

Do Not Give Out

The Naked **And** **The Dead**

Based on the novel by

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Screenplay by

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TEN GRACIE SQUARE

February 21,
2002

Dearest Norman,
You are a hero for
standing up against the forces of
evil! K/Elwafit Said found the
interview you gave to
"The Guardian" and we
congratulate you.

Love/ever,
Jean

"Nobody could sleep. When morning came, assault craft would be lowered and a first wave of troops would ride through the surf and charge ashore on the beach at Anopopei. All over the ship, all through the convoy, there was a knowledge that in a few hours some of them were going to be dead."

INT: ASSAULT CRAFT - ENLISTED MEN'S SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

A soldier lies flat on his bunk, the fourth bunk from the floor, closes his eyes and remains wide awake.

A few bunks down another soldier cries out from a dream:

SOLDIER

I won't do it, I won't do it!

The room is tangled with bunks, hammocks, naked bodies and dangling equipment.

The soldier sighs, unties his shoes from the bunk and climbs down, careful not to step on any of the men below him in the half darkness.

He makes his way over the bags and equipment on the floor, stumbles on a rifle, and enters the latrine.

INT: ASSAULT CRAFT - LATRINE - CONTINUING

The soldier walks past four men hanging out in the unused salt-water showers, playing cards. Wilson, a tall gentle Southerner, Gallagher, a tough pug from Boston, Toglio, a little Italian, and Staff Sergeant Croft, determined and Texan. They play seven card stud. Wilson has a huge pile of money in front of him.

WILSON

All this money and a man can't even buy a pint. You know, with all the Goddam drinkin' Ah've done, Ah still can't remember the taste of it unless Ah got the bottle right with me.

GALLAGHER

Shut up and deal the cards.

Wilson deals.

WILSON

It's just like lovin'. When a man's got it jus' as nice and steady as he wants it, well, then he never can remember what it's like without it. And when he ain't got it, they ain't nothin' harder than for him to keep in mind what a pussy feels like.

They all look at their hands.

WILSON

(continuing)

They was a gal Ah had once on the end of town, wife of a friend of mine, and she had one of the meanest rolls a man could want.

He stares off, lost in memory.

WILSON

(continuing; sighs)

Like dipping it in a barrel of honey.

GALLAGHER

Will you shut up and play!

WILSON

Ah'm sorry, Gallagher, but ah don't see how it's mah fault if I win a hand or two.

GALLAGHER

It takes a dumb cracker like you to win all the big pots.

They all look at their hands. Wilson bets two dollars. Gallagher is close to a flush.

He lays down four dollars.

GALLAGHER

(continuing)

All right, let's make this a decent pot.

Croft throws his money in.

TOGLIO

I'm out.

GALLAGHER

Chikenshit. You're only going to get your fuggin' head blown off tomorrow.

Croft raises two dollars.

Wilson throws a wad of money in and giggles.

WILSON

This yere's gonna be a mighty big pot.

GALLAGHER

Raise you two.

Another round of cards is dealt. Gallagher has his flush.

CROFT

Bet you two.

Wilson throws two in.

GALLAGHER

Raise you two.

Croft drops four dollars in the pot.

CROFT

And raise you two.

WILSON

Goddam, this is gonna be a big pot. Ah ought to drop out, but Ah never could git out of the habit of peekin' at that last card.

GALLAGHER

(desperately)

Raise you two.

They all throw in the money. The final cards are dealt. Croft sees that he did not get the card he wanted. Disgusted, he throws down his hand. Wilson grins. Gallagher throws down his last bill.

WILSON

Ah'm makin' an awful mistake, but Ah'll see ya'. What ya got, boy?

GALLAGHER

What the fug do you think I got - it's a flush in hearts, Jack up.

WILSON
(sighs)

Ah hate to do this to ya, boy, but
Ah got ya in spades with that bull.

He throws down a flush and points to his ace. Gallagher is
silent for several seconds, then bursts all at once:

GALLAGHER
Of all the mother-fuggin luck,
that sonofabitch takes it all!

SOLDIER IN A NEARBY BUNK
For Chrissake, Jack, how about
shutting up and letting us get
some sleep.

GALLAGHER
Go fug yourself.

SOLDIER IN A NEARBY BUNK
Don't you men know when to quit?

Croft stands up.

CROFT
Listen trooper, you can just quit
your pissing. We'll play our game
any way we goddam please, and if
you don't like it, you can mess
with me.

The soldier mutters something and rolls over in his bunk,
defeated. Croft smiles and sits back down.

WILSON
You're lookin' for a fight, boy.

CROFT
I didn't like the tone that boy
was using.

INT: ASSAULT CRAFT - ENLISTED MEN'S SLEEPING
QUARTERS -CONTINUING

Sergeant Brown, twenty-eight, a trifle fat, with a young
boyish face and a snub nose, and Stanley, nineteen, a long
nose and a sparse black moustache, lay in their bunks next to
each other.

BROWN
I don't care what you say, there
isn't a woman you can trust.

STANLEY
I don't know, that isn't the whole
damn truth. I know I can trust my
wife.

BROWN
Well, now, you're a good kid, and
you're smart, but it just don't
pay to trust a woman. You take my
wife. She's beautiful, I've shown
you her picture.

STANLEY
She's really a good looking dame.

BROWN
You think she's gonna sit around
and wait for me? No she ain't.
She's out having herself a good
time.

STANLEY
Well, I wouldn't say that.

BROWN
Why not? You ain't going to hurt
any feelings of mine. But when I
get back I'm going to have a
little accounting with her.

STANLEY
It certainly would be a dirty deal
for a guy to get when he does come
back.

BROWN
What do you expect? You think
you're going to go home a hero?

STANLEY
I don't know.

BROWN
Listen, when you get home folks
are going to look at you and say,
'Things've been pretty rough here.
You're sure lucky you missed it
all.'

Stanley laughs.

STANLEY
I haven't seen much, but I do know
that those poor civilians can't
begin to know the score.

BROWN
You weren't at Motome, you don't know nothin'.

Brown's face turns hollow.

BROWN
(continuing)
I seen enough combat there to last ten men. That was one day I knew I was gonna be dead.

STANLEY
I heard sergeant Croft stood up right in front of those Japs to fire a flare. He's got some guts, huh?

BROWN
He's the one man I'd never cross. He doesn't have nerves.

STANLEY
Nerves?

BROWN
Out of all the old guys in recon, there ain't one of us whose nerves ain't shot. But Croft - Croft's the kind of man loves combat, loves it. There ain't a worse man you could be under or a better one, depending on how you look at it.

In a bunk a few rows over, Sergeant Julio Martinez, a small, slim and handsome Mexican with neat wavy hair and small sharp features, his eyes never completely at rest, lays shaking and sweaty, his nerves pitched tighter than he can ever remember.

EXT: ASSAULT CRAFT - ON DECK - DAWN

Red Valsen, twenty-seven, tall, skinny and freckled, with fiery red hair and cheeks, stands by the edge of the boat, looking out. He breathes deeply and enjoys the space around him. In the distance he sees the ridge line of Anopopei.

EXT: THE SHORE OF ANOPOPEI - MORNING

The assault crafts fire their heavy artillery inland. There is little return fire.

INT: ASSAULT CRAFT - TROOP HOLDS - CONTINUING

The electric lights, a wan yellow, flicker dully, throwing many shadows over the hatches and through the tier of the bunks, lighting up the faces of the men assembled in the aisles and clustered around the ladder leading up to the top deck.

Martinez blinks his bloodshot eyes against the weary glare of the bulbs, tries to numb himself to everything.

CROFT
Now don't get lost when we hit the beach. Stick together.

RED
(Guffaws)
I don't know what we're waiting here for, some dumb sonofabitch is just going to run up, and tell us to get back in the hold again.

CROFT
Red, if you know what's going on better than I do, you stand up here and talk.

He stares Red down. Red stops smiling.

CROFT
(continuing)
We're on boat-deck-station twenty-eight. If they's a man here suddenly discovers he left something behind, that's tough shit. We ain't gonna come back.

RED
Yeah, boys, don't forget your rubbers.

It draws a laugh. Croft frowns, then drawls:

CROFT
I know Wilson ain't gonna forget his.

More laughter.

WILSON
Ah tell ya, Ah'd sooner leave my M-one behind, 'cause if they was to be a piece of pussy settin' up on that beach, and Ah didn't have a rubber, Ah'd just shoot myself anyway.

Martinez looks irritated.

CROFT
What's the matter, Japbait?

MARTINEZ
Aaah, goddam stomach, she's no good.

A voice calls out from above.

VOICE
Men for boat-deck fifteen.

EXT. ASSAULT CRAFT - ON DECK - AN HOUR LATER

All over the ship the debarkation activities are in different stages. A few landing crafts are already in the water, filled with troops. Croft's platoon, Recon, stands ready, waiting.

Red talks with Hennessey, young and innocent. He looks nervous, this is his first sight of combat.

RED
No matter how many times you wear a goddam pack, you never get used to it.

HENNESSEY
Have you got it adjusted right?

RED
Fuck the adjustments. I ain't built for a pack, I got too many bones.

Red sees how nervous Hennessey is.

HENNESSEY
When do we get into the boats?

RED
I figure we'll be on deck all morning.

Red looks out and watches as the boats continue to bombard the island with heavy artillery.

RED
(continuing)
I wish to hell they'd save some of that country for us.

GALLAGHER
How fuggin long we got to wait up here?

CROFT
Hold your water. The Commo platoon is coming with us, and they ain't even up yet.

GALLAGHER
Well, why ain't they? It's just like the Army to have us wait up on deck where we can have our fuggin heads blown off.

CROFT
You hear any Jap artillery?

GALLAGHER
That don't mean they ain't got any.

Gallagher lights a cigarette and cups his hand over it as though he expects it to be snatched away at any moment.

EXT: ASSAULT CRAFT - BY THE SIDE OF THE SHIP - HALF AN HOUR

Recon is boarding the landing crafts. In order to do so, each soldier must walk along a beam from the Assault craft to the little boat. It is an adventure not unlike walking across a narrow plank while wearing a suit of armor.

Brown is in the middle of the plank. He's nervous. Stanley is close behind him.

BROWN
I always hate this part.

They reach the lip of the boat and join the men already inside.

Wilson laughs.

WILSON
Here comes ol' Red.

Everybody laughs as they turn to see Red gingerly working his way along the beam, his face puckered like a prune. When he reaches the boat he looks at them strangely.

RED
Goddam, got the wrong boat. They ain't nobody stupid-looking enough to be Recon here.

Everyone laughs.

HENNESSEY
How's the General get into these boats?

BROWN

They got two privates to carry him over.

More laughter.

Gallagher flops into the boat. He is the last man.

GALLAGHER

The fuggin Army. I bet they get more fuggin casualties from guys getting into boats.

BROWN

Hey, Gallagher, I bet you even look pissed off when you're screwing your wife.

Gallagher looks sullen, then begins to laugh.

GALLAGHER

Aaah, fug you.

The boat roars with laughter as it departs from the Assault craft and joins the other boats circling around the big ship.

GALLAGHER

(continuing)

The goddam Army, hurry up and wait, hurry up and wait.

RED

If they really knew what they were doing, we'd be eating breakfast now. But no, some sonofabitchin' looey, who's sleeping, wanted us off the goddam ship so he could stop worrying.

TOGLIO

We're a lot safer out in the water.

RED

What?

TOGLIO

This is a small target compared to a ship, and when we're moving like this it's a lot harder to hit us than you think.

RED

Balls.

BROWN

They ain't a time when I wouldn't rather be on that big ship.

TOGLIO

I looked into this. The statistics prove that during an invasion, you're a lot safer here than any other place.

RED

Don't give me those figures.

TOGLIO

I'm serious. I saw the statistics.

A Japanese mortar shell lands near them and causes a large booming sound. The boat is silenced for a moment.

RED

Toglio, if I had to depend on you for my safety, I'd a been in hell a year ago.

The laughter is loud enough to embarrass Toglio, who forces a grin. The motors on the Assault craft roar and all the little ships begin to make their way to the island.

Croft sits still, silent. He has his gun barrel plugged with his thumb so as not to let any water in.

He looks over at Hennessey who is carefully rubbing an irritated spot on his knee with some spittle. Hennessey delicately rolls his pant leg back down over the spot.

CROFT

(to Hennessey)

Boy you're too careful. Don't go stopping any bullets today.

HENNESSEY

Yessir.

Croft shakes his head and sits back on his haunches.

Martinez has the shakes as they near the shore. A plane flies close overhead and fires its machine guns into the jungle. Aside from the plane and a distant firing of guns in the jungle, the beach is quiet.

HENNESSEY

(continuing; in a high piping voice)

Do you think we'll be getting mail soon?

The boat explodes with laughter. Martinez laughs hardest of all.

GALLAGHER
That fuggin Hennessey.

As the boat nears the shore, the men become tense, ready for an ambush.

Croft and Martinez scan the shore with their eyes.

The boat grinds into the sand and a ramp is lowered onto the beach.

The men run down, spread out, and snap into battle positions...

But they are alone, the battle is not here.

EXT: THE SHORE OF ANOPOPEI - LATER

Recon is sitting on the beach waiting for orders. There is an occasional missile flying overhead and landing in the jungle, but all the action is too far inland to keep the troops on guard.

BROWN
This is nothing compared to Motome.

RED
Yeah, Motome.

Red rolls over in the sand and lights a cigarette.

RED
(continuing)
The beach stinks already.

STANLEY
How can it stink? It's too early.

RED
It just stinks.

CROFT
(to Brown)
I'm going to look for S-four. Keep the men here till I get back.

RED
They forgot us. We might as well go to sleep.

CROFT
Valsen, you can cut all the pissin' from here on.

RED
What's the matter, you want to win all by yourself?

They stare tensely at each other before Croft strides off.

BROWN
(to Red)
You're picking the wrong boy to mess with.

RED
I don't take crap from nobody.

Oscar Ridges, a short, powerful, Southern man with a body shaped like a squat pillar, his eyes goggle placidly, which gives the impression of dull-wittedness and good temper; he starts digging a hole.

WILSON
Save your energy, boy.

RIDGES
Ah, you never know.

He guffaws.

HENNESSEY
I'm going to make one too.

TOGLIO
I guess I might as well.

The three start digging. Ridges guffaws again at something he just thought of. Stanley imitates him.

STANLEY
Waa-a-aaaah!

RIDGES
Well, shoot, Ah just cain't help the way Ah laugh. It's good enough, I reckon.

He guffaws again to show his good will. Stanley watches him impatiently.

STANLEY
Hey, Ridges, if you were sitting on a fire, you'd be too lazy to piss and put it out..

RIDGES
(smiles vaguely)
Reckon so.

Stanley walks over to where he's digging.

STANLEY
Christ, you'll be digging all day.

Ridges makes no reply, continues digging. Stanley stands there trying to think of something clever to say. He feels the eyes of the platoon watching him. On an impulse he kicks some sand into Ridges hole. Silently, Ridges shovels it out, not breaking rhythm. Stanley kicks in a lot of sand. Ridges lays down the shovel and looks at him, patient and concerned.

RIDGES
What're you trying to do, Stanley?

STANLEY
You don't like it?

RIDGES
No, sir, Ah don't.

STANLEY
You know what you can do.

RED
Stanley, start acting like a man.
Stanley swings around, afraid of Red.

STANLEY
Blow it out, Red.

RED
Boy, I'd break you in half.

BROWN
(gets to his feet)
You weren't spoiling that damn
hard to have a fight with Croft.

RED
(A little disgusted
with himself)
No I wasn't, but there ain't any
man I won't fight.

He turns away from Stanley.

STANLEY
(realizing Red won't
fight)
This ain't settled for me.

RED
Wipe your nose, Stanley.

A loud slapping sound is heard not too far away. The platoon is silent.

BROWN
That's a Jap mortar.

MARTINEZ
He's near.

Another mortar shell lands close by.

Brown springs to his feet.

BROWN
(in a panic)
Let's get out of here!

TOGLIO
What about Croft?

BROWN
You got a hole, you stay. We're
gonna head down about a half mile.
When Croft comes back, meet us
there.

Brown starts gathering his equipment, then drops it suddenly.

BROWN
(continuing)
Fuck it.

He runs down the beach. The other men look at him in surprise, then shrug and follow. The only men left are Hennessey, Toglio, and Ridges.

Ridges and Hennessey climb into their holes. Toglio stops a moment to talk to Hennessey.

TOGLIO
I think the Japs are going to
attack soon.

HENNESSEY
It was a dirty trick for them to
run off.

TOGLIO
I don't know, Brown's got
experience. You have to trust your
noncoms.

Toglio looks around and sees that it is quiet.

TOGLIO
(continuing)
I'm going over to my hole. Just sit tight and wait. If any Japs come, we've got to stop them. Okay kid.

Toglio slaps Hennessey on the back and runs over to his hole.

Hennessey squats, ready and terrified.

A mortar lands near him, shaking the hole and loosening the dirt around him. Then another and another.

The ground is shaking and Hennessey begins to cry. Another mortar lands and a big pile of dirt lands on his head.

HENNESSEY
That's enough, *that's enough!*

The cloud settles and everything is silent.

HENNESSEY
(continuing; to himself)
It's over. Am I wounded? Oh, god am I wounded?

He reaches his hand back behind him and realizes he has emptied his bowels. He freezes.

HENNESSEY
(continuing)
I guess that's what they meant about keeping a tight ass-hole.

