FULL METAL JACKET

The screenplay by

Stanley Kubrick, Michael Herr and Gustav Hasford

Based on the novel
The short-Timers
by Gustav Hasford

1987
FADE IN:

WARNER BROS. LOGO:

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WB

A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

LOGO FADES OUT:

Music:
Johnny Wright's "Hello Vietnam"

TITLE: A STANLEY KUBRICK FILM

CUT TO:

TITLE: FULL METAL JACKET

CUT TO:

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

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

2 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

Marine recruits stand at attention in front of their bunks.

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

HARTMAN

I am Gunnery Sergeant Hartman, your Senior Drill Instructor. From now on, you will speak only when spoken to, and the first and last words out of your filthy sewers will be "Sir!"

Do you maggots understand that?
RECRUITS
   (in unison)
   Sir, yes, sir!

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

RECRUITS
   (louder)
   Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
   If you ladies leave my island, if you survive
   recruit
   training ... you will be a weapon, you
   will be a minister of death,
   praying for war.
   But until that day you are pukes! You're the
   lowest form of life on Earth. You are not even
   human fucking beings!
   You are nothing but
   unorganized grabasstic pieces of amphibian

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

RECRUITS
   (in unison)
   Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
   Bullshit! I can't hear you!
RECRUITS

(louder)
   Sir, yes, sir!

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

   HARTMAN
   What's your name, scumbag?

   SNOWBALL
   (shouting)
   Sir,
   Private Brown, sir!

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

   SNOWBALL
   (shouting)
   Sir, yes, sir!

   HARTMAN

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

   SNOWBALL
   Sir, yes, sir!

   JOKER

   (whispering)
   Is that you, John Wayne? Is this me?

   HARTMAN

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

Sergeant HARTMAN grabs cowboy by the shirt.

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

COWBOY
Sir, no, sir!

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

COWBOY
Sir, no, sir!

JOKER
Sir, I said it, sir!

Sergeant HARTMAN steps up to JOKER.

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

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

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

JOKER
Sir, yes, sir!
HARTMAN
Private Joker, why did you join my beloved Corps?

JOKER
Sir, to kill, sir!

HARTMAN
So you're a killer!

JOKER
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
Let me see your war face!

JOKER
Sir?

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

JOKER
Aaaaaaaaaagh!

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

JOKER
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN
You didn't scare me! Work on it!

JOKER
Sir, yes, sir!

Sergeant HARTMAN speaks into cowboy's face.

HARTMAN
What's your excuse?

COWBOY
Sir, excuse for
what, sir?

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

        COWBOY
            Sir,
                yes, sir!

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

        COWBOY
            Sir, yes, sir!

    HARTMAN
        Are you shook up? Are you nervous?

        COWBOY
            Sir, I am, sir!

    HARTMAN
        Do I make you nervous?

        COWBOY
            Sir!

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

        COWBOY
            Sir, no, sir!

    HARTMAN
        How tall are you, Private?

        COWBOY
            Sir,
                five foot nine, sir!

        HARTMAN
            Five foot nine? I didn't know they stacked shit
                that high! You trying to squeeze an inch in
                on me somewhere, huh?
COWBOY
Sir, no, sir.

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

HARTMAN
Where in hell are you from anyway, Private?

COWBOY
Sir, Texas, sir!

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

COWBOY
Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN
Are you a peter-puffer?

COWBOY
Sir, no, sir!

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

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

HARTMAN
Did your parents have any children that lived?
PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, Leonard Lawrence, sir!

HARTMAN
Lawrence?
Lawrence, what, of Arabia?

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN
That name sounds like royalty! Are you royalty?

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN
Do you suck dicks?

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

PYLE has the
trace of a strange smile on his face.

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

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN
Then wipe that disgusting grin off your face!

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
Well, any fucking time, sweetheart!

PYLE
Sir, I'm trying, sir.

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

PYLE purses his lips but continues to smile involuntarily.

PYLE
Sir, I can't help it, sir!

HARTMAN
Bullshit! Get on your knees, scumbag!

PYLE gets down on his FEnees.

HARTMAN
Now choke yourself!

PYLE places his hands around his throat as if to choke himself.
HARTMAN
Goddamn it, with my hand, numbnuts!!

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

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

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

HARTMAN chokes PYLE.

PYLE gags and starts to turn red in the face.

HARTMAN
Are you through grinning?

PYLE (barely able to speak)
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
Bullshit! I can't hear you!

PYLE (gasping)
Sir, yes, sir!

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

PYLE (gagging)
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
That's enough! Get on your feet!

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

HARTMAN

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

PYLE
    Sir, yes, sir!

3 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND--DAY

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

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

JOKER

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

HARTMAN
    Mama and Papa were laying in bed.

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

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

RECRUITS

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

HARTMAN
    Ah, gimme some...

RECRUITS
Ah, gimme some...

HARTMAN
   Ah, gimme some...

RECRUITS
   Ah, gimme some...

HARTMAN
   P.T....

RECRUITS
   P.T....

HARTMAN
   Good for you!

RECRUITS
   Good for you!

HARTMAN
   And good for me!

RECRUITS
   And good for me!

HARTMAN
   Mmm, good.

RECRUITS
   Mmm, good.

HARTMAN
   Up in the morning to the rising sun.

RECRUITS
   Up in the morning to the rising sun.

HARTMAN
   Gotta run all day...
4 EXT.
PRACTICE FIELD--SUNSET

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

HARTMAN
...till the running's done!

RECRUITS
Gotta run all day till the running's done!

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

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

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

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

PYLE
momentarily places his rifle on the wrong shoulder and immediately corrects himself:
HARTMAN spots this and walks up to him.

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

PYLE
Sir, I don't know, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, no, sir.

HARTMAN slaps PYLE hard across the left cheek.

HARTMAN
What side was that, Private Pyle?!

PYLE
Sir, left side, sir!

HARTMAN
Are you sure, Private Pyle?

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN slaps PYLE hard across the right cheek, Knocking his cap off:

HARTMAN
What side was that, Private Pyle?
PYLE
Sir, right side, sir.

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

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

DISSOLVE TO:

6 EXT.
PARADE DECK--DAY

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

7 INT.
BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

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

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

HARTMAN
Port . . . hut!

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

HARTMAN

Pray!

RECRUITS

(in unison)

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

Without me my rifle is useless. Without my rifle, I am useless. I must fire my rifle true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy who is trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he shoots me. I will.

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

HARTMAN

Order . . . hut!

