard Nixon tells the truth;
nobody notices. And doctors put
the president of Vietnam back on
Maalox." Those stories and more,
after this!

The men in three trucks applaud, whooping it up and
hollering. Cronauer loosens up a little.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Where you guys headed?

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER II

Nha Trengh.

CRONAUER

What are you, crazy? It's more dangerous than Newark, New Jersey up there. Stay here. We'll have lunch at a Thai place. I know a very cute one that serves rice and Nuoc mahmm with a side of Pepto Bismol.

The Soldiers laugh.

SOLDIER IV

Man, this motherfucker's the same crazy-ass guy in person.

CRONAUER

How long are you going to have to stay up there?

SOLDIER II

No idea, man. We just want to put our time in and get the fuck out. Personally, I'd prefer to not put the time in and still get the fuck out.

Some of the guys laugh. Soldier I cuts in.

SOLDIER I

Hey, man. Are we gonna be able to catch your shows up there?

SOLDIER IV

Yeah. The what-do-you-call-it. The radio wave, man. Will it reach?

CRONAUER

No problem. You'll get it up there.

The Soldiers start yelling out questions.

SOLDIER III

Hey, man! Who do you like? For real. In the top 40. Your true "fave."

CRONAUER

My true "fave?" Little Anthony.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER III

So how come you never played him?

CRONAUER

(thinks)

I don't know.

SOLDIERS

"Goin' out of my head?" We love that shit.

SOLDIER IV

You like the Beatles? How 'bout the Stones, man?

CRONAUER

Love 'em.

SOLDIER I

How do you feel about Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders?

CRONAUER

When they sing in tune, they truly bend my mind.

The guys laugh. The convoy driver leans around as traffic starts to move up ahead of him.

CONVOY DRIVER

(yells back)

Say goodbye to the movie star, guys. We're movin'.

SOLDIER I

Hey, man. This is serious. You gotta remember us on the air, man. You gotta tell people you know us so when we tell 'em we know you, they believe us! Dedicate songs to us, okay? Don't forget!

SOLDIER III

He's Jimmy Matthews. I'm Wayne Burgess from Cleveland, man. Cliff Porter, Gregory Harrison, Christopher Colburn, Fredo Gonzalez...

CRONAUER

Deal.

Then the men, in unison, and all of a sudden, begin shaking Cronauer's hand. Arms jut forward in appreciation. Two truckloads of them.

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

(continuing)

I don't have enough hands to go around. I'll have to order extras from Sears. Sears. Wonderful prices but the clothing looks like you made side-deals with the cast of "Leave it to Beaver."

He tries to keep up. He sees the faces that belong to the hands he is shaking, as if in a dream. They reflect exhaustion, but retain a sort of half youthful appearance, a kind of partial idealism still present, an idealism that will probably not be on their faces long.

The trucks start pulling out. He shakes his last few hands. Finally the trucks join the convoy in the hot distance. The boys continue laughing and smiling, cheering, waving, yelling back at Cronauer, screaming requests, AD LIBBING thanks. They continue laughing and smiling and cheering until they are completely out of sight. Moved, Cronauer turns back to Garlick and Tuan.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Let's go.

(to Tuan)

Let's go jazz that boring class up.

Cronauer puts one arm around Tuan and one around Garlick. They start back toward the school.

The class is very animated, but a little smaller. Neither Trinh nor the few other girls her age are present.

CRONAUER

Then you'd say...

CLASS

(checking notes)

"Geht loss."

CRONAUER

Okay. Now you're driving in Manhattan, right? A moron in a Corvair pulls into a parking space that was yours. You say...? Phan?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

PHAN
(stands politely)
Pardon, sir.

CRONAUER
(incredulous)
"Pardon"?? You say "Pardon" in
New York, nobody'll know what the
hell you're talking about. You
say "'Ey'..."

PHAN
(improvising)
"'Ey'... This spot which you
have mistakenly assumed, you have
wrongly placed your auto in it."

CRONAUER
And the Dominican looks at you
like you're a Martian. Tuan.

TUAN
You say, "'Eye! No. Wait.
'Ey. Motherfucked Bud. Take
your bozo car out of here,
motherfucking."

PHAN
(angry)
He knew that before.

CRONAUER
Relax. He's wrong. Nguyen.

OLD MAN
"Get hell 'way you fucked-uhp."

PHAN
"Get the hell away with you fucked
up mothershit cah!"

LE DUC
(laughs)
"Before I kick you in your tires!"

CRONAUER
Good. Okay. Recapping. If it's
not true what they are saying,
they are full of _____?

CLASS
"Shit."

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

You have gotten me angrier and
angrier. Therefore, you have

CLASS

"Piss me off."

CRONAUER

Some gypsies in a car cut you off
so you _____.

CLASS

"Flip them a bird."

CRONAUER

Okay. You're in a diner. A
careless waitress with a very poor
skin spills a cup of red soup on a
pair of pants that just cost you
as much as a TV. You say
_____ ? Minh?

PHAN

"Look what you did! And
Goddammit, and stupid, and crap
and also shitty, and mother."

CRONAUER

You may require some special
tapes, Phan.

PHAN

"Fuck off, Jack; get
offa my back!"

OLD MAN

"Fuck you ugly
fuckerman."

Cronauer laughs. The class laughs hysterically,
falling on the floor, enjoying the carefully enunciated
evil sounds.

PHAN

(rising)
You can call her
"crap."

LE DUC

That's stupid! You don't
call someone "a crap."
Ha ha!

TUAN

(laughs)
No! You step on
crap. You don't call
it to a person.

PHAN

No... I think you can
step on "crud." I am
nearly very sure.

CRONAUER

(laughs)
No! You're full of
crap. You step in
shit.

OLD MAN

He "full of ship." I
"full of ship."

(CONTINUED)

CHIANG
I thought you are
"full of shit."

CRONAUER
You can be "full of
shit." But you can
also step into it,
and you can also look
like it. Like if you
wear ugly clothes and
you didn't get enough
sleep, your friends
can say, "You look
like shit."

OLD MAN
"Bullfart!"
(asks around)
Is that anything?

TUAN
I don't think so.

CHIANG
How can some person
look like a shit? It
impossible.

CRONAUER
Okay, you paid a
bundle to have your
car fixed. They
replaced the
distributor and you
paid for it. Then,
on a hill, your car
stalls and they want
to put in another
distributor. What do
you call your
mechanic?

TUAN
(raising his
hand)
An Armenian?

CRONAUER
(laughs)
Perhaps. Minh?

PHAN
No... I think you can
"step on crud." I know
you can.

OLD MAN
"Fuck you, ugly fucker."
I love that one.

PHAN
You can "step on crud."
I heard you can!

CHIANG
Yes! Person can be "full
of ship." He said.