He begins to get the giggles. The walls of his fox-hole crumble slightly.

HENNESSEY
(continuing)
One more blast and this hole could go. What a story this'll make to tell Pop.

He peeks his head over the edge and cannot see Toglio or Ridges.

HENNESSEY
(continuing; a hoarse croaking whisper)
Toglio? Corporal Toglio?

No answer.

HENNESSEY
(continuing; to himself)
They left me. My first time in combat and they leave me all alone.

The jungle looks ominous.

HENNESSEY
(continuing)
I can't stay here.

He crawls out of his hole. Toglio's head appears from his.

TOGLIO
Hennessey, where are you going?

HENNESSEY
(a babble)
I'm going to get the others. It's important, I got my pants dirty.

He begins to laugh.

TOGLIO
Come back!

Hennessey looks at his fox-hole, then at the beach.

HENNESSEY
No, I got to go.

He starts running toward the beach.

TOGLIO
Goddamit, Hennessey! Get your ass back in that hole!

Hennessey continues to run, stops for a second, loosens his legging, and lets the turd fall out of his pants. He laughs and continues running.

RIDGES
Hennessey, you monkey! Get down!

Hennessey continues to run. He hears the loud slapping sound of the mortar and watches it fall.

He smiles just before a piece of shrapnel tears his brain in half.

We pull away, up and away until the entire island of Anopopei can be seen.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
In the South Pacific, just three days after landing on Anopopei, U.S. troops under the command of Major General Edward Cummings, have captured the Japanese airfield and say the island will soon follow. Good work, men. Your country applauds you.

INT: THE OFFICERS' MESS - DAY

The squad tent is over-crowded. Forty officers are eating their food, squeezed together. General Cummings, (a little over medium height, well fleshed, with a rather handsome suntanned face and graying hair,) eats alone at his own table.

Lieutenant Hearn, (a big man with a shock of black hair, a heavy immobile face. Above all, the kind of man other men love to see humiliated,) sits with the other lieutenants, majors, and colonels.

Hearn watches a drop of sweat fall from his chin onto his plate. He looks up with disgust at what Colonel Conn, (small, quite old, with a wrinkled face, and little eyes set vacantly under his forehead as though they did not function together,) is saying at the next table.

CONN
You take that famous labor leader fellow. Now I know for a fact, by God, that he's got a nigger woman for a mistress.

MAJOR DALLESON
Jesus, think of that.

The table roars with laughter. Hearn looks on, his eyes fixed on Conn, piercing. A mess orderly scurries by placing a bowl of canned peaches at each table.

CONN
I've heard on good authority that he's even had a couple of tan bastards off her, but that I ain't going to vouch for. All I can tell you is that all the time he's pushing these bills to make the nigger a King Jesus, he's doing it for good reason.
(more)

CONN (cont'd)
That woman is running the whole labor movement, the whole country including the President is being influenced every time she wiggles her ass.

Unable to control himself, Hearn speaks before he realizes what he is doing.

HEARN
Colonel, how do you know all that?

Both tables become silent and focus on Hearn and Conn.

CONN
What do you mean, how do I know, Lieutenant Hearn?

HEARN
I was just wondering how you knew so much about national affairs, Colonel.

CONN
I know a hell of a sight more about those labor bastards than you do.

Hearn tries to keep himself within bounds.

HEARN
Well, Sir, I just didn't know how you knew so much.

CONN
Shut your mouth, Hearn.

MAJOR DALLESON
We know you're pretty goddam smart, Hearn.

GENERAL CUMMINGS
Gentlemen, please! I won't have any more of this.

All are silenced. General Cummings gets up and leaves the mess. The Colonel's table glares at Hearn who brings his spoon to his mouth and chomps on a sweet canned peach.

EXT: OUTSIDE THE OFFICERS' MESS - DAY

Hearn exits the mess with Lieutenant Mantelli.

MANTELLI
You've got balls, Hearn.

HEARN
They're going to get me in trouble
someday.

MANTELLI
Not as long as you're General's
house-boy.

Hearn shoots an angry look at him.

A private comes running up to them.

PRIVATE
Lieutenant Hearn, General wants to
see you in his quarters.

MANTELLI
Go ahead, run to poppa.

Mantelli laughs. Hearn manages a smile.

INT: CUMMINGS' QUARTERS - DAY

Hearn enters.

HEARN
Wanted to see me, sir?

CUMMINGS
(not looking up from
his papers)
Damn fool thing you did today,
Robert.

HEARN
I suppose so.

Hearn lounges in a camp chair.

CUMMINGS
You were depending on me to bring
you out of it.

HEARN
I realized that afterward, Sir.

CUMMINGS
Why did you behave like such an
ass?

Hearn does not have a response.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
I suppose you considered it some
kind of indignity to have to
listen to him.

HEARN
All right, I did.

CUMMINGS
In effect, you weren't telling him
to shove it, I was. And I had no
wish to do so at the time.

Hearn isn't even looking at him.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
Stand up. I'm damned if I'm going
to have you sit here as if this
division were a partnership
between you and me.

Hearn stands up.

HEARN
Yessir.

CUMMINGS
I've heard Conn's filth for a good
many more months than you have.
It's boring, Robert, but the trick
is to make yourself an instrument
of your own policy. Whether you
like it or not, that's the highest
effectiveness man has achieved.

HEARN
My scope is not as wide as yours,
General.

Cummings' annoyance is apparent.

CUMMINGS
Attention.

Hearn straightens up.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
Suppose you salute me.

Hearn complies.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
Pretty crude treatment, isn't it,
Robert?

Hearn maintains the salute.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
All right, dismissed.

He exits.

INT: ENLISTED MEN'S MESS TENT - DAY

The troops file by in an irregular line, their mess gear open and extended. The second cook, wears a perpetual scowl, as he slaps a large spoonful in each of their mess plates.

RED
What the fuck is that swill?

COOK
It's owl shit.

RED

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
Pretty crude treatment, isn't it,
Robert?

Hearn maintains the salute.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
All right, dismissed.

He exits.

INT: ENLISTED MEN'S MESS TENT - DAY

The troops file by in an irregular line, their mess gear open and extended. The second cook, wears a perpetual scowl, as he slaps a large spoonful in each of their mess plates.

RED
What the fuck is that swill?

COOK
It's owl shit.

RED
Okay, I just thought it was
somethin' I couldn't eat.

COOK
(good naturedly)
Move on, move on, before I knock-
the-crap-out-of-you.

GALLAGHER
That goddam stew again.

COOK
(to the other cooks)
Private Gallagher is bitching, men.

COOK 2
Send him to the officers' mess

GALLAGHER
Give me a little more, will ya?

COOK
These portions are scientifically
measured by Quartermaster. Move on!

GALLAGHER
You sonofabitch.

COOK
Go beat your meat.

Gallagher moves on.

BROWN

General Cummings, you're the best damn guy in the outfit.

COOK

You looking for meat? You won't get it. They ain't no meat.

BROWN

You're the worst guy in the outfit.

WILSON

Ah swear, don't you ration destroyers know another way to fuck up this stew?

COOK

'When it's smokin', it's cookin'; when it's burnin', it's done.' That's our motto.

WILSON

(chuckling)

Ah figured you all had a system.

COOK

(points below his belt)

Take a bite on this.

WILSON

You got to wait your turn, boy. They's five men in Recon is ahead of you.

COOK

Move on, move on.

INT: MARTINEZ'S PUP-TENT - LATER

Croft climbs into the tent and squats next to Martinez.

CROFT

You seen the replacements?

MARTINEZ

Three new men.

He smiles and claps Croft on the back.

MARTINEZ

(continuing)

Goddam big platoon.

Gallagher moves on.

BROWN
General Cummings, you're the best
damn guy in the outfit.

COOK
You looking for meat? You won't
get it. They ain't no meat.

BROWN
You're the worst guy in the outfit.

WILSON
Ah swear, don't you ration
destroyers know another way to
fuck up this stew?

COOK
'When it's smokin', it's cookin';
when it's burnin', it's done.'
That's our motto.

WILSON
(chuckling)
Ah figgered you all had a system.

They laugh.

MARTINEZ
(continuing)
Recon gone see some action, huh?

CROFT
Listen, Japbait, they's something
I been thinkin' I'm gonna keep
most of the old men in one squad
and set the other one up with you
and Toglio.

MARTINEZ
The old squad with Brown?

CROFT
Yeah.

MARTINEZ
Who for Brown's corporal? Red?

CROFT
Red can't take orders so how the
hell could he give 'em? I thought
of Wilson, but he can't read a
map.

MARTINEZ
Gallagher?

CROFT
Blows his top in a tight spot. I
picked Stanley.

MARTINEZ
Your platoon.
(pause)
I have squad with goddam men who
are...who are new?

CROFT
That's right. I'm going to use
the squad of old men for most of
the patrols because they know what
to do.

MARTINEZ
Brown's got bad nerves.

CROFT
The hell with Brown. It's his
turn. You need a rest.

MARTINEZ
I'm a good scout, okay. Brown's
good boy, but his nerves...no
fuggin good. I'm with the old
squad, okay?

CROFT
You're a good old sonofabitch,
Japbait.

Thunder claps.

INT: WILSON AND GALLAGHER'S PUP TENT - AFTERNOON

Red climbs into the tent and joins them.

WILSON
Whateya say, Red?

RED
I been looking over the
replacements.

GALLAGHER
Yeah, I see we got a couple of
fuggin' Yids.

RED
Yeah, they're sonsofbitches just
like the rest of us.

WILSON
That Roth ain't much good, but the
other fellow, Goldstein...
Goldberg... Whatever the hell his
name is, he ain't a bad boy.

GALLAGHER
I wouldn't trust one of 'em.

RED
It's beginning to rain.

A vicious wind lashes the tent. The rain comes on softly,
tapping against the rubber fabric of the shelter, and then
begins to drive harder. In only a few seconds it becomes
furious with pellets like hail. The tent begins to bend and
strain. A few bursts of thunder sound in the distance, and
then a cloud shatters overhead.

INT: GOLDSTEIN AND RIDGES TENT - EVENING

The storm is leaking right through the roof of the tent. Goldstein, (27, Jewish, very blond hair and friendly serious blue eyes,) has his arm gripped around the pole holding the tent up, trying to keep it from flying upward. Ridges sits and waits as the water drips through his skin.

GOLDSTEIN
(shouting over the rain)

This is terrible. What should we do?

RIDGES
(shouting)
Ain't nothin' to do but wait.

The storm rips the pole right out from Goldstein and the tent flies away from them in a matter of seconds. The two men flop around in the storm, completely unprotected.

When they get their bearings, Ridges points to a group huddled by a truck.

Tents are flying around left and right.

Goldstein and Ridges make their way over to the truck.

EXT: BY THE TRUCK - CONTINUING

The truck offers a bit of shelter. Most of the platoon is here. Red and Wilson are singing at the top of their lungs.

RED
Once I built a railroad,
made it run, made it race
against time...

WILSON
Once I built a railroad,
made it run, made it race
against time...

Once I built a railroad,
now it's done, Brother can
you spare a dime?

Once I built a railroad,
now it's done, Brother can
you spare a dime?

The men are all giddy and laughing.

TOGLIO
(to Goldstein)
It takes Americans to stand
something like this and laugh
about it.

Toglio joins them on the second verse, in an instant all the men are singing.

PLATOON
Once in khaki suits

Gee, we all looked swell

Full of that Yankee Doodly Dum.

Half a million boots, went
sloggin' thru Hell,

I was the kid with the drum.

They all break into raucous laughter. A jeep comes wallowing through the mud and halts about twenty feet from them. Cummings gets out followed by Hearn and Major Dalleson. Toglio sees it is the General and motions for the other men to be silent.

CUMMINGS
(shouting)
You men here, how do you
feel...wet?

Some of the men laugh.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
It's all right, you're not made of
sugar.

The wind dies down a bit and the general can more easily be heard.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
I just telephoned Washington, and
the War Department assured me the
rain was bound to stop.

The men laugh, as do Hearn and Dalleson.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
Now, men, there's not a tent
that's still up in this area. I
have no doubt some of you are
going to be wet tonight. It's to
be regretted, but you've been wet
before. A bit of trouble has
started up on the line, and some
of you may spend the night in a
far worse place.

He pauses for a moment, standing in the rain; then adds:

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
From what we heard before the
communications went out, there
could be Japs inside our lines
tonight. Keep an extremely alert
guard. We're back from the front,
but we're not that far back.

He smiles at them, gets into his jeep, followed by his
officers, and drives away.

TOGLIO
Gee, the General is a swell guy.

Red spits.

RED
There ain't a General in the world
is any good.

TOGLIO
Where could you find a man like
that who'd talk to a bunch of GIs?

RED
He's a crowd-pleaser, that's all
he is.

TOGLIO
Maybe we should fix up some way to
sleep.

RED
Don't bother. We're gonna be up on
the line tonight.

INT: TRANSPORT TRUCK - NIGHT

Recon is crammed into the truck traveling along a rocky road.
The rain has died down a great deal. Artillery fire can be
heard about 500 yards away. The night is illuminated for a
moment.

Goldstein is squeezed between Croft and Gallagher.

GOLDSTEIN
It seems to me, that they're
managing this thing poorly.

CROFT
You bitching again, Goldstein?

GOLDSTEIN
I'm just expressing my opinion.

CROFT
Opinion!
(he spits)
Women have opinions.

GALLAGHER
Hey, Goldstein, you want a soapbox?

GOLDSTEIN
(mildly)
You don't like the Army any more
than I do.

GALLAGHER
You know what you can do? You can
blow it...

GOLDSTEIN
I don't like the way you express
yourself.

GOLDSTEIN
(continuing)
You can't talk to me that way.

Red steps in.

RED
As far as I'm concerned, the
Army's been a goddam mess ever
since they put Washington on a
horse.

Toglio interrupts.

TOGLIO
It ain't decent to talk about
George Washington that way. Some
things aren't for kidding.

RED
Want to know something?

TOGLIO
What?

RED
The only thing wrong with this
Army is it never lost a war.

TOGLIO
You think we ought to lose this
one?

RED

What have I got against the goddam Japs? They can keep this fuggin jungle. What's it to me if Cummings gets another star?

MARTINEZ

General Cummings, he's a good man.

RED

There ain't a good officer in the world. General Cummings is no better than I am. His shit don't smell like ice cream either.

CROFT

Keep it down. We're here.

EXT: THE TRAIL TO THE OUTPOST - NIGHT

The rain has stopped and the night has become quiet. In the far distance muffled explosions can be heard.

The men walk and slide through the mud in a single file line, their hands on the shoulders of the man in front. Roth, (a small man with an oddly hunched back and long arms, 28), is next to Croft. Red behind Roth.

ROTH

How far away are the Japs?

CROFT

You'll see 'em soon enough, boy.

RED

(sarcastically)

Hell he will. We're going to sit around all night.

CROFT

You wouldn't mind that, would you, Valsen?

RED

I'm no hero.

The path divides into a quadruple fork. A soldier comes out of one of the trails and meets them.

SOLDIER

Your squad can sleep in these holes tonight, and set up a guard right around here. There's two machine guns set up for you.

CROFT

What's doing?

SOLDIER

We expect an attack all up and down the line about dawn. C'mere, I'll show you the setup.

EXT: THE SETUP - NIGHT

The soldier is showing Croft the foxhole with the mounted machine gun. The gun faces a stream of water, a strip of beach bordering it on either side.

CROFT

How deep is the river?

SOLDIER

That water ain't going to stop them.

CROFT

Do we have outposts forward of here?

SOLDIER

Nothing. And the Japs know right where we are.

EXT: WHERE THE PATHS QUADRUPLE - NIGHT

Croft comes back to the men.

CROFT

It's three A.M. now. There's gonna be four of us on one gun post and five on the other. I'll take the first shift at the flank gun myself.

WILSON

Ah'll take the first shift on the other gun. Ah'm tired of gittin' up right when I'm having a good dream.

The men chuckle. Croft and Wilson start to head toward the machine guns.

CROFT

If any trouble starts and you're sleeping, get up goddam fast and move to help us.

EXT: CROFT'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT

Croft sits close to the edge of the hole and peers through the bushes at the river.

He breaks off a stalk from a plant, puts it in his mouth. Chewing slowly and reflectively.

He feels around him, taking stock of what is in the hole. He finds a telephone and gently picks up the receiver. It is an open line.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)
(whispering)
Walk it up another fifty and then
bring it back.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)
You sure they're Japs?

VOICE 1 (O.S.)
I swear I heard them talking.

Croft hangs the phone up and looks out at the river. Mortars fire from behind him and land in the jungle on the other bank. A Japanese mortar answers, and the shell lands somewhere far behind him.

Croft picks up the phone and whistles into it.

CROFT
(whispering)
Wilson... Wilson!...

He hangs up.

CROFT
(continuing)
Fuckin' Wilson.

The night is silent for a few moments. Across the river, in a shadowy part of the bank, some rustling can be heard.

Croft's mouth tightens as he stares at the shadowy bank. He points the machine gun in that that direction, silently.

The rustling grows louder. Something seems to move in the grove, but it is too dark to know for sure.

Croft swallows and twists uncomfortably, scared for the first time in his life.

He hears Wilson clumsily pull back the bolt of his gun. The sound echoes across the water.

CROFT
(continuing; under
his breath)
Dammit, Wilson.

