

SHORT-TIMER

Gill Dennis

April 2, 1979

FADE IN:

EXT PARKING LOT KENNEDY AIRPORT JANUARY DAWN

The sky is growing lighter. The lot is three-quarters full of cars.

CUT TO:

EXT GREEN VW BUG PARKING LOT KENNEDY AIRPORT SAME TIME

ANGLE THROUGH FRONT WINDSHIELD--the shadowy figures of a boy and a girl in the front seat. The boy is wearing an army uniform.

GIRL  
Who will take care of you?

BOY  
I'll manage.

They sit, motionless for a moment, absorbing the silence of the lot.

BOY  
It won't be such a long time.  
(silence)  
I won't forget you.

The silhouetted girl begins to strike her head with her fist.

BOY  
Stop hitting your head with your fist, Jean!

The girl stops striking herself.

GIRL  
Why not?

She hits her head again: twice.

BOY  
Now stop it!

GIRL  
Why?

He doesn't know what to say. She hits her head some more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOY  
Because I love you!

She stops.

BOY  
We'll get married when I get back--  
like I said.

GIRL  
I love you.

BOY  
I'll send you a ring when I get to  
Korea: as soon as I get paid.

They kiss.

BOY  
I gotta go.

GIRL  
I love you, Walt.

They kiss.

BOY  
I love you.

They kiss, urgently.

BOY  
Goodbye.

GIRL  
Take care of yourself.

BOY  
You too, honey.

The passenger door opens and Private WALTER KANE climbs out. His hair is red and he has an innocent face which is soft and changing--hesitant. His uniform is neat and firm; his gestures are precise. He drags his duffle bag from the back seat; then leans into the car and kisses the girl again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
Goodbye. See you in a year.

GIRL  
I love you, Walt.

KANE  
I love you.

He backs out of the car and stands up. The sky has lightened and there are two or three streaks of yellow floating above his head. He closes the car door and throws the heavy duffle bag onto his shoulder.

KANE  
Goodbye.

He turns and takes a few steps away.

GIRL  
Goodbye, Walt! I love you!

He turns and waves with his free hand. He smiles towards the VW. It is a very open and disarming smile (there is a great deal of force to this smile).

KANE  
I love you!

He turns and walks away.

THE ROAR OF A JET TAKING-OFF!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT UNITED JET IN FLIGHT MORNING

KANE sits by a window towards the rear of the plane. The passengers around him all have their ear-sets on and are watching a movie: KANE isn't. He is lost in thought; withdrawn somewhere within himself. Smoke rises from a Pall Mall; forgotten between the fingers of his left hand. He is rocking, ever so slightly, back and forth in his seat: bumping the back of the seat; back and forth, back and forth.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT DOCKED TROOP SHIP OAKLAND CALIFORNIA AFTERNOON

A seemingly endless stream of soldiers, shouldering their duffle bags, run up the gangplank.

PAN with KANE as he passes and is swallowed by the ship.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT HOLD TROOP SHIP

The light is dim. KANE is on a top bunk. He appears ashen in the half-light. He stares at the rivets in the iron ceiling two-feet above him and listens to the hum of the ship's engines. The feet of another soldier are at Kane's head and still another soldier's head is at Kane's feet. He is four bunks high and is listening to the voices under and around him in the gloom.

TITLE AND CREDITS BEGIN:

1ST VOICE

We under the Golden Gate Bridge yet?

2ND VOICE

How would I know?

3RD VOICE

I join the Army and they send me to fuckin' Korea. Some luck!

4TH VOICE

You rather go to Nam?

3RD VOICE

That's where the war is, right?

4TH VOICE

Yeah.

3RD VOICE

That's what the military is for, right?

4TH VOICE

Yeah.

3RD VOICE

So why we goin' to fuckin' Korea?

1ST VOICE

Maybe there'll be a war in Korea.

3RD VOICE

How do you figure that?

1ST VOICE

We start winning in Nam, maybe the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

1ST VOICE CONT.  
Chinese will invade Korea again.

2ND VOICE  
What the Chinese doin' in Korea?

1ST VOICE  
They were there before!

5TH VOICE  
Well, they're not there now. Only  
North Koreans in North Korea.

4TH VOICE  
They're all communists anyway.  
Who gives a fuck?

6TH VOICE  
Hey Bowen, you want to go to Nam,  
you can get transferred there, you  
know that?

3RD VOICE  
Maybe I will.

7TH VOICE  
They got whores in Korea.

1ST VOICE  
I feel like a fuckin' sardine in  
this ship!

8TH VOICE  
Corkwood!

2ND VOICE  
Slaves!

1ST BLACK VOICE  
What d'ya know about slaves?

2ND VOICE  
Nothin'.

For a moment nobody talks.  
The hum of the engines.  
KANE stares at a rivet.

7TH VOICE  
They got whores in Korea.

1ST SOUTHERN VOICE  
I'd sure like to get a little cock!

6TH VOICE  
What did ya say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

1ST SOUTHERN VOICE  
I said I'd like to get some cock.

6TH VOICE  
That's what I thought you said.

1ST SOUTHERN VOICE  
You got any objections?

6TH VOICE  
What's that mean: get a little cock?

1ST SOUTHERN VOICE  
It means get laid; what d'ya think  
it means?

6TH VOICE  
Yeah, well then, you shouldn't say  
get a little cock!

1ST SOUTHERN VOICE  
Why the hell not?

6TH VOICE  
Makes you sound like a faggot.

2ND VOICE  
No, that's what they say in the South.  
Get a piece of cock means the same as  
get a piece of pussy.

6TH VOICE  
Why doesn't he say what he means?  
The guy's got a cock. What he wants  
is pussy! He should say so!

1ST SOUTHERN VOICE  
Hey, buddy, I'll say it whatever way  
I want.

Nobody talks for a moment.  
KANE stares at the rivet. He is concentrating on something.

3RD VOICE  
Snatch.

4TH VOICE  
Yeah.

1ST VOICE  
Pussy.

8TH VOICE  
Cunt.

5TH VOICE  
Mitten.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2ND VOICE  
Beaver, man, beaver.

10TH VOICE  
Cunt!

5TH VOICE  
We already got cunt.

1ST BLACK VOICE  
Hairpie.

4TH VOICE  
What did he say?

3RD VOICE  
Hairpie.

7TH VOICE  
Honey pot.

1ST VOICE  
Box.

9TH VOICE  
Box, right.

11TH VOICE  
Quim.

8TH VOICE  
Never heard of that.

2ND VOICE  
Twat!

3RD VOICE  
The Bearded Clam!

5TH VOICE  
Christ!

9TH VOICE  
Hairburger!

4TH VOICE  
Muff.

KANE suddenly jerks upright and hits his head on the iron ceiling. He throws himself to one side and vomits over the edge of his bunk.

1ST VOICE  
(from below, protesting)  
What the--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2ND VOICE  
Holy shit!

3RD VOICE  
Oooooooh man!

1ST VOICE  
Jesus Christ!

2ND VOICE  
All over my goddam bag!

4TH VOICE  
Hey man, you should go to the--

KANE rolls from his bunk and lets himself down to the hold's deck, unsteadily.

1ST BLACK SOLDIER  
The guy's seasick!

1ST SOLDIER  
Shit, he's stepping in it!

KANE folds up and gets sick again.

2ND SOLDIER  
Ahhh, shit!

Shadowy figures jump out of Kane's range.

6TH SOLDIER  
Get him outa here!

1ST SOLDIER  
Go to the head, man!

3RD SOLDIER  
Give me a hand!

2ND SOLDIER  
Here, I'll help you.

They help KANE down a long narrow dimly lit aisle towards the head: past the curious and bored; past the hundreds of soldiers packed in the hold.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT HEAD TROOP SHIP AFTERNOON

KANE's gray face rests on the damp cool tile of the head. Suddenly he jerks upright and wretches into a seatless bowl. Several soldiers step around him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

1ST SOLDIER  
You okay?

KANE nods: yes. He reaches for toilet paper and  
wipes his mouth on it.

2ND SOLDIER  
He's been there for two weeks.

1ST SOLDIER  
(to Kane)  
They didn't give you anything in  
the infirmary?

KANE nods: yes.

1ST SOLDIER  
Didn't do no good?

KANE  
No.

2ND SOLDIER  
A long trip, huh?

KANE nods: yes.

1ST SOLDIER  
Anything I can get you?

KANE  
I'm alright.

2ND SOLDIER  
We'll see you.

1ST SOLDIER  
Take it easy.

KANE nods: yes. Then he lays back down on the cool tile.  
Outside the porthole, the bottle green sea rises and falls.

CUT TO:

EXT INCHON HARBOR KOREA MORNING

It is cold. The sky is gray. The sea is choppy.  
A landing craft, packed with soldiers, surges towards the  
white strip of land.

END CREDITS.

CUT TO:

INT LANDING CRAFT MORNING

The engine drones beneath KANE's feet. He is pale; sickened by the boat's motion and rattle.

VOICE OFF

Looka here!

ANOTHER VOICE

What's that?

1ST VOICE

Looka here!

KANE, with others, stands unsteadily on his seat in order to look over the side of the open boat.

WHAT HE SEES: another landing craft, passing them in the opposite direction: full of soldiers heading for the ship Kane has just left.

2ND VOICE OFF

They're goin' home.

HOMeward BOUND SOLDIERS

(merrily)

Go back!...Go back!...Turn around!

(laughter)

How much time you got, suckers?

KANE smiles, dimly.

3RD VOICE OFF

Listen to them, mothers!

4TH VOICE OFF

They look happy.

HOMeward BOUND SOLDIERS V.O.

(fading into distance)

Go back! Back! Go back, assholes!

KANE looks up and ahead. He feels the cold spray of the water on his face.

WHAT HE SEES: a large banner spans the narrow mouth of the harbor and reads:

WELCOME TO KOREA: FREEDOM'S LAST FRONTIER.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT VALLEY SOUTH KOREA WINTER AFTERNOON

A train cheerfully puffs steam up a snow covered valley.

CUT TO:

INT TRAIN SAME TIME

KANE sits, smoking a Pall Mall, in a car full of troops-- listening to the panting of the train. He glances out the window at the slate gray hues of the snowy landscape. Then he focuses on something.

WHAT HE SEES: a condor banks, then sails above the mountains which bound the view. For a few seconds, it is obscured by the train's streaming steam, but then the condor appears above it--on the rise.

CUT TO:

INT OPEN TRUCK BED DEUCE-AND-A-HALF LATE AFTERNOON

KANE, with three other soldiers, rides in the rattling bed of the truck. The air is raw and pointed. He looks around.

WHAT HE SEES: a maze of swampish gray narrow streets lined by rusty snow-encrusted huts. There are considerable drifts against the endless rows of shacks. Occasional Koreans, muffled against the cold, walk on the shoulders of the road with their heads down.

Fine snow flakes begin to fall steadily. KANE turns up his collar. In the failing light, Uijongbu, Korea, looks to him like a godforsaken hole.

CUT TO:

EXT ROAD EDGE OF UIJONGBU LATE AFTERNOON

The deuce-and-a-half clatters into the city's outskirts: a cold, dull white, wasteland.

The falling snow has whitened KANE's cap and the shoulders of his heavy green overcoat. He can hear a company singing their way back from an exercise: "Dress it right and cover down, forty inches all around, that's the Camp Red Cloud Boogie--what a crazy sound!"

The deuce-and-a-half turns and pitches through a gate and under a sign:

55TH MILITARY POLICE CO.

The truck brakes to a halt. KANE stands up on the bed of the truck and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHAT HE SEES: the compound--a quarter-mile dull white snow-covered square, crisscrossed by paths of yellowish snow, and encircled by a fence and concertina wire. Two dozen quonset huts neatly face the basketball court and Guard Mount. Power lines and telephone poles complete the picture which seems at odds with the distant colorless mountains and neighboring village--a theatrical decor, cold and dreamlike.

KANE jumps from the truck-bed. The frozen compound cracks like glass beneath his feet. The wind drives fine crystals of snow over the ground; forming them in endless eddies and shifting arabesques.

CUT TO:

INT ORDERLY ROOM 55TH M.P. CO. MINUTES LATER

KANE stands in front of a desk; behind which First Sergeant RICKS checks his orders. RICKS is an unexceptional gray-headed "lifer", whose head is too large for his body.

Captain BALSLEY, expressionless, twenty-seven, and broad-shouldered behind his desk, watches from one side.

RICKS  
You're twenty, Private?

KANE nods: yes.

These aren't the greatest scores  
in the world, are they, Kane?

KANE  
What scores are those, Sergeant?

RICKS  
The scores from Gordon.

KANE understands slowly and then smiles. He beams, simply. RICKS studies him.

RICKS  
What are you gonna be, Kane, a  
source of amusement?

KANE doesn't know what to say.

Well?

KANE  
No.

RICKS  
You always smile like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
No.

RICKS  
You're just happy then?

KANE  
No.

RICKS  
No, what?

KANE  
No, Sergeant.

RICKS  
Why aren't you happy, Kane?

KANE's smile fades. He looks embarrassed.

KANE  
I'd rather not be here, Sergeant.

RICKS stares at him for a long moment. KANE is close to tears.

RICKS  
Alright, Kane...  
(he's said what follows before)  
You'll pull Chogie Guard tomorrow night. Then we'll get you on patrol. Your squad will work three days "swing shift", three days "graveyard", and three days "days", Then you get three days "off".

RICKS checks a chart on his desk.

You'll be in "hootch seventeen".  
(smiles)  
Take it easy with the girls...Don't want you catching things...Some of em are okay ....Some of em aren't...Guys in your hootch will straighten you out on this...Get you orientated...You're smart enough to like girls, aren't you, Kane?

KANE  
I'm gonna get married when I get back home, Sergeant.

RICKS  
Why? You like boredom?

KANE doesn't understand.

Why do you want to get married, Kane?  
Don't you like the girl?

CONTINUED:

KANE  
 (earnestly)  
 No, I like her. I like her.  
 I do, Sergeant.

RICKS glances at BALSLEY and almost winks, but thinks better of it when he sees BALSLEY's blank face. RICKS looks back at KANE and remembers something.

RICKS  
 One other thing: this unit is on alert to go to Vietnam. It may never happen, but then again we might get orders to go there a minute from now. This means we have to be able to get out of here in any given 48 hour period. We expect you to keep yourself in a state of readiness at all times...Okay, Private!

KANE turns and salutes the Captain. BALSLEY flicks a surprisingly quick salute in return.

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN 55TH M.P. CO. EVENING

Pfc. BAY lies on his bunk reading a story in a well-thumbed Playboy. He has a face like a stone mask. He is around twenty-five, but is one of those people older than their days, who for reasons unknown has retreated into a position of cynicism and impacted disappointment. He is well liked.

Sixteen bunks, wall and footlockers, line the narrow hootch beyond him. Several soldiers are sprawled on their bunks; writing letters, playing cards, just listening to a song on the radio: "...I fell into a burning ring of fire..."

Pfc. GLUSHKO, a sly, wirey, nineteen year old, sits on a footlocker; looking out the window at the end of the hootch. He watches the snow descend gently in a steady fall. Then:

GLUSHKO  
 Hey, we gotta new one!

MAUGHAM, a stocky and aggressive M.P., looks up from his letter.

MAUGHAM  
 He comin' here?

GLUSHKO  
 Looks like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY looks up with the others as KANE stamps the snow off his boots outside; opens the door, and enters the hootch.

GLUSHKO  
How do?

KANE smiles and nods.  
ROE, a tall and slimly built M.P., calls out:

ROE  
There's a bunk down here.

KANE finds the bunk and throws his duffle bag onto it.  
ROE checks KANE's name-tag.

ROE  
"Kane", huh?  
(holds out hand)  
I'm Roe.  
(they shake)  
Where you from?

KANE  
Freeport, Long Island.

ROE  
New York, huh?  
(winking at the others)  
Nothin' personal, but how short  
are you?

