

FULL

METAL

JACKET

The screenplay by

Stanley Kubrick, Michael Herr and Gustav Hasford

Based on the novel The short-Timers by Gustav Hasford

1987

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FADE IN:

WARNER BROS. LOGO:

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WB

A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

LOGO FADES OUT:

Music:

Johnny Wright's "Hello Vietnam"

TITLE: A STANLEY KUBRICK FILM

CUT

TO:

TITLE: FULL METAL JACKET

CUT TO:

1 INT. BARBERSHOP--PARRIS

ISLAND MARINE BASE--

DAY

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

2 INT.

BARRACKS--DAY

Marine recruits stand at attention in front of their  
bunks.

Master Gunnery Sergeant HARTMAN walks along the  
line of

blank-faced recruits.

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

(in unison)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

(louder)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

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

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

RECRUITS

(in unison)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Bullshit! I can't hear you!

RECRUITS

(louder)

Sir, yes, sir!

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

HARTMAN

What's your  
name, scumbag?

SNOWBALL

(shouting)

Sir,  
Private Brown, sir!

HARTMAN

Bullshit! From now on  
you're Private

Snowball! Do you like that name?

SNOWBALL

(shouting)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

SNOWBALL

Sir, yes, sir!

JOKER

(whispering)

Is that you, John Wayne? Is this me?

HARTMAN

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

Sergeant HARTMAN grabs cowboy by the shirt.

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

You little piece of

shit! You look like a fucking  
worm! I'll bet it was you!

COWBOY

Sir, no, sir!

JOKER

Sir, I said it, sir!

Sergeant HARTMAN steps up to JOKER.

HARTMAN

Well ...

no shit. What have we got here, a

fucking comedian? Private Joker? I

admire

your honesty. Hell, I like you. You can come

over to my

house and fuck my sister.

Sergeant HARTMAN punches JOKER in the  
stomach.

JOKER sags to his knees.

HARTMAN

You little

scumbag! I've got your name! I've



got your ass! You will not laugh!

You will not

cry! You will learn by the numbers. I will

teach

you. Now get up! Get on your feet! You

had best unfuck yourself or I

will unscrew

your head and shit down your neck!

JOKER

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Joker, why did you join

my beloved

Corps?

JOKER

Sir, to kill, sir!

HARTMAN

So you're a killer!

JOKER

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Let me see your war face!

JOKER

Sir?

HARTMAN

You've got a war face? Aaaaaaaagh! That's a  
war face.

Now let me see your war face!

JOKER

Aaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN

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

JOKER

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN

You didn't scare me! Work on it!

JOKER

Sir, yes, sir!

Sergeant HARTMAN speaks into cowboy's face.

HARTMAN

What's your excuse?

COWBOY

Sir, excuse for  
what, sir?

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY

Sir,  
yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Are you shook up? Are you nervous?

COWBOY

Sir, I am, sir!

HARTMAN

Do I make you nervous?

COWBOY

Sir!

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

How tall are you, Private?

COWBOY

Sir,  
five foot nine, sir!

HARTMAN

Five foot nine? I didn't  
know they stacked shit

that high! You trying to squeeze an inch in  
on  
me somewhere, huh?

COWBOY

Sir, no, sir.

HARTMAN

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

HARTMAN

Where in hell are you from anyway, Private?

COWBOY

Sir, Texas, sir!

HARTMAN

Holy dogshit! Texas! Only  
steers and queers  
come from Texas, Private Cowboy! And you  
don't look much like a steer to me, so that

kinda narrows it down!

Do you suck dicks!

COWBOY

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

Are you a peter-puffer?

COWBOY

Sir, no,  
sir!

HARTMAN

I'll bet you're the kind of guy that would  
fuck

a person in the ass and not even have the  
goddam common  
courtesy to give him a reach-  
around! I'll be watching you!

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

HARTMAN

Did your parents have any  
children that lived?

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, Leonard Lawrence, sir!

HARTMAN

Lawrence?  
Lawrence, what, of Arabia?

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

That name sounds like royalty! Are you  
royalty?

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

Do you suck dicks?

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

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



HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

Then wipe that  
disgusting grin off your face!

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Well, any fucking time, sweetheart!

PYLE

Sir, I'm trying, sir.

HARTMAN

Private Pyle, I'm gonna  
give you three  
seconds--exactly three fucking seconds--to  
wipe  
that stupid-looking grin off your face, or

I will gouge out your  
eyeballs and skull-fuck  
you! One! Two! Three!

PYLE purses his  
lips but continues to smile  
involuntarily.

PYLE

Sir,  
I can't help it, sir!

HARTMAN

Bullshit! Get on your  
knees, scumbag!

PYLE gets down on his knees.

HARTMAN

Now choke yourself!

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

HARTMAN

Goddamn it, with my hand,  
numbnuts!!

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

HARTMAN

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

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

HARTMAN chokes PYLE.

PYLE gags and starts to turn red in the face.

HARTMAN

Are you through grinning?

PYLE  
(barely able to speak)

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Bullshit! I can't hear you!

PYLE

(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

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 pnE 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 pla-  
toon's gonna graduate until they can get  
this obstacle down to less than ten fuck-

ing seconds!

12 EXT.

"TOUGH ONE" OBSTACLE--DAY

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

13 EXT.

PUGIL-STICK CIRCLE--DAY

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

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

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

RECRURTS  
waiting in two lines for their turn.

HARTMAN  
Next two  
privates! Quickly!

The next two recruits struggle over the obstacle.

HARTMAN

Get over that goddamn obstacle! Move it!

Next two

privates! Quickly! Hurry up! Get

up there!

JOKER and another  
recruit go over easily.

HARTMAN

Private Joker, are you  
a killer?

JOKER

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Let me hear your war cry!

JOKER

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

HARTMAN

Next two privates, go!

PYLE and another recruit. PYLE is  
hopeless.

HARTMAN

Quickly! Get your fat ass over there,  
Private

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Get your fat ass up there, Pyle!

PYLE

Sir,  
yes, sir!

HARTMAN

What the hell is the matter with you  
anyway?

I'll bet you if there was some pussy up there

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

PYLE drops heavily to the groulzd.

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

15 EXT. CHINNING BAR--DAY

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

HARTMAN

One for the Corps! Get up there! Pull!

JOKER finally  
drops to the ground.

HARTMAN

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

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

HARTMAN

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

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

HARTMAN

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

16 EXT. "CONFIDENCE CLIMB"--DAY

PYLE climbs a high obstacle.

HARTMAN

Get up here, fatboy! Quickly! Move it up!