The rustling is silenced on the other side of the river for what feels like a long time. A drop of sweat slides down Croft's face as his eyes skirt back and forth over the spot where he heard the noise. Then, from somewhere across the river we hear a Japanese voice.

VOICE
Yank, Yank!

CROFT
(speaks despite
himself)
That's a Jap.

VOICE
Yank! We you coming-to-get, Yank.

Croft tries to breathe.

VOICE
(continuing)
We you coming-to-get, Yank.

CROFT
(whispers to himself)
Coming to get you, Yank.

VOICE
We you coming-to-get, Yank.
(screams)
We you coming-to-get!

CROFT
COME AND GET ME YOU SONSOFBITCHES!

There is no sound at all for a moment, nothing but the moonlight on the river and the rapt buzzing of the crickets.

VOICE
Oh, we come, Yank, we come.

Croft pulls back the bolt on his machine gun and rams it home.

CROFT
RECON, UP ON THE LINE!

A machine gun lashes out at him from across the river and he drops into his hole. After a few seconds he pops up and fires his gun. The tracers spew wildly into the jungle on the other side of the river. Another round of bullets whiz around him and he ducks back down.

He pops up again, holds the trigger down for a long, vicious burst and then ducks back in the hole.

JAPANESE (O.S.)
AII-YOHHHHHH!

CROFT
Got him. RECON, UP...UP!

He gives them cover fire. Behind him he hears someone shuffling.

CROFT
(continuing)
Recon?

GALLAGHER
Yeah.

Gallagher drops into the hole.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
Mother of Mary.

He is shaking. Croft grips his arm.

CROFT
The other men up?

GALLAGHER
Yeah.

CROFT
They're going to attack.

GALLAGHER
(still trembling)
No way to wake up.

CROFT
Creep along the line and tell them to hold their fire until the Japs start to cross the river.

GALLAGHER
I can't, I can't.

CROFT
Go!

GALLAGHER
I'm sorry.

The Japanese machine gun lashes at them from across the river.

The two men drop down and press themselves against the bottom of the hole. The bullets ricochet and slap dirt on top of them.

Bullets fly everywhere.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)

O God!

A voice from behind them calls out:

VOICE (O.S.)
Jesus, I'm hit, I'm hit!

An explosion goes off near them, knocking more dirt on their heads.

GALLAGHER
Stop, I give up. STOP!...I give up! I give up!

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm hit!

The shrapnel sings as it scatters through the foliage.

Croft finds a box of flare guns in the hole and loads one. Through the explosions and gunshots, he can hear the Japanese shouting. He points the gun in the air.

CROFT
Here they come!

He fires the flare.

CROFT
(continuing)
STOP 'EM!

JAPANESE VOICES
AAAIIIIIIIII, AAIIIIIIIII!

The flare bursts at the moment the Japanese start their charge. They have the stark frozen quality of men revealed by a shaft of lightning.

Croft fires automatically, not looking where, but keeping his gun low, swinging it from side to side.

The line of men charging across the river begins to fall. The troops behind them stumble over the bodies as they continue to forge their way across.

To his right, Croft sees three men on the beach, charging the gun.

He fires point blank and the men fall about five feet from his hole.

Croft fires and fires, shifting targets with the quick reflexes of an athlete shifting for a ball.

The line of Japanese breaks into little bunches of men who waver, and begin to retreat.

The lights of the flare go out and Croft fumbles for another.

CROFT
Where is it?

GALLAGHER
(still huddled at the
bottom of the hole)
What?

CROFT
Shit.

He is blinded from the lack of light but his hand stumbles across a flare.

He loads the gun and fires the flare into the sky.

As it bursts, a few Japanese soldiers are caught motionless in the water. Croft pivots his gun and fires on them. One of the soldiers remains standing for an incredible time. There is no expression on his face; he looks vacant and surprised even as the bullets strike him in the chest. He falls and all is still.

Across the river a wounded soldier screams in Japanese.

JAPANESE SOLDIER
AIIIIIIIIIIII! AIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

CROFT
That sonofabitch is makin' too
much noise.

He picks up a grenade, pulls the pin, and throws it in the direction of the voice. Gallagher has popped his head out in the silence. Croft grabs him and they both duck down.

The grenade explodes. Silence.

CROFT
(continuing)
GIVE 'EM A VOLLEY!

All the men in Recon begin to fire again, and Croft rakes the jungle in short bursts.

CROFT
(continuing)
I guess we gave 'em something.

He stands.

CROFT
(continuing)
Who was hit?

TOGLIO
Me, Toglio.

CROFT
Bad?

TOGLIO
I'm okay. Got a bullet in my elbow.

CROFT
Can you wait till morning?

TOGLIO
Yeah, I'll be okay.

Croft looks out across the river and spits.

CROFT
One of these days I'm gonna really
get me a Jap.

EXT: THE TRAIL FROM THE SUPPLY POST TO RECON'S POSITION -
DAY

Croft, Red, and Gallagher file down the hill with a box of 10-in-1 rations and two five-gallon jerricans of water. Croft is in the lead. He halts. Red mumbles something to Gallagher and the two men start laughing.

CROFT
Just 'cause this is a short
distance and you got a little
weight on your back don' mean
you're supposed to wallow round
like a bunch of squealin' pigs...

He stops abruptly and looks off to his right. He motions for them to keep silent and creeps through some bushes on the side of the trail. After a moment, he waves his arm forward in a slow silent motion. Red and Gallagher move to join him.

Croft puts his finger to his mouth and points through a break in the foliage beside the trail.

About twenty-five yards away in a tiny hollow, four Japanese Soldiers are sprawled on the ground, resting with their heads on their packs.

CROFT
(continuing; whispers)
We can't get through that brush without making a noise. I'm gonna throw a grenade, and then we all rush together. Y'understand?

They nod dumbly and strip their packs.

Croft slips a grenade out of his belt, and pulls the safety pin.

He opens his fingers and the handle of the grenade snaps off and spins a few feet away. The fuse pops and a sputtering noise destroys the silence.

The Japanese soldiers spring to their feet and run a few steps uncertainly back and forth in the tiny circle of the draw.

Red watches the expression of terror on one soldier's face. Then drops to the ground as Croft, having held the lit grenade for one long second, then another, lofts it into the draw.

It explodes in the air over the Japanese soldiers. The three men crash and stumble through the brush, halting at the edge of the draw.

All four Japanese soldiers lay motionless in the trampled kunai grass.

Croft spits softly.

CROFT
(continuing; to Red)
Go down and take a look.

Red slides down the bank to where the bodies lay sprawled. Two of the soldiers are face up, their fatal wounds apparent. The other two are face down, no sign of wounds.

CROFT
(continuing)
Finish them off.

RED
They're dead.

CROFT
Finish them off.

Red points his tommy gun at the back of one of the soldier's heads, takes a little breath and pulls the trigger.

He strides over to the other soldier, points the gun at his head, takes a little breath, and pulls the trigger...but nothing happens, the gun jammed.

He starts to work the bolt. Stuck. The body underneath him rolls over.

The two men stare at each other for a second and the Jap springs to his feet.

Red throws his gun at the soldier, and misses.

They stare at each other for another moment and the Japanese soldier unsheathes a bayonet.

Red turns to run.

RED
Get him. GET HIM, CROFT!

He trips and falls to the ground, motionless, petrified, ready for the blade...

CROFT (O.S.)
Goddam, Red, how long you gonna lay on the ground?

Red rolls over.

The Japanese soldier stands with his hands up, the bayonet at his feet.

RED
Jesus.

CROFT
What do you think of your boy friend?

Red looks at the soldier, for an instant their eyes meet.

RED
What took you guys so goddam long?

GALLAGHER
I was gonna shoot the mother-fucker but you were in the way.

Croft laughs quietly.

CROFT

I guess we frightened him a little more than you, Red.

RED

Might as well head back.

CROFT

You go, Red. Gallagher and me'll follow you in a couple of minutes.

RED

I'll take the Jap?

CROFT

No. Gallagher and me will do it.

RED

I can take him.

CROFT

Go on ahead. You're still shaking.

Red looks at the bodies lying dead in the draw. Already a few insects buzz over a corpse who has lost his face.

Silently, Red leaves.

Croft lights up a cigarette.

GALLAGHER

Let's get rid of him.

CROFT

Hold your water.

GALLAGHER

What's the use of torturing the poor bastard?

CROFT

He ain't complaining.

The prisoner crumples suddenly to his knees and begins to sob in a high pitched voice.

PRISONER

Kood-Sigh! Kood-sigh!

GALLAGHER

Cut it out with that Kood-Sigh shit!

The prisoner is silent for a moment, then begins to beg again.

GALLAGHER

(continuing)

You look like a Yid with that hand waving!

CROFT

Keep it down.

The soldier approaches them pleadingly. The man's odor hits Gallagher's nose.

GALLAGHER

They sure do stink.

Croft looks at his cigarette and on an impulse, hands it to the prisoner.

GALLAGHER

(continuing)

What're you doing?

CROFT

Let him smoke.

The prisoner puffs at it eagerly and self-consciously. Eyes darting suspiciously between Croft and Gallagher.

CROFT

(continuing)

Hey, you, sit down.

The prisoner looks at him with uncomprehending eyes.

Croft makes a gesture with his hands to sit.

CROFT

(continuing)

Sit down.

The prisoner squats with his back against a tree.

CROFT

(continuing)

You got anything to eat?

GALLAGHER

I got a chocolate bar I been saving from the ration.

CROFT

Let's have it.

He takes the bar from Gallagher and hands it to the prisoner.

Croft makes hand to mouth motions. The prisoner tears into the wrapper and wolfs down the chocolate.

CROFT
(continuing)
Goddam, he sure is hungry.

GALLAGHER
What the fug are you doing it for?

Croft removes his canteen and hands it to the man.

CROFT
Go ahead, drink.

The man swallows with long eager draughts.

Croft stares at the prisoner. There are a few tears of joy in the man's eyes. He smiles and points at his breast pocket. Croft reaches in and pulls out a wallet.

In the wallet there is a picture of the Japanese soldier in civilian dress. Beside him are his wife and two small children.

The man points to himself and then indicates how tall his children have grown by holding his hands above the ground.

GALLAGHER
I'm gonna have a kid in a couple of days.

The prisoner smiles politely, but does not understand.

Gallagher points angrily to himself and then holds his arms extended about nine inches apart.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
Me, me.

PRISONER
Ahhhhhhh. Chiisai!

GALLAGHER
Yeah, cheez-igh.

The prisoner nods and smiles again.

Croft gives him another cigarette. The Prisoner bows low and takes it.

Croft lights it for him.

PRISONER
Arigato, arigato, domo arigato.

The prisoner takes a deep puff and leans back against the tree, his eyes closed, a dreamy expression on his face.

Croft brings his rifle up and points it at the man's head.

GALLAGHER
Hey, wait a...

He pulls the trigger.

The prisoner slumps forward, then rolls on his side, dead, still smiling.

GALLAGHER
(continuing;
muttering)
Oh, God save Mary.

CROFT
(staring at the body)
Goddam. That Jap sure died happy.

EXT: BACK AT THE CAMP - AFTERNOON

Stanley, Ridges and Goldstein are sitting around. Stanley sees a long hairy caterpillar and stabs it with his knife. He holds it up to the light and looks at it wiggling, trying to free itself of the blade.

RIDGES
That ain't the right way to treat a bug.

STANLEY
What the hell's so important about a bug?

RIDGES
Tain't doin' you no harm.

STANLEY
(to Goldstein)
The preacher's gettin' all excited.
(he laughs)
Killin' one of Gawd's creatures, huh?

GOLDSTEIN
Every man has his own viewpoint.

STANLEY
You eat meat, don't ya'? Where the hell's it say you can eat meat but you can't kill a bug?

RIDGES
Y' don' eat a bug.

STANLEY
Y' eat Japs? I don't see you caring if you kill one or two of them.

RIDGES
They're heathen.

GOLDSTEIN
Excuse me, but I don't think you're quite right. I was reading an article a few months ago which said there were over a hundred thousand Christians in Japan.

RIDGES
Well, Ah wouldn't want to be killing one of them.

STANLEY
But you'll have to.

RIDGES
The Lord'll keep me from shooting a Christian.

STANLEY
You believe that?

RIDGES
You believe man got a soul?

STANLEY
What the hell is a soul?

RIDGES
Shoot, you ain't so smart as you think y'are. The soul's what leaves a man after he dies. That's why he looks so bad when you see him jus' lyin' in the river, it's because he ain't what he was before. His soul's gone from him.

Stanley is at a loss.

EXT: ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP - LATER

Croft and Martinez are sitting next to each other. Wilson joins them.

WILSON
Listen, they's a little ole mess sergeant in the next camp who's got a still in the woods yonder.

CROFT
How much?

WILSON
Well, he ain't cheap. But he let me sample some, an' it's damn good.

CROFT
How much?

WILSON
Eighty bucks.

CROFT
Pretty steep for three canteens.

WILSON
Yeah, but then what the hell, we're jus' gone get our heads blown off tomorrow.

CROFT
Get Red and Gallagher in, and Martinez and me'll put up.

Wilson smiles.

EXT: ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP - DUSK

Wilson, Croft, Martinez, Gallagher, and Red all sit in a circle drinking.

WILSON
This stuff's meaner than moonshine. Drink fast, that alcohol might eat on the metal.

Gallagher takes a swig and starts from the taste.

GALLAGHER
What the fug is this made of?

WILSON
Oh, it's good stuff.

Takes a big swig.

WILSON
(continuing)
Y'know, whiskey is the kind of thing a man oughtn't to do without.

CROFT
(on a swig)
Don't kid yourself, a man's no more important than a goddam cow.

CROFT

How much?

WILSON

Well, he ain't cheap. But he let
me sample some, an' it's damn good.

CROFT

How much?

WILSON

Eighty bucks.

CROFT

Pretty steep for three canteens.

WILSON

Yeah, but then what the hell,
we're jus' gone get our heads
blown off tomorrow.

CROFT

Get Red and Gallagher in, and
Martinez and me'll put up.

Wilson smiles.

An odd silence.

RED
Back to headquarters company
tomorrow...let's drink to that.
Let's drink to digging the road
again.

The three men who have the canteens raise them.

GALLAGHER
I hope we just dig that fuggin
road for the rest of the campaign.

They sit in drunken silence.

WILSON
They ain't anythin' Ah wouldn't
give to be lovin' it up with a
woman now. Time Ah was workin' as
a bellboy at the Hotel Main in
town, they was a girl there was
workin' as a singer in some little
ol' band that'd come to town, and
she used to keep ringin' for me to
bring her up some drinks. One day,
there she was bare-ass naked. Ah
tell ya, Ah didn't didn't go down
and tend to business for all of
three hours.

GALLAGHER
Fuggin cracker like you, all you
do is screw and eat.

WILSON
What the hell's better?

GALLAGHER
A man can get ahead, that's what.
You work your ass off, you want
something for it.

There are practically tears of frustration in his eyes.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
There was always something
screwing me up.

There is a moody silence.

RED
I'll tell you guys
something...none of ya are ever
gonna get anything.

Croft roars with laughter.

CROFT
You're a good bastard, Gallagher.

He claps Gallagher on the back and turns to Wilson.

CROFT
(continuing)
An' you're jus', jus' an old cock-
hound, Wilson. Ah bet you were
born with a stiff rod.

WILSON
Ah've suspected it mahself.

Croft and Wilson roar with laughter.

CROFT
I'm going to tell you men
something. You're all chicken,
and you're all yellow, but you're
good guys.

(puts his arm around
Martinez)
Japbait here is the best goddam
friend a man could have. Mex or no
Mex, you can't beat him. Even ol'
Red who's a dumb mean old
sonofabitch, and I'm gonna shoot
him someday, even old Red means
alright in his own stupid way.

RED
Up yours, Croft.

CROFT
See what I mean?

Red tries not to, but he laughs with the rest of them.

RED
You're all good fucking guys.

Wilson looks over and sees Goldstein writing a letter not to
far away from them.

WILSON
Hey, Goldstein, come over here.

GOLDSTEIN
Well, thanks, but I'm writing a
letter to my wife now.

WILSON
Aw, forget that ol' letter, it'll wait.

Goldstein sighs, gets up, and walks over.

GOLDSTEIN
What do you want?

WILSON
Have a drink. What do ya' think Ah asked you for?

GOLDSTEIN
Is it real whiskey or is it jungle juice?

WILSON
Y'don' ask questions like that when a man offers ya' a drink.

GALLAGHER
Take the drink or leave it, Izzy.

GOLDSTEIN
No, no, thank you. I really don't want any.

Croft spits and looks away.

CROFT
None of *them* drink.

GOLDSTEIN
Oh, I drink. I like a little sociable drink once in a while, before meals or at a party...

WILSON
Goldstein, you're chicken, that's what ya are.

RED
Go write your letter.

Goldstein frowns, turns around, and leaves.

WILSON
It was jus' a mistake to try an' be nice to him.

MARTINEZ
Man pays for liquor, should drink it. No free drinks.

They sit there in silence for a moment.

Croft sways to his feet and laughs.

CROFT
I'm goin' to sleep.

WILSON
Sergeant - Ah'm gonna call ya sergeant 'cause you're so goddam chicken - sergeant, you got no call to be hittin' the sack.

GALLAGHER
Don't ya see that fuggin Croft is blind now?

Croft pounces on Gallagher and grabs him by the collar.

CROFT
I don' care drunk I am, none you men got a call to talk to me that way, none of you men.

He pushes Gallagher back down.

