

VIETCOM

Written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Coconut trees being viewed through a dream state. Colored smoke wafts, yellow then purple. MUSIC begins, suggestive of 1968-69, perhaps "Run Through the Jungle" by Creedence Clearwater Revival.

Helicopters come gliding through with an air of deadly grace. We hear their motors humming before the first one appears.

The trees, without warning, BURST into flames. Helicopters continue to cross in and out of frame, the napalm burns hot.

BEGIN DISSOLVE between the JUNGLE and SAIGON HOTEL.

INT. SAIGON HOTEL - DAY

The upside down image of a stubble-faced man; it's ROCKLAND STEEL (40, tall, large man, muscle is not as evident as it once was). He is intense and dissipated in alcoholic pleasure.

The night stand is covered in papers, a passport, a military-issued Beretta M-9 and an empty bottle of whiskey.

EXT. IMAGES OF HELICOPTERS - DAY

The helicopters continue to fly slowly, peacefully in front of the burning jungle. The colored smoke comes and goes. A lone helicopter turns and comes screaming in, but instead of passing, it begins to descend.

END DISSOLVE between the JUNGLE and SAIGON HOTEL.

INT. SAIGON HOTEL - DAY

The helicopter motor matches the hotel fan. Rockland's eyes open. He rises from his bed and walks over to the window to look out onto the bustling Saigon street.

ROCKLAND

Saigon.

Rockland takes a deep breath.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Thank God. It's tough to tell where I'm at these days.

(MORE)

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Everyplace looks the same. Every pillow too hard. Every sheet, too inappropriate a thread count.

The helicopter motor noise is unbearable.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Every fan, like a damn helicopter.

Rockland walks under the fan, hits it and the helicopter motor noise stops. Rock lumbers back over to the window.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Men say they want to go home. This is my home. The only thing I ever loved is this here United States military.

Rockland takes a deep breath and walks over to the hotel wall. There are four portraits. As Rock talks, he moves past them.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

I can't help it. The military's in my blood. My father fought in World War Two.

EXT. WORLD WAR II BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Rockland, with a mustache, in World War II garb, loading and firing a mortar.

INT. SAIGON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Rockland arrives at the next portrait.

ROCKLAND

My grandfather in World War One.

EXT. WORLD WAR I BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Rockland, with a small beard, in World War I attire and firing a rifle.

INT. SAIGON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Rockland walks to another portrait.

ROCKLAND

And my great-great-grandfather in
the Civil War, along with his
horse, Sergeant-Major Hoof.

EXT. CIVIL WAR BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Rockland, with a lumberjack beard, in Civil War uniform,
charging with a bayonet on Sgt. Maj. Hoof, who has a matching
beard.

INT. SAIGON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Rock walks back to his father's picture and rubs the corner,
which has a small picture of Cayo Largo, Cuba stuffed in it.

ROCKLAND

Died in battle. With honor. I had
him buried in his favorite spot on
the globe.

Rockland walks over to the closet, which has a general's
jacket on a coat hanger along with a lapel with more awards,
stars and accolades anyone has ever seen.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

I had done it. Reached the top. I
was General once. Oh-Ten pay grade
and everything. Then Cuba had to be
all ooooooh this is restricted air
space, oooooooh Bay of Pigs was
your fault. Stupid Cuba and their
political feelings.

EXT. CAYO LARGO, CUBA - DAY

Rockland, in full General's garb, attending a funeral for his
father. Bombs exploding, gun fire in the background as a
rendition of "Green Onions" by Booker T. and the M.G.'s plays
on bagpipes.

INT. SAIGON HOTEL - DAY

Rockland goes over to the empty whiskey bottle and tips it,
hoping for one last drop.

ROCKLAND

Thank God for the Lieutenant-
General Clint Hart. He saw me for
what I am. A real soldier.

Rockland stubs his toe on the bedpost.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
AH SHIT!

Rockland jumps on the bed.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
Ohhh. Fuck me that hurts. God
dammit, every fucking time.

He gets back up and continues pacing, but with a noticeable gimp.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
He's been keeping me here running
missions for the last six months.
Unofficial of course, because let's
face it, the real shit always gets
done under the radar. No
bureaucratic bullshit. It's been a
while now though. God how I miss
the jungle. The smell of the trees.
The crunching of plant life beneath
my boots.

While talking, Rockland's arm lowers and begins moving back and forth. Rockland caresses his words.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
The hot steel of a semi-automatic
in my hands. The bullet shells
strapped across my shoulders.

Rockland ramps up.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
The gyrating of the gatling guns.
The overwhelming humidity. The feel
of sweat on your brow. Weight of
the grenades on your belt. Hunting
for Charlie. Uuughh--

As Rock groans like a water buffalo, two ARMY SOLDIERS (early 20's, 'green') enter Rock's room.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
JESUS H. LYNDON B. JOHNSON!

The Soldiers freeze and avoid looking at Rockland.

SOLDIER 1
Sorry, sir!

SOLDIER 2
Apologies, sir!

Rockland stares at the Soldiers, who stare at anything but him.

ROCKLAND

You know those situations where you say 'this isn't what it looks like', then it's exactly what it looks like? Well, I'm not going to bullshit you gentlemen, this is exactly what it looks like.

Without making eye-contact or looking down, the Soldiers talk.

SOLDIER 1

W-we were sent here by the Lieutenant-General, sir.

SOLDIER 2

We have orders to escort you to Nha Trang to meet with the him, sir.

A grin of relief creeps across Rockland's face.

ROCKLAND

Well, why didn't you say so? I'll be there in a jiff!

SOLDIER 1

Sir, yes, sir!

SOLDIER 2

Sir, yes, sir!

The soldiers salute and march out.

ROCKLAND

That means you too, son. Go make me a paperback hero.

JIMMY (18, scrawny, glasses) is holding a pocket-sized tape recorder, a note-pad on his lap and has a Media ID tag dangling around his neck. A lone tear streaks down his face.

INT. SAIGON HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The soldiers close the door. An awkward pause occurs before Soldier 1 breaks it.

SOLDIER 1

You ever see one of those South American Anaconda's in National Geographic?

The doors opens and Jimmy exits.

JIMMY
There is no God.

EXT. NHA TRANG MILITARY BASE - DAY

Rockland, fully decked out in military garb marches across the base. Everyone who sees Rock drops what they are doing to salute him. He is a legend; a God amongst men.

- A Soldier cleaning his gun, stands up and salutes, knocking the carefully laid pieces all over.

- Four Soldiers playing cards, while shuffling spray them all over as they stand to salute. Except for one, who reels in all the cash, chips and cigarettes for himself.

- Soldiers playing horseshoes, stop playing and salute while a shoe is in midair and knocks one of them out.

- A latrine door opens and a Soldier salutes.

- A Soldier dropping a case of grenades to salute.

- A Soldier waving in a helicopter, stops and salutes. The helicopter lands on top of a tent instead of the designated landing area.

INT. NHA TRANG MILITARY BASE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Rockland marches into the Headquarters, where LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CLINT HART (55, fit, strong, in command, clean-cut) is standing, reading through a case file. Rockland salutes.

LT. GEN. HART
Agent Steel. Welcome.

He salutes Rockland and motions to a chair.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
At ease.

ROCKLAND
I think I'll stand for a moment, sir. I've been lying on a hotel bed for two months.

LT. GEN. HART
Sorry, Rock, there's just been no missions coming down the pipe. Until now that is. You two may leave.

Rockland's attention is turned to CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER MONTEL (35, fat) and WILLIAMS (35, fat) in the corner of the room. They arise. They move out of the room at the pace of a sloth with a bad ankle.

Lt. Gen. Hart walks over to a table where there's food out.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
Why don't I brief you and have a bite at the same time?

Rockland walks over and sits down.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
Here's the deal, Rock. We've lost a man. A very important man, to the Vietcong. Here, try this, it's delicious.

Lt. Gen. Hart passes a plate of roast beef.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
CIA Operative Frank Sampson. He holds valuable Intel for the government.

ROCKLAND
What kind of Intel?

LT. GEN. HART
(Ignoring Rock)
Sampson must be retrieved. It doesn't get much bigger than this. That's why I'm flexing my muscles on this one and sending you out, my prized fighter. I love pickles, I don't know how anyone doesn't. They're really just cucumbers you know?

Lt. Gen. Hart grabs a pickle and carefully places it on his plate. Rockland sits solemnly.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
We will provide you a team. Only the best of the best.

ROCKLAND
If it's possible, I'd like to choose my own team, sir.

Lt. Gen. Hart takes a bite of his sandwich.

LT. GEN. HART

Let's face it, the Tet Offensive fucked us. Plain and simple. If we don't gain some ground back, starting with rescuing Sampson, American involvement in this war could very well be over. Understood?

ROCKLAND

You can count on me, sir.

LT. GEN. HART

I knew I could. Here, try these baby tomatoes. Really, the most underrated of sandwich condiments.

ROCKLAND

You spoke before of a team? I'd like to--

LT. GEN. HART

Ah yes. Here.

Lt. Gen. Hart rises, retrieves a binder and hands it to Rock.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

Everything's there. Their mission history, specialty, height, weight, ethnicity, hell it's got their fucking dick size. Anything and everything you need to know.

Rockland opens his mouth to speak, but is interrupted again.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

The basic course of your mission will be up the Dung River. Sampson's last known position was up near the border of Cambodia.

ROCKLAND

Can I make a special request, sir?

LT. GEN. HART

That'll cost you extra.

Lt. Gen. Hart laughs.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

That's something my ex-wife would say.

Lt. Gen. Hart takes a bite of his sandwich and looks at Rockland's blank stare.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
She was a sidewalk hostess. A curb server. A man troller.

ROCKLAND
Sir?

LT. GEN. HART
A lane lieutenant, parking proxy, lot lizard, truck-stop tid bit, a walker of the night.

Lt. Gen. Hart takes a deep breath.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
My ex-wife was an actual whore.

ROCKLAND
Ah.

Lt. Gen. Hart waves a limp pickle at Rockland, who shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

LT. GEN. HART
Speak freely, Agent Steel.

Rockland takes a deep breath.

ROCKLAND
What could Operative Samson possibly know that would warrant a mission such as this? Near the border of Cambodia? Up the Dung River? Sir, if you don't mind me saying, that's like sending paper through a shredder and expecting it to come out any other way but ripped to bits.

LT. GEN. HART
I appreciate what you're saying, Rock, I really do. But my hands are tied here, I've got no other choice. That is why I would trust no one else on this mission. Only you.

Rockland blushes.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

What Samson knows, frankly, is none of your business. Only a select few know including the secretary of defense and the Commander-in-Chief himself.

Lt. Gen. Hart stands up and walks over to a filing cabinet. He kicks the bottom, knocks the side and reaches into the cabinet and pulls out a fat folder and plops it down on the table. Lt. Gen. Hart pounds the folder with his finger and lowers his voice.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

I am not giving you this. As far as you, me and the government are concerned, I gave the parameters of your mission and you accepted. Understood?

ROCKLAND

Yes sir.

Lt. Gen. Hart leans in close to Rock's ear.

LT. GEN. HART

This is everything we have on Samson. It's all we were able to scratch up.

Lt. Gen. Hart sits down and speaks at normal volume.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

Anything else I can do for you, Agent Steel?

ROCKLAND

Just one more thing, sir. I would like Captain Sanders to pilot my boat. That's the oldest friend I have and each mission we've gone on together has been a success. We're thirty-two and oh.

Lt. Gen. Hart takes a bite and nods.

LT. GEN. HART

I'm afraid that won't be possible, Agent Steel. Captain Sanders has responsibilities here. I have already investigated this matter due to your well known history.

(MORE)

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

Getting you on this mission used up
all the favors I have left in this
god forsaken place.

Rockland opens his mouth to speak.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

That'll be all for now. Review your
team, mission and come to me if you
have any questions. You will begin
in seventy-two hours at the
Reveille.

Rockland stands up and salutes.

ROCKLAND

Thank you, sir.

Lt. Gen. Hart hands Rock a sandwich, salutes back and
Rockland exits. Lt. Gen. Hart's face changes from welcoming
and friendly to cold and filled with spite.

INT. SAIGON HOTEL - DAY

The Hotel Room reflects Rockland's state of mind. Clean and
focused. No more dirty night-stands, no whiskey bottles lying
around. Rockland's hair is cut and his face shaved. He's
sitting at an old wooden desk with the binder and files
spread out. He stares motionless.

ROCKLAND

If only there was a way I could
meet these guys in person and talk
to them.

He walks over to the window. Across the street is Bar Ru'o'u
Va Ass, Grill Va Dai Phan (Alcohol 'n' Ass Bar, Grille and
Strip Club).