OLD MAN
Yes! "Bullfart!" It is
something. Bullfart
mean: "Unhappy smells."
(yells)
"Carp fart!" What about
that?

TUAN
There's no such thing as
"full of ship." You
cannot have a junk boat
inside you.

CHIANG
Yes! That why I say the
person's face cannot look
like a pile of shit or
even any crap.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (4)

115

CHIANG

You say, "You're a
bullshit-car and fut-
a-mother, cigarette-
of-mouth-shitty."

PHAN

I'm pretty sure you can
"step in crud." I once
saw it in a French movie.

TUAN

(hysterical)
That is so wrong!

CHIANG

Call him a "bulljerk of a
crap-shit?"

PHAN

No, it's not. Fup-
yo.

TUAN

"Fup?" "Fup-yo?!"
That means nothing!

OLD MAN

You could say "Hi,
mother-jer-of-muck."

CHIANG

A "juk-shitter,
mother/jerk."

LE DUC

Shit and a crap-
man?

OLD MAN

"Mother-fupper
ship-of carp."

PHAN

"Stupid."

By this time everyone is one the floor screaming with
laughter. The lesson is American slang is totally out
of control. The BELL RINGS.

CRONAUER

(triumphant)

Can I cheer a class up, OR WHAT?

116 INT. CONTROL ROOM

116

McPherson is about to cue Dreiwitz to go on the air.
Cronauer smashes through the door.

CRONAUER

(smiling)

Good day! You're looking good. I
got a great show today.

DREIWITZ

It's not a good day. I don't look
good. And this is not your show.

Cronauer takes the seat anyway. McPherson doesn't know
who to cue.

MCPHERSON

(cuing; shrugs)

Whoever.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

DREIWITZ

(smiles)

It's against regulations.

(reconsiders)

Like I care. Baby, you're on!

CRONAUER

(smiles; grabs
mike)Goooooooooooooooood Morning, Vietnam.

I know it's afternoon, but "Good Morning" is my trademark, and to me "Good Afternoon" always sounds depressing.

117 EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING

117

A sizeable area of ground has now been cleared of vegetation and almost takes on the appearance of a small, military village. Scores of sweating marines without shirts and with blackened faces dig trenches around the perimeter in the blistering sun and oppressive haze. M2B 50 cal. Browning automatics are being set up by thin, tired boys who look barely old enough to smoke. Camouflaged trucks travel a newly-cleared road in with supplies. The marines in the truck listen to Cronauer on the radio. Some marines have radios on the ground near where they dig or set up guns. Several radios have been hoisted on poles and play at maximum volume. The sound of Cronauer's voice resounds through the jungle, and beyond, to the banks of the Mekong River where a Navy gunboat on patrol pushes upstream.

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Being quiet and depressing is nice if you plan to go out to dinner with short story writers, but it's not appropriate here which is why we bring you today's educational radio feature entitled, "The Story of Bullcrap." But first, today's headlines: Ft. Lauderdale: Averill Harriman addresses mass demonstration; no one knows who he is. New York: Governor Rockefeller tries on bikini in preparation of a trip to San Francisco, and Pope Paul VI visits Manhattan, eats oysters, throws up... Now, from their new movie with the same name, and their new album with the same name, which is also what you yell when you eat brunch in Saigon, the Beatles, singing, "Help!"

The SONG COMES UP.

118 INT. DICKERSON'S OFFICE

118

Dickerson's RADIO IS ON. He listens to the song impassively showing only a small percentage of the disgust he feels. We MOVE UP AND OUT the window as the MUSIC COMES UP to an AERIAL SHOT of a changing city. More military men are in evidence on the streets. Somewhere a discourteous South Vietnamese policeman checks the papers of a young woman and an old man. A small BOMB BLASTS the windows of a row of stores. Not far from there three or four South Vietnamese soldiers drag some skinny young men who have been hiding in an alley. The young men are brought into the center of the street where the Vietnamese soldiers scream questions at them. Some photos are taken. They are pushed up against a wall as soldiers prepare to shoot them.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 INT. CRONAUER'S ROOM - DAY

119

It's 6:57, Cronauer's day off, and he is sound asleep. Dreiwitz dusts things that do not need it. Garlick stands at the door wide awake and crisply dressed.

DREIWITZ

(booms)

Don't wake him! It's his only day off.

Cronauer bolts up like a rocket.

CRONAUER

(incredulous)

That's the voice you use to tell somebody not to wake me up?! You talk louder than a German ambulance.

(beat)

What are you doing?

DREIWITZ

Cleaning crevices. Why?

CRONAUER

You cleaned everything already! You're starting to sand down the wood. It's clean! The window sills are cleaner than my mother's bridgework. This is getting ugly.

DREIWITZ

I think the cleaner people are, the more loveable they are.

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

You must try to find psychiatrists. Millions and billions of psychiatrists. You must pay them for many years; you must live with them, sleep with them, eat with them -- stadium loads full of psychiatrists.

Cronauer tries to go back to sleep. Garlick enters the room nearly tripping over Dreiwitz who has gone back to shining the doorjams.

GARLICK

(disgusted; to Dreiwitz)

Go away.

(to Cronauer)

Listen. Remember that little business deal I told you about? The interviews for the McDowell radio stations?

CRONAUER

Leave. I want to sleep.

GARLICK

We can do the interviews and pocket most of the proceeds.

CRONAUER

Go miles away from this room.

GARLICK

All we have to do is go out there, and get a few men on tape and sell them by mail to the stateside stations.

CRONAUER

Go away because I will shoot you. It's always very unpleasant to shoot a close friend.

GARLICK

We can start at the 181st out of An Loc. It's nearby.

CRONAUER

I'm asking you to flee.

Garlick remains there looking at Cronauer hopefully.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

CRONAUER
 (continuing; to
 Dreiwitz)
 Get my gun; I'm shooting a short
 person.

GARLICK
 The math is easy. For five hours
 work we pull in about \$1300.

CRONAUER
 (rising)
 I'll need pants.

120 INT. WASHROOM

120

Cronauer jumps out of bed, grabs a towel and we FOLLOW
 him as usual, through the hallway where he, as usual,
 encounters the half-naked Abersold. Cronauer looks
 down at the private's genitals, and says:

CRONAUER
 It looks like a strange, lonely
 sea creature.

121 INT. LIEUTENANT HAUK'S OFFICE

121

Garlick stands before Hauk at attention.

HAUK
 You're standing at attention and
 nobody ever does that for me, so
 what do you want?

GARLICK
 Private Garlick and Airman
 Cronauer requesting a pass for
 leave.

HAUK
 (incredulous)
 Leave? You happen to be in
 Vietnam, Private.

GARLICK
 (nods)
 I know that, sir. I almost always
 know the name of the country I'm
 in, sir.