CROFT
(continuing)
I'm rememberin' just what the hell you say...I'm rememberin', wait till tomorrow.

He stops, laughs again, then walks towards his tent.

CROFT
(continuing; over his shoulder)
Wilson, you got third watch.

The men laugh.

WILSON
Aw, shoot.

EXT: THE CAMP - 2:30 AM

Wilson sits behind the machine gun as he finishes off the fourth canteen of whiskey.

About fifteen yards beyond the barbed wire is a bush which casts a large shaddow to its left.

WILSON
Goddam bush. Think you're gonna hide a Jap, don't ya?

He shakes his head.

WILSON
(continuing)
No goddam Jap's gonna sneak up on me.

He pulls the bolt of the machine gun back and slaps it into place.

WILSON
(continuing)
Bush, Ah could've tole ya not to grow there.

He pulls the trigger and a stream of bullets come flying out.

When he finishes, the bush is still standing.

He frowns and fires again, longer this time.

CROFT (O.S.)
RECON, UP, UP ON THE LINE!

Croft jumps into the Foxhole with Wilson.

Wilson fires again and Croft realizes he is not shooting at the Japanese.

CROFT
What're you doing?

WILSON
Ah got it.

CROFT
(whispers)
What?

WILSON
The bush. Yonder. Ah couldn' see through. It was gettin' me all in a lather.

CROFT
You didn't see any Japs?

WILSON
Hell, no. Ah wouldn' use a machine gun if Ah saw a Jap, Ah'd use a rifle. Don' want me to spot the position for one lousy Jap, do ya?

Croft grabs him by the shoulders and shakes him viciously.

CROFT
(trying to repress his rage)
I swear, I swear...you ever pull a trick like that again, I'll shoot you myself.

He breaks off and gets out of the hole. The men have advanced at this point and he calls to them.

CROFT
(continuing)
Go on back. It was a false alarm.

GALLAGHER
Who fired?

CROFT
Go on back!

He turns to Wilson.

CROFT
(continuing)
Man, you're on my shit-list from now on.

He heads back to his bunk.

WILSON
(sighs)
Ah get in more trouble when Ah get drunk.

He breaks and giggles to himself.

EXT: MAIN BASE CAMP - DAY

Recon comes strolling into camp. A soldier running by shout

SOLDIER
Mail call!

EXT: ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP - LATER

Gallagher, Red and Wilson sit down with their letters. Gallagher has fifteen, all from his wife. Wilson has two from his wife. Red has no letters.

WILSON
(puts the second letter down)
Ah gave that damn woman lovin' she'll never forget, and now she's fussin' over why Ah don' send some o' my pay.

RED
(snorts)
You're gonna die in jail.

Croft comes up to them.

CROFT
(to Gallagher)
The chaplain wants to see you.

GALLAGHER
What about?

CROFT
I don't know. Why don't you go ask him.

INT: FATHER LEARY'S TENT - DAY

Gallagher enters.

GALLAGHER
Good afternoon, Father Leary.

FATHER LEARY
Sit down, Gallagher.

He sits.

GALLAGHER
What is it, Father?

FATHER LEARY
Go ahead and smoke, son.

Father Leary passes him a cigarette and lights it for him with a match.

FATHER LEARY
(continuing)
You get much mail from home, Gallagher?

GALLAGHER
My wife writes me every day, almost, Father. She's going to be having a baby real soon.

FATHER LEARY
Yes.

Leary fingers his lip, and then sits abruptly. He puts his hand on Gallagher's knee.

FATHER LEARY
(continuing)
Son, I have some bad news for you.

GALLAGHER
What is it, Father?

FATHER LEARY
Son, there are a lot of difficult hours in life. You have to believe God understands and does what is best, even if we don't know why.

GALLAGHER
My wife didn't leave me, did she?

FATHER LEARY
No, son,
(pause)
There's been a death.

GALLAGHER
My mother?

FATHER LEARY
I'm afraid it was your wife.

An insect flies in through the folded flaps of the tent. Gallagher's eyes follow it.

GALLAGHER
Wha-a-a-at?

FATHER LEARY
Your wife died in childbirth, Gallagher.

Father Leary looks away.

FATHER LEARY
(continuing)
They were able to save your child, though.

GALLAGHER
Mary wasn't very big.

He begins to shiver uncontrollably.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
Dead.

The word has no sense.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
Ohhhhhhh.

FATHER LEARY
It's terribly hard to be so far
away from home, unable to see your
beloved ones for the last time.

Life goes on. It's not without
meaning that your child was
saved... Son, you've got to have
courage.

Gallagher stands up.

GALLAGHER
Well, thanks, Father.

FATHER LEARY
Go to your tent, son, and lie down.

GALLAGHER
Okay, Father.

EXT: WILSON AND GALLAGHER'S TENT - DAY

Gallagher walks by Red, Wilson and Croft.

WILSON
What'd Father Leary have to tell
ya?

Gallagher does not even see them as he walks into the tent.

INT: WILSON AND GALLAGHER'S TENT - CONTINUING

Gallagher stretches out on his blanket.

GALLAGHER
I bet a fuggin Yid was the doctor.

He grips his blanket in restrained anguish.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
The Yid killed her.

He grips harder, trying to turn the pain into anger.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
I ain't gone to confession for too
long.

Gallagher's eyes rush over with tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: THE ROAD TO TOYAKU LINE - THREE WEEKS LATER

Recon is working on the road.

Red, and Wilson are next to each other in a line.

WILSON
Hey, Red, Ah'm holdin' a letter
here for Gallagher. Ah don' know
what to do.

RED
Give it to him.

WILSON
The letter's from his wife.

RED
That boy's going to flip his lid.

WILSON
What should Ah do?

RED
He's a grown man. Give it to him.

Wilson makes his way over to Gallagher, who is working
methodically, shoveling without pause in the drainage ditch.

WILSON
Mail for ya, boy.

Gallagher's face whitens as he sees the handwriting on the
envelope.

GALLAGHER
(mutters)
That ain't for me. Some mistake.

WILSON
It's your letter, boy.

He puts his hand on Gallagher's shoulder. Gallagher shakes it
off.

WILSON
(continuing)
You want me to throw it away?

Gallagher shivers a little.

GALLAGHER
No, give it to me.

He begins to tremble.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
Holy Mary, Joseph and Jesus.

He walks off a ways from the road and opens the letter.

MARY (V.O.)
I been worrying about you, Roy,
you're always so angry about
everything, and I pray for your
safety every night. I love you so
much when I think of the baby,
only sometimes I can't believe
that it's going to come so soon.
Only three weeks now, the doctor
said.

GALLAGHER
Oh, Christ Savior.

EXT: OVER BY RED - CONTINUING

Wilson comes back.

RED
Didn't Gallagher say his wife
wrote him just about every day?

WILSON
Yeah.

RED
So, he could be getting letters
from her for the next three weeks.

WILSON
Ah wouldn't want to be around when
he gets the last.

They look at Gallagher.

INT: FATHER LEARY'S TENT - DAY

Father leary is sitting across from Gallagher.

FATHER LEARY
Perhaps it would be best if you
didn't receive any more letters.

GALLAGHER
She's gonna die if you take her
letters away.

FATHER LEARY
I'm sorry, I don't understand.

GALLAGHER
You can't take them away.

INT: WILSON AND GALLAGHER'S TENT - NIGHT

Gallagher is moaning in his sleep. Wilson lies awake staring
at him.

GALLAGHER
(in his sleep)
Please, God, don't let her die,
I'll be a good guy, I swear I'll
be a good guy!

Wilson claps his hand over Gallagher's mouth.

WILSON
You're havin' a nightmare, boy.

GALLAGHER
Okay.

EXT: THE ROAD TO TOYAKU LINE - DAY

Recon carries crates on their shoulders and loads them onto a
truck.

Wilson comes over to Red.

WILSON
Ah'm worried about Gallagher. Ah
think today might be the day he
flips.

RED
Why say that?

WILSON
I was doin' some accountin' on how
many letters he got since he heard
she was dead, and they ain't but
one more comin'.

RED
You sure?

WILSON
Ah ain't far off from sure.

Croft comes up to them.

RED
Gallagher's gonna get the last
letter today.

CROFT
That boy's goin' to flip.

A soldier calls out:

SOLDIER
Mail-Call!

Croft, Wilson and Red all look at each other.

CROFT
Alright, men, get your mail and
get back to work!

Gallagher runs to see if there's a letter for him.

Croft, Red and Wilson all look on.

Gallagher is handed a letter. His beaming smile turns to a
numb frown as he sees the date on it. He stumbles for a
second then starts to walk off toward the beach.

CROFT
(continuing)
Hey, Gallagher! Where you going?

GALLAGHER
I don't know. I'll be back.

He starts to run.

EXT: THE BEACH OF ANOPOPEI - DAY

Gallagher has run a few hundred yards and finally drops to
the sand and opens his letter.

MARY (V.O.)
Roy, honey, this'll be the last
letter I'll write for a couple of
days, the pain started just a
little while ago. I'm awful scared
cause Dr. Newcome said I could
have a hard time, but don't worry.
Everything will be alright, I know
it. Take awful good care of
yourself cause I would be afraid
to be alone. I love you so much,
honey. I wish you could be with me

He folds the letter and puts it back in his pocket.

GALLAGHER
Fuggin women, that's all they
know, love. Just want to hold a
man down.

In spite of his will, one tear drops from his eye.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
She did have one hell of a bosom.

Another tear falls.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
And I never had to be anything but
myself around her.

Gallagher falls into uncontrollable sobs.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
Oh, God I miss you, Mary. I miss
you so much.

He cries. And cries. Until, finally, he has no tears left.

He looks out at the ocean.

A smile comes to his face.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
I got a kid.

He wipes his eyes and sighs.

GALLAGHER (V.O.)
If it's a boy, I'm gonna train him
early. A pro baseball player.
That's where the money is.

After a moment he gets up, wipes the sand off his clothes,
and slowly makes his way back to the road.

INT: CUMMINGS' QUARTERS - MORNING

Hearn is inspecting the clean-up job that private Clellan ha
just done.

HEARN
Good job on that bed, Clellan.

CLELLAN
You think so, Lieutenant?

Hearn inspects the flaps of the fly-tent. He has mud on his shoes and Clellan notices he is leaving it on the mopped floorboards of the quarters.

CLELLAN
(continuing)

You're tracking it up, Lieutenant.

Hearn stares at the muddy marks his shoes have made.

HEARN
Sorry, Clellan.

CLELLAN
It's a lot of work, Lieutenant.

HEARN
You don't work so hard.

CLELLAN
Cain't say any of us do.

Hearn turns away and finishes examining the room.

HEARN
Everything seems okay today except the flowers. The General wants fresh flowers in his room everyday.

CLELLAN
I'll tell you, Lieutenant, it don't seem to me as if the General cares much about having flowers.

HEARN
Get them anyway.

CLELLAN
Yestiday, General said to me, "Clellan, whose idea is those damn flowers?" I told him I didn't know.

HEARN
The General said that?

Hearn, furious, lights a cigarette.

HEARN
(continuing)
Suppose you change the flowers, Clellan. I happen to be the one who hears the complaints.

CLELLAN
Lieutenant, I pass the General maybe ten times a day. I reckon he'd say something to me if he figgered I wasn't doin' it right.

HEARN
You'll just have to take my word for it, Clellan.

CLELLAN
Lieutenant, you just want to remember that the General's a man, there's no sense in being afraid of him.

HEARN
Get the flowers, Clellan.

EXT: OUTSIDE THE OFFICERS' MESS - MORNING

Mantelli greets Hearn with a clap on the back.

MANTELLI
Keep away from Poppa today.

HEARN
What's the matter?

MANTELLI
Last night we got a lonely hearts from Corps. They told Cummings to get his ass in gear. Jesus! He'll have me leading Head-quarters Company in a charge.

HEARN
All you're good for, is charging a chow line.

MANTELLI
Ain't it the truth.

INT: CUMMINGS' QUARTERS - DAY

Cummings is seated at his desk studying a report. Hearn enters.

HEARN
Wanted to see me, General.

CUMMINGS
(not looking up)
They won't have the airfield ready for two months. Switched a priority on me.

HEARN
That's too bad, sir.

CUMMINGS
Naturally I'm expected to win the damn campaign without it.

He stops, takes out a handkerchief and wipes away the white spittle which has formed at the corners of his mouth.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
I thought the tent was pretty good this morning.

HEARN
Thank you, sir.

CUMMINGS
You junior officers getting all your liquor supplies?

Hearn looks at him oddly.

HEARN
Yes, I believe we are.

CUMMINGS
Mm.

HEARN
Why do you ask?

CUMMINGS
I'm taking a trip up to Second Battalion this morning. Will you tell Richman to have the jeep ready for me in ten minutes?

HEARN
Am I coming along, sir?

CUMMINGS
Eh, no. I want you to go out to the beach, and pick up some extra supplies for officer's mess.

EXT: THE SUPPLY SHIP - DAY

Hearn's boat ties onto the side of the ship and Hearn boards.

There is a sailor mopping the floor as he boards.

HEARN
Who's in charge of ship's stores?

The sailor looks at him, and then jerks a thumb in the direction of the hatch.

INT: THE HATCH - CONTINUING

Kerrigan, a lean, rather battered face with a few teeth missing, is sitting behind a crummy desk.

Hearn enters.

HEARN
Are you Kerrigan?

KERRIGAN
That's right, sonny. What can I do for you?

HEARN
Cut out the 'sonny' crap. Here's the requisition for the supplies I want. I'd like to get out of here without taking up too much of your time or mine.

Kerrigan looks at the slip.

KERRIGAN
Five cases of whiskey, a carton of salad oil, five jars mayonnaise, one crate boned canned chicken... I can give y' the whisky. For the rest of it, we're not runnin' a stop-and-shop.

HEARN
If you'll notice the requisition is signed by the General.

KERRIGAN
When the General runs this ship, I'll start to sweat.

HEARN
I have funds from officer's mess to pay for them.

KERRIGAN
We're not special caterers to officers' mess, Lieutenant.

Kerrigan crosses out everything but the whiskey, scribbles his signature, and hands the paper back to Hearn.

KERRIGAN
(continuing)
If you'll take this down into hold
number two, ye'll get your whisky.

HEARN
Thank you, Kerrigan.

KERRIGAN
Any time, Lieutenant, any time.

INT: HOLD NUMBER TWO - CONTINUING

The sailor on duty looks over the list as Hearn stands there.

SAILOR
Just five cases of whisky, huh?

HEARN
How about getting the rest of
that, Jack?

SAILOR
Can't. Kerrigan crossed it off.

HEARN
It's worth ten dollars to you if
you give me that stuff.

SAILOR
I can't get away with that. What
if Kerrigan sees me loading it on?

HEARN
He's in his office doing some
work. He won't be out.

SAILOR
I can't take the chance,
Lieutenant. It would show up in
inventory.

HEARN
I've worked with things like this.
You can't account for food.

SAILOR
I don't know, Lieutenant.

HEARN
You mean to tell me, Kerrigan's
never been down here to pick up a
little food for himself?

SAILOR
Well it's a risky business giving
it to you.

HEARN
How about twelve dollars?

SAILOR
All right. I'll take a chance.

EXT: THE SIDE OF THE SUPPLY SHIP - DAY

Hearn's three men load the last of the crates onto the barge.

HEARN
Come on, men, let's get going.

Hearn drags a tarpaulin over the supplies.

Kerrigan emerges from the hatch.

KERRIGAN
If ye don't mind, Lieutenant, I'd
like to have a look at what ye're
taking away.

HEARN
(grins)
Start the motors.
(to Kerrigan)
Too late, man!

The motor coughs, sputters, and dies. Seeing this, Kerrigan
begins to climb down the rope ladder to the barge.

HEARN
(continuing)
Start those motors.

He glares at the Helmsman.

HEARN
(continuing)
Get going!

The motor sputters again, catches momentarily, lapses, and
then steadies.

Kerrigan is halfway down the scramble net.

HEARN
(continuing)
All right, let's go!

The barge backs away from the supply ship, leaving Kerrigan
stranded in the middle of the net.

HEARN
(continuing)
So long, Kerrigan!

The helmsman laughs with Hearn and the boat heads back to Division Headquarters.

INT: CUMMINGS' QUARTERS - DAY

Hearn enters and finds Cummings is not there. He lights a cigarette and sits down on a foot locker, surveying the tent distastefully.

Remembering the match in his hand, he gets up and walks over to the waste basket and is about to throw it away, but pauses for a moment, then throws the match on the floor.

HEARN
(says it aloud)
He knew damn well Kerrigan
wouldn't give me those supplies.

He takes one more drag on his cigarette and drops it on the floor, crushing it under his toe and grinding the burnt tobacco into the spotless floor-boards.

HEARN
(continuing)
Let Cummings see that.

He takes a pen and some clean paper on the desk and writes a note:

INSERT:

The Note:

"Sir, Waited for you but you didn't show up. I brought back the supplies you indicated. - Hearn."

He leaves Cummings' quarters.

INT: CUMMINGS' QUARTERS - LATER

Cummings enters and immediately sees the cigarette smashed on the floor.

He looks at Hearn's note.

INT: CUMMINGS' QUARTERS - LATER

Hearn enters, Cummings is sitting in front of his desk, another chair facing him. The cigarette on the floor is gone.

HEARN
Wanted to see me, sir?

CUMMINGS
Sit down.

Cummings lights up a cigarette with great deliberation.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
It's been a long time since we've
had a talk, Robert.