The recruits snap their rifles down to their sides.

HARTMAN

At ease!

HARTMAN turns off the barracks lights.

HARTMAN

Good night, ladies.

RECRUITS

(in unison)
Good night, sir!

HARTMAN
(to duty guard)

Hit it, sweetheart!

DUTY GUARD
Sir, aye-aye, sir!

8
EXT. PARADE FIELD--DAWN

HARTMAN drills the platoon.

HARTMAN
Right shoulder ... hut! This is not your daddy's shotgun, Cowboy. Left shoulder ...

hut! Move your rifle around your head, not your head around your rifle. Port ... hut!

Four inches from your chest, Pyle! Four inches!

9 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

HARTMAN
This is my rifle! This is my gun!

RECRUITS
This is for fighting! This is for fun!

HARTMAN
This is my rifle! This is my gun!

RECRUITS
This is my rifle!
This is my gun!

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

DISSOLVE TO:
10 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

HARTMAN marching the platoon, calling cadence.

11 EXT. "ARMSTRETCHER"
OBSTACLE--DAY

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

HARTMAN

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

12 EXT.
"TOUGH ONE" OBSTACLE--DAY

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

13 EXT.
PUGIL-STICK CIRCLE--DAY

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

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

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

RECRUITS waiting in two lines for their turn.

HARTMAN

Next two privates! Quickly!

The next two recruits struggle over the obstacle.
Get over that goddamn obstacle! Move it!
Next two privates! Quickly! Hurry up! Get up there!

JOKER and another recruit go over easily.

HARTMAN
Private Joker, are you a killer?

JOKER
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
Let me hear your war cry!

JOKER
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN
Next two privates, go!

PYLE and another recruit. PYLE is hopeless.

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

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
Get your fat ass up there, Pyle!

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
What the hell is the matter with you anyway? I'll bet you if there was some pussy up there on top of
that obstacle you could get up there!  
  Couldn't you?!

PYLE
  Sir, yes, sir!

PYLE drops heavily to the ground.

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

PYLE
  Sir, yes, sir!

15 EXT. CHINNING BAR--DAY

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

HARTMAN
  One for the Corps! Get up there! Pull!

JOKER finally  
drops to the ground.

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

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

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

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

HARTMAN
  You are a worthless
piece of shit, Pyle!! Get
 out of my face! Get up there, Snowball!

16 EXT. "CONFIDENCE CLIMB"--DAY

PYLE climbs a high obstacle.

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

PYLE freezes at the top.

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

PYLE climbs
back down his side of the obstacle.

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

17 EXT. ROAD--DAY

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

PYLE is at the end of the line ready to drop.
Supported by
JOKER, PYLE Staggers along as
HARTMAN bellows at him.

HARTMAN
Pick'em up and set'em down, Pyle!
Quickly! Move it up!
Were you born a fat
slimy scumbag, you piece of shit, Private
Pyle? Or did you have to work on it? Move
it up! Quickly! Hustle up!
The fucking war
will be over by the time we get out there,
won't it, Private Pyle?

HARTMAN gives PYLE a shove.

HARTMAN
Move it!

PYLE gasps for breath.

HARTMAN
Are you going to fucking die, Pyle? Are you
going to die on me!! Do
it now! Move it up!
Hustle it up! Quickly, quickly, quickly! Do
you feel dizzy? Do you feel faint? Jesus H.
Christ, I think you've
got a hard-on!

18 EXT. MUD OBSTACLE--DAY

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

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

19 INT. BARRACKS--PRE-DAWN

HARTMAN and two Junior Drill
Instructors stride
into the Squad Bay. The lights go on. HARTMAN
bangs loudly on an empty metal garbage can which he carries into the room.

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

HARTMAN stops in front of JOKER's bunk.

HARTMAN
Private Cowboy! Private Joker!

COWBOY
Sir, yes, sir!

JOKER
Sir, yes, sir!

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

JOKER & COWBOY
(in unison)

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

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

JOKER & COWBOY
(in unison)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
Private Joker, do you believe in the Virgin Mary?

JOKER
Sir, no,
sir!

HARTMAN throws down the garbage can with a loud bang.

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

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

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

HARTMAN slaps
JOKER, hard, across the cheek.

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

JOKER
Sir, negative, sir!!

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

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

HARTMAN
Who's your squad leader, scumbag?

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

Private Snowball!

SNOWBALL double-times up to HARTMAN.

SNOWBALL

Sir, Private Snowball reporting as ordered, sir!

HARTMAN

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

SNOWBALL

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Pyle!

PYLE

Private Pyle reporting as ordered, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Joker is silly and he's ignorant, but he's got guts, and guts is enough. Now, you ladies carry on.

JOKER, COWBOY & PYLE

(in unison)

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

20 EXT. TRAINING FIELD--DAY

JOKER

patiently explains the disassembly of an
M-14 rifle to PYLE.

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

21 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

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

22 EXT. CONFIDENCE CLIMB--DAY

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

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

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

JOKER

23
INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

JOKER
You fold the blanket and the sheet back
together. Make a four-inch fold. Okay?
    Got it? You do it.

    PYLE
looks down. uncertainly at the bed.

24 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

    JOKER
works with PYLE on the Manual of Arms.

25 EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE--DAY

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

26 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

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

    DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. RIFLE RANGE--DAY

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

    HARTMAN
    The deadliest weapon in
the world is a ma-
    rine and his rifle. It is your killer instinct
which must be harnessed if you expect to sur-
vive in combat. Your
rifle is only a tool. It is
    a hard heart that kills. If your killer
instincts
    are not clean and strong you will hesitate at
the
    moment of truth. You will not kill. You
will become dead marines.
And then you will
    be in a world of shit. Because marines are not
allowed to die without permission! Do you
maggots understand?

RECRUITS
Sir, yes, sir!

28 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND STREET--DAY

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

HARTMAN

(chanting in cadence)
I love working for Uncle Sam!

RECRUITS

(chanting in cadence)
I love working for Uncle Sam!

HARTMAN
Lets me know just who I am!

RECRUITS
Lets me know just who I am!

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

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

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

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

HARTMAN
My Corps!

RECRUITS
My Corps!

HARTMAN
Your Corps!

RECRUITS
Your Corps!
HARTMAN
    Our Corps!

        RECRUITS
        Our Corps!

HARTMAN
    Marine Corps!

        RECRUITS
        Marine Corps!

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

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

    HARTMAN
    Eskimo pussy
    is mighty cold!