INT. BAR RU'O'U VÀ ASS, GRILL VÀ DAI PHAN - NIGHT

Rockland is sitting at a table with his potential crew;
BOMBER BILL (30, fu-man-chu mustache, southern, deaf in one
ear), GLENN OWENS (28, thin, thick glasses) and DEANDRE-
DARIUS-DONTRELL-D'QWELL WHITE (25, black, hypochondriac).

ROCKLAND

Gentlemen. Welcome.

The men continue to talk over Rockland. He pounds the table.
The men shut up.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

I brought you here and I can send you packin'. The beer might taste like Donkey piss and the food like soured milk but you will sit here and listen to what I have to say, got it?

The table nods in unison.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Let's get into then, shall we? Mac 'Bomber Bill' Miller.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Bomber Bill is running through the explosions and debris, shooting, dodging, rolling and just kicking ass in general.

ROCKLAND V.O.

Miller is an expert in the field of explosives. He possesses an innate feel for detonation.

Bomber Bill jumps off a small ravine and rolls up to an explosive trigger.

ROCKLAND V.O. (CONT'D)

Perhaps his love for explosives goes a little far at times.

Bomber Bill kisses the trigger, at first gingerly and then full out French kissing. He tries to hump the trigger and it explodes prematurely.

INT. BAR RU'O'U VÀ ASS, GRILL VÀ DAI PHAN - CONTINUOUS

Rockland and the crew staring at Bomber Bill.

BOMBER BILL

I-I was, uh, stuffing the cord back up in the--

Bomber Bill drinks his beer instead of continuing to talk.

ROCKLAND

I like a man with passion for what he does.

Bomber Bill looks at Rockland and smiles. His eyes dart around like he got away with something.

DEANDRE
 Ya'll a bunch of crazy, crooked,
 kracker-ass niggas.

Glenn squints in confusion. The team cranes their necks
 towards DeAndre.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)
 What? I can say that. I'm black.

Rockland pulls out DeAndre's case file.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - DAY

DeAndre is finishing wrapping the leg of a wounded soldier.

ROCKLAND V.O.
 DeAndre-Darius-Dontrell-D'Qwell
 White possesses an intrinsic
 ability to diagnose, repair and
 heal any and all human medical
 conditions sustained in combat or
 otherwise.

DEANDRE V.O.
 Hell fucking yeah.

DeAndre ushers the wounded soldier outside and when he stands
 he grimaces. He immediately throws himself down on the table
 and wraps his leg using the entire roll of tape. He then
 injects himself with morphine with a needle and drinks the
 rest of the morphine.

ROCKLAND V.O.
 However, the overwhelming majority
 of his time is spent fretting over
 diseases and other various medical
 issues he believes himself to have.
 His attention is constantly waning.

INT. BAR RU'O'U VÀ ASS, GRILL VÀ DAI PHAN - CONTINUOUS

DeAndre is wide-eyed as everyone looks at him.

BOMBER BILL
 Why you got so many names, man? One
 not enough for you people?

ROCKLAND
 That's enough. No racism on this
 crew, you hear me?

Rockland eyes Bomber Bill, who snaps back towards DeAndre.

BOMBER BILL

Maybe it's because there were four
different guys who coulda been your
daddy!

DeAndre springs across the table and punches Bomber Bill
right in the face. Rockland gets up throws DeAndre back into
his seat and picks Bomber Bill up by his shirt.

ROCKLAND

Did I or did I not say no racism in
this crew, solider?

Bomber Bill fights to get out of Rock's grip. It's useless.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

You're in my world now. A world of
shit if you don't obey orders.
Don't you forget that. Say 'sir,
yes, sir' like a good boy now.

BOMBER BILL

Fuck you!

Rockland raises Bomber Bill up and smacks his head on a
wooden beam running across the ceiling.

BOMBER BILL (CONT'D)

AH! Alright! S-sir, yes, sir!

ROCKLAND

I can't hear you, you scrawny pile
of deer pellets!

BOMBER BILL

SIR, YES, SIR!

Rockland drops Bomber Bill.

ROCKLAND

I think Bomber just offered to pay
for tonight's drinks, gentlemen.

DEANDRE

I think I broke my hand.

ROCKLAND

No you didn't.

DeAndre inspects his hand.

DEANDRE

I don't know. It looks bruised.

BOMBER BILL

How can you even tell what brui--

Bomber Bill cuts himself off mid-sentence. Rockland nods.

ROCKLAND

Glenn Owens!

Glenn jumps.

EXT. BASE - DAY

Glenn Owens throws open the lid of a tank. He is holding only a wrench and a cloth he uses to wipe his hands off. Oil stains all over him.

ROCKLAND V.O.

Glenn Owens is a rare breed.
Nothing too technologically
advanced, no motor too foreign to
fix.

INT. BAR RU'O'U VÀ ASS, GRILL VÀ DAI PHAN - CONTINUOUS

Glenn smiles and nods. Rockland reads from his case file.

ROCKLAND

(Reading)

I have scoured the entirety of
American Government, in Vietnam and
out, and not one person can say
they've actually heard Glenn Owens
speak.

Glenn Owens looks around. Everyone leans in. Glenn gulps and raises his finger.

GLENN

"If one does not grasp the
intellect of the human language,
then one must return to its
simplest form to understand it's
meaning."

BOMBER BILL

Did he just recite poetry?

DEANDRE

My hand's definitely broke.

ROCKLAND

The less we speak, the more weight
we give words.

Glenn smiles and nods.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

I like you, Owens.

Glenn smiles and sits back, feeling like he's the clear
winner of this group of misfits.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Here's the deal, men. I have been
assigned a highly-classified
mission and you all have been
assigned to my team. Now, I'm not
one to take anything for granted.
Couple that with the fact that one
of us is missing.

BOMBER BILL

Who's 'at? Ahem, sir.

ROCKLAND

The great and legendary Captain
Sanders.

BOMBER BILL

Ain't never heard of 'em.

DEANDRE

Me neither. Which is weird, he
sounds black and us black folk all
know one another, right?

BOMBER BILL

Is he baiting me?

Glenn nods.

ROCKLAND

I simply cannot go on this mission
without. We are going to go where
the Captain is posted and shall be
relieved of duty, temporarily.
It'll give me a chance to see if
you have what it takes to work as a
team.

DEANDRE

Or else what?

ROCKLAND

Or else, you may turn down the mission and go back to a hotel room for another six months.

BOMBER BILL

No thank you. If I have to watch reruns of Vietnamese sitcoms one more time I'm going to go drown myself in a rice paddy.

DEANDRE

I'll drink to that.

Everyone raises their glass.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

WAIT! We gotta have a team name first! It's bad karma not to have one!

BOMBER BILL

Yeah man, like when you set a ship off to sea without breaking the moonshine bottle.

DEANDRE

Champagne bottle.

BOMBER BILL

What's champagne?

DEANDRE

We need a team name or else I ain't going out on no Dung river.

ROCKLAND

Let's hear it then. What's your idea, Bomber?

BOMBER BILL

Pussy.

DEANDRE

Not what you want to be knuckle deep in, blockhead.

BOMBER BILL

If we call ourselves pussies, it'll motivate us to work harder. It worked for me in high school football.

DEANDRE

I bet you led with your head too,
didn't you?

BOMBER BILL

What's 'at supposed to mean?!

ROCKLAND

Duly noted. Next.

DEANDRE

The Pink Slips!

BOMBER BILL

Just said 'at.

DEANDRE

Like we're handing Charlie the pink
slips! We're firing him AND firing
AT him, eh?

A DRUNK AMERICAN SOLDIER (24) bumps into their table,
laughing.

DRUNK AMERICAN SOLDIER

Whew! I tell you what, this beer
gives me the worst beer farts I
ever had!

Drunk American Soldier squeezes out a fart that sounds like
Louie Armstrong on the trumpet.

DEANDRE

White boys can't handle their
booze.

BOMBER BILL

My pappy had me bootlegging 'n'
drinking by the time I hit puberty.

DEANDRE

Twelve?

BOMBER BILL

Six.

Drunk American Soldier grimaces.

DRUNK AMERICAN SOLDIER

I'm hittin' the john, shakin' like
a hound dog trying to shit a peach
pit!

Drunk American Solider swings for a high five and falls to the ground.

DEANDRE
That's it, man!

BOMBER BILL
The Hound dogs! That's all we are!
Just a bunch of dirty, mean, rotten
ol' hound dogs!

The crew laughs and cheers.

BOMBER BILL (CONT'D)
Hey, to the hound dogs!

DEANDRE
Hound dogs!

Bomber Bill and DeAndre make howling noises. Glenn smiles. Rock raises his beer mug and everyone follows and clink beer glasses and drink.

EXT. BOAT YARD - NIGHT

Rockland, DeAndre, Bomber Bill and Glenn sneak up to bushes that view the boat yard.

BOMBER BILL
Sit back and watch, ladies.

Rockland grabs Bomber and throws him down.

ROCKLAND
Yeah right.

The Hound Dogs walk out to the boat yard. Rockland turns.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
Split up and spread out. First one
to--

Rockland gets beamed over the head with a monkey wrench and hits the ground. Bomber Bill jumps to fight, but is brushed aside by the same monkey wrench. DeAndre reaches for his weapon but is roundhouse kicked aside. Glenn stands firm. Eyes piercing into the darkness. A figure appears.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (42, a black woman who has looks to kill and the fighting ability and personality to match) walks into the light.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 Who in Satan's fiery inferno are
 you to stare at me?

Glenn shakes and shits his pants.

GLENN
 Ugh.

Glenn falls over. The same monkey wrench that hit Rockland
 smashes Josephine and knocks her to the ground.

ROCKLAND
 There's only one person who could
 knock me down!

Josephine Sanders laughs while on her back.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 As sweet Grandma Sanders always
 said, some men don't know greatness
 until it fucks 'em in the ass.

Josephine removes her hat, as does Rockland.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
 God rest her soul.

ROCKLAND
 Heaven got an angel.

The Hound Dogs start to stir and get up. Josephine rises to
 her feet.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 Who are these sorry ass billy
 goats?

ROCKLAND
 My team.

Josephine stares at Rockland.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 Your *team*?

ROCKLAND
 Tomorrow at sunrise I'm leaving on
 the most dangerous mission of my
 career. It wouldn't be right if I
 didn't have you watching my back.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 This better be a marriage proposal.

Rockland laughs uncomfortably.

ROCKLAND

Hart said you couldn't be pulled off duty. That's why I'm here. To ask you to your face.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

He said what? Hart's all talk. He's as windy as a sack of farts. All I'm doing down here is teaching the newbies how to pilot the PBRs.

ROCKLAND

I take that as a 'yes'.

DeAndre, Bomber Bill and Glenn get up.

DEANDRE

Whoa, nuh uh. Nuh. Uh. Only room for one black person in this crew.

Josephine Sanders steps forward.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

Over me? Really, Rock? You choose him?

DeAndre gestures to himself. Josephine turns.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)

It's about damn time. You were nappin' harder than a baby on a whiskey binge.

DeAndre squints at Josephine, who returns the look as a bead of sweat drips down his brow. They square at each other.

Rockland takes a step back and motions to Bomber Bill to do the same. He obeys, albeit, confused.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)

It's hotter than a billy goat's ass in a pepper patch.

DeAndre digs his boots in the dirt.

DEANDRE

Damn straight, I'm sweatin' like a whore in church.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

Boy, you so dumb you couldn't pour
piss out a boot with instructions
written on the heel.

DEANDRE

Oh please, I've got more hair on my
balls than a Yeti in winter.

A bead of sweat drips down DeAndre's brow.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

You more green than a weed in June.

DEANDRE

You older than Benjamin Franklin's
jock strap.

A bead of sweat drips down Josephine's face.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

You more worn down than a two
dollar whore on nickel night.

DEANDRE

You so dumb, you couldn't find your
own ass with both hands stuck in
your back pockets!

Josephine claps her hands.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

This boy knows a thing or two.

BOMBER BILL

Is this a race thing? I don't think
that it's racist to point out that
this whole conversation is a race
thing.

ROCKLAND

DeAndre passed Jo's test.

BOMBER BILL

Oh. Did I?

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

No, no, you didn't. But that's
okay. A hell of a crew you got
here, Rock.

Rock stares proudly at the Hound Dogs.

ROCKLAND
That's what I'm thinking.

Glenn gets up and stiff-leg-hops to the woods.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
Poor kid done shat himself.

Josephine extends her hand.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
Just tell me where to be and I'll
be there.

Rockland shakes Josephine's hand.

ROCKLAND
I knew I could count on you.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
Always.

Rockland wrangles the Hound Dogs up and leave. Josephine exhales and wipes her brow. Her tough demeanor leaves her face. She stares to the sky.

INT. SAIGON HOTEL - DAY

Everything is neatly piled in the center of Rockland's room. He places his hands in his hips and takes a breath. There's a knock at the door.

ROCKLAND
Come in!

The same two Soldiers enter, averting their eyes.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
It's alright, gentlemen. No need to
fear.