HEARN
(sitting)
Yes, sir.

Hearn lights a cigarette.

A pause before he leans over and puts the match in the ashtray.

CUMMINGS
You're remarkably neat.

HEARN
Family upbringing.

CUMMINGS
Have you ever wondered, Robert,
why we're fighting this war?

HEARN
Do you want a serious answer, sir?

CUMMINGS
Yes.

HEARN
As far as I'm concerned, it's an
imperialist tossup. Either we
gobble up Asia or Japan does.

CUMMINGS
It seems to me, Robert, you can do
a little better than that.

HEARN
There's an osmosis in war. We
might easily go Fascist after we
win.

CUMMINGS
Not that you really care.

HEARN
Probably not.

Hearn looks at his watch.

HEARN
(continuing)
Isn't it time for chow.

CUMMINGS
You'll go to chow when I release you.

HEARN
Yes, sir.

CUMMINGS
You threw that cigarette on my floor today, didn't you?

HEARN
I figured that was going to be the point of this talk.

CUMMINGS
It's not the kind of thing I am going to permit.

The General waves his half-smoked cigarette in a small circle.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
If I were to throw this down on the floor, would you pick it up?

HEARN
I hope I'd be enough of a man to tell you to go to hell.

CUMMINGS
I wonder. I've indulged you too long. Suppose you understood that if you don't pick it up, I will court-martial you. How about five years in a prison stockade.

HEARN
I wonder if you have the power to do that?

CUMMINGS
I do.

HEARN
It's a bit steep?

CUMMINGS
It's tremendously steep, it has to be. There was the old myth of divine intervention.
(more)

CUMMINGS (cont'd)
You blasphemed, and a lightning bolt struck you. That was a little steep too. If punishment is at all proportionate to the offense, then power becomes watered. The only way you generate the proper attitude of awe and obedience is through immense and disproportionate power. Now, how do you think you would react?

HEARN
I resent this. It's an unfair proposition.

CUMMINGS
It's no accident that I have this power. Nor is it that you're in a situation like this. You're a fool. If I were a blustering profane General of the conventional variety, you wouldn't have thrown down that cigarette.

Cummings tosses the cigarette at Hearn's feet.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
Robert, pick it up.

He stares into Hearn's eyes.

Hearn bends down, picks up the cigarette, and puts it in an ashtray.

CUMMINGS
(continuing)
You can go to chow now.

HEARN
General, I'd like a transfer to another division.

CUMMINGS
Suppose I don't care to arrange it.

Hearn starts to exit, then stops and turns around.

HEARN
Short of bringing in every man in the outfit, all six thousand of them, and having them pick up your cigarettes, how are you going to impress them?

CUMMINGS
I'll manage, Lieutenant. Worry
about your own concerns.

INT: CUMMINGS' QUARTERS - LATER

Cummings and Dalleson stand over a map of Anopopei.

CUMMINGS
I want a platoon to scout the Jap
rear.

DALLESON
By boat, Sir?

CUMMINGS
Landing in Botoi Bay.

DALLESON
They'd have to march thirty or
forty miles through jungle. No way
to tell how many Jap patrols could
be out there.

CUMMINGS
They could take the mountain.

DALLESON
It's not possible, Sir.

CUMMINGS
Then they take the jungle. Which
platoon was it you said did so
well at the river a few weeks ago?

DALLESON
Recon, Sir.

CUMMINGS
They're short a Lieutenant,
aren't they?

DALLESON
Yes, Sir.

CUMMINGS
Put Hearn in with them. They can
set out tomorrow.

EXT: ASSAULT BOAT - DUSK

The boat wallows toward the western tip of Anopopei, within
a mile of shore.

Water sloshes along the floor of the landing craft.

The men lean against the sides, covering themselves with
their ponchos.

Hearn stands on the pilot's hatch at the stern, staring down
into the troop well.

Croft squats on his cot, sharpening his trench knife against
a little whetstone.

EXT: DIRECTLY BENEATH HEARN - CONTINUING

Wilson and Red are talking in the troop well. Hearn enters.

HEARN
(he nods to Wilson)
Those runs still bothering you?

WILSON
Ain't too bad, Lootenant. Ah, jus'
hope to hell Ah git over 'em by
tomorrow.

RED
You ain't got nothing a gallon of
paregoric ain't gonna cure.

WILSON
Ah wish to hell they didn't send
us out today. Ah jus' hate to be
sick like this.

HEARN
You'll pull out of it.

WILSON
Ah don' want ya thinkin' Ah'm a
fuck-off, Lootenant. Any of the
men'll tell you Ah ain't. But this
misery.

Over by Croft, Stanley comes and sits down.

STANLEY
It's a goddam shame. They shoulda
commissioned you before sticking
some ninety-day wonder in on us.

Croft shrugs.

STANLEY
(continuing)
I damn sure can tell you that I'd
rather have you running this
patrol.

Croft spits.

STANLEY
(continuing)
We need somebody who knows the score. This patrol's going to be a rough one.

Stanley fingers his mustache.

STANLEY
(continuing)
To tell you the truth, Sam, I ain't sorry we caught it. You get tired of hanging around.

CROFT
That's what you think, huh?

STANLEY
Well, I wouldn't tell it to everybody, but, yes, I want to do something.

Croft does not respond, he goes back to sharpening his knife.

STANLEY
(continuing)
What do you figure on doin' if we can't get through the pass?

He points to it in the distance.

Croft suddenly gets close to Stanley's face.

CROFT
I'll give you a bit of advice.

Stanley holds his ground but is scared.

CROFT
(continuing)
In the Army, you can't do somethin' one way, you damn sure better do it another.

He goes back to sharpening his knife.

STANLEY
I'm not saying I'm happy about the patrol, but it's going to be an experience.

Red sits down next to Stanley.

RED
Hey, Stanley, you think they'll give you a Silver Star?

STANLEY
Fuck you, Red.

RED
I know what, they're going to give you the Purple Ass-hole.

Croft watches with a slight pleasure.

STANLEY
This ain't the time, Red, but wait'll we get back.

RED
Yeah, send me a letter.

STANLEY
I wish you were in my squad.

Red laughs.

The boat rounds a bend of the island and the men are able to see Mount Anaka. It arches coldly and remotely from the jungle beneath it. It looks like an immense old gray elephant erecting himself somberly on his front legs, his haunches lost in the green bedding of his lair.

Croft, Red, and Stanley all stop to gaze upon it.

CROFT
That mountain's mighty old.

He smiles.

EXT: ANOTHER PART OF THE DECK - CONTINUING

Goldstein and Martinez lie in adjacent bunks talking about America.

MARTINEZ
In America, lots of opportunity.

GOLDSTEIN
Oh, there is. I've got plans for setting up my own business.

MARTINEZ
Lot's of money in your own business.

GOLDSTEIN
Sometimes.

MARTINEZ
After the war, maybe I'll get out of the Army.

GOLDSTEIN
You certainly ought to. I mean
you're an intelligent fellow.

Martinez sighs.

MARTINEZ
Still...I'm not educated.

GOLDSTEIN
Being honest and sincere in
business can carry you through.
All the really big men got where
they are through decency.

MARTINEZ
A rich man can do anything he damn
well feel like it.

GOLDSTEIN
Well, if I were rich I'd like to
be charitable.

MARTINEZ
(looks up at the
mountain)
Long trip.

GOLDSTEIN
It's a wonder none of the men are
sick.

MARTINEZ
Roth and Ridges, they're sick.

GOLDSTEIN
I'm used to being on boats. A
friend of mine had a sailboat on
Long Island. You can't beat
America for beautiful country.

Gallagher flops down next to them.

GALLAGHER
(snorts)
You can say that again.

GOLDSTEIN
Did you ever go out on boats,
Gallagher?

GALLAGHER
I went canoeing once in a while
out on the Charles, past West
Roxbury. Used to go with my wife.

He stops, realizing what he has said.

GOLDSTEIN
Oh, I'm sorry.

GALLAGHER
That's all right. Forget it.

He looks at the ground as does Goldstein and Martinez.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
Look, you got a kid, ain't ya?

GOLDSTEIN
Oh, yes. My boy is three years old
now. Wait, I'll show you a picture
of him.

With some effort, he rolls over on his cot and withdraws his
wallet.

GOLDSTEIN
(continuing)
We've got a big picture at home of
him that we had a professional
photographer take, and honestly it
could win a prize.

GALLAGHER
(looks at the picture)
What is it like, havin' a kid?

GOLDSTEIN
Children make life worth while.

Gallagher notices nearly all the men on the boat are standing
on their bunks or chinning themselves on the starboard
bulkhead.

GALLAGHER
What are they lookin' at?

GOLDSTEIN
It's the sunset, I think.

Martinez stands up on his bunk, straddles his feet on the
side poles, and stares into the West.

The sunset makes an arc along the harbor, washed in a vivid
spectrum of crimson and golden yellows and canary greens.

All the men watch until, slowly, inevitably, the beach
dissolves in the encompassing night.

EXT: BOTOI BAY - MORNING

The sunlight is pleasant. The men loll about on the sand as they watch the assault craft back off from shore and start on its return journey.

Hearn and Croft have an aerial map of the area on the ground between them.

HEARN

It seems to me, Sergeant, the best way is to work up that river as far as we can, and then cut trail.

CROFT

Ain't no other way to do it far as I see. It's going to take a lot more time than you figure, Lootenant.

HEARN

It's only two miles through the jungle.

Croft nods dourly.

CROFT

That little ol' stream might take us where we want to go, but you can't trust an aerial map.

He spits.

CROFT

(continuing)

Only damn thing to do is start out.

HEARN

That's right.

CROFT

(to the men)

Okay, troopers, we're setting out.

HEARN

Give them an idea of what we're doin'.

Croft shrugs.

CROFT

(to the men)

We're gonna head up this here river as far as we can go, and you might just as well expect to get your asses wet. So if y'got any bitching, do it now. They ain't supposed to be any Japs down this far, but that don't mean you're to walk like a bunch of goddam sheep looking at the ground.

He looks to Hearn.

CROFT

(continuing)

Anything y'want to tell them, Lootenant?

HEARN

Yes.

He squints into the sun.

HEARN

(continuing)

Men, I don't know any of you, and you don't know me. Maybe you don't want to know me.

A few men snicker. Hearn grins at them.

HEARN

(continuing)

Anyway, I'm your baby, I've landed in your lap. I'll try to be fair, but you've got to remember that about the time your tails are dragging and I give an order to move on, I'll be as bushed as any of you.

The men laugh.

Hearn smiles.

HEARN

(continuing)

All right, let's go.

The platoon sets out in a single column. Fifty to sixty pounds of equipment distributed over each man's body; one gun, four grenades, two canteens, two belts of ammo, one cartridge belt, twenty-one K-rations, and one blanket.

EXT: WHERE THE FOLIAGE GROWS INTO THE WATER - MORNING

Croft surveys the situation and then wades out to the center of the stream.

Five yards from the shore he halts.

CROFT
We're gonna have to hold to the
bank, Lootenant.

He begins to fight his way along the edge of the stream, the water covering his thighs.

Laboriously the men follow him, their shirts as wet from perspiration as their trousers are from the river.

EXT: FURTHER DOWN THE RIVER - LATER

They come upon a broad flat rock about which the river curves.

HEARN
Break!

Hearn flops down on the rock, out of shape. His heart beats with the clamor of early fatigue and his hands tremble slightly.

Brown sits down next to Martinez.

BROWN
What do you think of this new
looeey?

MARTINEZ
Nice guy. Too friendly, maybe.
Platoon leader should be tough.

BROWN
Looks like he could be a mean
sonofabitch.

Brown lights a cigarette and exhales cautiously.

BROWN
(continuing)
You know, I swear, Japbait, times
like this when we're on a patrol
I wish I was a private. I was
pretty goddam proud when I made
sergeant, but I don't know if I'd
take it if I had to do over again.

MARTINEZ
(slyly amused)
It's hard.

BROWN
You're fuggin' ay, it's hard. You
can take just so much, and then
your nerves start to go.

Brown stares into the water.

BROWN
(continuing)
Sometimes I'm afraid I'll just go
to pieces and won't be able to do
a goddam thing.

MARTINEZ
Gotta' stick.

BROWN
I ain't going to back down. I'm
not that kind of guy. I think
there'd be nothing lower. Nothing.

EXT: ANOTHER PART OF THE RIVER - LATER

They come to rapids which are too rocky, too swift to be crossed on foot without a rope.

Croft hacks some thick vines off a tree and ties them together with large square knots. Then begins to tie it to his waist.

CROFT
I'm gonna take it across,
Lootenant.

HEARN
I'll take a whack at it, Sergeant.

Croft shrugs and hands it to him.

Hearn ties the rope around his waist, hands Croft his pack and carbine, and steps out into the rapids.

He wades through, stumbling from rock to rock, slipping to his knees many times. Once he goes under completely.

Finally, he reaches the other side and collapses, motionless and panting for a moment. Then he stands up and ties the vine about a tree.

Croft is the first one across, carrying Hearn's pack and carbine beside his own.

The rest of the men struggle across the river behind him, holding onto the vine.

EXT: FURTHER DOWN THE RIVER - LATER

The stream splits. The men are sitting around waiting for something. Croft is looking up.

EXT: ON TOP OF A LARGE TREE - CONTINUING

Martinez is spread-eagled on a limb, surveying the terrain. The jungle ends not too far away and a progression of bare yellow hills lift toward the distant slopes of Mount Anaka.

EXT: AT THE BOTTOM OF THE TREE - CONTINUING

Martinez climbs down and goes over to Croft and Hearn.

MARTINEZ

We follow this one, maybe two-three hundred yards, then cut trail.

CROFT

Okay, Japbait.

Croft looks to Hearn, who is panting from exhaustion still.

CROFT

(continuing)

I'm gonna divide up the platoon for cutting trail, but I'm gonna leave us out of it, 'cause we'll have enough to do.

HEARN

Anything you say, Sergeant.

EXT: A LITTLE WAYS INTO THE CUT TRAIL - LATER

Most of the men lounge along the trail waiting for their shift at cutting.

Roth and Minetta are up, attempting to cut. They are wretched. After three or four slashes with his machete, Roth is unable to lift his arm. The knife falls from his nerveless fingertips.

Croft comes up behind them.

CROFT

Minetta, if you and Roth ain't the meanest most shiftless pair of fuck ups I ever had. Get your finger out of your ass.

MINETTA

I don't see you working. It's pretty goddam easy...

Croft gives Minetta a look, sharp enough to stop him.

MINETTA

(continuing; timidly)

I don't see you working.

CROFT

Next river we come to, you can carry the Lootenant's goddam pack across, and you won't have to work.

Roth and Minetta pick up their machetes and continue to slash out the trail.

Croft watches them for a few seconds, then turns and walks away.

EXT: ANOTHER PART OF THE TRAIL - LATER

Minetta and Roth come and sit down by Goldstein.

MINETTA

That sonofabitch Croft.

GOLDSTEIN

Croft!

He looks around warily for a moment.

GOLDSTEIN

(continuing)

I thought when we got that Lieutenant, things would be different.

ROTH

I wouldn't trust an officer. They work hand in glove with guys like Croft.

GOLDSTEIN

He should take over. If you leave it to somebody like Croft, we're just dirt to him.

MINETTA

He's got it in for us new guys. But I ain't afraid of him, I told him what I thought, you saw that.

GOLDSTEIN

I wish I had done it. I'm too easy going.

MINETTA

You can't let those guys run right over ya.

GOLDSTEIN

I've often debated, is it worth it? maybe it's better to live and let live.

MINETTA

Sometimes I get to thinking, you know, what's it all about? I was in the hospital for a leg wound, there was this guy who died in the middle of the night. Nobody knew 'till morning. He lay there dead, all night long, not four yards away from me.

GOLDSTEIN

Oh, that's terrible. He died just like that with nobody near him.

Goldstein's eyes fill with tears.

MINETTA

Jesus, what's the matter?

GOLDSTEIN

I don't know, it's just so sad. He probably had a wife, parents.

Minetta nods.

MINETTA

You know you Jews feel sorrier for yourself and sorrier for everybody else than most people do.

ROTH

I'd like to take exception to that.

MINETTA

What do ya mean?

ROTH

I think your statement is absolutely without foundation.

MINETTA

What do you think, Goldstein?

GOLDSTEIN

I don't know, I thought there was a lot of sense in what you said.

ROTH

Absolutely without foundation.

MINETTA

Is that all you can say?

(mocking)

Ab-so-lute-ly without foun-da-tion.

ROTH

All right, then consider me. I'm a Jew, but I'm not religious. I'm probably less informed about it than you are, Minetta. Who are you to say what I feel? I consider myself an American.

GOLDSTEIN

Why do you think Croft and Brown don't like you?

ROTH

That's a species of question I don't like.

GOLDSTEIN

Whether you practice it or not, a Jew you were born, and a Jew you are going to die. That's just the way the world is.

EXT: THE END OF THE TRAIL - DAY

The men are taking a break. An endless field of seven foot high Kunai Grass lies before them.

Hearn stands up.

HEARN

(to the platoon)

It's three o'clock, men and we've still got a lot of ground to cover. I want to make at least six more miles before dark.

MINETTA

Have a heart, Lieutenant.

HEARN

If we don't make it today, we'll just have to do it tomorrow.

CROFT

From now on you gotta keep patrol discipline.

He fingers his chin.

