THE THIN RED LINE
by
Terrence Malick

Based on the Novel
by
James Jones
To the Memory of James Jones
And Those Who Served With Him

They Live With Us
It was an act of love. Those men on the line were my family, my home. They were closer to me than I can say, closer than my friends had been or ever would be. They had never let me down, and I could never do it to them. I had to be with them, rather than let them down and me live with the knowledge that I might have saved them. Men, I now know, do not fight for flag or country, for the Marine Corps or glory or any other abstraction. They fight for one another. Any man in combat who lacks comrades who will die for him, or for whom he is willing to die, is not a man at all. He is truly damned.

William Manchester, the journalist, writing in Goodbye Darkness about his experience on Guadalcanal. (Like Fife, he walked away from the safety of a hospital in a secure area to return to his company in combat.)
COMPANY ROSTER
(Partial)
"C" CO, UMTH INF

- Stein, James I, Capt, "C" Co Cmdg
- Band, George R, 1st Lt, Exec
- Whyte, William L, 2nd Lt, 1st Pl Cmdg
- Blane, Thomas C, 2nd Lt, 2nd Pl Cmdg
- Gore, Alberto O, 2nd Lt, 3rd Pl Cmdg
- Culp, Robert (NMI), 2nd Lt, 4th (Weapons) Pl Cmdg

EM

1st/Sgt
- Welsh, Edward (NMI)

S/Sgts
- Grove, Ldr 1st Pl
- Keck, Ldr 2nd Pl
- MacTae, Supply
- Stack, Ldr 3rd Pl
- Storm, Mess

Sgts
- Becker, Sqd Ldr Rfl
- Dranno, Co Clk
- Mc Cron, Sqd Ldr Rfl
Cpls
- Fife, Fwd Clk
- Jenks, Asst Sqd Ldr Rfl
- Queen, “ “ “ “
- Thorne, “ “ “ “

Pvts 1cl
- Bead, Asst Fwd Clk
- Dale, 2nd Cook
- Doll, Rflmn
- Earl, “
- Marl, “
- Ash, “
- Bell, “
- Carni, “
- Catch, “
- Catt, “
- Coombs, “
- Crown, “
- Drake, “
- Gluk, “
- Jacques,”
- Kline, “
- Kral, “
- Mazzi, Mtrmn
- Peale, Rflmn
- Sico, “
- Stearns,
- Suss,  
- Tassi,  
- Tella,  
- Tills, Mtrmn  
- Train, Rflmn  
- Weld,  
- Wynn,  

Replacements  
- Bosche, Charles S, Capt, "C" Co Cmdg  

Others  
- Tall, Gordon M L, Lt Col, 1st Bn Cmdg  
- Haines, Ira P, Maj, Rgtl Srgn  
- Gaff, John B, Capt, 1st Bn Exec  
- Carr, Frederick C, Capt, Rgtl S-1  
- Hoke, Pvt, of Cannon Co  
- Witt, Pvt, of Cannon Co
EXT. A WARSHIP AT SEA - 1942 - DAY

A young Admiral receives an encoded message from a radiotelegraph and interprets it for a group of Army commanders aboard a warship. An Army division must be diverted to support the Marines on Guadalcanal, an island which none of them is familiar with but which it appears is of critical importance in maintaining the supply route between the United States and Australia now in the first year of the war. The Army commanders tell him that two divisions are available; each is already at sea. The choice of which to deploy is his and, after a few seconds of hesitation, he makes it. He asks them to return to him some day in the future and to tell him, since he must remain far from the fighting, about their experience in the ordeal to come. Soldiers in the Civil War, he says, spoke of "seeing the Elephant": it was as though in combat a strange, awesome creature would appear, whose features one could not quite describe to anyone who had not seen it for himself. He would like to hear from them what this Elephant is.

INT. BRIG - DAWN

FIRST SGT. WELSH sits in the brig of a warship, talking with PFC WITT, a young man from Breathitt County, Kentucky, a regular and formerly a regimental boxer.

WELSH
I can put you up for a court-martial, or I can give you non-judicial punishment. Your choice, up or down. It's a felony offense to strike an officer -- that includes an NCO.

WITT
It ain't right.

WELSH
We're going to send you to a place where you learn or you don't. They're going to shape you up.

WITT
What did the Captain say?

WELSH
Captain don't want you. Company don't want you.
WITT
You fixed it that way.

WELSH
You were gambling. You got mad because you lost. I've read your record. You been a loser all your life. You don't fool me. You'll never amount to nothing.
   (after a pause)
You hit an NCO from another unit, in a war zone. Normally you'd go to Leavenworth.

WITT
Baloney!

WELSH
This isn't a normal situation. I worked a deal. Consider yourself lucky. If this got to Battalion, you'd be court-martialed. Maybe hanged.

WITT
Nonsense.

WELSH
A felony offense, in a war zone. I've had trouble with you since Hawaii. You're a bad soldier. You'd let us down.

Welsh leaves. The steel door crashes shut behind him. Witt turns to the prisoner in the next cell, a man named HOKE.

HOKE
(after a silence)
What a jerk!

WITT
Yeah. Partly he's right, though...
I screwed up my life. I thowed away my pearl.

EXT. DECK OF TRANSPORT

A LEGEND appears over a DISTANT VIEW of a lovely South Pacific island: "Guadalcanal, 9 November 1942." Two transport ships of the U.S. Navy have sneaked up from the south in the first graying flush of dawn to deliver fresh reinforcement troops.
For their crews, this is a routine mission and one they know well; but to the men in the hold, the trip is neither routine nor known.

INT. SECOND FORWARD HOLD - DAWN

CORPORAL FIFE, the orderly room clerk, sits against a bulkhead, sick with fear. Beads of moisture cover the steel walls. The fighting men of C-for-Charlie Company pick their wet shirts loose from their armpits, look at their watches and wait impatiently. The bunks are covered with their gear; there is nowhere to sit except in the companionways. On Fife's right, PVTS MAZZI and TILLS clutch their knees.

MAZZI
You think we'll catch a fucking air raid?

TILLS
How the hell do I know? All I know, them crew guys said they didn't catch no air raid last time they made this run. On the other hand, time before last they almost got blew up. What do you want me to tell you?

MAZZI
You're a big help, Tills: nothin'. Tell me nothin'. I'll tell you somethin'. We're sittin' out here on this ocean like a couple fucking ducks in these here boats, that's what.

TILLS
I already know that.

MAZZI
Yeah? Well, brood on it, Tills. Brood on it.

In one place a blackjack game has been started. Elsewhere little knots of men have formed and stand or sit talking earnestly to each other with widened eyes while hardly hearing what is said. Every so often an LCI, caught wrong on a wave, BANGS against the hull and REVERBERATES through the closed space of the dim hold, an anguished STEEL CRY. On Fife's left, PRIVATE FIRST CLASS DOLL is standing with CORPORAL QUEEN, a huge, amiable Texan.
QUEEN
Well, we'll soon know what it feels like.

GORDON
What what feels like?

QUEEN
To be shot at.

DOLL
Hell, I've been shot at. Hell, ain't you, Queen?

GORDON
I only just hope there aren't any planes today. That's all.

DOLL
Well, I reckon if I'm goin' a get me that pistol, I better get with it. Those fucks in the next compartment ought be about nervous enough by now. Anybody want to come along?

QUEEN
You'll do better on your own.

Doll stops in front of Mazzi and Tills. He nods at the crowded portholes.

DOLL
Ain't you watchin' the fun?

MAZZI
Ain't interested.

DOLL
I guess it is pretty crowded.

MAZZI
Wouldn't be interested if it wadn't.

DOLL
I'm on my way to get me that pistol.

MAZZI
Yeah? Well, have fun.

TILLS
Yeah; have fun.
DOLL
You guys'll wish you had one, once we get ashore, and run into some of them Samurai sabers.

MAZZI
All I want is to get ashore. And off of this fat sitting fucking duck we all sittin' on out here on this flat water.

TILLS
Hey, Doll, you get around. You think we're liable to catch an air raid?

DOLL
How the fucking hell would I know? We might, we might not.

MAZZI
Thanks.

TILLS
Prob'ly they'll wait to hit us at the beach.

DOLL (ignoring Tills)
If we do, we do. What's the matter? You scared, Mazzi?

MAZZI
Scared? 'Course I ain't scared! Are you?

DOLL
No.

MAZZI
Okay then. Shut up.

Doll throws back his head and laughs and steps out through the bulkhead.

MAZZI
That guy just ain't hep. He's as unhep as a box.

TILLS
You think he'll get a pistol?
MAZZI
Hell no, he won't get no pistol.

TILLS
Right now, I couldn't care less.
All I want is to get off this fucking boat here.

MAZZI
Well, you ain't by yourself, Tills.
All I know, I never bargained for nothin' like this when I signed up in this man's Army back in the Bronx before the war. How did I know they was gonna be a fucking war, hanh? Answer me that.

TILLS
You tell me. You're the hep character around here, Mazzi.

MAZZI
All I know, old Charlie Company always gets screwed. Always. And I can tell you whose fault it is. Bugger Stein's, that's who. First he gets us stuck off on this boat clean away from our own outfit, where we don't know a fucking soul. Then he gets us stuck way down in fourth pace on the list to get off this son of a bitch.

At the other end of the companionway, CAPT. JAMES STEIN talks privately with First Sergeant Welsh.

STEIN
I think our outfit looks pretty capable, pretty solid, don't you, Sergeant?

Welsh grins at him insolently. There is a look of dark foreboding that never leaves his face, even when he grins.

WELSH
Yeah -- for a bunch of slobs about to get their ass shot off.

Stein does not answer him. Welsh is mad. He is insane, Truly a madman, and Stein never has understood him. He has no respect for anything or anybody. But it doesn't really matter. Stein can afford to overlook his impertinences because he is so good at his job.
STEIN
Hello, Doll. How's it going?
Everything okay? Feeling a little
nervous?

DOLL
(warily)
No, sir.

Stein nods, dismissing him. Doll salutes and goes on out
through the watertight door, wondering what Stein meant.

INT. FORWARD HOLD - DAWN

Furious, Doll makes his way through the forward hold. He does
not know how much time he still has. Then, suddenly, he sees
a .45 hanging from the end of a bed frame. Three bunks away a
group of men clusters around a nervous crap game. He has to
make his move now, time is running out. He lifts the pistol
off the bunk frame and buckles it around his waist.

VOICES
Hey, you! Hey, soldier!

Doll turns around to see two men, one a PRIVATE and one a
SERGEANT, coming toward him. Will they turn him in?

PRIVATE (DRAKE)
That's my pistol you're wearin',
soldier.

SERGEANT (KARL)
He saw you take it off the bunk. So
don't try to lie out of it,
soldier.

Doll forces a slow, cynical grin to spread across his face.
Slowly he undoes the belt and passes it over.

DOLL
How long you been in the Army,
mack? You ought know better than to
leave your gear layin' around like
that. You might lose it someday.

Both men stare back at him, their eyes widening slightly as
the new idea, new attitude, replaces their own of righteous
indignation.

SERGEANT (MARL)
Well, you better not have such
sticky fingers, soldier.
DOLL
Anything layin' around out in the open that loose, is fair game to me. And to any other soldier. Tell your boy he oughtn't to tempt people so much.

SERGEANT (MARL)
Hear that, Drake? You better take better care of your gear.

DOLL
Yeah. He sure better. Or he won't have it long.

INT. LOWER FORWARD HOLD - DAWN

Outside, in the hatchway area, Doll stops and laughs. It was all one big lie! Entering the bunk area on the deck above everything works perfectly for him. On a field pack at the edge of the companionway he sees not one but two pistols. There is not a man in this entire end of the bunk area. That is all there is to it. All Doll has to do is step over, pick up one of the pistols and put it on.

INT. SECOND FORWARD HOLD - DAWN

Doll returns to C-for-Charlie in the second forward hold. Tills, Mazzi and Fife have not moved. Doll steps up with his hands on his hips, his right one resting on the pistol.

MAZZI
Hello, lover-boy. Where you been?

DOLL
Around... Well, what do you think?

MAZZI
Think of what?

DOLL
Nothin'. The war.

He turns on his heel and goes on inside among the bunks.

TILLS
Well, what do you say now, hep guy?

MAZZI
Just what I fucking said before. The guy's a jerkoff.
TILLS
He's got a pistol.

MAZZI
So he's a jerkoff with a pistol.

TILLS
While you're a hep guy, without a pistol.

MAZZI
That's right. What's a fucking pistol? Leave it, Tills; leave it. You wanna do somethin', go do somethin'.

TILLS
I think I will.

MESS SERGEANT STORM has gathered his cooks for a bull session.

WELSH
(grinning crazily)
What are you doing with that fucking pistol, Doll?

DOLL
What pistol?

WELSH
This pistol.

Welsh grabs the pistol on Doll's hip and, with it, pulls Doll slowly forward and slowly, the grin fades from Welsh's face.

DOLL
Well, I...

WELSH
And what if somebody comes around here to Capt. Stein and wants to search this outfit for a stolen pistol? 'Ey? Have you ever thought of that? And what if I then, knowin' who had it, was forced to tell Bugger Stein where it was? Huh? Have you thought of that, too?

DOLL
Would you do that, Top?
WELSH
You bet your sweet ass I would!

Welsh bellows it with startling suddenness right into his face. The CRASH of the landing craft against the hull continues, relentless and unnerving.

DOLL
Well -- Do you think anybody'll come around?

WELSH
No! I don't!

Then, as slowly as it disappeared, the sly, ominous grin comes back over the sergeant's face. He lets Doll go and, all in the same motion, flings the holstered pistol away from him.

WELSH
Clean it. It's prob'ly dirty. Any man'd leave it layin' around's a fuckass soldier anyway.

Wherever his glance falls, the nearby men beneath it stir uneasily and drop their eyes and fall to doing something: adjusting a strap, checking a tie-ropo, rubbing a riflestock.

INT. SECOND FORWARD HOLD - DAWN

Fife sits to Bell's right, sunk in melancholy. BELL is a strong, quiet-voiced private.

FIFE
(after a pause)
I read in your 201 file you were an officer before the war.

SELL
You told anybody else?

FIFE
No. How'd you end up a private?

BILL
Because of my wife. I was in the Corps of Engineers, we'd never been separated before, not even for a night. I took it for four months and then I quit. Resigned.
FIFE
Yeah?

BELL
They sent me back to the States. They told me I'd never get another commission, they said they'd see to it that I got drafted, and that I'd for damn sure be in the Infantry. We had eight months together.

FIFE
Why, the sons of bitches! Where is she now?

BELL
Home. With her folks. How old are you, Fife?

FIFE
Twenty-two.

BELL
Well, I'm thirty.

FIFE
Why don't you want any of the guys to know?

BELL
Enlisted men don't like officers. The only reason I've told you is so you'll know why I don't want it mentioned.

WELSH
(appearing suddenly)
All right, fuckface! Where's that platoon roster I told you to fix up for me?

FIFE
(indignantly)
I already did it! I made it up and turned it in to you, Welsh.

WELSH
You what! You did no such fucking thing, Fife. I don't have it, do I?
INT. LATRINE - DAWN

He signals Fife to follow him around a corner into the latrine. There he backs Fife up against the wall.

WELSH
You think you're a big grown-up man, but you're just a punk kid -- a coward. There's nowhere you can run now. You're in a box. A moving box. You've never learned that your life, and you -- they don't mean a goddamned thing to the world, and they never will.

INT. SECOND FORWARD HOLD - DAWN

Suddenly the KLAXON HORN goes off, RESOUNDING through the CLANGING, overheated hold and deafening everybody -- an immense sound that causes everyone to jump, even Welsh.

WELSH
Get your gear and shape up!

NONCOMS (O.S.)
All right! Off and on! Drop your cocks and grab your socks!

Everybody struggles into their equipment. Bulging in all directions, they find the stairs difficult to navigate.

DALE (2ND COOK)
Geez, my ass is draggin’. All this gear.

STORM
Mor’n your ass’ll be draggin’ soon.

EXT. DECK OF TRANSPORT - DAY

They emerge at last into the sunshine and fresh sea air on deck. Looking up to the bridge, Capt. Stein sees LT. COL. GORDON TALL, the Battalion Commander. They exchange salute.

By squads and by platoon, the men go over the side and clamber down the four-story-high side of the ship on the nets and into the chain of LCIs that shuttle back and forth from the shore.
EXT. ABOARD MOVING LCI - DAY

The ASST. PILOT salutes them in best naval officer style.

ASST. PILOT
Well, look what we got here. Your outfit's lucky. Old Nippy'll be comin' along in about fifteen minutes.

TILLS
How do you know?

ASST. PILOT
Just got news from the airstrip. Transports must've been spotted. You're getting off just ahead of time. You're lucky.

Fife grabs the gunnel to keep his balance in the jouncing, swaying craft, and looks back at the dwindling ship.

WELD
But won't the fighter planes --

ASST. PILOT
They always get some of them. But some always get through. Jerk the lead!

Ahead, Doll sees the shore and sand beach and coco palms gradually coming closer. Beyond them lies the dark green band of jungle, with the mass and power of the mountains rising behind it to rocky peaks.

PILOT
Grab holt and prepare to land!
Everybody out! No transfer slips!

EXT. GUADALCANAL SHORE - DAY

Suddenly, they are stumbling through the water. The ramp is already rising, as the craft goes into reverse and pulls back out to go for another load. Fife expects some protest, some visible sign of enemy resistance, but not a shot is fired.

They dart across the beach to the line of coco palms, thrashing dryly in the mid-morning breeze. There they rest, waiting for orders from Battalion. Didn't the Army know there were no Japanese here?
If they failed to realize this, what else don't they know? Two SCOUTS come scampering out of the grove up ahead and report to Capt. Stein.

FIRST SCOUT
We went in about a mile, sir.
Didn't find nothing. Some empty oil drums. A burned spot. Hadn't nobody been around there for at least a week.