Move it up,

Pyle! Move it up! You climb

obstacles like old people fuck. Do you

know

that, Private Pyle? Get up here! You're too

slow! Move it,

move it! Private Pyle, what-

ever you do, don't fall down! That

would

break my fucking heart! Quickly!

PYLE freezes at the top.

HARTMAN

Up and over! Up and over! Well, what in the

fuck are

you waiting for, Private Pyle? Get

up and over! Move it, move it,

move it! Are

you quitting on me? Well, are you! Then quit



you  
slimy fucking walrus-looking piece of  
shit! Get the fuck off my  
obstacle! Get the  
fuck down off of my obstacle! Now!

PYLE climbs  
back down his side of the obstacle.

HARTMAN

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

17 EXT. ROAD--DAY

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

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

HARTMAN

Pick'em up and set'em down, Pyle!

Quickly! Move it up!

Were you born a fat

slimy scumbag, you piece of shit, Private

Pyle? Or did you have to work on it? Move

it up! Quickly! Hustle up!

The fucking war

will be over by the time we get out there,

won't it, Private Pyle?

HARTMAN gives PYLE a shove.

HARTMAN

Move it!

PYLE gasps for breath.

HARTMAN

Are you going to fucking die, Pyle? Are you

going to die on me!! Do

it now! Move it up!

Hustle it up! Quickly, quickly, quickly! Do

you feel dizzy? Do you feel faint? Jesus H.

Christ, I think you've

got a hard-on!

18 EXT. MUD OBSTACLE--DAY

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

HARTMAN

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

19 INT. BARRACKS--PRE-DAWN

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

HARTMAN

Reveille! Reveille! Reveille! Drop your

cocks

and grab your socks! Today is Sunday! Divine  
worship at  
zero-eight-hundred! Get your  
bunks made and get your uniforms on.

Police

call will commence in two minutes!

HARTMAN stops in front  
of JOKER's bunk.

HARTMAN

Private Cowboy! Private Joker!

COWBOY

Sir, yes, sir!

JOKER

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

JOKER & COWBOY

(in unison)

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN

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

JOKER & COWBOY

(in  
unison)  
Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Joker, do  
you believe in the Virgin  
Mary?

JOKER

Sir, no,  
sir!

HARTMAN throws down the garbage can with a loud  
bang.

HARTMAN

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

JOKER

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

HARTMAN

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

HARTMAN slaps

JOKER, hard, across the cheek.

HARTMAN

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

JOKER

Sir, negative,  
sir!!

HARTMAN

Private Joker, are you trying to offend  
me?!

JOKER

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

HARTMAN

Who's your squad leader, scumbag?

JOKER

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

HARTMAN

Private Snowball!

SNOWBALL double-times up to HARTMAN.

SNOWBALL

Sir, Private Snowball reporting as ordered, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Snowball, you're fired! Private Joker is

promoted to squad leader!

SNOWBALL

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Pyle!

PYLE

Private Pyle reporting  
as ordered, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Private Joker is silly  
and he's ignorant, but

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



ladies carry on.

JOKER, COWBOY & PYLE

(in

unison)

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

20 EXT. TRAINING FIELD--DAY

JOKER

patiently explains the disassembly of an

M-14 rifle to PYLE.

JOKER

The bolt. The bolt goes in the receiver.

Operating rod

handle. Operating rod guide.

21 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

JOKER and PYLE

sitting on their footlockers. JOKER

instructs PYLE in the correct

method of lacing his

combat boots.

JOKER

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

22 EXT. CONFIDENCE CLIMB--DAY

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

JOKER

Just throw your other leg over ... that'a boy.

That's it.

Now just pull the next one over ...

and you're home free. Ready?

Just throw it

over. That'a boy. Just set it down. All right?

PYLE

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

JOKER

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

23

INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

JOKER

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

PYLE

looks down. uncertainly at the bed.

24 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

JOKER

works with PYLE on the Manual of Arms.

25 EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE--DAY

COWBOY, JOKER and PYLE run up a ramp, grab the  
ropes and swing across a

ditch. PYLE makes it  
without trouble.

26 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. RIFLE RANGE--DAY

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

HARTMAN

The deadliest weapon in  
the world is a ma-  
rine and his rifle. It is your killer instinct  
which must be harnessed if you expect to sur-  
vive in combat. Your  
rifle is only a tool. It is

a hard heart that kills. If your killer  
instincts  
are not clean and strong you will hesitate at  
the  
moment of truth. You will not kill. You

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

RECRUITS

Sir, yes, sir!

28 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND STREET--DAY

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

HARTMAN

(chanting in cadence)

I love working for Uncle Sam!

RECRUITS

(chanting in cadence)

I love working for Uncle

Sam!

HARTMAN

Lets me know just who I am!

RECRUITS

Lets me know just who I am!

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

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

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

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

HARTMAN

My Corps!

RECRUITS

My Corps!

HARTMAN

Your Corps!

RECRUITS

Your Corps!

HARTMAN

Our Corps!

RECRUITS

Our Corps!

HARTMAN

Marine Corps!

RECRUITS

Marine Corps!

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

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

HARTMAN

Eskimo pussy  
is mighty cold!

RECRUITS

Eskimo pussy is mighty cold!

HARTMAN

Mmm, good!

RECRUITS

Mmm, good!

HARTMAN

Feels good!

RECRUITS

Feels good!

HARTMAN

Is good!

RECRUITS

Is good!



HARTMAN

Real good!

RECRUITS

Real good!

HARTMAN

Tastes good!

RECRUITS

Tastes good!

HARTMAN

Mighty good!

RECRUITS

Mighty good!

HARTMAN

Good for you!

RECRUITS

Good for you!

HARTMAN

Good for me!

RECRUITS

Good for me!

29

INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

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

HARTMAN

Trim 'em.

HARTMAN points at the feet of another recruit.

HARTMAN

Toejam!

To another recruit.

HARTMAN

Pop that blister!

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

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, I don't know, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

Get down!

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

HARTMAN

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

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

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, a jelly doughnut,  
sir!

HARTMAN

A jelly doughnut?!

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

How did it get here?

PYLE

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

HARTMAN

Is chow allowed in the barracks, Private Pyle?

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

Are you allowed to eat jelly  
doughnuts,  
Private Pyle?

PYLE

Sir, no, sir!

HARTMAN

And why not, Private Pyle?

PYLE

Sir,  
because I'm too heavy, sir!

HARTMAN

Because you are a  
disgusting fatbody, Private  
Pyle!

