

FADE IN:

EXT. - FLIGHT LINE, DANANG - DAY

TITLE: DANANG AIR BASE, VIET NAM

Emmanuel Wilson, a black buck sergeant (E4), just under 6-foot tall with a wiry frame DISEMBARKS a C-130 CARGO PLANE with other military men including GIDEON SHACKS, a black staff sergeant (E5).

A SIREN goes off in the distance. A loud WHISTLING sound suggests that rockets are close by.

GIDEON SHACKS
Rockets! Hit the deck!

One airman runs toward an aircraft hangar.

The other men dive and lie prostrate on the sun-baked earth.

SHACKS
Get down! Get down!

The airman runs on. When ROCKETS EXPLODE on the flight line, shrapnel cuts the running airman down. He smashes onto the parking pad outside the hangar with a THUD; no other sound comes from him.

Moments later, passengers and crews rise and move about as if the rocket attack had never occurred.

SHACKS
Why didn't he get down? I told
him to get down.

The rookies leaving the C-130 wear starched uniforms with razor-sharp creases. They have clean-shaven faces and bewildered expressions. Some are boys with boyish smiles.

A second column of men moves toward the C-130. There are no boys in this group. Even the youngest among them moves with a countenance that betrays his war-hewn maturity. They are sure-footed, hardened men who move with confidence.

One marine gives Wilson a contemptuous eye. Wilson breaks his gaze, then realizing how weak that must seem, casts a menacing glare toward the marine until he passes.

EXT. - SECURITY POLICE ARMORY - NIGHT

Two white airmen mount a fifty-caliber machine gun onto an ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER (APC) while a marine private (MIKE), and a black airman load ammunition into the passenger compartment of the APC.

JAZZ is a fair-skinned, black buck sergeant (E4) from Arkansas. He and Wilson examine the APC.

JAZZ

Tiger flight works strictly at night. Sometimes we patrol the villages and run recon all night about ten K's out, then we come back in. Some nights we go out about five K's and set up ambushes to try to stop the rocket attacks.

WILSON

Five K's?

JAZZ

That's the radius. During the day, the Viet Cong stash the launchers and shells outside their effective range, which is about five K's out; at night they move in and launch them from about two and a half K's. So we go out five K's and set up ambushes to see if we can catch them coming in. We got a fifty-fifty deal with the marines to protect Danang.

WILSON

Fifty-fifty? I see one marine. Where are the rest of them?

JAZZ

Hey, Mike, come over here.

MIKE

What's up, sarge?

JAZZ

I just told Sergeant Wilson about our fifty-fifty deal. He

doesn't understand.

MIKE

One marine. Five air force.
It's all about the same.

INT. - SECURITY POLICE BARRACKS 15 (OPEN BAY) - DAY

Four security policemen play cards, smoke, and drink at the far end of the barracks.

WILSON'S POV: pen in hand writes on stationery atop a small box.

WILSON (V.O.)

Dear Little Sister, I've finally arrived at Danang Airbase, and I don't know what all the fuss is about. This base has lots of sunshine and lots of open space.

RETURN TO SCENE:

A SIREN goes off and rockets EXPLODE nearby. The men dive to the floor and cover. Wilson flops to his belly holding his pen in one hand and his letter in the other.

After the attack, the card games resumes.

Wilson continues his letter:

WILSON (V.O.)

It's a little warmer than in Miami, but it's not nearly as hot as Lackland. Now, that was an inferno. I've met some very friendly brothers over here; brothers I think I could trust with my life. I think this is going to be a wonderful place to spend the next year. I love you, sis. I'm in good hands at Danang. Manny.

EXT. - AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE HANGAR #40 - NIGHT

Wilson and an airman in a JEEP stop near the hangar entrance. The airman jumps out and checks the door. It opens.

Wilson picks up the RADIO and keys the mike.

WILSON

(on radio)

Hotel Quebec, this is tiger five three. I've got hangar forty unsecured. We need to get the building custodian out here to check it out.

DISPATCH

(O.S., filtered)

Roger, tiger five three.