CROFT
(continuing)
I don' know if we're gonna make
six miles or two, 'cause you can't
tell ahead, but we're damn sure
gonna do it right, I don't care
what distance.

Hearn flushes slightly.

HEARN
All right, men, let's go.

The men start off marching, their uniforms stick dankly to
their bodies.

The hills are tinted a canary yellow, spread out about them
in an unending run of broad smooth curves.

The men do not appreciate the beauty. They cannot see more
than two or three yards, and so dog at each other's heels,
the grass whipping nastily into their faces.

Martinez leads the patrol, taking his direction from the sun,
never pausing for a moment.

Wilson and Red are behind Martinez.

WILSON
(trying his best to
keep up while
clenching his
buttocks tightly)
Ah, heard a rumor that some
natives use'ta live in this part
of the island.

RED
Yeah, what happened to them?

WILSON
They all died in a plague of Scrub
Typhus.

Wilson rubs his belly and looks miserable.

Martinez sees the ghost of a native looking on as the men
trudge through the grass. He ignores it and keeps moving
ahead. The ghost disappears as he does.

EXT: A CLEARING - DUSK

The men stumble into an open area and collapse on the ground.

Roth's hands and legs twitch uncontrollably.

Brown retches emptily.

No one talks.

HEARN
This is our night's bivouac, men.

He sees Croft is off scouting the best position for the guard
post. He heads over to him.

Croft stops and gazes up at Mount Anaka, mesmerized.

Hearn stands next to him, looking at the mountain through
binoculars.

Croft stares at him for a moment. Disdainful.

Hearn offers Croft the binoculars and stares at him,
untrusting.

EXT: THE CLEARING - MORNING

Hearn wakes up and sees Croft at the top of the hill,
surveying the land in front of them.

HEARN
Damn.

EXT: THE HILL - CONTINUOUS

Hearn makes his way up to Croft.

CROFT
Damn sure seems like the Japs
would be watching that pass. They
don't want to be taken from behind.

HEARN
They probably have enough to do
without protecting this spot

Croft spits.

CROFT
Lootenant, that pass is narrow
enough for a platoon to hold it
till hell freezes over.

HEARN
There's not a damn thing else we
can do but go through it.

Croft spits again.

HEARN
(continuing)
With any luck we'll be able to
bivouac behind the Jap lines
tonight, and tomorrow we can scout
the rear.

Croft looks at the mountain.

HEARN
(continuing)
Let's start.

EXT: THE TRAIL - MORNING

Hearn is up front with Brown and Croft. He slows down to joke
with the men.

HEARN
Lot of country, heh, Ridges?

RIDGES
Yeah, Lootenant, always enough
country.

Ridges grins.

Hearn drops back to Wilson.

HEARN
Still fertilizing the ground, boy?

WILSON
Yeah, Ah lost mah petcock.

Hearn nudges him in the ribs.

HEARN
Next break we're gonna cut a plug
for you.

Wilson smiles but is in a lot of trouble from his insides. He
knows it.

HEARN
(continuing)
Okay, men, let's keep moving.
That's it, hit it.

EXT: A TINY GROVE - DAY

The platoon has halted for lunch.

Wilson fingers his crackers distastefully and mouths down a
square of cheese.

WILSON
Ah heard this binds a man up.

RED
Hell, it must be good for
something.

WILSON
When Ah get back Ah'm gonna have
an op-per-ration. Ah ain't good
for a fuckin thing without it.

RED
Yeah.

WILSON
Ah mean it, Red, Ah'm jus' holdin'
back the whole platoon.

RED
You think we're in a hurry?

WILSON
What ifen we fall into somethin'
when we're goin' through the pass.
Man Ah've plumb forgot what a
tight ass-hole feels like.

HEARN
All right, men, let's move out.

The platoon files out of the grove. The men march with
drooping bodies, the line of hills extending endlessly before
them.

EXT: FURTHER DOWN THE TRAIL - LATER

The men are drenched in sweat. Exhaustion has numbed them.

They reach the cliff at the base of Mount Anaka.

An open field extends for a hundred yards to the pass.

Hearn and Croft survey it together.

HEARN
I guess there's nothing we can do
but walk across it.

CROFT
We got to divvy up into two
squads, Lootenant, and have one of
them go across the field while the
other covers.

HEARN
That's what we'll do.

Croft massages his chin, examining the Lieutenant's face.

CROFT
I'll take the squad, huh?

HEARN
I'm going to take it, Sergeant.
You cover me.

CROFT
Well...all right, Lootenant.

Croft motions to Martinez to indicate he wants the first squad.

The men form about Hearn.

HEARN
We're going to move into that grove, and the second squad will cover us. I don't have to tell you to keep your eyes open.

They begin to walk across the field

EXT: THE FIELD - CONTINUING

Hearn and the men are about in the middle, spread out. Hearn leads.

Some foliage seems to move. Hearn halts abruptly and stares at the spot about fifty yards from him.

He sees nothing and waves his hand forward. The men continue to advance.

A gun shot is heard. The bullet ricochets off a rock and goes singing into the distance.

Suddenly, terrifyingly, the field crackles with gunfire.

Hearn drops to the ground behind a rock.

The rest of the men crawl for cover, squirming and cursing and shouting at each other.

Croft and Second-squad fire into the grove at the far end of the field.

Hearn lays prone behind the rock, his limbs twitching from fear and panic.

A bullet whips by the top of his head sending little fragments of rock over his sweaty neck.

HEARN
No! No!

Croft's squad continues to fire.

Hearn manages to slide his carbine around the side of the rock, and squeezes the trigger...But the safety is on.

HEARN
(continuing; to himself)
Damn it, man! Get it together!

He stands up, presses the safety button off and fires a volley of three or four shots into the grove.

HEARN
(continuing)
GET BACK, GET BACK!

He starts to run back towards Second-squad, bullets whizzing by him as he continues to fire at them.

HEARN
(continuing)
COME ON, GET UP, GET UP! GET BACK
TO THE OTHER SQUAD!

He stops and concentrates on shooting.

HEARN
(continuing)
GIVE THEM A VOLLEY!

A few of the men in the squad stand up and fire.

The grove is silent for a few seconds.

HEARN
(continuing)
COME ON, RUN!

The men straggle to their feet and race toward the ledge from which they started.

They climb the last shelf of rock and drop behind the bank. Hearn being the last.

Croft helps him to his feet.

HEARN
(continuing; panting)
We all get back?

CROFT
(looks about quickly)
Looks like all of us.

RED
Everybody here?

GALLAGHER
IS THERE ANYBODY THE FUG MISSING?

ROTH
Everybody's here.

MINETTA
Let's get out of here.

Croft peeks out over the bank at the field, sees nothing, and ducks back as a few shots are fired at him.

CROFT
Want to go, Lootenant?

HEARN
All right, let's go.

The platoon jogs away from the shelf, keeping close to the cliffs of Mount Anaka.

EXT: BACK IN THE FIELD - CONTINUING

Wilson lays on the ground, a bullet wound in his stomach.

He shakes his head.

WILSON
Ah'm jus' pooped, that's the
mother fuckin' truth.

He looks around him, dimly.

WILSON
(continuing)
Ah gotta git back in the weeds
where the Japs won' find me.

He tries to rise but is too weak.

Slowly, grunting from the effort, he crawls a few yards back into the tall grass, and relaxes again.

WILSON
(continuing)
Feels like Ah'm likkered up.

A little bile wells out of his mouth.

WILSON
All that poison inside me is gonna
be messin' aroun' now. That
bullet's gonna clean up mah
insides.

He hears the sounds of the Japanese soldiers in the field, not too far away.

JAPANESE SOLDIER
Doko?

JAPANESE SOLDIER 2
Tabun koko.

WILSON
(softly to himself)
Doko koko cola, doko koko cola.

He burrows his face into the ground and tries to hold his breath.

The Japanese soldier laughs.

JAPANESE SOLDIER
Yuki masu.

The other laughs and they walk away, never noticing Wilson.

WILSON
Ah done so damn much for them men,
an' they jus' take off an' save
they own ass.

He begins to laugh weakly.

WILSON
(continuing)
Goddam, when that ol' wound
closes, Ah'm gonna have two belly
buttons.

EXT: A CLEARING DOWN THE TRAIL - SAME TIME

The men pace moodily through the hollow, agitated, a little hysterical from the suddenness of the ambush.

CROFT
What do you mean he ain't here?!
That big dumb bastard.

He sits down on a rock and smacks his fist into his palm several times, his eyes glaring.

He looks over at Hearn.

CROFT
(continuing)
I ought to take just a few men
with me, Lootenant.

Hearn nods.

HEARN
All right, take anybody you want.

Hearn lights a cigarette. Shaky.

Brown and Red are having an argument.

RED
You bastards were sitting there
behind that goddam rock. Couldn't
you even keep your fucking heads
up high enough to see if anybody
got hit?

BROWN
What the hell are you talkin'
about, Red? If it hadn't been for
us covering you guys, you all
woulda been knocked off.

RED
Aaah, balls, ducking down behind
that rock.

BROWN
Fuck you, Red.

Red slaps his own forehead.

RED
Of all the guys to be lost.

GALLAGHER
How the Fug did we lose him?

STANLEY
Sit down, Gallagher!

GALLAGHER
Blow it out.

CROFT
All you men can just shut your
mouths. Pack of goddam women.

He stands up and looks at them.

CROFT
(continuing)
I'm gonna take a few men back to
find Wilson. Who wants to go?

EXT: THE LEDGE BY THE FIELD - A HALF HOUR LATER

Croft, Gallagher, Ridges, Red and Goldstein advance toward
the field stealthily, crouching close to the ground, no sound
at all.

WILSON
Goddam, goddam sonofabitching
belly.

CROFT
That mother-fuckin...

Croft finds Wilson and turns him over onto his back.

CROFT
(continuing)
He's hit all right.

Croft stares at him with a mild pity and a trace of disgust.

GOLDSTEIN
How're we going to get him back?

Croft takes his shirt off and rebuttons it. Then he sticks
Ridges' rifle through one sleeve, and puts Wilson's rifle
through the other. They use it as a stretcher for Wilson.

GALLAGHER
Let's get out of here. The damn
place is spooky.

RED
We oughta put a compress on him.

They set Wilson down and Red opens his first aid packet.

RED
(continuing)
Should I give him wound tablets?

CROFT
Not with a belly wound.

RIDGES
Think he's gonna last?

CROFT
(shrugs)
He's a big ox.

Red puts the compress on.

RED
You can't kill ol' Wilson.

Gallagher looks away.

GALLAGHER
Come on, let's get going.

As they pick him up, Wilson gains consciousness and mutters:

WILSON
Doko koko cola.

He giggles feebly.

EXT: THE CLEARING DOWN THE TRAIL - A HALF HOUR LATER

The rest of the platoon crowds around Wilson, mildly jubilant that he has been found, but too weary to talk much.

CROFT
Goddam it, you men, stop standing around with your finger in your ass. Minetta, Roth, go cut two poles about six feet long.

MINETTA
What for?

CROFT
What the hell do you think it's for? For a stretcher. Now git goin'.

They take out their machetes and go.

Croft spits disgustedly.

CROFT
(continuing)
Them men are enough to frost your nuts.

Hearn has gathered the non-coms and beckons to Croft, who makes his way over.

HEARN
We're going to send some men back with Wilson. I think we need to figure out who should go.

Brown's eyes light up.

BROWN
How many you sending with him, Lootenant?

HEARN
I think six will about do it.

CROFT
We ain't gonna be able to spare six, Lootenant, we'll have to make it four.

BROWN
(whistles)
It's gonna be a sonofabitch with four men.

HEARN
You're right, Sergeant, we can spare only four litter-bearers. We never can tell when some other man is going to get hit, and we'll need litter-bearers for him.

A glum silence.

BROWN
You're going to send a noncom with the litter-bearers, aren't you, Lootenant?

HEARN
I think we can spare one of you noncoms.

BROWN
I guess it's Martinez's turn to go back.

CROFT
I need Japbait. It's you, Brown.

BROWN
Any way you want it. Who'll I take?

CROFT
How 'bout Ridges and Goldstein, Lootenant?

HEARN
You know the men better than I.

CROFT
Well, they ain't much fuckin'
good, but they're strong enough,
an' if you push 'em, Brown, they
ain't gonna goof off on ya.

BROWN
Who else?

CROFT
I figure you need a good man since
you got a coupla fuck-ups. How
about takin' Stanley?

BROWN
Sure.

Wilson is moaning deliriously, shivering under his blanket.

CROFT
Where the hell are those men with
the poles for the stretcher?

EXT: IN THE GROVE BY THE WOOD - CONTINUOUS

Roth and Minetta have just finished chopping the poles
down.

Roth sees an injured bird.

ROTH
Oh, look at that.

MINETTA
What?

ROTH
That bird.

He approaches it making clucking noises with his tongue.

ROTH
(continuing)
Aw, look at that, it's hurt.

He gently picks it up.

ROTH
(continuing)
Aw, what's the matter?

MINETTA
Hey, let's see it.

ROTH
(turns away from him)
Leave it alone, it's frightened.
(to the bird)
What's the matter, baby?

MINETTA
Aaah, for Christ's sake. Come on,
let's go back.

EXT: BACK AT THE CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Minetta comes back carrying the poles, Roth behind him with
the bird.

Some of the men gather around Roth to see what he has.

CROFT
What the hell took you men so long?

Minetta puts the poles down by Wilson and looks at Roth
guiltily.

Croft goes over to Roth and the other men around him.

CROFT
(continuing)
Jus' what the hell you men think
you're doin'?

RIDGES
Nothin'.

CROFT
Roth!

ROTH
Yes, Sergeant?

CROFT
Give me that bird.

Roth hesitates, but hands the bird over to Croft gently.

Croft holds it in one hand and stares at it, unsure of what
he will do.

ROTH
Can I have it back, Sergeant?

Croft crushes the bird in his hand and hurls it over to the
other side of the hollow, more than a hundred feet.

All are silent for a moment.

RIDGES
Why'd you do that to the bird?
What do ya mean...?

GOLDSTEIN
How can you do such a thing? What
harm was that bird doing you? It's
like...It's like killing a baby.

Croft unconsciously retreats a step or two.

CROFT
I'm tellin' you men to shut up.
That's an order!

GOLDSTEIN
Ohhh.

Red stands up and slowly moves toward Croft.

RED
What's the matter, Croft, you
throwing orders around to save
your ass?

CROFT
I've had enough, Red.

RED
You bit off a little too much this
time.

CROFT
Anything you're gonna do about it?

RED
Yeah, there is.

The two men are about to pounce on each other when Hearn
jumps between them, pushing them apart roughly.

HEARN
Break it up, are you men crazy?
What's happened here, what's going
on?

RED
Not a damn thing, Lootenant.

HEARN
Who started all this?

RIDGES
He didn't have no call to kill
that little ol' bird.
(more)

RIDGES (cont'd)
He jus' stopped up and took it
outen Roth's hand, and jus' killed
it.

HEARN
(to Croft)
Is that true?

Croft spits to the side, unsure how to answer.

HEARN
(continuing; to Red)
All right, let's cut this out. If
you have to fight, don't fight
with noncoms.

He looks at Croft for a moment, deciding what to do.

HEARN
(continuing)
You happen to be wrong, Sergeant.
Suppose you apologize to Roth.

Croft looks at him in disbelief.

HEARN
(continuing)
Come on, Sergeant, apologize.

Without looking at Hearn, he paces over to Roth and stares at
him, the corner of his mouth twitching.

CROFT
I'm sorry.

HEARN
All right, that chalks it off.
(to Brown)
You know the way to the trail we
cut through the jungle?

Brown nods.

HEARN
(continuing)
Follow it through to the beach and
wait there for us. If the boat
comes before we do, and Wilson
is...is still alive, then go back
right away, and have them send
another boat for us.

BROWN
Okay sir.

Over to the side, Wilson shivers under the blankets, delirious. He calls out:

WILSON
May! May!

EXT: A CLEARING - NIGHT

Brown sits by Wilson as Goldstein, Stanley and Ridges all try to sleep.

Wilson has two blankets on him.

WILSON
May!

BROWN
Who's May, your daughter?

WILSON
She's a goddam little hellion. Ah tell ya' she can jus' twist me round and she knows it. She told me, "Poppa went to sleep and he won't wake up."

He groans in pain.

BROWN
Take it easy, boy.

WILSON
Mah belly is killin' me.

BROWN
We gotta keep quiet. So the Japs don't hear us.

Wilson looks scared and confused.

BROWN
(continuing)
Who's this talking to you, Wilson?

WILSON
You, Brown, ain't it.

BROWN
How're you feelin', boy?

WILSON
Ah'm okay, but cain't see a damn thing.

BROWN
It's dark out.

WILSON
(giggles weakly)
Oh, Ah thought that hole in mah belly made me blind.
(thinks for a moment)
Where the hell am I?

BROWN
We're taking you back to the beach, Stanley and Goldstein and Ridges and me.

WILSON
Ah'm out of the patrol, huh?

BROWN
All five of us, boy.

WILSON
Sum'bitch, they're gonna op-per-rate on me now, an' cut out all that pus, ain't they, Brown?

BROWN
They'll fix you up. Yeah.

WILSON
By the time Ah git done, Ah'll have two belly-buttons, one right on top of t'other. That's gonna make me a hell of an attraction to the women. Goddam!

He tries to laugh and begins to cough softly.

WILSON
(continuing)
On'y thing beat that would be two peters.