Stein nods, puzzled. Suddenly a CRY goes up. One SOLDIER flings up an arm and yells, "There they are!" The CRY is taken up all up and down the beach.

High up in the sun-bright sky, a number of little specks sail serenely along toward the channel where the two ships lie. Presently, a gentle SIGHING becomes audible. Then a GEYSER of water, followed by another, then another, pops high up out of the sea, until at last a stick of three bombs falls almost directly alongside an LCI that is just putting off. When the spout of water subsides, they see there is nothing left of the LCI, only a few figures bobbing in the water who, under the weight of their full packs, rapidly become fewer.

EXT. FIELD DRESSING STATION - DAY

The survivors of the destroyed LCI are landed by a rescue boat not far from C-for-Charlie Company, and gently led or carried up from the beach to a nearby field dressing station. Some of them are still vomiting seawater from their ordeal. C-for-Charlie drifts up toward the dressing station, consumed with a morbid curiosity. DALE, the muscular, intense second cook, with perpetually snapping eyes, makes the only comment.

DALE
They should of let them have it with the antiaircraft from the ships! They could of got a lot more of them. If I'd been there, and had my hands on one of them forty millimeters, I'd of let them have it, orders or no orders. That's what I'd of done.

MAZZI
You'd shit, too.

EXT. MANGROVES AND BEACH ROAD - DAY

They trudge through the mangroves to their bivouac, led by the Route Guide from regimental headquarters.
The roads are seas of soft mud, axle-deep on the trucks. It is impossible to march on or in them. The only way for the men to move ahead at all is to travel in two lines, one on either side, picking their way over the great rolls of drying mud, turned back as though by a plow. Staggering, and senseless with exhaustion, they march on. By the time they reach their bivouac, it has begun to rain.

EXT. COCONUT GROVE BIVOUAC - DAY

C-for-Charlie works doggedly to set up camp. The rain comes straight down, unbreathed-upon by any wind, in huge, fat drops so close together that it seems a solid sheet of water. Turning around, Fife sees that some of the men (Marl among them) are playing in the mud, sitting down and sliding around like children in snow, clowning and laughing.

INT. ORDERLY ROOM TENT - DAY

Welsh enters the orderly room tent and nods at Capt. Stein.

    WELSH
    Sir, the company's allotment of eight-man personnel tents hasn't arrived from the ship.

    STEIN
    Have the men break packs and put up their shelter tents.
    (as Welsh grins)
    Goddamn it, Sergeant, I know it's a ridiculous order, too! Now go and tell them! That's an order!

    WELSH
    Yes, sir!

EXT. BIVOUAC - DAY

Welsh has given the men Stein's order, with sardonic relish, and they are setting about it.

    MAZZI
    He's nuts! Plain fucking nuts!

Tills sits on a five-gallon water can buttoning their shelter halves together. Mazzi gathers their combined ten tent pegs, having stretched the wet ropes as best he can.
MAZZI
You think these goddamn little old pegs going to hold in this muck? I was company commander of this company, there'd be a lotta changes around here, and pretty damn fuckin' quick. And up yours, Tills. You about finished there?

TILLS
Look, Mazzi, I want to ask you somethin'. You think there's any germs in this mud?

MAZZI
Germs? Sure there's germs.

TILLS
You really think so?

MAZZI
Why, hell yes. Don't you read the papers? This island's loaded with all kinds of germs. And where do you find germs? In dirt. Malaria germs...

TILLS
(interrupting)
Malaria germs are in the mosquitoes.

MAZZI
Sure, but where do they get them? From dirt. There's --

TILLS
No. They get them from other people who got malaria.

MAZZI
Okay, sure. But where they come from first? Everybody knows germs come from dirt and bein' dirty. You'll prob'ly be sick as a dog tomorra, Tills.

TILLS
You're a son of a bitch, Mazzi.

MAZZI

(MORE)
You didn't slide around in that mud, did you? Sure, I laughed, I cheered them on. That didn't cost me nothin'. Trouble with you, Tills, you're a jerkoff. You're awys gettin' sucked into somethin'. Take a lesson, kid. You don't see me gettin' sucked into nothing.

Around them, other men are working and other shelter tents are going up in long, even lines. The ground is a soggy mire.

Doll, the proud pistol thief, swaggers over to his pal Fife, who has just finished putting up the tent which he shares with his assistant, PFC BEAD. Bead is a draftee, a healthy eighteen-year-old from Iowa, the youngest man in the outfit.

DOLL
We still got a couple of hours before sundown. Bunch of us is goin' to look at the jungle. Wanta come?

FIFE
I don't know if I ought to. The sergeant might need me around here for something.

BEAD
I'll go, Doll! I'll go!

DOLL
You ain't invited.

BEAD
Whada you mean I ain't invited? Anybody can go that wants to, can't they?

Doll leaves. Bead is crestfallen.

FIFE
Never mind him.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A dozen of the men from C-for-Charlie -- among them Big Queen, the huge Texan, and Private Bell, the former officer -- approach the high wall of jungle curiously and gingerly. Parrots screech from nowhere, startling them. Huge vines and creepers hang from the canopy in great festooning arcs.
Giant tree trunks tower straight up, far above their heads, their thin blade-like roots often higher than a man's head. Other POVs: a skull shrine, a wood carving of a man the features of whose face have been eroded by the weather, a python, strange tropical fruits, some split open by raiding ants.

Suddenly Queen discovers a bloodstained shirt. For a moment he thinks of saying nothing. He could pass it by and none of the rest of them would know. But, noticing his strange hesitation, the MAN next to him sees it too and raises a shout. The other men, who instinctively have spaced themselves out at five-yard intervals as if in a skirmish line, cluster around and peer excitedly.

**VOICES**

(Gordon's esp.)

Is it American? Fuck yes, it's American. The Japs don't wear khaki like that. That's chino! That's not even Marine khaki! That's Army chino! Well, the Americal Division's here. Maybe he's one of them.

**QUEEN**

Whoever he was, he was hit pretty bad.

**THORNE**

Where'd it hit him?

**GORDON**

It keyholed out the back.

PRIVATE GORDON, one of the men nearest it, leans down silently and picks it up with a thumb and forefinger, as if afraid he might catch a terrible disease from it.

**QUEEN**

Leave it where you found it.

Without a word, Gordon, who still holds it by thumb and forefinger as if it might contaminate him, turns and swings it and lets it go.

**THORNE**

Yeah, leave'm lay.

The chow WHISTLE sounds clear and shrill through the trees. It is an intensely familiar, curiously heart-wringing sound.
EXT. MESS TENT - DAY

Tonight C-for-Charlie receives its first dosage of Atabrine. Standing by the Lister bag at the head of the chow line, Storm doles out the yellow pills himself, chaffing everyone good-naturedly, but determined that nobody is going to avoid taking his medicine.

WELSH
What the fuck do you bother so hard for?

STORM
Because, they going to need all the help they can git.

WELSH
They going to need a lot more than that.

STORM
I know it.

The last man in the line has stopped and is looking back at them, listening; one of the draftees.

WELSH
On your way, bud.

STORM
(shaking his pills)
Some of them so dumb they actu'ly wouldn't take them. If I didn't make them.

WELSH
So what? They don't take them, maybe they'll get malaria so bad they'll get themself shipped out and save their useless life.

STORM
They ain't learned that yet. They will.

WELSH
We'll be ahead of them. Won't we? We'll make them fucking take them. Won't we? You and me. We know the secret, don't we? We already know about not taking them. Gimme one.
Storm holds out the box. Without taking his eyes from Storm's face, Welsh reaches down, gets a pill and, thumbing the surface dust off it, pops it into his mouth. Not to be outdone, Storm gets one himself and swallows it as Welsh has, dry.

WELSH
You know what it is, don't you? You realize what's happening... There ain't any choice. It ain't going to get any better, either. This war's just the start. You understand that.

STORM
Yeah.

WELSH
Then remember it, Storm; remember it.

Bell and Fife sit by themselves eating in silence.

BELL
This war is tougher on her than it is on me. Back home there's lights and nightclubs, booze. More to tempt you. I haven't touched another woman since I was called up. Or talked to one. I don't want to feel the desire.

STORM (O.S.)
Chairs on the table! Closing time!

BELL
We believe in each other. You need someone you can believe in.

Dale complains to a willing listener about Storm's mistreatment of him. Not far away, Bead is blowing soap bubbles, dipping a ring in the shaving lather he has whipped up in the bottom of his helmet.

EXT. SLIT TRENCH - NIGHT

The night is filled with the stitch of tropical insects. The men crouch over the weapons in total and unspeakable insularity.
FIFE
I always thought I'd be as brave as the next guy, maybe even braver. But I m not. You told me about your wife. I'm telling you something.

BELL
Everybody's scared.

FIFE
Not Doll, not Big Un. I got to work harder at it than they do. The only reason I'm here is because I was ashamed for people to think I was a coward. I had to find out if I was yellow or not... I never had a wife and kids. I never been to New York. I don't want to die.

SELL
Nobody does.

FIFE
I hope I can get back -- the way I was -- like I came.

They look up at a scuttling noise in the undergrowth, at length discover a coconut crab. (End on CU of crab.)

EXT. COCONUT GROVE - NIGHT

Stein is writing a letter by candlelight when he hears the noise of a Japanese plane high overhead. (Washing Machine Charlie.) Suddenly the earth is SHAKING around him. Panic and an objectless fright seize him, and he surges blindly out of his tent, scrambling toward a nearby slit trench.

Down the long aisle of the coconut groves, the KLAXONS begin their mournful, insistent belching. Above, three weak searchlight beams feebly finger the sky. Now and then they see the single QUICK BLINK of an antiaircraft shell exploding. Finally, there is the SHUTTERING, THIN sound of the motor, or motors, up there in the dark. Then, from the direction of the airfield, come the CA-RUMPING explosions, walking slowly toward them in great giant strides. The klaxons keep up their long, monotonous, insane, GROWLING protest, and the antiaircraft guns PUMP their useless, laughable shells up into the night sky, as the ball-shrinking ROAR of the bombs advances.
Suddenly, there is a huge, ear-filling, impersonal, rushing FLUTTER descending like an express train, then a flash of light. It is strange that only one man is wounded. By all rights, there should be many more. The wounded man is Pfc Marl, the Nebraska dry-dirt farmer. A piece of the daisycutter has whistled into his hole and cut off his right hand as neatly as a surgeon could have done with a knife. When Marl yells, Welsh leaps in with him and puts a tourniquet on him until the medic can get there.

MARL
What'm I gonna do now, huh? How'm I gonna work, huh! How'm I donna plow, huh? I mean it. What’m I gonna do now, huh? Take it away! Get that damned thing out of here! I don't want to look at it, goddamn it! It's my hand!

The hand is taken away by one of the company MEDICS, who is supposed to be trained at this kind of work but actually is not as yet, and who stops to vomit behind a tree.

WELSH
They make artificial ones. They'll make you one like new.

MARL
Goddamn it, it's easy for you! How'm I gonna work? I'm a farmer.

MEDIC
Can you walk?

MARL
Sure I can walk, goddamn it. Fuck yes, I can walk. But how'm I gonna work? That's the point.

Fife watches, trembling within, as Marl is led off into the darkness to the battalion medical station, the first actual wounded casualty in the company.

MONTAGE - WITT AND HOKE AMONG THE MELANESIANS (GUADALCANAL)

Witt and Hoke have gone AWOL and are living among the Melanesians, unconscious of the passage of the days, of good and evil. The native people live content with what the earth and sea provide them, in peace and harmony. Witt gets to know two of them in particular, an older man and a young woman. He marvels at this society where no one is alone or lives to himself, where all is based on family and clan.
He reveals to Hoke a secret from his past and, under the influence of this revelation, decides to return to C-for-Charlie. Hoke tries to discourage him from setting out but, at length, joins him instead.

EXT. C-FOR-CHARLIE BIVOUAC - DAWN

The men of C-for-Charlie come out into the warm, revivifying safety of the sun and look into each other's stubbled, dirt-caked faces to find they are changed men. Faces glower and eyes burn. Suddenly, Fife hears himself hailed by a man standing some distance off, near the supply tent and leaning against a coco palm.

FIFE
Well, Witt! By God! How are you!

A troublemaker with a touchy sense of honor, Witt has been busted several times and twice sent to the stockade on a summary court-martial. This makes him something of a romantic hero to Fife, who considers him the only friend besides Bell that he has in the whole regiment. He rushes over to shake hands, overjoyed to see him. Witt is just as glad, in his own way. All his friends are in C-for-Charlie, and he likes the reputation he enjoys here. As Witt sees it, everybody knows he loves C-for-Charlie and for Welsh to ship him out, while knowing this, only proves his total contempt for Welsh correct.

FIFE
How'd you find us? You AWOL? I been asking around about you every day, trying to find out were you were. I thought you were in the brig. How long you been hanging around here? Why didn't you come in the orderly tent and get me?

Witt's face hardens, almost as though someone had modeled his features in quick-setting cement and Fife were watching it dry.

WITT
I ain't goin' no place where that poorly son of a bitch of a first sergeant is.

FIFE
Welsh? Yes, well. Well, you know, I think maybe he's changed some, Witt. Since we got here.
WITT
He ain't never going to change. Not in no way.

FI FE
Well, I tell you. It just won't be the same old company, Witt. Going up there without you. I guess that's why I said that.

WITT
(warming up)
Fife, I can tell you. When I think of old C-for-Charlie goin' up there into them Japs without me, it like to breaks my heart. I been in this comp'ny -- what now? -- four years. You know how I feel about it. It’s my comp’ny. It ain’t right, that’s all. It ain’t. I belong with the company, Fife, old buddy. (suddenly morose)
I don’t know what I can do about it. In fact, there ain’t a damn thing.

FIFE
Well, I think if you went around to Capt. Stein and told him how you feel, he'd arrange a transfer back for you. Bugger knows how good a soldier you are. Never was a question of that. Right now he's feeling pretty warm and sentimental about the company, leading them into combat and all.

WITT
I cain't do that.

FIFE
Why not?

WITT
Because I cain't. You know it.

FIFE
I honestly think he'll take you back.

WITT
Take me back! Take me back! They never should of made me go! (MORE)
WITT, cont'd

It's their fault, it ain't mine! I didn't need no discipline. Discipline is what you give a dog! I cain't do that. I won't go and beg them. I appreciate you tryin' to help.

(as Fife nods)
I mean it.

FIFE
I know you do.

Fife goes on carefully, afraid of making him mad.

FIFE
Just how bad do you want to get back into the comp'ny?

WITT
You know how bad.

FIFE
Well, the only way you're going to do it is to go to Stein and ask him.

WITT
I cain't do that. I tell you it ain't fair. It ain't fair, and it ain't square. Any way you look at it. It ain't justice. It's a travesty of justice.

FIFE
It's "travesty."

WITT
What?

FIFE
I said you pronounce it tra-ve-s-ty.

Witt stares at him as if he had never seen him before. The storm cloud, with its flickers of impending electrical discharges, comes back on his face.

WITT
Take off! I said take off! Leave! Get out!

FIFE
I got as much right here as you have.
WITT
Fife, I never hit a friend before in my life. Not without givin' them fair warnin' they ain't friends no more. I don't want to start now, either. But I will.

FIFE
What the hell kind of talk is that? What did I do?

WITT
You and me ain't friends anymore. I don't want to talk to you, I don't want to see you. If you even try to talk to me after this, I'll knock you down.

FIFE
I was only kidding with you. I only --

WITT
Take off! Scoot!

FIFE
You're a boxer. I don't stand a chance with you in a fight and you know it.

WITT
That's tough. That's life. Go!

FIFE
I'm going. But you're crazy, for God's sake. I was kidding you. You're my best friend in this outfit. I don't want to fight you.

WITT
(with sadness now)
Take off!

Fife does. He sees that Witt is right and that he did something terribly mean, vicious and insulting, something destructive to Witt's manhood. Guilt closes over him like a mustard-colored cloud.

The men are inspecting a large crocodile that the 2nd Battalion men have captured when Bugger Stein and his driver ROAR up in the company jeep. The men have heard the SOUNDS of mortar and small arms fire off in the hills yesterday and today, growling more angrily today than yesterday.
And yet, when their orders finally come to go up, everybody is astonished and surprised.

STEIN
Corporal Fife, I want every officer and platoon-grade noncom who isn't out on a detail here in five minutes. Get them all. Don't miss anybody. We're moving out, Fife. For the line.

EXT. MUDDY ROAD/OTHER COMPANY BIVOUAC - DAY

Along the route of march, the arteries of runny mud are clotted with stalled trucks. Most are abandoned, sitting silent in the mud, waiting for the big tractors to come haul them out.

The foot marchers pick their way up the steep road, loaded down with full packs and extra bandoliers, each company in a ragged single file. Often one of their number turns aside and falls down. Others simply faint. These are dragged aside by the men behind them.

WELSH
Pick up your feet! On your feet! Pick 'em up and keep moving!

Fife has the misfortune of falling out when Capt. Stein is nearby.

STEIN
Up you come, Fife! Come on, boy. You don't want to give up now.

The reaction he gets is startling. Fife does not get up. He leaps up. As if stabbed in the ass with a needle.

FIFE
You! You tell me! I'll be walking when you're on your back! I'll be going when you and all these other guys are on your knees and out!

STEIN
Shut up, Fife!

FIFE
You and any other goddamned officer! I'll walk till I drop dead -- and when I do, I'll be ten feet in front of your dead body! Don't you ever worry about me quitting.
Staggering in his pack, Fife lurches out onto the edge of the road. He does not shut up. Stein does not know what to do. It is up to him to make an issue or not make one.

Fife is past the point of caring. He decides to do nothing. Nobody else seems to care, or pays much attention, they are all too tired. Looking up the road he sees a Melanesian native with a haunted look hurrying past in the opposite direction, away from the front. Then he sees that Sgt. Welsh is watching, a vague smile on his face.