        RECRUITS
        Eskimo pussy is mighty cold!

HARTMAN
    Mmm, good!

        RECRUITS
        Mmm, good!

HARTMAN
    Feels good!

        RECRUITS
        Feels good!

HARTMAN
    Is good!

        RECRUITS
        Is good!

HARTMAN
    Real good!

        RECRUITS
        Real good!
HARTMAN
Tastes good!

RECRUITS
Tastes good!

HARTMAN
Mighty good!

RECRUITS
Mighty good!

HARTMAN
Good for you!

RECRUITS
Good for you!

HARTMAN
Good for me!

RECRUITS
Good for me!

29
INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

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

HARTMAN
Trim 'em.

HARTMAN points at the feet of another recruit.

HARTMAN
Toejam!

To another recruit.

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

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

PYLE
Sir, I don't know, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN
Get down!

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

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

HARTMAN freezes. He reaches down and slowly picks up a jelly doughnut, holding it in disgust at arm's length with his fingertips.
HARTMAN
Holy Jesus! What is that? What is that, Private Pyle?!

PYLE
Sir, a jelly doughnut, sir!

HARTMAN
A jelly doughnut?!

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
How did it get here?

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

HARTMAN
Is chow allowed in the barracks, Private Pyle?

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN
Are you allowed to eat jelly doughnuts, Private Pyle?

PYLE
Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN
And why not, Private Pyle?

PYLE
Sir, because I'm too heavy, sir!

HARTMAN
Because you are a disgusting fatbody, Private Pyle!

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

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

PYLE
Sir, because I was hungry, sir!

HARTMAN
Because you were hungry?

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

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

HARTMAN (to PYLE)
Open your mouth!

He shoves the jelly doughnut into PYLE's mouth.

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

HARTMAN turns to the recruits.

HARTMAN
Ready . . . exercise!

The platoon does push-ups.
(chanting in cadence)

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. BARRACKS--DAWN

JOKER checks PYLE's Uniform.

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

   PYLE
   Joker? Everybody hates me now. Even you.

   JOKER

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

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

   PYLE grins, trustingly.

   JOKER
   Tuck your shirt in.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. TRAINING FIELD--DAY
The platoon does squat thrusts as PYLE sits, his cap on backwards, sucking his thumb. HARTMAN watches.

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

FADE TO BLACK

32 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

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

PYLE is asleep in his bunk.

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

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

COWBOY shoves a gag in PYLE's mouth.

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

PYLE's screams are muffled by the gag.

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

    COWBOY

(to JOKER)
    Do it! Do it!

JOKER hesitates, then moves forward and hits PYLE hard several times.

Then JOKER jumps into his bunk.

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

    COWBOY

(removing gag)
    Remember, it's just a bad dream, fatboy.

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

Lying in, his bunk, JOKER covers his ears.

FADE IN:

33 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

The platoon is lined up.

HARTMAN
    Port... hut! Left shoulder ... hut! Right shoulder ...
hut! Port ... hut! Do we love our beloved Corps, ladies?

RECRUITS
    (shouting in unison)
    Semper fi, do or die! Gung ho, gung ho,
PYLE says nothing, just stares straight ahead.

HARTMAN
What makes the grass grow?

RECRUITS
Blood, blood, blood!

PYLE stares. Does not join in the shouting.

HARTMAN
What do we do for a living, ladies?

RECRUITS
Kill, kill, kill!

PYLE remains silent.

HARTMAN
I can't hear you!

RECRUITS
Kill, kill, kill!

HARTMAN
Bullshit! I still can't hear you!

RECRUITS
Kill, kill, kill!

PYLE continues to stare blankly ahead.

34 EXT. BLEACHERS--DAY

The platoon sits on bleachers facing HARTMAN.

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

No response.

HARTMAN
None of you dumbasses knows?
COWBOY raises his hand.

HARTMAN

Private Cowboy?

COWBOY

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

HARTMAN

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

HARTMAN looks around.

HARTMAN

Anybody know who Lee Harvey Oswald was?

Almost everybody raises his hand.

HARTMAN

Private Snowball?

SNOWBALL

Sir, he shot Kennedy, sir!

HARTMAN

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

SNOWBALL

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

The recruits laugh at "suppository."

HARTMAN

All right, knock it off! Two hundred and fifty feet! He was two hundred and fifty feet away and shooting at a moving target. Oswald got off three rounds with an
old Italian bolt action
rifle in only six seconds and scored two
hits,
including a head shot! Do any of you people
know where
these individuals learned to
shoot?

JOKER raises his hand.

HARTMAN
Private Joker?

JOKER
Sir, in the Marines,
sir!

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

Camera slowly moves in on PYLE staring at
HARTMAN.

35 INT. BARRACKS--DAY
Recruits standing at attention in two facing
rows.
HARTMAN walks between the rows, leading them
in song.

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

HARTMAN
Today ... is Christmas! There will be a
magic show at
zero-nine-thirty! Chaplain
Charlie will tell you about how the free
world will conquer Communism with the
aid of God and a few marines!
God has a hard-on for marines because we kill everything we see! He plays His games, we play ours! To show our appreciation for so much power, we keep heaven packed with fresh souls! God was here before the Marine Corps! So you can give your heart to Jesus, but your ass belongs to the Corps! Do you ladies understand?

RECRUITS
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
I can't hear you!

RECRUITS
Sir, yes, sir!

36 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

PYLE talizes softly to his rifle.

JOKER looks at him uneasily.

PYLE
(to his rifte)
It's been swabbed.... and wiped. Everything is clean. Beautiful. So that it slides perfectly. Nice. Everything cleaned. Oiled. So that your action is beautiful. Smooth, Charlene.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT.
BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

38 INT. LATRINE--NIGHT
In the latrine COWBOY and JOKER are also mopping the floor.

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

JOKER
Leonard talks to his rifle.

COWBOY keeps mopping.

COWBOY
Yeah!

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

Pause.

COWBOY
It don't surprise me.

They both go back to mopping.

JOKER speaks again after some silence.

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

COWBOY
What have you got?

39 EXT. FIRING RANGE--DAY

HARTMAN kneels behind PYLE, looking on with approval.

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

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

40 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

HARTMAN inspects
the recruits.

   HARTMAN
   (to JOKER)
   What's
   your sixth General Order?

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

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

   JOKER
   Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN walks to PYLE.

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

   PYLE
   Sir, four
   counts, sir!