INT. - AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE HANGAR #40 - CONTINUOUS

Wilson and the airman ENTER and turn on lights. They look for signs of forced entry or sabotage, but find none.

In a far corner is a large pile of silk PARACHUTES. Wilson walks over and fingers the material. He smiles.

A STAFF SERGEANT ENTERS. Wilson returns to the entrance.

WILSON

We don't see anything suspicious. Does everything look okay to you?

STAFF SERGEANT

It looks normal. Some S O B forgot to lock the door.

WILSON

Not a problem. We'll just chalk it up to a security oversight. By the way, what are you guys gonna do with those parachutes?

STAFF SERGEANT

We're getting rid of them. They're for F-101's. They don't fit the F-4.

WILSON

You mean you're turning them in? Or throwing them out?

STAFF SERGEANT

They're obsolete. Supply
doesn't want them. They told us
to dump them.

WILSON

Can you hold them for a day or
two? I have somebody who may be
able to take them off your
hands. What do you want for
them?

STAFF SERGEANT

Nothing. Just take them away
before Thursday. Can you get me
a flight jacket?

WILSON

Let me see about that. Don't
move them until you hear from
me. What size?

EXT. - MARINE SUPPLY DEPOT, DANANG AB - DAY

A JEEP stops at the entrance to the depot. Wilson jumps out
with a wave to the driver. The driver pulls away. Wilson
goes into -

INT. - HALLWAY OUTSIDE ARNOLD'S OFFICE

Wilson sips coffee from a paper cup. Marine Master Sergeant
ARNOLD ENTERS. He is tall, bulges slightly at the waist, and
has chevrons that nearly cover the sleeves of his shirt. He
invites Wilson into -

INT. - ARNOLD'S IMPRESSIVE OFFICE

ARNOLD

(in a business-like tone)
What can I do for you, sergeant?

WILSON

I hear you are looking for some
silk.

ARNOLD

(in a more cordial tone)
Yes, I am. What have you got?

WILSON

Parachutes. Silk parachutes.

ARNOLD

No kidding! How much you got?

WILSON

Like a small mountain.

Arnold's face lights up with a smile.

WILSON (CONT'D)

So I guess you're interested.

ARNOLD

Indeed. What do you want for them?

WILSON

Just a flight jacket for now. I may need a few things later.

INSERT Wilson's name tag: E G WILSON.

ARNOLD

You've got it, Sergeant Wilson. I'm Master Sergeant Arnold. Get me that silk, and if you have what you say you have, you just stop by anytime you want.

WILSON

I'll need a truck to bring it over. If I can get a large flight jacket and somebody to haul the chutes, I'll go get it now.

ARNOLD

You've got it.
(picks up the phone)
Jimmy, bring me a large flight jacket and a pickup, right away.
(turns toward Wilson)
You just let me know what you need. Any time.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A. Jimmy drives Wilson to the maintenance hangar #40.
- B. They load parachutes onto the pickup.
- C. They return the parachutes to the marine supply depot.
- D. Arnold fingers the silk and smiles.
- E. Wilson sits with a full bird colonel on the patio of the Officer's club having a drink and smoking a cigar.
- F. Wilson leaves the club in a pickup with three kegs of beer.
- G. Wilson delivers kegs of beer to the POL office. Oil storage tanks are in the background.
- H. A POL truck filled with empty oil barrels follows Wilson to the Civil Engineer's yard. Lumber is in the background.
- I. Oil barrels are taken off the POL truck, and plywood is loaded onto Wilson's pickup.
- J. Wilson meets with bird colonel at the officer's club and shakes hands. Pickup with plywood is in the background.

INT. - APC - NIGHT

Wilson, Jazz, GARY AUSTIN, CUE, BURTON and a marine SP (Holsinger) are on duty.

Cue is a tall, thin farm boy with straw-colored hair. Burton is a city boy. Both are white, but Burton has the mannerisms and ebonic style of a ghetto black man.

Austin is a refined but muscular black airman from upstate New York.