BROWN
You old bastard.

Wilson shivers again.

WILSON
Ah can taste blood in my mouth. Is that good?

BROWN
(looks away from him)
Can't hurt you. Just comes out both ends.

WILSON
Yeah, can you gimme another blanket?

Brown puts his blanket on top of the two others already covering Wilson.

WILSON
(continuing)
Ah want you to know 'preciate what you men are doing. Ah always knew you was a buddy.

BROWN
Shit.

WILSON
No, a man wants... 'preciate it. Ah jus' want you to know that they's one man, Wilson, who'll never have a bad word to say about ya'.

BROWN
Good. But, Wilson, you got to take it easy.

WILSON
Ah'm gone to sleep.

Wilson passes out.

Brown stares into the darkness.

EXT: THE PLATOON BIVOUAC - NIGHT

The men lay on the ground, trying to sleep.

Hearn gets up and goes over to where Croft is sleeping.

He kneels down and is about to shake him, when Croft rolls over.

CROFT
What you want, Lootenant?

HEARN
I've decided to go back in the morning.

CROFT
Go back?

CROFT
(continuing)
Yes.

CROFT
(continuing)
Think we ought to look around a little more?

HEARN
What's the point?

CROFT
Right after the ambush, those Japs scooted. We could make it through now.

HEARN
I'm not going to take the platoon through the pass after what happened today.

CROFT
We could send out one man tonight on reconnaissance. That's the least to do.

Hearn shakes his head, undecided.

CROFT
(continuing)
Or we could climb the mountain.

Hearn looks at him for a moment. They both want to tackle the mountain.

HEARN
The men couldn't do it.

CROFT
Lootenant, this patrol might tie up the campaign, if we get onto real information. We don't know anything about the Jap reserves in the rear. Maybe they got next to nothing.

Hearn thinks about it.

HEARN
All right, we'll send one man tonight through the pass; if he runs into anything, we turn back.

CROFT
You want to go, Lootenant?

HEARN
(coldly)
I don't think I'm suited for it.

CROFT
Martinez is the best man for this.

HEARN
Tell him to wake me when he gets back.

EXT: ANOTHER PART OF THE BIVOUAC - LATER

Croft talks to Martinez alone.

CROFT
If any Japs are bivouacking in there, work around them and keep going.

Martinez, half asleep, ties his shoes.

MARTINEZ
Yeah.

CROFT
No gun. Take a trench knife.

MARTINEZ
Okay, I'll be back in three hour maybe. Tell the guard.

Croft holds his shoulder for a second, Martinez is shivering.

CROFT
Okay, boy?

MARTINEZ
Okay.

CROFT
Now, listen. When you get back, don't say anything until you see me. If the Lootenant is up, just say to him nothing happened. You understand?

Martinez nods.

MARTINEZ
I go now.

CROFT
You're a good man, Japbait.

MARTINEZ
Okay, Sam.

CROFT
Okay.

EXT: THE ROCK SHELF WHERE THEY WERE AMBUSHED - 15 MINUTE LATER

Martinez reaches the shelf and squats behind it as he examines the field to the pass.

He springs to his feet, stands in complete view of the grove for a startling, terrifying second and then drops to the ground again.

Nothing, no fire.

Martinez quickly glides along the field and comes to the Pass on the other side.

In the distance faint artillery can be heard.

He moves down the crude footpath the Japanese have worn in the grove.

EXT: FURTHER DOWN THE FOOTPATH - CONTINUING

Martinez walks silently.

Twenty feet away from him a Japanese soldier coughs in his sleep.

Martinez freezes. Another soldier rolls over in his blanket. Martinez lets his eyes focus on the ground. He is in the midst of at least ten sleeping Japanese.

Silently, he slips past them.

Around a curve in the trail, he sees a man sitting at a machine gun. The man is no more than three feet away, but is sitting at an angle, and so does not see Martinez.

Martinez is frozen.

The man at the gun is young, almost a boy, with blank young features. He looks half asleep.

Martinez slips his trench-knife silently out of the scabbard.

The Japanese soldier picks at his nose delicately.

Martinez picks up a stone and throws it to the other side of the machine gun emplacement.

The soldier turns at the sound, his back to Martinez, completely.

Martinez runs up behind him, puts his hand around the man's mouth, places the point of his knife in the angle between the man's throat and shoulder, and pushes in with all his force.

The man thrashes in his arms.

He tugs the knife loose, and plunges it down again.

The man writhes for a moment, then relaxes into death.

Martinez stares at him for a second. Tries to pull the knife out, but his fingers are trembling too much. He gives up and darts down the pass.

EXT: THE BIVOUAC - LATER

Martinez has just reported to Croft.

CROFT
You had to kill that Jap, huh?

MARTINEZ
Yes.

CROFT
That'll stir 'em up from here to Jap headquarters.

MARTINEZ
No think of that. Goddam tired.

CROFT
Yeah, I guess you had a rough go.

Croft lays a hand on Martinez shoulder, grips it fiercely.

CROFT
(continuing)
Don't say a damn word to the Lootenant. Tell him you went clear through the pass without seeing a thing, understand?

MARTINEZ
Okay, you say so.

CROFT
You're a good man, Japbait.

EXT: THE BIVOUAC - MORNING

The men are getting their stuff together. Red is having trouble with his leggings.

RED
When is the goddam Army gonna learn another way to make leggings?

MINETTA
I've heard they've got a high shoe coming in soon like a paratrooper's boot.

RED
We'll never see any of them, the fuckin' quartermaster'll keep 'em all.

Hearn comes over to them, cheery.

HEARN
Listen, Valsen...

RED
Yeah?

HEARN
We're short a corporal; two, now that Stanley's with Wilson. You want to be acting jack for the rest of the patrol? We can make it permanent when we get back.

RED
Are you ordering me, Lootenant?

HEARN
No, of course not.

RED
I don't want no favors.

HEARN
I'm not offering you any.

RED
You better pick another sucker, Lootenant.

HEARN
All right, forget it.

Croft is up and ready.

CROFT
Don't forget to fill up your canteens before we take off.

Hearn remembers Martinez.

HEARN
Croft!

He storms over to him. Croft is opening a breakfast ration, calm.

CROFT
Yes, Lootenant?

HEARN

Why didn't you wake me when
Martinez came back last night?

CROFT

Couldn't do anythin' about it till
morning.

HEARN

Yeah, well, in the future you can
let me decide that. What did
Martinez see?

CROFT

The pass is empty as far as he
went.

HEARN

It sounds weird that they'd leave
the pass empty.

CROFT

Might be.
(he spits)
Maybe we ought to try the
mountain, Lootenant.

HEARN

It's impossible.

CROFT

It ain't impossible. We start out
now and we can climb that damn
thing in a day.

HEARN

Impossible. We'll try it through
the pass.

CROFT

Yessir.

EXT: THE BIVOUAC - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Croft has gathered the men.

CROFT

We're gonna try to go through the
pass.

There is audible grumbling.

CROFT

(continuing)

You men can jus' cut it out. We're
moving in five minutes so get your
ass in gear.

Hearn holds up his hand.

HEARN

Men, there's something I want you
to know. We sent Martinez out last
night, and he reconnoitered the
pass, and it was empty. I give my
word, if we run into anything,
we're turning around and going
back to the beach. Fair enough?

A few grim sounds are heard from the men.

EXT: THE ROCK SHELF WHERE THEY WERE AMBUSHED - A HALF HOUR LATER

Hearn leads the men as they approach the shelf. He is
smiling. He looks as if he feels like the leader of this
patrol for the first time.

He stops when he gets to the rock and turns to the men.

As he does, a Machine gun bullet rips through his chest.

He looks dazed for a moment then crumples to the floor, dead.

The men stare at him in disbelief, then retreat as Japanese
fire sweeps over their heads.

Croft and Red are the only two men who try to fire back.

Croft sees the men retreating.

CROFT

Hold it! Let's get out of here the
right way.

The men continue to retreat. Red does the same. Croft
follows suit.

EXT: FURTHER BACK ON THE TRAIL - CONTINUING

They reach a clearing.

CROFT

Break.

The men plop down, exhausted.

MINETTA

The Lootenant was a good guy.

GALLAGHER
If it took him being knocked off
for us to go back, I'll settle for
that.

CROFT
Nobody is goin' back? We're gonna
try the mountain.

The men grumble slightly.

CROFT
(continuing)
Any one of you got something to
say about it?

RED
Why the hell don't we hit the
beach, Croft?

CROFT
'Cause that ain't what they sent
us out to do.

GALLAGHER
That Lootenant said we could.

CROFT
I'm in charge of you bunch of
women now. Let's go.

The men move out slowly.

EXT: A FEW MILES AWAY - NOON

Ridges, Goldstein, Stanley, and Brown carry Wilson. They
are severely fatigued.

Wilson is conscious and in pain.

WILSON
Goddamit, cain't you treat a
wounded man proper?

Stanley stumbles and Wilson is shaken hard.

WILSON
(continuing)
Aw, men, take it easy.

BROWN
We're doin' what we can.

WILSON
You men are actin' pretty piss-
poor. Wilson ain't gonna forget.

They set him down and remain swaying on their feet, their
shoulders heaving for the thick air.

Brown pops a salt tablet and drinks it down with half his
canteen. His legs wobble as he walks over to Wilson.

BROWN
How're you feelin', boy?

WILSON
Better leave me, Brown.

BROWN
What are you talking about?

WILSON
I'm holdin' ya back.

Weak tears come into Wilson's eye.

WILSON
(continuing)
When a man gotta be crappin' all
the time, it jus' slows ya up.

Stanley comes up behind Brown.

STANLEY
What does he want us to do, leave
him?

BROWN
Yeah.

STANLEY
Think we ought to?

BROWN
Goddamit, Stanley, what the hell's
the matter with you? Come on, men,
let's go.

He sees Ridges is sleeping.

BROWN
(continuing)
Come on, Ridges, will you quit
dickin'-off?

Ridges wakes up slowly, almost leisurely.

RIDGES
Jus' restin', that's all. If a man
wants to get some rest...

They all stare at him, not amused.

RIDGES
(continuing)
Well, Ah'm ready.

They heft Wilson up. He howls. Goldstein stumbles.

STANLEY
Dammit, Goldstein, why don't you
watch it?

GOLDSTEIN
Watch it yourself.

RIDGES
Why don't you men quit the fussin'
and do some work?

STANLEY
Aaah, blow it out.

BROWN
Stanley, you're talkin' too damn
much. Why'n't you do some goddam
work?

They stop and put Wilson down.

WILSON
Oh, men, Ah'm thirsty. Le's have
some water.

No one responds.

WILSON
(continuing)
Le's have some water.

The men don't look at him.

WILSON
(continuing)
Goddamit, men, y'gonna gimme some
water?!

BROWN
Take it easy, Wilson.

WILSON
Water, goddamit!

STANLEY
Give him some water for God's
sakes.

GOLDSTEIN
You can't give water to a man with
a stomach wound.

STANLEY
What do you know?

GOLDSTEIN
It'll kill him.

BROWN
(panting)
Water's out.

RIDGES
A little water ain't gonna hurt
Wilson. Man dies ifen he don't get
water.

STANLEY
What the hell do you want to do,
torture him? Give him a drink.

GOLDSTEIN
It would be murder.

STANLEY
Shut up, ya dumb Jew bastard.

GOLDSTEIN
You can't say that to me.

BROWN
Cut it out. Let's get movin'.

They pick Wilson up again and stagger forward. Leaving a good
a good deal of their equipment behind.

WILSON
Brown, you think that wound is
gonna git all the puss outa me?

No one answers.

WILSON
(continuing;
delusional)
We-you-coming-to-get!

BROWN
What's he yellin'?

WILSON
I cain't see 'em. Where the hell's
the flares?

GOLDSTEIN
I hope we don't run into any
Japanese.

BROWN
We gotta move on, men.

Brown starts retching emptily. They almost drop Wilson, but
manage to gently set him on the ground. They all collapse.

Brown tries to light a cigarette, but his fingers tremble too
much. Ashamed at his fatigue, he stares at Stanley.

BROWN
(continuing)
What's the matter, Stanley, you
ready to quit?

STANLEY
Fuck you, Brown. I know why you
took this litter.

BROWN
Why?

STANLEY
Because you were too fuckin'
yellow to keep up with the patrol.

BROWN
Stanley, you're as yellow as I am.

Brown manages to push himself to his feet. He is dizzy.

Stanley tries to get up but his legs collapse and he passes
out.

Ridges, Goldstein and Brown stand over him.

RIDGES
Shoot, le's jus' put him up on top
of Wilson. An' anyone else we jus'
put on top o' that. I'll take
y'all back.

He guffaws wearily.

BROWN
(panting)
What the hell we gonna do?

WILSON
Jus' lea' me, men. Ol' Wilson is
through.

BROWN
We can't leave you.

WILSON
Jus' stop, men, and the hell with
it.

BROWN
I dunno.

GOLDSTEIN
We have to carry him back.

Brown stares at Stanley.

BROWN
We can't go on and leave him here.

RIDGES
We ain't gonna set here on account
of one man.

Goldstein sees that Brown cannot go on.

GOLDSTEIN
Brown, why don't you stay with
Stanley?

BROWN
How will you know the way back?

RIDGES
Ah know the way.

BROWN
Somebody's gotta take care of
Stanley. He's through for the day.

GOLDSTEIN
Listen, I'll tell you what, after
Stanley gets up you can catch us,
and give some help. That'll be
fine, huh?

BROWN
Okay, leave it that way.

RIDGES
Let's be movin'.

EXT: THE RIDGE OF MOUNT ANAKA - DAY

Croft leads the men up the mountain. They lag behind him and
he halts, against his desire, to wait for them to catch up
and regain their breath.

The men beginning to drop their equipment and leave it behind as they go.

The ridge is dangerously narrow.

ROTH
I hate this damn mountain.

MINETTA
Likewise.

CROFT
Break.

The men flop down. Martinez makes his way over to Minetta and Gallagher.

MINETTA
Whadeya say, scout?

MARTINEZ
Oh, nothing.

MINETTA
They ought to give you the day off.

Martinez sees that Minetta has noticed the dried blood on his hands.

MARTINEZ
Yah.

He tries to cover them.

GALLAGHER
Nothin' happened, huh?

SMASH CUT:

EXT: THE JAPANESE CAMP WHERE MARTINEZ KILLED THE MACHINE GUNNER - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

CLOSE ON:

The dead man's face, his eyes open, the knife in his neck. The man blinks.

EXT: THE RIDGE OF MOUNT ANAKA - DAY

Back to Martinez, Gallagher and Minetta.

MARTINEZ
Japs in the pass.
(pause)
I kill one.

MINETTA
That looeysaid the pass was empty.

MARTINEZ
(shrugs)
Damn fool.

GALLAGHER
(spits)
You had to knock off a Jap and he didn't believe it.

MARTINEZ
Croft tell him. He wouldn't listen

GALLAGHER
What a dumb stubborn fug that looeys was.

MINETTA
Well, he got it.

CROFT
Come on, men. Get your packs on.

MINETTA
Yeah, up the mountain, c'mon, c'mon. Up the mountain.

The platoon clambers up the ridge

EXT: A FEW MILES AWAY - CONTINUOUS

Goldstein and Ridges struggle along with Wilson. They move at a torturously slow pace, toting him forward for ten yards before they must set him down.

Wilson babbles deliriously to himself.

WILSON
They was woman in Kansas when Ah was out at Riley. She used to live wi' me jus' as if Ah was her husband. Ah figgered Ah might even hook up with her after the war. Ah tole her Ah was a collidge gradjit.

He giggles, then coughs feebly, a little more blood inches out of his mouth.

WILSON
(continuing)
They get me back, damn doctors'll fix me up good as new.

He looks up and sees Ridges and Goldstein.

WILSON
(continuing)
Gimme some water, huh, men? Jus'
a little drink, huh?

RIDGES
Hold off.

WILSON
Men, Ah do anythin' for ya,
y'gimme a little water.

GOLDSTEIN
No.

WILSON
Sonsofbitches.

RIDGES
You can't have it!

EXT: THE RIDGE OF MOUNT ANAKA - LATER

The men move numbly, straggling upward from rock to rock.
Panting and sobbing with exhaustion, more equipment left
behind.

Minetta, Gallagher and Roth are the most wretched.

Roth is the last in the line.

On their right, not a yard away, is a drop of several hundred
feet.

Roth tumbles to the ground and the men wait while Gallagher
tries to rouse him. He tugs at his arm.

ROTH
I can't go on, I can't go, I can't.

GALLAGHER
Get up you sonofabitch.

ROTH
I can't. Go 'way!

He begins to sob.

Gallagher grasps him under the armpits and tries to lift him,
dead weight.

GALLAGHER
Get up, you Jew bastard!

Roth is enraged to the point of rising to his feet and
stumbling on.

The platoon continues forward.

ROTH
(mutters)
Hitlerism, race theories.

They come to a point where the ledge is no more than a foot
or two wide. They work along it slowly.

Croft comes to a gap in the ledge about four feet wide. He
slips off his pack carefully, hands it to Martinez behind
him, hesitates for a moment, then leaps sideways to the other
side, wavering for a second before steadying himself.

He explores a little further around the ledge and sees that
it widens.

He comes back, reaches across and takes his pack from
Martinez.

CROFT
Okay, men, let's start coming
over. The air's a helluva sight
better on this side.

There is a nervous snicker.

Roth is terrified.