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

   PYLE
   Sir, that is the guarantee that
   the private is
   not giving the inspecting officer a loaded
   weapon, sir!
HARTMAN
What's your fifth general order?

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

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

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

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

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

41 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND STREET--DAY

HARTMAN double-timing the recruits, calling cadence.

HARTMAN
I don't want no teenage queen.

RECRUITS
I don't want no teenage queen.

HARTMAN
I just want my M-14.

RECRUITS
I just want my M-14.

HARTMAN
If I die in the combat zone.

RECRUITS
If I die in the combat zone.
HARTMAN  
Box  
me up and ship me home.  

RECRUITS  
Box me up and ship me  
home.  

HARTMAN  
Pin my medals upon my chest.  

RECRUITS  
Pin my medals upon my chest.  

HARTMAN  
Tell  
my mom I've done my best.  

RECRUITS  
Tell my mom I've  
done my best.  

DISSOLVE TO:  

42 EXT. FOREST--DAY  

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

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

43 EXT.  
FIELD--DAY  

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

JOKER  
(narration)  
The drill instructors are proud to see that we  
are growing beyond  
their control. The Marine  
Corps does not want robots. The Marine  
Corps wants killers. The Marine Corps wants
to build indestructible
men, men without fear.

44 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

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

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

45 EXT. PARADE GROUND--DAY

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

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

HARTMAN

Pickett!

PICKETT
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

0-three-hundred, Infantry. Toejam!
TOEJAM
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
O-three-hundred, Infantry. Adams!

ADAMS
Sir, yes, sir!

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

COWBOY
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
O-three-hundred, Infantry! Taylor!

TAYLOR
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
O-three-hundred, Infantry. Joker!

JOKER
Sir, yes, sir!

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

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

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

JOKER
A killer, yes, sir!

HARTMAN
Gomer Pyle!

PYLE doesn't answer.

HARTMAN
Gomer Pyle!

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

PYLE
Sir, yes, sir!

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

PERKINS
Sir, yes, sir!

47 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

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

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

48 INT. LATRINE--NIGHT

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

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

PYLE
(strange voice)
Hi, Joker.

JOKER stares at PYLE for a few seconds.

PYLE has suite clearly snapped.

JOKER
Are those ... live rounds?

PYLE
Seven-six-two millimeter,
full metal jacket.

PYLE smiles grotesquely.

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

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

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

PYLE
(shouting)
Left shoulder ... hut! Right shoulder ... hut! Lock and load! Order ... hut!

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

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

49 INT. BARRACKS
HALLWAY--NIGHT

By now the platoon is awake.

HARTMAN bursts from his room, wearing his
skivvies and D.I. hat.

PYLE

(offscreen)
   My rifle is my best friend! It is my life!

HARTMAN
   Get back in your bunks!

PYLE
   (o.s.)

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

50 INT.
LATRINES--NIGHT

HARTMAN Storms into the latrine.

HARTMAN

What is this Mickey Mouse shit? What in the name of Jesus H. Christ are you animals doing in my head?
   (to JOKER)

Why is Private Pyle out of his bunk after lights out?! Why is Private Pyle holding that weapon? Why aren't you stomping Private Pyle's guts out?

JOKER
   Sir, it is the private's duty to inform the Senior Drill Instructor that Private Pyle has a full magazine and has locked and loaded, sir!

HARTMAN and PYLE look at each other. PYLE Smiles from the depths of his own hell.

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

HARTMAN
   Now you listen to me, Private Pyle, and, you
I listen good. I want that weapon, and I want it now! You will place that rifle on the deck at your feet and step back away from it.

With a twisted smile on his face, Pyle points his rifle at Hartman.

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

Hartman

What is your major malfunction, numbnuts??!

Didn't Mommy and Daddy show you enough attention when you were a child??!

BANG!

The round hits Hartman in the chest.

He falls back dead.

Joker and Pyle stand looking at the body.

Then Pyle looks at Joker and slowly raises his rifle.

Joker

(trembling)

Easy, Leonard. Go easy, man.

Pyle breathes heavily, and keeps the rifle aimed at Joker.

Joker is scared shitless.

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

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

He places the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth.
JOKER
    No!!!

BANG!

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

SCENE FADES TO BLACK

FADE IN:

51 EXT. DA NANG STREET, VIETNAM--DAY

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

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

The girl stops at JOKER's table.

HOOKER
    Hey, baby, you got girlfriend Vietnam?

JOKER
    Not just this minute.

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

JOKER
    Yeah, we might party. How much?

HOOKER
    Fifteen dolla.

JOKER
    Fifteen dollars for both of us?
HOOKER
No. Each you fifteen dolla. Me love you long time. Me so horny.

JOKER
Fifteen dollar too boo-coo. Five dollars each.

HOOKER
Me suckee-suckee. Me love you too much.

JOKER
Five dollars is all my mom allows me to spend.

HOOKER
Okay! Ten dolla each.

JOKER
What do we get for ten dollars?

HOOKER
Everything you want.

JOKER
Everything?

HOOKER
Everything.

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

RAFTERMEN
Just a minute.

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

The girl strikes quick poses for the camera and coughs.

JOKER puts his arm around her.

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

The girl coughs again.

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

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

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

    JOKER laughs.

DISSOLVE TO

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. DA NANG
BASE--DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

54
INT. SEA-TIGER HUT--DAY

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

   JOKER, RAFTERMAN, and six other marine correspondens are seated around a large messy table covered with
cameras, photographs, newspapers artd magazines.

LOCKHART

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

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

LOCKHART

Rear-echelon paranoia.

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

LOCKHART
They say the same thing every year.

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

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

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

RAFTERMAN

Aye-aye, sir.

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

RAFTERMAN
Yes, sir.

LOCKHART

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

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

LOCKHART
(reading)
"N.V.A. Soldier Deserts After Reading Pamphlets --A young North Vietnamese Army regular, who realized his side could not win the war, deserted from his unit after reading Open Arms program pamphlets."

That's good, Dave. But why say North Vietnamese Army regular? Is there an irregular? How about North Vietnamese Army soldier?

DAVE
I'll fix it up, sir.

LOCKHART
Lawrence Welk Show's gonna go out on TV in two weeks. Dave, do a hundred words on it.

AFTV'll give you some background stuff.

DAVE

Yes, sir.

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

JOKER
Got it. Very catchy.

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

JOKER
Sir!

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

JOKER
 Didn't see 'em.