The Soldiers raise their eyes and sigh. They salute and stand at attention.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
At ease.

SOLDIER 1
Hey Jimmy, it's alright, come in!

Jimmy, head now shaved, sneaks in and breathes a sigh of relief.

ROCKLAND

You know, you boys caught me at a bad time in my life the other day. And I just wanted to say I'm sorry.

Jimmy has an extra pick-up to his step. The dark cloud of the prior meeting has passed.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

I was drunk and basically on the brink of insanity. I don't know what I was thinking. I apologize.

SOLDIER 2

Sir, we understand. Sanity has it's limits in this place.

Jimmy unloads from his pack a pencil, note pad and pencil sharpener. He hits record on the tape recorder and readies to write his award-winning piece of journalism.

ROCKLAND

On any normal day, I would have invited you to de-robe and join me. I was being extremely selfish. A circle-jerk is one of the best bonding moments a man can have and I deprived you three from experiencing that. It wasn't right.

Jimmy's eye twitches.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

There's my stuff, if you wouldn't mind packing the truck, I've just got one last thing left to do.

Jimmy sprints out of the room screaming.

JIMMY

EL DIABLO! EL DIABLO ESTA AQUI!

ROCKLAND

Some men just can't handle Vietnam.

The Soldiers grab Rock's things and exit.

Rock takes a wallet size photo of his father out of his pocket.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

I'm going to miss having you around.

Rock tears up a little bit.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Tell you how many kills I had, my bullet usage, my shooting percentage. I'll be going for my thirty-second career quadruple-double, you know? Kills, Vietnamese hookers bedded, pounds of blow and hours slept.

Rockland puts the picture back in his pocket.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

But I'll have you with me the whole time. In spirit. And in pocket.

EXT. NHA TRANG MILITARY BASE - DAY

Rockland walks along the military base. As he struts, his team joins him one by one.

- Mac "Bomber Bill" Miller, wearing camo pants, a camo vest strapped with grenades and a Hound Dog patch, a bandana, trooper shades and smoking a cigar.

- DeAndre-Darius-Dontrell-D'Qwell White wearing green pants, a green T-shirt with a Hound Dog logo, carrying a medical kit in one hand and the other is wrapped up in gauze. His name tag is several ones stitched together on his jacket and is much longer than everyone else's.

- Glenn Owens wearing his thick glasses, a green cap, and army shirt with a Hound Dog logo, carrying a tool box and a book of poetry.

Rockland and the Hound Dogs meet up with Lt. Gen. Hart.

LT. GEN. HART

Rockland! And the crew!

Rockland and the Hound Dogs salute Lt. Gen. Hart.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

At ease. You are going to enjoy what we did with your boat. We will have our best chopper pilot transport you to the mouth of the Dung River, where we have a small base and the boat will be there waiting for you.

ROCKLAND
Sir, yes, sir.

LT. GEN. HART
This is it, Rock.

Rockland nods and shakes Lt. Gen. Hart's hand.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
Sorry again about Captain Sanders,
her business here is simply too
important to ignore.

ROCKLAND
Really, sir, it's no problem.

Rockland and the Hound Dogs salute Lt. Gen. Hart and he
salutes back.

EXT. HELICOPTER AIR FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Rockland and the Hound Dogs arrive. The air base is barren
except for one chopper and one man waiting. They are greeted
by ACE (29, belly peeking out from his shirt, attitude like a
Grandmother who loves visitors).

ACE
Morning, sir! Butthole!

Rockland salutes.

ROCKLAND
At ease, solider?

ACE
Welcome to Casa de Ace. This
chopper right here is my-shit-mine!

DeAndre taps Rockland.

DEANDRE
I think Ace has Tourette's, sir.
It's like he's got mental ticks. He
can't help it.

ACE
Jizz bucket!

DEANDRE
I'm pretty sure he can't help it.

ACE
Asshat!

DEANDRE

I don't know if this motherfucker
can help it or not, sir.

ACE

Why don't you men step into my
office? Twat otter! That's like my
thing. It's what I say. Because my
office is the helicopter. Get it?
Fuckass!

Rockland and the Hound Dogs creep into Ace's helicopter.

INT. ACE'S HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Ace and everyone strap in.

ACE

Everybody good to go? Pussy farts!

BOMBER BILL

Man, this guy's alright.

DEANDRE

The fuck is a pussy fart?

EXT. AMERICAN ARMY BASE - DAY

Ace's chopper with the Hound Dogs flying over the camp. While
the crew is excited, everyone is fidgeting. It's time to
start this dangerous mission.

EXT. DUNG RIVER NAVAL BASE - CONTINUOUS

The chopper sets down and Rockland and the crew exit.

ACE

Adios, sir! Kick Charlie's ass!
Jamboree bitch.

Ace's chopper flies off. Josephine walks up and greets the
crew.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

'Bout time you got here. Enjoy the
flight?

ROCKLAND

Couldn't you hear him?

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 Flew with him once. That's all it
 took. Guy didn't know whether to
 shit or go blind so he winked his
 right eye and farted.

DEANDRE
 He ain't got the good sense God
 gave a goose.

Rockland drops everything and starts walking towards the
 boat.

ROCKLAND
 My. God.

Rockland caresses the boat. It has a Hound Dog logo on it.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 Ain't she more beautiful than a
 cold beer on a hot summer's day?

ROCKLAND
 No one has ever described my
 feelings more accurately.

Josephine looks around.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 Well, what are we all standing
 'round for? Let's get going! It's
 hotter than two rabbits screwing in
 a wool sack!

BOMBER BILL
 Standin' here's more useless than a
 bent dick dog!

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 There you go!

Josephine slaps Bomber Bill on the ass the Hound Dogs board
 the PBR Boat and set off onto the Dung River. Bomber Bill has
 a grin from ear to ear. He fist pumps.

EXT. DUNG RIVER - DAY

Rockland and Josephine have the map out. The Hound Dogs look
 on.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 We are here.

Josephine points to the beginning.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
We need to be here.

Josephine points to the ending.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
And we will get there with this
route.

Josephine traces out a line with her finger on the map.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
Any questions?

Glenn, Bomber Bill and DeAndre are silent.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
Great.

Rockland takes the map.

ROCKLAND
I'll handle this.

Josephine walks to the front.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
Buncha wet hens.

ROCKLAND
The mouth of the river is where we
started off. We are going
practically the whole length of the
Dung river to Samson's last known
post.

Rockland takes a deep breath.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
The area of the river we're on now
is quiet, it's peaceful. Not too
far up ahead is a gray area,
sometimes it is enemy territory,
sometimes it is uninhabited. After
that-

The Hound Dogs have blank stares.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
We'll divvy this up as it comes.

Rockland looks at the Hound Dogs' almost drooling faces.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

A woman never tells. Unless she as
crooked as an old willow tree after
a hurricane!

Josephine laughs at her own joke and slaps the wheel.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)

But that ain't me, ask Rock. He got
a story or two up his sleeve.

BOMBER BILL

Well, Rock? Whattaya got for us?

ROCKLAND

Did I say we were on a first name
basis, soldier?!

Bomber Bill swallows his tongue.

BOMBER BILL

S-sorry, sir!

Rockland laughs.

ROCKLAND

Relax, Bomber. We're all brothers
out here. And come to think of it,
there was one. I married her.

INT. HOUSE, USA - NIGHT

Rockland is having sex with his new wife, JAYNE MANSFIELD
(34, voluptuous, she was Marilyn Monroe after Marilyn
Monroe).

ROCKLAND

A gimme some!

Jayne says nothing. Rock thrusts, trying to elicit a
response.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

(Whining like a child)
Heyyyy!

JAYNE

(Disinterested)
Uh gimme some.

ROCKLAND

Good for you!

JAYNE
Good for you.

ROCKLAND
Good for me!

JAYNE
Good for me.

ROCKLAND
Mm good!

JAYNE
Mm good.

ROCKLAND
AH!

As Rockland finishes, the bed collapses to the floor.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
Beds, just aren't built the same
anymore.

JAYNE
Oh my God. Jesus. Fuck me.

Rock rolls over onto Jayne, who pushes him off.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
No, really, seven times is all this
girl can handle. I'm going to be
walking like I'm on stilts tomorrow
as is. Did you have that thing
surgically altered?

ROCKLAND
As a matter of fact, I did. With
Steel Family D-N-A. And you will
address him by his proper name,
Chief Commander Helmet.

JAYNE
I'm not calling it that.

ROCKLAND
IT'S A 'HE' AND HIS NAME IS CHIEF
COMMANDER HELMET!

Rockland looks under the sheets.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
She didn't mean that. Rest now.
You've had a big day.

Jayne smiles, shakes her head and lights a cigarette, offering one to Rock.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

No thanks, I don't believe in that unhealthy habit.

Rock takes a mini-bottle of whiskey off the night table and drinks it in one gulp.

JAYNE

You know, Rock, I've been meaning to talk to you about somethin'.

Rock grunts as he rises and walks to the bathroom.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

I was thinkin', we don't know for sure if the military's going to have you back,

Rock grunts from with-in the bathroom as we hear a metal RIP and water spray everywhere. Sounds of metal being plied and reattached. Rock emerges wet.

ROCKLAND

That's the eighth one this month. Stainless steel my fucking ass.

JAYNE

Rock, stay. Here. With me.

ROCKLAND

Can't, 'Nam's callin' baby!

Rock opens up a beer bottle from the refrigerator on his way back. Jayne sits up in bed.

JAYNE

I thought you loved me!

Jayne begins to cry.

ROCKLAND

Oh, come on.

Rockland crushes the beer bottle in his hand. Jayne gets up and runs into the bathroom, taking the sheets with her.

JAYNE

What has war done to you?

Rock stands up.

ROCKLAND
It's made me a man!

Rock watches the bathroom door slam shut. He reaches into the night stand and pulls out his white T-shirt. He puts it over his head to put it on, but rips it in half. Rock looks at the lamp next to him. He pauses. He gingerly touches it. It explodes.

The room is in total darkness.

ROCKLAND O.S.
I can't do this.

EXT. DUNG RIVER - DAY

DeAndre, Bomber Bill and Glenn stare at Rockland.

BOMBER BILL
You were married to Jayne Mansfield? Like, *the* Jayne Mansfield? The one with the posters? That we all tugged our puds to?

ROCKLAND
For twelve hours. What's a pud?

DEANDRE
Man, you just straight up dumb. If I ever found a girl like that M-MMMM! You'd never see my black ass again!

BOMBER BILL
Where I come from, you're lucky if you get drunk enough to think the girls in town were better than a two.

DEANDRE
So that's why you people fuck sheep?

BOMBER BILL
Because our sheep are better looking than our women!

Bomber Bill laughs heartily and DeAndre starts 'baah-ing' like a sheep. Rockland smiles and walks over to Josephine.

ROCKLAND

Two nights ago, they wanted to rip
each other's head off.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

You're a regular match-maker, Rock.

Rock sits back against the boat. The wind whips across his face and through his hair. The smell of the river, the artillery, the humidity. Rockland gets a hard-on. He doesn't reach for it this time, just cherishes it. He basks in it.

GLENN

"True friendship is a rare find,
lasting a life-time--"

A BULLET rips through Glenn's poetry book.

ROCKLAND

Get down!

Everyone falls to the ground.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Bomber, man that fifty-cal, Glenn,
DeAndre get your M-sixteen's and
fire at the shoreline! Jo, get us
the fuck outta here!

Josephine reaches up from the ground and pulls the accelerator lever down. The PBR ROARS to life and LURCHES up. BULLETS rip through the air.

DeAndre finds his M-16 and starts blindly firing over the side of the boat. A bullet ricochets past his head. He clutches his ear and starts to bandage it up, even though there was no hit.

Rock is standing, firing at the shoreline. Bullets just cannot seem to hit him.

Josephine, steering in one hand and firing with the other. A true seasoned vet.

Bomber Bill is at the Browning M2, annihilating the shoreline. He is yelling and whooping.

Glenn was MIA until he emerges from beneath the deck with a massive bazooka.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

We had those?

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 This little baby's got more
 surprises in her than a stripper
 and a ping pong ball!

Glenn fires the bazooka. BOOM. Trees along the shoreline go
 up in flames.

GLENN
 "O FLAMES THAT GLOWED!" HENRY
 WADSMORTH LONGFELLOW!

The PBR is churning along at a good pace now. The bullets
 start to subside.

ROCKLAND
 Hold fire! HOLD FIRE!

Glenn, DeAndre and Josephine cease their firing. Bomber Bill
 is still going berserk on the Browning M2.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
 Bomber!

Rockland crawls over to Bomber and rips him off the gun.

BOMBER BILL
 Fuck it man! They're everywhere!

ROCKLAND
 Come on back, it's over.

As Rock finishes his sentence, the PBR gets HIT. Everyone
 falls to the floor.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
 Keep the motor running hot!