HAUK
 Don't get smart. You're starting
 to sound like your friend, and
 it's unattractive.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

GARLICK

We want to do the GI interviews for the McDowell stations. It's very good for AFRS publicity.

HAUK

(suspicious)

You never seemed to care about that crap before. And Cronauer I could care less about. Anyway, due to new security considerations all requests for leaves go through Dickerson's office.

GARLICK

(moaning)

Aw, c'mon, sir.

HAUK

Don't moan. You'd have to clear it with the Sergeant Major.

GARLICK

But the Sergeant Major is an asshole, sir.

Hauk stands, enraged.

GARLICK

(continuing;
covering)

On the other hand, you need that attitude in the military. It throws the enemy off beautifully.

(turns to leave;
then)

Won't you please call, sir. It'd mean a lot to me.

(winks)

I'm a good fellow.

HAUK

(gives in; annoyed)

Okay, already.

122 INT. DICKERSON'S OFFICE

122

Dickerson is on the phone with Hauk. INTERCUT.

HAUK

They want to go interview some GI's in the field.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

HAUK (CONT'D)

It involves Cronauer which makes me suspicious immediately.

DICKERSON

An Lac... and Cronauer would be definitely going? Hold.

Dickerson puts Hauk on hold. He dials out on another phone.

122A INT. G-2 ARMY INTELLIGENCE DIVISION

122A

A CORPORAL in a room with maps and phones picks up.
INTERCUT.

CORPORAL

(into phone)

Intelligence. Corporal Rinehard Mayer.

(beat)

One moment.

(checking maps and communications)

Rt. 1-A, sir, is the only route to An Lac, yes.

(beat)

What? No it is not. That road is Victor Charlie, sir.

DICKERSON

It is not a friendly area?

CORPORAL

Negative, sir. It is not. It is hostile, sir. Has been for 48 hours. Heavily fortified and considered very unsafe.

Dickerson hangs up, picks up the first line again.

DICKERSON

(into phone)

Issue a 24 hour pass.

123 EXT. AFRS PARKING LOT

123

Garlick throws a few bags of stuff into his Jeep which is parked at the far end of lot. He jumps in and starts the car up. He then puts on a pair of sunglasses, jumps out the car and leans against the car while waiting for Cronauer.

Cronauer emerges from the AFRS building and starts toward the Jeep, moving slowly in the heat and shielding his eyes from the sun.

(CONTINUED)

Hauk happens to leave the building at the same time walking behind him. Colonel Taylor pulls his Jeep into a spot and, seeing Cronauer, jumps out waving to him with a smile. Hauk thinks the smile and wave are for him and walks cordially and warmly toward the high-level officer. But the Colonel doesn't even see Hauk. Taylor takes Cronauer aside.

TAYLOR

Listen, I wanted to personally apologize for all the nonsense you've had to endure here.

CRONAUER

(shrugs casually)

That's the way it goes. When you're talkin' "Army," "third world nation," "Southeast Asia," "sumertime," "foods made with snails and rotting fish byproducts," you're talkin' potential kinks.

TAYLOR

Yeah, well, I know you're been taking a lot of guff, and I apologize for that. They try to run AFRS close to the rules, like the State Department runs everything and that sometimes hurts the creative stuff. Anyway, I don't want to get philosophical. I just wanted you to know that listening to you really boosts my spirits. Just wanted to thank you.

Cronauer, not particularly comfortable with compliments, glances over the Colonel's shoulder and sees Garlick sitting uncomfortably on the hood of a Jeep, trying to find a cool spot and not succeeding, jumping up quickly each time he sits on a piece of hot metal.

CRONAUER

I gotta go. I have a friend standing over there burning his behind on a Jeep.

The Colonel nods and starts toward the building. Cronauer heads for Garlick, thinks a moment, stops, sees the Colonel walking alone, and yells to him.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Sir...?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

123

The Colonel turns. Cronauer takes a long time to form his words, and only one word comes out.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Thanks.

The Colonel smiles, nods, and enters the building. Cronauer throws a couple of bags into the back of Garlick's Jeep and hops in. Garlick gets in and nervously tries to start the Jeep, but it's already started, so the starter makes that terrible GRINDING SOUND.

GARLICK

(shrugs;
embarrassed)

Guess it's already started.

CRONAUER

No shit.

Garlick puts the car in gear and leaves rubber.

124 EXT. CAT CANAL STREET

124

Cronauer sits in the passenger seat fooling with a tape recorder in the unbelievably hot sun. Soon they are out of town and on a dirt road with foliage quite thick around them.

CRONAUER

So this is where rattan loveseats grow?

GARLICK

(wipes brow)

It's so hot.

CRONAUER

What a country. Heat. Humidity. Terrorism. Uncertainty. Still, it's nicer than Alabama.

125 INT. TELETYPE ROOM

125

CLOSE ON teletype machine. Two stories come over the wires. One is a UPI report that reads, "Britain Imposes Oil Embargo on Rhodesia after a Rhodesian Unilateral declaration of independence." A second reads, "Reuters: Gambia, Singapore, and the Maldiv Islands join the UN..."

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

A third story comes over the wire that reads: "AP WIRESERVICES: Military sources have confirmed heavy fighting in and round the An Lac area. Heavy casualties have been reported in this South Vietnamese town, but the number of servicemen killed or missing have not yet been tabulated. However, confirmed reports indicate that Routes 1-A and 1-BA have fallen and are currently under Viet Cong control as of early today..." A fourth report reads, "AP WIRESERVICES: Seretse Khama becomes the first premier of Bechuanaland..." A hand takes the sheet out of the machine. The hand belongs to Dreiwitz. We FOLLOW Dreiwitz out of the room and into the hallway.

126 INT. OFFICE OF PUBLIC INFORMATION

126

Dreiwitz hands the sheets over to the moustached officers who read through and approve the first two stories, circle the Viet Cong story Rt. 1-A story, and approve the fourth. They hand the sheets back to Dreiwitz who walks back into the hallway toward the control room.

127 EXT. RT. 1-A

127

About an hour later, at noon. Garlick consults a map. The road is narrow and the sun blazes overhead. Garlick takes some sandwiches out of a paper bag.

CRONAUER

If you want to toast those, just hold them up.

Garlick does this.

GARLICK

(giggles)

Done.

(checks inside sandwich)

Except I think it melted the fish.

CRONAUER

Fish sandwiches is what you brought? You know, at some point in your life you're going to have to simply take the time to get cool.

GARLICK

How do you know I'm not cool now?

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

CRONAUER

Because cool guys don't make fish sandwiches. Ask around. The world's most beautiful girls rarely spend time with guys who even like fish.

Cronauer flips ON THE RADIO.

DREIWITZ (V.O.)

After which we'll be bringing you officers' requests including songs by Bob Dylan and Nat "King" Cole.
(beat)

But first, here are the headlines.