EXT. SUGAR CANE PLANTATION (DRUMSARA) - DAY

They are walking up a line of railroad tracks that runs through a sugar cane plantation when a GUIDE (KIRK) comes around a bend, sees them, and after a couple of deep gasps for air, comes on at a quickened pace, already shouting.

KIRK
Where the fuck have you guys been? I been lookin' all over hell's half acre for this outfit! What the hell have you been doin'? You're supposed to be on the other side the river, not here! What the fuck happened? Honestly, sir, I been lookin' all over. You're supposed to be clear over on the other side the river. That's where they tole me you'd be.

STEIN
We've been following the road the other guide showed us.

KIRK
He must of made some kind of a mistake.

STEIN
He was positive about what he told us.

KIRK
Somebody up there gave him the wrong orders. Or told me wrong.

Not a very auspicious beginning. The men glance at each other.

STEIN
What's it like up there?
KIRK
A crazyhouse!

A stirring in the grass, the rustle of the sugar cane, signals the approach of danger. At Kirk's signal, the company stops. He pulls out a grenade and, stepping into the rows of cane, advances toward the source of the noise. He discovers a white cow. (A feral Indo-Chinese pig? They wandered loose, shellshocked.)

EXT. RIVER - DAY

They cross a pontoon bridge (or ford) guarded by a heavy MG. Groups of traffic-control men watch them with curious, sympathetic eyes.

KIRK
You just go on from here.

STEIN
There must be more instructions than that.

KIRK
I don't know nothing about none of that. All I know I was suppose to bring you here.

STEIN
Won't they send another runner for us?

KIRK
Maybe. I don't know. All I know is what I told you.

EXT. MOUNTING ROAD (JUNGLE TO GRASSLANDS) - DAY

MUSIC enters as they begin to climb. Gradually, they come out of the jungle onto the grassy slopes above. S/SGT. STACK, the tough, hard-faced old disciplinarian who leads 3rd Platoon, has suffered a collapse. He the trail with his legs pressed tightly together and his rifle in his lap, shaking all over. The medics have put a tag on him and thrust a stick in his hand.

STACK
Don't go up there! You'll be killed! Don't go up there! You'll be killed!
The entire company has to pass him, one at a time and man by man, in single file, as if passing in some macabre review.

EXT. HILLTOP (HILL 208) - DAY

Toiling, climbing with the wind behind them, they have heard no battle noises. But rounding the last bend and coming suddenly out onto the open hilltop, they find themselves immersed in a vast infernal NOISE and tumult whose source they cannot see. Men scurry here and there on obscure missions, shouting to make themselves heard above the DIN. The center of all their activity is a small group of seven men standing together in grand isolation. They are almost the only men present wearing any insignia, and all of them wear stars or eagles on the collars of their green fatigues.

For all the NOISE, they are receiving very little fire. Now and then a single bullet strikes the ground in amongst them and buries itself or goes SHRIEKING off without touching anyone.

DALE
Are those ricochets? Are they shootin’ at us?

Soon they advance into a dry, treeless ravine. Here, at last, they can see what lies ahead of them, though they still have no sense of where they are or how they are being deployed.

BEAD
Is this the line? Are we on the line? Maybe they don't see us either.

Fife looks this way and that, to see if there is something or someone about to shoot at him. He has a singular feeling of exposure, like a man standing on the edge of a mountaintop. When first ONE BULLET and then a moment later A SECOND kick up puffs of dust in front of him, he kneels to the ground and begins to crawl, convinced some Japanese sniper has singled him out to shoot at.

Guilty and ashamed, he raises his head to look around. The rest of the company is standing up walking and already ahead of him. Terrified as he is of standing up and being shot at by some invisible party, he is more terrified of being accused for his cowardice. He begins to jog toward his company, trotting bent over at the waist and carrying his rifle at high port. He smiles at the others on joining them. It comforts him unreasonably to be in their midst.
And it is just here that the second man in the company is wounded, whether deliberately or by accident no one can tell: PEALE, not far from Fife, suddenly claps his hand to his thigh and stops, then sits down holding his leg, his lips trembling, his face white.

    BELL
    You all right, Peale?

    PEALE
    I'm hit. I'm wounded. I'm hit in the leg.

    MEDIC
    Can you walk?

    PEALE
    I don't think so. I think my leg hurts pretty bad. You better help me. I think it's goin' to be a long time before I can walk again.

Stein is already calling to the men who have stopped to move on, keep going, don't stop.

    VOICES
    So long, Peale. Take it easy, Peale. Good luck, Peale.

    PEALE
    So long, you guys. So long. You guys take it easy. So long. Good luck, you guys. Don't worry about me. It'll be a long time before I can walk good. No doctor's goin' to tell me I can walk on this leg. Good luck, you guys!
         (to the Medic)
    I got me a Purple Heart, and I been in combat. I never even seen a Jap, but I don't care. No doctor's gonna tell me I can walk on this leg for a long time. Come on, let's get out of this. Before we get killed. That'd be hell, wouldn't it?

EXT. GRASSY RIDGE (HILL 209) - DAY

C-for-Charlie takes shelter behind a ridge. Welsh goes around telling them to buddy up for the night.
MAZZI
This Tills. He spent more time on
his belly than he did up on his
feet. I don't see how he managed to
keep up with the rest of us. Ain't
that right, Tills? Didn't you?

TILLS
I guess you never hit the dirt any,
did you?

MAZZI
Did you see me? You fucking-A, you
didn't, Tills. What was the use?
Anybody could tell that fire wasn't
aimed fire. It was stray stuff from
the ridge. Could hit you just as
well layin' down as standin' up.
Maybe better.

TILLS
And I guess you wasn't never scared
even once?

FIFE
I was.

BEAD
So was I. Scared to death! I never
been so scared in my life. I'm
still scared, right now!

They all laugh, even Stein and Mazzi, the New York hep guy.
Only Welsh does not. As if to prove Fife right, there is an
instant's FLUTTERING sound in the air, not unlike a man
blowing through a keyhole, and three GEYSERS of dirt spout
into the air thirty-five yards away, followed instantly by
one loud CLAP of sound. There is an ant-like scramble on the
little spur, as everyone tries to hit the dirt on the slope
away from the surprise. Private Mazzi, if not the foremost,
is certainly not the last among them. Tills smiles and shoots
him the finger.

TILLS
You wasn't scared! Not even once!

MAZZI
I guess you stood up there like a
big fucking hero, fuckface.

They unship their entrenching tools and start digging. Fife
goes over to Welsh who is preparing to dig digging. Storm.
FIFE
Hey, First, is this where you guys’ve decided to dig in? I thought I'd dig in over here with you guys, if it was. I mean, I guess it's as good a place as any.

He unslings his pack. Welsh stops his unbuckling of straps and looks up at Fife with a face as expressionless as granite.

WELSH
Take off. Get the fuck away from me. Stay away from me, kid.

Storm has stopped his work to watch. Fife is carried back a step by the viciousness of the sergeant's retort. Somehow he imagined their approach to combat would soften Welsh's attitude. Welsh stares at him, silent, refusing to be drawn into any discussion. Visibly crestfallen, unable to hide it, Fife turns and moves off carrying his pack by its straps.

STORM
Why don't you treat the kid decent once in a while? He's your clerk, isn't he?

WELSH
I don't mean to wind up playin' nursemaid. I got enough problems to occupy me. Here. You got some dirt. Take the shovel, gimme the mattock.

Mazzi is still infuriated at Tills for giving him the finger when the mortar shells dropped in. It was an unfair advantage because everybody ducked for cover.

MAZZI
Shoot me the finger, will ya? I didn't pick you for a buddy. I don't like to be buddying with a hick from Hicksville who ain't even hep. I got no choice. I treat you right and give you good advice. You ignore it, do something else, always wrong. You won't never learn.

TILLS
Fuck you, Mazzi.
MAZZI
This time, Tills, you tore it. I ain't going to have nothing more to do with you.

TILLS
I could give a shit.

MAZZI
I ain't going to dig with you. I'm going to dig with Sico. I'm going up the ridge, and fuck you. Do your own damn thinkin'!

He can feel Tills looking after him as he walks up to the crest, to join his New York buddies in the 1st Platoon, but he ignores him.

EXT. GRASSY RIDGE (HILL 209) - DAY

Fife finds Welsh alone.

FIFE
Why're you always jumping down my throat?

WELSH
You're finally learning how important you are to the world, kid. Taken you long enough. Hurts, don't it? Shock to the system.

FIFE
You don't believe in nothing, do you?

WELSH
You've still got illusions, kid. You won't for long.

FIFE
What do you believe in, Sergeant?

WELSH
Property. That's what they're all fighting over. Property!

Welsh takes a large Listerine bottle full of straight gin from his musette bag, tips it back and pretends to take loud gargles for a nonexistent sore throat. They look around as PFC Gordon, with his flying fox, staggers up, breathless, with news that sickens them all.
GORDON
They found two guys from George Comp'ny -- I heard it from the runner -- the Japs took 'em prisoner -- stabbed 'em with bayonets, fifty times. One of 'em beheaded -- alive -- with a sword. E Comp'ny found 'im with his hands tied behind his back -- head sitting on his chest. They'd stuffed his dick in his mouth.

The sheer barbarity of the thing sweeps through C-for-Charlie like a cold-water shock.

DOLL
I ain't never going to take a fucking prisoner. I'm going to shoot every one of them comes my way. Preferably in the guts.

QUEEN
The dirty fuckers!

DALE
Okay. Okay. Okay.

The battle round the bend, which they can hear but not see, has continued unabated. Now for the first time, whole groups begin to return from it. The attack has failed. Strangers from the 2nd Battalion drop gasping over the crest of the ridge and lie breathing in hysterical sobs with eyes like drilled holes dark in their outraged, furious, unbelieving faces. They look at C-for-Charlie with astonishment, then hasten on toward the rear.

More and more keep coming in, haphazard, piecemeal, rarely even with their own squads, hollering to them not to shoot, for God's sake, don't shoot. Once inside C-for-Charlie's perimeter, they simply collapse. One boy, sitting in a row of five or six, weeps openly like a child, his forehead and hand resting on the shoulder of the man next to him, who pats him absently while staring straight ahead at nothing with smoldering eyes. A man with semaphore flags signals the rear. None of them knows what the overall situation is, or has any idea of what is taking place anywhere except where they themselves have been. C-for-Charlie, feeling shamefaced, watches quietly with a wide-eyed, awed hero worship, which no one can honestly say he wants to lose, if it means sharing their experience.

The division COMMANDER suddenly appears among them, smiling and talking, and tries to rally their morale.
GENERAL
Whoa! We're not gonna let these
Japs whip us, are we, boys? They're
tough, but they're not as tough as
we are, are they?

PVT. DRAKE
General, you go out there! You go
out there, General, you go out
there!

EXT. HILL 209 - DAY
As the red-and-white-splashed walking wounded totter rearward
in groups, trying to help each other, Storm crawls over to
the hole he shares with Welsh.

STORM
There ain't no water left. I seen
jeeploads of water cans on the way
up from the river. They probably
got diverted to the rear.

WELSH
Or poured out on the ground.

STORM
Whichever. People's going to have
to eat my supper dry.

Welsh watches the sun drop behind the mountains. Guadalcanal
is a green, peaceful island, not unlike Tahiti. Here the
night does not fall so swiftly as it did down in the groves
below. Far away, Welsh sees dogs and feral pigs feasting on
the dead.

BELL'S DREAM- SERIES OF ANGLES (SECOND UNIT) - D/N
Bell dreams of his wife MARTY. He remembers the first time
they saw each other, the first time their hands touched. The
dream progresses. She stands on a white sand beach, watching
a boat sail toward a solitary island. She enters a cave. (In
all this we occasionally look over Bell's shoulder but we
never see him face on.)

EXT. GRASSY RIDGE (HILL 209) BELL'S SLIT TRENCH - FLARES -
DUSK
Bell wakes up with a cry that throws the Sentry in the next
hole into a panic. Green flares are falling through the sky.
SENTRY (O.S.)
I can't see anything! I can't see anything!

WELSH
Don't shoot! Don't shoot! Wait!
Don't anybody fire!

BELL
It was me. I had -- a nightmare.

SENTRY (O.S.)
Well, for fuck's sake, try and keep it to yourself! You scared the living shit out of me.

GORDON
Why don't they come? What are they waiting for? Why don't they do something?

The suspense, exaggerated by the THRUM of the tropical night, is unbearable. There is a sudden explosion of RIFLE FIRE from the holes on their right. All around them, men are hollering happily and throwing their GRENADES and FIRING. And in front of them, the empty jungle underbrush sways and RUSTLES as though in a rainstorm, and chunks of bark and wood pop from the trees. The MORTAR and RIFLE FIRE lights up the night, betraying positions, hitting nothing. A few more useless thermite GRENADES are thrown, and then the thick silence resumes.

EXT. HILL 209 - DAWN

At dawn, bearded, mud-stained, grimy and greasy, the men rise in their blue holes and peer around, like the dead rising from-their graves on the Last Day. Some of them our water from their canteens onto their toothbrushes to rush their teeth.

Bead has to take a crap. Without saying anything to anyone, he drops all of his equipment by his hole and, taking only his GI roll of toilet paper, he starts to climb the twenty yards to the crest.

EXT. HILL 209 CREST - DAY

The trees begin three yards below the actual crest. Bead steps into their midst. Halfway through with relieving himself, he looks up and sees a Japanese man with a bayoneteted rifle moving stealthily through the trees ten yards away.
The Japanese man sees him too and, turning, all in one movement, begins to run at him, but moving cautiously, the bayonet on the end of his rifle extended. Bead, still squatting with his pants down, gathers his weight under him. In desperation, still not knowing which way to try to Dump, all in one movement, Bead pulls up his pants over his behind to free his legs and dives forward in a low, shoestring football tackle when the Japanese man is almost to him, tackling him around the ankles. This gives Bead time to hitch up his pants again and spring upward once more until, kneeling on his upper arms and sitting back on his chest, he begins to punch and claw him in the face and neck.

Bead hears a high, keening SCREAM and thinks it is the Japanese begging for mercy, until finally he slowly becomes aware that the Japanese man is now unconscious. Then he realizes it is himself making this animal scream. Sobbing and wailing, he continues to belabor the unconscious Japanese with his fingernails and fists. Then he rolls aside, seizes the enemy rifle and, on his knees, raises it above his head and drives the long bayonet almost full-length into the Japanese man's chest. The Japanese man's body convulses in a single spasm. His eyes open, staring horribly at nothing, and his hands flip up from the elbows and seize the blade through his chest. Bead withdraws the bayonet, throws the rifle from him and falls down on his hands and knees and begins to vomit and weep.

EXT. HILL 209 - DAY

GORDON
Have a good shit?

Bead is ashamed and embarrassed by the whole thing, that is the truth, and that is why he doesn't want to mention it to anybody. He gets back through the lines all right, without further questions. But as he approaches C-for-Charlie, he is joined by Pfc Doll, on his way down from 1st Platoon.

DOLL
Man alive! What happened to your knuckles? You have a fight with somebody?

BEAD
No. I slipped and fell.

DOLL
And I 'spose all them little blood splatters come from your knuckles?
BEAD
Leave me alone, Doll! I don't feel like talking! So just leave me alone, hunh? Will you?

They walk on down in silence. Doll has been a little taken aback by Bead's vehemence, a forcefulness he is not used to from Bead. He can smell something when he sees it. Seeing Welsh and Storm, he goes over to them, grinning.

DOLL
What the fuck happen to your boy there? Who the hell he beat up with them skinned knuckles and all them blood splatters on him? Did I miss somethin'?

WELSH
Bead, come over here! What happened to you?

BEAD
Who? Me? Well, I slipped and skinned myself, that's all.

WELSH
Where'd you go a while ago? When you were gone for a while? Where were you?

BEAD
I went off to take a crap.

DOLL
Wait! When I seen him, he was comin' down from the 2nd Platoon's section of line on the ridge.

WELSH
Lissen, kid, I got more problems than I know what to do with in this screwy outfit. I got no time to fuck around with kid games. I want to know what happened to you, and I want the truth. Look at yourself! Now, what happened? Where were you?

BEAD
Well, I went across the ridge, outside the line. A Jap guy came up while I was there and he tried to bayonet me. And -- I killed him.
Bead exhales a long, fluttering breath, then inhales sharply and gulps. Everyone is staring at him disbelievingly.

WELSH
Goddamn it, kid! I told you I wanted the goddamn fucking truth!
And not no kid games!

BEAD
Then goddamn you go and look! Don't take my word, go and look for your goddamn fucking self!

DOLL
I'll go.

WELSH
You'll go nowhere, stoolie.
(turning to Bead)
I'll go myself. And if you're lyin', kid, God help your ass. All right. Where is it? Come on, show me.

BEAD
I'm not going up there again! You want to go, go by yourself! But I ain't going! And nothin's gonna make me!

WELSH
Okay. Where is it, then?

Storm puts on his helmet and picks up his Thompson.

BEAD
A few yards beyond the crest, front of Krim's hole. You won't need all the goddamned artillery, Welsh!
There's nobody up there now but him!

DOLL
Top, you wouldn't keep me from goin', would you?

Welsh stares at him a moment, then without change of expression, turns away silently. It is obviously a reprimand. Doll chooses to take it as silent acquiescence. And with himself in the rear, the search party starts the climb to the line. Meanwhile, Bead confides his anguish to Fife.
BEAD
He felt it. He knew what was happening. I just lost my head, I was afraid. I could of taken him prisoner, we could of gotten valuable information from him. Everything I ever did I fucked up. I just wish I hadn't touched him. Now I can't never wash it off. Don't kill nobody, Fife! If you can help it! I swear it right now, I'm never going to kill again.

They look up to see the little scouting party has returned.

WELSH
He's there.

DALE
He sure is.