PYLE

Sir, yes,  
sir!

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, because I was  
hungry, sir!

HARTMAN

Because you were hungry?

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

HARTMAN

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

your faces!

HARTMAN

(to PYLE)

Open your  
mouth!

He shoves the jelly doughnut into PYLE's mouth.

HARTMAN

They're paying for it, you eat it!

HARTMAN turns to the  
recruits.

HARTMAN

Ready . . . exercise!

The platoon  
does push-ups.

RECRUITS

(chanting in cadence)

One, two, three, four!

I love the Marine Corps!

One, two,

three, four!

I love the Marine Corps!



One, two, three, four!

I love the Marine Corps!

One, two, three, four . . .

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

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. BARRACKS--DAWN

JOKER checks PYLE's  
Uniform.

JOKER

(quietly)

You really look  
like shit today, Leonard.

PYLE

Joker? Everybody hates  
me now. Even you.

JOKER

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

PYLE

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

JOKER

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

PYLE grins,  
trustingly.

JOKER

Tuck your shirt in.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. TRAINING FIELD--DAY

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

watches.

RECRUITS

(counting in unison)

One, two, three . . .

nineteen!

One, two, three . . . twenty!

One, two, three . . .

twenty-one!

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

One, two, three .

. . . twenty-three!

One, two, three . . . twenty-four!

One, two,

three . . . twenty-five!

One, two, three . . . twenty-six!

One,

two, three . . . twenty-seven!

One, two, three . . . twenty-eight!

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

One, two, three . . . thirty!

FADE TO BLACK

32 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

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

PYLE is asleep in his bunk.

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

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

COWBOY shoves a gag in PYLE's mouth.

PYLE  
is helpless.

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

PYLE's screams are muffled by the gag.

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

COWBOY

(to JOKER)

Do it! Do it!

JOKER hesitates, then moves forward and  
hits

PYLE hard several times.

Then JOKER jumps into his bunk.

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

COWBOY

(removing gag)

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

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

Lying in, his bunk, JOKER covers his ears.

FADE

IN:

33 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

The platoon is lined up.

HARTMAN

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

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

RECRUITS

(shouting in unison)

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

PYLE says nothing, just stares straight  
ahead.

HARTMAN

What makes the grass grow?

RECRUITS

Blood, blood, blood!

PYLE stares. Does not join in the shouting.

HARTMAN

What do we do for a living, ladies?

RECRUITS

Kill, kill, kill!

PYLE remains silent.

HARTMAN

I can't hear you!

RECRUITS

Kill, kill,  
kill!

HARTMAN

Bullshit! I still can't hear you!

RECRUITS

Kill, kill, kill!

PYLE continues to stare blartkly  
ahead.

34 EXT. BLEACHERS--DAY

The platoon sits on bleachers facing  
HARTMAN.

HARTMAN

Do any of you people know who Charles  
Whitman was?

No response.

HARTMAN

None of you  
dumbasses knows?

COWBOY raises his hand.

HARTMAN

Private Cowboy?

COWBOY

Sir, he was that guy who shot  
all those people



from that tower in Austin, Texas, sir!

HARTMAN

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

HARTMAN looks around.

HARTMAN

Anybody know who Lee  
Harvey Oswald was?

Almost everybody raises his hand.

HARTMAN

Private Snowball?

SNOWBALL

Sir, he shot  
Kennedy, sir!

HARTMAN

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

he was?

SNOWBALL

Sir, it was pretty far!

From that book

suppository building, sir!

The recruits laugh at

"suppository. "

HARTMAN

All right, knock it off! Two

hundred and fifty

feet! He was two hundred and fifty feet away

and shooting at a moving target. Oswald got

off three rounds with an

old Italian bolt action

rifle in only six seconds and scored two

hits,

including a head shot! Do any of you people

know where

these individuals learned to

shoot?

JOKER raises his hand.

HARTMAN

Private Joker?

JOKER

Sir, in the Marines,  
sir!

HARTMAN

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

Camera slowly moves in on PYLE staring at  
HARTMAN.

35 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

Recruits standing at attention in two facing  
rows.

HARTMAN walks between the rows, leading them  
in song.

HARTMAN & RECRUITS

Happy Birthday to you,

Happy Birthday to  
you,  
Happy Birthday, dear Jesus,  
Happy Birthday to you!

HARTMAN

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

RECRUITS

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

I can't hear you!

RECRUITS

Sir, yes, sir!

36 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

PYLE talizs softly to his rifle.

JOKER looks at him  
uneasily.

PYLE

(to his rifte)

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

Nice. Everything cleaned. Oiled. So that your

action is beautiful. Smooth, Charlene.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT.

BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

38 INT. LATRINE--NIGHT

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

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

JOKER

Leonard talks to his rifle.

COWBOY keeps mopping.

COWBOY

Yeah!

JOKER

I don't think Leonard can hack it anymore. I  
think

Leonard's a Section Eight.

Pause.

COWBOY

It don't  
surprise me.

They both go back to mopping.

JOKER speaks again after  
some silence.

JOKER

I want to slip my tubesteak into  
your sister.

What'll you take in trade?

COWBOY

What have you got?

39 EXT. FIRING RANGE--DAY

HARTMAN kneels behind  
PYLE, looking on with  
approval.

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

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

40 EXT. PARADE DECK--DAY

HARTMAN inspects  
the recruits.

HARTMAN

(to JOKER)

What's  
your sixth General Order?

JOKER

Sir, the private's



sixth general order is to

receive and obey and to pass on to the  
sentry

who relieves me ... all orders ... Sir, the  
private's  
sixth ... Sir, the private has been  
instructed but he does not know,  
sir!

HARTMAN

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

JOKER

Sir, aye-aye, sir!

HARTMAN walks to PYLE.

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

Sir, four  
counts, sir!

HARTMAN

What's the idea of looking down in

the

chamber?

PYLE

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

HARTMAN

What's your fifth general order?

PYLE

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

HARTMAN

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

PYLE

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

HARTMAN

Private Pyle, you  
are definitely born again

hard! Hell, I may even allow you to serve  
as a  
rifleman in my beloved Corps.

PYLE

Sir, yes,  
sir!

41 EXT. PARRIS ISLAND STREET--DAY

HARTMAN double-timing the  
recruits, calling  
cadence.

HARTMAN

I don't want no  
teenage queen.

RECRUITS

I don't want no teenage queen.

HARTMAN

I just want my M-14.

RECRUITS

I just want  
my M-14.

HARTMAN

If I die in the combat zone.

RECRUITS

If I die in the combat zone.