128 INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUING

128

Dreiwitz reads the sheets as we see them.

DREIWITZ

Britain imposed an oil embargo on Rhodesia today after that country's unilateral declaration of independence... Gambia, Singapore and the Maldiv Islands join the United Nations...

We see the red circled An Lac story in Dreiwitz' hands as he skips over it.

129 EXT. RT 1-A - CONTINUING

129

Cronauer and Garlick drive and listen.

DREIWITZ (V.O.)

... And Sertse Khama becomes the first premier of Bechuanaland.

Cronauer shuts the RADIO OFF. Garlick consults a map while eating one of his sandwiches.

GARLICK

You're making a big mistake. This is not just any fish, my friend. This is cuttle fish. Quite literally a favorite of millions.

(looks up;
concerned)

You know, we haven't passed one single checkpoint since Chon Thanh.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

CRONAUER

When you say the names of Vietnamese towns why do they always sound like Mexican restaurants?

130 EXT. DIRT ROAD

130

Suddenly there is a delayed detonation MINE EXPLOSION. The blast occurs behind the Jeep along a piece of road Garlick has just driven over. Garlick swerves to the left and ANOTHER MINE EXPLODES, this one right under the car, which rolls quickly off the road and into a tree. Both men are catapulted from the car at impact and come to rest not far from each other, but quite far from the car. They lie still, limp. It is quiet for a long time.

131 EXT. DIRT ROAD AND WRECKED JEEP

131

Soon half a dozen VC with panic in their eyes come running out to the road to inspect the Jeep. Cronauer's bag containing a small bottle of ouzo and a sock lies at the side. The VC go through their things, checking through tape recorders, notebooks, clothing. Soon the order is given and the scantily clad troops begin checking a wide area. Some VC stick bayonets into the nearby brush while others run down the road in both directions in case the men were able to attempt to escape running. One VC peruses the brushy area around the Jeep sticking his bayonet savagely into the thicket, but speaking politely:

VC 1

It okay, GI Joe. We South Viet Army. No problem. Take care for you. Okay. Keep you safe from VC.

VC 2

You fine. We pack you up; send you back Saigon.

But Garlick and Cronauer just lie there, limp. For a while the young men are joined by three or four others who continue sticking bayonets into the ground. They peruse the area furiously.

VC 2

(continuing)

You come out. No problem. Take you home. Safe now from VC.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

They continue to search the brush furiously. Finally they cease, wait, listening for sounds, then leave the undiscovered Cronauer and Garlick lying limp as the sun dies down.

132 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 132

It is 6:05 AM. Dreiwitz shrugs to McPherson.

DREIWITZ

Due to technical difficulties beyond our control the Adrian Cronauer show will not be heard. Now, the wacky sound of Freddy and the Dreamers, followed by the Dave Clark Five.

133 INT. ENGLISH CLASS 133

The class waits, assembled, speaking in Vietnamese. (ENGLISH SUBTITLES.)

PHAN

He may have forgotten to come.

TUAN

He never forgets this class. He loves this class.

MINE

Maybe he decided to come late.

TUAN

(angrily)

He didn't decide anything! He's always early. He should have been here almost two hours ago.

Tuan looks at the clock once more and runs out.

134 EXT. AMERICAN CULTURAL INSTITUTE 134

Tuan leaves the building running and we FOLLOW him through the streets.

135 EXT. AFRS PARKING LOT 135

Tuan runs up to but cannot get past the SENTRY, a Vietnamese soldier. They speak Vietnamese and we see the translation in SUBTITLES.

(CONTINUED)

TUAN

This is extremely urgent.

SENTRY

We've got strict security precautions. Now get your ass the hell out of here.

Dreiwitz sees this and comes running from the building.

DREIWITZ

(to Sentry)

Hey, hold it! Let him be, dammit.

SENTRY

(screams bloody murder)

You are talking to a Sergeant in the regular Vietnamese Army. He has no authorization! I can report you to your superior officer if you interfere!

DREIWITZ

French kiss a llama, pal. You don't scare me.

(to Tuan)

What's up?

TUAN

I try to find Cronauer. He don't showing up in the class.

DREIWITZ

He didn't show up for work this morning either.

(to guard)

You have any idea at all where they went?

The Sentry just looks at Dreiwitz angrily.

DREIWITZ

(continuing)

Look, I was only kidding when I said "French kiss a llama." I don't think llamas have tongues. But that's hardly the point. Look, if Cronauer and Garlick left in a Jeep, they had to go past you, and if they went anywhere, you had to check their papers. Did you?

The Sentry hedges. Dreiwitz grabs him by the collar, shaking him.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

DREIWITZ

(continuing; screams)

We're fighting for your country,
you crazy-assed son of a bitch!

SENTRY

(pulls away)

Yes! An Lac. His pass say "An
Lac."

DREIWITZ

An Lac?! Shit!

136 EXT. STREET

136

Suddenly, Tuan runs blindly out of the lot and into the
street and immediately hot-wires a Jeep.

137 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD OUTSIDE SAIGON

137

Tuan barrels down the road in his commandeered Jeep,
dust flying as he maneuvers around potholes.

138 EXT. VIET THICKET

138

Cronauer's Jeep still lies by the side of the road near
where Cronauer and Garlick still lie next to each
other, limp, in the underbrush. Garlick breathes in
and disgustedly spits a fly out of his mouth.
Cronauer's eyes open a pinch. Both men are shocked.

CRONAUER

(incredulous, but sotto)

You're alive? I thought you were
dead.

GARLICK

(a beat, thinks, shrugs)

No.

CRONAUER

You lay there for twenty hours,
you don't say a word. You call
that polite?

GARLICK

I was afraid they were still
around. The VC. There were
fucking VC.

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

Hey; tell me something I don't know.

GARLICK

They were awful, Adrian. They seemed so mean and crazy and ruthless.

CRONAUER

Worse than Parisiens.

GARLICK

Ten miles back must be infiltrated, Adrian. Will they find us? I'm scared, Adrian. How long will we have to lie here?

CRONAUER

I don't know, man. I really don't.

Garlick begins to shake. Cronauer holds him.

Maybe an hour later. Cronauer reminisces very quietly.

CRONAUER

I visited Manhattan a little as a kid, but I never was in Greenwich Village. I knew a guy who lived there, on Eighth Street. Isaac McKenzie was his name. Paid a fortune in rent. He lived above a pizza place in an apartment with no windows, a hot plate, and a wife named Jonathan.

Garlick, still shaking, tries vainly to smile. Looking at Cronauer, he stops.

GARLICK

I know what you're trying to do, but it's not working. I'm scared to death, and your ridiculous little jokes don't help, okay? But Goddammit, don't stop.