SMITH, a small, muscular black, approaches.

SMITH  
Yeah, how many days you got left,  
Kane?

KANE looks sad and shrugs.

ROE  
How many?

KANE  
A lot.

ROE  
More than a year?

KANE nods: yes.

ROE  
Like four-hundred days?

KANE  
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROE

Ask me how many days I got.

KANE

(smiles a little)

How many days you got?

ROE

Twenty-three.

SMITH

Oooooooooohhh weeeeeee!

Shoorrrrt-tiimer!

GLUSHKO

Four-hundred days, Kane? Holy shit!

Four-hundred fuckin' days!

Laughter.

ROE

Looka me!

ROE thrusts his short-timer's calendar before KANE: a nude woman divided into three-hundred small squares.

ROE

(explaining)

When you got three-hundred days left you get one of these and each day goes by you pencil in a square.

The last square(square #1) is her pussy. ROE points at it.

ROE

That's where the happiness is, Kane! San Jose, fuckin' A!

From his bunk, BAY watches KANE shake his head, in awe. The radio blares: "...I fell into a burning ring of fire...And it burns burns burns..." BAY's face is expressionless as he turns back to his magazine.

CUT TO:

EXT 55TH M.P. COMPOUND NIGHT

Snow falls slowly and uniformly over all. KANE, on guard duty("Chogie Guard"), walks around the inside of the barbed-wire compound. He wears a helmet liner, a fatigue jacket with liner, an M.P. brassard on his left shoulder, a holstered forty-five on his right hip, and huge "Mickey Mouse Boots"(against the cold). He looks bored and lonely. He pauses in a

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

pool of light near the radio-shack, removes a snapshot from his wallet, and, shielding it from the falling snow, looks at it.

WHAT HE SEES: a black and white photo of a pretty girl with large, grave eyes.

KANE's gaze fastens helplessly on her face.

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN AFTERNOON

INSERT: the same black and white photo of the pretty girl.

KANE, standing by his bunk, holds the photo in his left hand and looks at it. He is absently trying to snap his M.P. brassard with his right hand. He pauses, turns the photo over in his hands, and glances at the back.

WHAT HE SEES: a girl's neat hand-writing reads: "I love you always, Jean."

GLUSHKO'S V.O.

That your girl?

KANE looks up. GLUSHKO is looking over his shoulder.

GLUSHKO

That your girl?

KANE nods: yes.

What's her name?

KANE

Jean.

A crowd forms. GLUSHKO takes the photo from KANE, studies it, then hands it around. KANE keeps an anxious eye on it.

GLUSHKO

Ask Cook to show you his wife sometime...  
Hey, Cook, let's see your wife?

COOK, a big blond from Arizona, reluctantly withdraws a large photo-album from his footlocker and opens it. He turns the pages slowly.

WHAT KANE SEES: an album full of enticing photos of a dark, beautiful, semi-nude girl.

The squad crowds around to see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROE  
Hey, okay!

GLUSHKO  
Number one, Cook!

MAUGHAM  
Lemme, leemnee sees, man!

Narrow-faced Pvt. FOX, from Georgia, looks over Cook's shoulder.

FOX  
Sheet!

SMITH  
Beautiful.

KANE doesn't say anything.

GLUSHKO  
His wife had these pictures made-up 'cause she figured she'd rather have him jackin' off lookin at her than some stranger in Playboy!

MAUGHAM  
Damn! She's beautiful, Cook!

VOICE O.S.  
GUARD MOUNT!

KANE, realizing that he has been staring at Cook's wife, blushes, looks up, nods, and smiles. Then he remembers something.

KANE  
(to Glushko)  
Give me my picture back.

GLUSHKO  
I don't have it.

ROE  
Here!

He returns the photo of Jean to KANE.

ROE  
Nice!

CUT TO:

EXT GUARD MOUNT 55TH M.P. CO. AFTERNOON  
 Twenty MPs at attention in two ranks.  
 It is cold. The sky is dull white.  
 Sergeant LAUDENSLAGER inspects KANE, who stands with  
 the squad in full M.P. gear. LAUDENSLAGER is a thin,  
 balding man, who has a stare like an aberration; a  
 real blazed-out look. KANE's brassard is still not  
 snapped.

LAUDENSLAGER  
 Kane, you should see yourself!  
 Look at yourself, Kane!

KANE is not exactly sure what to do or where to start.

Will you look at yourself?

KANE turns and starts to walk through the ranks back  
 towards the hootch.

LAUDENSLAGER  
 Where the hell are you goin', Kane?!

KANE freezes.

KANE  
 I was just goin' to look at myself.

Laughter from the squad: BAY half-smiles.

LAUDENSLAGER  
 Will you get your ass back here?  
 You don't ever break ranks unless  
 you're told! Didn't they teach you  
 nothin'?

KANE returns to his spot; he is shaking.

You at attention, Kane?

KANE nods his head: yes.

What are you; a quart-short, or  
 somethin'?

KANE nods his head: yes. Then he shakes it: no.  
 Laughter from behind him.  
 LAUDENSLAGER softens. He points at Kane's brassard.

LAUDENSLAGER  
 Fix this thing, will ya?

KANE  
 Oh.

He snaps it.

LAUDENSLAGER  
 You gonna be trouble, Kane?

CONTINUED:

KANE  
Not me.

LAUDENSLAGER  
(gently)  
You a numbnut, Kane?

KANE  
Not me.

LAUDENSLAGER  
You'll pull patrol number three with  
Bay...He'll drive...Show you around.  
Okay?

KANE  
Yes, Sergeant.

LAUDENSLAGER  
You stay outa deep-shit, huh?

KANE  
Yes, Sergeant.

CUT TO:

EXT STREETS UIJONGBU LATE AFTERNOON

A U.S. Army jeep rolls slowly down the hushed streets of Uijongbu. A painted board directly beneath the jeep's front windshield declares in black and white:

MILITARY POLICE.

The winter canvas top and sides are on the jeep.

CUT TO:

INT M.P. JEEP LATE AFTERNOON

BAY drives and KANE rides in silence as evening surges through the bitterly cold streets. Snow is overall. Ribbons of smoke rise above the low buildings. Uijongbu is shack-city: huts and shops made out of corrugated iron and concrete; fading advertisements on walls behind mighty icicles.

Koreans scurry about in the half-light.

Occasional delicate-faced whores, stamp their feet against the cold, and hail BAY as he points out the red-light districts to KANE.

BAY  
That's Mika-Lima.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
(after a moment)  
What's that stand for?

BAY  
Memory Lane.

KANE  
(after a moment)  
Why do they call it "Memory Lane"?

BAY  
'Cause once you been down it, you'll  
never forget it...This is Charlie  
Victor, which stands for Clap Valley.  
...Over here--this is Lima Lima Lima;  
or, Lip Lock Lane. These girls are  
bad news. Stay outa here.

Large snow flakes begin to fall against the jeep's  
windshield. The city and road dissolve on all sides  
in the falling snow. BAY hits a switch and the  
windshield wipers begin to slap back and forth.

CUT TO:

EXT COUNTRY ROAD--HIGHWAY NUMBER THREE KOREA NIGHT

The jeep slowly approaches: its splaying headlights  
cut through the blinding sea of snow.

CUT TO:

INT JEEP NIGHT

BAY, driving, squints into the turmoiling snow as  
the jeep bounces along.

BAY  
(softly)  
I hated this country the first  
moment I saw it.

KANE says nothing. He appears lost in thought;  
rocking ever so slightly back and forth, back and  
forth, in the seat next to BAY.

BAY looks over at him.

BAY  
You don't say much, do you?

KANE stops rocking, looks at BAY, and shakes his  
head: no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
Anything ever happen?

BAY  
When?

KANE  
On patrol?

BAY  
(after a moment)  
Sometimes.

KANE waits.  
BAY says nothing more.

KANE  
You ever have to pull your  
forty-five?

BAY  
No.  
(pause)  
I've been here seven months and  
I don't think anybody has had to  
pull their gun.

KANE  
You gotta girl back home?

BAY  
I had one...She found something  
else.

KANE  
Sorry.

BAY  
Yeah.  
(hesitates, then)  
I'll tell you how it goes, Kane.  
See, they write you everyday for  
the first couple months...Then  
they write you like every other  
day for awhile, but the letters  
get hornier...Then, suddenly, like  
after five months, the letters  
stop for maybe three weeks, and  
you're goin' bats; but then you  
get one and it's the most passionate  
thing you've ever read in your life;  
and she's tellin' you how you're the  
most wonderful thing in God's Creation;  
and how she can't live without you...  
How she'd die first!...Then another

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY CONT.

two weeks go by and she writes and tells you that she met this guy who is assistant manager of a bowling alley or something and that she'll always remember you! ...Shit! All that stuff 'bout you--'bout not bein' able to live without you?...That was nothin' but guilt...That's the way it happens...Like clockwork, man!

CUT TO:

INT M.P. DESK PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE CAMP RED  
CLOUD KOREA LATER THAT NIGHT

KANE sits at a table filling out the patrol's report. BAY warms himself by a nearby stove. LAUDENSLAGER and Radio Operator/Desk Clerk JOHNSON sit behind the high M.P. Desk, which faces two empty holding-cells.

LAUDENSLAGER

How'd it go, Kane?

KANE

(looking up)

Cold, Sergeant.

LAUDENSLAGER

Quiet?

BAY

Quiet.

KANE works on the report as four more military policemen enter, stamping, in the background. They fetch coffee, chat, and begin to fill out their reports.

KANE

(softly)

Bay, what's like eleven o'clock?

BAY

What d'ya mean?

KANE

You know; twenty-what?

BAY

What's twelve and twelve?

KANE

I don't know math.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
It's not math. It's time.  
What's twelve and twelve?

KANE  
See, I told you it was math!

BAY  
What's twelve and twelve, Kane?

KANE  
I know what that is, but if I  
tell you, you're gonna ask me  
what twenty-four and twenty-four  
is.

BAY studies him a long moment.

BAY  
Eleven o'clock is twenty-three  
hundred, Kane.

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN 55TH M.P. CO. NIGHT

A radio is playing: "...The Magical Mystery Tour is  
waiting to take you away, dy-ing to take you away..."

KANE enters, shedding his gear, followed by BAY.  
KANE walks to his bunk. There are eight letters  
waiting for him on the folded blanket at the foot  
of the bed.

He picks them up.  
WHAT HE SEES: Jean Bardeke's handwritten name and  
return address in the upper left hand corners of the  
envelopes.

SMITH'S V.O.  
That your girl?

KANE looks over at the muscular black on the next bunk.  
KANE nods: yes, then beams.

SMITH  
They probably came for you  
while you was on the ship and  
they've been holding 'em for  
you in Seoul till you got here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE sits, puts down the letters beside him on the bunk, picks up one, opens it carefully, removes three handwritten pages of blue stationary, and reads:

JEAN'S V.O.

Dearest Walt: It was so sad saying goodbye to you and watching you walk away. There is a great hole in my life where you used to be. Well, I will write you every day and knowing that you are reading my silly letters will fill up the emptiness.

From across the hootch BAY watches KANE, for a moment, reading his letters. You would have to guess what BAY was thinking.

CUT TO:

INT CLASSROOM 55TH M.P. CO. DAY

The company's sleepy enlisted men are assembled in the stuffy classroom; listening to heavyset CHAPLAIN ELIOT drone on about the evils of communism. KANE sits in the back row listening with almost hypnotized concentration. A terribly bored BAY listens from the other side of the room.

CHAPLAIN ELIOT

God is not worshiped in communist countries. Communists do not believe that God exists.

GLUSHKO, looking hungover, raises his hand.

People who believe in God and try to go to church to worship him in communist countries are thrown in jail.

CHAPLAIN ELIOT notices GLUSHKO's hand.

Yes, Private?

GLUSHKO slowly stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLUSHKO

Private Glushko, Sir...I just wanted to know how you reconciled being a professional soldier with Christ's teaching when Christ says, "Thou shall not kill?"

Silence falls.

KANE intently follows the confrontation.

CHAPLAIN ELIOT

That's a good question, Private Glushko. But a lot of things have changed since Christ's time; things he didn't know about. For instance, our Constitution sets up a separation between Church and State.

GLUSHKO

Does it say anything about that separation in the Bible, Sir?

The CHAPLAIN is no dummy.

CHAPLAIN ELIOT

You may recall from your reading of the Bible, Private Glushko, that Christ said, "Render unto Ceasar the things that are Ceasar's, and unto God the things that are God's" I think that makes it pretty clear, Private.

GLUSHKO

Yes, Sir, but--"Thou shall not kill!" I mean, that's pretty clear, now, too. Isn't it, Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAPLAIN ELIOT

I don't think you really want me to answer that question, soldier. First of all, Moses, not Christ, said, "Thou shall not kill!" It's one of the Ten Commandments, remember Glushko? And secondly, neither Moses, nor Christ was in the army. So, let's leave it at that!

A few soldiers laugh.

And I'm a Colonel and you're a Private; sit down, Private!

More laughter.

GLUSHKO sits.

KANE glances over at BAY.

BAY notices KANE and rolls his eyes to the ceiling with weary amusement as if to say, "incredible!"

CUT TO:

INT M.P. JEEP AFTERNOON

BAY drives the jeep slowly down the freezing streets of Uijongbu. KANE rides shotgun and is full of his own cheerfulness.

KANE

What does your father do?

BAY

He's dead.

KANE

What did he do?

BAY

We had a farm.

KANE

How did he die?

(CONTINUED)

BAY

In a tractor accident.

(very matter-of-fact)

A tractor rolled over on him and caught fire. He was pinned beneath it; his legs were. He couldn't get out and I couldn't pull him out. He kinda caught fire slowly. We were way out in this field, alone. I kept shoveling dirt on him with my hands to try and keep the fire off him. After a while, he asked me to get a rock and kill him...I didn't do that. I ran for help, instead. When we got back he was dead.

KANE

How old were you?

BAY

About eleven.

BAY rolls the wheel in his hand and noses the jeep through the pedestrian crowds and bedlam of Uijongbu's markets.

They meet patrol number two coming the other way: GLUSHKO, SMITH, and a KNP(Korean National Policeman) in a jeep.

The two patrols nod to one another as they pass.

KANE

That a Korean policeman with them.

BAY

KNP: Korean National Police.

KANE

They pull patrol with us?

BAY

When they don't have enough jeeps of their own, they drive around with us.

KANE

You don't like the Koreans?

BAY

I think people should be able to take care of themselves.

KANE thinks about this for a moment.

BAY

(almost to himself)

That guy sure likes to hear himself talk!

CONTINUED:

KANE looks at BAY: nothing more is forthcoming.

KANE

Who?

BAY

That Chaplain...Eliot.

BAY turns the jeep down Memory Lane and pulls to a stop in front of a cluster of corrugated huts. He beeps the horn; doors open and three whores appear. They all know BAY and greet him.

BAY

You want some of this?

KANE shakes his head: no.  
A small graceful WHORE appears at KANE's shoulder.

BAY

Open your door.

KANE does so.

WHORE

Who friend, Bay?

Her voice is unusually low pitched.

BAY

His name's Kane. He's sweet.  
He's not sugar, but he's the  
next thing to it.

KANE looks worried around his half-smile.  
BAY climbs from the jeep.

WHORE

(to Kane)

You want a short-time, Kane?

KANE shakes his head: no.  
BAY unfastens his gun belt and hands the belt, forty-five,  
and club to Kane.

BAY

Watch these, will ya?

KANE nods: yes. He holds them with both hands, carefully.

WHORE

(to Kane)

Short-time? Blow job? Round the  
world? Anything you want. Number  
one short-time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
 (walking away; over  
 his shoulder)  
 Can you take him 'round the world  
 and let him off in Freeport, Long  
 Island?

BAY turns and disappears into one of the huts with  
 the two other whores.

WHORE  
 (to Kane)  
 Good time, GI? Anything you want?

KANE  
 (politely)  
 No, thanks.