In the distance, FLASHES OF LIGHT show that a rocket attack is in progress.

CUE

(drives the APC)

There they go again with those
VC 120's.

AUSTIN

(rides shotgun)

Those rounds look like they are
landing off post.

BURTON

(ebonic style)

Yo, Bro. They be bombing they
own self.

AUSTIN

You think they're that stupid?

JAZZ

You won't believe how stupid
some of these gooks are.

WILSON

Jazz, I thought we were supposed
to be doing something about
these rocket attacks. We've
been going out for a month and
we haven't seen a single rocket
launcher. And these fuckers
shell us all the time.

JAZZ

They shell us at their pleasure.
But they have to be on their
toes with these patrols bringing
heat on 'em, Willy.

WILSON

Goddammit, Jazz, don't you start
with that shit. My name ain't
Willy. I told Sergeant Barnes
to stop calling me that, and I'm
telling you: don't call me
Willy!

DISPATCH (O.S. filtered)

Tiger one four, hotel Quebec,
come in.

CUE

Tiger one four, hotel Quebec.

DISPATCH (O.S. filtered)

Check out altercation, air force side, chicken canteen.

CUE

Copy, hotel Quebec, altercation, air force side, chicken canteen.

The APC makes a U turn.

JAZZ

So Wilson, it sure looks like Captain Blaine is scared of you.

WILSON

I told you so. And I think I know why. He saw me at the officer's club drinking and smoking cigars with a full bird colonel.

JAZZ

Hell, I would be scared of your ass to. The only enlisted swine at the o'club have mops.

WILSON

I had a three-way deal with the club, POL and CE. The o'club needed plywood, CE needed oil barrels, and POL caved in for beer. I worked it out, and now I got markers from all three of them.

EXT. - CHICKEN CANTEEN - NIGHT

CORPORAL AMES, a black marine, sits drinking beer, watching fellow marine, CORPORAL GREEN, fight three white sailors.

Sailor #1, badly battered, sits slumped atop a deuce-and-a-half.

Sailor #2 is unconscious and hangs by his teeth from the branch of a tree.

Sailor #3 is on his knees, barely conscious, and Corporal Green punches him in a slow rhythm.

The APC ENTERS and halts. The crew as before climbs out.

GREEN
 (punches sailor #3)
 Swing, motherfucker! Swing!

Jazz sends Austin and Holsinger to stop the altercation. He sends Cue and Burton to help sailor #2 get his teeth out of the tree. He sends Wilson to help sailor #1.

Jazz returns to the APC and keys the mike on the RADIO.

JAZZ
 (into radio)
 Hotel Quebec, this is tiger one four. We've got three guys out here who need to be rushed to emergency, and we've got one marine who may need to be sedated.

Austin and Holsinger separate Green from sailor #3. Holsinger cuffs Green and escorts him to the APC where Green falls to the ground exhausted.

Austin stays behind with sailor #3, now prostrate.

Wilson revives sailor #1 on the deuce-and-a-half.

Cue and Burton free sailor #2 from the tree at about the same time that the CRACKER BOX arrives.

The medics get busy tending to the broken sailors.

Jazz, Wilson, and Austin approach Corporal Ames, who holds a beer bottle in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

JAZZ
 Good evening, corporal.

AMES
 What's up, Bro?

JAZZ
 What happened here?

AMES
 Brother man fucked 'em up. You

just don't mess with a brother's
food while he's eating. Hell
no!

JAZZ

How did it get started?

AMES

Me and Corporal Green was just
sitting down eating some chicken
and fries and talking. That's
all. These three navy guys
walked in loud and drunk, and
when they came pass the table
one of them reached over and
grabbed a piece of Green's
chicken and kept on walking.
Green looked up and saw it was a
Honkie. He just lost it. He
went off on the guy. The other
two guys just got in his way.

JAZZ

This was over a piece of
chicken?

AMES

A wing. A chicken wing. That's
all they serve is wings.

Wilson, Austin, and Jazz leave Ames and walk toward the APC.