Doll has hunted up the Japanese rifle and brings it back for Bead. He presents it as if presenting an apology offering.

DOLL
Here, this is yours. I scrubbed the blood off with leaves. I wiped off the bayonet.

BEAD
I don't want it.

DOLL
You won it. The hard way.

BEAD
I don't want it anyway. What good's it to me?

DOLL
(laying it down)
Maybe you can trade it for whiskey. And here's his wallet. Welsh said to give it to you. There's a picture of his wife in it.

BEAD
Good Lord, Doll.

DOLL
There's pictures of other broads, too. Filipino, looks like. Maybe he was in the Philippines.
Bead
I don't want it anyway. You keep it.

But he takes the proffered wallet anyway, his curiosity piqued, in spite of himself. He looks at it.

Fife
He feels guilty.

Doll
Guilty! What the hell for? It was him or you, wasn't it? How many our guys you think maybe he stuck that bayonet in the Philippines? How about those two guys yesterday?

Bead
I can't help it.

Doll
Why!

Bead
Why! How the fuck do I know why!

Doll
Listen -- if you really don't want that wallet.

Bead
No, I'll keep it. I might as well.

Doll
Well -- I got to get back up to the platoon.
(admiringly)
I'll say one thing. When you set out to kill him, you really killed him.

Bead
You think so?

Doll
I ain't the only one.

He turns and leaves, heading up the slope. Bead sees the others looking at him from afar, as though he were a different person. He is not sure whether he enjoys this or not. He is not surprised when Stein comes over.
STEIN
Bead, I know you've been pretty upset by what happened to you today. That's unavoidable. Anybody would be. I thought you might like to talk about it.

Kirk appears and kneels down behind Bead, waiting his chance to speak with the Captain.

STEIN
You had no choice. You only did what any other good soldier would have done, for our country or any other. I want you to know that, after this war is over, if there is anything I can ever do for you, just get in touch with me. I'll do anything I can to help you.

KIRK
The Colonel's here to see you, sir.

EXT. HILL 209 - DAY

Stein has received unbelievable orders from Lt. Col. Tall, 1st Battalion Commander. Tall is lean, a West Pointer.

STEIN
We can't do that, Colonel!

COL. TALL
There's no way to outflank them. On the left there's the cliff. It falls straight down to the river. The Japanese hold the bungle. It has to be taken frontally.

STEIN
What about the water? The water's not getting up here. My men are passing out.

Tall looks at him, gives a slight nod, then looks away, leaving Stein's question unanswered. Stein looks at his watch. The-next moment, as though under a spell, he explains to his officers and noncoms what their objective is.

They kneel just behind the crest. Stein points out the features of the land that lies ahead of them; they inspect it through binoculars. There are three folds of land, like gentle ocean swells. Beyond them lies Hill 210.
STEIN
We're all going to attack abreast. We've got to cross those three folds of ground. You see? Then, once we're beyond them, we've got to attack the hill.

WELSH
We're supposed to cross that open field?

STEIN
(guiltily)
The Colonel says there's no way to outflank it. We have to take it head on, by frontal assault. We've drawn the worst assignment. Whyte, Blane - you see those grassy ridges at the end of the field? Just at the foot of the hill? When you get to the end of the field, you're to locate and eliminate the hidden strongpoints on those ridges. I can't see any sign of them, but the Japs must have something there, to protect the approaches... We move out in twenty minutes. When you hear the whistles.

EXT. FOLDS OF GROUND - THE ATTACK - DAY

Batteries of 105 HOWITZERS begin to blast away, joined by 81mm mortars and the 155mm guns of the Americal's 221st Field Artillery Battalion,-in the first time-on target attack of the war. P-39s and Air Cobras fly in low to strafe and drop 500-pound demolition bombs on the Japanese positions. Stein looks at his watch. WHISTLES begin to blow up and down the line as C-for-Charlie goes to the attack. The men have no recourse except to begin to move. Minds cast frantically about for legitimate last-minute excuses, and find none. Though they prefer not to believe it, the moment has come.

Nervous fear and anxiety, contained so long and with such effort in order to appear brave, now begins to come out in yelled exhortations and yelps of gross false enthusiasm. They move up the slope, and in bunches, crouching low and carrying their rifles in one or both hands, they hop over the crest and commence to run sideways and crouching down the short forward slope to the flat, rocky field in front.
By the time Stein looks up, 1st and 2nd Platoons are passing out of sight beyond the first of the swells that lies across their line of advance. They are fifty yards ahead and appear well deployed. Close by, directly in front of him, his reserve 3rd Platoon is spread out and flattened behind the first swell. With them are the company HQ and the mortar section. Most of them are looking at him with blazing, astonished eyes.

The 1st Platoon spreads out and flattens itself behind the middle of the three little swells of ground. The 2nd Platoon crouches in the trough behind them. Gordon's little flying fox trembles inside his shirt-front.

Stein moves to the first swell. Young LT. WHYTE peeps over the crest at the third swell. Seeing nothing, he motions for his two scouts to proceed there, using an additional hand-and-arm signal meaning "speed." The BOOMING and BANGING and RACKETING in the air does not seem to come from any one place or several places, but simply hangs and jounces in the air, sourceless. Whyte can see no visual end results of so much banging and exploding. His two scouts still not having moved, Whyte becomes angry and opens his mouth and bellows at them, motioning again. Both of them stare at him as though they thought him insane for even suggesting such a thing, but this time, after a moment, they move. Almost side by side, they leap up, cross the crest and run crouching down to the low area where they flatten themselves. Whyte jumps up, making a sweeping forward motion with his arm, and runs forward, his platoon behind him. 2nd Platoon moves to the top of the middle swell.

Back at the first swell, Stein watches this move and feels a little reassured. He raises himself to his knees, his face and whole patches of his skin twitching with mad alarm, to see 1st Platoon arrive at the last swell and that Lt. Whyte is on the verge of making a bad tactical blunder.

It seems strange to Whyte, truly astonishing, that he has arrived at the third and last fold of ground without a casualty. What are the Japanese up to?

DOLL

Maybe they've pulled out.

Whyte shakes his head. This would be too optimistic. While his men flatten themselves and stare at him with intense sweating faces, he raises himself cautiously on his elbows till only his eyes show, and inspects the terrain. He cannot see anything that looks like Japanese or their emplacements. Whyte is scared, but his anxiety to do well today is stronger.
He takes another look at the terrain ahead -- it is such a short distance to the first ridge of the hill -- and then motions his scouts forward.

Once again the two riflemen stare at him as though they think he has lost his mind, as though they would like to reason with him if they didn't fear losing their reputations. Again Whyte motions them forward, jerking his arm up and down in the signal for speed. It seems eerily quiet, in the aftermath of the barrage, though now and then the mortars behind them GONG away. The scouts look at each other, then, gathering themselves on hands and knees first, bounce up and sprint twenty-five yards down into the last of the low areas and fall down flat. After a moment, in which they inspect and find themselves still alive, they gather themselves again. On hands and knees, preparing to rise, the first one suddenly falls down flat and ounces; the second, a little way behind him, gets a little further up so that, when he falls, he tumbles on his shoulder and rolls onto his back. And there they lie, both-victims of well-placed rifle shots by unseen riflemen. Neither moves again. Whyte stares at them shocked. He has heard no shots, nor has he seen anything move. What is he supposed to do now? There is nobody to tell him.

\textbf{WHYTE}

\textit{Come on, boys! Let's go get 'em!}

He leaps to his feet motioning the platoon forward. He takes two steps and falls down dead, stitched diagonally from hip to shoulder by BULLETS.

\textbf{COOMBS}

\textit{I saw him die! I saw a man die!}

Five others of Whyte's platoon go down with him almost simultaneously, some dead, some only nicked. But the impetus Whyte has inaugurated remains, and the platoon charges blindly on. Behind them, over the top of the third swell, suddenly comes the 2nd Platoon in full career, yelling hoarsely. Nine men fall at once. Two die, one of them is their 2nd Lt. Blane, unluckily chosen as target by three separate riflemen.

MORTAR SHELLS begin to drop in onto the 1st Platoon twenty-five yards ahead. First two, then a single, then three together pop up in unbelievable mushrooms of dirt and stones. Shards and pieces wicker and WHIR in the air.

In the 2nd Platoon S/Sgt. Keck, watched by everyone now with Lt. Blane down, throws out his arms and bellows like the combined voices of ten men for them to "Hit dirt! Hit dirt!" Running men melt into the earth as if a strong wind had come up and blown them over like dried stalks. They disappear.
1st Platoon reaches the bottom of the ridge, a long hillock really, and dives into the waist-high grass which skirts it, hiding from the hidden MGs above them and protecting themselves from the enemy mortars. Those who cannot reach the grass are hosed to earth and hiding by the machine guns, or bowled over stunned by the mortars, before they can hide or get close enough to the ridge to escape the fire. The late Lt. Whyte's nineteenth-century charge is over.

Private Bell of the 2nd Platoon lies sprawled exactly as his body has skidded to a halt, without moving a muscle. He closes his eyes and listens. On the little ridges the prolonged yammering of the MGs has stopped and now confined itself to SHORT BURSTS at specific targets. Here and there wounded men bellow, whine or whimper. Bell has never known such eviscerating, ball-shrinking terror.

BELL
Hey, Keck! Hey, Keck! We got to get out of here.

KECK
I know it.

BELL
Can you see them? Can you see where any of them are?

KECK
No.

BELL
What'll we do?

JAPANESE (O.S.)
We know you there, Yank. Yank, we know you there.

KECK
Tojo eats shit!

He is answered by an angry burst of machine gun FIRE.

JAPANESE (O.S.)
Roozover' eat shit!

KIRK (O.S.)
You goddamn right he does!

When the firing stops, Bell calls softly again.

BELL
What'll we do, Keck?
KECK
Listen. All you guys listen. Pass it along so everybody knows. When I holler go, everybody up. Load and lock; have a nuther clip in yore hand. 1st Squad stay put, kneeling position, fire covering fire. 2nd and 3rd Squads hightail it back over that fold. 1st Squad fire two clips, then scoot. 2nd and 3rd fire covering fire from that fold. If you can’t see nothin’, fire searching fire. Space yore shots. Them positions is about halfway up them ridges. Everybody got it? Then -- GO!

The slope comes to life. Bell leaps up running, his legs already pistoning before the leap comes down to earth. Safe beyond the little fold of ground, which by now has taken on characteristics of huge size, he whirs and begins to FIRE cover. When 2nd and 3rd Squads come diving and tumbling back over the tiny crest, Bell is content to throw himself prone, press his cheek to the earth, shut his eyes and lie there.

VOICE
God, oh, God! Why am I here!

Apparently, Keck's plan has worked very well. 2nd and 3rd Squads, having the surprise, have gotten back untouched; and 1st Squad has had only two men hit. Bell is looking right at one of them as, running hard with his head down, the man (a boy, named KLINE) jerks his head up suddenly, his eyes wide with start and fright, and cries out "Oh!", his mouth a round pursed hole in his face, and goes down. Anguished cries of "Medic! Medic!" are beginning to be raised now here and there across the field.

Back at the CP behind the first swell, Stein watches. Seeing that their Captain can safely stand up on his knees without being pumped full of holes or mangled, others are now doing it. He is setting them a pretty good example, Stein thinks, still a little astonished by his own bravery. He calls his two company AIDMEN over.

STEIN
You two fellows better get on up there. I expect they need you.

FIRST MEDIC
Yes, sir.
STEIN
Go by rushes, if you think you have to.

(as they disappear)
I need a runner! A volunteer!

Not a single figure moves to come forward or answers him. Stein stares back at them, disbelieving.

STEIN
I -- can't see what happened up there. I need someone to go up there and find out what's happened.

Charlie Dale, the second cook, appears at his elbow, scowling with intensity, his face dark and excited.

DALE
I'll go, sir.

Stein watches him go trotting off bent over at the waist, then looks back at the rest of them, somewhat restored. There are now twelve men standing on their knees in a group around Stein, trying to see what is going on up front. Fife is not, however, one of these. Fife is absolutely flattened out as he can get, staring at flies stirring in the grass. His rage is broken off short by the buzzing WHISTLE of the soundpower phone that Stein has given him care of.

FIFE
Yes?

COL. TALL (V.O.)
What do you mean, "yes"?

FIFE
I mean this is Charlie Cat Seven. Over.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
That's better. This is Seven Cat Ace. Colonel Tall here. I want Captain Stein. Over.

FIFE
Yes, sir. He's right here.

(to Stein)
Colonel Tall wants you.

Stein lies down and takes the phone. Despite the din, both he and Fife beside him can hear the colonel clearly. Stein has been caught off guard;
he did not expect to be called upon to offer explanations so soon. What he hears astounds him to speechlessness.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
Magnificent, Stein, magnificent!
The finest thing these old eyes
have seen in a long time.
Beautifully conceived, beautifully
executed. You'll be mentioned in
Battalion Orders, Stein. Your men
came through for you. Over.

STEIN
Yes, sir. Over.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
Best sacrificial commitment to
develop a hidden position I have
ever seen outside maneuvers. Young
Whyte led beautifully. I'm
mentioning him, too. I saw him go
down in that first melee. Was he
hurt bad? But sending in your 2nd
too was brilliant. They might very
well have carried the ridge, with
luck. I don't think they were hurt
too bad. Blane led well too. How
many of the emplacements did they
locate? Did they knock out any? We
ought to have those ridges cleaned
out by noon. Hello? Hello, Stein?
Over?

STEIN
Yes, sir. Here, sir. Over.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
Thought you'd been hit. I said, how
many of the emplacements did they
locate? Did they knock any of them
out? Over.

STEIN
I don't know. Over.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
What do you mean you don't know?
How can you not know? Over.

Stein finds himself in a quandary. He cannot admit what both
he and Fife know, which is that he knows nothing about
Whyte's attack, did not order it, and until now has believed
it bad.
STEIN
I'm back here. Behind the first swell. Do you want me to stand up? And wave? Over.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
No. I can see where you are. I want you to do something. I want you to get up there and see what the situation is, Stein. I want Hill 210 in my hands tonight. To do that I have to have those two ridges by noon. The Admiral got up at dawn for this. Come to life down there, Stein. Out.

STEIN
(to Welsh)
Let's move up.

While Stein's Company HQ is trooping forward to the second of the swells, the 1st Platoon continues to lie flat. After the first crash and volley and thunder of mortars they all expected to be dead in five minutes. Now, it seems unbelievable but the Japanese do not seem to be able to see them very well.

The two company aidmen have moved courageously up amongst 2nd Platoon and begun little sorties out after the wounded. In all there are fifteen wounded men, and six dead. The aidmen do not bother with the dead, but slowly they retrieve for the stretcher-bearers all of the wounded.

Bell watches them, astonished. With insouciance, the two of them move up and down the slope of the last swell, bandaging and salting, dragging and half-carrying. MORTAR SHELLS knock them down, MG FIRE kicks up dirt around them, but nothing touches them. They clump untouchably on, helping the sobbing, near-helpless men.

EXT. HILLSIDE (WITT AND HOKE AMONG THE WOUNDED) - DAY

Witt works as a stretcher-bearer. He receives the wounded from the aidmen and does what he can to comfort them. They bleed. They cry. They beg for water. He puts his canteen to their lips; he listens; he smooths their hair. He feels strangely close to them.

The other men look on the wounded with fear and a hushed awe. They keep their distance, though they cannot help but be curious; fresh blood is so very red. It is all obscene somehow.
Something which they feel should not be looked at, but which they are compelled to look at, with guilty darting glances.

EXT. GRASS AT THE FOOT OF THE RIDGE - DAY

It is Doll who sees the first Japanese. Sensing the movement around him as men begin to stir and call softly to each other, he raises his head until his eyes show above the slight depression into which he has sprawled. He sees three figures carrying what could only be a machine gun still attached to its tripod start across the slope back toward Hill 210.

Doll slides his rifle up, raises the sight four clicks and, lying with only his left arm and shoulder outside his little hole, sights on the man in front, leading him a little, and squeezes off a SHOT. The rifle bucks his shoulder and the man goes down. The two men behind jump sideways together, like a pair of skittish, delicately coordinated horses, and run on.

DOLL
I got him! I got him!

Doll has killed his first Japanese. For that matter, his first human being of any kind. He feels an impulse to grin a silly grin and to laugh.

All at once a mortar shell SIGHS down and ten yards away EXPLODES in a fountain of terror and dirt, and Doll discovers his confidence hasn't been helped so much after all. After a moment, he again puts his head up a little. This time he sees four Japanese preparing to leave the grassy ridge and head up toward the top of Hill 210. They come into si Doll from somewhere on the ridge already running. Doll pulls his rifle up into position and fires off FOUR SHOTS. He misses each time. The Japanese disappear into the rocks.

DOLL
Hey, Queen! You there? You see them Japs leavin’ that left ridge?

QUEEN
I ain’t been seein’ much of nothin’.

DOLL
Well, why don’t you get your fuckin’ head up and look around?

QUEEN
Go fuck yourself, Doll.
DOLL
No, I'm serious. I counted seven Japs leavin' that left-hand grassy ridge. I got me one of 'em.

QUEEN
So?

DOLL
I think they're pullin' out of there. Maybe somebody ought to tell the Captain.

QUEEN
You want to be the one?

DOLL
Why not? Sure. I'll carry the message back to Bugger for you.

QUEEN
You'll do no such goddamn fucking thing. You'll stay right the fuck where you are and shut up. That's an order.

Doll does not answer for a moment. Slowly his heart returns to normal. He offered and he was refused.

QUEEN
They'll get us out of this in a little bit. Somebody will. You stay put. I'm ordering you.

But the thing that is driving Doll, eating on him, doesn't recede. He has a strange tingling all through his belly and crotch. Off to his right there is a sudden burst of MG FIRE his ear now knows as Japanese, and immediately after it a CRY of pain.

DOLL
Sounds like Stearns.