Josephine steers the boat away from the far shoreline and
 keeps the boat churning down the river.

EXT. DUNG RIVER - DAY

Rockland, DeAndre, Bomber Bill, Glenn and Josephine are
 standing around, breathing heavily, adrenaline still pumping
 from their skirmish. Glenn brushes his shoulders off and
 looks around. He sees his tool kit, grabs it on his way to
 the boat.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 You know, Grandma Sanders used to
 say--

BOMBER BILL

Wait. Let me guess, somethin' like if nobody ever got hit, we'd all be gettin' our twats flicked and asses licked by a chick.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

How did you know?

DEANDRE

Your Grandma was fucked up, Jo.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

(Squinting)

Or was she angelic and everyone else was fucked up?

DEANDRE

Nah, man. She's was an asshole.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

You can't speak ill of the dead!

DEANDRE

Why? Just because you died don't mean you ain't an asshole no more. You just a dead asshole.

Josephine opens her mouth to respond, but no words come out. She looks at Rock.

ROCKLAND

Grandma Sanders was a bit crude.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

A little crass, yes.

GLENN O.S.

"In the darkness of the night, tried with all my might, from darkness into light." Udiah.

Bomber Bill looks at Rockland.

BOMBER BILL

He said the motor's dead.

Glenn nods in agreement. Rockland grits his teeth.

ROCKLAND

Of course it is.

BOMBER BILL

This guy better be worth it.

ROCKLAND
What's that now?

BOMBER BILL
This Samson asshole. He not only better be there, but he better be like fucking royalty.

DEANDRE
Yeah, man. Like it wasn't bad just going up the river but now we were shot at, my ear got hit-

ROCKLAND
Almost got hit.

DEANDRE
And now we gotta carry on by foot? Nuh uh, no way. I need to know more about this guy or I'm done. I'll just stay with the boat, right here. Sunbath and shit.

Rockland looks around.

ROCKLAND
You all feel this way?

Glenn sheepishly nods. Bomber Bill gives an emphatic nod.

BOMBER BILL
Fuck yes.

Josephine steps towards Rock and speaks shoulder to opposite shoulder.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
They're just asking to be included, that's all.

Josephine rubs Rock's back for a second until Rock steps away from it and looks at all of them.

ROCKLAND
No. This is information for me, given to me for my eyes only. I don't want to hear another word about it, are we clear?

Silence.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
Do not make me-

THE HOUND DOGS

Sir, yes, sir.

ROCKLAND

Get me a map, Jo.

Josephine takes an extra beat to grab the map.

Rockland turns around and faces the jungle. Josephine opens up a compartment and takes out a map. She points to a spot on the map. Rockland takes the map and splays it out.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

There looks to be a village about three clicks North West of here up along the coast. Let's pray they've got some boats to pilfer. We're going in fully loaded.

Bomber Bill takes out a flask.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Our guns.

Bomber Bill puts the flask back.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Full metal jacket. Any questions?

No one says a word. Rock looks at the men, they are uninspired.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

When the pages of history turn to this day, the story of five warriors braving their way through the damp, dark Hell of the Vietnam jungle will jump off the pages. It will inspire future generations to put down that book they're reading, grab a gun, join the military and protect this great nation of ours from evil and the threat thereof! Now grab your guns,

Rockland grabs his junk.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

And your M-16s and let's get out there into the real shit, boys!

Hoops and hollers from the Hound Dogs echo across the river and jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Glenn, Bomber Bill, DeAndre, Rockland and Josephine are marching through the jungle. Bomber Bill stops for a moment to wipe his brow. He breathes out.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

You think it's hot here? Boy, you should see Georgia in July. Hotter than Satan's butt-crack.

DEANDRE

Wooo. You ain't seen nothing yet.

BOMBER BILL

Sounds like it could be a good song.

As Rockland marches, he closes his eyes, feeling the jungle. Being the jungle.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

I tell you, Rock, either you happy to be back in the jungle or you smuggling Aunt Violet's ol' spatula!

Rockland notices he has a boner. Bomber Bill is rubbing his crotch.

BOMBER BILL

Probably saw the same tree I did.

Bomber Bill points to a tree that looks like a vagina.

DEANDRE

You people fuck trees too?

Bomber Bill gives DeAndre a look.

BOMBER BILL

Trees are made for screwing. You tellin' me you ain't never screwed a tree?

DEANDRE

Sure haven't.

BOMBER BILL

Man, you ain't lived until you fucked a dogwood in July. Mm MM.

DeAndre picks up his marching pace.

BOMBER BILL (CONT'D)
 You can run, baby, but you can't
 hide! Yee haw!

Rockland raises his fist. The crew stops marching. Rockland points past a tree. The crew gets lows and peers past the tree, over a ravine. A small Vietnamese village along the river is below.

ROCKLAND
 Let's move in. Follow my lead.

EXT. VIETNAMESE VILLAGE - DAY

Rockland and the crew slowly march into the Village. Their guns are cocked. A VIETNAMESE SOLDIER (17) comes out from behind a hut and point a gun at the crew. They point right back.

ROCKLAND
 Drop the gun!

The Vietnamese soldier doesn't budge.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
 I said drop it!

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 Drop it!

Rockland fires a warning shot that EXPLODES a pot next to the Vietnamese soldier, who drops his gun right away. A Vietnamese man, KEVIN (45, balding, South Park-ian Vietnamese accent), comes running out from behind the same hut.

KEVIN
 Wait! Wait!

ROCKLAND
 HOLD UP!

Kevin stops running.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
 Get on the ground!

Kevin fumbles with his shirt to get out his papers. He slowly lays his papers out on the ground.

KEVIN
 We been waiting long time for
 American soldier to come here.

Rockland peruses the papers.

ROCKLAND

It checks out. I think they're
American friendlies.

Kevin strokes Rock's arm, who knocks his arm off.

KEVIN

Kevin very American friendly Big
man.

Rockland lowers his gun.

ROCKLAND

Kevin doesn't sound very
Vietnamese.

Kevin starts twiddling Rock's shirt; Rock knocks his hand
off.

KEVIN

Well, American can't say Kevin real
name, so Kevin think of most easy
name ever. American no fuck up
Kevin.

Josephine lowers her gun and the crew follows.

ROCKLAND

Know this, anything weird goes on
here, we smoke you out of here with
gunfire, understand?

Kevin grins and touches Rock's arm who knocks it off, this
time with more force.

KEVIN

Oh, no no shooting here. There no
need. But shooting do get Kevin
going.

Bomber Bill turns to DeAndre.

BOMBER BILL

What are we even doing here? Gunna
get us all killed.

DEANDRE

Just hold on, man. He knows what
he's doing, alright? Chill with
that.

Kevin makes a cat noise at Rockland and turns around and starts walking.

KEVIN

Dis way! Much food, water and oder things.

BOMBER BILL

What other things, man?

Kevin turns back around.

KEVIN

Well, we got drugs, prosti...prosti...whores, oder things you American really like.

Bomber Bill looks at DeAndre, who looks right back.

BOMBER BILL

This is the 'Nam I signed up for!

DeAndre and Bomber Bill sprint off with Kevin. Josephine, Rockland and Glenn stay behind.

ROCKLAND

Kids.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

As Grandma Sanders used to say,

Josephine takes a deep breath and puts her hands on her hips.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)

Ah, you know what? I think quoting her once per day is about all I can handle. I'm gunna go scout around and see if they got any boat parts.

Glenn raises his hand.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)

No whores for you?

Glenn shakes his head and scratches his groin.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)

Preach.

Jo and Glenn start walking.

EXT. VIETNAMESE VILLAGE BOAT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Glenn and Josephine are sorting through parts.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
So you really don't talk much do
you?

Glenn shakes his head.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
You dropped on your head as a baby
or somethin'?

Glenn shakes his head.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
No. You're not stupid. You're just
controlled. On the outside. But
you're here. So inside, you're all
full of turmoil. Like a hurricane
of emotion.

Glenn stops looking at parts and stares at Josephine.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
I can read people. It's my thing.

Glenn sits on a part and gestures for more.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
Oh, okay well, Bomber acts all
tough on the outside but he might
be the biggest child here. DeAndre
is the same way, except for tough
you can substitute cool. That's why
they get along so well, because
both of those suckers are at the
same place in their lives, they
just don't know it yet.

Glenn gestures for one more.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
Rock? Well. Rock's a tough one
because I've known him for so long.
He's also a lost soul. I guess we
all are in some way. He loves being
here, that much I know. Why? That
much I don't know. He is basically
a superhero in these parts, but
he's capable of love. You might not
be able to see it, but he cares
about you guys and he cares-

Josephine stops talking.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
 He cares. Alright, enough gabbin'.
 Let's get back to brass tax.

Glenn stares and smiles.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
 Quit lookin'. I said quit starin'!

Josephine threatens to punch Glenn and he flinches and falls off the part he was sitting on.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
 Yeah. That's what I thought.

EXT. WHORE HUT - CONTINUOUS

Kevin stops DeAndre and Bomber Bill before they enter the hut.

KEVIN
 I have surprise for you Americans.
 Kevin no do this anymore, Kevin
 have some fucked up trips.

Kevin gives DeAndre and Bomber Bill packets of a purple substance.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 Only five dollar each.

BOMBER BILL
 Yeah, whatever man, I'll take it.

Kevin smiles and nods and lets the men enter.

INT. WHORE HUT - NIGHT

Bomber Bill and DeAndre are sitting in a whore hut. Bomber Bill unzips his pants. The Vietnamese Solider from before is standing in the doorway with a gun.

BOMBER BILL
 Can't you at least put the gun
 down? Shit.

VIETNAMESE SOLDIER
 My job. Protection.

BOMBER BILL

So you got condoms on you, man? Ha!

Bomber Bill nudges DeAndre, who shutters at the joke.

BOMBER BILL (CONT'D)

Whatever, man, that's funny.

At the same moment, both Bomber Bill and DeAndre feel the same effect from the drugs. They get massive, raging erections.

BOMBER BILL (CONT'D)

Stop looking at it!

DEANDRE

Stop looking at it!

YOUNG VIETNAMESE HOOKER (a deceiving 16) struts in.

BOMBER BILL

Now, that's what I'm talking about!
You can look at it, sweetie.

DEANDRE

Don't she look kind of young to
you, man?

BOMBER BILL

So?

DEANDRE

No, I mean like young-young? Like,
you look over and no way an
underage girl has the ability to
develop like that. But on the
second glance, yup, they're real.
And in a halter top. And jigglings.
And damn long legs. But, yet, you
still need to look, but only in
small intervals. The primal part of
your brain and the social part of
your brain are at total odds with
each other. Then you start cursing
God for allowing temptation like
that to walk the Earth and cross
off your mental list "Is Jail Bait
a real thing?"

BOMBER BILL

If she's old enough to pee, she's
old enough for me!

DeAndre shakes his head and is smacked in the head by a color purple. The color then pokes his eye.

DEANDRE

Ah! My God, the dead has arisen!

Bomber Bill looks at DeAndre. He's swatting the air. There is nothing there. DeAndre coughs.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

Fuck! I swallowed purple!

Young Vietnamese Hooker struts over and sits on Bomber Bill's lap.

YOUNG VIETNAMESE HOOKER

I swallow worse dan dat.

She starts making out with Bomber Bill and puts her hand on DeAndre's lap. Bomber Bill starts taking control of the hooker and she diverts her attention away from DeAndre, who puts up his finger.

DEANDRE

Um, there's another one coming out right?

Young Vietnamese Hooker takes off her top.

YOUNG VIETNAMESE HOOKER

Just me. I get lot of work.

Young Vietnamese Hooker points at her butt.

YOUNG VIETNAMESE HOOKER (CONT'D)

Lick asshole or get out of hut.

BOMBER BILL

Don't be rude, be a gentleman.

Young Vietnamese Hooker shoots her arm out and grabs DeAndre's face and shoves it down near her butt.

YOUNG VIETNAMESE HOOKER

Now. Much tongue.

DeAndre pauses for a second and looks down. Still got a full-on rager. He looks over to the Vietnamese Solider. Gun cocked.

DEANDRE

Man, what kind of reputable Vietnamese Whore Hut is this? Shit.

DeAndre cracks his neck.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)
Can't be that bad, right?

DeAndre moves his face closer.

YOUNG VIETNAMESE HOOKER
What take you so long? Asshole not
lick itself!

Vietnamese Solider steps in.

VIETNAMESE SOLDIER
She ate Nem Chua with special
Vietnam hot sauce.

DeAndre gags.

VIETNAMESE SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Sorry. You must obey order.

DEANDRE
I pay you, man!

VIETNAMESE SOLDIER
No, Kevin pay for you session. He
like to watch.

Vietnamese Soldier points to the corner of the room where
Kevin is hiding behind a fake plant.

KEVIN
(From afar)
Lick butthole!

Rockland storms in.