LOCKHART
Joker, I've told you, we run two basic stories here. Grunts who give half their pay to buy gooks toothbrushes and deodorants--Winning of Hearts and Minds--okay? And combat action that results in a kill--Winning the War.
Now you must have seen blood trails ... drag marks?

JOKER
It was raining, sir.

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

JOKER
Whichever you say.

LOCKHART
Grunts like reading about dead officers.

JOKER
Okay, an officer. How about a general?

A few laughs.

LOCKHART
Joker, maybe you'd like our guys to read the paper and feel bad. I mean, in case you didn't know it, this is not a particularly popular war. Now, it is our job to report the news that these why-are-we-here civilian newsmen ignore.

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

Some laughs.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

55 EXT. DA NANG BASE--DUSK

Rows of hootches. In the distance, fireworks.

JOKER
(voiceover)

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

DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT. HOOTCH--NIGHT

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

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

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

Some laughs.

PAYBACK
(John Wayne voice)
Listen up, pilgrim. A day without blood is like a day without sunshine.

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

Some laughs.

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

CHILI
Aw, you weren't on Operation Hastings,
Payback. You weren't even in country.

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

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

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

RAFTERMAN
The stare?

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

RAFTERMAN
I will?

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

PAYBACK
Fuck you, Stork.

STORK
Throw 'em a basketball.

Laughter.

They are startled by the dull boom of mortar
shells outside.

DAVE
Incoming.

PAYBACK
Oh, shit!

CHILI
They're outgoing.

DAVE
That ain't outgoing!

Some closer explosions, much louder.

CHILI
That ain't outgoing!

DAVE
Now what I just say?

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

RAFTERMAN
Joker, is this for real?

JOKER
Yes, it is, Rafterman.

57 EXT. DA NANG BASE--NIGHT

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

58 INT. BUNKER--NIGHT

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

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

Amen.

The sound of a truck approaching.

The marines get set.

The truck
smashes through the gates.

The marines open fire.

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

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

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

The attack peters out.

People yell, "Cease fire."

The firing trails off:

Dissolve to:

59 Ext. Da Nang Base--Dawn

Joker and Rafterman walk through the wreckage
of the night's battle.

Prisoners are led past.

Lockhart

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

60 Int. Sea-Tiger Office--Dawn
Dirty and still in their combat gear, JOKER, RAFTERMAN, PAYBACK and the other correspondents are slumped in, their chairs around the table.

LOCKHART

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

suicide squads. Khe Sahn is standing by to be overrun. We also have reports that a division of N.V.A. has occupied all of the city of Hue south of the Perfume River. In

strategic terms, Charlie's cut the country in half... the civilian press are about to wet their pants and we've heard even Cronkite's going to say the war is now unwinnable.

In other words, it's a huge shit sandwich, and we're all gonna have to take a bite.

Long, serious pause.

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

Laughter.

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

JOKER
Yes, sir.

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

RAFTERMAN
Sir? Permission to go with Joker?

LOCKHART
Permission granted.

RAFTERMAN
Thank you, sir.

JOKER
Sir, permission
not to take Rafterman with me?

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

61 EXT. HELICOPTER SHOTS--DAWN

A military helicopter flies past a huge sun.

62 INT. AERIAL
HELICOPTER--DUSK

JOKER Sits looking out the door.

RAFTERMAN is
frightened and airsick.

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

We see Vietnamese below running and falling.

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

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

DOORGUNNER
(shouting to be heard)  
Anyone who runs is a V.C. Anyone who stands still is a well-disciplined V.C.  
(laughs)  
You  
guys oughtta do a story about me sometime.  

JOKER  
Why should we do a story about you?  

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

RAFTERMAN gags.  

JOKER  
Any women or children?  

DOORGUNNER  
Sometimes.  

JOKER  
How can you shoot women and children?  

RAFTERMAN gags.  

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

(laughs)  
Ain't war hell?  

DISSOLVE TO:  

63 EXT. LZ HUE--DAY  

The helicopter lands.  

JOKER and RAFTERMAN jump out, duck down low and move away through pink smoke blown by the rotor blades.
Marines run by carrying wounded on stretchers.

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

MASTER

SERGEANT
Down the road, two-five.

JOKER
Two-five.
Outstanding! Thanks, Top.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT. ROAD TO HUE--DAY

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

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

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

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

TOUCHDOWN
You people one-one?

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

TOUCHDOWN
Stars and Stripes.

JOKER
Yes, sir.

TOUCHDOWN
I'm Cowboy's platoon commander. Cowboy's
just down
the road in the platoon area.

JOKER
Oh. You mind if we
tag along, sir?

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

JOKER
Notre Dame?

TOUCHDOWN
(laughing)

Yeah.

JOKER
All right!

TOUCHDOWN
You
here to make Cowboy famous?

JOKER
Ha! Never happen,
sir.

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

JOKER
Outstanding, sir. We
taking care of business?

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

Street by street and house by house. Charlie's
definitely got his
shit together. But we're still
getting some really decent kills
here.
JOKER
We heard some scuttlebutt, sir, about the N.V.A. executing a lot of gook civilians.

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

JOKER
Can you show me where, sir?

TOUCHDOWN
Here's the canal...

65 EXT. MASS GRAVE--DAY

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

Journalists, marines and civilians are grouped around the grave.

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

JOKER
(voice over) The dead have been covered with lime. The dead only know one thing. It is better to be alive.

JOKER approaches a young lieutenant-- CLEVES.

JOKER
Excuse me. Good morning, Lieutenant.

LT. CLEVES
Good morning.

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

(sharply)
What outfit are you men with?

JOKER
Sir, we're reporters from Stars and Stripes.

LT.
CLEVES
(warms up)
Oh, I see.

JOKER
I'm
Sergeant Joker and this photographer's
Rafterman.

RAFTERMAN
starts shooting pictures of the
Lieutenant.

LT. CLEVES

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

JOKER
Have you got a body count, sir?

LT. CLEVES
We think it's twenty.

JOKER
Do you know how it
happened, sir?

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

A marine COLONEL who has been watching JOKER
turns from the group arourd the grave and strides
up. JOKER snaps to attention.

COLONEL
Marine!

LT. CLEVES
Colonel.

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

JOKER
A peace symbol, sir.

COLONEL
Where'd you get it?

JOKER
I don't remember, sir.

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

JOKER
"Born to Kill," sir.

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

JOKER
No, sir.

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

JOKER
Yes, sir.

COLONEL
Now answer my question or you'll be standing
tall before the man.