STEARNS
Not my legs! Not my legs! Aidman! Aidman! I'll be all right! Just show me where to go!

The tingling in Doll gets stronger and his heart begins to pound again. He has never in his life been excited quite like this. Somebody has to get that news to Bugger. Somebody has to be a -- hero. And at once he goes,, up in a flash and running, bent over, his rifle in both hands.
A BULLET kicks up dirt two feet to his left and he zigs right. Ten yards further on he zags left. Then, twenty yards further, he nearly collides with Dale, who is just coming up to get their news.

**DOLL**
Where you going, fuckface?

**DALE**
I'm s'pose to find out what's going on with you people.

**DOLL**
They sendin' out cooks? They must be in bad shape back there.

He hurries on past Dale without even looking back. Dale's ears burn with the unprovoked insult. A feral pig flushes from its hiding place in the bushes nearby. Dale SHCJTS at it but misses.

Behind the second little swell Doll runs almost head-on into Capt. Stein. He comes trotting up, bent over, giggling and laughing, so out of breath he cannot talk. Welsh eyes him contemptuously.

**STEIN**
What are you laughing at?

**DOLL**
I think they're pullin' completely out of there, sir.

**STEIN**
Who sent you back here?

**DOLL**
Nobody, sir. I came myself. I thought it was something you'd want to know.

**STEIN**
You're right. It is. I won't forget it, Doll.

Doll does not answer, but grins and turns to Fife.

**DOLL**
That was exciting. More than all the hunting, gambling and fucking I ever done. All rolled up together.
STEIN
God damn it, get down! George, get a man with glasses and have him spot the back of that ridge. I want to know the second anybody leaves it. Take mine.

LT. BAND
I'll do it myself.

Stein gives his binoculars to 1st Lt. Band, his exec, then turns back to Doll and begins to question him about the attack, casualties, the present position of the platoon. While they are talking Welsh looks over the crest at the 2nd Platoon flattened out and looking back this way, watching their commander, who conceivably might order them to go over the crest again.

STEIN
You're not really pinned down, then. I was told --

DOLL
Well, we are, in a way, sir. But, like you see, I got back all right. We couldn't all come back at once. But two or three at a time could make it, I think. With 2nd Platoon firing covering fire.

STEIN
We don't even know where those goddamned fucking emplacements are.

DOLL
They could fire searching fire, couldn't they?

Stein glares at him. So does Welsh. Welsh wants to boot the new hero in the ass: already giving the company commander advice!

WELSH
Cap’n? You want me to go out there and get them men back here for you?

STEIN
No. No, I can't spare you. Might need you. Anyway, I think I'll leave them there a while.

(MORE)
They don't seem to be getting hurt too bad and if we can get up onto that right ridge frontally maybe they can flank it.

**LT. BAND**

Hey, Jim! Hey, Captain Stein! I just saw five more leaving the left ridge, with two MGs. I think they really are pulling out.

**STEIN**

Really? Really?

Now he hears a voice behind him and looks around to see Dale staring at him with his narrow close-set eyes snapping bright.

**DALE**

Captain, are there any more jobs you got for me to do?

**STEIN**

Yes, Dale. You --

Stein is interrupted by the EXPLOSION of a mortar shell amongst the 2nd Platoon on the swell just ahead of them. Its thronging bang is almost simultaneous with a loud SCREAM of pure fear. A man has thrown himself out of the line back down the slope and is bucking and kicking and rolling with both hands pressed behind him in the small of his back.

**WELSH**

I don't think they can see us any better than we can see them.

The screaming takes on a new tone, one of realization, rather than the start and surprise and pure fear of before. One of the aidmen rushes out to Jacques and, with the help of two men from 2nd Platoon, tears open his shirt and gets a syrette of morphine into him. In a few seconds he quiets. The aidman shrugs with despair. Stein is white-faced, his lips tight. This is the first of his men he has actually seen wounded.

**STEIN**

Stretcher-bearers! I believe that's Private Jacques.

**LT. BAND**

But, Jim. Really, Jim, I don't -- There's other men wounded.
STEIN
God damn you, George, shut up!
Leave me alone!

The stretcher-bearers arrive out of breath. Stein points over the crest to where the aidman still kneels by the casualty.

STEIN
Go get that man.

Hoke, the lead stretcher-bearer, plainly thought someone of the CP group here was wounded. Now he sees his mistake.

STRETCHER-BEARER (HOKE)
We already got eight or nine down there now that we're not supposed to -- We're not --

STEIN
God damn it, don't argue with me!
I'm Captain Stein! Go get that man, I said!

Hoke recoils, upset. Of course nobody is wearing insignia.

LT. BAND
But, Jim, really, he's not --

STEIN
God damn you, all of you! Am I in command around here or not! Am I company commander of this outfit or am I not! Am I a captain or a goddamned private! Do I give the orders here or don't I! That man may die. He's hit bad. Get him back to Battalion Aid Station. See if they can't do something to save him.

STRETCHER-BEARER (HOKE)
Yes, sir. We got others that're hit bad, sir. That was all I meant. We got three down there might die any minute.

LT. BAND
That's it, Jim. Don't you see?
Don't you think he ought to wait his turn? Isn't that only fair?

STEIN
Wait his turn? Wait his turn? Fair?
LT. BAND
Why put him ahead of some other guy?

STEIN
Go and get him, like I told you. Back to Battalion Aid Station. I gave you an order, Private.

STRETCHER-BEARER (HOKE)
Yes, sir. Come on, you guys. We're goin' after that guy.

STRETCHER-BEARER (WITT)
Well what the hell’re we waitin’ for? Come on, Hoke. Or are you afraid of gettin’ that close to the shooting?

STRETCHER-BEARER (HOKE)
You shut up, Witt. Let me alone.

The man he has addressed stands up suddenly. With a rapacious grin he marches up to where Welsh half-reclines.

WITT
Hello, Firs’ Sarn’t.

Only then do Stein, or any of the rest of the C-for-Charlie men for that matter, recognize that this Witt is their Witt, the same that Stein and Welsh combined to transfer out of the company. All of them are astonished, as Witt has obviously meant for them to be.

FIFE
By God! Hello, Witt! What’re you doing here?

True to his promise of a few days before, Witt passes his narrow eyes across his friend as if Fife did not exist. They come to rest on Welsh again. Welsh seems to peer into him.

STORM
You must be out of your mind. You must be crazy.

WELSH
Hi, Witt. You in the medics now? You better get down.

Stein, who has felt guilty about shipping Witt out when he knew how badly Witt wanted to stay, even though he still feels he did what was best for his company, says nothing.
Witt ignores Welsh's cautioning and remains standing straight up.

WITT
Naw, Firs' Sarn't, I'm still in Cannon Comp'ny. Where you put me. Only we ain't got no cannons. Who we goin' after over there, Firs' Sarn't?

WELSH
Jacques.

WITT
Old Jockey? Shit, that's too bad.

His three companions have already gone on and are now running downhill toward the wounded man. Witt turns to follow them, but then he turns back and speaks directly to Stein.

WITT
Please, sir, can I come back to the company? After we get Jockey back to Battalion? I can slip away easy. They'll give Hoke another man. Can I, sir?

STEIN
Well, I -- Of course, you'll have to get permission.

WITT
Sure. And my rifle. Thank you, sir.

He exchanges a look with Welsh, who turns to Stein as though to protest this decision. Then, continuing to ignore Fife, he turns and follows after his companions. Stein stares after him. For a man to want to come back into a forward rifle company in the midst of an attack is simply incomprehensible. In a way, though, it is very romantic -- like something out of Kipling.

Fife lies flat and shuts his eyes. Even though he knows that Witt's gesture of ignoring him has to do with their argument of a few days back, he cannot help taking it as contempt and disgust for his present cowardice -- as if Witt with one glance had looked inside his mind. When he reopens his eyes, he finds himself looking into the pleading white face of little Bead a few feet away.
DALE
First chance I hadda be free of
that goddamn Storm and all them
cooks cooking up a bunch of shit
for people to gorge their guts on.
First chance I had to talk to the
Comp'ny C'mander, personally, like
this.

Fife looks at him in astonishment. For one thing, it is a
long time since anyone heard Charlie Dale string this many
sentences together. He really does seem to be enjoying it,
especially watching Storm all flattened out beside Sgt.
Welsh.

DALE
People are starting to rekinize me.
(glancing at Storm)
Hour ago that dumb fuck was giving
me orders.

STEIN
We know the Japs have vacated the
ridge on the left. Dale, you go to
3rd Platoon, tell them to move up
and occupy it. Report to Lieutenant
Gore if you can find him. Tell him
I don't want to lose any more men
than he has to. Get back as soon as
you can.

DALE
Aye, aye, sir.

STEIN
I want both you and Doll to stay
with me. I'll have further work for
both of you. You've both been
invaluable.

DALE
Yes, sir.

Dale snaps out a tiny little salute and takes off, running
bent over along the low area behind the fold.

STEIN
The ridge on the right is going to
be the trouble spot. The main
strongpoint is there. Doll, you go
back and tell 1st Platoon I want
them to fire cover. Go!
Doll moves off reluctantly. He did not intend, when he first came back, to set himself up as a troubleshooting messenger to dangerous areas for Bugger Stein.

STEIN
2nd Platoon will make the attack.
Sgt. Keck, as 2nd Platoon leader, you're to lead it.
(guiltily)
You'll take three squads and attack up the ridge. It won't be easy. Crawl up the slope as far as you can get, until they discover you. Then attack. The rest of us will move forward to support you. We're going after them, men.

Keck listens, astonished. It will be a frontal attack, uphill, under heavy fire.

Meanwhile, Doll passes up through 2nd Platoon, at the third swell. The men, cheeks pressed to the earth, stare at him with indifferent, sullen curiosity. He is aware that his eyes are narrowed, his nostrils flared, his jaw set. He makes a handsome picture of a soldier for the 2nd Platoon men who watch him. Then he is up and running. Some bullets kick up dirt to right and left. He zigs and zags. Finally, just ahead of him, he sees a hand and arm shoot up into the air, the hand describing the old circular hand-and-arm signal for "Gather here." Doll pulls up to find Queen lying placidly on his side and grinning up at him ruefully, his rifle hugged against his chest.

QUEEN
Come right in.

EXT. SECOND FOLD TO THIRD FOLD – DAY

Stein begins to move forward. Patches of flesh on his face twitch uncontrollably. From behind the third swell he will mount the attack and observe it too. He wonders if the men can tell his nerves are wearing thin. In the first place he can never be sure that what he is doing is right, might not be done better and with less cost in some other way. Danger flickers and blinks in the air like a faulty neon tube. Whenever he stands up he might be struck by a bullet. Whenever he moves a few feet he might be moving under a descending mortar shell.

He is turning these things over in his mind when Fife holds the phone up to his ear. He is dumbfounded to hear the Colonel shouting at him that he is too far to the right.
He is not even given an opportunity to explain his proposed attack.

STEIN
I don't understand. What do you mean -- too far to the right? They've evacuated the left-hand grassy ridge. My 3rd Platoon's moving up to occupy it. Over.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
God damn it, Stein! I'm telling you your left flank's exposed. Do' you know what it is to expose your flank? Did you ever read in a tactics manual about exposing your left flank? Damn it, you've got to move down there! You're not moving! Over.

STEIN
God damn it, Colonel, right now, as you call, we're moving out to attack the right-hand grassy ridge. Over. God damn it.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
Stein, you're too far right already! You're sideslipping to the right alla time. I've decided to commit the reserve company on your left -- with orders to attack! Orders to attack, Stein, you hear? Over.

STEIN
Do you want me to go ahead with my attack? Over.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
What else? What else, Stein? You're not supposed to be down there on a goddamned asshole vacation. Get cracking! Out.

Stein looks over the terrain that lies ahead of them. He points its geography out to Band, Welsh and Keck.

STEIN
The first problem will be getting the men from here across that bareass field to the foot of the ridge. It'll be safer there. (MORE)
We'll be right up against them, too close to hit us with their MGs and mortars. There's your ridge, Keck. You see?

Suddenly Dale appears, running bent over at the waist in that peculiar fashion everybody instinctively adopts. Rifle and MG FIRE hit the ground all around him, but nothing touches him, and he arrives among them a hero. Everyone within reach slaps him on the back as he makes his way to Stein to give his report.

DALE
They're okay. 3rd Platoon's occupied the ridge on the left.

Stein sees a lone figure hurry toward him. It is Witt, with his rifle and some extra bandoliers. At the same time, Pfc Doll returns from his hazardous mission to 1st Platoon. Everything is building toward the moment of truth.

DOLL
Found Queen. They're ready.

STEIN
Dale, if you want to go out with these others when they make the attack, I'll make you an acting sergeant right now and put you in command of the extra squad. Do you want to do that?

DALE
Sure. Sure, sir. If you think I'm capable, sir. If you think I can do it.

STEIN
Okay. I make you an acting sergeant. You'll go with the others. Under the command of Keck here.

DALE
Aye, sir. But don't you have to say hereby?

STEIN
What?

DALE
I said: don't you have to say hereby? You know, to make it official.
In some slow-stirring, labyrinthine depth of his animal's mind Dale seems to be suspicious of Stein's honesty.

**STEIN**
No. I don't have to say anything but what I've said. You're an acting sergeant.

Dale turns to Doll and grins. While Doll gathers his breath and stricken sense of justice, Witt asks permission to join the attack force. He seems to enjoy Welsh's look of exasperation.

**WITT**
Can I go, sir? I'm ready.

**DOLL**
Can I go too, sir?

Stein, unable to hide his stunned disbelief, nods his agreement. It gives him a terrible feeling of moral culpability to choose which men to send in. Some of them will surely die, and he does not want to decide which ones. Let Luck choose, or whatever agency runs the lives of men.

**STEIN**
All right, yes. Thank you, Doll.

Doll crawls away biting the inside of his lip so hard that it brings tears to his eyes. Fife watches him bang his head violently against a rock, his whole body writhing like a snake's. Why does he do things like this to himself? Why can't he keep his mouth shut?

**STEIN**
All right, Keck. When they're all there, space them out. Advance by rushes. You might as well go. We're counting on you.

**KECK**
Listen, Cap'n. There's somethin' I wanted to tell you. That guy Bell is a good man. Pretty steady. He helped me get going and get the platoon out of that hole we were in after that charge. I just wanted to tell you.

**STEIN**
Okay, I'll remember. Take care of yourself, Keck. I need you.
KECK
I'll take care of myself as good as anybody can around here.

LT. BAND
Give them hell, Sergeant! Give them hell!

The two attacking squads soon separate themselves from the other half of the platoon. Most of them, in their bodily attitudes and in their faces, resemble sheep about to be led to the slaughter pens in Chicago. They wait. Keck has only to crawl to them.

KECK
Okay, you guys. This is it. We're goin' down in groups of four. No point in goin' by rushes, only make a better target stopped. Run all the way. We ain't got any choice. We're picked, so we got to go. I'll take the first bunch myself. I want Charlie Dale with me. Dale? You can organize them guys that's down there. Let's move out.

He starts to crawl to the jump-off point just beyond the knot of officers and CP men, and it is here that the first case of overt cowardice occurs in C-for-Charlie. A big, beautifully muscled man named SICO, an Italian draftee from Philly, suddenly sits down in his tracks and begins to hold his stomach and groan.

KECK
Get up, God damn you, Sico. Or I'll kick you so hard in that stomach you'll really be sick.

SICO
I can't, Sergeant. I would if I could. You know I would. I'm sick.

KECK
Sick, my foot.

WELSH
Hold it', Keck. What is it, Sico?

SICO
I don't know, Sergeant. It's my stomach. Pains. Cramps. I can't straighten up. I'm sick.
As if to prove it he suddenly vomits. He does not even try to bend over and the vomit burps up out of him and runs down over his fatigue shirt onto his hands which hold his belly. He looks at Welsh hopefully out of the dark, tortured holes of his eyes, but appears ready to do it again if necessary.

WELSH
Leave him.
(to Sico)
Come on. The medics will take care of you, Sico.

SICO
Thank you, Sergeant.

Keck seems to want to protest. Witt studies the scene. Welsh's indulgence is curious to him.

WELSH
Don't argue with me.

Sico continues to sit and watch the others pass. He groans audibly from time to time and now and then he gags, but apparently does not feel it necessary to vomit more. His face looks haunted and his eyes tormented.

Keck's men begin to run the gauntlet. Each squad sergeant — first Milly Becker, then McCron — supervises the jump-off of his men in groups of four. All of them make it down safely except two. Of these, one, a Mississippi farmer named Catt, is killed outright. The other, Pvt Alfredo Tella, hit running, falls, bounces hard and moans like a boy who has taken a spill from his bicycle.

Unfortunately, the Japanese heavy mortars, still firmly seated on the heights of Hill 210, have seen the forward movement of American troops, too. Shells begin EXPLODING their fountains of terror, dirt and fragments as the Japanese gunners finger the area.

EXT. GRASSY SLOPE (KECK’S ATTACK) - DAY

Keck spreads his men out in a line and then gives the order to crawl. The grass is about chest-high here and has a matted, tangled underhayer of old stems. It chokes them with dust, ties up their arms and feet, makes it impossible to see. They crawl for what seems an eternity, expecting the Japanese to open up at any moment. It requires tremendous exertion. Most of them have long since used up all of their water. Halfway up the slope Keck orders them to stop.
For a moment he lies gathering his will power and thinks about their faces. Then, taking a deep breath he stands up straight in the grass.

KECK
Up! Up! Go!

They rise in a line and begin to scamper uphill, FIRING as they go. Almost immediately the MGs begin to HAMMER, and at once men begin to fall. The fury of the Japanese fire strikes them like a wind-tormented hailstorm. The Japanese have been smart and have waited, conserving their fire till they have targets. Four men of McCron’s squad go down at once. On the right, a young draftee named Wynn is shot in the throat and screams, "Oh, my God!" in a voice of terror and disbelief as a geyser of blood spurts from his neck. Next to him, another soldier, is caught in the face, perhaps from the same burst. He goes down without a sound, looking as if he's been hit in the face with a tomato. All this is apparently too much for McCron, who has clucked over and mothered this squad for months, and he simply drops his rifle and sits down crying.