The men start to make their way over. One by one they hand
their pack to the guy on the other side and then jump across.

Minetta is the last man to go before Roth. He gets up to the
edge and hesitates.

MINETTA
I'm a fuckin' acrobat. Make room,
I'm coming.

He hands his pack to Gallagher and jumps to the other side.

Roth stares at the gap, unable to move.

MINETTA
(continuing)
Take it easy. There's nothing to
it.

ROTH
I'm all right, I'm coming.

He cannot move.

GALLAGHER
Get up close, Minetta, and catch
that useless bastard.

Gallagher crawls toward him through Minetta's legs and extends his arm, glowering at him.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
C'mon, all you got to do is catch
my hand. You can fall that far.

ROTH
I'm coming.

He lurches forward awkwardly, too feebly.

For an instant he sees Gallagher's face staring in surprise at him, and then he slips past Gallagher's hand, scrabbles at the rock, and falls to his death.

EXT: A FEW MILES AWAY - NIGHT

Goldstein, Ridges, and Wilson all sleep exactly where we last left them.

EXT: MOUNT ANAKA - NIGHT

Minetta, Gallagher, Red, Martinez and Croft all lay around. No one sleeps.

EXT: A FEW MILES AWAY - MORNING

Goldstein and Ridges struggle with Wilson, hardly rested from yesterday.

WILSON
Men, y' jus' gotta gimme water.

They hear him without much feeling, gasping for their breath.

After a few yards they have to put him down before they drop him, delirious from exhaustion.

Goldstein lunges away and falls forward on his face, lying motionless.

WILSON
(continuing)
Men, ah'll give ya anythin'. Jus'
name it, men, any ol' thing.

RIDGES
What do ya' want, some water?

WILSON
Yeah, gimme that, gimme some water.

He stares dully at Goldstein, then at Wilson.

RIDGES
Shoot, Ah don't know why y'can't
have water.

WILSON
You jus' gimme it, they ain'
anythin' Ah won' do for ya.

Ridges scratches the back of his neck.

RIDGES
Ah ought to ask Goldstein.

WILSON
Goldstein's chicken.

Ridges giggles.

RIDGES
Ah don' know. Ah s'pose y' can
have it.

He takes out his canteen quietly and glances at Goldstein again.

RIDGES
(continuing)
Here, you jus' drink it up.

He hands it to Wilson.

Wilson drinks Feverishly, the water splattering out of his mouth to trickle down his chin.

WILSON
Oh, man. You're a good sonofabitch.

He drinks some more.

WILSON
(continuing)
Y'think Ah'm gonna make it?

RIDGES
You're gonna be awright, Wilson.

WILSON
That's what Ah figgered.

Goldstein puts his hands against the ground and forces himself up slowly.

GOLDSTEIN
I suppose we ought to go.

WILSON
You're a good bunch of men, they
ain't anybody better'n you two men.

GOLDSTEIN
It's all right.

WILSON
Naw, Ah mean it, they ain't any
two men like you to be found in
the whole fuggin platoon.

They head off again.

EXT: FURTHER DOWN THE PATH - LATER

They reach the trail the platoon cut four days earlier.

RIDGES
Sweet Lord, Goldstein. Ah believe
we gone make it.

EXT: MOUNT ANAKA - CONTINUING

Gallagher is on guard as the sun finishes rising.

Martinez comes up behind him.

The other men are sleeping.

MARTINEZ
Sonbitch, no sleep.

GALLAGHER
Yeah.

Martinez sits down and lights a cigarette.

MARTINEZ
Bad dreams. Hear Roth yell.

GALLAGHER
I never liked the guy, but I don't
want him to get it like that.

MARTINEZ
Yah. Cold dead.

GALLAGHER
It's a trap goin' up this
mountain.

Martinez nods.

Gallagher touches his arm.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
Why don't we go back?

MARTINEZ
I don't know.

GALLAGHER
This is fuggin suicide. What are
we, a bunch of goddam mountain
goats? We'll all get knocked off.

Martinez continues to look out at the sunrise, doing his best
to suppress his desire to turn back.

GALLAGHER
(continuing)
You wanta get your fuggin head
blown off?

MARTINEZ
No.

GALLAGHER
Why don't you tell Croft to quit?

Martinez shivers.

MARTINEZ
Okay. We go wake him up.

They walk over to Croft and Gallagher shakes him.

GALLAGHER
Come on, get up.

Croft grunts, springs to a sitting position, and turns
immediately to stare at the mountain, then looks at Gallagher
and Martinez. Spits.

Automatically he swings his legs free of the blanket and puts
on his boots.

CROFT
Why the hell didn't you wake me
earlier?

MARTINEZ
We go back today, huh?

CROFT
What?

MARTINEZ
We go back?

Croft lights a cigarette.

CROFT
What the are you talkin' about,
Japbait?

MARTINEZ
We go back.

CROFT
Japbait, you turnin' on me?

MARTINEZ
No. Never.

CROFT
Man, I thought there wasn't a damn
thing you was afraid of.

MARTINEZ
Forget it. Japbait go with you.

GALLAGHER
Whadeya mean, you're goin' with
him? Croft, ain't ya got enough
medals?

CROFT
Gallagher, shut your hole.

GALLAGHER
I ain't afraid of you, Croft.

The rest of the men are awake and staring at them.

CROFT
Can it, Gallagher.

GALLAGHER
You better not keep your back to
us.

Gallagher walks away.

CROFT
All right, men, we move out in
half an hour. So don't be fuckin'
around.

A chorus of mutterings.

Croft goes to pack his stuff.

Red comes over to Martinez.

RED
How you doin', Japbait?

MARTINEZ
Okay.

RED
You and Croft couldn't work it out
for a little while, huh?

MARTINEZ
Nothing the matter.

RED
Japbait, you're chicken. You want
to quit and you ain't even got the
guts to say so.

Martinez makes no answer.

RED
(continuing)
Listen, Japbait, we been around
quite a while, you and me, we know
what the score is. You think it's
gonna be fun goin' up that hill
today? We're gonna have more men
falling off ledges. Maybe you,
maybe me.

MARTINEZ
Leave me alone.

RED
You killed that Jap, didn't ya?
You know that brings your number
a little closer?

Martinez says nothing.

RED
(continuing)
You killed that Jap, but did you
tell Hearn squat?

MARTINEZ
Yah.

RED
Hearn knew about it, huh, he
walked into that pass knowing
there was Japs?

MARTINEZ
I try tell him, big damn fool.

RED
Balls.

CROFT
Come on, men, let's move out.

RED
We ain't goin', Croft.

Croft strides toward him.

CROFT
Made up your mind, Red?

RED
If you want to do it so fuckin' much, do it alone. Japbait'll take us back.

Croft stares at Martinez.

CROFT
What are ya, a goddam woman?

Martinez shakes his head slowly.

MARTINEZ
I don't know.

He turns away.

CROFT
Red, get your pack ready.

RED
If I go up that hill, you'll be draggin' me.

Minetta and Gallagher join him.

MINETTA
Let's go back.

Croft stares at them all, then unslings his rifle, cocks the bolt leisurely, raises it to his hip and points the muzzle toward Red.

CROFT
Red, go get your pack.

RED
Yeah, you would do somethin' when I ain't got a gun.

CROFT
Just get your pack and shut up.

RED
It ain't me alone. You gonna shoot all of us?

Croft turns his gaze on the others.

CROFT
Who wants to get lined up with Red?

No one moves.

Croft turns back to Red.

CROFT
(continuing)
Awright, Red, get your pack.

RED
Fuck you.

CROFT
I'm gonna shoot ya in about three-four seconds.

RED
Shoot a man down like that?

CROFT
Yeah.

Red watches Croft's finger on the trigger. It begins to tighten.

RED
Okay, Croft, you win.

With his head down, he strides over to his pack, rams his blanket in, buckles the straps and puts it on.

He looks at nobody, no one looks at him.

The platoon sets out.

EXT: THE RIVER - NOON

Goldstein and Ridges get to the edge of the river and lay Wilson down, collapsing as soon as he touches the ground.

WILSON
They're gonna kill me.

RIDGES
No one's gonna touch ya.

WILSON

Oh, man. Baawoowwwwm. Here they come. Sonofabitch what the fuck'm Ah doin' here?

RIDGES

Quiet down, Wilson. You'll be gettin' the Japs on us.

WILSON

Ah'm gonna die.

He tries to lick his dry tongue over his chapped lips.

WILSON

(continuing)

Ah'm thirsty.

GOLDSTEIN

You can't...

WILSON

Yeah, Ah know, cain't have any.

He laughs feebly.

WILSON

(continuing)

You're a goddam woman, Goldstein. If you wasn't so chicken you'd be a pretty good boy.

They are lost in their exhaustion. Hardly aware that he is even there. He is nothing more than the load they have to bear.

WILSON

(continuing)

Listen, men, they's a still Ah been wantin' to build out in the woods yonder some'eres, only damn trouble is we never stay put long enough. But Ah'm gonna git it goin'.

Nods to himself.

WILSON

(continuing)

Ah git one made as soon as we get back, an' Ah'll give you men a canteen-full of it each. Jus' a free canteen.

He shakes his head.

WILSON

(continuing)

Men, Ah'll give ya all y' want to drink anytime, don' matter a goddam. You jus' ast me for it an' it'll be yours.

A spasm seizes Wilson and he slides backward out of the litter, dead.

Goldstein and Ridges take a moment to notice, then Goldstein takes Wilson's pulse with his numb fingers.

GOLDSTEIN

I think he's dead.

RIDGES

Yeah.

GOLDSTEIN

Why, he was just...talking.

RIDGES

We might as well be goin.

He stands up and lifts Wilson back into the litter. Goldstein hesitates, then picks up his end.

They stagger out onto the flat shallow falls of the river and begin moving downstream.

EXT: MOUNT ANAKA - DAY

The platoon tops a crest-line and jogs feebly down a gentle slope. A huge amphitheater rises before them.

They advance in ripples, Croft toiling ahead a few yards and the rest of the men behind him. One or another of them always retching. Even Croft is exhausted.

EXT: THE RIVER - DAY

Goldstein and Ridges come to the rapids where Hearn carried the vine diagonally across the stream.

The vine has washed away.

The water churns viciously through the rocks.

They step down into the rapids, take three or four steps, and the litter rips out of their enfeebled fingers.

All three wallow and tumble through the rough water, glancing off rocks, choking and swallowing.

Goldstein and ridges make feeble efforts to stand up, but the current is too violent.

Gasping, virtually insensible, they wash out of the worst part of the rapids, and stumble toward the bank.

Wilson is gone.

RIDGES

He's gone.

They stagger down the river after him, pitching and falling, and reeling on again.

Far in the distance, Wilson's body disappears around a bend.

RIDGES

(continuing)

C'mon, we gotta catch him.

He takes a step and falls forward on his face in the water.

GOLDSTEIN

He's lost.

RIDGES

Yeah.

Goldstein holds out his hand for Ridges to take.

Ridges begins to weep.

RIDGES

(continuing)

Mother-fuckin' sum'bitch.

Goldstein holds onto Ridges shoulder to steady himself in the current.

GOLDSTEIN

Let's go.

They stagger through the water.

EXT: THE BEACH - DAY

Goldstein and Ridges stagger out of the jungle and onto the beach.

They collapse.

After a moment Goldstein forces himself to a sitting position and takes out his canteen.

He forces himself to sip slowly.

GOLDSTEIN

Here, you want a drink?

RIDGES

Yeah.

Ridges sits up and gulps the water thirstily. He almost empties the canteen, but stops himself and looks at Goldstein.

GOLDSTEIN

No, finish it.

He does.

RIDGES

We're going to have to rustle in the jungle for food tomorrow.

GOLDSTEIN

I know.

Ridges smiles weakly.

RIDGES

We'll git along.

EXT: MOUNT ANAKA - DAY

Croft is on the lead, halfway up the amphitheater, pushing one foot in front of the other. Behind him, the men move even slower.

Croft hefts himself over a rock, and lands on top of a light-tan nest shaped object about the size of a football.

An uproar bursts inside of it and a huge hornet, about the size of a half dollar, flutters out, and then another and another after it.

He watches dumbly as dozens of them flicker about his head.

One bites at his ear and he whacks it away violently. Another stings him, and another.

He bellows in pain and strikes at them frenziedly.

The hornets make their way to the rest of the men.

They stand rooted, flailing dumbly at the hornets that attack them.

MINETTA

I can't stand it, I can't stand it!

Two hornets bite Minetta at once and he hurls away his rifle and runs down the mountain.

One by one the rest of the men follow him.

CROFT
Wait! Where the hell do you think
you're goin'?

They do not stop.

Croft swings impotently at a few more hornets and then starts
down after them.

The men flee with surprising agility, jumping down from rock
to rock, ripping through the foliage that impedes them.

As they run, some of the men fling away their rifles and
what's left in their packs.

The platoon pours into the floor of the amphitheater.

MINETTA
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING HERE
FOR? HERE COME THE BUGS!

He continues to run down. The buzzing of the bugs can be
heard approaching.

The men follow him.

They continue on in the same spasm of effort over the next
ridge and down below to the valley, to the slopes of the rise
beyond.

They flee past where they started this day.

Finally, they stop.

Croft catches up to them and sees that there are only two
rifles and three packs left.

The men lay about, completely spent.

CROFT
Rest up, men... Then we'll head
back to the beach and meet the
boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: THE DECK OF THE BOAT - DAY

The men are stretched out among the cots.

Water spray washes over the sides and the bow ramp, but they
barely notice.

The sound of the motors pleasant, reassuring.

Minetta lights a cigarette and watches the clouds dissolve
into one another.

Red picks at a sore on his hand, examining maternally the
ridges and creases of his knuckles. He coughs, props himself
on his elbow, and hawks the sputum out onto the floor of the
boat.

The pilot sees this from the stern hatch.

PILOT
Hey, Jack, keep the boat clean. We
don't want to scrub after you
guys.

GALLAGHER
Aaah, blow it out.

CROFT
Let's cut out that spittin', men.

Red nods, then coughs once more and spits into his hand,
holding it numbly for several seconds before he wipes it
surreptitiously on the canvas of his bunk.

He smiles wryly and goes up to the stern hatch.

INT: THE STERN HATCH - CONTINUING

RED
Jeez, it's nice up here.

The pilot grunts.

RED
(continuing)
What's eatin' ya, Jack?

PILOT
You're the wise guy who spat on
the floor.

RED
Listen, you don't want to take an
attitude like that. We been
through a lot.

PILOT
Yeah, I guess you had a rough go.

RED
You could say so.

He yawns, looking out at the island.

RED
(continuing)
Tomorrow they'll have us out on
patrol, watch.

PILOT
It's only mopping up.

RED
Where do you get that stuff,
mopping up?

PILOT
Jesus, I forgot you men were out
for six days. Hell, man, the whole
fucking campaign blew sky high. In
another week there won't be but
ten Japs left.

RED
What?

PILOT
Yeah, we got their supply dump.
We're slaughtering them.

RED
The whole thing's over?

PILOT
Just about.

RED
We broke our ass for nothing.

The pilot grins.

PILOT
Higher strategy.

The boat passes a bend of the island and they can see Mount
Anaka in the distance.

EXT: THE DECK OF THE BOAT - CONTINUING

Minetta, Gallagher and Croft stare at the mountain.

MINETTA
Did we climb that?

GALLAGHER
We did okay to go as far as we did.

Croft says nothing, just stares at the mountain, knowing he
has missed some tantalizing revelation of himself. Of himself
and much more. Of life. Everything.

Some of the men are singing "Roll me over in the Clover".

SINGING MEN
Roll me over, in the clover. Lay
me down, roll me over, do it again.

Red comes down from the stern deck.

STANLEY
Hey, Red, what's a man like you
gonna do when we get out of the
Army?

RED
Do the same fuckin' thing I always
did. What else is there?

One by one, the men begin to join in the song.

MEN SINGING
Half past six, I had her doing
tricks.

BROWN
When we hit Frisco, I'm going to
take my pay and throw the biggest
drunk that town ever saw, and then
I'll shack up with some bitch, and
I won't do nothing but screw and
drink for two whole weeks. Two
whole goddam weeks.

MEN SINGING
Lay me down, roll me over, do it
again.

GALLAGHER
I say there's a fuggin' score to
be paid off. Somebody's gonna pay.
Knock the fuggin civilians' head
in.

GOLDSTEIN
I'm going to take a taxi from
Grand Central, and ride all the
way out to our apartment house in
Flatbush, and then I'm going to
come up the stairs, and ring the
bell, and Natalie'll be wondering
who it is...

Goldstein wells with emotion.

MEN SINGING

Half past seven, she thought she
was in Heaven.

MARTINEZ

San Antonio, see family maybe.
Walk around, nice Mexican girls.
Show my ribbons, go to church,
killed too many goddam Japs. Don't
know, Maybe I re-enlist. Army no
goddam good, but Army okay.

MEN SINGING

Roll me over, in the clover. Lay
me down, roll me over, do it again.

All the men are gathered around except for Croft, who stares
out at the mountain, away from them.

Stanley sees a chance.

STANLEY

How 'bout you, Croft? What are you
going to do when you get out?

Croft never takes his eyes off the mountain.

CROFT

Waste of time thinking about it.
The war'll go on for a while yet.

We leave the boat and travel up away from the men and the
island.

MEN SINGING

Roll me over, in the clover. Lay
me down, roll me over, do it again!

THE END