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

COLONEL
The what?

JOKER
The duality of man. The Jungian thing, sir.

COLONEL
Whose side are you on, son?

JOKER
Our side, sir.

COLONEL
Don't you love your country?

JOKER
Yes, sir.

COLONEL
Then how about getting with the program?

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

JOKER
Yes, sir!

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

JOKER
Aye-aye, sir.
DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT.
FIELD--DAY

JOKER and RAFTERMAN Walk through a field toward a pagoda.

67 EXT. PAGODA--DAY

Marines are moving supplies. Some men are resting on the ground. A helicopter flies overhead.

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

JOKER

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

MARINE

Around the back.

JOKER and RAFTERMAN talk to the back of the building.

JOKER

(to another marine)
First Platoon?

MARINE

Yeah, through there.

68 INT. PAGODA COURTYARD--DAY

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

JOKER walks up behind COWBOY.

JOKER

Hey, Lone Ranger.

COWBOY

Holy shit!

JOKER
You old motherfucker.

COWBOY
  It's the JOKER.

JOKER
  What's happenin'?

They hug each other.

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

JOKER
(laughs)
  What's happening, man?

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

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

COWBOY
  Been getting any?

JOKER
  Only your sister.

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

COWBOY leads JOKER to the center of the courtyard.

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

JOKER
  Rafterman.

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

Adlibs of "All right!"

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

Adlibs.

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

Adlibs of "Yeah!" etc.

A big grunt, ANIMAL MOTHER, approaches JOKER.

Trouble.

ANIMAL MOTHER
Are you a photographer?

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

ANIMAL MOTHER
(smiles)
Oh, you seen much combat?

JOKER returns the smile.

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

The other marines laugh.

ANIMAL MOTHER
You're a real comedian.

Some more laughs.

JOKER
(pause)
Well, they call me the JOKER.
Adlibs.
"Oooooooooo!" and laughter.

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

Adlibs, laughter.

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

Loud laughs and shouts.

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

Anticipatory adlibs of "Ooooh!" and "Whoooa!"

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

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

Laughter.

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

Laughter.

EIGHTBALL leads ANIMAL MOTHER away.

COWBOY
(laughing)

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

EIGHTBALL and
ANIMAL MOTHER sit down together.

ANIMAL MOTHER

Hey,
jungle bunny. Thank God for the sickle

cell, huh?

EIGHTBALL

Yeah, mother.

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

CRAZY EARL

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

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

Laughter.

CRAZY EARL

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

Adlibs: "Happy Birthday,
zipperhead!" etc.

CRAZY EARL

I will never forget this
day. The day I came
to Hue City and fought one million N.V.A.
gooks. I love the little Commie bastards, man,
I really do. These
enemy grunts are as hard
as slant-eyed drill instructors. These are
great days we're living, bros!'We are jolly
green giants, walking
the earth with guns.
These people we wasted here today ... are
the finest human beings we will ever know.
After we rotate back to the world, we're gonna miss not having anyone around that's worth shooting.

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

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

Cuts of the squad, nervous and alert.

Mortar rounds explode ahead.

LIEUTENANT TOUCHDOWN is hit and goes down.

The platoon dives for cover.

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

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

The platoon stays flat.

MURPHY

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

DELTA SIX (o.s.)

Delta Six.

MURPHY

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

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

CRAZY EARL

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

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

Adlibs of "Right!" and "Okay!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

  RAFTERMAN photographs the action, his Nikon violently shaking.

  The fire slackens.

  Then it gets quiet.

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

They reload.

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

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

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

CRAZY EARL turns to the squad with a big grin.

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

70 EXT. LOW WALL--DAY

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

JOKER
   (John Wayne voice)
   Is that you, John Wayne? Is this me?

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

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

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

   T.H.E. ROCK
   I'll be Ann-Margret!

DOC JAY
   Animal Mother can be a rabid buffalo!

   CRAZY EARL
   I'll be General Custer!
RAFTERMAN
Well, who'll be the Indians?

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

Laughter.

71 EXT. HUE CITY RUINS--DAY

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

T.H.E. ROCK
You're going home now.

Camera move.

CRAZY EARL
Semper fi.

Camera move.

DONLON
We're mean marines, sir.

Camera move.

EIGHTBALL
Go easy, bros.

Camera move.

ANIMAL MOTHER
Better you than me.

RAFTERMAN
Well, at least they died for a good cause.

ANIMAL MOTHER
What cause was that?
Freedom.

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

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

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

JOKER
What was the matter with him?

COWBOY
He was jerkin' off ten times a day.

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

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

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

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

The television crew interviews members of the LUSTHOG SQUAD.

REPORTER
You ready?

CAMERAMAN
Yeah.

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

(chuckles)

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

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

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

DOC JAY
Can I quote L.B.J.?

REPORTER
Sure.

DOC JAY
(imitating L.B.J.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(laughs)

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

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

73
EXT. WRECKED MOVIE THEATER--DAY

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

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

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

Adlibs, hoots anal hollers.

COWBOY
Ten-hut!

More hoots and hollers.
COWBOY
    Good morning, little schoolgirl. I'm a little schoolboy, too.

    Adlibs and laughter.

    COWBOY
    What you got there, chief!

    The girl stands facing them, hands on hips.

    ARVN
    PIMP
    Do you want number one fuckee?

    Adlibs and laughter.

COWBOY
    Hey, any of you boys want number one fuckee?

    Adlibs.

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

DONLON
    Hey! Hey! Me want suckee.

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

    Laughter.

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

    ARVN PIMP

    Fifteen dolla each.

    Adlibs: "Nooooooo!"
COWBOY

Number ten. Fifteen dolla beaucoup money.

Laughter.

COWBOY

Five dolla each.

ARVN PIMP

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

COWBOY

Five dolla.

ARVN PIMP

No. Ten dolla.

COWBOY

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

Laughter and derisive adlibs.

ARVN PIMP

(angry)

Okay, five dolla. You give me.

Adlibs.

COWBOY

Okay, okay!

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

EIGHTBALL

Let's get mounted.

HOOKER

(speaks in Vietnamese)

ARVN PIMP

(argues in Vietnamese)

EIGHTBALL

Something wrong there, chief?
ARVN PIMP
She says, uh, no boom-boom with soul brotha.

EIGHTBALL
Hey, what the mother fuck?

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

EIGHTBALL
Hey, what is this, man?

COWBOY
(breaiting up)
I think what he's trying to tell you is that you black boys pack too much meat.