Dale, on the left, sees the first emplacement, the first live one any of them has ever actually seen. It is a one-gun job, a simple hole dug in the ground and covered over with sticks and kunai grass. From the dark opening he can see the muzzle SPITTING FIRE at him. So far Dale has not fired a shot. What is the point, when there are no targets? But now, seeing the emplacement, he carefully releases his safety and FIRES a long burst with his Thompson gun, straight into the hole twenty yards away. Before he can release the trigger the gun jams solidly. But his burst is enough to stop the machine gun, at least momentarily, and Dale runs toward it pulling a grenade from his shirt. From ten yards away he throws the grenade like a baseball, wrenching hell out of his shoulder. The grenade disappears through the hole, then BLOWS UP, scattering sticks and grass and three rag dolls and upending the machine gun. Dale turns back to his squad, licking his lips and grinning with beady pride.

MGs still hammer at them from seemingly every quarter of the globe. Men are still going down. They still have not located any main strongpoints. Directly in front of them thirty yards away, there is a winding gully and four-foot cut which extends clear across their front.

Instinctively everyone begins to run for that. They dive in behind its protection pell-mell, sobbing with exhaustion. The exertion and the heat have been too much. Several men vomit. One man gurgles once senselessly, then -- his eyes rolling back in his head -- faints from heat prostration. They lie against the ledge in the midday sun and smell the hot, summer-smelling dust. Insects HUM around them. The fire has stopped.
DOLL
Well, what’re we gonna do now?

KECK
We're gonna stay right here. Maybe they'll get some reinforcements up to us.

DOLL
Ha! To do what?

KECK
To capture these goddamn fucking positions around here! What you think?

DOLL
You mean you really want to go on with it?

KECK
I don't know. No. Not no uphill charge. But they get us some reinforcements, we can scout around and maybe locate where all these goddamn fucking MGs are. Anyway, it's better than going back down through that. You want to go back down?

Nobody answers this, and Keck does not feel it necessary to elaborate. Witt studies the ants crawling on the ground.

KECK
McCron’s gone. Bell, I'm appointing you acting sergeant in his place.

BECKER
What if the Japs come down here in force and throw us off of here?

KECK
I don't think they will. But we better have a sentry. Doll.

WITT
Somethin’s comin’!

DOLL
They’re comin’! Somebody’s comin’!

As one man the line behind the cut sweeps up and forward, rifles ready.
Forty yards away seven pot-headed, bandy-legged, starved-looking Japanese men are running down-at them across an ungrassed area carrying hand grenades in their right hands and bayoneted rifles in their left. The massed rifle FIRE from the ledge disposes of them quickly. Only one of them is able even to throw; and his grenade, a dud, lands short. When the fire ceases, only two bodies continue to move. Aiming deliberately in the sudden quiet, Witt the Kentuckian puts a killing round into each one of them.

WITT
You never can tell about them boys.
Even when they're hit.

DOLL
Why'd they do it? If they wanted to throw us out of here, why didn't they come in force? Why just seven? It don't figure.

DALE
Maybe they were doing it on their own. Without orders.

They await a second, larger attack, but only four more Japanese appear. Witt, who is the best marksman in the regiment, quickly SHOOTS three down. Doll and Dale watch in awe. Keck reaches in his hip pocket to pull out a grenade, and—in the excitement he gets it by the pin. He and Bell exchange a look of dizzying, near-fainting terror, then he leaps back from the line and sits back against a little dirt hammock, to protect the others. The grenade goes off with a sickening THUD. They see there is nothing they can do for him. His entire right buttock and much of his lower back have been blown away.

KECK
What a fucking recruit trick to pull.

BECKER
He jumped away -- so we wouldn't get hit.

Bell and Doll sit with him while the others go back to the line. They wipe the mud off his face and try to reassure him.

DOLL
We'll take care of you, Keck. I swear to God we will! Just take it easy.
KECK
You guys write my old lady, will you? Don't forget. I want her to know I died like a man.

DOLL
Sure, sure. But nobody's gonna haf to write your old lady. You'll come out of this. We got stretcher-bearers with us, remember? Battalion Aid Station's movin' up all the time. They'll have you back to the docs in no time.

KECK
Bullshit. Don't bullshit me. I'm cold.

BELL
There, there. Just take it easy.

KECK
You guys don't forget to write my old lady I died like a man.

He sighs, first sign of the approaching breathlessness of massive hemorrhage.

KECK
I grabbed it by the pin. This fuckin' mud on my face!

Bell wets his handkerchief and cleans Keck's face with it. This seems to make him feel better. Becker turns from the cut to signal the company to send reinforcements.

KECK
Just don't forget to write my old lady I died like a man.

DOLL
Just take it easy. Don't talk like that. You'll make it out of this.

KECK
Horseshit. I'm bleedin' to death. Ain't I?

He looks at Witt, who does not answer but watches him with sympathy.
KECK
See? Maybe it's just as good. I'm all messed upon the crock. What if I couldn't fuck no more? Just don't forget to write my old lady I died manly.

DOLL
Sure, sure. I'll write her. Just take it easy.

Witt comes up. Doll and Bell drift away. Witt is calm and cheerful in the presence of death; he does not look away. He feels a bond with the dying man. The others are solemn, embarrassed.

KECK
Aid Station's never gonna get up here. The medics either.

WITT
You're gonna be all right. Even if you die. You didn't let your brother down... Those flies bothering you?

He whisks the flies away from Keck's face and waits. His eyes express a deep understanding and tenderness.

WITT
We'll remember what you done. We won't forget it. It won't be wasted.

Keck looks at him uncomprehendingly. The others return. The breathlessness has hit him; they know it won't be long.

KECK
I'm cold. Freezin'!

When he stops breathing, the men stand up.

BELL
You going to write his wife?

DOLL
Fuck no! I don't know his old lady. That's the Company Commander's job, not mine. You out of your mind? I ain't no good at writin' letters.

BELL
You told him you would.
DOLL
I say anything when they're like that.

BELL
Somebody ought to do it.

DOLL
Then you write her.

BELL
I didn't tell him I would.

WITT
(to Doll)
You make me sick.

Squaring his shoulders, he stares at Doll, ready to fight him then and there, in the midst of combat. Doll does not want a fight. Witt turns away in disgust. Charlie Dale comes over.

DALE
All over?

DOLL
Yeah.

THIRD FOLD TO CUT (WITH BINOCULAR MATTE) - DAY

Stein, through his binoculars, sees the men clustered around the figure on the ground, two hundred yards away. Keck! Then he sees that Sgt. Becker is looking at him -- or anyway toward him -- and making the Old Army hand-and-arm signal for "Converge on me." He wants reinforcements. Exertion, nervous exhaustion and fear are wearing Stein down.

STEIN
He wants help... That whole ridge is a giant honeycomb of MG emplacements. A regular fortress. The attack's bogged down. They aren't enough men. It'd take a full company.

(to Band)
Twelve men down! I counted every one of them. My men!... Now he wants us to send more after them.

Suddenly Stein hears from near the foot of the ridge the first thin, piping YELLS. They sound insane.
What they lack in volume, they more than make up in their penetrating qualities. They come in a series, each lasting five full seconds. Then there is silence.

STEIN
What's that?

BAND
My God!

Band looks back at him with squinted, dilated eyes. From the high grass out beyond them, high and shrill, the series of yells comes again. They are not screams. Stein is able to pick him out easily with the glasses, which brings him up very close, too close for comfort. Pvt Tella -- he has fallen at the bottom of the slope. Now he is trying to crawl back. He has been hit squarely in the groin with a burst of heavy MG fire which has torn his whole belly open. Lying on his back, his head uphill, both hands pressed to his belly to hold his intestines in, he is inching his way toward them.

STEIN
Tella. Medic!

LT. BAND
What are we gonna do?

From below the insane series of YELLS comes again, identical, unchanging. Stein and Band aren't the only ones to hear them. The entire remainder of the 2nd Platoon lying along the crest of the swell have heard him. So has the Medic who is now running bent over along the slope to Stein. Fife pricks his ears. The mortar shells are still falling every minute or two. Sometimes you can hear their fluttery SHU-ING sound for two seconds before they hit; and Fife is completely terrorized by them.

MEDIC
There's nothing anybody can do that'll help him. He'll be dead before they can ever get him back to a surgeon. He's got dirt all over his bowels. Even sulfa won't fix that. In these jungles?

STEIN
How long?

MEDIC
Two hours? Four, maybe? Maybe only one. Maybe less.
STEIN
God damn it, man! We can't any of us stand it that long! Not counting him! And I can't ask you to go down there.

The Medic studies the terrain. He blinks several times.

MEDIC
Maybe it's worth a try.

STEIN
You said yourself nobody could do anything to help him.

MEDIC
At least I could get a syrette of morphine into him.

STEIN
Would one be enough? I mean, you know, would it keep him quiet?

MEDIC
Not for long. But I could give him two. I could leave him three or four for himself.

STEIN
Maybe he wouldn't take them. He's delirious. Couldn't you just, sort of, give them all to him at once?

MEDIC
That would kill him, sir. I couldn't do that, I really couldn't.

STEIN
Okay -- well, you want to try it?

From below the set, unchanging series of YELLS rises up to them, precise, inflexible, a little quavery this time.

STEIN
I hope he doesn't begin to cry. God damn it! My company won't have any fighting spirit left at all if we don't do something about him!
MEDIC
I'll go, sir. After all, it's my job. After all, it's worth a try, isn't it, sir? To stop the yells.

STEIN
God, I don't know.

MEDIC
I'm volunteering. I've been down there before. They won't hit me, sir.

STEIN
You were on the left. It's not as bad there.

MEDIC
I'm volunteering.

Agonized, Stein waits several seconds before he speaks.

STEIN
When do you want to go?

MEDIC
Any time. Right now.

STEIN
No, wait. At least I can give you some covering fire.

MEDIC
I'd rather go now, sir. And get it over with.

They have been lying side by side, their helmets almost touching as they talk, and now Stein turns to look at the boy. He cannot help wondering whether he has talked this boy into volunteering.

STEIN
Okay. Go ahead.

The Medic nods, looking straight ahead this time, then springs up into a crouch, and is gone over the crest of the swell.

It is all over almost before it gets started. Running like some fleeting forest animal, his medic's web equipment flopping, he reaches the damaged Tella, swings round to face him up the hill, then drops to his knees, his hands already groping at the pouch which holds his syrettes.
Before he can get the cap off the needle, one single MG OPENS UP from the ridge stitching across the area. Stein and the remnants of 2nd Platoon watch him jerk straight up, eyes and mouth wide, face slack, not so much with disbelief or mental shock as with sheer simple physiological surprise.

Stein waits. Seconds ago he was alive and Stein was talking to him; now he is dead. Just like that. But Stein's attention is pulled away before he can think more, pulled away by two things. One is Tella, who now begins to scream in a high babbling falsetto of hysteria totally different from his former yells. Obviously he has been hit again, and while one bloodstained hand tries to hold in his intestines, the other gropes at the new wound in his chest.

DISTANT JAPANESE (O.S.)
Cly, Yank, cly! Yerl, Yank, yerl!

The next thing that catches Stein's attention is a figure emerging from the grass fifty yards ahead and plodding steadily toward them. Stein sees that it is his Sgt. McCron, that he is wringing his hands and weeping. On his face two great white streaks of clean skin run from eye to chin, accentuating the eyes, as if he were wearing the haunting makeup of a tragic actor in some Greek drama.

And on he comes, while behind him Japanese MGs and small arms OPEN UP all across the ridge, making dirt puffs all around him. Nothing touches him. At last he sits down beside his Captain.

MCCRON
Dead. All dead, Cap’n. Every one. I'm the only one. All twelve. Young men. I looked after them. Taught them everything I knew. It didn't mean a thing. Dead. What more can you do?

LT. BAND
They can't all be dead, McCron.

MCCRON
(in a rage)
I tried to help them! All gone! They 're all gone! Wynn! Gordon! Darl! Gwennie! Vincente! Mack!

STEIN
Medic! Take him back. Stay with him. When you get back there, tell them we need another medic now. At least one.
SECOND MEDIC
Yes, sir. Come on, Mac. That's it.
Come on, boy. It'll be all right.
It'll be all right.

MCCRON
They're all dead. How can it be all right? Why? Why? Why?

He allows himself to be led off by the arm. Stein sighs and turns his attention back to Tella. The Italian is still screaming his piercing wailing scream and does not seem to show any indication that he is ever going to run down. If it keeps on, it is going to unnerve them all. Stein does not know what to do. He cannot send another man out there. A hot, unbelieving, outraged fury seizes him. And just then a large green object of nature on his right rises up and bounds over the crest of the swell, growling obscenities. Before Stein can even yell the one word, "Welsh!", the First Sergeant is careering across the field at full gallop toward the ridge.

WELSH AND TELLA (TRACK WITH WELSH)

Welsh sees everything before him with a furious clarity: the rocky, thin-grassed field running off to the foot of the ridge, mortar-and bullet-pocked, the hot bright sunshine and deep cerulean sky, the incredibly white clouds above the towering high-up horseshoe of Hill 210, the yellow serenity of the ridge before him.

WELSH
Fuck you! Fuck you!

He charges on happily, zigzagging professionally. But when he skids to a stop on his belly beside the mutilated Italian boy, he realizes he has made no plans about what to do when he arrives here.

WELSH
How goes it, kid?

Tella rolls his eyes around like a maddened horse until he can see who it is. He does not stop his screaming.

WELSH
You got to be quiet. I came to help you. Tella!

Finally the scream stops of itself, from lack of breath, and Tella breathes, causing more blood to run from the hole in his chest. When he speaks, it is only a few decibels lower than the scream.
TELLA
Fuck you! I'm dying! I'm dying, Sarge! Look at me! Get away from me! I'm dying!

WELSH
Okay, but goddamn it, do it with less noise.

TELLA
How you going to help me?

WELSH
Take you back.

TELLA
You can't take me back! You want to help me, shoot me!

WELSH
(yelling in the noise)
You're off your rocker. You know I can't do that.

TELLA
Sure you can! You got your rifle there! Point it at me! You want to help me, shoot me and get it over with! I can't stand it! I'm scared!

WELSH
Does it hurt much?

TELLA
Sure it hurts, you dumb son of a bitch! You can't take me back.

WELSH
We'll see. You stick with old Welsh. Trust old Welsh. Did I ever give you a bum steer?

---

He is aware now -- he knows -- that he won't be able to stay much longer. Already he is flinching and jerking uncontrollably under the fire. Crouching, he runs around to Tella's head and gets him under the armpits and heaves.

TELLA
Aaa--eeeee! You're killing me!
You're pulling me apart! Put me down, goddamn you! Put me down!

Welsh drops him quickly, by simple reflex. Too quickly.
TELLA
You son of a bitch! You son of a bitch! Leave me alone! Leave me alone! Don't touch me! Why are you touching me?

WELSH
(yelling)
Stop that yelling. It ain't dignified. All right, we'll do it this way, then.

Slipping one arm under the Italian's knees and the other under his shoulders, he lifts.

TELLA
Aaa-eeeee! Put me down! Put me down! You're breaking me in two! Put me down! You'll kill me! You son of a bitch! You fucker! You bastard! I told you to leave me alone! I never ast you to come down here! Go away! Leave me alone! You shiteater! Stay away from me!

Turning his head away and closing his eyes, he begins his desperate, wailing, piercing scream again. Five yards above them on the slope a line of machine gun BULLETS slowly stitches itself across from left to right. With sudden, desperate inspiration, Welsh leaps across the prostrate Tella and begins rummaging in the dead Medic's belt pouches.

WELSH
Here! Tella! Take these! Tella!

Tella stops screaming and opens his eyes. Welsh tosses him two morphine syrettes he has found and begins to attack another pouch.

TELLA
More! More! Gimme more! More!

Welsh tosses him a double handful he has found in the other pouch, and then turns to run. But something stops him. Crouched like a sprinter at the gun, he turns his head and looks at Tella one more time. Tella, already unscrewing the cap from one of the syrettes, is looking at him feelingly, his eyes wide and white.

TELLA
Goodbye! Goodbye, Welsh!
WELSH
Goodbye, kid.

It is all he can think of to say. For that matter, it is all he has time to say, because he is already off and running. Bullets WHIR by his head. He runs and runs and then he falls headlong over the little crest and just lies there, half-dead from exhaustion.

STEIN
Sergeant, I saw the whole thing through the glasses. I want you to know I'm mentioning you in Orders tomorrow. I'm recommending you for the Silver Star. I can only say --

WELSH
Captain, if you say one word to thank me, I will punch you square in the nose. Right here. If you ever so much as mention me in your fucking orders, I will resign my rating two minutes after, and leave you to run this pore, busted-up outfit by yourself. If I go to jail. So fucking help me.

He shuts his eyes and rolls over away from Bugger, who says nothing.

WELSH
Property! Property!

Witt has perceived Welsh's selfless aid to the dying man. They glance at one another. Stein slowly crawls back to Fife and the soundpower phone. His arm is trembling as he takes the receiver. How long can he go on? How much longer can he watch his men being killed in agony like this? His CP force and the remnants of 2nd and 3rd Platoons watch him with white eyes, as though looking to him and hoping he can in some way get them out of this mess, so that they might go on living.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
Why aren't you following up your attack and exploiting it? What's the matter with you, Stein? Those men should be reinforced immediately. What are they doing? I can see them through my glasses. They're just lying behind that ledge. They should be up and out, cleaning out those machine guns. Over.
STEIN
I don't think you understand what's going on down here, sir. We're taking a lot of fire. We've had heavy casualties. I was planning to reinforce them right away; something bad happened. We had a man -- gut shot out on the slope -- he caused quite a bit of upset. That's taken care of now. I'm planning to reinforce now. Over.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
Who was that man who ran out on the slope? Was that what he was doing? Admiral Barr saw him through the glasses; the Admiral couldn't tell for sure but thought he had gone out to help someone. Was that it? The Admiral wants to recommend that man for something. Over.