Suddenly we hear a CAR and the two men freeze completely, shutting their eyes. In a moment we hear some MOVEMENT in the brush. Not far from where our friends lie, we see Tuan inspecting Cronauer's Jeep.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

On the ground is a small brown bag with sandwiches and another bag with a small bottle of ouzo and a sock. Tuan surreptitiously checks the area and begin walking in the thicket.

BACK TO CRONAUER AND GARLICK

They hear the FOOTSTEPS and shut their eyes.

TUAN (O.S.)

It okay. You can to come out now. It safe now move. We go back Saigon.

We hear more BRUSH MOVE. More STEPS.

TUAN (O.S.)

(continuing)

If you here, you can to come out. You are safe. I have Jeep. Please. But if you here I can't find you unless you talking to me. Too dangerous staying here.

Garlick is about to say something, but Cronauer covers his mouth.

TUAN (O.S.)

(continuing)

You don't believe it's me? Okay, then:

(beat)

Okay. I got something: "The bachelor came out of his house and ate a fish with his mother... You step on crap. You step in shit... The preschooler went to the bakery and swatted a fat woman on the behind..."

(beat)

"Bullfart!" You hear? "Bullfart!"

Cronauer's convinced. He jumps up. He wants to hug Tuan.

TUAN

(continuing)

No talk, too danger.

140 EXT. DIRT ROAD AND JEEPS

140

He pulls them low out to the road. They jump in Tuan's commandeered Jeep. Tuan tries to start it. Nothing. He keeps trying.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

CRONAUER

(whispers, frantic)

Our car gets bombed and yours is
the one that doesn't start?

(to Garlick)

This is the last year we buy an
American car.

141 EXT. DIRT ROAD

141

They get out, running. After a while they stop.
Garlick is exhausted.

GARLICK

Maybe you guys should go ahead.

CRONAUER

Are you crazy? We can't pick you
up later, pal. This is not a
bowling alley in Detroit.

The sonorous, consistent SOUND of a U.S. CHOPPER is
heard. It comes INTO VIEW. Cronauer and Garlick try
to get the attention of the pilots. Cronauer takes the
gun in Garlick's belt.

GARLICK

Jesus. I forgot I had that.

Before the helicopter misses them completely, Cronauer
raises the gun and begins SHOOTING into the air.

GARLICK

(continuing; frantic)

What are you doing!

CRONAUER

Hailing a helicopter. You can
never get them when you need them.
Especially in the rain.

(yelling up, like
Jimmy Wah)

Hello, soldier! Going my way?

142 INT. COPTER

142

A PILOT and COPTER MAN looking down.

PILOT

Is there a man down thee with a
gay/Chinese accent shooting a .45
and yelling "Going my way"?

143 EXT. DIRT ROAD

143

They bring the craft down.

CRONAUER

(yelling to Pilot)

You got the whole afternoon to bomb. Pick us up now and we'll buy you a gift subscription to the Harry and David Fruit Company in Milwaukee. This month: bosc pears. Next month? Delightful cantaloupe.

PILOT

(opening hatch)

Cantaloupe?! Are you people aware that this whole area is no longer secured?

GARLICK

Oh, yes. And many thanks for mentioning it because we'd never have known.

The copter lowers to accommodate them. Tuan, Garlick and Cronauer board.

CRONAUER

(climbing on; to Pilot)

Thanks. You're beautiful, so to speak.

And the copter climbs back into the air and across the sky.

144 INT. DICKERSON'S OFFICE

144

Cronauer enters. Dickerson stands at his desk, which is cleared of everything but a small manila folder.

DICKERSON

Welcome back.

CRONAUER

What do you want, Dickerson? I'm busy, so I don't have too much time to spend with anal types.

DICKERSON

I'm informing you that you're out of here. I want your bags packed and ready to go tomorrow afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

You do not have the power. I will go right to the authorities...

DICKERSON

(thunderous)

I am the authorities, you moron.

(beat, recovers)

I got your little pansy ass in a sling now, Cronauer. Who's "Tuan," Cronauer? The guys who flew you in from An Lac radioed in that they picked up a young Vietnamese boy with you and Garlick. Who's the Vietnamese boy?

CRONAUER

A young friend from a class I teach who happened to save our lives. Something you wouldn't know about.

DICKERSON

Your friend's a VC terrorist, Airman. Tuan is also known as Phan Duc Tho and is being sought by the South Vietnamese police in connection with several bombings, including the one at Jimmy Wah's cafe. Surely you recall that particular incident. Did you ask yourself how a young South Vietnamese boy gets into and out of VC held territory? It's dangerous out there. All kinds of obstacles. Yet he knew how to get in and out without a scratch. What about Jimmy Wah's? Did you ask yourself why he pulled you out just moments before the whole place blew up? Or are you normally not that inquisitive?

Dickerson reaches into the envelope and pulls some photos out. One shows the four young men who were lined up against the wall in the street earlier, soldiers preparing them to be shot. Another photo shows the same four thin Vietnamese men with a fifth thin Vietnamese boy. A closer look reveals that it is Tuan.

DICKERSON

(continuing)

Friends of Phan Duc-Tho.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DICKERSON (CONT'D)

These four were executed shortly after this photo was taken. Your friend is next.

(beat)

I recommend that you don't tangle with me on this one, Airman. Not too many high-ranking officers would be sympathetic to a soldier with terrorist links. The Army is quirky that way. A conviction on a charge of treason against the United States carries with it some penalties on the stiff side. I've arranged for an honorable discharge provided you leave without incident.

Cronauer sits, quiet and stunned, unable to speak. During the above, the Colonel has entered the room.

TAYLOR

I don't share the Sergeant Major's personal view of you, son. I feel you are a good man. I like what you do, and appreciate what it's meant to the men. But the facts are what we must go by. If word got out that one of our people had associations with hostile elements, it would prove extremely embarrassing to the Army. I know you meant well. But I can't cover for you this time.

CRONAUER

What about my show? My audience needs my show.

TAYLOR

We'll handle it the best we can. I'm sorry, son.

The Colonel's face reflects sincere disappointment. He waits for a moment, then leaves.

CRONAUER

(looking up,
without malice)

Why did you do this?

DICKERSON

Because I don't like you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DICKERSON (CONT'D)

I don't like your style, your politics, your sense of humor. I don't like what you say or how you say it. I don't even like your fucking face. The fighting men in this country will now hear exactly what I want them to hear. I couldn't control it before. Now I can.

(beat, smiles)

You're out on a DC 8 tomorrow from Tan Son Nhut at exactly 18:30 hours. I recommend you pack quietly.

Cronauer rises solemnly, accepting defeat. He moves toward the door slowly, dejectedly. He turns back, looks at Dickerson, but decides to say nothing. He turns again, and changes his mind.

CRONAUER

You are in more dire need of a blow job than any white man in history.