ROCKLAND
Jesus H. Christ, White! I hate to
say it, but that strange little
gook is right!

KEVIN O.S.
You damn right Kevin right, cracker
man!

ROCKLAND
A woman's butt is the single most
ignored erogenous zone! Get in
there, solider! That's an order!
Part of my job is keeping you
alive, part is making sure you
serve this country and the other
part is making you into a real man!
Are you a real man, White?

DEANDRE
Sir yes sir?

ROCKLAND
Then get in there!

Rockland takes DeAndre's head and shoves it forward.

EXT. WHORE HUT - CONTINUOUS

DeAndre screaming with a mouthful, Young Vietnamese Hooker pleasure screaming and Bomber Bill groaning can be heard outside the hut. Glenn is sitting in a nearby tree, reading his book that now has bullet holes in it.

GLENN
"Love and pain are one in the
same."

Rockland exits the Whore Hut, brushes his shoulders and sleeves off. He's grinning ear to ear. As Rockland walks he stops dead in his tracks.

Rockland sees the silhouette of Josephine showering in her hut.

As Glenn stares off into the night, admiring his latest quote, he sees Rockland frozen and then scans to see what he was looking at. He finds it. Glenn nods.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Ah.

EXT. ROCKLAND'S HUT - MORNING

Rockland sits outside his hut, sipping coffee Kevin provided him. Rockland picks up his coffee cup to sip and takes off the note that's hand written by Kevin.

"Thanks for a great nite. - K"

Josephine exits her hut and stretches.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
You're up early.

Rockland looks over.

ROCKLAND
Couldn't sleep.

Josephine nods.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

I hear you.

ROCKLAND

You too?

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

No, I slept like a fucking rock.

Rockland nods.

ROCKLAND

Just waitin' for those two.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

That works, I'll take Owens and we'll finish working on the P-B-R.

ROCKLAND

Alright. Mind your terrain.

Josephine saddles up her gear and gun.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

As if this is my first rodeo?

ROCKLAND

Just saying, there's a lot of surprises out there.

Josephine nods.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

Yes. Yes there are. Both good and bad ones.

Josephine smiles and nods and marches off. Rockland stares at Jo as she leaves and then back down at his coffee.

EXT. WHORE HUT - CONTINUOUS

Bomber Bill and DeAndre slug out of the hut. DeAndre has that thousand-yard stare. Rockland is as proud as a Father watching his son belt a home run.

OLD VIETNAMESE HOOKER (60, if a weather-beaten rug was a woman) emerges and waves from the hut.

OLD VIETNAMESE HOOKER

Brush tongue good! Oderwise, you get worst morning breath ever!

Old Vietnamese Hooker laughs, high fives Kevin and walks inside.

ROCKLAND

I wouldn't fuck her with another man's dick.

BOMBER BILL

They gave us hallucinogens. We thought she was sixteen.

ROCKLAND

If she's old enough to bleed, she's old enough to breed.

BOMBER BILL O.S.

THANK YOU!

DEANDRE

I-I-s-she made m-me-

Bomber Bill pats DeAndre on the back.

BOMBER BILL

We'll talk when you're ready to talk.

DeAndre looks at Rockland with red eyes.

DEANDRE

Get me. The fuck. Out. Of. Here.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

DeAndre, Bomber Bill and Rockland are marching through the jungle back to the PBR. DeAndre is obviously not in his right mind, he keeps zoning out.

Bomber Bill and Rockland march a couple paces ahead. Bomber Bill looks back.

BOMBER BILL

Hey, pick it up, man.

DEANDRE

What the fuck you think I'm doing? Damn, man.

DeAndre steps and as he raises his foot again, he's stopped dead. Confused, he looks down.

A GIANT ANACONDA has wrapped around DeAndre's leg.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

OH FUCK!

Rockland and Bomber Bill turn around.

BOMBER BILL

Oh damn!

DEANDRE

HELP! HEEEEEEELP!

Bomber Bill laughs.

BOMBER BILL

Relax, man.

Bomber Bill pulls out his gun and BLASTS the head off the Anaconda.

BOMBER BILL (CONT'D)

See, no problem.

As Bomber Bill bends down to remove the body of the Anaconda from DeAndre's leg, he steps on something that CLICKS.

Bomber Bill looks up at DeAndre who's just as wide-eyed and looks at Rockland.

Rockland is stone-faced.

ROCKLAND

Don't. Move.

Bomber Bill and DeAndre are frozen.

Rockland grabs all their gear and guns. Rockland starts stretching.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Do you trust me?

BOMBER BILL

Yeah, man. Of course.

ROCKLAND

Do you?

DEANDRE

Yeah.

ROCKLAND

White?

DEANDRE

I said yeah! Fuck man just get us out of here!

Rockland limbers up more.

ROCKLAND

There's one thing I'm going to try. Saw it in a tutorial video they showed us new recruits once.

BOMBER BILL

A tutorial? What the fuck is this, crochet?

ROCKLAND

Any better ideas? Why don't you try humping the mine and see where that gets you.

BOMBER BILL

Low blow, man. Low blow.

ROCKLAND

Nope, you're sitting on a low blow.

DEANDRE

Man, do what you gotta do, Rock! We believe you! Ain't nobody else I want helping me. That's the damn honest truth.

DeAndre rubs his leg.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

Be careful though. My leg is killing me.

Rockland nods. He backs away like a kicker lining up a field goal. Rockland full out SPRINTS and tackles Bomber Bill and DeAndre off the mine. They go FLYING ten yards.

THUD.

They land, out of breath. They all turn and look back. The ground makes a small poofing noise as a tiny bit of smoke wafts out.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

Can we just get back on the river now?

BOMBER BILL

I don't like the jungle. It's mean to me.

ROCKLAND

Let's go. You boys did well.

EXT. DUNG RIVER - DAY

The Hound Dogs cruising along the Dung River. Rockland is reading Frank Samson's case file, while Josephine steers. Bomber Bill is throwing stones into the river, Glenn is reading a poetry book and DeAndre is staring off the side of the boat at the coastline. Vietnam is starting to seep into their rock-hard exteriors.

Bomber Bill turns around, looks at Rock, then back to throwing stones.

BOMBER BILL

You think this guy is going to be there?

Bomber Bill looks at Glenn, who picks his head up.

BOMBER BILL (CONT'D)

I just keep gettin' this sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach that we ain't on the right track. I just. I can't explain it.

Glenn puts his hand on Bomber Bill's shoulder and nods.

BOMBER BILL (CONT'D)

Good talk.

Bomber Bill starts to rub his gun against his groin.

Rockland puts the case file down and walks to the back of the boat. He pats DeAndre's shoulder, who is brushing his teeth, while wrapping his leg.

ROCKLAND

How's the weather back here?

BOMBER BILL

Quiet.

DEANDRE

Lonely.

Glenn nods. Bomber Bill rubs a stone against his crotch and throws it into the river.

BOMBER BILL

Rock, when you left for 'Nam, after
gettin' married, what were you
thinkin'?

Rockland shrugs.

ROCKLAND

That I don't need a woman around to
feel at home.

The Hound Dogs continue tinkering with their items. Rockland
shifts in his stance.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

The truth?

Bomber Bill nods.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Truth is, I felt like I abandoned
her.

Bomber Bill turns around.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong, I made the
right decision, but somehow I felt
like I fooled her and myself into
thinking I was something I was not.

Glenn looks up from his book at Rock.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Time to stop pretending I'm a young
man heading to war. You know that
awful feeling you get in the pit of
your stomach when you know you've
done somethin' wrong? It becomes a
roadblock in your life and one day
it just manifests into something
you can't keep inside anymore and
you need to turn and run in the
other direction.

DeAndre and Josephine turn and look at Rockland. This is the
first time Rock has shown another side; it's unfamiliar.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

I thought I was doing the right
thing. Women are complicated, men
are not. They have us pegged, so
rarely do we get a real, genuine
opportunity to surprise a girl.

(MORE)

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

In the end, it's all worth it for
the satisfaction of a woman.

Josephine turns back steering the PBR. Her brow curls.

Rockland clears his throat and plops down on the side of the
boat. Bomber Bill puts the stones down.

BOMBER BILL

You think, maybe we could get a
look at that case file for Samson?

DEANDRE

Could only help, right?

GLENN

You're not alone.

Rockland looks at the Hound Dogs. His eyes get a little
glossy and he nods; pissed he let himself appear vulnerable.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS O.S.

Why isn't my menstrual cycle
syncing up with ya'lls?

ROCKLAND

(Endearing)
Bitch.

EXT. DO LUNG BRIDGE - DAY

The Hound Dogs PBR quietly churns around a river bend. There
lies the Do Lung Bridge, under constant attack and fire.
Josephine and Rockland look on.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

The Do Lung Bridge.

Rockland takes a deep breath and nods.

ROCKLAND

Kill the motor, we'll coast in with
the current.

Rockland turns to the rest of the Hound Dogs.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Alright boys. The real end. All we
have to do is go in and find Frank
Samson, grab him and get the fuck
out. You heard?

BOMBER BILL

Sir, yes, sir.

Glenn salutes. DeAndre stands and adjusts his pants.

ROCKLAND

Alright, gentlemen. Remember my speech from before?

Everyone lightly nods.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Okay, well, recall what I said and apply it to right now. I'll give you all a moment.

The Hound Dogs think about Rock's speech from earlier. After a few brief moments, they nod and start getting ready, all geared up and ready to rock.

EXT. DO LUNG BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Hound Dogs approach the bridge on foot in attack formation, Rockland at the front, followed by Bomber Bill, Glenn and DeAndre. Josephine stays with the boat.

Rockland and the Hound Dogs approach the first section of the bridge, which EXPLODES. The crew manages to stay together and trots to a half-wall.

ROCKLAND

Alright, listen up. Bomber, you stay here and fire on that patch of shore. Glenn, you and DeAndre go back where we came from and re-enforce that wall. The Viet-Cong cannot break through this bridge!

BOMBER BILL

What about you?

ROCKLAND

I'm going to go on ahead and see if I can find an officer in charge and see if he knows where Samson is!

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS.

A) Rockland running and dodging enemy fire.

B) Rockland firing back with great skill and ease; every time he squeezes the trigger a member of the Viet Cong falls.

C) Rockland getting skinned by a bullet. He tastes the blood coming out of the wound. Smiles.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

EXT. DO LUNG BRIDGE - NIGHT

DeAndre, Bomber Bill and Glenn come running past a small outcove in the encampment. DeAndre stops and yells out.

DEANDRE

You guys keep going, I'll catch up.
I'm going to make sure no one is in
here.

BOMBER BILL

Good call, we'll do the same
further up!

Glenn and Bomber Bill run forward. DeAndre enters the outcove.

DEANDRE

Hey, anybody here?!

A BOMB goes off overhead.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

Ah shit!

DeAndre collapses down and clutches his helmet.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

Fuck fuck fuck.

DeAndre looks around, he can't see anything. He's disoriented.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

I can't do this man, what the fuck
am I doing here?

DeAndre huddles against a wall of the outcove. A helmet falls over. A bunch of little, white packets are in the top of it.

DeAndre STARES at the helmet.

EXT. DO LUNG BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rockland runs up to the end of the bridge. He comes across OFFICER PERCY (25) who is sprinting in the other direction.

Rockland grabs him and reels him in and a bullet hits where Officer Percy was.

OFFICER PERCY

What do you want? Who are you?

ROCKLAND

Where you running, solider? There's a lot of fighting left here.

OFFICER PERCY

It's a lost cause! It's all gone to shit!

ROCKLAND

Listen, I am the Former General Rockland Steel. I have a classified mission that has top priority, directly from Lieutenant-General Clint Hart. I'm in search for C-I-A Operative named Frank Samson. Do you know his position?

OFFICER PERCY

Rockland Steel?

Rockland shakes Officer Percy.

ROCKLAND

Yes, now Samson, where is he?

OFFICER PERCY

I'm afraid I've never seen him in person, sir, but word came down just a couple days ago that you would be coming here searching for a C-I-A Operative. Unfortunately, sir, according to that Intel, he has been captured by the Viet Cong.

ROCKLAND

Yes, I know. That's why I'm here. Now, where is he?

Rockland lets go of Officer Percy.

OFFICER PERCY

H-he's in a camp less than a clique down the river, sir.

ROCKLAND

Are you sure about that, Officer?

OFFICER PERCY

Yessir. We didn't go in because it's in Cambodia, sir. We don't have clearance nor permission.

Rockland pats Officer Percy on the shoulder.

ROCKLAND

That's why I'm here. Pick up that M-sixteen and do not abandon your post, do you hear me, Officer? Never abandon your post.

OFFICER PERCY

Sir, yes, sir.

Officer Percy picks up his gun and trots off.

EXT. DO LUNG BRIDGE COAST/PBR - CONTINUOUS

Rockland comes running down to the boat. Glenn and Bomber Bill see Rock and come running up.