HARTMAN

Box

me up and ship me home.

RECRUITS

Box me up and ship me  
home.

HARTMAN

Pin my medals upon my chest.

RECRUITS

Pin my medals upon my chest.

HARTMAN

Tell

my mom I've done my best.

RECRUITS

Tell my mom I've  
done my best.

DISSOLVE TO:

42 EXT. FOREST--DAY

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

JOKER

(narration)

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

43 EXT.

FIELD--DAY

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

JOKER

(narration)

The drill instructors are proud to see that we  
are growing beyond

their control. The Marine  
Corps does not want robots. The Marine  
Corps wants killers. The Marine Corps wants  
to build indestructible  
men, men without fear.

44 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

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

HARTMAN

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

45 EXT. PARADE GROUND--DAY

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

HARTMAN

(voice over)

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

DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. BARRACKS--DAY

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

HARTMAN

Pickett!

PICKETT

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

O-three-hundred, Infantry. Toejam!

TOEJAM

Sir, yes,  
sir!

HARTMAN

O-three-hundred, Infantry. Adams!

ADAMS

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

COWBOY

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

O-three-hundred, Infantry!  
Taylor!

TAYLOR

Sir, yes, sir!



HARTMAN

O-three-hundred, Infantry. Joker!

JOKER

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Forty-two-twelve, Basic Military Journalism.

You gotta

be shitting me, Joker! You think

you're Mickey Spillane? Do you

think you're

some kind of fucking writer?

JOKER

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

HARTMAN

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

a killer!

JOKER

A killer, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

Gomer Pyle!

PYLE doesn't answer.

HARTMAN

Gomer Pyle!

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

PYLE

Sir, yes, sir!

HARTMAN

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

PERKINS

Sir, yes, sir!

47 INT. BARRACKS--NIGHT

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

JOKER

(Itarration)

Our last night on the island. I draw  
fire  
watch.

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

48 INT. LATRINE--NIGHT

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

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

PYLE

(strange voice)

Hi, Joker.

JOKER stares at PYLE for a few

seconds.

PYLE has suite clearly snapped.

JOKER

Are  
those ... live rounds?

PYLE

Seven-six-two millimeter,  
full metal jacket.

PYLE smiles grotesquely.

JOKER

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

PYLE

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

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

PYLE

(shouting)

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

hut! Lock

and load! Order ... hut!

PYLE picks up the loaded magazine, inserts it  
into

the rifle and smartly brings the rifle down to the  
order arms

position.

PYLE

(shouting)

This is my rifle!

There are many like it, but

this one is mine.

49 INT. BARRACKS

HALLWAY--NIGHT

By now the platoon is awake.

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

PYLE

(offscreen)

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

HARTMAN

Get back in your bunks!

PYLE

(O.S.)

I must master it as I must master my life!

Without me ...

50 INT.

LATRINES--NIGHT

HARTMAN Storms into the latrine.

HARTMAN

What is this Mickey Mouse shit? What in the

name of Jesus H. Christ

are you animals

doing in my head?

(to JOKER)

Why is

Private Pyle out of his bunk after

lights out?! Why is Private Pyle

holding that

weapon? Why aren't you stomping Private

Pyle's

guts out?

JOKER

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

Senior Drill Instructor that Private Pyie has a  
full  
magazine and has locked and loaded, sir!

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

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

HARTMAN

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

With a twisted smile on his face pYLE  
POintS his  
rifle at HARTMAN.

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

HARTMAN

What is your major malfunction, numbnuts?!!

Didn't

Mommy and Daddy show you enough

attention when you were a child?!!!

BANG!

The round hits HARTMAN in the chest.

He falls back dead.

JOKER and PYLE stand looking at the body.

Then PYLE looks at JoKER and  
slowly raises his rifle.

JOKER

(trembling)

Easy, Leonard. Go easy, man.



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

JOKER is scared shitless.

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

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

He places the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth.

JOKER

No!!!

BANG!

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

SCENE FADES TO BLACK

FADE IN:

51 EXT. DA NANG STREET, VIETNAM--DAY

Motorcycles, cars,  
Vietnamese civilians. Swinging  
her hips with exaggerated sexiness, an  
attractive

HOOKER in a mini-skirt walks toward a cafe' table  
on the  
pavement where JOKER and RAFTERMAN are  
seated.

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

The girl stops at  
JOKER's table.

HOOKER

Hey, baby, you got girlfriend  
Vietnam?

JOKER

Not just this minute.

HOOKER

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

JOKER

Yeah, we might party. How much?

HOOKER

Fifteen dolla.

JOKER

Fifteen dollars for  
both of us?

HOOKER

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

JOKER

Fifteen dollar  
too boo-coo. Five dollars each.

HOOKER

Me  
suckee-suckee. Me love you too much.

JOKER

Five dollars  
is all my mom allows me to  
spend.

HOOKER

Okay! Ten  
dolla each.

JOKER

What do we get for ten dollars?

HOOKER

Everything you want.

JOKER

Everything?

HOOKER

Everything.

JOKER

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

RAFTERMAN

Just a minute.

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

The girl strikes quick poses for the camera and  
coughs.

JOKER puts his arm around her.

JOKER

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

The girl coughs again.

JOKER

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

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

The boy runs to an accomplice sitting on a waiting

motorbike and tosses the camera to him. Then in  
mockery the BOY  
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  
hooches and other buildings. In the  
background some marines play  
basketball.

JOKER

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

RAFTERMAN

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

JOKER

What?

RAFTERMAN

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

JOKER

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

RAFTERMAN

I hate Da  
Nang, Joker. I want to go out into  
the field. I've been in this

country almost

three months, and all I do is take handshake

shots at awards ceremonies.

JOKER

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

RAFTERMAN

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

JOKER

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

54

INT. SEA-TIGER HUT--DAY

A Quonset hut. An editorial meeting of The Sea



Tiger, the official marine newspaper, is in progress  
presided over by  
LIEUTENANT LOCKHART.

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

LOCKHART

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

JOKER

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

LOCKHART

Rear-echelon paranoia.

JOKER

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

LOCKHART

They say the same thing every year.

JOKER

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

LOCKHART

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

LOCKHART

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

RAFTERMAN

Aye-aye, sir.

LOCKHART

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

RAFTERMAN

Yes, sir.

LOCKHART

(reading)

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

CHILI

I'll make a note of  
it, sir.