Laughter.

ARVN PIMP
Too boo-coo. Too boo-coo.

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

Laughter.

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

EIGHTBALL
Uh, excuse me, ma'am. Now what we have here, little yellow sister, is a magnificent...
(takes out his dick)
.. specimen of pure Alabama blacksnake.

But it ain't too goddamn boo-coo.

The girl looks at it.

Hoots and
TEENAGE HOOKER
Okay. Okay. Emjee.

More hoots.

COWBOY
(mimicking Vietnamese word)

Okay! Okay! Emjee! Emjee!

Adlibs of "Emjee."

EIGHTBALL starts to lead her away.

EIGHTBALL
All right! This is my boogie!

COWBOY
Hey, we need a batting order.

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

ANIMAL MOTHER
I'm going first.

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

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

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

Adlibs of "Fuck you!" and laughter.

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

74 EXT. HUE CITY
RUINS--DAY

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

JOKER

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

75 INT. BOMBEFACTORY--DAY

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

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

BANG!

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

The squad dives for cover.

COWBOY
Face outboard and take cover! Do it!

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

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

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

    COWBOY

(to himself)
    Shit.

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

    COWBOY
    Hotel One Actual, this is Cowboy!

    DOC JAY continues the mouth-to-mouth.

    COWBOY
    Hotel One Actual, this is Cowboy!

    MURPHY
    (o.s.)
    Hotel One. Over

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

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

    COWBOY looks around edgily.

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

    COWBOY
    Roger. Out.

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

    COWBOY
I'm squad leader.

JOKER
punches him reassuringly in the arm.

JOKER
I'll follow
you anywhere, scumbag.

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

DOC JAY
He's dead.

The three men
stare at the body.

76 EXT. BURNING FALLEN BUILDING--DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

77 EXT. LOW CONCRETE WALL--DAY

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

The squad stops and crouches
down in the rubble.

EIGHTBALL gestures for COWBOY to move up.

EIGHTBALL
(quietly)
Cowboy!

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

COWBOY
What's up?

EIGHTBALL
I think we made a mistake at the last
checkpoint.
He shows COWBOY the map.

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

COWBOY
studies the map.

COWBOY
We're here?

EIGHTBALL
Yeah.

COWBOY
We should be here?

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

COWBOY is confused and
scared.

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

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

COWBOY
Fuck ... What do you think?

EIGHTBALL
Well, I think we should change direction.

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

COWBOY knows
he has to make a decision.

COWBOY
Okay. We'll change
direction.

COWBOY motions to the squad to come up. They
rattle up
and take positions behind the low wall.

    JOKER
    What's
up?

    COWBOY
    Changing direction.

    JOKER
What, are we lost?

    COWBOY
    Joker, shut the fuck up!

COWBOY
    (to squad)
    Okay! Listen up! Can you hear me?

Adlibs of "Yeah!"

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

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

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

    EIGHTBALL shrugs, apprehensively.

    COWBOY
Got it?

Adlibs of "Yeah!"

    COWBOY
    Eightball ... let's
dance.

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

EIGHTBALL
    Put a nigger behind the trigger.
EXT. RUINED STREET
HUE--DAY

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

The squad covers him.

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

SNIPER P.O.V. -- DAY

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

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

BANG!

The SNIPER fires.

EIGHTBALL is hit in the leg.

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

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

COWBOY

Okay, cease fire! Cease fire, goddamn it!

Some of the squad keep firing.

COWBOY

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

AdLibs of "Cease fire!"

The firing stutters to a stop.
COWBOY
Okay, listen up! Did anybody see a sniper?
Did anybody see anything?

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

Did anybody see a sniper?

DOC JAY
No!

DONLON
Nothing!

RAFTERMAN
Negative!

T.H.E. ROCK
Nothing!

Adlibs of "No!"

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

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

The squad opens fire at buildings facing them.

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

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

DONLON
Cowboy, it's Sergeant Murphy.

COWBOY

(into radio)
This is Cowboy. Over.
(o.s.)
This is Murphy. What is your present position? Over.

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

MURPHY
(o.s.)
Roger. Understand. I'll see what I can do. Over.

COWBOY
Roger. Over and out.

COWBOY
(to Donlon)
Stay close.

DONLON
Got it.

COWBOY
thinks hard for a few seconds.

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

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

The SNIPER fires, wounding EIGHTBALL again, this
time in the foot. He shrieks in agony.

Again the squad opens fire.

COWBOY

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

The firing stops.

DOC JAY

Cowboy!

COWBOY

What?

DOC JAY

We can't leave him out there!

COWBOY

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

DOC JAY

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

COWBOY

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

The SNIPER fires and hits EIGHTBALL in the thigh. His cries echo across the open space ground.

ANIMAL MOTHER fires madly.

COWBOY

(shouting)

Goddamn it! No!

The squad continues firing.

COWBOY

Goddamn it, cease fire!

The firing trails off:
ANIMAL MOTHER
He's out there alone!

COWBOY
Cease
fire!

The firing stops.

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

COWBOY
No! You stay the fuck down!

DOC JAY
Cover me!

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

The squad fires to cover him.

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

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

Adlibs of "Cease fire!"

80 SNIPER P.O.V.--DAY

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

81 EXT. THE SQUARE--DAY

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

The squad
opens fire again.

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

Nobody fire till I tell you! Nobody!

ANIMAL MOTHER
What the fuck do we do now, Cowboy?

COWBOY
Gimme that fucking radio.

DONLON scuttles over with the radio.

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

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

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

MURPHY
(o.s.)
Sorry, Cowboy. No luck so far with the tank. Will advise. Over.

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

T.H.E. ROCK
Listen up!

COWBOY
Can't afford to wait for the tank. I think they're gonna hit us any minute. When they
do we won't have time to pull out. We gotta do it now. Let's get ready to move.

No one moves or says anything.

T.H.E. ROCK

Get ready to pull out!

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

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

ANIMAL MOTHER
Yeah, well, what about Doc Jay and Eightball?

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

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

COWBOY
Doc Jay and Eightball are wasted! You know that!

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

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

ANIMAL MOTHER
Fuck you, Cowboy! Fuck all you assholes!

ANIMAL MOTHER jumps over the wall and
runs
  screaming and firing his M-60.
  The squad fires to cover him,
  blasting chunks of
  mortar and concrete from the buildings.

ANIMAL MOTHER
  (screaming)
  Fucking son-of-a-bitch! You
  motherfucker!
  Aaagh! Whooo!