The WHORE slowly smiles.

WHORE  
 Okay, Kane.

She turns, walks away, and goes inside.  
 KANE is alone.

WHAT HE SEES: the sky is low; the clouds are dark;  
 smoke from the huts drifts upwards.

KANE lights a Pall Mall.  
 He starts to rock slightly; back and forth. A call  
 comes in over the radio.

RADIO  
 Slight Cruise Three, this is Slight  
 Cruise, over!...Slight Cruise Three,  
 this is Slight Cruise, over!

KANE responds shakily--trying to remember what he was  
 taught at Fort Gordon.

KANE  
 (on radio-mike)  
 Slight Cruise, this is Slight Cruise  
 Three, over!

RADIO  
 Slight Cruise Three; ten one five  
 Charlie Victor, Tea House Rose,  
 disturbance, ten four, over!

KANE  
 Slight Cruise, this is Slight Cruise  
 Three; that's a Roger, out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now KANE must get BAY out of the hut. He places BAY's gun-belt on the driver's seat, jumps from the jeep, and runs towards the hut. He suddenly stops, returns to the jeep, grabs the gun-belt, pivots, and runs to the hut. The door is closed. KANE knocks: no answer!

KANE  
(yelling)  
We got a disturbance! Hey, Bay!  
Bay! We got a disturbance! Bay!

The door swings open and BAY appears--buckling his pants.

KANE  
We got a disturbance!

BAY grabs his gun-belt and buckles it on as they stride back to the jeep.

KANE  
We got a disturbance! Sorry,  
we got a disturbance!

BAY  
I heard you.

They jump into the jeep.

KANE  
Ten one five Charlie Victor, ten  
four!

BAY lights a Kent.

BAY  
Where?

KANE  
Tea House Rose.

BAY shoves the jeep into gear and they tear off--siren wailing.

CUT TO:

EXT CLAP VALLEY SOUTH KOREA AFTERNOON

The M.P. jeep races north out of Uijongbu up Highway Number One.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Traffic on the highway is light; two taxis and a ROK deuce-and-a-half.

The mountains ahead are gray and white.

The jeep hits a bump, jumps, and comes down hard again on the road. The steering wheel momentarily kicks itself free from BAY's hands. The jeep slews to the left; then slews to the right. BAY grabs the wheel. The jeep fishtails one more time and then regains the center of the road.

Uniformed GIs ahead make the road suddenly narrow. They are in front of a large pink cinderblock building beneath a red and black sign which reads simply:

R  
O  
S  
E

BAY pulls the jeep to a stop and kills the siren. A CORPORAL approaches. He is a dense and ugly twenty-three year old; sombre with his authority. BAY and KANE climb out.

BAY

What's happening, Corporal?

There is some sort of trouble going on amidst the thirty soldiers behind the Corporal--yelling and shoving.

CORPORAL

We got a Pfc; got a Dear John this morning; we're having a unit party, here; he got drunk. I think he's out of his mind. I don't know. They're trying to calm him down.

BAY

What are you; one hundred and sixty-third?

CORPORAL

Yeah.

SERGEANT FORSTER, a black, emerges from the crowd and approaches. He is big; a normally jaunty man, now bleary with too much beer.

FORSTER

Good afternoon.

BAY

Hi. What do you want us to do, Sergeant?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FORSTER

This guy Odom...He's just beserk!  
 What should you do? Hell! Try  
 to take him back to the company.  
 You know, the one sixty-third?  
 Yeah, try to take him back; if  
 he fucks around, take him in!...  
 How's that?

BAY

Sure, Sergeant.

BAY and KANE, followed by FORSTER and the CORPORAL,  
 move into the crowd.

1ST SOLDIER

MPs!...Give em room!

The crowd parts and makes way for the MPs.  
 Four soldiers are holding a large and powerful man.  
 For a moment, KANE can't see the man's face.  
 Then ODOM looks up. His eyes are mean and he is  
 frothing at the mouth.

BAY

Let him go. Okay?

The four soldiers look at BAY as if he were nuts.

BAY

Odom?...They let you go; we'll take  
 you back to your company area.  
 There'll be no problem. Right? We  
 won't arrest you or anything. Just  
 take you back to your company and  
 you can sleep it off...Okay?

ODOM stares at BAY.

BAY

Okay?

ODOM nods: yes, yes.

BAY

Let him go.

The four soldiers reluctantly let go of ODOM and step back.

2ND SOLDIER

Take it easy, Tom. They're  
 just taking you back.

ODOM stands in place; breathing hard, his hands at his sides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
You come with us?

ODOM nods and begins to walk very slowly ahead of KANE and BAY back towards the jeep.

The soldiers make room for them.  
When they are almost to the jeep, ODOM stops.

ODOM  
Wait a minute!

BAY  
What's wrong?

ODOM  
I want to speak with Forster.

BAY  
Who?

ODOM  
Sergeant Forster.

BAY  
You can speak to him back at the company.

ODOM  
I want to apologize. I want to apologize, d'ya understand?

BAY  
Do it later!

ODOM  
No!

BAY  
Yes!

ODOM  
No!

BAY  
Yes!...Please, man?

ODOM  
No!

BAY  
Hey, Sergeant!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FORSTER approaches.

FORSTER  
Yeah?

BAY  
He wants to say something to you.

FORSTER  
Yeah? What d'ya want to say,  
Odom?

ODOM  
(mutters)  
I'm sorry sergeant.

FORSTER can't make it out.

FORSTER  
What's that, Odom?

BAY  
He says, he's sorry.

FORSTER  
That's okay, Odom.

ODOM extends his right hand to the Sergeant.

FORSTER  
(not moving)  
That's okay, Odom.

ODOM  
Shake?

FORSTER  
(reluctantly)  
Sure.

FORSTER steps forward and shakes hands with ODOM.  
ODOM brings his right knee up viciously into FORSTER's  
groin. FORSTER folds up like a Chinese lantern.

FORSTER  
Ahhh, shit!...GET HIM OUTA HERE!  
GET HIM OUTA HERE!

BAY grabs ODOM.  
ODOM screams as KANE grabs him, too.  
ODOM is strong.  
The two MPs wrestle with him.  
BAY gets a "come along" on one wrist--a form of arm-lock.  
It seems to have no effect on ODOM as the three men whirl  
around.

BAY  
The son-of-a-bitch is double jointed!

CONTINUED:

ODOM trips and they all fall down.  
 BAY and KANE are on top of the angry man.  
 KANE can't get his cuffs on ODOM.  
 After much struggle on the snowy ground, KANE and  
 BAY get the cuffs on one wrist, but they can't cuff  
 the other wrist.  
 ODOM is on his back. He works the wrist with the  
 cuff under him.

BAY  
 Oh, that's great!

KANE is sitting on ODOM.  
 BAY can't pry the cuffed wrist out from under ODOM.  
 ODOM's body has become like a rock.  
 KANE looks very calm and seems to attach no importance  
 to the menace in ODOM's eyes.

BAY  
 Give me your wrist, Odom!

ODOM spits at him.

BAY  
 You're in trouble! You're  
 in trouble, d'ya understand  
 that? Now give me your wrist!

ODOM closes his eyes.

BAY  
 (to Kane)  
 Can you hold him there?

KANE  
 Where are you goin'?

BAY  
 I'll call for assistance.

KANE  
 I don't think he's goin' anywhere.

BAY  
 Hold him?

KANE  
 Yeah.

BAY rises, gets on the jeep's radio, and calls for  
 assistance.

ODOM's free hand comes up and grabs KANE's dogtags.  
 He pulls hard on them. Their chain cuts into the back  
 of KANE's neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
Come on, Odom, let go!...  
Will ya cut it out?...Let  
go of the chain, Odom!

ODOM fastens his teeth into KANE's thigh. Blood  
begins to trickle down KANE's pant leg.  
KANE tries reason.

KANE  
What are you doin'?...Will ya  
cut it out?...Look, you're just  
gonna get in more trouble. Come  
on, Odom, don't do that. Will  
ya stop it!

BAY stops shouting into the radio for a second and  
shouts at KANE.

BAY  
FOR CHRISAKE, KANE, HIT HIM IN  
THE HEAD!

KANE  
(an order)  
Cut it out, Odom!

BAY appears over them, leans down, and strikes ODOM  
sharply along his left shin with his club.  
ODOM's mouth falls open.  
BAY places his right hand under ODOM's left trouser  
cuff on the soldier's shin. Then he withdraws his  
hand and raises it before ODOM's face.  
It is covered with blood.

BAY  
(with direct aggression)  
You behave, Odom!

ODOM freezes.

CUT TO:

INT. M.P. DESK PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE AFTERNOON

LAUDENSLAGER has KANE's heels locked and is yelling at  
him. BAY is off to one side fixing a cup of coffee.

LAUDENSLAGER  
(furious)  
You gotta take care of yourself,  
Kane! For godssake! For godssake,  
Kane, what a--

KANE tries a smile.

It's not funny, Kane! What do

CONTINUED:

LAUDENSLAGER CONT.  
 you think it looks like when we  
 have to charge this guy with  
 biting an MP on the thigh? What's  
 that make MPs look like? Get your  
 head outta your ass!

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN NIGHT

KANE is sound asleep on his bunk.  
 The overhead fluorescent tubes suddenly glare on!  
 A commotion ensues. Someone is shouting.  
 KANE's eyes snap open.  
 WHAT HE SEES: a shouting OFFICER in a white hospital  
 jacket.

OFFICER  
 SHORT ARM INSPECTION! EVERYBODY  
 UP! EVERYBODY UP! GET EM OUT!  
 GET EM OUT! GET EM OUT WHERE  
 WE CAN SEE EM!

KANE gets slowly out of bed and on his feet. The  
 OFFICER appears in front of him.

OFFICER  
 What's your name, soldier?

KANE  
 Private Kane, Sir.

OFFICER  
 Get it out and milk it down.

KANE obeys.  
 The OFFICER checks him.

OFFICER  
 You're okay.

The OFFICER notices the teeth marks on KANE's thigh.

OFFICER  
 Somebody bite you there?

KANE nods: yes.  
 The OFFICER smiles.

OFFICER  
 Lucky she didn't get you a  
 little higher up.

The OFFICER laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
It wasn't a she, Sir.

The OFFICER does a slow take on KANE.

A white-coated SPEC 4 calls out:

SPEC 4  
We got one over here!

GLUSHKO  
Lewis got the clap!

The OFFICER crosses to LEWIS; a mild, beer-bellied twenty-two year-old from Texas.

COOK  
How the hell did Lewis get  
the clap? He's only been here  
three days.

FOX  
Boat musta stopped in Okinawa.

SMITH  
Or Yokahoma.

PRICE, an ebony black with an ivory smile, laughs.

PRICE  
Ooooohhweeee!

OFFICER  
(to Lewis)  
Come with us, soldier.

The OFFICER and his two orderlies wait while LEWIS pulls on his overcoat and gets into his boots.

PRICE  
Lewis got the Okinawa--  
(claps his hands)

GLUSHKO laughs and starts to clap his hands.

GLUSHKO  
Hey, baby!

BAY smiles.

BAY  
(to himself)  
Great! Just great!

BAY joins the clapping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOK laughs and starts clapping.

COOK  
Captain Balsley is gonna love  
this!

The OFFICER and his two orderlies start to  
lead LEWIS away.

Everyone in the hootch is clapping: everyone but KANE.

SMITH does a little shuffle of glee to the beat of  
the slow clapping.

FOX  
Nummberrr one, Lewis!

LEWIS smiles and waves to everyone as he passes.

KANE looks shocked.

SMITH'S V.O.  
Bye, Lewis!

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN LATE AFTERNOON

KANE sits on his bunk with an unlit Pall Mall  
between his teeth. He carefully opens a tiny  
black box and checks the modest diamond ring  
inside. He shifts the box so that the diamond  
catches the overhead light. Then KANE snaps  
the box shut, places it on the blanket, picks  
up a pen and pad, and writes.

KANE'S V.O.  
Dear Jean: Today I went to  
the PX in Seoul and bought  
you an engagement ring. It  
is not a very fancy one, but  
I think it is pretty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Beatles sing from a radio somewhere in the hootch:  
"Something in the way she moves attracts me like no  
other lover: don't want to leave her now..."

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE WITH MUSIC

KANE stands at attention, with an M 16 in his hands, in a full company formation and is inspected by CAPTAIN BALSLEY, who wears sun-glasses.

DISSOLVE TO:

KANE and BAY wave traffic around the scene of an accident: a U.S. Army deuce-and-a-half has skidded into a drainage ditch.

DISSOLVE TO:

KANE, on bunk, smoking and writing another letter; afternoon light streams through the window.

KANE'S V.O.

Dear Jean: It is growing warmer  
and the snow is melting.

DISSOLVE TO:

KANE, alone, drives a jeep up a muddy road which follows a gnarled valley, It is warmer and the canvas sides are off the jeep. The early morning sun breaks through the layers of cloud and strikes the mountain tops ahead. There are still white patches of snow in depressions in the mountain sides and in the ditches along the road.

The Beatles are still singing: "...You're asking me  
where my love goes? I don't know...I don't know..."

As KANE drives, the valley beside the road eventually disappears and the terrain becomes really steep.

DISSOLVE TO:

KANE stands outside a guard shack in the center of a muddy road. Off to one side are several concrete bunker-like buildings. Several KNPs and two ROK MPs stand in small groups, talking. KANE's jeep is parked by the guard shack. The sun casts long shadows of the building and men across the road.

KANE'S V.O.

Dear Jean: Today I pulled the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE'S V.O. CONT.:

North Check Point. So Bay had patrol alone. The North Check Point is a guard post near the DMZ. I had a jeep by myself and if the North Koreans attacked I was supposed to get on the radio and warn Uijongbu that they were coming. Only thing is that most of the time you can't get through on the jeep's radio because of the weather or the distance!

KANE sees, down the road, a large condor eating something.

KANE walks slowly towards the condor. The condor sees him. Its shape alters suddenly. It runs a few off-balance steps, lifts its wings, flaps them, and takes-off, flying slowly, low across a field.

The Beatles sing: "You stick around now. It may show and all I have to do is think of her--something in the things she shows me. Don't want to leave her now..."

KANE nears what the condor had been eating: a dead dog, which has been killed by a truck. The dog's eyes protrude from their sockets.

DISSOLVE TO:

KANE, BAY, GLUSHKO, FOX, and others, horsing around : having a towel fight in the shower.

KANE'S V.O.

Dear Jean: I haven't received a letter from you in three days. Please write!

DISSOLVE TO:

KANE and BAY unload their forty-fives at the clearing pit. BAY takes off his helmet. He has a short-timer's calendar pasted to the inside of it. He blacks in a square with his ball-point. KANE looks over his shoulder-- Bay's naked lady is more than half filled-in.

DISSOLVE TO:

KANE, on his bunk, late night, smoking and writing another letter.

KANE'S V.O.

Dear Jean: I miss you so much. I got your letter. I know you are working hard at school and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE'S V.O. CONT.  
it is hard to write.

DISSOLVE TO:

KANE and BAY tug and push, trying to get a screaming soldier into the holding-cell in front of the MP Desk. LAUDENSLAGER joins the shove and the MPs succeed. The drunk soldier yells at them from behind the bars.

DISSOLVE TO:

A posed and doleful-looking BAY, GLUSHKO, LEWIS and SMITH stand around a smiling FOX, who is packing his duffle-bag.

CLICK OF STILL CAMERA!:

The tableau is frozen in black-and-white.

KANE'S V.O.  
Dear Jean: Bay has lent me his camera so I can send you some pictures. Here is Fox packing to go home.

CUT TO:

BAY and KANE, in MP gear, pose beside their jeep.

CLICK OF CAMERA!:

The two friends are frozen in black-and-white.

KANE'S V.O.  
Here is Bay and me beside our jeep.

CUT TO:

A tall hawk-faced soldier with a duffle-bag coming through the hootch door.