LOCKHART

(reading)

"N.V.A. Soldier

Deserts After Reading

Pamphlets --A young North Vietnamese Army

regular, who realized his side could not win

the war, deserted from

his unit after reading

Open Arms program pamphlets." That's good,

Dave. But why say North Vietnamese Army

regular? Is there an

irregular? How about

North Vietnamese Army soldier?

DAVE

I'll fix it up, sir.

LOCKHART

Lawrence Welk

Show's gonna go out on TV in

two weeks. Dave, do a hundred words on

it.

AFTV'll give you some background stuff.

DAVE

Yes, sir.

LOCKHART

(reading)

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

JOKER

Got it. Very catchy.

LOCKHART

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

JOKER

Sir!

LOCKHART

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

JOKER

Didn't see 'em.

LOCKHART

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

JOKER

It was raining, sir.

LOCKHART

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

JOKER

Whichever you say.

LOCKHART

Grunts like reading about dead officers.

JOKER

Okay, an officer. How about a general?

A few laughs.

LOCKHART

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

know it, this is not a  
particularly popular war.

Now, it is our job to report the news that  
these why-are-we-here civilian newsmen  
ignore.

JOKER

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

Some laughs.

LOCKHART

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

DISSOLVE TO:

55 EXT. DA NANG BASE--DUSK

Rows of hootches. In the  
distance, fireworks.

JOKER

(voiceover)

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



DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT. HOOTCH--NIGHT

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

JOKER

(yawns and stretches)

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

PAYBACK

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

Some laughs.

JOKER

(John Wayne voice)

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

PAYBACK

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

Some laughs.

PAYBACK

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

CHILI

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

PAYBACK

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

JOKER

(John Wayne voice)

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

PAYBACK

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

RAFTERMAN

The stare?

PAYBACK

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

RAFTERMAN

I will?

STORK

Hey,

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

PAYBACK

Fuck you, Stork.

STORK

Throw'em a  
basketball.

Laughter.

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

DAVE

Incoming.

PAYBACK

Oh, shit!

CHILI

They're outgoing.

DAVE

That ain't outgoing!

Some closer explosions, much louder.

CHILI

That ain't outgoing!

DAVE

Now what I just  
say?

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

RAFTERMAN

Joker, is this for real?

JOKER

Yes, it is, Rafterman.

57 EXT. DA NANG BASE--NIGHT

Men  
running everywhere. Sirens. A mortar round

lands in the distance, then  
others nearer. Fires  
are breaking out.

58 INT. BUNKER--NIGHT

JOKER

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

JOKER

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

STORK

Amen.

The sound of a truck approaching.

The marines get set.

The truck  
smashes through the gates.

The marines open fire.

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

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

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

The attack peters out.

People yell, "Cease fire."

The firing trails off:

DISSOLVE TO:

59

EXT. DA NANG BASE--DAWN

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

Prisoners are led past.

LOCKHART

(voice over)

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

60 INT. SEA-TIGER OFFICE--DAWN

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

LOCKHART

(walking)

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



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

Long, serious pause.

JOKER

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

Laughter.

LOCKHART

(pissed off)

Joker.... I want you to get

straight up to Phu

Bai. Captain January will need all his people.

JOKER

Yes, sir.

LOCKHART

And Joker, you will take  
off that damn button.

How's it gonna look if you get killed wearing  
a peace symbol?

RAFTERMAN

Sir? Permission to go with  
Joker?

LOCKHART

Permission granted.

RAFTERMAN

Thank you, sir.

JOKER

Sir, permission  
not to take Rafterman with  
me?

LOCKHART

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

61 EXT. HELICOPTER SHOTS--DAWN

A  
military helicopter flies past a huge sun.

62 INT. AERIAL  
HELICOPTER--DUSK

JOKER Sits looking out the door.

RAFTERMAN is  
frightened and airsick.

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

We see Vietnamese below running and falling.

DOORGUNNER

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

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

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

DOORGUNNER

(shouting to be heard)

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

(laughs)

You  
guys oughtta do a story about me  
sometime.

JOKER

Why should we do a story about you?

DOORGUNNER

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

buffaloes, too. Them're all certified.

RAFTERMAN gags.

JOKER

Any women or children?

DOORGUNNER

Sometimes.

JOKER

How can you shoot women and children?

RAFTERMAN gags.

DOORGUNNER

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

(laughs)

Ain't war hell?

DISSOLVE TO:

63 EXT. LZ HUE--DAY

The  
helicopter lands.

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

Marines run  
by carrying wounded on stretchers.

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

MASTER  
SERGEANT  
Down the road, two-five.

JOKER  
Two-five.  
Outstanding! Thanks, Top.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT. ROAD TO HUE--DAY

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

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

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

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

TOUCHDOWN  
You people one-one?

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

TOUCHDOWN  
Stars and Stripes.

JOKER  
Yes, sir.

TOUCHDOWN

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

JOKER

Oh. You mind if we  
tag along, sir?

TOUCHDOWN

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

JOKER

Notre Dame?

TOUCHDOWN

(laughing)

Yeah.

JOKER

All right!



TOUCHDOWN

You  
here to make Cowboy famous?

JOKER

Ha! Never happen,  
sir.

TOUCHDOWN

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

JOKER

Outstanding, sir. We  
taking care of business?

TOUCHDOWN

Well, the N.V.A. are  
dug in deep. Hotel  
Company's still working this side of the river.  
  
Street by street and house by house. Charlie's  
  
definitely got his  
shit together. But we're still  
getting some really decent kills  
here.

JOKER

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

TOUCHDOWN

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

JOKER

Can you show me where, sir?

TOUCHDOWN

Here's the canal...

65 EXT. MASS GRAVE--DAY

JOKER

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

Journalists, marines and civilians are grouped  
around the grave.

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

JOKER

(voice over)

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

JOKER approaches a  
young lieutenant-- CLEVES.

JOKER

Excuse me. Good  
morning, Lieutenant.

LT. CLEVES

Good morning.

JOKER

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

LT. CLEVES

(sharply)

What outfit are you men with?

JOKER

Sir, we're reporters from Stars and Stripes.

LT.

CLEVES

(warms up)

Oh, I see.

JOKER

I'm

Sergeant Joker and this photographer's

Rafterman.

RAFTERMAN

starts shooting pictures of the

Lieutenant.

LT. CLEVES

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

Connecticut.

JOKER

Have you got a body count, sir?

LT. CLEVES

We think it's twenty.

JOKER

Do you know how it  
happened, sir?

LT. CLEVES

Well, it seems the N.V.A.  
came in with a list  
of gook names. Government officials,  
policemen, ARVN officers, schoolteachers.