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

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

DOC JAY tries to speak.

ANIMAL MOTHER
  Doc,
  where's the sniper?

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

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

ANIMAL MOTHER's eyes widen in horror.

ANIMAL MOTHER
  (under his breath)
  Shit!

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

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

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

He ducks back around the corner, breathing hard.

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

He shouts to the squad.

ANIMAL MOTHER
Hey, Cowboy!

COWBOY
Yeah!

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

COWBOY isn't sure what to do.

COWBOY
(mutters)
Son-of-a-bitch.

The squad look to him.

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

COWBOY
Okay, listen up!

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

JOKER
I'm going with you.

RAFTERMAN
I'm coming, too.

COWBOY
Okay.
(To the others)
You all set?

Adlibs "Yeah!"

COWBOY
Let's move out!

T.H.E. ROCK
Let's do it!

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

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

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

ANIMAL MOTHER
(pointing)
Cowboy ... top of the black building, around the corner.

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

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

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

83
SNIPER P.O.V. OF COWBOY

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

84 EXT. SQUARE--DUSK

COWBOY
Murphy, this is Cowboy. Over!

A gunshot reverberates.

In slow-motion COWBOY falls.

JOKER
Cowboy!

ANIMAL
MOTHER starts firing his M-60.

RAFTERMAN

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

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

JOKER

(shouting)
Get him! Get him the fuck outta here!!

COWBOY is carried behind the building.

All talk at once.

JOKER
Easy! Easy!

DONLON
Get him on his back.

Adlibs.

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

Adlibs, fumbling for bandages, etc.

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

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

Four pairs of hands doing things.

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

JOKER
You're
gonna be all right.

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

DONLON

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

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

COWBOY begins to lose consciousness.

JOKER
Cowboy...
DONLON
  Hang on, man. Hang on!

COWBOY
  (coughs)
  I ... I can hack it.

T.H.E. ROCK
  You can hack it.

COWBOY
  I can. I-I...

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

JOKER bends down and hugs COWBOY.

Nobody moves.

Then, one by one, they slowly get to their feet. JOKER is the last to get up.

They stand looking at the body.

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

He looks at COWBOY and then at JOKER.

ANIMAL MOTHER
  Let's go get some payback.

JOKER looks up slowly.

JOKER
  (in cold anger)
  Okay.

ANIMAL MOTHER leads them down a narrow street.

They stop to take cover behind a building just off the square.
They have to cross the open square, which would give the SNIPER a clear shot at them.

ANIMAL MOTHER
Give 'em some smoke.

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

They wait while the square slowly fills with smoke.

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

85 INT. BLACK BUILDING

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

They come to a place where they have to split up.

ANIMAL MOTHER points one way.

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

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

JOKER and RAFTERMAN follow ANIMAL MOTHER the other way.

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

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

JOKER cautiously enters one door. ANIMAL MOTHER and RAFTERMAN disappear through the other.
86 INT. WRECKED AND BURNING LOBBY--DAY

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

JOKER inches slowly into the room.

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

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

He raises his rifle, aims and squeezes the trigger.

A loud click.

In slow motion the SNIPER turns to face JOKER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly the SNIPER's body seems to explode as she is hit by a burst of automatic fire.
RAFTERMAN has come up and fires his M-16 into the girl's body.

JOKER
stands trembling against the shattered column.

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

It's clear.

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

RAFTERMAN
We got the sniper!

The SNIPER lies on the floor, writhing in pain.

JOKER and RAFTERMAN cautiously approach her.

RAFTERMAN kicks away her AK-47.

The two men stare at her in disbelief:

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

They are startled by a faint sound.

They dive for cover.

They listen.

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

ANIMAL MOTHER
Joker?

JOKER
Yo.

ANIMAL MOTHER
What's up?

JOKER
We got the sniper.

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

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

RAFTERMAN laughs hysterically, and kisses his rifle.

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

No one pays any attention to Rafterman.

The SNIPER gasps, whimpers.

DONLON stares at her.

DONLON
What's she saying?

JOKER
(after a pause)
She's praying.

T.H.E. ROCK
No more boom-boom for this baby-san. There's nothing we can do for her.
She's dead meat.

ANIMAL MOTHER stares down at the SNIPER.

ANIMAL MOTHER
Okay. Let's get the fuck outta here.
JOKER
What about her?

ANIMAL MOTHER
Fuck her. Let her rot.

The SNIPER prays in Vietnamese.

JOKER
We can't just leave her here.

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

JOKER stares at ANIMAL MOTHER.

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

ANIMAL MOTHER looks down at the SNIPER.

SNIPER
(whimpering)
Sh... sh-shoot... me. Shoot... me.

ANIMAL MOTHER looks at JOKER.

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

JOKER looks at the SNIPER.

The four men look at JOKER.

SNIPER
(gasping)
Shoot... me... shoot... me.

JOKER slowly lifts his pistol and looks into her eyes.
SNIPER
      Shoot . . . me.

JOKER jerks
the trigger.

BANG!

The four men are silent.

JOKER stares down at
the dead girl.

RAFTERMAN
(laughs)

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

JOKER looks at RAFTERMAN, blankly.

DONLON
    Hard core, man. Fucking hard core.

87 EXT. BURNING
CITY--NIGHT.

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

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

The marines start to sing.

MARINE PLATOON

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

M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.
    Hey there. Hi there. Ho there. You're as
welcome as can be.
    M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.
    Mickey Mouse. (Mickey
Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)
Forever let us hold our
banner high.
High. High. High.
Come along and sing a song and
join the
jamboree.
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

Here we go
a-marching and a-shouting
merrily.
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

We play fair and we work hard and we're in
harmony.
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.
Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)
Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)
Forever let us hold our banner high.
High. High. High.

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

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

Who's the leader of the club that's made for
you and me?
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.
Who is marching coast to
cost and far across
the sea?
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)
Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Forever let us hold his banner high.
High. High. High.
Come
along and sing a song and join the
family.
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

JOKER

(voiceover)
My thoughts
drift back to erect nipple wet
dreams about Mary Jane Rottencrotch
and
the Great Homecoming Fuck Fantasy. I am so
happy that I am
alive, in one piece and short.
   I'm in a world of shit . . . yes. But
I am alive.
   And I am not afraid.

MARINE PLATOON

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

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

The marines march off into the distance.

MARINE PLATOON

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

   Mickey
Mouse ...

   The sound fades aulay as the scene fades to black.