BOMBER BILL

What happened, Rock? Where'd everybody go? Where's Samson? Why am I asking so many goddamn questions?

DeAndre comes running up as they're talking.

ROCKLAND

He's in a camp just upriver. If we go by foot we can make it by morning and snag him and get the fuck out of here.

Josephine nods.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

You take your Dogs and go. I'm staying here with the boat and these sad pissants defending this bridge.

ROCKLAND

You sure, Jo?

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

I'll be fine. These soldiers here need me right now, they're about as useless as a screen door on a submarine. They need a Momma Bear.

The Hound Dogs start to move. Rockland stares at Josephine.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
Will you go already?

Rockland is standing in cement.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

The Hound Dogs stop and turn back.

BOMBER BILL
C'mon, Rock!

ROCKLAND
It's just. It's so hard to leave.

Josephine's war complexion changes to a soft, welcoming glow.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
Rock.

ROCKLAND
It always has been.

Rockland starts to turn and walk away.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
Why do you think I keep coming
back?

Rockland runs off to meet the Hound Dogs and they continue on.

Josephine stands on the edge of her PBR. Shell shocked.

EXT. PRISONER CAMP - NIGHT

With the Do-Lung Bridge burning in the background, the fire-fight, flames and sparks make it a nightmarish scene of joy and jubilation. The Hound Dogs spy down on a small Prisoner Camp. It is loosely guarded. The team is past the Cambodia line, no American soldier has ever wandered this far up river. This goes against the rules of engagement and war.

Rockland points at a shack.

ROCKLAND
There.

DEANDRE

How can you tell?

ROCKLAND

There's only five guards I count circling around. Some parts of the camp are ignored by the guards, except for that shack. All the guards at some point walk by the shack. That's our man.

Bomber Bill shifts.

BOMBER BILL

Let me go grab him.

ROCKLAND

What?

BOMBER BILL

Let me go. I can be in and out in no time. No time at all.

ROCKLAND

I'm going in, don't be foolish.

BOMBER BILL

You're a better shot than any of us. Let the three of us go down and you cover us from this hill. Glenn and DeAndre get my back, I do the grab, we're back up in thirty seconds flat. Plus we're faster.

Rockland looks at Bomber Bill.

BOMBER BILL (CONT'D)

Let me do this.

Bomber Bill shifts and adjusts his crotch. He twitches. Rockland looks at DeAndre, who's staring off with a glazed over look. Glenn is behind all of them, queasy.

ROCKLAND

Thirty seconds. If you're not out in thirty, I'm coming down.

BOMBER BILL

Won't be any need for you to get off your old ass, Rock!

This jolts the Hound Dogs.

Bomber Bill, DeAndre and Glenn get in formation and make their way down the hill to the camp. Rockland watches from up high with an M-16.

In one swift motion, Bomber Bill sneaks in the shack and Glenn and DeAndre set up in dark corners of the camp, watching the door. No guards circling.

ROCKLAND

Something isn't right. I shouldn't have fucking sent them.

GUNFIRE from inside the shack. Glenn and DeAndre open fire. Rockland JUMPS up and sprint down the hill.

Bomber Bill exits the shack with an OLD MAN (65). DeAndre and Glenn fire as the back up. Viet Cong emerge from the woods, firing. From the treetops, firing.

The Hound Dogs back all the way down to the shoreline. They are trapped. No where to turn. DeAndre gets clipped by a bullet. Bomber Bill grabs DeAndre and gets hit in the leg. DeAndre's helmet falls and the drugs pour out. Glenn curls up into a ball and starts crying. Bomber grabs his crotch and goes down to his knees.

Rockland fires at a rapid pace in all directions.

A GRENADE falls into the middle of all of them.

Before anyone else can move--

--Rockland leaps onto the grenade.

WHITE OUT.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Rockland wakes up. He is lying in the middle of a military battlefield. He grunts and sits up.

Rockland's great-great grandfather, ANGUS STEEL (pre-Civil War military garb, ZZ Top caliber beard) appears in ghost form in front of Rockland.

GHOST ANGUS

Rockland!

Rockland looks at the figure and is speechless.

GHOST ANGUS (CONT'D)

What the hell you doing boy?

ROCKLAND
Just not existing I suppose.

GHOST ANGUS
Don't you have any sense about cha
boy?

ROCKLAND
Are you--?

GHOST ANGUS
Yep. Your great, great grand-pappy.
And I'm ashamed.

ROCKLAND
But, I--

GHOST ANGUS
No buts about it, Young Steel.
You've let all of us down.

Rockland's male family appears from thin air, all in ghost form. Rockland's Great Grandfather, BUFORD STEEL (Civil War garb, large beard), his Grandfather, OTIS STEEL (World War I garb, average sized beard) and finally his father, ALFRED (World War II garb, mustache).

ROCKLAND
Dad?

GHOST ALFRED
Cuba? Really, Rockland?

ROCKLAND
Uh--

GHOST ALFRED
Yes, I loved Caya Largo, who
wouldn't? But ain't nobody ham-
headed enough to enter the borders
at a time like that 'cept you.

GHOST OTIS
You have unfinished business on the
other side.

GHOST BUFORD
We can't let you join us just yet.

GHOST SERGEANT-MAJOR HOOF trots in the background and starts grazing.

GHOST ANGUS

Even though we could use that fifth man for Tuesday Night Poker. Four guys is just kind of silly. We tried teaching Sergeant-Major Hoof, but the asshole keeps counting cards and stomping them out.

ROCKLAND

What can I do? I jumped on a grenade. We were being backed to the riverbank, cornered. No way any of us survived. I failed them. I failed my country. I failed myself.

GHOST ALFRED

What happens in the jungle, stays in the jungle. Close your eyes and imagine the jungle and those you left, son.

ROCKLAND

What for?

GHOST ALFRED

Just do it, son. Trust me.

Rockland closes his eyes and starts to ripple.

ROCKLAND

Whoa.

Rockland vanishes from the Ghost Realm.

GHOST ANGUS

Couldn't we just have kept Rockland here?

GHOST ALFRED

No, *Angus*. That's your great-great grandson you're talking about wanting dead. You know that? How do you feel now.

GHOST ANGUS

Light and airy.

Ghost Angus flaps his ghost arms and floats around.

GHOST ALFRED

What's today?

GHOST ANGUS

Thursday.

GHOST OTIS
Terrible Movie Night!

GHOST BUFORD
I still don't understand the whole
moving pictures thing. I'd much
rather just read the Bible and turn
in.

GHOST OTIS
You're dead, Buford. You don't need
to sleep and you're still a Fuddy
Duddy.

GHOST BUFORD
And you don't need to relieve
yourself but for some reason I
still hear the sounds of self-
pleasuring in your cloud!

GHOST OTIS
You always cross a line!

GHOST BUFORD
I'm your pappy, you shut your
mouth. Ain't no son of mine going
to talk to me that way.

GHOST ANGUS
All of you, shut it! Bunch a
cackling witches I tell you.

EXT. PBR/DUNG RIVER - DAY

Rockland's eyes come to life. He's on the PBR with Josephine,
DeAndre, Glenn and Bomber Bill. Rockland doesn't say a word,
just grunts and clutches his head. It stings to touch.

ROCKLAND
What happened?

Glenn puts his hands on Rock, laying him back down, Rock
refuses.

BOMBER BILL
You son of a bitch.

DEANDRE
I get clipped by a bullet and
nearly bleed out. This mother
fucker jumps on a goddamn grenade
and lives.

Rockland remembers and touches his chest.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it was a dud. But, you did manage to knock your head on a giant rock in the process. Nice knot you got there.

Rockland touches the lump on his head and winces.

ROCKLAND

Jesus. How did we get out?

Josephine sits down.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

Long story short, I come roaring in on this here PBR and you all are practically in the river shooting at a hundred Viet Cong. And YOU, just lying in a heap.

BOMBER BILL

So, I hop on the gattling and spray the camp, giving us enough time to load up and get away.

Josephine gives Rock a bottle of Vietnamese whiskey.

ROCKLAND

What's this for?

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

For the next part.

EXT. PBR/DUNG RIVER - NIGHT

Josephine and the Hound Dogs are speeding away from the shoreline.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

What the fuck happened back there?
Jesus Christ!

Glenn works feverishly to patch up Rockland, but he's shaking feverishly. Bomber Bill, pinching his groin, and DeAndre, still high, start to interrogate Frank Samson.

BOMBER BILL

You better be goddamn worth it!

Frank Samson (65, unshaven, scrawny) is shaking.

FRANK SAMSON

I will be forever grateful for what you've done for me! I thought I was going to die in that camp.

Bomber Bill and DeAndre look at each other and change their tone and look.

FRANK SAMSON (CONT'D)

To be honest, I never thought the US government would forgive me, but perhaps time *is* a good healer.

DEANDRE

Explain yourself. Our Intel said you were a necessary cog to the US in this Vietnam Conflict.

FRANK SAMSON

I am?

DeAndre and Bomber Bill stare at Frank Samson.

BOMBER BILL

Weren't you just captured?

FRANK SAMSON

If it's nineteen-fifty-five, then yes.

BOMBER BILL

What are you saying?

FRANK SAMSON

I sold US secrets to foreign governments for the better part of eleven years?

BOMBER BILL

You're a goddamn traitor?

FRANK SAMSON

Was. Was a goddamn traitor. Why did you come get me if you didn't know that?

DEANDRE

What's your real name?

FRANK SAMSON

Frank Samson. And I was a prisoner of the Vietnamese for thirteen years.

DEANDRE

What the fuck is going on here?

Josephine shouts.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

It was a goddamn set up! Sending us all the way out here to rescue this scumbag. Jesus.

BOMBER BILL

A set up?

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

I've been in the military my whole life and I'm training squirts to pilot PBRs? No.

Bomber Bill and DeAndre look at each other. As Josephine speaks, he has a flashback.

EXT. RIVER/LAKE - NIGHT

A younger Josephine Sanders is piloting a PBR past a shore line where a fire-fight has broken out. Her crew jumps out and goes to help, but she settles down into the boat with a shotgun with a scope. She's sluggish and faded. As she aims and fires she is always behind or off. The last shot he fires hits one of her own men in the leg. There is a camera crew on the shoreline, documenting.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS O.S.

I used to have a drinking problem. And one time it cost me. My whole crew. Almost myself too. God saw fit to let me live with this guilt for the rest of my life as punishment. Clearly, the US government didn't know what to do with me, so they stashed me away. Down in this Godless part of the world.

EXT. PBR/DUNG RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The Hound Dogs have faces of stone. Bomber Bill shows a tattoo with "XXVIII".

BOMBER BILL

Twenty-eight.

EXT. SUSPECTED NVA VILLAGE - DAY

Bomber Bill and a whole battalion inspecting the village. In the battalion is a camera crew. As the battalion is moving out, Bomber Bill stays behind. One of the Vietnamese men keeps giving him evil looks.

As the battalion climbs a hill overlooking the village, Bomber Bill comes running late and the village EXPLODES into a suffocating cloud of flame and smoke. Through the camera lens we can see the aftermath and Bomber Bill standing there.

BOMBER BILL O.S.

I blew up a suspected N-V-A village without the permission of my ranking officers. Twenty-eight dead. None were N-V-A.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - DAY

DeAndre is patching up a wounded soldier. As they usher the soldier out of the Medical tent and into a bigger one with cots, DeAndre plops down on a ledge of a cabinet. With a glossy stare, he turns and takes some medicine out of the cabinet. It happens to be the last vile. He injects himself with it. He gets a high off of it.

Another wounded soldier gets ushered in with a camera crew, trying to catch the action. DeAndre bumbles around trying to repair the soldier with no supplies left. The camera is unforgiving.

DEANDRE O.S.

I stole medical supplies from my base. Weren't there when they needed them most. Guys needed morphine, pain killers, cleansing agents. Very little left.

EXT. A BASE - DAY

Glenn walks back onto his base, clothes ruffled. Hair matted. Smile cemented on his face. Until he sees his base. It's empty, smoldering. Tents torn. Jeeps knocked over.

GLENN O.S.

Slave to a springtime passion. Ran away with a prostitute. My battalion got ambushed and landed in a nasty fire-fight.

(MORE)

GLENN O.S. (CONT'D)

When the government found out, they put me in a hotel room here until they figured out what to do with me. I guess this was it. Exterminate the blemishes.

Frank Samson looks down.

FRANK SAMSON

Kill six birds with one stone.

Frank Samson shakes his head and giggles.

FRANK SAMSON (CONT'D)

Guess an old 'Killed in Action' looks better than a Dishonorable discharge, eh? Attempted redemption. It makes for a damn good story. And killing the great Rockland Steel in the process would expedite the US out of this awful place for sure.

Bullet fire subsides. Josephine navigates the PBR into a branch of the river and covers it up with trees, vines, leaves, etc.