Cronauer walks out. Dickerson arranges a few papers from his desk which he deposits in a briefcase. He starts out of his office. We FOLLOW him into the hallway. Colonel Taylor stands there.

TAYLOR

Dick, I think I ought to tell you now so there's no misunderstanding later on. I've decided to transfer you out of here.

DICKERSON

What are you talking about?

TAYLOR

Well, they're pretty understaffed right now in Guam. It won't be so bad, really.

DICKERSON

Guam? That's ridiculous! Guam's nothing. You know as well as I do there's nothing going on in Guam, and there never will be. I need to be where the heat is. You know that, sir.

TAYLOR

Don't bother, Dick. I already put it through.

(CONTINUED)

DICKERSON

Well now, hey. I've got to defend myself here, sir. This is the most efficiently run station in the armed forces, I've got a spotless record here; anyone who's ever visited this place from politicians to military advisers have commented on the integrity with which this place is run...

TAYLOR

(interrupting,
unimpressed)

I know all that. But don't you ever look in the mirror, Dick? Didn't you ever once have the courage to look yourself square in the heart -- with all your "efficiency," all the backstabbing, all the contortions you use to try to look good -- and wonder if it ever amounted to a hill of beans?

And with that the Colonel turns and walks down the cool, quiet hallway. From the distance we can hear him mutter to himself:

TAYLOR

(continuing)

You are in more dire need of a blow job than any white man in history.

The distinguished Colonel walks to the end of the corridor, giggles to himself, and says:

TAYLOR

(continuing)

Funny line.

He turns a corner and is OUT OF SIGHT.

The class waits outside the building and when they spot Cronauer running to them their spirits are lifted. They surround him, showing him their assignments, asking him when they can play softball. Cronauer pulls Trinh aside.

CRONAUER

Tell me where your brother is.
This is very important.

(CONTINUED)

TRINH

I don't know.

CRONAUER

This is tremendously urgent. Your brother's life is in danger.

TRINH

(pulls away)

No! I don't know.

CRONAUER

(sotto)

Bullshit! Stop the game now! The Army knows about your brother. I'm being forced to leave the country because of my association with him. They have pictures of him, and when they find him, they will shoot him. If you want to continue to have a brother, then take me to him now.

Trinh just looks at him. The class continues to frolic with and pester Cronauer about various unimportant issues, needling him about playing various games.

CRONAUER

(continuing; irritably to class)

We'll play softball another day.

Cronauer looks back to Trinh. She grabs Cronauer's arm and they begin running through the streets of Saigon -- through a myriad of flower vendors, food stalls, side streets and dark alleys. After a while, and somehow out of breath, Trinh stops in front of an obscured, dimly lit storefront with darkened, filthy windows. Inside, in POV, we can see Tuan talking to several young Vietnamese men. But he looks different, more serious or taut somehow. They are quietly plotting something on a map. Cronauer opens the door to the store. Tuan bolts up suddenly, shocked to see Cronauer. He screams something in Vietnamese and all the men scatter. Cronauer runs after Tuan knocking some chairs over and spilling cans of something very inedible off the shelves. We FOLLOW Cronauer in pursuit of Tuan through alleys.

147 EXT. ALLEYWAYS

147.

CRONAUER

(running)

Get back here!

(to himself)

What am I saying? When you're chasing people they never stop when you yell that.

Cronauer continues sprinting down the street. Tuan ducks into an alley. Cronauer does, too. Tuan races into a building and up a narrow stairwell, and so does Cronauer. Tuan jumps across a building and down a fire escape and so does Cronauer. Tuan runs into and tries to blend in with a peasant crowd at an outdoor market.

CRONAUER

(continuing; yells)

Don't try to look Chinese, pal.

He rushes back onto the streets and jumps onto a bus, but the bus stops again and Cronauer jumps on, too. Tuan squeezes to the back and jumps off. Cronauer, only a few steps behind now, does the same.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Where are you going, Phan? Phan
Duc-Tho.

148 EXT. RIVER FRONT

148

Tuan looks back, surprised. When he does, he loses his balance a little and staggers. This enables Cronauer to gain ground. Cronauer dives for the boy sending both men sprawling on the ground and sending a seafood gondola and all its ice on the floor with a crash. They begin fighting, rolling in dirt, vegetables and fish.

TUAN

I'm not Phan Duc-Tho.

CRONAUER

Then why are you running away from me? Because you knew I'd find out about the bombings?

TUAN

No.

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

That's why you grabbed me out of Jimmy Wah's that day. You knew that bomb was going off.

TUAN

No! I didn't! You full of shit!

CRONAUER

Then why were you in such a rush to get me out of there that day?

TUAN

Because the lunch there is very bad. Too salty.

Cronauer starts shaking Tuan.

CRONAUER

The lunch was too salty!? That's
fucking ludicrous!

Tears well up in the Airman's eyes.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

I was your friend. I trusted you!

Out of utter frustration, Cronauer and Tuan fall to the floor and begin rolling around fighting. Cronauer's face turns red. He stops and sees the delicacy of Tuan, a delicacy Tuan's trying to hide. Caught red-handed the boy's face reflects fear and uncertainty, a torn, distraught, sad and vulnerable face the likes of which so many in the world would see for so many more years. Tuan's face hardens.

TUAN

You naive, man, Cronow. You take a stupid side. Now you have to go. It's better off.

CRONAUER

That's not the fucking point!
People died in that bombing. I befriended you and trusted you and you fooled me all along. You are a traitor!

TUAN

(begins to cry)

Traitor? What is traitor? You are killing my own people so many miles from your home? We not traitor. You the traitor.

(CONTINUED)

CRONAUER

I was your friend. I gave you my trust... I gave you my friendship. Two men died at Jimmy Wah's.

TUAN

(sharp; tearful)

Big fuck of the deal! My mother is dead! I have other brother would be 29 years old -- he dead. Shot by Americans. My neighbor -- dead. His wife -- dead. Why?! Because we not human to them. We only little Vietnamese.

(laughs with scorn)

And I am stupid enough to save your bullshit life at An Lac.

CRONAUER

Unbelievable. Five months in Saigon and my best friend turns out to be a VC.

(screams)

That can't look good on a resume.

TUAN

We are so tired now of you!

CRONAUER

We are trying to help this country.

TUAN

(screams)

From what?! You killing us!! It's crap and fuck and shit-piss what you think about that. Your opinion is fuck!

Cronauer is broken and stunned. He doesn't know what to say.

CRONAUER

You were obviously absent from my cursing class.

(stands)

You think the commies are a delight? Ask the Cubans. Every TV channel is 12 hours of Fidel Castro yelling from a lawn chair.

TUAN

We don't want them. We forced to use them to get the control back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TUAN (CONT'D)

We don't want communism. We just want our place back.

(tearful)

Why everybody too stupid to know that?