CLICK OF CAMERA!:

He is frozen in black-and-white.

KANE'S V.O.  
This is a new guy, Jack Hannah, from Kentucky, as he came through the hootch door for the first time.

CUT TO:

LAUDENSLAGER, head down, crossing the muddy compound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He approaches, looks up, sees the camera, smiles,  
and starts to wave his hand in protest--

CLICK OF CAMERA!:

He is frozen in black-and-white.

KANE'S V.O.  
This is Sergeant Laudenslager.

CLICK OF CAMERA!:

A black-and-white photo of a complacent and cheery soldier,  
sitting on his foot-locker, smiling at the camera.

KANE'S V.O.  
This is Languth, from another  
squad in our company, who was  
so bored with Korea that he got  
himself transferred to Vietnam.  
This is the day before he left.

CLICK OF CAMERA!:

A black-and-white photo of Korean children playing outside  
the front gate of the MP compound.

CLICK OF CAMERA!:

A black-and-white photo of terraced rice paddies full  
of inky black water shot through with sunlight.

KANE'S V.O.  
Dear Jean: I started my short-  
timer's calendar last night. It  
is hard to believe that I have  
been here for three months.

CLICK OF CAMERA!:

A black-and-white photo of BAY, GLUSHKO and SMITH eating  
in the mess hall.

CLICK OF CAMERA!:

A black-and-white photo of the entire squad lined-up  
at Guard Mount before duty.

KANE'S V.O.  
Dearest Jean: Please write. I  
haven't had a letter in a week and  
I miss hearing from you.

CLICK OF CAMERA!:

A black-and-white photo of Memory Lane's swampy road and huts.

KANE'S V.O.

I kiss your eyes and lips and hair and breasts and love you very much and wish you were here and in my arms and know that when I get back I will hold you and never let you go.

END MONTAGE AND MUSIC.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN NIGHT

KANE lies on his bunk; smoking and writing Jean a letter.

A poker game is in progress two bunks down: BAY, LAUDENSLAGER, SMITH, GLUSHKO, and HANNAH.

"...These boots were made for walking..." comes softly out of someone's radio.

SMITH

What the hell you write her about, Kane?

KANE

I tell her what happens.

BAY checks his cards.

BAY

Nothin' happens here.

BAY looks over at KANE.

KANE doesn't know what to say; so he smiles.

BAY

You'll bore her to death.

KANE

(protesting)

Things happen!

BAY

Nothin' happens here that isn't exactly like everything else that happens here.

KANE thinks about that.

KANE

Then maybe nothin' happens anywhere.

(he smiles)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEWIS enters the hootch. He has just showered and carries soap and a towel.

LEWIS  
Feels like it's gonna rain.

SMITH  
(to no one in particular)  
Damp.

GLUSHKO  
What you up to, Lewis?

LEWIS  
Gonna go find me some fresh  
slope pussy to pound.

BAY  
(to Kane)  
Hey, buddy, give me a hard  
red one!

KANE puts down his letter and tosses BAY a Pall Mall.

BAY  
Thanks!

LEWIS notices KANE's smile.

LEWIS  
You always smile, Kane?

KANE shrugs. His eyes are bright and his face never seems still for a minute.

BAY  
You got a bent aerial, Kane.

HANNAH  
(dealing)  
How many cards you want,  
Bay? Chrissake!

BAY  
Two.

MURDOCH, a new man, sprawled on his bunk, looks up from his Stars and Stripes. He has a pale face; totally lacking human fire.

MURDOCH  
(to everyone)  
Read this about these guys  
in the First Cav fighting off  
the Viet Cong with hatchets?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMITH  
How did that happen?

GLUSHKO  
They ran out of ammunition.

MURDOCH  
They ran out of ammunition.

GLUSHKO  
That's what I said.

MURDOCH  
Well, I was thinking it while you  
were saying it and I couldn't stop  
myself from saying it even though  
I heard you...say it.

GLUSHKO  
You gotta be faster, Murdoch, if you  
want to keep up with the Glushkos.

HANNAH  
I fold.

LAUDENSLAGER  
I raise you five...You know what  
your problem is, Kane?

KANE shakes his head: no.

LAUDENSLAGER  
You got no gray matter.

KANE grins.

KANE  
Yeah, but I got beautiful red hair,  
Sarge.

Laughter.

HANNAH  
Kane made a joke. Holy shit.

LAUDENSLAGER  
He's been hanging around Bay too much.

BAY  
(to Kane)  
You just make sure you tell her what  
a fuckin' asshole country this is!

LEWIS  
I don't think it's so bad!

SMITH  
That's cause this is the only place in  
the world you can get laid, Lewis!

CONTINUED:

LEWIS  
Not true.

SMITH  
Bullshit!

GLUSHKO  
No, he's right. He got laid  
in Okinawa.

Laughter.

SMITH  
Korea, Okinawa--no difference!

BAY  
The oriental world has got no  
taste!

HANNAH  
How's that?

BAY  
If they got women who will  
fuck Lewis!

LEWIS  
You guys are just jealous!

BAY  
Fat chance!...Who deals?

HANNAH  
Smith.

BAY  
If I were King of the country,  
I'd kill everybody in it!

MURDOCH  
You couldn't be King of this  
place: it's not your country!

BAY  
It's my life!

LAUDENSLAGER  
(quietly)  
You're depressing, Bay.

GLUSHKO  
(changing the subject)  
You shouldn't smile all the time,  
Kane. People will think you got  
no personality.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE thinks about this.

BAY  
(muttering to himself)  
Of all the asshole places in  
the world.

KANE  
I got a personality!

GLUSHKO  
Yeah?

KANE  
I just keep it in reserve!

KANE laughs; he guffaws. Tears come to his eyes. He  
rolls around on his bunk.

LEWIS  
That's not funny!

SMITH  
You're too much, Kane. Look at  
him! Breaking himself up!

KANE howls with laughter.

BAY  
Unbelievable!

GLUSHKO  
You're a nut, Kane!

LAUDENSLAGER  
(rising)  
Deal me out.

GLUSHKO  
Where you goin'?

LAUDENSLAGER  
To bed.

BAY flips his cigarette at the butt can and misses.  
It lands on the floor at LAUDENSLAGER's feet and lies  
burning.

LAUDENSLAGER  
(quietly)  
Pick it up, Bay.

BAY  
(not moving)  
In a minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUDENSLAGER  
Pick it up, now!

BAY  
Pick it up?

LAUDENSLAGER  
That's what I said.

BAY  
That's what I thought you said.

LAUDENSLAGER  
Then why the hell do you ask me  
again?

BAY  
(overacting confusion)  
What?

LAUDENSLAGER  
Why do you ask me again when you  
already heard me tell you?

BAY  
Tell me what?

LAUDENSLAGER stares at BAY.

LAUDENSLAGER  
I know your type, Bay.

BAY  
I know you do.

LAUDENSLAGER  
I know you know...PICK IT UP!

BAY  
Don't get a hard-on, Sarge.

BAY rises slowly, walks to the butt, picks it up, and  
drops it into the can.

BAY  
Okay?

LAUDENSLAGER lifts his right foot from the floor and  
farts--in answer.

GLUSHKO  
Shit, that's a juicy one!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAH  
Somebody strike a match!

SMITH strikes a match and waves it around.  
BAY and LAUDENSLAGER glare at one another for a moment  
and then LAUDENSLAGER turns to go.

KANE  
Good night, Sarge.

LAUDENSLAGER stops and turns to look at KANE.  
KANE grins.

KANE  
(well meaning)  
"Up the Golden Staircase, Sarge?"

LAUDENSLAGER closes his eyes, shakes his head slowly,  
and leaves.

BAY sits back down at the game.  
HANNAH deals another hand.

SMITH  
You ever get mad, Kane?

KANE  
Sure.

SMITH  
(checking his cards)  
What are you like when you're  
mad?

KANE  
(beams)  
I kill people.

Everybody smiles.  
Some shake their heads.  
Others laugh.

"...and one of these days these boots are gonna walk  
all over you..." comes softly from the radio.

CUT TO:

EXT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN NIGHT

There is a hissing sound and then large drops of rain  
begin to fall.

CUT TO:

INT M.P. JEEP DAY

KANE, BAY, and a KNP, drive slowly through the streets of Uijongbu. Rain sweeps in sheets across the road. The rain makes a constant racket against the canvas top of the jeep. The windshield wipers slap back and forth. KANE looks sleepy.

KANE

You know that girl you had before you came here? What was she like?

BAY

(neutral, without reproof)  
I've forgotten.

KANE

You must remember something?

BAY

No.

KANE

What was her name?

BAY

(after a moment)  
Sally.

They are silent.

KANE

I haven't made love a whole lot... Jean's the only one...I guess maybe I'm slow. I never made love in high school. I guess a lot of guys did.

BAY

You should go into the village some night.

KANE

I don't think that would be right. Jean--she's not fooling around. It wouldn't seem right.

BAY

How she doin'?

KANE

Okay...I haven't heard from her in two weeks.

BAY

She'll write.

KANE

She's busy. Papers and all that kinda stuff in school.

CONTINUED:

KNP  
(from backseat)  
Station! Station, Bay!

BAY  
Yeah...Okay...Keen chanah!

BAY slows the jeep and turns it down a side-street--a mudbed.

KNP  
Thank you, Bay.

BAY ignores the KNP.

KANE  
What does "Keen chanah" mean?

BAY  
It means "No sweat". It's all you got to know in this country: Keen chanah!

The jeep slithers a bit on the slippery road. Rain splatters off the windshield and hood.

KANE  
You don't believe in love, do you?

BAY  
You're kiddin'?

KANE  
No.  
(smiles)  
Why not?

BAY  
'Cause it is not one of those things you talk about.

KANE's smile fades; he looks hurt.  
BAY shoots a look at KANE and then lights a Kent.

BAY  
When we still had the farm, this one time, a pony (not ours, we didn't have any) ran up the drive to the house. He had a rope he'd broken

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY CONT.

around his neck. He was all excited. I calmed him down and got permission from my mother to ride him into town; see if I could find his owner. I did. He belonged to some people who had a small shack on the edge of town. The lady said, "Thanks. He belongs to my brother."...Two days later, the pony comes running up the drive again; broken rope and all. I took him back. This time the brother was there; a white haired old guy. He asked me in; gave me an RC. He said his wife had died ten years ago and come back as that pony. The pony was his wife, he said. Then he told me that his sister was very jealous of the pony, his wife, and kept untying its rope; so it would run away...

BAY barks a laugh.

Life is really something else!  
...Love? Oh, Lord!

BAY shakes his head, smiles, and barks another laugh.

KNP  
Station! Station!

BAY  
Keen chanah!

BAY turns the wheel in his hands.

CUT TO:

EXT KNP STATION UIJONGBU DAY

The jeep noses to a stop in front of the Police Station: a big, dripping, concrete building in the center of a crossroads.

The rain has thinned. In front of the station, several small Korean children play in large puddles; light glitters in the splattering water.

The KNP climbs from the jeep and heads up the stoop into the station.

BAY  
You been inside?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE shakes his head: no.

BAY  
Let's go get dry!.

KANE and BAY follow the KNP, through the drizzle,  
into the station.

CUT TO:

INT KNP STATION UIJONGBU DAY

KANE and BAY enter a large, gray, dank waiting-room,  
with six square pillars down the middle. Green wooden  
benches are chained to the floor. Two desolate,  
motionless fans hang from the high ceiling.

KANE notices the KNP put his forty-five on his sergeant's  
desk...and turn to join some other policemen around a  
stove. They look like wet black mice.

BAY  
Let's go see what they got.

KANE follows BAY through an open doorway into a cell-  
block. Two young Korean men are huddled in a cell.  
BAY turns to the GUARD.

BAY  
What did they do?

The GUARD doesn't understand.  
BAY points at the men in the cage.

BAY  
Why? Why?

The GUARD understands and makes a cutting gesture with  
his hands as if he were chopping wood.

BAY  
Trees?

The GUARD nods: yes, yes.

GUARD  
Cigarette?

BAY  
Yeah, sure.

BAY starts to give him a Kent, but stops.

BAY  
(to Kane)  
Give him a hard red one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE gives the GUARD a Pall Mall.

KANE  
(to Bay)  
What did they do?

BAY  
They cut down some trees. They're  
gonna go to prison for that.

He turns to the GUARD.

How long? Prison? How long--  
prison?

The GUARD holds up two fingers.

BAY  
Two? Two years?

The GUARD nods: yes, yes.

KANE gives the GUARD a light.

BAY  
They almost got no trees left in this  
country. So, whenever someone cuts  
down a tree they send em to prison;  
no trial or anything. They'll be in  
prison in Seoul before their families  
know about it.

BAY turns back towards the main waiting-room KANE  
moves to follow.

KANE  
(to Guard)  
See yah.

KANE is lighting a Pall Mall of his own as he steps  
into the waiting-room. He catches a movement out of  
the corner of his eye and looks to the left.

WHAT HE SEES: two of the small boys who had been  
playing in the puddles outside have wandered into  
the station. The 1ST BOY raises his hand. There is  
a forty-five in it. The hand suddenly jerks high  
over his head: KAAAWAAAAAMMMM!

Blood flies from the head of the 2ND BOY--he is hurled  
backwards, slams into a wall, and collapses in a heap,  
dead.

For an instant, life in the room freezes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then a KNP SERGEANT, half out of his chair, screams at the boy with the forty-five, hurdles his desk, snatches the weapon from the terrified boy, and strikes him hard with the back of his fist. The boy is sent sprawling.

KANE stands motionless; his mouth open.

BAY  
Let's get out of here!

KANE doesn't move.  
He can see a pool of blood and brains forming beneath the dead boy's left ear.

The room seems a flurry of black uniformed yelling policemen.

BAY  
Kane?

KANE turns slowly to face BAY. KANE's eyes look bruised.

A WOMAN SCREAMS! A piercing wail--a terrible inhuman scream. She stands in the doorway to the street; screaming and screaming.

KANE's blood runs cold.

BAY  
Must be his mother.

The scream suddenly dwindles and changes to a gurgle. The WOMAN crosses to the dead boy and starts to pick him up in her arms. Tears stream down her face.

BAY  
Let's get out of here, Kane.

Several KNPs attempt to stop the WOMAN; to get the boy from her arms; to comfort her.

She suddenly relents and carefully juts the dead boy back down on the wet bloody concrete floor.

Then the scream wells up again and the WOMAN attacks the nearest KNP. She claws his face with her hands; fastens her teeth in his shoulder and seems to climb up his front as if they were lovers.

Several KNPs shout and try to pull her away. She is berserk like an animal--screaming and scratching, baring her teeth. She grabs a chair and whirls on them, wildly; clearing a space around her. She moans for a moment then gives in again to the scream and throws the chair through a tall window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She wails and attacks another KNP.  
Black mice converge on her and smother her to the floor.  
Her screams become muffled.

KANE

No!

He starts to move to her assistance.  
BAY grabs his arm.  
KANE tries to jerk free.  
BAY holds on.

BAY

It's not our business!

KANE

(to himself)

No!

BAY grabs KANE by the collar and drags him from the station; leaving the din behind.

CUT TO:

EXT KNP STATION UIJONGBU DAY

BAY pushes KANE toward the jeep.

BAY

Get in the jeep!

KANE does as he is told; he looks stunned.  
BAY jumps in behind the wheel. KANE sits wordlessly beside him.

CUT TO:

INT M.P. JEEP DAY

KANE and BAY drive through Uijongbu in silence. The windshield wipers slap back and forth. A white curtain of rain veils the city.

KANE

(mumbles)

We should'a tried to help her.

BAY

You don't get involved in their business!  
You get in all kind'a trouble if you do!  
You get involved with Korean Nationals,  
Kane, and the Captain'll have you in the  
stockade so fast you won't know which way  
you're goin'! You stay outa it, you hear?  
Stay outa it!...Leave it to a fuckin' slope-  
head to leave his weapon loaded on a table  
like that. What a fuckin' stupid--!

