

DISORDER

by

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FADE IN

INT/EXT. VIET-CONG TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

POV: An arm is outstretched into the vertical shaft entry of the tunnel. A horrified Vietnamese NURSE (24) has just lost her grip and is being pulled into the darkness. A pair of red eyes glow behind her.

SUPER: VIETNAM - 1968

The arm retracts to reveal the tunnel opening in a jungle clearing. From off-screen, a C-4 explosive charge is tossed into the tunnel's open hole.

A gruff warning is yelled.

POINT MAN (O.S.)
Fire in the hole!

BOOM!

A brief commentary by an old and rattled man as dirt and debris erupts and falls amongst the clearing.

WEASEL (O.S.)
Like I said, that ain't the worst I
seen either.

INT. VETERAN'S ADMINISTRATION CARE FACILITY - PRESENT

The walls of the room are institutional green. A calendar by a metal bed frame has each passing day ex'ed out in red by a shaky hand. It's the year 2021.

A wheelchair faces a large open window. Seen from the back, only a balding head and scrawny arms on the armrests are visible. The occupant is WEASEL (72).

By the wheelchair, also viewed from the back, stands a NURSE with long black hair.

WEASEL
Remember the squad leader? Rooster?
Big black dude from... shit... St.
Louis? Bah, don't fuckin' matter
anyway.

Weasel seems momentarily lost for words. He passes a liver spotted hand across his equally liver spotted head.

He pauses and SNAPS his fingers.

WEASEL
Yeah, so, Rooster and me was in
this fire fight. Man, there was no
better man to have at your side.

EXT. VIETNAM - NIGHT

A muddy foxhole with sand bags layered around the top. WEASEL (18), a skinny grunt with WEASEL written on his helmet and joint in his mouth, fires an M-16 over the top.

Next to him, with sleeves cut-off that reveal massive arms, is ROOSTER (20). Rooster yells obscenities in between bursts from his belt-fed M-60 machine gun.

ROOSTER

Come to snuff the Rooster, huh? Git some, mutha-fuckas!

Tracer rounds whiz by overhead.

WEASEL (O.S.)

They was inside the wire, so I hit the claymores.

One by one, Weasel picks up the remotes and triggers a series of explosions that light up the background.

The gunfire all but stops. The brief silence is followed by a chorus of screams and the moans of wounded.

Rooster has stopped firing and stands to view the carnage. He turns to Weasel.

ROOSTER

Ain't found a way to kill me yet.

PING!

A single sniper round pierces Rooster's helmet and he collapses onto Weasel.

WEASEL (O.S.)

I held him while he breathed his dyin' breath.

Weasel lets out a cry of anguish.

INT. VETERAN'S ADMINISTRATION CARE FACILITY - PRESENT

Close on Weasel: A thousand mile stare.

WEASEL

You know...they spit on me in my hometown? Called me all sorts of shit.

He does a nervous sideways glance to his right and left.

WEASEL

Rooster dyin' pissed us off...

EXT. VIETNAM - DAY

Weasel is with a SQUAD of Marines, with M-16s and M-60s at the ready, as they walk into an unsuspecting Vietnamese village. Villagers carry on with their daily routines.

WEASEL (O.S.)
...it was payback time.

Old MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN are pushed around and rough handled. Baskets of rice kicked over. A barking DOG is shot.

WEASEL (O.S.)
Yeah, we showed them.

Weasel flips open his Zippo lighter and sets the fringe of a thatch roof on fire.

Shouts are heard in the background, followed by automatic gunfire.

WEASEL (O.S.)
It got a little out of hand.

INT. VETERAN'S ADMINISTRATION CARE FACILITY - PRESENT

Close on Weasel: He has his face in his hands as he shakes his head back and forth. He moans-

WEASEL
No, no, no, I don't want to look.

The nurse's hand touches his left shoulder. A massive black hand touches his right shoulder.

Weasel emits a WHIMPER.

The hands of old men, women, and children touch his head, chest, arms, and thighs.

Weasel SCREAMS!

WEASEL
Make it stop!

The door to Weasel's room opens with a CRASH as an ORDERLY rushes into the room.

ORDERLY
What is it? What's wrong?

Except for Weasel, the room is empty. He is alone.

WEASEL
It's the worst I seen. And I see it every day.

FADE TO BLACK