They went around their  
houses real polite and  
asked them to report the next day for  
political  
re-education. Everybody who turned up got  
shot. Some  
they buried alive.

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

COLONEL

Marine !

LT. CLEVES

Colonel.

COLONEL

Marine, what is that button on your  
body  
armor?

JOKER

A peace symbol, sir.

COLONEL

Where'd you get it?

JOKER

I don't  
remember, sir.

COLONEL

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

JOKER

"Born to Kill," sir.

COLONEL

You write "Born to Kill" on your helmet and  
you wear a

peace button. What's that

supposed to be, some kind of sick joke?!

JOKER

No, sir.

COLONEL

You'd better get your head

and your ass wired

together, or I will take a giant shit on you!

JOKER

Yes, sir.

COLONEL

Now answer my question or

you'll be standing

tall before the man.

JOKER

I

think I was trying to suggest something

about the duality of man,

sir.

COLONEL

The what?

JOKER

The  
duality of man. The Jungian thing, sir.

COLONEL

Whose  
side are you on, son?

JOKER

Our side, sir.

COLONEL

Don't you love your country?

JOKER

Yes,  
sir.

COLONEL

Then how about getting with the program?

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

JOKER

Yes, sir!

COLONEL

Son, all I've ever asked



of my marines is that

they obey my orders as they would the word

of God. We are here to help the Vietnamese,

because inside every

gook there is an

American trying to get out. It's a hardball

world, son. We've gotta keep our heads until

this peace craze blows

over.

JOKER

Aye-aye, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT.

FIELD--DAY

JOKER and RAFTERMAN Walk through a field

toward a pagoda.

67 EXT. PAGODA--DAY

Marines are moving supplies. Some men are rest-

ing on the ground. A helicopter flies overhead.

Music: Sam the Sham's

"Wooly Bully."

JOKER

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

MARINE

Around the back.

JOKER and RAFTERMAN walk to the back of the  
building.

JOKER

(to another marine)

First Platoon?

MARINE

Yeah, through there.

68 INT. PAGODA COURTYARD--DAY

Through a moon-door opening on to the pagoda  
courtyard, We see COWBOY  
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.

"Ooooooooooooo!" 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 car-  
ries over  
through the next scene.

70 EXT. LOW WALL--DAY

The platoon are  
hunched down behind a low wall.

Tanks fire at some distant buildings. A  
three-man

TV crew, ducking low, moves past them, filming.

JOKER

(John Wayne voice)

Is that you, John Wayne? Is  
this me?

COWBOY

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

EIGHTBALL

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

DONLON

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

T.H.E. ROCK

I'll be Ann-Margret!

DOC JAY

Animal Mother can be a rabid buffalo!

CRAZY

EARL

I'll be General Custer!

RAFTERMAN

Well,  
who'll be the Indians?

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

Laughter.



71 EXT. HUE CITY RUINS--DAY

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

T.H.E. ROCK

You're  
going home now.

Camera move.

CRAZY EARL

Semper fi.

Camera move.

DONLON

We're mean marines, sir.

Camera  
move.

EIGHTBALL

Go easy, bros.

Camera move.

ANIMAL MOTHER

Better you than me.

RAFTERMAN

Well,  
at least they died for a good cause.

ANIMAL MOTHER

What  
cause was that?

RAFTERMAN

Freedom.

ANIMAL

MOTHER

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

COWBOY

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

medical.

JOKER

What was the matter with him?

COWBOY

He was jerkin' off ten times a day.

EIGHTBALL

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

COWBOY

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

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

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

The television crew  
interviews members of the  
LUSTHOG SQUAD.

REPORTER

You  
ready?

CAMERAMAN

Yeah.

REPORTER

Turnover.

CAMERAMAN

Rolling.

REPORTER

Hue City interviews. Roll thirty-four.

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

tanks in and ... basically, blow the place to  
hell.

(chuckles)

COWBOY

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

RAFTERMAN

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

CRAZY EARL

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

you that.

DOC JAY

Can I quote L.B.J.?

REPORTER

Sure.

DOC JAY

(imitating L.B.J.)

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

EIGHTBALL

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

COWBOY

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

DONLON

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

RAFTERMAN

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

COWBOY

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

(laughs)

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

JOKER

I wanted to see exotic  
Vietnam, the jewel of  
Southeast Asia. I wanted to meet interesting



and stimulating people of an ancient culture  
and ... kill them. I  
wanted to be the first kid  
on my block to get a confirmed kill.

73

EXT. WRECKED MOVIE THEATER--DAY

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

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

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

Adlibs, hoots 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: "Nooooooooo!"

COWBOY

Number ten. Fifteen dolla beaucoup money.

Laughter.

COWBOY

Five dolla each.

ARVN PIMP

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

COWBOY

Five dolla.

ARVN PIMP

No. Ten dolla.

COWBOY

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

Laughter and derisive adlibs.

ARVN

PIMP

(angry)

Okay, five dolla. You give me.

Adlibs.

COWBOY

Okay, okay!

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

EIGHTBALL

Let's get mounted.

HOOKER

(speaks in Vietnamese)

ARVN PIMP

(argues in  
Vietnamese)

EIGHTBALL

Something wrong there, chief?

ARVN PIMP

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

EIGHTBALL

Hey, what the mother fuck?

ARVN PIMP

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

EIGHTBALL

Hey, what is this, man?

COWBOY

(breaiting up)

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

Laughter.

ARVN PIMP

Too boo-coo. Too  
boo-coo.

EIGHTBALL

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

Laughter.

ARVN PIMP

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

EIGHTBALL

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

(takes out his dick)

. . specimen of pure Alabama blacksnake.

But it ain't too goddamn boo-coo.

The girl looks at it.

Hoots and  
catcalls.

TEENAGE HOOKER

Okay. Okay. Emjee.

More  
hoots.

COWBOY

(mimicking Vietnamese word)

Okay! Okay! Emjee! Emjee!

Adlibs of "Emjee."

EIGHTBALL starts to  
lead her away.

EIGHTBALL

All right! This is my boogie!

COWBOY

Hey, we need a batting order.

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

ANIMAL

MOTHER

I'm going first.

EIGHTBALL

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

ANIMAL

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



movie theater.

ANIMAL MOTHER

(jokingly)

All fucking niggers must fucking hang.

Adlibs of "Fuck  
you!" and laughter.

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

FADE IN:

74 EXT. HUE CITY

RUINS--DAY

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

JOKER

(voiceover)

Intelligence passed the word down that  
during

the night the N.V.A. had pulled out of our  
area to  
positions across the Perfume River.