BAY can't find the words to contain his meaning and falls silent.

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN NIGHT

KANE sits on his bunk and carefully pencils in another square of his Short-timer's Calendar.

The Cream sing from a hootch radio: "...Don't take the wrong direction. Life will be one disaster all the way through..."

KANE studies his calendar.

WHAT HE SEES: the naked girl on the calendar. One hand and part of the girl's arm have been blackened. Kane has a long way to go before he gets to square number one.

The Cream sing: "...No relaxation, no conversation, no variation in the very dark blue blueation..."

Beyond KANE, BAY slips on his fatigue jacket as he ducks out of the hootch.

CUT TO:

EXT 55TH M.P. CO. NIGHT

The compound lights are smoky after the day's rain. Water drips from the ledges above the windows of the Orderly Room.

BAY, his neck huddled into his collar, walks through the gate towards the village.

CUT TO:

EXT ROAD OUTSKIRTS OF UIJONGBU NIGHT

It begins to drizzle. BAY walks with a purpose.

KANE'S V.O.

Bay!

BAY stops and turns.

KANE, out of breath, jogs up to him.

KANE

Where are you goin'?

BAY nods his head towards town.

KANE

May I come?

BAY

(after a moment)

Why not?

Rain blurs the road and the two soldiers as they push off towards the town.

CUT TO:

INT THE CHICAGO CLUB UIJONGBU NIGHT

BAY and KANE enter.

KANE looks around.

The tea house is full of soldiers. A Korean combo is playing I Left My Heart In San Francisco. Some soldiers dance slowly with Korean girls wearing narrow hobble skirts slit to the thighs. Other soldiers stand at the bar; the more animated hollar and gesture with beer bottles. Behind them, a psychedelic Budweiser advertisement creates an effect of shifting bubbles and fountains. Wreaths of blue smoke hover beneath the low ceiling in the half-light.

BAY spots someone at the bar.

BAY

Over here.

KANE follows BAY as he shoves his way towards the far end of the bar.

BAY

Hey, Susy!

A beautiful Korean girl at the bar turns. This is SUSY. She is twenty and wears a clinging black silk sleeveless sheath with a narrow upright collar. The thin fabric follows the forms of her belly, breasts, and hips. When she sees BAY, she smiles.

BAY

Susy, I got someone I want you to meet...This is Kane.

SUSY

Hi, Kane.

KANE

(frightened)

Hi.

CUT TO:

INT SUSY'S ROOM KOREAN HOUSE NIGHT

KANE looks around the room as SUSY undresses. The room is bare but for a bed and dresser. A lantern burns on the dresser. A single Playboy centerfold hangs from the wall over the bed.

SUSY

(indicating the centerfold)  
Do you like her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE

Yes.

KANE sits on the edge of the bed gingerly as if he were afraid it might collapse. The rain is making a racket on the roof. He wishes he wasn't there, but he is going to go through with it. SUSY is naked.

KANE

You're too beautiful.

He looks forlorn. The slender girl comes over and touches his face. She helps him off with his shirt. Then she stands before him and runs her long fingernails along his shoulder blade and up the back of his neck and then she playfully tugs his hair. He is crying. She kisses him on his wet cheek and then on one eye and then the other and then she kisses him on the mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT ROAD OUTSKIRTS OF UIJONGBU NIGHT

BAY and KANE hurry back towards the compound. It has stopped raining. They walk in silence down the center of the wet empty road. KANE appears saddened.

BAY

Well?

(no answer)

Well?

(no answer)

How did it go?

KANE

Okay.

BAY

Just okay?

KANE

She said I drove her crazy.

BAY

There you go!

KANE

It didn't seem real.

BAY

You're too much, you know that?

Tears rim KANE's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
What are you worried about?  
Jean?

KANE nods: yes.

BAY  
She'll never know!

KANE stops walking. He stands in the center of the empty road looking troubled.

BAY  
What's wrong with you?

KANE  
I don't feel good.

BAY is becoming angry.

BAY  
If you're sick, go to the hospital!  
...I can't make head nor tail of  
you! It's all a lot of convoluted  
bullshit! You just stand there  
looking crucified!

KANE  
No, Bay, I--

BAY  
You look at things, man, but you  
don't see what you're looking at!

KANE shakes his head from side to side: no.  
BAY jabs a cigarette angrily into his mouth and lights it.

BAY  
We're on patrol all the time...I  
think we see too much of one another!

BAY turns on his heel and stalks off down the glistening road.

KANE stands in the center of the road; hating the weakness of his heart and wiping tears away with the heel of his hand.

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN 3 A.M.

The shapes of sleeping soldiers.  
A clock ticks.

The hootch door opens and the CHOGIE GUARD, a tall soldier from another squad, enters. He finds KANE and shakes him awake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHOGIE GUARD

Kane! Kane! Wake up!

KANE opens his eyes.

KANE

What?

CHOGIE GUARD

You got a phone call in the  
Orderly Room. You got a call  
from the States!

CUT TO:

INT ORDERLY ROOM MINUTES LATER

The Duty Officer, a young lieutenant named RICHARDS,  
rises as KANE enters, tucking in his shirt. They salute.

RICHARDS

Here it is, Private.

RICHARDS steps out of the room.  
KANE crosses to the phone and picks it up.

KANE

(on phone)

Hello?...Yes, this is Private  
Walter Kane...Hello?...Jean?...  
Jean!...Yes, it's me!...What...  
No, I--...No...I think--...It's  
three o'clock...I don't think we  
can both talk at the same time...  
No. I said, I don't think we  
can both talk at the same time...  
No, we have to talk and finish  
what we're saying and--...I love  
you...I love you, too...Don't  
cry!...I'm sorry, honey, I can't  
understand you...No. I didn't  
know you could call, either...  
Jean?...Jean?...I wish I was  
with you right now!...I under-  
stand...I understand...I know  
you can't have much time to write  
letters...I love you...Eight more  
months...It seems like forever...  
I said it seems like forever...I  
love you, too...I'll write...I  
love you...Bye!

KANE hangs up.

All signs of sleep have vanished and KANE feels very  
happy. He feels like shouting, but he doesn't, For  
a moment, instead, he beams. Then he remembers something:  
the smile fades and his eyes fill with worry.

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN A FEW MINUTES LATER

BAY sleeps.

A breathless KANE approaches, kneels beside BAY's bunk, and shakes his friend awake.

KANE

Bay!...Bay!...Bay!

BAY's eyes open.

BAY

What?

KANE

Jean called.

BAY

Christ!

KANE

On the phone. Just now!

BAY

Is everything okay?

KANE

She says. she loves me.

BAY

Great. Go to sleep. Tell me the rest tomorrow.

KANE

Why would she call "now"?

BAY

Maybe she misses you.

KANE

Do you think she "knows"?

BAY

Knows what?

KANE

Do you think she knows I was... unfaithful?

BAY

Wow!...No, she doesn't know. Go to sleep. Okay?

KANE

You sure--?

BAY

Yeah. She doesn't know. I'm sure. We'll talk in the morning. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
(reluctantly smiles,  
nodding to himself)  
Okay.

CUT TO:

INT CLASSROOM 55TH M.P. CO. MORNING

The entire M.P. Company is packed into the overheated room to listen to Captain BALSLEY. KANE stands with several other MPs against the back wall. He is fighting to stay awake.

BALSLEY

Recently there have been certain lapses in the performance of this unit's duties and I wish to make it clear that such lapses shall not be tolerated in the future.

BALSLEY appears calm. He does not raise his voice.

For one thing, there will be no drinking while on duty. That's clear; there will be no drinking on duty! For another, there will be no sleeping while on duty. None! That includes the graveyard shift! Thirdly, you will not leave your post while on duty...One member of this company deserted his post, the North Check Point, and was located, after a search of the area, in the hollow tree some sixty yards west of his post in the company of a mama san.

A few of the company laugh.  
BALSLEY frowns.

BALSLEY

This isn't really funny. I consider it an outrage. If the North Koreans had chosen that moment to invade we might all be dead! That's a possibility.

KANE's eyelids droop lower and lower over his eyes.

BALSLEY'S V.O.

Finally, you will not become involved in the civilian affairs of this country. Let me give you an example.

All of a sudden KANE's head sags down on his chest and he jerks it up again. He shakes his head and his eyes clear for a second.

BALSLEY'S V.O.

Two weeks ago, a seven year old Korean national boy was hit by a local taxi.

KANE's eyelids begin to droop again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALSLEY

The taxi fled the scene of the accident. An altruistic member of this company arrived on the scene, and, distressed by the absence of the KNP, picked up the child, put him in his jeep, and drove him to the Camp Red Cloud Infirmary. There his bruises were attended to and this child was returned to his home by the altruistic member of this company.

KANE's head sags down on his chest again. He jerks it up again and shakes it. Immediately, his eyelids begin to droop.

BALSLEY

Two days later, this child was brought back to the Camp Red Cloud Infirmary by his mother with a broken hip, which the mother claimed occurred when her son was struck by the jeep belonging to the altruistic member of this company. She is now suing the United States Army for a half a million dollars!

KANE's head sags down on his chest again and stays there.

BALSLEY'S V.O.

It is perfectly obvious that the mother broke her son's hip; it is a commonplace, if sad, occurrence in this country. There is a lot of money to be made. So much for altruism.

KANE is found asleep on his feet.

BALSLEY

You will not become involved, while on duty, with civilian incidents that fall under the jurisdiction of the Korean National Police!

BALSLEY spots something at the back of the room and falls silent.

WHAT HE SEES: KANE asleep on his feet, swaying slightly.

BALSLEY'S V.O.

Private! Hey, Private!

KANE sleeps on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALSLEY'S V.O.  
What is his name, Sergeant?

LAUDENSLAGER'S V.O.  
Kane, Sir.

BALSLEY'S V.O.  
PRIVATE KANE!

KANE's head jerks upright; his eyes snap open.  
WHAT HE SEES: the entire company, turned around in its chairs, looking at him. Beyond them--BALSLEY, angry.

BALSLEY  
Would you kindly sit down, Private Kane, before you fall down...  
Somebody give him a chair!

HANNAH rises.  
KANE moves to his chair and sits.

BALSLEY  
(to the company)  
Okay, you will not drink while on duty! You will not sleep while on duty! You will not leave your post while on duty! And finally, you will not become involved in the civilian affairs of this country while on duty! Anyone found to be derelict in any of these areas will be immediately court-martialed! I will gladly turn the 55th Military Police Company into the 55th Stockade, if necessary!...Is that clear, Private Kane.

KANE  
(surprised)  
Yes, Sir.

BALSLEY  
You are supposed to stand when you address an officer, Private Kane.

KANE stands.

KANE  
Yes, Sir.

BALSLEY  
Thank you, Private Kane. Now you may sit.

KANE sits.

CONTINUED:

BALSLEY lowers his head and walks from the room.  
RICKS jumps to his feet.

RICKS  
COMPANY, 'TENNNTION!

The company leaps to attention--all but the groggy KANE. He suddenly realizes he is alone again and rises to his feet.

Behind him, BAY notices and smiles in disbelief.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN DAY

KANE pencils in another square on his Short-timer's Calender.

A radio is playing: "...Here comes the sun. Here comes the sun and I say, it's all right, little darling. It's been a long lonely winter, little darling..."

KANE Scotch-tapes the calendar to the inside of his wall locker. We see that now one of the calendar girl's arms is totally blackened.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT ALLEY UIJONGBU LATE NIGHT

KANE and BAY, on the graveyard shift, have parked their jeep in the deep shadows of the alley and are trying to get some sleep. BAY is curled up in the front seat; KANE in the back.

The canvas top has been taken off the jeep.  
It is a warm and starry night.

KANE's eyes are open as he listens to the tree-frogs.

KANE  
Bay?

BAY  
Yeah?

KANE  
I can't sleep.

BAY  
So?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
I wish I could go to sleep  
and wake up back home and  
this would be all over.

BAY  
You get a letter today?

KANE  
No.

BAY  
You get a letter since she called?

KANE  
No...Bay?

BAY  
Yeah?

KANE  
What was Sally like?

BAY  
Sally was okay.

The tree frogs sing.

KANE  
You loved her, huh?

BAY  
Yeah, I did.

The tree frogs sing.

KANE  
(changing subject)  
Lotta stars.

BAY  
Right.

KANE  
You got any idea how many?

BAY  
Yeah; there are a hundred billion stars  
in our galaxy.

KANE  
I thought there were like twelve?

BAY  
That's planets. There are nine planets  
in our solar system. Stars are suns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
You mean there are a hundred billion stars in our...?

BAY  
Galaxy!

KANE  
I don't believe you.

BAY  
That's just in our galaxy.

KANE  
That's too many.

BAY  
And there are at least ten billion other galaxies. So multiply a hundred billion by ten billion and you got a rough idea of the number of stars.

KANE  
I don't know math.

The tree frogs sing.

KANE  
How many years did you go to college?

BAY  
Five.

KANE  
If there are that many stars, what about us?

BAY  
We don't count.

KANE  
You're just puttin' me on! There can't be that many stars!

BAY  
There are.

KANE  
It doesn't seem right.

BAY  
Why not?

KANE  
If there were that many stars, we wouldn't mean anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY lets that pass and listens to the tree frogs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT LIBRARY CAMP RED CLOUD AFTERNOON

BAY sits back in a soft chair reading the latest Esquire. Beyond him, GLUSHKO enters the nearly empty library and approaches.

GLUSHKO

Bay?

BAY looks up at him...?

GLUSHKO

Kane just got a Dear John.

BAY

Oh, shit.

GLUSHKO

Yeah; I think you better get back there. He's acting kinda strange.

BAY

Yeah?

GLUSHKO

He says he's goin' home.

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN AFTERNOON

KANE is packing his duffle-bag. He has arranged all his gear and uniforms on his bunk and footlocker: everything he has. His eyes are red as if he had been crying. His despair is palpable as BAY enters the hootch and approaches him.

BAY

Hey, buddy.

KANE ignores him and shoves his boots deep into the duffle-bag.

BAY

You goin' someplace?

KANE

What's it look like?

BAY

You want some help?

KANE

No.

BAY

You hear from Jean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
I'm goin' home.

BAY  
What did she say?

KANE swallows hard; tears come to his eyes. He sinks down onto the edge of his bunk and sits there, trying to speak.

KANE  
(finally)  
It hurts, Bay.

He begins to sob.  
BAY takes out his pack of kents and offers one to KANE.

BAY  
Hey?

KANE shakes his head: no. Tears run down his face.

BAY  
What happened?

BAY sits on the bunk beside KANE.  
KANE rocks back and forth.

KANE  
She...she...

He is trembling too hard to speak.  
BAY lights a cigarette and holds it in front of KANE.  
KANE shakes his head: no.  
BAY holds the cigarette in front of KANE until he reluctantly takes it. KANE tries to put it in his mouth, but his hand is shaking too badly; so, he just holds it in both hands.

KANE  
She met some guy in college.

BAY waits.

KANE  
I wish I was dead.

BAY  
Sorry.

KANE shakes his head to himself: no, no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
It'll pass.

KANE shakes his head: no.

BAY  
Nothin' to look forward to?

KANE shakes his head: no.

KANE  
I don't know what I'm doin' here.

BAY  
You're in the army?

KANE laughs through his tears and shakes his head from side to side in a funny way.

BAY  
You mean, life? What you're doin' in life?

KANE nods: yes.

BAY  
Just getting through it, huh?  
Like everyone else?

KANE  
I feel--

He can't say the words. BAY leans down, picks up the butt-can, and holds it before KANE. KANE sees it and knocks the ash off his Kent into the can. BAY puts the can back on the floor.

BAY  
I know it ain't gonna make you feel any better, but it happens to just about everybody.

KANE hides his face in his hands.

BAY  
You know how easily I talk about Sally, now? Well, it wasn't like that, at first.

KANE  
You don't talk about her at all!