STEIN
There were two men who went out, sir. One was our senior medic. He was killed. The other -- was one of the privates. I don't know which one yet. I'll find out. Over.
(releasing the button)
And fuck you. And the Admiral.

COL. TALL (V.O.)

STEIN
I have two squads to 1st Platoon, I can send up... I lost Keck, Colonel. One of my best men...
Over.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
What the hell do you mean, two squads! When I say reinforcements, I mean it. Throw every man you have in there, and do it now. Commit the reserve platoon and all. Everybody. 1st Platoon too. I see them lying on their fat asses down there doing nothing. Move them by the flank in to the ridge. Get a man to them right now with orders to attack..
(MORE)
Have the 2nd Platoon press the center. Go straight up the hill! Envelop them. Do I have to give you a lesson in infantry tactics while your men are getting their asses shot off, Stein? Over.

**STEIN**

(swallowing his wrath)
I don't think you fully understand what's going on down here, Colonel. I don't think my company alone can take that position. They're too well dug in. They have too much firepower. Colonel, there's a bunker up there, we can't see it, it's chewing my men to pieces. I formally request, sir, to be given permission to make a patrol reconnaissance around to the right of Hill 210 through the jungle. A flanking move. It might save lives. I believe the entire position can be outflanked by a maneuver there in force.

**COL. TALL (V.O.)**

No! I tell you, no! I want a double envelopment! I order you, Stein, to attack, attack now, with every man at your disposal! Now, attack, Stein! That's a direct order! Over!

His heart suddenly up in his throat, Stein hears himself answer with a sort of numb disbelief.

**STEIN**

Sir, I must tell you that I refuse to obey your order. I again request permission to make a patrol reconnaissance in force around to the right. The time, sir, is thirteen twenty-one hours twenty-five seconds. I have two witnesses here listening to what I've said. I request, sir, that you inform witnesses there. Over.

The fact is that by now there are many more witnesses, at least half of 2nd Platoon is listening with its ears pricked.

**COL. TALL (V.O.)**

Stein! Don't pull that guardhouse lawyer shit with me, Stein!

(MORE)
I know you're a goddamned lawyer! Now shut up and do like I tell you. I didn't hear what you just said! I repeat my order! Over!

STEIN
Colonel, I refuse to take my men up there in a frontal attack. It's suicide! I've lived with these men two-and-a-half years. I won't order them all to their deaths. That's final. Over.

Someone is blubbering now not far away along the crest, and Stein tries to see who it is and can't. Tall is stupid, ambitious, desperate to succeed before his superiors and fearful the battalion will be pulled back off the line before he can. Otherwise he could never have given such an order. Stein seems to read approval in his men's eyes. Tall's voice is sharp as a razor.

COL. TALL (V.O.)
This is a very important decision you're making, Stein. If you feel that strongly, maybe you have reason. I'm coming down. I'm not rescinding my order to you, but if I find there are extenuating circumstances when I get down there, I'll take that into account. I want you to hold on until I get there. If possible, get those men on the ridge out and moving. I'll be there in ten minutes. Out!

Stein listens unbelieving, mentally stunned. Moving up, he arrives at the wounded man, who proves to be Pfc Bead from Iowa, Fife's assistant clerk. Bead is dying.

BEAD
I'm dying, Captain! I'm dying! Me! Me! I'm dying! I'm so scared!

He closes his eyes for a moment and swallows. Fife comes up with the telephone, wide-eyed.

BEAD
I was just laying there. It hit me right in the side. Like somebody punched me. Didn't hurt much. Doesn't hurt much now. Oh, Captain!
STEIN
Just take it easy, son. Just take it easy.

BEAD
Where's Fife?

STEIN
He's right here, son. Right here.
Fife!

FIFE
I'm here.

BEAD
I'm dying, Fife!

FIFE
I know. Just take it easy. Just take it easy, Eddie.

BEAD
Will you write my folks?
(as Fife nods)
Tell them it didn't hurt me much. Tell them the truth.

FIFE
I'll tell them.

BEAD
Hold my hand, Fife. I'm scared.

For a moment, a second, Fife hesitates. Then, realizing with horror that Bead is slipping away, he grips his hand. Crawling closer, he slides his other arm under his shoulders, cradling him.

He has begun to cry, more because he suddenly realizes that he is the only man in the whole company whom Bead can call a friend, than because Bead is dying. Ah, what a poor friend he's been!

FIFE
I've got it.

BEAD
Squeeze. Squeeze.

FIFE
I'm squeezing.
He leans forward and presses Bead's hand against his cheek. Bead gives a little cry.

**Bead**
Oh, Fife! Oh, Captain!

His eyes do not go shut but they cease to see. After a moment Fife puts him down and crawls away by himself, weeping in terror, weeping in fear, weeping in sadness, hating himself.

**Stein**
Lie down somewhere for a little bit, son. I'll keep the phone for a few minutes myself. There won't be any calls coming in for a while.

**Ext. Cut Towards Ledge - Day**

Back at the cut, Becker's men are growing nervous. Where are the reinforcements? Doll glances nervously at Witt.

**Becker**
We're just going to get killed if we stay here. They're not going to just let us set. Bell, take six men, go around to the right of the ledge, see what's up there. We'll stay here and cover you best we can.

Bell sets off with his men. Everything works from the beginning. Finding the cut totally unguarded, they are able to crawl into the midst of the Japanese position and drop grenades down into the rear doors of two covered, camouflaged emplacements they spot down below them; two further emplacements, on the uphill side, are more difficult, but bypassing them and crawling up alongside they are able to pitch grenades into the apertures.

Father up, Bell discovers the Japanese strongpoint, beautifully dug in and with apertures in three directions. He does not see it all at first. When the lead man climbs out, he is RIDDLED fatally by three machine guns. Both Witt and Doll are in Bell's party, but neither of them happens to be the lead man. This distinction is reserved for a man named Catch, Lemuel C. Catch, an old-time regular. He dies immediately and without a sound. They pull his body down and retreat with it, while all hell breaks loose FIRING just above their heads, but not before Acting Sergeant Bell gets a good look at the strongpoint so he can describe it.
BELL
Wait here.

Halting his men a few yards back from where Catch died, leaving his rifle and holding a grenade in one hand, Bell climbs up pokes up his head. The Japanese firing has stopped now. All he can see is the unending grass, rising slowly along a hillock which sticks up out of the ridge. He waits, wondering if he will die, then pulling the pin, heaves the grenade with all his strength and ducks down. The grenade falls and EXPLODES just in front of the hillock, and in the cyclone of MG FIRE which follows, Bell is able to count five guns in five spitting apertures which he could not see before. He notes it all carefully and when the firing ceases, he crawls back down to his men, obscurely satisfied.

BELL
There's five -- five guns.

Whatever it was that made him do it, and he still doesn't know, it makes every man in his little group look at him admiringly . Dale, Doll, Witt, especially Witt. Motioning them on, he leads them back down until the company's main position at the third swell comes into view. To their surprise they have not seen or heard a single Japanese anywhere near the ledge.

WITT
Don't make sense. For them to leave this place unguarded.

EXT. CUT TOWARDS LEDGE - DAY

The mortar ROUNDS continue to drop at random points along the swell with strict regularity. It is amazing how few men they actually wound or kill. Fife hears the soft "SHU-U-U-U" of the mortar shell for perhaps half a second. There is not even time to connect it with himself, before there is a huge sunburst roaring of an EXPLOSION almost on top of him.

He has a vague impression of someone screaming but does not know it is himself. Fife's body comes to rest in the lap of a H.Q's man who happens to be sitting up.

FIFE
Am I hit? Am I hit?

TRAIN
Y-yes, you are. In the head.

FIFE
Bad? Is it bad?
TRAIN
I c-can't tell. Y-you're bleeding
from your head.

FIFE
Am I?

Fife looks at his hands and finds them completely covered
with a glistening red. Gingerly he probes at his skull and
finds nothing.

TRAIN
I-it's in the b-back.
(fearfully)
How do you f-feel?

FIFE
I don't know. It don't hurt. Except
when I touch it.

TRAIN
C-can you w-walk?

FIFE
I-I don't know.

Then, suddenly, Fife realizes that he is free. He does not
have to stay here any more. He is released. He can simply get
up and walk away -- provided he is able -- with honor,
without anyone being able to say he is a coward or court-
martialing him.

FIFE
I think I better go back. Don't
you? Well -- Good luck, Train.

TRAIN
Th-thanks.

Fife stands up. His knees are shaky, but the prospect of
getting out of here gives him a strength he might not
otherwise have. At first slowly, then more swiftly, he begins
to walk rearward. Just before he breasts the top of the hill,
he meets Colonel Tall and a party of his aides.

COL. TALL
Hold on, son. Don't let it get you
down. You'll be back!

Beyond the hill, he passes a barefoot Melanesian in a
lavalava who is leading an American soldier with a bandage
over his eyes back to the rear.
EXT. THIRD FOLD - CP

Stein watches Bell's party through his glasses, astonished. They did it all on their own!

WELSH
There's less fire coming from the hill, sir.

STEIN
I've noticed that too.

WELSH
They've knocked out some of those machine guns. In fact, they've cleaned out all the Japanese below the ledge.

LT. BAND
Sir? I think the medics can go out, pick up the wounded now.

STEIN
Send 1st Platoon forward. We'll follow them.

Stein is just turning to lead the CP up toward the ledge, to join Becker and Bell and to consolidate their newly won position, when he looks up to see Col. Tall walking leisurely toward him, carrying beneath his arm the unadorned little bamboo baton that is his trademark and romantic whim.

Bell's raid has cleaned out the Japanese below the ledge and established a real line. It has utterly changed the situation, and it is one of those horrible ironies which seem to dog the steps of certain men named Stein—that just at this moment Col. Tall should walk onto the field.

COL. TALL
What are you doing lying down there where you can't see anything?

STEIN
Observing, sir. I just sent 1st Platoon forward to the ridge.

Tall nods. The rest of his party, which includes a young captain named GAFF, his battalion exec, has decided that it might be just as well to be lying flat on the ground.
COL. TALL
I saw them leaving as we were coming along. How many of them were hit this time?

STEIN
None, sir.

COL. TALL
None? Not one?

A mortar round mushrooms, EXPLODING dirt without hurting anybody, somewhere along the rear, and Tall, coming forward to where Stein lies, permits himself to squat on his haunches.

COL. TALL
That doesn't sound much like the situation you described to me over the soundpower.

STEIN
It's not, sir. The situation's changed. In just the last five minutes.

COL. TALL
To what do you attribute the change?

STEIN
Sergeant Becker, sir. When I last looked, half of his men had disappeared. I think he sent them off to try and knock out some of the MGs. They seem to have succeeded.

From somewhere far off a machine gun begins to RATTLE and a long line of bullets strikes up dirt twenty-five yards beyond them. Tall does not change his position or alter his voice.

COL. TALL
Then you got my message to him.

STEIN
No, sir. Becker sent the men off on his own. They went off on their own.

COL. TALL
I see.
The long line of MG BULLETS comes sweeping back from Stein's left, this time only fifteen yards away. Tall does not move but merely squints his blue eyes off at the grassy ridge in silence.

STEIN
They've seen you, sir.

COL. TALL
Stein, we're going over there, all of us, and we're taking everybody with us. Do you have any more formal complaints or demurrers?

STEIN
No, sir. Not now.

COL. TALL
Now we'll do things my way. We'll take everybody over to the ledge. We may take that ridge before nightfall.

STEIN
I think that ridge is quite a way from being reduced, sir.

Tall ignores this remark and stands up to his full height. The conference is over. Tall gives the ridge one contemptuous amused look and starts walking out toward it, still talking to Stein. Slowly, very slowly, Stein stands up to his full height also, then follows Tall out into the field where ten minutes before they would have met a certain death.

Around them, as if sensing something or other is in the wind, the men begin to stir. Whatever else Stein can find to say about him, he nevertheless has to admit that with Tall's arrival on the battlefield a change for the better has come over everything and everybody. Tall has brought with him some quality that has not been here before, and it shows in the faces of the men. Standing up in front of the prone H.Q. Platoon, his little baton in his right hand, tapping it lightly against his shoulder as he frowns in concentration, he orders them forward and shows them how he wants them to advance. He does not exhort them. His attitude says quite plainly that they deserve better than that. Gathering heart, the men rush forward in groups.
EXT. CUT

Becker and Bell, Witt, Dale and Doll wait at the ledge. As the others scramble up to join them, there are a few weak cheers.

COL. TALL
That strongpoint is the key to the ridge. Se -- uh -- Sergeant Bell here is quite right. From their knob there our little brown brothers can cover the whole of the ground in front of our position for a thousand yards. Why they've left it unguarded I have no idea. We must exploit it before they see their error. I know everyone's pretty exhausted and that we've had our troubles getting water up here, but if we can reduce that big bunker, I see no reason why we can't take the whole ridge before nightfall. I'm asking for volunteers to go back up there and knock it out.

Stein, hearing for the first time this news about a further attack, is so horrified he can hardly believe his ears. Surely Tall must know how worn out they all are.

BELL
Sir, I'll be glad to go back again and lead the way for a party.

Immediately off to Bell's right another voice pipes up. Hunch-shouldered, crack-faced Acting Sergeant Dale is making his bid for future fame, future sinecures, future security from army kitchens.

DALE
I'll go, Colonel, sir! What about you, Doll?

Doll nods his agreement, without looking at Dale, and Private Witt comes forward at the same time. Both sit down, much closer to Bell than to Dale, who still squats by himself. Bell winks at Witt, who grins and winks back.

The rather elderly, Calvinistic-looking 2nd lieutenant from 3rd Platoon presents himself. His name is GORE. Then Tall's own exec, young Captain Gaff, puts in his two cents and offers his services.
GAFF
I'd like to lead the party, Colonel.

COL. TALL
(gazing at him fondly)
All right, John. Go ahead. You'll be in command. That's enough. Seven is plenty. In the terrain you'll be working, more men would only hinder you, I think. I know more of you would like to go. You'll have to wait for another opportunity.

Stein, hearing this, peers at his commander closely and is amazed to see that Tall is in deadly earnest and not joking at all.

COL. TALL
Good man, my young exec... You'll probably find the bunker guarded by smaller MG posts around it. I think it is better to ignore these and go for the strongpoint itself if you possibly can. The little posts will fall if the big one is taken. That's all, gentlemen. Noncoms return to your positions. I want the officers to remain. Synchronize watches with me, John.

A mortar round EXPLODES nearby. At first it appears no one is hurt, but then Storm is seen shaking his hand as though he'd touched a hot stove. A single fragment, not much bigger than a pinhead, has entered the back of his hand. Storm grins.

STORM
I been wounded! I been wounded!

WELSH
(with a sneer)
Okay. You'll get a Purple Heart.

STORM
You fucking A! And don't you forget to put me in. S'like a wasp sting. Captain, when can I go to the rear? I mean, you know, I been wounded.

He raises his hand. When he flexes it, it makes a GRATING sound. Nobody says anything. Storm continues to look delighted.
STEIN
You want to go right now?

STORM
Sure.

He looks at his hand again, to see whether it has changed. There is no blood coming from the little blue-rimmed hole and really it doesn't hurt very much, but every time he flexes it they can all hear it grate. Stein nods. Storm may leave.

STORM
Might be a delicate operation to get that fucking thing out of there.

EXT. LEDGE - DAY

Meanwhile, Capt. Gaff's little assault party crawls off to the right along the ledge and disappears around the corner of the hillside. Bell, at the head of the seven men, keeps thinking that he had only volunteered to lead a party back. Irritably, he glances back to motion the others to come on. When he reaches the point where he crawled out above the ledge he stops. Sending Witt ahead, he points the place out to Gaff.

Witt crawls out to take the point. Standing on his knees out away from the ledge, he holds his rifle ready with the safety off. He hasn't shot squirrel all his life for nothing; he hasn't made High Expert on the range for the past six years for nothing, either.

GAFF
Any of you guys know how to operate this thing?
   (the walkie-talkie; Bell nods)
Okay, you stay below the ledge, I'll call down the data to you from up above. Once the 81s have plastered that rock as much as they can, we'll crawl out along that low place until we make a line, then crawl up as close as we can through the grass, then throw our grenades. Okay? Okay.

Gaff crawls out into the low place before the first shells arrive. They can hear their soft SHU-SHU-SHU coming almost straight down before they hit, then the hillside EXPLODES into smoke and flame and noise.
Only fifty yards from the bunker, they are showered with a rain of dirt, chips of rock and small pieces of hot metal. They cling to the ledge with their faces pressed against the sharp rock, cursing with hatred the goddamned fucking mortarmen because they might drop a short round, though they don't. Gaff yells down changes of range and Bell relays them by walkie-talkie.

GAFF
Okay! Tell them to stop! I think that's enough. Whatever damage they can do, they've done it by now.

Suddenly the mortars stop falling, in a silence that is almost as devastating as the noise has been.

GAFF
Okay, let's go!

If they are under any hopeful illusion that the mortar barrage has smashed and flattened every Japanese in the strongpoint, they are straightened out on this point right away. As the elderly, morose 2nd lieutenant Gore climbs out first, he foolishly stands straight up, exposing himself to the waist, whereupon a Japanese machine gunner immediately SHOOTS him three times through the chest. Gingerly, they pull him back down behind the ledge.

DALE
Whadda we do now? We can't take him with us.

WITT
We'll have to leave him.

THORNE
You can't leave him here.

DALE
Okay. He's from your platoon. You stay with him.

THORNE
I didn't volunteer for this thing just to sit with him.