Our squad is sent on patrol to  
check out the  
report.

75 INT. BOMBED FACTORY--DAY

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

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

BANG!

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

The squad dives for  
cover.

COWBOY

Face outboard and take cover! Do it!

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

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

DOC JAY

(stops for a second)

He aint gonna make it.

COWBOY

(to himself)

Shit.

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

COWBOY

Hotel One Actual,  
this is Cowboy!

DOC JAY continues the mouth-to-mouth.

COWBOY

Hotel One Actual, this is Cowboy!

MURPHY

(o.s.)

Hotel One. Over

COWBOY

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

MURPHY

(o.s.)

Roger. Understand. Wait One.

COWBOY looks around edgily.

MURPHY

(o.s.)

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

COWBOY

Roger. Out.

COWBOY stares at the radio. He looks scared.

He

turns to JOKER.

COWBOY

I'm squad leader.

JOKER

punches him reassuringly in the arm.

JOKER

I'll follow  
you anywhere, scumbag.

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

DOC JAY

He's dead.

The three men  
stare at the body.

76 EXT. BURNING FALLEN BUILDING--DAY

The squad  
moves past a burning five-storey  
building that has collapsed and is

lying on its side.

DISSOLVE TO:

77 EXT. LOW CONCRETE WALL--DAY

EIGHTBALL, on point, studies a map as he walks.

Then he slours to a  
stop and signals to halt the  
squad.

The squad stops and crouches  
down in the rubble.

EIGHTBALL gestures for COWBOY to move up.

EIGHTBALL

(quietly)

Cowboy!

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

COWBOY

What's up?

EIGHTBALL

I think we made a mistake at the last  
checkpoint.

He shows COWBOY the map.

EIGHTBALL

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

COWBOY

studies the map.

COWBOY

We're here?

EIGHTBALL

Yeah.

COWBOY

We should be here?

EIGHTBALL

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

COWBOY is confused and  
scared.

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

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

COWBOY

Fuck ... What do you think?

EIGHTBALL

Well, I think we should change direction.

EIGHTBALL

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

COWBOY knows  
he has to make a decision.

COWBOY

Okay. We'll change  
direction.

COWBOY motions to the squad to come up. They



rattle up  
and take positions behind the low wall.

JOKER

What's  
up?

COWBOY

Changing direction.

JOKER

What, are we lost?

COWBOY

Joker, shut the fuck up!

COWBOY

(to squad)

Okay! Listen up! Can you hear me?

Adlibs of "Yeah!"

COWBOY

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

COWBOY points over the

wall to some ruined

buildings across an open space to their Left.

COWBOY

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

through.

EIGHTBALL shrugs, apprehensively.

COWBOY

Got it?

Adlibs of "Yeah!"

COWBOY

Eightball ... let's  
dance.

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

EIGHTBALL

Put a nigger behind the trigger.

78 EXT. RUINED STREET

HUE--DAY

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

The squad covers him.

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

79 SNIPER P.O.V. -- DAY

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

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

BANG!

The SNIPER fires.

EIGHTBALL is hit in the leg.

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

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

COWBOY

Okay, cease fire! Cease fire, goddamn it!

Some of the squad keep  
firing.

COWBOY

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

AdLibs of "Cease fire!"

The firing stutters to a stop.

COWBOY

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

see anything?

T.H.E. ROCK

(down the line)

Did anybody see a sniper?

DOC JAY

No!

DONLON

Nothing!

RAFTERMAN

Negative!

T.H.E. ROCK

Nothing!

Adlibs of "No!"

COWBOY

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

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

screams in pain.

The squad opens fire at buildings facing them.

COWBOY

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

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

DONLON

Cowboy, it's Sergeant Murphy.

COWBOY

(into radio)

This is Cowboy. Over.

MURPHY

(o.s.)

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

COWBOY

Murph, we're receiving enemy sniper fire.

Eightball is  
down. Our position is about half  
a klick north of checkpoint four.

Believe pos-

sible strong enemy force occupying buildings  
in  
front of us. Request immediate tank  
support. Over.

MURPHY

(o.s.)

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

Over.

COWBOY

Roger. Over and out.

COWBOY

(to Donlon)

Stay close.

DONLON

Got it.

COWBOY

thinks hard for a few seconds.

COWBOY

(to squad)

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

I've requested tank support. We're gonna sit  
tight until it comes,  
but keep your eyes open.

If they decide to hit us, we'll have to  
pull  
back fast.

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

Again the squad opens fire.

COWBOY

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

The firing stops.

DOC JAY



Cowboy!

COWBOY

What?

DOC JAY

We can't leave him out there!

COWBOY

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

DOC JAY

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

COWBOY

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

The SNIPER fires and  
hits EIGHTBALL in the thigh.

His cries echo across the open space  
ground.

ANIMAL MOTHER fires madly.

COWBOY

(shouting)

Goddamn it! No!

The squad continues firing.

COWBOY

Goddamn it, cease fire!

The firing trails off:

ANIMAL MOTHER

He's out there alone!

COWBOY

Cease  
fire!

The firing stops.

DOC JAY

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

COWBOY

No! You stay the fuck down!

DOC JAY

Cover me!

DOC

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

The squad fires to cover him.

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

COWBOY

Goddamn it!

Goddamn it! Okay, cease fire!

He's there!

Adlibs of "Cease fire!"

80 SNIPER P.O.V.--DAY

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

81 EXT. THE SQUARE--DAY

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

The squad  
opens fire again.

COWBOY

Hold your fire! Hold your  
fire!!! Cease fire!

You can't see the sniper! Save the ammo!

Nobody fire till I tell you! Nobody!

ANIMAL MOTHER

What  
the fuck do we do now, Cowboy?

COWBOY

Gimme that  
fucking radio.

DONLON scuttles over with the radio.

COWBOY

(into radio)

Murph? This is Cowboy. Over.

MURPHY

(o.s.)

This is Murphy. Over.

COWBOY

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

MURPHY

(o.s.)

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

COWBOY

Roger. Out.

(muttering to himself)

Numbnut

bastards!

(to the squad)

Okay, listen up!

T.H.E. ROCK

Listen up!

COWBOY

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

No one moves or says anything.

T.H.E. ROCK

Get ready to pull out!

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

COWBOY

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

ANIMAL

MOTHER

Yeah, well, what about Doc Jay and Eightball?

COWBOY

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

COWBOY

Doc Jay and Eightball are wasted! You know  
that!

ANIMAL

MOTHER

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

COWBOY

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

Fuck you,  
Cowboy! Fuck all you assholes!