(beat; sobers)

I use you, Cronow. Because of you're stupid.

(laughs; mocking)

Radio man. But when you don't have any information, and I realizing, I say, "Fuck you." I don't needing your friendship no more.

CRONAUER

You know that that's not true.

TUAN

(fiery)

Yes it is.

CRONAUER

(long beat; softer now)

Well, I thought we were friends. I trusted you as one, and I treated you as one.

(beat)

This whole thing lost me my job in the first place where I was ever needed, and that hurts. You disappointed me, too. You didn't live up to the friendship by being honest about who you were. That to me is very painful. Because I trusted you.

(beat; rises; turns)

And I'll tell you something else. Your grammar has really gone down the toilet.

Cronauer stands, bruised and worn, charred and disgusted. He brushes ice and carp crap from his pants. He wipes the tears from his eyes. Tuan is gone.

It is early morning, and Cronauer actually looks neat. He's even wearing his khakis. He shuts his bag. Dreiwitz, who has been asleep for the first time this month, stirs.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

DREIWITZ

(waking; groggy)

I dreamed that a girl was putting her hand in my pants. I'm glad you woke me. She looked like Mike Wallace. What's up?

CRONAUER

I'm leaving.

Cronauer leaves and does his usual business with sinks and water. Abersold walks naked down the hall. Cronauer looks down at his genitals, as always.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

You know, no matter how you look at it, it looks like a squid.

Cronauer comes back into the room and grabs his suitcase. Dreiwitz rises quickly, dresses, and follows Cronauer out.

150 INT. AFRS HALLWAY/CONTROL ROOM AREA

150

Gathered outside the control room are Garlick, McPherson, Abersold, Hauk and Dreiwitz, and two MP's. Cronauer stands there nervously with his bag.

CRONAUER

I guess this is it.

Garlick hugs Cronauer. It's a long, emotional, manly one.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Appreciate the hug, kid, but in another five seconds this thing is considered homosexuality.

Garlick laughs, tears in his eyes. Cronauer shakes hands with Dreiwitz.

DREIWITZ

Take care.

Cronauer peers through the open doors. The ever straight moustached men in the Office of Public Information sit there, expressionless, looking out.

CRONAUER

'Bye, boys.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

OPI SOLDIER 1
'Bye.

OPI SOLDIER 2
So long.

CRONAUER
Are they not fantastic?

Cronauer grabs his bag accompanied by MPs. Garlick runs to them in a burst of youthful sentimentality.

GARLICK
I'll drive.

151 EXT. AFRS PARKING LOT

151

Garlick's already in the driver's seat. Cronauer throws his bag in and gets in between the MPs. Garlick turns the key to start the Jeep, but he is nervous and it's already started. It makes the awful GRINDING SOUND.

152 EXT. SAIGON STREETS

152

CRONAUER
You can generally tell a car's started from the humming noise. Listen for it in the engine compartment and you can't go wrong.

153 EXT. CULTURAL EXCHANGE

153

Garlick pulls out with a SCREECH. We FOLLOW them out of the lot down Tu Do Street and through the daytime bustle of hot and muggy Saigon. After a while, they pass the American Cultural Institute. His class has gathered, as always, and when they see the Jeep they step into the street happily, blocking the car's way. They have with them some small vegetable crates and boxes. Cronauer slinks lower in his seat so as not to be seen.

CRONAUER
Go around them.

Garlick maneuvers around them, but Cronauer sees their faces.

CRONAUER
(continuing)
We better stop.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

Garlick stops and backs up quickly, nearly hitting many moving cars. Cronauer jumps out of the Jeep. The class surrounds him, yelling about softball and showing him boxes of makeshift baseball mitts and bats.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

I can't.. I'm leaving.

MINH

Why you go?!

OLD MAN

No! We need you! For fun!

CHIANG

But you promising teach us "sohftbahll."

CHIANG

Hell with softbhall. I want another cursing class. Fuck; shit; piss; ship; crap; plus: crapola.

CRONAUER

We don't have any equipment. I'm in custody. There are a few kinks.

MINH

You can say those words even if we play.

CHIANG

Oh.

Le Duc produces some makeshift wooden clubs. A box contains gloves, mittens, and some mitts. Minh rips open the fruit box containing large unripe grapefruits.

MP

If you make an attempt to deviate from our schedule you're under arrest.

CRONAUER

What if I gave you the names and numbers of a couple of attractive girls from Georgia who like to have sex with large, uneducated men.

154 EXT. CULTURAL SCHOOLYARD

154

The class is in the field. The MPs are at shortstop and third. Each person has a mitten on their left hand. Cronauer holds a long two by four and hits grapefruit fungo.

A hard grapefruit more or less makes it to third. An MP picks it up and throw it to first where it disintegrates.

CRONAUER

No wonder they use balls.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

Cronauer grounds one to second. Duoung turns the wrong way and the grapefruit hits him in the behind. He finds the ball and throws it where no one can find it.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Close, Duoung. Really.

Sides are chosen. The first ball is pitched by Phan quite far away -- almost off the field.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Phan! You stink! But that doesn't mean you couldn't be traded to the Mets.

Another fruit is pitched. Minh, the catcher, catches it. It disintegrates.

MINH

Baseball is disgusting!

Another fruit is pitched. Duoung strikes out and Cronauer's team takes the field. A ball is hit to the outfield and Cronauer's center fielder, Le Duc, gets under the fly but jumps away from the ball at the last minute.

LE DUC

(explaining)

I did not want to get hit on the head by the juice.

CRONAUER

I understand your needs.

Minh is up. The grapefruit is pitched and she hits it and starts running to first as everyone including Cronauer yells "run." She runs to first.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

Keep running!

And she does keep running, right past first base and into right field over to a side street and out of sight.

CRONAUER

(continuing)

This is the way they play at mental institutions.

FADE TO:

155 EXT. SAME - CULTURAL SCHOOLYARD

155

It's the end of the game and everybody is winded and laughing, including the MPs. One MP finally rises, checking his watch.

MP

Sir, we've gotta go now.

After Cronauer hugs each person in the class they start for the Jeep. Not far in the distance in a grassy field Cronauer spots Trinh. He walks toward her.

MP 1

(to MP 2)

Oh, shit. He's gonna say goodbye to everybody in the country now.

156 EXT. CULTURAL SCHOOLYARD

156

They meet halfway, stopping in the field. There is a long, thoughtful silence.

TRINH

I want to say goodbye before you go, to tell you thank you for being so kind.

(beat)

So many things not happen the way you wanted.

(beat)

You so good person. But I could not with you. We are so differen'.

CRONAUER

Hey, tell me about it, I say "tomato," you say "bingh ninh xidh phoung." Still, I enjoyed what little time we had.