AUSTIN

Are you serious? He nearly
killed three men over a chicken
wing? And look at him now.
Look at him! Not a shred of
remorse. It's like he swatted a
mosquito.

WILSON

Look, Austin, what part of New
York are you from?

AUSTIN

Albany.

WILSON

You ever been in a street fight?
I don't mean where somebody
pushes you and you roll in the
dirt, I mean a fight where half
a dozen mother fuckers pull guns
and fire in your direction and
you have to outrun a bullet?
You ever been in a fight like
that?

AUSTIN

(shakes his head)

No.

WILSON

I didn't think so. Yeah, that
marine is wrong. I mean, he had
no right to do what he did. But
where I come from, that's the
way it is. Every day in the
ghetto is a goddamn war, and if
you wanna survive, you gotta
adjust to the situation. That's
all this marine did.

AUSTIN

But this was not a slap on the
hand. That's all he needed. A
little slap on the hand and you
let the guy go. He tried to
kill this guy - no, three guys.
He tried to kill innocent people
who had nothing to do with it.

JAZZ

These white boys would be dead
in Arkansas. We don't take shit
off crackers. I wouldn't even
bother to beat his ass. We cut
mother fuckers back home.

WILSON

You gotta get too close with
knives. They shoot your ass in
Liberty City.

Jazz and Wilson laugh out loud as Austin gasps in disbelief.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Well, I guess you don't see the

humor, but think about it.
 We're out here with one mission:
 to kill and maim for God and for
 country. That's what we do.
 It's the patriotic thing to do,
 hell, the Christian thing to do
 over here. If violence is good
 for God and country, then
 violence will do when a wise-ass
 screws with a brother's chicken.
 You can't ask a man to kill and
 maim one enemy, I mean, insist
 on it, and expect him to love
 the other enemy and turn the
 other cheek. Hell, no!

JAZZ

You're gonna see this all the
 time over here, Austin. We are
 not going to take a load of shit
 off white boys.

EXT. - BOMB DUMP ON DANANG AB - NIGHT

A ROCKET ATTACK is in progress. FLASHES OF LIGHT illuminate
 the horizon beyond the bomb dump.

The flashes come progressively closer to the bomb shelters
 until suddenly, one of the shelters EXPLODES, spewing its
 contents into the air.

Some of the bombs from the shelter EXPLODE in the air, others
 EXPLODE when they land on adjacent shelters and set off a
 CHAIN REACTION of explosions and flying bombs.

INT. - APC - NIGHT

Wilson, Cue, PEANUT, and BIG WILL are on the crew with
 another white airman and a marine private. Cue drives.

Peanut is a black airman whose elongated head explains his
 nickname. Big Will, also black, is a large, rugged airman.

DISPATCH

(O.S. filtered)

Tiger one four, come in.

CUE

(into RADIO)

This is tiger one four.

DISPATCH

We got a chain reaction going up in a bomb dump right next to this Vietnamese village. Run down to Quan Pham and see if you can help evacuate the locals.

CUE

Roger, hotel Quebec.

The APC moves toward the fireworks. Bombs EXPLODE, lighting up the sky, and villagers run.

The CRASHING SOUND of baseball-sized chunks of rock and earth striking the metal chassis of the APC resonate in the cabin of the APC.

PEANUT

(looks nervously out a peephole)

Damn, Manny, what are we doing here?

WILSON

Trying to evacuate.

PEANUT

Evacuate who? We can't carry anybody in this APC and I don't see no evacuation vehicles.

A BOMB EXPLODES nearby, close enough to get the attention of the crew.

CUE

These vehicles can't take a hit like that. They are not designed for this kind of abuse.

BIG WILL

This is a goddamn suicide mission. We can't carry anybody out of here, and we don't have to warn anybody they are getting shelled. Hell, they already know that! Evacuate them? Evacuate us! Man, get this mother fucker out of here.

INT. - SP SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

SERGEANT BARNES, a white master sergeant from rural North Carolina sits at the elevated podium of the desk sergeant. Wilson ENTERS.