ANIMAL MOTHER jumps over the wall and  
runs  
screaming and firing his M-60.

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

(screaming)

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

Aaagh! Whooo!

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

DOC JAY tries to speak.



ANIMAL MOTHER

Doc,

where's the sniper?

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

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

ANIMAL MOTHER's eyes widen in horror.

ANIMAL MOTHER

(under his breath)

Shit!

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

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

BANG!

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

He ducks back around the  
corner, breathing hard.

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

He shouts to the  
squad.

ANIMAL MOTHER

Hey, Cowboy!

COWBOY

Yeah!

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

COWBOY isn't sure what to do.

COWBOY

(mutters)

Son-of-a-bitch.

The squad look to  
him.

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

COWBOY

Okay, listen up!

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

JOKER

I'm going with you.

RAFTERMAN

I'm coming,

too.

COWBOY

Okay.

(To the others)

You  
all set?

Adlibs "Yeah!"

COWBOY

Let's move out!

T.H.E. ROCK

Let's do it!

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

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

They catch their breath and move forward to the

next building, where  
they crouch down against  
the wall.

ANIMAL MOTHER

(pointing)

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

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

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

COWBOY

Donlon ... give me that radio.

COWBOY moves to DONLON to take the radio.

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

the building.

83

SNIPER P.O.V. OF COWBOY

The SNIPER's P.O.V. --COWBOY's upper body is  
just

visible through the hole in the building.

84 EXT. SQUARE--DUSK

COWBOY

Murphy, this is Cowboy. Over!

A gunshot reverberates.

In slow-motion COWBOY falls.

JOKER

Cowboy!

ANIMAL

MOTHER starts firing his M-60.

RAFTERMAN

(shouting)

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

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

JOKER

(shouting)

Get him! Get him the fuck outta here!!

COWBOY is  
carried behind the building.

All talk at once.

JOKER

Easy! Easy!

DONLON

Get him on his back.

Adlibs.

COWBOY

(weakly)

Oh, I don't believe this shit.

Adlibs, fumbling for bandages, etc.

JOKER

Shut up!

You'll be all right, Cowboy.

T.H.E. ROCK

Take it easy,

Cowboy.

Four pairs of hands doing things.

COWBOY

(moaning)

Uhhh, that son-of-a-bitch!

JOKER

You're

gonna be all right.

T.H.E. ROCK

You're going home, man.

You're going home.

DONLON

Easy, man. Easy. Easy.



COWBOY

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

JOKER

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

COWBOY begins to lose consciousness.

JOKER

Cowboy...

DONLON

Hang on, man. Hang on!

COWBOY

(coughs)

I ... I can hack it.

T.H.E. ROCK

You can  
hack it.

COWBOY

I can. I-I...

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

JOKER bends down and hugs COWBOY.

Nobody moves.

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

JOKER  
is the last to get up.

They stand looking at the body.

ANIMAL

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

He looks at  
COWBOY and then at JOKER.

ANIMAL MOTHER

Let's go get  
some payback.

JOKER looks up slowly.

JOKER

(in cold anger)

Okay.

ANIMAL MOTHER leads 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  
square.

RAFTERMAN  
We got the sniper!

The SNIPER lies  
on the floor, writhing in pain.

JOKER and RAFTERMAN cautiously  
approach her.

RAFTERMAN kicks away her AK-47.

The two men stare at  
her in disbelief:

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

They are  
startled by a faint sound.

They dive for cover.

They listen.

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

ANIMAL MOTHER

Joker?



JOKER

Yo.

ANIMAL

MOTHER

What's up?

JOKER

We got the sniper.

RAFTERMAN and JOKER circle around the SNIPER as

DONLON and T.H.E. ROCK

and ANIMAL MOTHER walk

up.

RAFTERMAN

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

RAFTERMAN laughs  
hysterically, and kisses his rifle.

RAFTERMAN

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

No one pays any

attention to RAFTERMAN.

The SNIPER gasps, whimpers.

DONLON stares  
at her.

DONLON

What's she saying?

JOKER

(after a pause)

She's praying.

T.H.E. ROCK

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

ANIMAL MOTHER stares down at the SNIPER.

ANIMAL MOTHER

Okay. Let's get the fuck outta here.

JOKER

What about her?

ANIMAL MOTHER

Fuck her. Let  
her rot.

The SNIPER prays in Vietnamese.

JOKER

We  
can't just leave her here.

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

JOKER stares at ANIMAL MOTHER.

JOKER

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

ANIMAL MOTHER looks down at the SNIPER.

SNIPER

(whimpering)

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

ANIMAL

MOTHER looks at JOKER.

ANIMAL MOTHER

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

JOKER looks at the SNIPER.

The four  
men look at JOKER.

SNIPER

(gasping)

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

JOKER slowly lifts his pistol and looks  
into her  
eyes.

SNIPER

Shoot . . . me.

JOKER jerks  
the trigger.

BANG!

The four men are silent.

JOKER stares down at  
the dead girl.

RAFTERMAN

(laughs)

JOKER ...

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

(laughs)

JOKER looks at RAFTERMAN, blankly.

DONLON

Hard core, man. Fucking hard core.

87 EXT. BURNING

CITY--NIGHT.

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

JOKER

(narration)

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

The marines start to sing.

MARINE PLATOON

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

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

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

welcome as can be.

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

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey  
Mouse.)

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Forever let us hold our  
banner high.

High. High. High.

Come along and sing a song and  
join the

jamboree.

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

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

We play fair and we work hard and we're in  
harmony.  
M-I-C-K-E-Y  
M-O-U-S-E.

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

Forever let us hold our banner high.  
High. High. High.

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

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

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

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

Who is marching coast to  
coast and far across  
the sea?

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

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Mickey Mouse. (Mickey Mouse.)

Forever let us hold his banner high.

High. High. High.

Come

along and sing a song and join the

family.

M-I-C-K-E-Y

M-O-U-S-E.

JOKER

(voiceover)

My thoughts

drift back to erect nipple wet

dreams about Mary Jane Rottencrotch

and

the Great Homecoming Fuck Fantasy. I am so

happy that I am

alive, in one piece and short.

I'm in a world of shit . . . yes. But

I am alive.

And I am not afraid.

MARINE PLATOON

(singing)

Come along and sing this song and join our

family.

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



The marines march off into the distance.

MARINE PLATOON

(singing)

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

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

Hey

there! Hi there! Ho there!

You're as welcome as can be.

Mickey

Mouse ...

The sound fades away as the scene fades to black