BAY  
That's true.

KANE groans through his tears.

BAY  
You got nothin' to look forward to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE shakes his head: no.

BAY  
 Look at it this way: it's probably better to have imagined a future with Jean than to have lived it. You would have run out of things to say.

KANE  
 I would never have run out of things to say!

BAY  
 I know, I know. I was just joking.

KANE is shaking his head in his hands; trying to stop his tears.

BAY  
 You got nothin' to be glad about in life?

KANE shakes his head: no.

BAY  
 No other girls in Freeport you can write?

KANE shakes his head: no.

BAY  
 How about getting mad?

KANE  
 I wanta die!

BAY  
 Everything'll get better.

KANE  
 I wish I was dead.

BAY lights a Kent for himself.

BAY  
 Hey, you'll meet other girls and go places. It'll be interesting. It'll be more interesting than you ever imagined, you'll see. A hell-ava lot more interesting than dying, anyway!

KANE is silent; his face hidden in his hands. BAY reaches up and removes the burning cigarette butt from between KANE's fingers and tosses it into the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

butt-can. It sizzles when it hits the water.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET UIJONGBU AFTERNOON

It is a windy cool day. Tufts of white cloud race in the sky.

A U.S. Army jeep rolls by; followed by an M.P. jeep. The first jeep turns right; so does the M.P. jeep.

CUT TO:

INT M.P. JEEP UIJONGBU AFTERNOON

BAY and KANE ride in silence. KANE lights one Pall Mall from another. He looks glum. He rocks slightly back and forth in his seat and stares blankly ahead.

BAY glances at KANE and then looks back at the road.  
WHAT HE SEES: the jeep in front of him slows at a Stop Sign but doesn't quite come to a halt.

BAY flicks on the jeep's red-light.  
WHAT HE SEES: the jeep ahead continues to roll along.

BAY flicks on the jeep's siren.  
WHAT HE SEES: the jeep ahead pulls off the road and stops.

BAY eases his jeep to a stop behind the first jeep.

KANE

What are you doing?

BAY

I'm gonna see if I can get a rise out of the Christian.

CUT TO:

EXT TWO JEEPS STREET UIJONGBU AFTERNOON

BAY climbs from his jeep, removes his ticket-book from his belt, and approaches the first jeep.

CHAPLAIN ELIOT looks up as BAY arrives at his side. The two soldiers salute one another.

BAY

Good afternoon, Sir; Pfc Bay,  
55th Military Police Company.  
Sir, you didn't come to a full  
stop at that Stop Sign back  
there. May I please see your

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY CONT.  
driver's license.

BAY is writing a ticket.

ELIOT  
Good afternoon. Are you  
going to give me a ticket,  
Pfc. Bay?

BAY  
Yes, Sir; I have to.

ELIOT  
Not just a warning?

BAY  
No, Sir: I can't do that.

BAY continues to write the ticket.

BAY  
(without looking up)  
How are things otherwise, Sir?

ELIOT  
They could be worse, soldier.

BAY  
They'd be a hellava lot better,  
Chaplain, if you'd obey the law.

ELIOT  
(friendly)  
You know, soldier, you've been  
following me?

BAY continues to write and says nothing.

ELIOT  
You could get in trouble for  
this, if I spoke with your  
commander.

BAY  
Here's your license back, Sir.

BAY returns the license.

BAY  
You didn't quite stop at the  
Stop Sign. You must come to  
a full stop, Sir...Would you  
please sign your name, here,  
Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY hands the ticket and pen to the Chaplain.

ELIOT  
This isn't right, Bay.

BAY  
Turn the other cheek, Sir?

ELIOT signs the ticket and hands the book and pen back to BAY.

ELIOT  
(nicely)  
This isn't just!

BAY hands ELIOT his copy of the ticket.

BAY  
You're wrong; it's the highest kind of justice of all, Sir.

ELIOT  
You really believe that, Bay?

BAY  
No. Just kiddin' you along...  
Good afternoon, Sir.

BAY salutes.  
ELIOT slowly returns the salute.

CUT TO:

EXT HIGHWAY NUMBER ONE KOREA LATE AFTERNOON

The M.P. jeep rolls up the dirt road. The mountains ahead have turned bright green with the rain. The low sun glances off the paddies and dazzles the jeep's side mirror.

CUT TO:

INT M.P. JEEP LATE AFTERNOON

BAY smokes a Kent.  
KANE, looking forlorn, is at the wheel.  
WHAT HE SEES: racing clouds; bright colors going on and off on the mountains ahead. Suddenly the windshield turns white; splattered with birdshit.

KANE brakes hard and jumps from the jeep.

CUT TO:

EXT M.P. JEEP HIGHWAY NUMBER ONE LATE AFTERNOON

KANE searches the sky. There is a fierceness in his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

eyes.

WHAT HE SEES: a large Condor circles slowly in the windy sky.

KANE

(to himself)

Goddam condor! Goddam condor!  
I'm gonna get me one of those  
fuckin' birds before I leave  
this outhouse!

BAY climbs from the jeep, slightly amused.

BAY

You shouldn't take it as a  
personal affront.

KANE

Just cause you're educated you  
think you're so smart! I don't  
think you're so smart! What the  
hell do you know?

BAY sighs.

KANE is acting weird.

KANE

Fuckin' bird's got a deathwish!

KANE picks up rocks from the shoulder of the road and starts throwing them at the condor. The bird is high in the sky. The rocks fall far short. They splash into the paddies.

KANE

Fuckin' bird!

He throws another rock.

Fuckin' bird!

He throws another rock.

Fuckin' bird!

He throws another rock.

Fuckin' bird!

BAY

Hey, man, don't come unglued!

KANE wheels on BAY; his face inflamed with rage.

KANE

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW?

CUT TO:

EXT 55TH M.P. CO. MORNING

BAY steps from the latrine and pauses to look around.

WHAT HE SEES: the compound shines and shimmers in the morning sun.

A song blares from a radio in a nearby hootch: "... Something's happenin' here! What it is ain't exactly clear! There's a man with a gun in his hand, telling you, you got to beware!..."

BAY studies the scene remotely as if considering a picture.

WHAT HE SEES: the white flagpole with the limp stars and stripes. The sky above the flag is high and blue-- a condor turns slowly in it.

"...Stop, children; what's that sound? Everybody look what's going down!..."

BAY reflects and is about to go when he spots something to his right.

WHAT HE SEES: KANE stands by the motor pool, observing the condor; lost in some reverie of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

CONTINUED:

RADIO

Slight Cruise One Two and  
Three, this is Slight Cruise;  
over and out.

Both KANE and BAY look composed.

In the headlights ahead, a dirt road meets the highway. BAY slows the jeep and turns to the right. For a moment, the road dips sharply from the highway and then rises to a high embankment between rice paddies.

KANE sees lights on the road from lanterns ahead. BAY flicks off the siren and slows the jeep. There are Koreans on the road ahead and the low clustered shadows of a village. .

BAY brakes the jeep to a halt. He can hear the high pitched clatter of the Koreans. Dogs are barking. Several Koreans approach the jeep and stand in its splaying headlights gesturing at the pale garden walls of a house set back from the road. The Koreans seem angry.

CUT TO:

EXT M.P. JEEP NIGHT

KANE and BAY climb from the jeep.

BAY

I'll go in the front. You go  
round the back?

KANE

Sure...You got any idea what  
it is?

BAY shakes his head: no.  
In the distance, from seemingly all directions, there is the sound of sirens; faint sounds, now coming on the wind, now vanishing, then at last--steady.

KANE and BAY part.  
KANE ducks down an alley and jogs along the high garden wall. The blackness grows intense very quickly. The garden wall whizzes by next to his ear. Any sense of openness has gone.

KANE can hear another patrol wailing up the road as he pushes open the gate to the garden. He freezes.

(CONTINUED)

EXT STREET UIJONGBU SUNSET

An M.P. jeep glides down the street. Overhead, the blood red sky darkens and the stars begin to shine.

EXT OUTSKIRTS UIJONGBU NIGHT

The M.P. jeep rolls up highway number one. The night is warm and the sky is swollen with stars. Rice paddies glitter on either side of the road.

INT M.P. JEEP NIGHT

KANE and BAY ride in silence; each lost in thought.

RADIO

Slight Cruise, to all units;  
ten two, ten nine, highway  
one, three miles north of  
Uijongbu, quarter mile west  
of highway, some house, over.

BAY

We're almost there.

KANE

Where do you think?

BAY

That little village up here.

RADIO

Slight Cruise, this is Slight  
Cruise Two; ten five, Lima Lima  
Lima, that's a roger, over.

BAY floors the jeep. It jumps up the highway.

KANE

(on jeep radio)

Slight Cruise, this is Slight  
Cruise Three; two miles north  
highway one, that's a roger,  
over.

BAY flicks on the siren. It rises in a shrieking wail.

RADIO

Slight Cruise, this is Slight  
Cruise One; ten five one half  
mile from Charlie Victor, roger,  
over.

The jeep speeds up the highway, dangerously; the wheel jumping in BAY's hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHAT KANE SEES: the shadowy figure of a man coming out the back door.

KANE  
Hold it!

The figure stops. Light flashes from the figure's middle.

KANE hears the short dry thud of bullets striking the wall by his ear. The din that follows is deafening: KAWAAAMKAWAAAAMKAWAAAM!

KANE throws himself backwards, trips, and sprawls on all fours.

KANE  
(yells)  
BAY!

KANE is on his feet and running, trying to get his forty-five from its holster, looking over his shoulder.

The night is full of wailing sirens.  
KANE hears two more shots: KAWAAAM! KAWAAAM!  
He trips and falls face forward.  
He is moaning with fear.  
He crawls into an irrigation ditch and yanks free his forty-five.

Footsteps are everywhere; running, on the road, in the garden.

The garden gate is empty.  
There is some sort of movement in the shadows to KANE's left.  
He fires: KAWAAM! KAWAAM! KAWAAAM! KAWAAAM!  
He hears a body fall.

BAY appears in the garden gate.

KANE rises and steps from the darkness. His mouth is half-open. His movements are awkward as if his limbs were too heavy.

BAY  
Kane?

KANE fixes his eyes on BAY; he can hear Americans shouting in the garden beyond BAY.

BAY  
Was that you firing?

KANE nods: yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
What were you firing at?

KANE looks back up the alley to where the figure fell.

BAY can see something flinching in the shadows and steps quickly towards it. He sees who it is. He feels sick and weak.

WHO HE SEES: GLUSHKO is on his back at the path's edge. A bullet has torn out his throat and he is making bubbling noises trying to get enough air into his lungs to scream. He sounds like someone sucking on a straw. Blood is, also, running out of a hole in his stomach.

KANE appears at BAY's shoulder and looks down. KANE's mouth pulls downwards in an arch of pain. His limbs lose all their lightness and he falls to his knees.

KANE  
Oh, no!...Oh, no!

Then his face is invaded by a blank and mindless rage and he screams--a terrible scream of guilt and despair.

GLUSHKO's face alters while KANE screams and screams, as if he's finally heard the sound he's been trying to make. His jaw relaxes; the light goes from his eyes; his nostrils become pinched; and he dies.

CUT TO:

EXT ROAD AND VILLAGE NIGHT

Two ambulances scream up the road to the village and brake to a halt among MPs and their jeeps--at all angles on the road.

Captain BALSLEY is there and running things.

A tall battered handcuffed black SOLDIER is led to a jeep by SMITH and HANNAH. There is something terribly wrong with the man's mouth. Blood pours from it. He can't quite close it because his tongue has swollen to the size of a fist. The two MPs shove him into the jeep.

Next, a young Korean WOMAN is led to an ambulance by LEWIS. Her face is streaked with tears. Both her arms hang motionless and wrongly at her sides.

LAUDENSLAGER and BAY bring up KANE to the other ambulance. KANE's lips have gone thick and are creased and dry. His face is inflamed with mistrust and fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALSLEY steps up to KANE. The Captain's face is taut and expressionless, but his voice is surprisingly gentle.

BALSLEY  
Kane, they're gonna take you  
up to the Camp Red Cloud In-  
firmiry...Okay, soldier?

KANE tries to focus on the Captain.

BALSLEY  
Okay?

KANE nods: yes.

CUT TO:

INT M.P. DESK PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE LATE NIGHT

BAY sits at a table trying to write his report. He looks whipped. The office is alive with grim MPs, coffee cups, officers, clacking typewriters, an occasional shout, and much talking.

LAUDENSLAGER approaches BAY.

LAUDENSLAGER  
You about got that?

BAY  
Yeah, Sarge...how's Kane?

LAUDENSLAGER  
They took him back to the  
compound. They gave him some  
pills or something.

BAY  
what will happen to him?

LAUDENSLAGER  
He'll be restricted to the compound  
for the duration of the investigation.  
Then they'll probably transfer him to  
another unit...Bay?

BAY  
Yeah?

LAUDENSLAGER  
I just wanted to say I'm sorry about  
Glushko and about your friend--about Kane.

BAY  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAH joins them.

HANNAH  
(to Bay)  
How's it goin'?

BAY  
Okay.

HANNAH  
You guys figure out yet  
how it happened?

BAY says nothing.

LAUDENSLAGER  
Yeah. Bay went in the front door.  
Kane surprised the suspect comin'  
out the back. The guy fired at  
Kane who ran and jumped in a ditch.  
The other patrols were arrivin'.  
Kane mistook Glushko for the suspect  
and shot him.

They absorb that.

HANNAH  
You know what caused the disturbance  
in the first place?

LAUDENSLAGER  
Yeah; though the guy doesn't talk  
so good.

LAUDENSLAGER pours himself a cup of coffee.

LAUDENSLAGER  
They got it from the girl...She was  
the guy's mama san. He went over  
there tonight and wanted to fuck.  
But it was her period and she didn't  
want to. So then he wanted to give  
her head.

HANNAH  
Hell!

LAUDENSLAGER  
My sentiments exactly. Anyway, he  
pulled a gun on her and gave her  
head. Then he wanted to kiss her.  
She didn't want to be kissed. So  
he forced his kisses upon her and  
she just about bit off his tongue.  
So he then broke both her arms.  
That's what happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAH  
(in disbelief)  
Whaaa...whaaa!

BAY  
Jesus.

LAUDENSLAGER  
The course of true love never  
does run smooth.

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN NEARLY DAWN

BAY enters.

He can see the shapes of men under sheets behind  
mosquito netting.

KANE is asleep on his bunk.

SMITH is awake, sitting up in bed, watching his  
cigarette smoke tangle in the mosquito netting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY and SMITH speak in whispers.

BAY  
(indicating Kane)  
He okay?

SMITH  
He's asleep.

SMITH takes a drag on his cigarette.

SMITH  
They gave him some pills. He  
was out on his feet when he got  
here.

BAY  
Got a cigarette?

SMITH lifts the netting and tosses him one.

SMITH  
You need a light?

BAY shakes his head: no. He finds a match, strikes it,  
and lights the cigarette.

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

BAY, on his bunk, stubs out the cigarette, and pulls his  
mosquito netting down. Still in his uniform, he puts  
his head back on the pillow, and glances over at KANE.

KANE hasn't moved since BAY entered the hootch. BAY  
can scarcely hear KANE's breathing.

BAY hears a buzz. A mosquito has become trapped with  
him beneath the netting.

BAY  
Son-of-a--

BAY waits for the mosquito to fly in front of his face...  
then smashes him with a CLAP!

SMITH  
(quietly)  
Get him?

BAY  
Yeah.

SMITH  
It's a shame about Glushko.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY

Yeah.

SMITH

They're shipping his body  
stateside tomorrow.

BAY closes his eyes.

SMITH

Night.

BAY opens his eyes.

BAY

Night, Smith.

BAY closes his eyes, opens them, and closes them.

FADE TO BLACK:

VOICE ON INTERCOM

Private Kane, report to the Orderly  
Room! Private Kane, report to the  
Orderly Room!