EXT. PBR/DUNG RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Rockland sits there, stunned.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

Cuba?

Rockland nods.

BOMBER BILL

So what's the plan, Rock?

DEANDRE

Where can we go?

Glenn looks at Rock. Josephine sits next to Rockland.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

What's the plan?

Rockland takes a swig of the whiskey. He looks Josephine in the eyes. Rockland's eyes are glassy and faded.

ROCKLAND

I-I don't know.

Rockland tries to get up, but gets woozy and falls back.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
I can't even think. This is, just,
terrible.

Rockland glares at DeAndre.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
Are you fucking high?

DeAndre tries to say no, but just ends up sitting back,
quiet.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
And are you two even focused?

Bomber Bill and Glenn look at each other and then the ground.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
I take a fucking chance on all of
you, and when I need you most, you
fall apart?

Josephine touches Rockland's shoulder.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
Rock-

ROCKLAND
(Interrupting)
No, let me finish.

Rockland gets up, staggers a bit.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
This was my last change to clear my
name. My father's name. I fucked it
up. I shouldn't have chosen you to
start with, I shouldn't have
dragged any of you along. I should
have known this was a set-up, I
just wanted it to be as good as it
sounded.

Rockland grabs the whiskey.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
But none of you were ready for this
to begin with.

Rockland swigs the whiskey.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

(To Josephine)

And I'll never be able to admit how much I love you. Somehow, all this fucking bullshit comes first. That's how fucked up I am.

Rockland gets out of the boat onto the shoreline.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

(With tears in her eyes)

Rock! What are you doing?

The Hound Dogs look on like lost children.

ROCKLAND

I'm going to fix this. All of you have to get out of here.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

Rockland Steel! Don't you leave!

ROCKLAND

Jo, you know as well as I do that I need to make this right and they need to get out of here.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

It's always something, isn't it?

Rockland stares at her.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)

Military, Jayne, missions, war. I never came first. You think you're indestructible? You think you're a man? If Cuba didn't show you that your pride and fucking ego was a problem, maybe this will.

Josephine fires up the PBR.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS (CONT'D)

You're losing me, Rock. I've waited for twenty years for you. You're losing me because of yourself. Live with that.

Jo fires up the PBR and jets off.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. NHA TRANG MILITARY BASE - DAY

Chief Warrant Officers Montel and Williams truck across the base. They kick up clouds of dirt and dust.

INT. NHA TRANG MILITARY BASE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Chief Warrant Officers Montel and Williams bursts in through the door.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER MONTEL
SIR!

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER
WILLIAMS

SIR!

Lt. Gen. Hart jumps out of his chair, zipping his pants up. A National Geographic magazine is open on his desk.

LT. GEN. HART

Don't you ever knock?! Jesus.

The Chief Warrant Officers labor and bend over to their knees.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER WILLIAMS

Do-Do Lung B-Bridge.

Lt. Gen. Hart cranes his head as he rises from his chair.

LT. GEN. HART

Spit it out!

The Chief Warrant Officers cannot speak, as they are too busy trying not to pass out. One of them holds up his pointer finger.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

I said SPIT IT OUT, you FAT FUCKS!

Lt. Gen. Hart pushes the two Chief Warrant Officers.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER WILLIAMS

Ouch. I mean. Hi. Rude.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER MONTEL

Apparently, sir, the Do Lung Bridge
is in better shape than ever
before.

Lt. Gen. Hart flinches.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER WILLIAMS
But, BUT, there was a group that
went in past the bridge and never
came back out.

LT. GEN. HART
No bodies were found?

The Chief Warrant Officers shake their heads.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
I need confirmation they're dead,
YOU IMBECILES!

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER WILLIAMS
But, sir, no one has ever-

LT. GEN. HART
I AM NOT SOME BAD GUY IN A MOVIE! I
need to know they're dead or else
they'll come back and kill me.
That's how this works. I'm not
stupid.

The Chief Warrant Officers stand up and giggle. Lt. Gen. Hart
cocks his fist.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER MONTEL
He jumped on a grenade, sir!

LT. GEN. HART
What?

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER WILLIAMS
The whole team. They got blown to
bits in a fire-fight.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER MONTEL
Thought I'd be kinda funny to hold
back a bit, you know? You know?

Lt. Gen. Hart lowers his fist and tightens his jaw.

LT. GEN. HART
Bodies?

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER MONTEL
No, sir, that part was true. No
bodies were found.

LT. GEN. HART
Just. Just get out.

EXT. NHA TRANG MILITARY BASE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Chief Warrant Officers exit, along with Lt. Gen. Hart. They are greeted by a silent sea of soldiers and officers.

SOLDIER 1
Permission to speak freely, sir?

Lt. Gen. Hart nods, his brow raised. Soldier 1 pulls his hat off and holds it with two hands as if he's ringing out a dish rag.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
Is it true? The rumors? The ones concerning Rockland Steel, sir?

Lt. Gen. Hart nods his head and adopts the demeanor furthest from his own.

LT. GEN. HART
I'm afraid so. Rockland was too reckless for his own good. It must have finally caught up to him.

The mass of soldiers and officers bow their heads. Some start crying.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
I was worried the mission I gave him might be too much. Agent Steel had been losing his grip as of late. Believing in his own larger-than-life stories. I grieve as you all grieve for the death of this great man.

Ace stands amongst the crowd. Tears in his eyes. He shakes his head, turns and stomps away.

Lt. Gen. Hart turns around to the Chief Warrant Officers.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
I'm going to turn on some happy music and start filling out their forms. Killed. In. Action.

EXT. NHA TRANG MILITARY BASE - LATER

The hordes of soldiers in the camp are going about their business, but with a distinctive heaviness and sluggish nature.

The faint sounds of a helicopter can be heard in the distance. "Ride of the Valkyries" by Wagner can be heard along with it. Some soldiers pick their heads up.

The sound gets a little louder. More soldiers pick their heads up.

Soldier 1 and 2 stand up. More soldiers follow as the sound grows. Chief Warrant Officers emerge from HQ.

INT. NHA TRANG MILITARY BASE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Lt. Gen. Hart is writing paperwork, giddy like a school girl.

LT. GEN. HART

Deceased. Ohhhhh you're deceased.
Dually deceased. Triple deceased.
Way deceased. Definitely deceased.
Beyond deceased.

His glass of water on the table shivers. And then shivers more. He grows out of his chair and removes his glasses. He starts to hear commotion outside. And then the sound of faint music and a helicopter motor.

EXT. NHA TRANG MILITARY BASE - CONTINUOUS

Lt. Gen. Hart emerges from the trailer.

LT. GEN. HART

Fuck me sideways.

INT. ACE'S HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Rockland is deishelved but blood-red focused. The record player starts skipping.

EXT. DUNG RIVER AIR SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Ace's Chopper charges towards the Nha Trang Base. The record player keeps skipping. A record flies out of it. Beethoven's Symphony #6 starts to play.

EXT. NHA TRANG MILITARY BASE - CONTINUOUS

Ace's Chopper comes in to land. All the troops cheer, hoop and holler.

INT. ACE'S HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Rockland Steel steps out of it.

ACE
Hey, go kick some ass!

Rockland pauses.

ACE (CONT'D)
What?

ROCKLAND
You usually, just nothing.

Rockland turns and face the ocean of troops. For the first time in his life, he feels vulnerable and unable to find the words. The sea of troops are silent. Rockland is silent. They are just staring at each other.

A faint motor sound is heard.

The Hound Dogs and the PBR comes roaring around the corner of the Dung River. Josephine at the helm, proud and her hair flying in the wind. DeAndre looks crisp and clear, no bandages on him. Bomber Bill is wearing a homemade chastity belt and puffing his chest out. Glenn, for the first time, has his sleeves ripped off, revealing muscular arms and tattoos and also for the first time, looks more manly than any of the Hound Dogs.

The PBR lurches up onto the shore and they pile out. Rockland looks teary-eyed at them.

They Hound Dogs don't say anything. They just line up behind Rockland. They all look him in the eye and nod. Then stare forward.

Rockland takes a deep breath and a smile creeps into the corners of his mouth.

DEANDRE
(Whispering to Bomber
Bill)
This better work.

BOMBER BILL
(Whispering back)
Has he ever led us astray?

DEANDRE

(Whisper)

Aside from leading us directly into
an ambush that was to exterminate
us? Nope.

As the Rockland turns around, Soldier 1 comes running up.

SOLDIER 1

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

Soldier 1 grabs Rockland with a Boa-Constrictor strength hug.

ROCKLAND

It's alright, son.

Soldier 2 comes sprinting in and does the same thing. He
begins weeping.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay now.

Rockland looks over at HQ. Lt. Gen. Hart exits his trailer
and stands tall.

LT. GEN. HART

Before you do anything rash, take a
moment and think before you speak,
Agent Steel. Just. Think.

Rockland sheds the two soldiers and pats them on the backs.
Rockland addresses the sea of soldiers on base.

ROCKLAND

Gentlemen, have a seat.

Every soldier sits Indian style where they were standing. It
looks like a big story time pow-wow.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

This story will not go untold.

LT. GEN. HART

Rockland.

ROCKLAND

Lt. Gen. Hart and I have some
business to attend to. And I don't
see why it can't all happen right
here, right now. What do you say?

The soldiers cheer.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Right here in the dirt, in the
dust, in the grime and the filth.
In the jungle.

The soldiers cheer louder.

LT. GEN. HART

You do realize who I am, right?
What I could have done to you? I
can spin this anyway I want, I'm a
Lieutenant-General damnit!

Rockland pivots.

ROCKLAND

Spin what? Oh, you mean when you
attempted to have me and my men
EXTERMINATED under the false
pretenses of a classified, U-S
government mission? How will you
possibly spin that? I have the case
file. I have the men. INCLUDING,
the real Frank Samson. I have the
proof. I have the witnesses.

Lt. Gen. Hart walks down towards Rockland.

LT. GEN. HART

You, who invaded the borders of
Cuba during the height of the Cuban
Missile Crises. The only man to
lose the privilege of being the
General of the United States
military in a such a flaming
glorious fashion. Versus me, the
General's right hand man. Plus,
invading Cambodia on your most
recent mission and disobeying
direct orders of relieving a high-
ranking Captain from her post.

Lt. Gen. Hart paces in a calculated manner towards Rockland.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)

Rockland, Rockland, Rockland. What
am I to do with you? Do you really
want to drag every soldier here
down with you?

Lt. Gen. Hart laughs.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
 And even in the face of your ill-reputed moral compass, I was able to hold a post in a dangerous territory such as this, where not even the great Rockland Steel can keep his sanity. You really think your word will overpower mine? I go golfing with the President, Secretary of Defense and the ACTUAL General of the United States Military for Christ sake!

Lt. Gen. Hart looks around.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
 And anyone who sides with you will go down with you. NO awards, NO pensions AND a dishonorable discharge.

The soldiers murmur.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
 That's black death for a military man. However, if they stick with me, it's PURPLE HEARTS, promotions, benefits and pay raises for EVERYONE! SET. FOR. LIFE.

The camp of soldiers start getting rowdy. The Hound Dogs shift in their stances.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
 So what, you came all the way back to what? Kill me? Is that it?

ROCKLAND
 I know every soldier here, whether they agree with your side or not. Whether they truly believe you have the pull to get what you promise or not, they are going to let me come here to do what I came to do. And what we're going to do is have a good, ol' fashioned knock-down, drag-em out, slobber-knocker. No. Outside. Interference. The winner gets what he wants. Plain and simple.

Lt. Gen. Hart crosses his arms. Chief Warrant Officer Montel and Williams sneak into the HQ trailer, shut the door and peer through the blinds.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

If you win, I'll admit I went AWOL
and this whole mission was my idea.
I will accept the consequences of
that tangent reality.

LT. GEN. HART

And if you win?

ROCKLAND

Haven't decided yet. But it won't
be pretty.

Lt. Gen. Hart cracks his neck. Rockland turns to the Hound
Dogs.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Hart has only one weakness.

The Hound Dogs all lean in.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

He is weak.

In an instant, without being prompted, the soldiers stand up
and take three steps backwards and form a circle around
Rockland and Lt. Gen. Hart. The Hound Dogs holster and drop
their weapons.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

It was always going to end this
way.

BEGIN FIGHT SEQUENCE.

- Hart lunges first and punches Rock, who goes right back and
punches Hart.

- A series of punches and kicks thrown, but each blocking the
others blow.

- Hart grabs a rock and slams it over Rock's head.

- Rock roundhouse kicks Hart onto his ass.

- Hart takes out a knife from his boot and swings at Rock.
Rock dodges most of them, but the last one cuts his arm. He
cringes. Hart kicks Rock back and then throws the knife at
his shoulder. The knife SINKS IN. Rock whimpers.