Trinh nods. She then stands straight and proud and extends her hand, and shakes Cronauer's. He kisses her and heads back to the Jeep.

MINE

(yelling)

'Bye, 'bye, Cronow! We wish you happiness on Long Island.

CRONAUER

(yells back to class)

There's no such thing, but I know what you mean.

At the Jeep the MPs argue about how they played softball.

MP 1

If we hadn't been playing with grapefruits, I wouldn't have kept grounding out.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

MP 2

Bullshit! Grapefruit has nothing to do with it; you either hit the damn thing or you don't.

Garlick starts the Jeep, Cronauer jumps in and they're off.

157 EXT. TAN SON NHUT AIRPORT

157

Garlick drives Cronauer and his luggage through the periphery of Saigon. When they get to the airport, Garlick shows a pass and drives through the rear of the area and toward the runway. A DC8 transport jet is loading with people and supplies. The airport is now extremely busy. Soldiers arrive by the hundreds. Scores of wounded leave, some in wheelchairs, some in stretchers. There are thousands of men and tons of supplies moving to and fro, and great, unprecedented confusion. Garlick and Cronauer jump out of the Jeep as the MPs continue to argue.

GARLICK

I really enjoyed making your acquaintance, sir. Thanks.

MP 1

Wrong. Grapefruits bend in. They collapse. You can't get any speed off 'em.

Garlick snaps to attention and gives a real professional rendering of a salute, the kind reserved for top generals and presidents.

MP 2

(disgusted)

Oh, bullcrap, man. It doesn't matter what you hit as long as you get a piece of it. Whether it be a grapefruit or a nectarine or a cantaloupe.

CRONAUER

(trying to drive it home)

We're the same rank, Garlick.

Cronauer shrugs, accepts Garlick's salute, and just salutes back.

MP 1

I don't believe you! Don't you hear how stupid that sounds?! Getting a piece of a nectarine with a 2x4 is not the fucking same as whacking a hardball with a Louisville Slugger. You're a moron! You're mad because you looked like a cretin the way you grounded out with the grapefruits.

GARLICK

What will I do without you, sir?

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

CRONAUER
You can carry on.

GARLICK
(thinks, smiles)
"Carry on. Carry on..." I like
that. Makes me feel British.

Garlick salutes again, this time with strength and conviction.

CRONAUER
Quit saluting me, lunatic. We're
the exact same rank.

Cronauer grabs his bag and reaches into it. He pulls out a reel-to-reel tape which he hands to Garlick.

CRONAUER
(continuing)
I got a little something here that
says goodbye to everybody who's
gotta stay behind...

GARLICK
(taking it)
Understood. I'll play it pronto.

CRONAUER
You could get in trouble.

GARLICK
(smiles)
I requisitioned for a name change.
Trouble is actually my new middle
name.

CRONAUER
(gratified)
I'm giving you a "chuck" on the
shoulder now.

Cronauer gives him a chuck on the shoulder.

CRONAUER
(continuing)
Take care.

Cronauer starts into the crowd. Garlick, in order to avoid emotions, jumps quickly into his JEEP, STARTS THE ENGINE correctly, and SCREECHES out, wiping an unavoidable tear.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (2)

157

Cronauer spots the plane and makes his way toward it amid the heat and fumes and confusion. Suddenly he notices that Tuan stands off to the side, glancing around surreptitiously. The boy's frail body is more weak and uncertain than we've yet seen. He moves toward the Airman.

TUAN

I lied. I did not use you for information.

Cronauer nods. Tuan takes a breath, about to speak, but doesn't know what to say. His voice begins to crackle.

TUAN

(continuing)

You blaming me, but everybody in the mess together. Friends is in the same no matter for the different conflicts of, between bad sides.

CRONAUER

That sentence was way the hell off but I know what you mean.

TUAN

(laughs through a tear)

You a good man, Cronow. You make Vietnam laugh for a while.

The rest gets caught in Tuan's throat, and there is no time to say anything more.

TUAN

(continuing)

You better going now.

Cronauer looks at him for a beat, then nods. He walks toward the plane.

158 INT. AFRS HALLWAY

158

Garlick walks swiftly through the hallway and enters the control room. Through the glass in the door we see him lock the door, walk over to the console and thread the reel-to-reel tape into a tape machine.

159 EXT. TAN SON NHUT AIRPORT - CONTINUING

159

Cronauer wipes some sweat from his brow and takes one last look at Saigon, at the tropical wind gently rocking in a hot, damp breeze, at the military vehicles, at the small, scurrying people. He heads for the plane.

Cronauer, late as always, just makes it to the ladder before it is pulled up. He turns and sees Tuan's face amid the confusion of the now undersized runway, amid the throngs. They look at each other. They do not wave; they do not smile. Cronauer climbs up the ladder and into the plane and the door shuts. We hear:

GARLICK (V.O.)

Hi. This is Airman Ed. Montesque-Garlick. It's 1629 hours here in Saigon. Airman Adrian Cronauer is going home today, but he left a farewell message for all you guys out there still sweating it out. So, without further ado, here's the Farewell Extravaganza, taped live, uncut, unedited, and I locked the door, so you're going to hear the whole thing:

CRONAUER (V.O.)

Gooooooooood mornin', Vietnam. I know it's not mornin', but accuracy is something I really don't enjoy. The Swiss really enjoy accuracy, but believe me that kind of accuracy translates into severe medical problems later in life. This segment of the Cronauer Farewell Show is brought to you by the makers of Thanh Tienh Nuoc Mahmm fermented fish juice; it smells bad, so you know it's working. By the Pentagon -- crushing popular revolutions wherever they happen abroad, and serving a delightful luncheon locally on weekdays. If you're ever in Washington, and you're near the Pentagon, you won't want to miss the chipped beef with scalloped potatoes and sesame dressing. It's a treat; and, of course, we're also the people who brought you Korea -- the U.S. Army. "If it's being done correctly here or abroad, it's probably not being done by the Army."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

CRONAUER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or the Navy, for that matter. Although, I must tell you, I love a sailor hat. They go so well with the black, patent leather work shoes. Have you spent any quality time with sailors? Wow. Better yet! Have you spent any quality time with career officers? You cannot stay awake. "What if I put a screaming British drummer on methedrine in the room, and he cries out at the top of his lungs and hits me on the head, with small hard bottles? You ask. Will that keep me awake?" No. Not when a career officer is talking. If a man is 58 years old, and he still has a crewcut, that should tell you something. Before they change, here are today's headlines: "United Nations Security Council Calls Soviet Union a Pain in the Ass;" "British Doctors Put Freddy and the Dreamers Back On Mind Altering Drugs," and "President Lyndon Johnson Changes His Underwear Without the Help of the Department of Defense."

We watch Cronauer's DC 8 as it flies out and disappears into the lush, hot, uncertain distance.

FADE OUT.

END