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

BAY asleep on his bunk. Morning. His eyes open.

VOICE ON INTERCOM

Private Kane, report to the Orderly  
Room!

BAY glances over at Kane's bunk. It is made and empty.  
BAY closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

HANNAH'S V.O.

Bay! Bay! Hey Bay, wake up!

CUT TO:

BAY asleep; head on pillow.

HANNAH'S V.O.

Bay!

BAY's eyes snap open.  
WHAT HE SEES: HANNAH, through the mosquito netting,  
at the foot of the bunk.

HANNAH

Kane's disappeared!

BAY is slow understanding.

CONTINUED:

HANNAH  
He's not on the compound...  
They think he got a rifle!

BAY sighs.

BAY  
Wow!

HANNAH  
Laudenslager, said to get you  
up. Go get somethin' to eat,  
and get on Chogie Guard. They're  
getting everyone out to look for  
him. Laudenslager says he wants  
you on Chogie Guard. He says the  
Captain says he wants you on  
Chogie Guard!

BAY looks very tired as he pulls back the mosquito  
netting and drops his feet over the side of the bunk.

CUT TO:

EXT 55TH M.P. COMPOUND AFTERNOON

BAY is walking Chogie Guard. He is walking slowly  
along the fence; passing the remotest corner of the  
compound, near the dry river bed. He hears a  
rattling behind him and turns.

WHAT HE SEES: KANE low crawling through a low hole  
in the fence with an M-16 craddled in his arms.

BAY  
Kane, what are you...?

KANE sees him and smiles; there is something separate  
from the rest of Kane's body about the smile.

KANE  
Say!

BAY  
Where have you been?

KANE  
A little Search and Destroy!

KANE gets to his feet.

BAY  
Dammit, Kane, you're out--

KANE  
Why don't you turn me in, Bay?

BAY  
Hey, I'm--

CONTINUED:

KANE  
I got me one of those fuckin'  
bastards!

BAY  
Who?

KANE  
Zapped the fuckin' bastard!

BAY  
What are you talkin' about?

KANE  
Got me the King Condor!

KANE is afire with something; he doesn't look healthy.

BAY  
Where is he?

KANE  
The King?

BAY  
Yeah?

KANE  
I need a boyonet!

KANE turns and hurries towards the hootch. There is  
nobody around. BAY follows.

BAY  
Kane, you don't need anymore trouble!

KANE  
Get lost!

BAY  
Come on, Kane!

KANE  
(mocking)  
Come on, Kane!

BAY  
Everybody is out looking for you!

KANE  
Fuck you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
I just want to help you, man!

KANE  
Why don't you turn me in?

BAY  
Go to hell!

KANE  
No guts, man!

CUT TO:

INT HOOTCH SEVENTEEN AFTERNOON

KANE storms into the empty hootch, jerks open his wall locker, throws in the M-16, and withdraws a bayonet from beneath his blanket. BAY is like a shadow.

BAY  
What the hell are you doin'?  
Come on, Kane, I'm worried about  
you. People are worried about  
you!

BAY notices the empty back of the locker door.

BAY  
Where's your short-timer calendar?

KANE  
It went away!

KANE, bayonet in hand, spins on his heels and rushes to retrace his step; BAY after him.

BAY  
What did you do to your short-timer  
calendar?

KANE  
IT WENT AWAY!

CUT TO:

EXT 55TH M.P. CO. AFTERNOON

KANE jogs, behind the hootches, towards the remote corner of the fence; BAY follows.

BAY  
Where are you going, Kane?

KANE  
Where are you goin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
I can't let you go!

KANE  
Stop me!

KANE drops to the ground at the hole in the fence and eases his way through it; BAY follows.

CUT TO:

EXT ALLEY EDGE OF UIJONGBU AFTERNOON

BAY jogs after the possessed KANE.

CUT TO:

EXT FOOTHILLS AFTERNOON

BAY jogs after KANE; up into the ragged, dry brown and yellow hills.

KANE  
(over his shoulder)  
You left your post!

BAY  
Yeah.

KANE  
Desertion!

BAY  
Let's go back?

KANE ignores the suggestion. They arrive at two long ribbons of tank traps. There is a sign that reads in English and Korean: MINEFIELD! DANGER!

KANE  
There he is!

The fallen condor, a black speck, lies a quarter of a mile into the field.

BAY  
(understanding)  
Hey, no, Kane!

KANE steps towards the field. BAY grabs him. KANE whirls. The bayonet flashes. BAY lurches backwards.

KANE  
YOU TOUCH ME AGAIN, I'LL CUT  
YOUR THROAT! YOU HEAR ME? I'LL  
CUT YOUR FUCKIN' THROAT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
I hear you.

KANE  
It wasn't like I asked you to  
come along.

KANE drops to his knees and begins to probe his way into the minefield with the bayonet--towards the black speck. BAY drops to his hands and knees and follows.

BAY  
I'm not sure I'm ready for this.

KANE  
Who asked you?

The point of the bayonet strikes something.

KANE  
Shit, there's one here. We gotta  
go around it.

They crawl around the spot. It is getting late. A faint yellow comes into the sky. Shadows deepen. A filmy mist begins to fume out of the valley below.

BAY  
It is gonna get dark on us.

KANE ignores the observation. He is thinking doggedly. He probes the ground with the most extraordinary care.

KANE  
This is something else, huh?

BAY  
Unforgettable.

KANE and BAY crawl in silence for awhile. The minefield grows dusky. The two soldiers begin to blend into the gloom.

BAY  
It's gonna be dark pretty soon!

KANE pays no attention to the warning and works his way around another mine.

KANE  
'Nother one.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT MINEFIELD LATER

The valley below is black as the two soldiers near the condor.

BAY

What are you gonna do with this bird when you get him?

KANE

I'm gonna have him mounted.

They stop to rest. The condor is twenty feet away.

KANE

I sure shit on his windshield!

BAY

Yeah. An eye for an eye.

BAY looks around. The sky is red and orange. KANE and BAY move out again. KANE works his way around another mine.

KANE

Probably put these mines in here to keep me from my condor. What do you think, Bay?

BAY

Yeah, probably.

KANE reaches the huge bird.

KANE

(slowly)

Beautiful!

He picks up the condor in his arms and holds the dead bird to him as if it were a teddy bear. He stands.

KANE

Hey, Bay...?

KANE's face becomes suddenly childishly happy. There is a dreamy smile on his face.

BAY

(worried)

Kane?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE gives BAY a look which declares there is no bad news. He appears to be without a sense of direction. He steadies himself.

BAY  
Kane?

KANE smiles and takes a step backwards. KAWAP! There is a tremendous thud as the mine explodes. The ground bursts and leaps in all directions. KANE cartwheels into the air.

As BAY hugs the ground he is pelted by a rain of stones and earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
Oh, hell!

A soft weaving of feathers fills the air around the two soldiers.

BAY looks up at KANE. KANE is as pale as death. He is so pale he looks transparent. KANE looks down at his foot. It is a bloody mangle. His left foot has been blown off. The ground around him is charred and pitted and smoking.

KANE moans and starts to rock back and forth, back and forth.

BAY  
I'll fix you a tourniquet.

KANE  
I don't feel so good.

As BAY takes off his shirt, he looks around. The minefield is devoid of life. He fixes a tourniquet with his shirt. The evening becomes dense and vaporous. BAY rises and shouts:

BAY  
HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!  
HELP! HELP! WE NEED HELP!  
HELP US! HELP! HELP!

He listens for an answer.  
Nothing.

KANE  
Nobody goin' to help us.

BAY looks around.  
A light breeze blows smoke from the explosion low across the field.  
BAY grabs the fallen bayonet and probing carefully gathers some brush together downwind of KANE.

KANE  
Bay! Bay? Bay?

BAY  
I'm right over here.

KANE  
Don't leave me, Bay.

BAY  
I won't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
What you doin'?

BAY  
I'm gonna start a fire.

KANE  
It's not cold.

BAY strikes a match and tries to light the pile of dry brush. The fire does not catch.

KANE  
It's not cold, Bay; why you starting a fire?

BAY strikes another match and fails to set the brush on fire.

He takes his wallet from his rear pocket and removes all the loose paper and cards from it. He places the paper and cards beneath the pile and sets fire to them. The flames lick upwards. The brush pile explodes in flames.

BAY crawls carefully back to KANE.

BAY  
How you doin', buddy?

KANE looks sullen and dispirited.

KANE  
I'm scared.

The wind spreads the fire to shrubbery downwind. KAWAP!...KAWAP! Two more mines explode.

Rocks and earth rain down upon the two soldiers.

KANE  
Hold me, Bay.

BAY takes KANE in his arms and holds him. KANE rocks in BAY's arms for awhile and then he stops. BAY's face is painted red by the fire; the flames flicker in his eyes. KANE's face goes blank as if a curtain had fallen.

KAWAP! Another mine explodes. Rocks and earth rain down upon the two soldiers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT MINEFIELD LATER

The red lip of the fire has moved two hundred yards down the hill. BAY can hear the crackle of the flames.

KAWAP!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another mine explodes.

BAY still holds KANE in his arms. KANE's face looks lunatic.

BAY  
 Don't go away, man...Don't  
 go away...Hang in there, man  
 ...Don't go away, Kane.

YAK YAK YAK YAK YAK YAK!  
 BAY hears a helicopter.  
 He sees the lights on it.

BAY  
 They're comin', Kane!...What  
 did I tell you!...They're  
 comin'!

The chopper's searchlight finds the two soldiers.  
 KANE's face is white. BAY's is flushed. The wind  
 from the rotors whirls up and blows dust in their  
 faces. BAY closes his eyes; KANE doesn't.

BAY hears the men on the chopper shouting, but he  
 can't make out their words.  
 He opens his eyes.  
 The chopper hovers just off the ground and hands are  
 reaching for them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR PSYCHIATRIC WARD SEOUL DAY

BAY walks down a long empty corridor with an Army DOCTOR.

DOCTOR  
 We're gonna ship him back  
 tomorrow to a hospital at  
 the Presidio in San Fran-  
 cisco.

BAY  
 Will he get better?

The DOCTOR pauses at a door.

DOCTOR  
 We don't really know. Here  
 we are. A nurse will come  
 and get you. He's drugged.  
 Don't expect anything.

The DOCTOR walks on.

BAY  
 Thanks.

CONTINUED:

The DOCTOR nods and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT HOSPITAL ROOM DAY

BAY enters. KANE is propped up in his bed. His legs are covered by a sheet. He stares straight ahead. There is no life in his eyes; they seem empty. BAY pulls up a chair and sits by the bed.

BAY

Hi?

KANE says nothing.

BAY

You feelin' any better?

Nothing.

You don't feel like talking,  
huh?

Nothing.

Doctor said you don't talk?

Nothing.

I guess I shouldn't smoke in  
here?

Nothing.

Doctor said you're goin' back  
to the states. You're gonna  
be in a hospital in San Fran-  
cisco...He said they'd fix  
your leg with a prothesis and  
you'd be as good as new.

Nothing.

It is really hot. Some weather  
here.

Nothing.

I thought when you get back to  
the states we should write and  
keep in touch...I got court-  
martialed and lost my stripe;  
for leaving my post...Captain  
Balsley said if I ever left my

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY CONT.

post again he'd send me to  
Levenworth and throw away the  
key...Just like a lifer, huh?

Nothing.

I go back on duty tomorrow...  
North Check Point...I got three  
more weeks...Short?...Short-  
timer...Everybody says--

BAY's voice breaks. Tears well up in his eyes and  
he starts to cry.

BAY

I feel so sorry...

He laughs through his tears.

I don't know what I'm sorry  
about...Hell!

A NURSE appears in the doorway behind BAY.  
BAY hears her and turns. His voice trembles:

BAY

Okay, okay. I'll be right out.

He turns back to KANE.

I got to go...I guess what I'm  
sorry about is that this happened...  
That doesn't say it, does it?

Nothing.

I'll come and see you at that  
hospital when I get back to the  
states...You take care, Kane?

Nothing.

You take care.

BAY rises, turns, and leaves. The NURSE lets him  
pass; then follows, closing the door behind them.

CLOSE-UP: KANE's face looks empty--null.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT NORTH CHECK POINT LATE AFTERNOON

The heat has put a wavering blur on the world. BAY stands in the shade of the guard shack. There are two sullen ROK MPs nearby. A KNP walks idly back and forth in the center of the road. Little puffs of dust rise from his heels.

One of the ROK MPs takes a drink from his canteen. BAY moodily smokes a Kent and glances at the side of the road.

WHAT HE SEES: His dusty jeep on the road's shoulder-- weeds that are burned and dead by its tires.

BAY looks to his left.

WHAT HE SEES: high filmy dust rises off the road. The KNP walks sluggishly about.

BAY looks down at his feet.

WHAT HE SEES: his boots have sunk an inch beneath the fine dust.

BAY glances at the ROK MPs. They look glum and stew in their sweat.

The heavy sunlight beats silently upon the earth.

BAY makes up his mind about something, flicks his Kent away, and strides from the guard shack towards the large bunkers at the side of the road.

The KNP looks up.

KNP

Bay!

BAY keeps walking.

KNP

Bay!

BAY stops and looks back at the friendly curious KNP. The KNP wants to ask him where he is going but isn't sure of the words. Instead, he holds his palms open in front of himself and shrugs.

BAY

(cheerfully)

I'm gonna go shoot myself!

The KNP looks puzzled, then smiles and nods: yes, yes.

BAY walks behind one of the two bunkers. Leaves crack like breaking glass beneath his feet. He stops when he is out of sight of the guard shack and the soldiers on the road. He looks at the bunker's concrete wall. It

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

is caked with a fragile veneer of dust.

He removes his forty-five from his holster and studies it. He pulls back the slide and chambers a round.

He looks at the forty-five in his right hand with disgust.

BAY  
Infantile!

He puts the forty-five to his temple, but doesn't pull the trigger.

He lowers the forty-five; then raises it and puts it in his mouth.

He removes it from his mouth.

He smiles at it.

He hits himself on the side of the head with the forty-five.

He switches the forty-five to his left hand and puts his right hand to his head searching for blood. There is none.

He takes the forty-five in his right hand and hits his head, hard, three more times.

He hears sudden high-pitched excited chatter from the Koreans on the road. The soldiers are shouting. Then he hears the KNP.

KNP'S V.O.  
BAY!...BAY!

BAY holsters the forty-five and walks slowly around the corner of the bunker. . .

WHAT HE SEES: the two ROK MPs, the KNP, and a tiny old PAPA SAN standing near his jeep. The PAPA SAN is holding an unconscious three year old little GIRL in his arms. She looks terribly hurt; as if she had been crushed. Her face and arms are caked with blood. The PAPA SAN looks determined.

KNP  
Bay! Bay! Uijongbu!

The KNP is excitedly pointing at Bay's jeep and then down the mountain.

BAY looks at the PAPA SAN and the GIRL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNP  
Bay! Bay! Hospital!  
Uijongbu!

BAY  
No.

KNP  
(not understanding)  
Hospital! Hospital! Uijongbu!

BAY  
(matter of fact)  
I can't leave my post, man!

The two ROK MPs approach.

KNP  
(pointing at girl)  
Die! Die! Uijongbu! Uijongbu!

BAY  
Hey, I can't!

KNP  
You! Jeep! Me! Uijongbu!  
Hospital!

BAY  
Where did she come from?

The KNP doesn't understand.

BAY  
(points at girl)  
Where? Where did they come  
from?

KNP  
(understanding)  
Village! Village!  
(points up road)  
Bus! Bus!  
(punches one hand with  
the other)

BAY  
A bus hit her?

KNP  
Yes! Yes!

BAY  
Why didn't the bus take her  
to the hospital?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNP  
 Bus? Bus go! Bus go!  
 Bus go!

He gestures with his hands, angrily; trying to indicate the hit and run.

KNP  
 Hospital, Bay! Die! Die!

BAY glances at the little GIRL, nervously.