BARNES
(in a southern drawl)
How was the shift, Willy?

WILSON
Now, I told you don't call me
that, Sergeant Barnes.

BARNES
Why not? It's just short for
Wilson.

WILSON
Yeah, but that's not my name,
'Willie.' It just sounds like a
slave name to me, and I ain't no
damn slave.

BARNES
So, what do you want me to call
you?

WILSON
You can call me anything you
want, but don't call me Willie.

BARNES
Okay . . . I'll call you Cedric.

Wilson glares at Barnes with a pained expression, shrugs, and laughs.

WILSON
Okay, Sarge, I give up. I'm
Cedric. That sure as hell ain't
no slave name. Anyway, we were
in some heavy stuff last night.
I wonder how that village made
out. It was like the Fourth of
July.

BARNES

Come on, Cedric, let's ride out
and take a look.

EXT. - SP SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Barnes and Wilson hop into a JEEP and drive off as the first
light of morning spills over the mountains to the east.
Minutes later they arrive at -

EXT. - QUAN PHAM, A SMALL VILLAGE

The Jeep moves slowly. There are a few craters in the fields
and in the streets, some mounds of mud in the rice paddies,
and holes in a few huts.

WILSON

It's not as bad as I thought.
It sounded like those damn bombs
were going off everywhere.

BARNES

They didn't get away clean, but
it's still standing. It
wouldn't take much to blast a
village like this into the
Twilight Zone.

Barnes stops the Jeep outside a hut that has a crater off to
the side of it and has damage to the hut itself.

PAPASAN LIHN, who has a patch over his left eye, squats
making scratches in the dirt with a stick, lost in thought.
His left arm has a bloody bandage around the bicep.

WILSON

I think I know that Papasan.

BARNES

You might. He was in the South
Vietnamese Army until he lost
his eye. He was QC, you know,
their military police.

WILSON

Wait, Sarge. Wait a minute.

(surveys damage to hut)
 I can fix that, Sarge. I know a couple of guys who will help if I can get a pass. And, hell, there's scrap lumber over at the marine bomb dump.

(he laughs)
 At least there was lumber over there before all these bombs went off.

BARNES
 Cedric, you continue to amaze me. If you can make it happen, you'll get your pass.

WILSON
 You mind if I stop here for a while? I want to see if Papasan will let me help him.

Barnes stops the Jeep and Wilson goes over to Papasan.

WILSON
 (points to damage)
 I can fix for you.

LIHN
 (in broken English)
 I cannot fix. I busy today.
 Bury sister. Baby girl.

Lihn keeps a close watch on Sergeant Barnes.

WILSON
 Your sister and baby killed last night?

Lihn waves his free arm into the air and rolls his eyes upward.

LIHN
 Boom!

WILSON
 I come tomorrow and fix hut.

LIHN
 (nods and bows)
 Lihn thank you.

Wilson returns his bows and returns to the Jeep.

WILSON

He lost his sister and daughter
last night.

BARNES

You can't take this stuff
personally, Cedric. Don't let
it get to you. It's a fucked up
war, and innocent people die.
You bury the dead and move on.
But it's abso-fucking-lutely
amazing that you want to help
that Vietnamese.

Barnes drives slowly pass the hooch.

WILSON

You know something, Sergeant
Barnes, that's just the way I
was brought up. I care about
little things I can do to make
life better for somebody. Hell,
we never had much back home, so
if you could lend a brother a
hand, you did it. Back home the
brothers had a bond; we had each
other's back. That's the way it
is here too. The brothers have
a very strong bond. We have to
or we won't survive. The way I
see it, the only thing we lose
helping Papasan is a few hours.
But we can gain an ally, maybe a
friend for life. Back in the
projects you can't have enough
allies. And there's something
about this Papasan, Sergeant
Barnes, I can't explain it,
something that makes me think he
is a really good man. There is
something about him that makes
me want to help.

SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY:

A. Wilson drives Austin and Burton to the marine side of
Danang in a pickup.

- B. The three men load lumber onto the pickup.
- C. They make repairs to Lihn's hut.
- D. They shake hands with Lihn and his wife.