LT. GEN. HART

Should have done your research on
me, Agent Steel. I'm more man than
you can ever hope to be.

- Rock lunges up and slugs Hart in the face. He then removes the knife from his shoulder and throws it on the ground. Hart stumbles one step back. He smiles. Wipes the blood from his lip.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
I'm beginning to enjoy this.

- DeAndre, Bomber Bill, Glenn and Josephine all look at each other. Rockland has never encountered someone like this before.

- Hart and Rock stare at each other before they exchange a series of punches to the face and body. Just one after another. Punch for punch. Bam bam BAM BAM BAM until Hart and Rockland fall to their knees. Breathing heavy.

END FIGHT SEQUENCE.

Lt. Gen. Hart beings slow clapping.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
What. A. Show. If I'm being honest,
it's going to be a shame that the
legend of the great Rockland Steel
is coming to end.

Rockland does not move. He sits on his knees, panting. As Lt. Gen. Hart pretends to grimace as he rises, griping his ankle, he pulls a Beretta from his boot and PULLS THE TRIGGER.

BANG. The gunshot rings in the air.

Rockland's face is a blank slate. He looks down. BLOOD.

Rockland slouches.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
NO! ROCK!

Josephine and the Hound Dogs start to move towards Rock, but Lt. Gen. Hart points the gun.

LT. GEN. HART
NO OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE! You heard
the rules.

Lt. Gen. Hart rises to his feet and turns around.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
What have you to say about your
legend now? AM I now the legend
seeing as I disposed of the man?
(MORE)

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
 The myth? The fucking god damn
 fairy tale story-book character?

Lt. Gen. Hart paces.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
 You all will be rewarded for
 sticking with me. Handsomely. Rock
 lost his bearings a long time ago.
 This is for the best.

Lt. Gen. Hart pounds his chest.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
 Lieutenant-General CLINT HART put
 an end to the madness of this war;
 this meaningless, meandering
 conflict! Don't you forget it! Once
 everyone sees their hero has fallen
 victim to this soulless jungle, it
 will get us out of this God
 forsaken wasteland. THANKS TO ME!
 ME! NOT HIM! FUCKING ME!

Commotion among the soldiers.

LT. GEN. HART (CONT'D)
 That's right!

Lt. Gen. Hart basks in his glory. He caught his white whale.
 Hart looks back at the sea of soldiers. They're staring, but
 not at him. It's like they're staring past him.

Lt. Gen. Hart turns around. Rockland is STANDING.

ROCKLAND
 There is meaning in everything.
 Hindsight is twenty-twenty, you
 know?

Lt. Gen. Hart drops his gun. Shocked.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
 For example, you must have known
 that I cannot die, right? I'm the
 hero.

Rockland shivers. He shakes his leg. A tiny, metallic object
 falls out of his pants. It's the BULLET.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
 That took longer than usual. I must
 be gettin' old.

Lt. Gen. Hart stands in his place. Not moving.

LT. GEN. HART
What. Are. You.

ROCKLAND
I'm a *real* man.

Rockland LUNGES and SLUGS and caves in Lt. Gen. Hart's chest cavity and sends him FLYING.

BOMBER BILL
FUCK HIM UP!

DEANDRE
FINISH HIM!

GLENN
MAKE HIM YOUR BABY BACK BITCH!

Lt. Gen. Hart lies on the ground. He struggles to get up. Falls down and lays there. He looks up at Rock as he walks over. Fear doesn't even begin to describe the look in his eyes. Rockland turns and addresses all the soldiers.

ROCKLAND
I made a mistake once. A grand mistake. We all have. But who hasn't? I think it's up to you all to decide this man's fate. Not mine.

The soldiers cheer.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
A wise man once said that what happens in the jungle stays in the jungle!

The soldier cheer louder.

SOLDIER 1
He had air conditioning!

SOLDIER 2
He had real food!

SOLDIER 3
He had the National Geographic magazines!

Everyone looks at Solider 3.

SOLDIER 3 (CONT'D)
 You know, to jerk off to!

Soldiers regain their angry composure.

ROCKLAND
 I will leave the decision in your
 capable hands.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS
 They going to kill that bastard?

ROCKLAND
 No, he still is the Lieutenant-
 General, we can't do that. But I do
 have an idea. DeAndre, make sure
 that piece of scum doesn't die on
 us.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROCKLAND'S HOUSE, USA - MORNING

Rockland stands on the back deck of his house.

SUPER: 6 Months Later

Rockland takes a sip of coffee. He's wearing a robe.

A military vehicle pulls up the driveway. Four men get out.

INT. CUSHY OFFICE - DAY

Glenn Owens, now a United States Congressman. He signs off on a document, looks at the camera and smiles. His book of poetry, still with a bullet hole, framed on the wall.

Glenn Owens gets up and walks outside his office into the heart of a press conference. He gives a speech in front of dozens of media members, flashing bulbs and video cameras. He still uses his words carefully and sparingly, but this time to make some change for the better.

INT. VETERANS' HOSPITAL GRAND OPENING - DAY

DeAndre-Darius-Dontrell-D'Qwell White left the military. He began to run his own support clinic for addiction and works part-time as a male nurse.

As he walks around his clinic he stubs his toe and demands crutches. Addicts are never cured, always fighting.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Mac 'Bomber Bill' Miller is now a school teacher, teaching history. He makes sure it is known the great sacrifices that have been made to allow this country to stand the way it does today.

There has also never been a more ruthless, punishing teacher in the history of teaching. He has also been written up for making comments to some of his fellow female teachers. But, he attends DeAndre's clinic for sexual addiction.

BACK TO:

EXT. ROCKLAND'S HOUSE, USA - CONTINUOUS

The crew walk up to Rockland's back porch. Rockland smiles and greets the Hound Dogs.

ROCKLAND

Look at all of you. All cleaned up and looking human.

Glenn steps forward.

GLENN

It's good to see you, Rockland.

ROCKLAND

Good to see you too, Owens. Saw you on TV the other day. Hell of a wordsmith.

GLENN

I learned a thing or two from you. And everything else myself.

DeAndre walks up to Rockland. He has a ring on his finger.

ROCKLAND

White! You're a married man now? Explain yourself, soldier!

DEANDRE

Well, there was always a woman back home, sir. But I was always too timid to pursue anything. But after 'Nam and the whole-

DeAndre takes a deep breath.

ROCKLAND

You don't have to-

DEANDRE

(Interrupting)

No, no, my therapist says it's good to get it out and not internalize the horror.

DeAndre pushes his hands down as he exhales.

DEANDRE (CONT'D)

After Kevin's village; I came to learn that I did not fear anything any woman had to offer. Because of you. That helped me bridge the gap to my dear Gloria.

Rockland bows his head.

ROCKLAND

That's a beautiful name.

DEANDRE

Yeah, it sure is. Gloria,

(Beat)

Shanice-Jada-Raven-Shaquanda-Lakisha-Latoya-Ja'Quelah-LaVonne-Tianna-Jastella-Jackson. White.

ROCKLAND

Uh-huh.

Bomber Bill goes up to Rockland. He adjusts himself. He has a very stern look on his face. For a moment. He then breaks down and just starts crying and hugs Rockland.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Oh. Okay. Okay now.

Rockland pats Bomber Bill on the back. Bomber Bill peels himself off, clears his throat, wipes his eyes and takes a step back.

BOMBER BILL

Where's, uh, Jo-

Josephine exits the house.

BOMBER BILL (CONT'D)

Jesus H. Lyndon B. Johnson!

ROCKLAND

(Correcting Bomber Bill)

Jesus H. Dick Nixon.

GLENN

So, this finally happened?

Rockland looks cock-eyed at DeAndre.

ROCKLAND

What do you mean finally?

Josephine elbows Rockland.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

What do you mean, um, happened?

DEANDRE

C'mon Rock. We all knew you two had a thing for each other.

Josephine looks embarrassed and red in the face.

ROCKLAND

I. I only have one love. And, and that's the military. And uh-

Rock stammers off to silence.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Yeah I guess you're right.

Rockland puts his arm around Jo.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

There's only one woman who can really take care of me. No use in denying it.

Glenn steps forward.

GLENN

Was she the reason?

ROCKLAND

What now?

GLENN

The reason you came back. It wasn't the military. It was Jo, wasn't it?

Rockland and Josephine stand there. No need for words. They understand each other's company. Moments like this are too often overlooked.

ROCKLAND

I was too young and stupid at the time to see that.

(MORE)

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

Like most men, I shrugged it off
but I couldn't shake her.

JOSEPHINE SANDERS

You're a dog.

ROCKLAND

A Hound Dog.

The Hound Dogs laugh.

BOMBER BILL

I have to admit. I didn't take you
as one who would actually retire. I
figured you'd die on duty.

DEANDRE

Yeah, seriously. I figured you'd be
out there kicking ass until you
were seventy-three.

DeAndre and Bomber Bill nod in agreement.

GLENN

Seventy-three?

DEANDRE

Yeah, no way he lives into his mid-
seventies.

Bomber shakes his head in agreement.

ROCKLAND

Who says I'm going to die at all?

The Hound Dogs laugh.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)

And who says I'm retired?

EXT. FORT BENNING, GEORGIA - DAY

Rockland Steel is shouting at the new recruits.

ROCKLAND

You call that a pushup, Sally?! My
grandmother does better push-ups
with her left tit! Private, what
the fuck are you doing? I've taken
shits that were more work than
you've done in your entire life!

Rockland turns and sees the former Lt. Gen. Hart emptying the porta-johns and latrines on base. Rockland struts past a hefty new recruit.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
Attention Private!

ROTUND PRIVATE (19, chunky) hops up and stands at attention in front of Rockland.

ROTUND PRIVATE
Sir, yes, sir!

ROCKLAND
You have about a good a chance as living through this boot camp as I do sitting on your lap and calling you mi-ma!

ROTUND PRIVATE
Sir, yes, sir!

ROCKLAND
You listen and you listen up good! What have you had to eat today, Private?

ROTUND PRIVATE
Um, n-nothing sir!

ROCKLAND
Private! I want you to go to the mess hall, eat a platter of eggs, drink a pot of coffee and are you lactose-intolerant, son?

ROTUND PRIVATE
Um, sir?

ROCKLAND
ARE YOU LACTOSE INTOLERANT, PRIVATE?!

ROTUND PRIVATE
Sir, I am, sir!

ROCKLAND
I figured as much you rotund, size queen! Take a gallon of creamer, drink it and then go spend the rest of your god-forsaken afternoon rotating around every latrine on this base, YOU GOT THAT PRIVATE?!

ROTUND PRIVATE
SIR, YES, SIR!

Rotund Private sprints off. Well, waddles very fast off.

ROCKLAND
(Yelling to Hart)
Oh shit boy!

Hart looks over.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
That private's got something
special for ya!

Hart flips Rockland off and goes back to cleaning.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
Oh *shit* boy!

Hart looks over again. Rockland just waves.

Hart flops his arms in confusion. Rock smiles and sighs. A switch flips and he starts screaming at the recruits again.

ROCKLAND (CONT'D)
I'M GOING TO VIETNAM, I'M GOING TO
KILL SOME VIET CONG!

SOLDIER CHANT
I'M GOING TO VIETNAM, I'M GOING TO
KILL SOME VIET CONG!

CREDITS ROLL.

ROCKLAND
I USED TO WEAR OLD BLUE JEANS!

SOLDIER CHANT
I USED TO WEAR OLD BLUE JEANS

ROCKLAND
NOW I'M WEARING CAMMIE GREENS!

SOLDIER CHANT
NOW I'M WEARING CAMMIE GREENS!

ROCKLAND
I USED TO EAT AT MICKEY Ds!

SOLDIER CHANT
I USED TO EAT AT MICKEY Ds!

ROCKLAND
NOW I'M EATING M-R-E-s!

SOLDIER CHANT
NOW I'M EATING M-R-E-s!

ROCKLAND
I USED TO DATE A BEAUTY QUEEN!

SOLDIER CHANT
I USED TO DATE A BEAUTY QUEEN!

ROCKLAND
NOW I LOVE MY M-16!

SOLDIER CHANT
NOW I LOVE MY M-16!

FADE OUT.

ROCKLAND
IF I DIE IN THE COMBAT ZONE!

SOLDIER CHANT
IF I DIE IN THE COMBAT ZONE!

ROCKLAND
BOX ME UP AND SHIP ME HOME!

SOLDIER CHANT
BOX ME UP AND SHIP ME HOME!

ROCKLAND
IN MY COFFIN I WILL LIE!

SOLDIER CHANT
IN MY COFFIN I WILL LIE!

ROCKLAND
WITH MY MEDALS SHINING BRIGHT!

SOLDIER CHANT
WITH MY MEDALS SHINING BRIGHT!

ROCKLAND
WHOA WHOA WHOA A WHOA!

SOLDIER CHANT
WHOA WHOA WHOA A WHOA!

THE END.