KNP  
 Hospital! Jeep, Bay! Die!

BAY  
 (screams)  
 I CAN'T LEAVE MY POST!

BAY walks calmly over to the jeep and gets on the radio.

BAY  
 Slight Cruise, this is North  
 Charlie Papa, over!

He waits.

KNP  
 Bay! Bay! Jeep! Hospital!

BAY  
 (quietly)  
 I heard you!  
 (on radio)  
 Slight Cruise, this is North  
 Charlie Papa, over!

BAY glances at the old man in his white and bloodied clothing holding the crushed little GIRL in his arms.

BAY  
 Slight Cruise, this is North  
 Charlie Papa, request permission  
 to transport Korean National  
 girl, approximately three years  
 old to Korean National Hospital  
 Uijongbu; the girl appears to be  
 dying, over!

KNP  
 Bay?

BAY  
 I can't get through. Fuckin' radio!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNP

Bay!

BAY

(on radio-mike)

Slight Cruise, this is North Charlie Papa; request permission to transport dying Korean National girl to hospital...Korean National hospital, Uijongbu--the girl was hit by a bus, over!

KNP

(beyond himself)

BayBayBayBay!

BAY

(calmly)

I can't leave my post, do you understand? Understand?

The KNP obviously doesn't understand; and so BAY looks at the sky.

BAY

This is crazy!

BAY glances at the PAPA SAN and GIRL--the PAPA SAN is moaning. BAY makes up his mind.

BAY

(to KNP)

Get in the jeep.

The KNP springs into action. He yells at the PAPA SAN; then he helps the PAPA SAN with the GIRL in his arms into the back seat of the jeep. BAY climbs in behind the wheel. The KNP sits next to him. BAY twists the ignition; the engine coughs, sputters, and catches. BAY looks down the road. He glances to his right: the KNP watches him, anxiously waiting. BAY can hear the PAPA SAN moaning lowly in the back seat. The engine revs, the tires squeal, and the jeep jerks away.

CUT TO:

EXT MOUNTAIN ROAD LATE AFTERNOON

The terrain on both sides of the road is really steep. There is a despondant slant to the light on the dry river bed below. Silence. Then the jeep hums in the distance. The hum draws closer. Suddenly the jeep tears into view on two wheels; rounding a sharp bend in the road.

CUT TO:

INT M.P. JEEP

BAY is driving too fast and knows it. The tilting embankment of the mountain, just beyond him, races beside him.

He glances to his right: beyond the KNP, who is hanging on for dear life, he has intermittent glimpses of the rocky river bed far below.

BAY fixes his eyes on the curving road ahead. His face is now in yellow light, now in shadow.

A huge cock's tail of dust rises behind the jeep.

BAY grabs the radio-mike and yells into it:

BAY  
Slight Cruise, this is North  
Charlie Papa, over!...Slight  
Cruise, this is North Charlie  
Papa, over!

The wheel jumps in BAY's left hand.

BAY  
Slight Cruise, this is North  
Charlie Papa, over!...Slight  
Cruise, this is North Charlie  
Papa, over!

CUT TO:

EXT MOUNTAIN ROAD LATE AFTERNOON

The jeep speeds dangerously down the road which follows the gnarled valley. On one side of the road the land drops straight away.

CUT TO:

INT M.P. JEEP

BAY  
Slight Cruise, this is North  
Charlie Papa, over!...Slight  
Cruise, this is North Charlie  
Papa, over!...Come on, Slight  
Cruise, this is North Charlie  
Papa, over!

BAY hears the KNP yelling something. He glances at him: the KNP is yelling and gesturing at the road ahead.

BAY looks back at the road: it disappears sharply around a curve.

BAY's foot hits the brake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dust rages from the tires.  
 The jeep swerves, in slow motion, squealing around  
 the curve.  
 BAY fights the wheel.  
 The jeep rattles and bumps.  
 Tires tear at the precipice.  
 The jeep finds the road and holds it.  
 BAY almost laughs and floors the accelerator.

BAY  
 Slight Cruise, this is North  
 Charlie Papa, over! Slight  
 Cruise, this is North Charlie  
 Papa, over!

BAY glances at the shaking rear-view mirror--he glimpses  
 the PAPA SAN and on a bump the GIRL's head jerks into  
 view.

A confused look of hazard crosses BAY's face and then  
 he screams into the radio-mike:

BAY  
 SLIGHT CRUISE, THIS IS NORTH  
 CHARLIE PAPA, OVER!

BAY is angry.  
 Just beyond his head, the mountain tears by.  
 He has a sense of things being totally out of control,  
 of going downward, of speed, of descent, of going  
 straight down over the edge of the world.  
 He remembers something: he flips on the siren.  
 It screams in his ears.  
 The road flies beneath the jeep.  
 Ahead, it disappears around a curve.  
 BAY hits the brake, drops the radio-mike, and turns  
 the wheel.  
 He spots something.

BAY  
 Shit!

There are rocks from a landslide on the road.  
 Tires strike the rocks.  
 The jeep jumps and comes down hard again on the road.  
 The wheel kicks itself free from BAY's hands.  
 The jeep skids.  
 The PAPA SAN and GIRL are thrown to one side.  
 The rear bumper slaps a tree.  
 The wall of the mountain comes at BAY.  
 BAY grabs the wheel.  
 The jeep veers to the right.  
 The KNP holds on.  
 The rocky valley below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY's face turns fragile.  
 He slams the brake.  
 The jeep spins to a halt in the center of the road.  
 For a moment, dust obliterates all.  
 Then BAY wipes his dry mouth with the back of his hand.  
 He glances at the KNP.  
 The KNP smiles.

BAY  
 Mother!

BAY slams the stick into reverse.  
 The jeep jerks backwards.  
 BAY slams on the brake.  
 BAY strikes the stick into first and floors the  
 accelerator.  
 The jeep fishtails, regains the center of the road,  
 and tears down the mountain. BAY grabs the radio-mike:

BAY  
 Slight Cruise, this is North  
 Charlie Papa.

To BAY's right, past the KNP, the river bed widens at  
 the land grows flatter.  
 Ahead, the road begins to straighten and shows in a  
 silver light.  
 Dust billows from beneath the jeep.  
 BAY is soaked with sweating. His trousers stick to  
 his shins.

BAY  
 Slight Cruise, this is North  
 Charlie Papa, over!

BAY glances in the rear view mirror: beyond the grim  
 PAPA SAN, dust obliterates everything they pass; paddies,  
 a crossroads, several huts, a solitary tree.

BAY  
 Slight Cruise, this is North  
 Charlie Papa, over!

In the distance, BAY sees a cloud of dust.  
 He is thinking that he should be calmer.

BAY  
 Slight Cruise, this is North  
 Charlie Papa, over!

Suddenly:

RADIO  
 North Charlie Papa, this is  
 Slight Cruise, over!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY

Slight Cruise, this is North Charlie Papa; request permission to transport Korean National girl, about three years old, to Korean National Hospital, Uijongbu: the girl appears to be dying, over!

There is nothing but static on the radio for a moment. BAY almost smiles.

RADIO

North Charlie Papa; that's a negative on that request, over!

BAY checks the cloud of dust ahead. He can make out the rear of a column of ROK deuce-and-a-halves.

RADIO

North Charlie Papa; North Charlie Papa, this is Slight Cruise; that's a negative on that request, over!

BAY presses the accelerator slowly to the floor of the jeep.

BAY

Slight Cruise, this is North Charlie Papa: it is too late for a negative on that request, over!

BAY is gaining steadily on the deuce-and-a-halves. Dust billows from beneath the trucks.

RADIO

North Charlie Papa, this is Slight Cruise; what's your ten nine? Over!

Dust in the jeep thickens.

BAY

Slight Cruise, this is North Charlie Papa; I tried to get you on the radio and couldn't, over!

RADIO

North Charlie Papa, this is Slight Cruise; what is your present ten nine? Over!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY's eyes are fixed on the road ahead.  
He approaches the rear of the column.  
He can make out brown uniformed ROK soldiers in  
helmets holding rifles in the back of the last truck.  
Their faces are in shadow. The dust is dense.

BAY

Slight Cruise, this is North  
Charlie Papa, my present ten  
nine is approximately four or  
five miles north Uijongbu,  
highway one, over!

RADIO

North Charlie Papa, this is  
Slight Cruise; what do you  
think you're doing? Over!

BAY

Slight Cruise, this is North  
Charlie Papa; I'm doing the  
best I can, over!

RADIO

Slight Cruise, this is North  
...North Charlie Papa, this is  
Slight Cruise; you're in trouble,  
over!

BAY

Slight Cruise, this is North  
Charlie Papa; that's affirmative,  
roger, out!

BAY hangs up the radio-mike.  
He turns up the siren.  
A taxi whizzes by going the opposite direction.

RADIO

North Charlie Papa, this is Slight  
Cruise, over!

BAY ignores the radio.  
The KNP is yelling something.  
BAY looks at him: the KNP is standing, hanging out  
one side of the jeep, screaming in Korean at the  
trucks.  
The trucks hold the road and refuse to move over.

RADIO

North Charlie Papa, this is  
Slight Cruise, over!

The KNP stops screaming and looks at BAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAY  
 (to KNP)  
 They're not going to move over?

The KNP screams some more at the last truck.  
 BAY is coated with dust.

RADIO  
 North Charlie Papa, this is  
 Slight Cruise; come in, over!

The M.P. jeep bounces slowly along behind the column.  
 BAY checks the rear view mirror: the PAPA SAN's  
 eyes are closed. He appears to be praying.

BAY  
 Hell!

He noses the jeep into the oncoming lane.  
 The siren wails.  
 The KNP is screaming at the trucks.

RADIO  
 (a new voice)  
 North Charlie Papa, this is  
 Laudenslager; get on the radio,  
 that's an order, over!

Through the dust BAY can see the driver's profile  
 of the last truck reflected in the wing-mirror of  
 the cab.  
 Beyond the cab of the truck BAY can see nothing, but  
 dense billowing dust.  
 Visibility is zero in the oncoming lane.  
 BAY eases the jeep back behind the column and eats  
 dust.

RADIO  
 North Charlie Papa, this is  
 Sergeant Laudenslager, get on  
 the radio, Bay, that's an order,  
 over!

Another taxi flies past in the oncoming lane.  
 BAY suddenly swings the jeep back into the oncoming  
 lane.  
 Light catches the driver's face in the wing mirror of  
 the truck's cab.  
 BAY sees the driver laugh.  
 The driver's arm comes out and waves BAY on.  
 BAY floors the accelerator.  
 The jeep jumps ahead.  
 BAY can see nothing ahead but dust; yellow dense billowing  
 dust like smoke from a fierce fire.  
 He passes one truck, two trucks, three, four, five, six,  
 seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, four-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

teen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen...  
Suddenly the dust vanishes.  
An oncoming bus flies towards BAY.  
He yanks the wheel to the right.  
The bus screams past.

BAY can see Uijongbu in the distance.

RADIO

North Charlie Papa, this is  
Sergeant Laudenslager; get on  
the radio, over!

BAY fixes his eyes on the road ahead and ignores the  
radio.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET UIJONGBU LATE AFTERNOON

Dogs, children, civilians leap from the path of the  
M.P. jeep as it races down the street.

BAY checks the rear view mirror: the PAPA SAN still  
holds the motionless little GIRL in his arms. Beyond  
them, BAY sees an M.P. jeep, light spinning, chasing  
him.

KNP

Hospital! Hospital!

The KNP is pointing wildly to the right.  
BAY brakes, rolls the wheel to the right, and the jeep  
pitches through the hospital gate.

BAY brakes the jeep to a stop and wearily reaches up  
and turns off the siren and engine.

The PAPA SAN, with the GIRL in his arms, and the KNP  
are out of the jeep and running up the steps and into  
the small two-story hospital.

BAY hears brakes squeal.  
LAUDENSLAGER's jeep brakes to a halt behind him.  
BAY is totally covered with dust; a yellow man. Painted  
yellow with dust. He looks like a toy soldier.  
LAUDENSLAGER walks up to him.  
BAY realizes that his hands are shaking.  
He is trembling all over.

LAUDENSLAGER

Jesus, Bay.

BAY is concentrating on stopping the shakes.  
LAUDENSLAGER doesn't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUDENSLAGER  
The Captain's behind me...You  
alright?

BAY holds up his shaking hands and laughs.  
A crowd of curious Koreans is forming.  
Another M.P. jeep bounces through the gate and brakes  
to a halt.  
LAUDENSLAGER steps forward to meet Captain BALSLEY as  
he climbs from his jeep.

LAUDENSLAGER  
We got a problem, Captain.

BALSLEY  
I've been listening to the  
radio, Sergeant.

BALSLEY approaches BAY, climbs into the jeep, and sits  
next to the Private.

BALSLEY  
Anything wrong, Bay?

BAY  
No, Sir.

BALSLEY  
The kid gonna live?

BAY shrugs; he doesn't know.

BAY  
Hope so.

BALSLEY  
You got a cigarette?

BAY  
Yes, Sir.

BAY shakily hands BALSLEY his pack of Kents.

BALSLEY  
Got a light?

BAY  
Yes, Sir.

BAY hands BALSLEY a book of matches.  
The Captain lights up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALSLEY

Once I was in a ball game in high school. I was playing short-stop. I wasn't a very good short-stop. And in this one particular game I made four errors in one inning. When we finally got the other side out, our coach came over to me and said, "Balsley, you want out?... Well, I'm not gonna take you out! You're just gonna have to stay in there and try to catch the ball when it comes to you and if you get lucky and catch it, then you're gonna have to try and not throw it away!"...You get my drift, Bay?

BAY

Yes, Sir.

BALSLEY

So I guess you better get back on your goddam post and try to stay there for a change!

BAY smiles, simply; starts to say something--stops.

BALSLEY

Something you wanted to say?

BAY

No, Sir...It's just--

He breaks off.

BALSLEY

Just what?

BAY

It's just such a fantasy, Sir.

BALSLEY

That's right, Private. But it's all we got to work with. Thanks for the cigarette!

BAY remembers to salute.  
BALSLEY returns it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALSLEY climbs from the jeep and walks towards LAUDENSLAGER. The Sergeant and the Captain say a few things to one another (BAY can't hear what): then they salute, climb into their jeeps, and drive off.

BAY takes off his helmet and runs his fingers through his hair.

The sun slants through the filthy windshield in front of him.

He rests his head on the steering wheel. He can see minute shadows cast by grains of dust above the dashboard.

BAY looks up as the KNP climbs into the jeep and sits beside him. The KNP smiles at BAY; his eyes are lively.

BAY

How is the little girl?

The KNP's face is caked with dust.

KNP

Girl?

BAY nods: yes.

KNP

Live.

BAY

She gonna live?

KNP

Live.

The KNP nods: yes, yes. He notices BAY's slight trembling. He laughs, holds his hands before him and makes them shake; mocking good-naturedly BAY's fear.

KNP

Bay!

He shakes his hands as if he had palsy; then throws his head back and laughs.

BAY slowly smiles at the KNP and at himself. He looks down.

WHAT HE SEES: the short-timer's calendar inside his helmet--it is nearly blacked-in.

BAY puts on his helmet, starts the engine, swings the jeep around, and drives out the hospital gate.

CUT TO:

EXT OUTSKIRTS UIJONGBU LATE AFTERNOON

BAY's jeep rolls northwards. On the edge of the city he encounters again the slowly moving convoy of ROK deuce-and-a-halves.

They pass each other going opposite directions.

BAY flips "the finger" to the convoy and, smiling, holds it high and hard until he has passed the last truck.

CUT TO:

EXT HIGHWAY ONE DUSK

The countryside smokes with dust.  
The sun is falling behind the mountains in a pool of red light.

A condor turns slowly in the sky.  
The M.P. jeep recedes and diminishes upwards behind its cloud of dust.  
The yellow dust rises from the earth and mingles with the light of heaven.

THE END