INT. - MESS HALL - MORNING

Wilson has breakfast with Stretch and Cue. Seaman RILEY ENTERS and approaches Wilson.

RILEY
Sergeant Manny Wilson?

WILSON
That's me all right. Can I help you with something?

RILEY
My boss wants to meet you. I work over at Camp Kim Lin, about ten miles from Danang. That's where the navy brings in meat for the northern region.

WILSON
What's it about? You know?

RILEY
He needs a favor. I told him about your supply connection. You do this favor and you can end up with a meat connection. He will be very grateful.

WILSON
If I can help him, I'll help him. I don't do black market. Anything I do gotta be legit.

RILEY
Can you talk to him? You might be able to get him out of a big bind.

WILSON
Ten miles?

RILEY

I can take you. And bring you back. Whenever you're ready.

EXT. - CAMP KIM LIN - DAY

Riley and Wilson arrive at a hut used for office space and climb out of a pickup truck. There are blocks of refrigerated buildings in the area. The Airman and sailor walk into -

INT. - MASTER CHIEF'S OFFICE

The MASTER CHIEF hangs up the PHONE.

RILEY

Chief, this is the guy I've been telling you about.

MASTER CHIEF

(anxious)

Look. I promised my son I would send him a set of jungle fatigues. I'm having trouble getting them through the navy. I understand you might be able to help me. I don't care if they are used. I'll take anything I can get. But I need something right away.

WILSON

No, no, no. Not used. They will be new.

MASTER CHIEF

I want the smallest size you can get. But get any size you can.

WILSON

Naw, I can get that. That's not a problem. I'll get to work on it right away.

MASTER CHIEF

Just do what you can. I really got myself up a creek.

INT. - MASTER CHIEF'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Wilson gives the master chief two sets of jungle fatigues.

WILSON

Is this kind of what you want?

MASTER CHIEF

I'll just be damned! Come on;
I'm gonna give you some meat.

The men EXIT and walk to -

EXT. - CAMP KIM LIN MEAT LOCKER

The master chief has men bring out three cases of steak, a case of chicken and a case of shrimp.

MASTER CHIEF

I'm sorry I can't do better.
We're a little low on meat this
week. Look, anytime you need
meat, you just come see me and
I'll take care of it. The only
thing I ask, if you need a large
quantity, try to give me two or
three days notice.

WILSON

(looks down at fives cases
of meat)
What do you call a large
quantity?

MASTER CHIEF

You know, fifty, sixty, seventy
cases.

WILSON

(turns to conceal his
surprise then turns back)
I can tell you right now - I
ain't never gonna need that kind
of meat.

MASTER CHIEF

How much meat are you gonna
need?

WILSON

I'm gonna be needing some meat because my squadron has a party every week. But I'll never need that much meat, not at one time. I'll never need more than three or four cases at one time.

MASTER CHIEF

Aw man, my guys can handle that, you don't need to bother me with that. Come on. Follow me.

INT. - CAMP KIM LIN DAY ROOM - DAY

Wilson and the master chief ENTER as the swing shift is relieving the day shift.

MASTER CHIEF

Hey guys, any time this guy comes in and he needs anything, take care of him.

(to Wilson)

Just come over when you need something.

Master Chief EXITS.

Riley approaches Wilson.

RILEY

See! I told you.

WILSON

I wonder what was he gonna give me if he wasn't short on meat. I can't even take what he gave me. I don't have anywhere to put five cases of meat. And the party's not until Saturday.

RILEY

You heard the chief. Just take what you want. I'll put the rest back. You can always come back.

WILSON

I need one case now. Take me
back to Danang and I'll just
take one case of steaks.

EXT. - QUAN PHAM - DAY

Wilson drives to the hooch of Papasan Lihn with the case of
steaks, carries the box to the door, then goes into -

INT. - LIHN'S HOOCH

Wilson lays the box on the floor.

MAMASAN SAM stirs a pot over an open flame.

Lihn and his two daughters, one 16 years old, the other 10
years old, sit at a table eating from bowls.

WILSON
(points to the pot)
God a'mighty knows, Mamasan!
What is that?

MAMASAN SAM
Bow-wow chop chop.

Wilson kneels, removes several steaks, and shows them to Lihn
and Sam.

WILSON
I have this for you. No bow-wow
chop chop.

Lihn bows in gratitude. When Wilson turns to leave, Lihn
knows the whole case is his, and he is stunned.

PAPASAN LIHN
No, no. Too much. Beaucoup.
You take.

WILSON
No. You take all. I no take.
You eat. Give to friend.

PAPASAN LIHN
Oh, beaucoup. Merci, merci.

INT. - SP HEADQUARTERS, MAJOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Wilson ENTERS and salutes.

MAJOR EPPS
(returns the salute)
What can I do for you, Sergeant
Wilson?

WILSON
Look here, Major, from now on,
when we have a party, I'll
supply the meat.

MAJOR EPPS
(leans back in his chair)
Okay.

WILSON
All right, I'll take care of it.

MAJOR EPPS
Would you?

WILSON
I'll be getting two cases of
steaks for the party. That's
150 steaks in a case. I'll
supply two cases every week.

MAJOR EPPS
Okay. How much?

WILSON
It won't cost you anything.

MAJOR EPPS
How much! I know it's going to
cost me something. What is it
going to cost me?

WILSON
Well, I'll tell you, the meat is
in Camp Kim Lin. I do need a
way to go pick it up, and I'll
need a pass.

MAJOR EPPS
I'll have to give you that

anyway. That's no problem.
Just take a deuce-and-a-half and
mount a sixty on top of it, or a
fifty, or whatever, and take
five or six men with you. You
don't go anywhere by yourself.
Just let Sergeant Rice know who
you're taking so he can adjust
the duty roster.

INT. - SP BARRACKS 15 - DAY

Wilson addresses STRETCH, Jazz, BEAR, Austin, and Big Will.

WILSON

Follow me. I got a deal for you
sons of bitches.

EXT. - FIELD BEHIND SP BARRACKS 15 - CONTINUOUS

WILSON

Friday, I'm putting you guys on
a special duty roster.

STRETCH

So, what's the mission?

WILSON

I and I in Danang City.

JAZZ

What's I and I?

STRETCH

Intercourse and intoxication!

AUSTIN

What in hell are you talking
about, Manny?

WILSON

Here's the deal. I have to pick
up steaks for the squadron
picnic. So the major tells me
to take a deuce-and-a-half and
five or six guys with me.

AUSTIN

We pick up meat? What's so hot about that?

WILSON

I have a pass to go to Danang City. We can go any goddamn where we want to; somewhere along the way, we pick up a few cases of steaks. Can you get down with that?

STRETCH

You're going to need a driver. That'll be me.

AUSTIN

I think I understand. I don't need a lot of intoxication, but I could intercourse myself into a coma about now.

JAZZ

Did you put me on the roster?

WILSON

All you guys are on the list. I'm going to rotate the schedule next week because I have to give the other boys a shot at it too. So here's the plan. We need the steaks for Saturday, but the steaks are frozen, so we pick them up on Friday night. I want Stretch and Austin to take care of the deuce-and-a-half and get it stocked and loaded with a fifty millimeter. Get back here by eighteen hundred Friday and pick up the rest of the crew, and as soon as we get the meat, it's I and I until dawn. It's going to be just like a shift on Tiger Flight, and I expect you guys to take this mission seriously. If you can't drink, screw, and party until dawn, speak up now and I can get you excused from the mission.

The boys Laugh.

STRETCH

Goddamn, Manny, you got it going on!

JAZZ

Let me shake your hand, brother.

BEAR

Look, Manny, I got a bottle of Royal Salute. You have to try this stuff, man. It's twenty-one-year-old Scotch as smooth as a baby's butt. I've been saving this bottle for a special occasion, and I want you to drink it with me today. You're the man, Bro. You're the man.