LT. GORE
(in a faint voice)
I should have been a chaplain. I could have, you know. I'm an ordained minister. I never should have fooled around with the Infantry. My wife told me.
BELL
We can leave him and pick him up on
the way back. If he's still alive.

LT. GORE
You boys want to pray with me?

DALE
We can't, sir. We got to get going.
The Captain's waitin' on us.

LT. GORE
(without opening his eyes)
All right. I'll do it myself. You
boys go ahead.

Witt does what he can to make Gore comfortable. As they climb
out one by one on their faces and bellies so as not to make
the same mistake Gore made, the faint voice drones on. Dale
goes first, then Doll, with Witt immediately behind him.

DOLL
I wish he had of been a chaplain.
They've seen us now. They know
we're here.

Bell is the last to go, but he stops at the ledge, feeling he
ought to say something, some word of encouragement.

BELL
Well, good luck, sir.

LT. GORE
Thanks, son. Which one are you? I
don't want to open my eyes if I can
help it.

BELL
I'm Bell, sir.

LT. GORE
Oh, yes. Well, if you get the
chance, maybe you can say some
little prayer for me. I don't want
to embarrass you. It certainly
can't do no harm, can it?

BELL
Okay, sir. Goodbye.

As he climbs out, pressing his face and chest as hard into
the dirt as he can, the faint voice goes droning feebly on.
GAFF
Is he dead?

DALE
Not yet.

GAFF
Okay, we'll crawl up through the grass towards the bunker. Don't fire or throw your grenades until I give the signal. I want to get as close to the bunker as we can without them seeing us.

They are now strung out single file one behind the other. Bell sees there is another way they could approach the bunker, one that leads up above and behind the bunker.

BELL
Sir, see up there? After that little open space we'd be behind that little rise, and then I think we could maybe crawl all the way around behind them.

GAFF
Yes, right, good. But I don't think there's that much time. What do you say, Dale?

(Dale nods)

That would take at least another hour of crawling. It's too near dark. What do you think?

DALE
I agree with you, sir.

No fuckin' officer is goin' to get Charlie Dale to take no responsibility for what the officer done.

GAFF
Okay. Let's do it.

Slowly Gaff snakes his belly over the lip of the trough and off into the grass, dragging his rifle by the muzzle rather than cradling it, so as not to disturb the grass more than absolutely necessary. One by one, the others follow. None of them knows what sets the Japanese off. One moment they are crawling along in utter silence, each man totally alone and separate and out of contact with the others, and in the next machine gun FIRE is whipping and slashing over and around and all about them. Whatever it was, they now lie separated from each other, unable to take concerted action.
Each man puts his head down and huddles to the ground, praying that he might keep on living. Contact is lost and with it all command and control.

DALE
We're pinned down!

It is in this static situation of potential total loss that Pfc Don Doll comes forward as a hero. Sweating, lying pressed flat in an ecstasy of panic, terror, fear and cowardice, he simply cannot stand it any longer. Wailing over and over in a high falsetto one word -- "Mother! Mother!" -- which fortunately nobody can hear, least of all himself, he leaps to his feet and begins to run straight at the Japanese emplacement, FIRING his rifle from his hip at the one embrasure he can see. As if startled beyond reasonable expectation, most of the Japanese fire stops suddenly. At the same moment, Capt. Gaff, released from his own temporary panic, leaps up waving his arm and shouts for the rest to fall back. With Gaff in the lead the rest of the assault force runs for the trough and their lives. Meanwhile Doll charges on, wailing his incantation: "Mother! Mother!"

When his rifle is empty, he throws it at the embrasure, draws his pistol and begins FIRING it. With his left hand he tears a grenade from his belt, stops firing the pistol long enough to pull the pin with one finger, andlobsthe grenade over into the camouflaged roof of the emplacement, which he can now see clearly since it is only about twenty yards away, and where the grenade EXPLODES uselessly and without effect. Then, continuing to FIRE the pistol, he charges on. Only when the pistol ceases to fire for want of ammunition does he come to his senses and realize where he is.

Astonished, he turns and runs. Luckily for Doll, he does not turn back toward the others but simply runs blindly off to the right. In this direction the curving ledge is only ten yards away, and he reaches it before the mass of the Japanese FIRE can find him.

From behind him as he runs the ten yards a dark, round, FIZZLING object arches over his head and falls a few feet in front of him. Automatically Doll kicks at it with his foot as if place-kicking a football, and runs on. It bounces away a few yards and EXPLODES in a cloud of black smoke which knocks him down. But when he falls he finds that there is nothing—under him; he has fallen over the ledge. His foot stinging painfully, he bounces to the foot of the ledge, landing with a bone-jarring THUD, then rolls another ten yards before he can get himself stopped.
EXT. LEDGE - DAY

For a while Doll just lies in the grass, breathing in groans, bruised, sore, the wind knocked out of him, half-blinded. At the moment all he can think about is that he wants to be with people, so he can put his arms around somebody and they can put their arms around him. With this in mind, he gets up and, grasping the ledge, runs gas pin back along it till he comes to the trough, where he almost runs head-on into the others, all sitting against the rock and gasping breathlessly. Only one of them, Thorne, has been hurt, and he has had his shoulder smashed by an MG bullet. Capt. Gaff speaks before Doll can apologize, make excuses or explain away what he has done. Doll can hardly believe his ears.

GAFF
Doll, I'm personally recommending you to Colonel Tall for the Distinguished Service Cross. You saved all our lives. I never saw such bravery. I'm going to write the recommendation myself, and I'm going to pursue it. I promise you.

DOLL
Well, sir, it wasn't nothin’. I was scared.

He can see Charlie Dale looking at him with a kind of hate-filled envy from where he leans gasping against the ledge.

GAFF
To remember the ledge was off there to the right, that was wonderful.

DOLL
Well, sir, you know, I was with the first patrol.

He smiles insolently at Dale. Gaff is still breathing heavily.

GAFF
So were some of these others. Are you okay? You're not hurt?

DOLL
(fingering his boot)
Well, sir, I don't know.

GAFF
What's that from?
DOLL
A Jap hand grenade. I kicked it away. I better look.

He unlaces the boot. Inside he finds the little piece of metal which has slipped to the bottom like a pebble, but in actual truth, he has not even felt it. He lies, laughing.

DOLL
Hunh! Felt like a rock in my shoe.

GAFF
By God! It's only a scratch, but by God I'm recommending you for the Purple Heart, too. You might as well have it. You're all right -- except for that?

DOLL
I lost my rifle.

GAFF
Take Lieutenant Gore's. We better be getting back. And tell them we couldn't take the objective. Can a couple of you drag Lieutenant Gore?
(to Thorne)
You all right? Think you can make it?

THORNE
I'm all right. But I want to thank you!

DOLL
Don't thank me.

THORNE
I'm out of it now. I'll be going back. I hope I'm crippled a little.

GAFF
Come on, you guys. Let's move. You can talk it over later. Dale, you and Witt drag Lieutenant Gore. Bell, you help the Thorne. I'll take the walkie-talkie. Doll, you rear-guard us. Them little brown brothers, as the Colonel likes to say, are liable to send some people down here after us, you know.
EXT. PATH DOWN LEDGE - DAY

The little party makes its way back. The Japanese send no one after them. Gaff stops at the point where Bell found the little path that might lead up above the Japanese position.

GAFF
I think we can take it! If we get another chance at it tomorrow, I think we can take it. I, for one, am going to volunteer for the assignment. If we crawl on across that open space and get behind the rise, up that path Bell found -- see there? -- we can come around behind them -- come down on them from above. Sergeant Bell was right. From up there we can put the grenades to them -- easier than hell.

WITT
I'll go with you, Captain.

Doll says he will too, and so does Dale. Strangely enough, there is not one of them but who wants to go back with him -- excepting, of course, Thorne who cannot go.

EXT. CUT - BATTALION POSITION - DAY

The soldiers at C-for-Charlie's forward position watch and wait anxiously to see who will return with the assault party, if anyone returns at all. Queen chews his fingernails; the tension is unbearable. Suddenly, they hear the electrifying word: "Witt!" Other names follow: "Doll... Dale... Bell."

Stein watches the weary men crawl, licking their wounds, back into the midst of the company. It is getting close to dark. They find that, in their absence, most of Charlie has, on Colonel Tall's orders, already dug in. The company looks at them with reverence, though it has heard and correctly interpreted their little assault as a failure. As Witt passes by, Welsh smiles at him sardonically.

WITT
You know what I'm afraid of, Firs' Sarn'? That someday I'll end up like you. I hope I die before it happens.
WELSH
I feel sorry for you, kid. A little.

WITT
How's that?

WELSH
The Army's going to kill you.
(taking Witt's measure)
Take care of yourself. Forget the others. There's nothing you can do for them. You're running into a burning house, where nobody can be saved. Why save people that aren't worth saving anyway?

(when Witt does not reply)
There's no other world. Just this one. Your sacrifice won't mean anything. Nobody's does.

(pointing up the hill)
Who decides, when you walk out on that slope, who gets hit, who doesn't? What difference can a single man make in all this -- madness -- this evil?

Witt does not answer but looks at him, turns and goes away.

Lt. Band queries Dale about his experiences. Apart from a natural curiosity, he feels Dale has been a loner in the outfit and could benefit from some expression of friendly interest from an officer.

LT. BAND
Well, Dale, what was it like up there?
(as bale shrugs)
Didn't you feel anything up there?

DALE
Feel? Yeah, I guess I felt scared. Once we was there, anyway.

LT. BAND
Well, you hardly look it, Sergeant.

DALE
You don't really know me yet, Lootenant.
LT. BAND
But when those men were hit! One died! You knew them!

DALE
Lootenant, I think we done pretty good. Got off pretty lucky. As for feeling, the Service don't pay me no extra "Feeling Pay" for feeling. Like they pay flyers "Flight Pay" for flyin’. I figure I ain't required to feel. I don't plan to feel any more than's absolutely necessary. The minimum feeling.

EXT. BATTALION AID STATION - DAY

Fife walks up to the battalion aid station, his heart dancing with the wild, joyful knowledge that he is wounded and can leave. Then, seeing the more seriously wounded, he suddenly begins to weep, he cannot stop himself.

He sits with a line of grimy, bleeding, groaning men on a hillside, mopping the blood from his forehead. There seem to be hundreds of people running everywhere, all shouting at one another. An orderly attaches a colored tag to Fife's jacket. A DOCTOR leans over and looks into Fife's eyes and then snaps his fingers in front of them.

FIRST DOCTOR
Can't tell. Don't walk. Wait for the stretcher-bearers to take you. Hear me? Don't walk. Answer me. I said don't walk.

Fife is carted away by four beat-looking STRETCHER-BEARERS.

FI FE
Listen, fellows, I can make it all right. You guys should be carrying somebody hit worse than me.

STRETCHER-BEARER
You just take it easy, mack. You been doin' the fightin'. Let us worry about the carryin'.

Good boys, good boys. He relaxes cozily. He will never have to go back there, and it hasn't really been bad at all. For a second, he catches Sico’s eye, but with a fine discretion, he looks away.
INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

But in the operating tent, Fife finds out it isn't going to be at all as easy as he thought. He is put on a vacant table, in front of old DOC HAINES, the Head Regimental Surgeon. Grizzled, Doc Haines works with an unlit stub of a cigar in his mouth, grunting to himself from time to time.

DOC HAINES
Wait. Don't tell me. It's -- Fife, isn't it? C-for-Charlie Company.

FIFE
Yes, sir, Doc.

DOC HAINES
I remember you from when you went up to Post Hospital for that appendectomy. How did that ever turn out? Everything all right now? What have we here now? Head wound, hunh? Can you sit up?

FIFE
Sure! Sure!

DOC HAINES
Easy. Take it easy. You've lost a little blood there. Let's have a look-see. This'll hurt a little bit now... You're lucky. It isn't fractured. You may have, I think, what we call a greenstick fracture, sort of crack, not a break. In any case, there's no foreign objects inside. In a week or so, you'll be all ready to go again.

FIFE
Then -- you don't think I'll be evacuated. Or anything like that.

DOC HAINES
I wouldn't think so.

FIFE
Then I can walk all right now.

DOC HAINES
Do anything you like. Except you should take it easy for a day or two.
FIFE
(bitterly)
Thanks, Doc.

DOC HAINES
This battle'll be over in a day or two, you know.

FIFE
Sure. As soon as this one’s over, there'll be another one. Right after.

From his blood-caked face he grins, feeling it draw his cheeks. He knows he makes a good picture of a wounded man anyway.

DOC HAINES
I didn't make the rules, son. I just try to live by them.

FIFE
It's not your problem. If a guy ain't hurt bad enough to ship out, you can't ship him out, can you? I better go.

DOC HAINES
Good luck, son.

Fife waves his hand without looking back.

EXT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

Outside the operating tent the CAPTAIN who is the Regimental S-1 sees Fife and breaks away from a group of other staff officers.

S-1
Hey! Aren't you from Charlie Company?

FIFE
Yes, sir. Yes, sir! I sure am!

S-1
How's it going up there?

FIFE
Terrible!
(maliciously)
(MORE)
They're knocking the shit out of us!

S-1
How's Lt. Whyte making out?

FIFE
Dead!

The S-1 Captain recoils a little, as if he has been struck, his eyes disturbed. The others in the group of gossiping officers have turned and are listening too.

S-1
How about Lt. Blane?

FIFE
Dead! Keck's dead! Grove's dead!
Tella, Bead, Catt!

S-1
Well, what about Captain Stein?
We're good friends.

FIFE
He was all right when I left! He's prob'ly dead too by now!

He goes off. Then suddenly, for no reason, he begins to blubber again. Falling down on his knees behind a truck, he beats his fists in the mud, beside himself.

At the ledge the high racketing which has hung in the air most of the day ceased some time ago, and only sporadic RIFLE FIRE can be heard now in the distance. As twilight passes into night, the officers discuss the prospects of tomorrow and the men clean their weapons.

Beneath a canopy of hard, bright stars, the men struggle to get a few hours' sleep. Sgt. Welsh walks silently, quietly through their midst. The Japanese dead lie in the moonlight, their pockets turned inside out. They are at peace, while the living burn and rage.

INT. HOSPITAL TENT - NIGHT

Later, in a corner of the large, three-masted, circus-type hospital tent, he finds Storm, sitting on a cot and staring glumly at the blue-edged hole in the back of his hand.

FIFE
Storm!
STORM
How you doin', kid? You're the first guy I seen from the outfit.

Storm is glad to see Fife, too. Right now any familiar face is welcome in this buzzing, crowded, haunted place.

INT. HOSPITAL TENT - NIGHT

Storm spits on the ground. Some time has passed.

STORM
The adventure of war, the brotherhood, the comradeship, you know -- they can wipe their ass on it. It might be all right for field officers and up, who get to run it and decide what to do. Everybody else is a tool -- with their serial number stamped on 'em. I don't like being no tool. Not, especially, when it can get you killed.

(after a pause)

They used to fight man to man. It was a duel. You could be brave and noble, all that shit. What you were -- your personal qualities -- they counted. Now it's just like two machines grinding each other up. I feel sorry about leaving the comp'ny and coming down here. But shit...

(after a pause)

If this hand don't get me clean away from this fucking Rock, I can go back to being a mess sergeant. I can cook hot food for 'em and get it to 'em. I won't carry it myself. The carriers can do that. Lot of people are going to come out of this war alive, more than get killed -- I want to be one of them.

(guiltily)

I hadn't told nobody else. I want to leave a good impression on the boys. Morale, you know.

Fife's sharp despair leaves him for a moment. He suddenly feels toward Storm as toward a father or older brother.
STORM
Here I am trying to use my hand to get me out of the comp'ny. But the fact is, everybody's on their own. Solo.

FIFE
What do you think they're going to say about it?

Storm stares at him with dark, haunted eyes.

STORM
Since you ain't a doctor, I guess I can tell you the truth.
(flexing his hand)
I got a hunch it ain't ever gonna get me off this Rock.

Around them in the big, dim tent, orderlies stir and move quietly about. Here and there, men groan from within their bandages.

STORM
I can move it. It don't really hurt too bad. But I ain't got any strength left in it.
(after a pause)
You was looking pretty bad up there.

FIFE
(bitterly)
Nothing! Nothing! Not a fucking thing. Not even a fracture.

STORM
It's just tough luck. I'll tell you one thing, Fife. Whether I get...
(raising his hand)
... off The Rock with it or not, I don't have to go back up there to the front with the comp'ny, and I'm not going to. I'm a mess sergeant. I ain't even supposed to be up there. Me and my cooks'll get the kitchen as close as we can, I'll get them guys up hot meals every time I can. But fuck the volunteering shit. They got them hot meals coming to them -- if they can get them. But that's all. No more volunteer fightin'.
(MORE)
I ain't required to, I ain't supposed to, and I ain't gonna.

FIFE
I'm the Forward Echelon clerk. I got to go.

STORM
I'm sorry.

Fife nods. They are silent for a moment.

FIFE
I'm a coward.

STORM
(Immediately)
So am I. So is everybody who ain't a fucking goddamn fool.

FIFE
Some of the guys ain't. Witt, Doll, Bell. Even Charlie Dale.

STORM
(without hesitation)
Then they're fools.

Nearby a sleeping man screams in his sleep, then falls silent again.

FIFE
I mean really a coward.

STORM
What did you think I meant?

FIFE
With you it's different.

STORM
No it ain't.

FIFE
I didn't want to be a coward. I never thought I would be. Just turns out I am... I been hiding it.

STORM
Well, I didn't want to be one either, I guess. But I am.

(flexing his hand)
Thank God I don't have to go back up there, that's all.
FIFE
I do.

STORM
I'm sorry. At least you'll have a
couple of days off. This shootin'll
be over with by then.

It is clear that Storm is sorry. But his tone points out
that, even while he is sorry, all that really has nothing to
do with him. Still, Fife feels better. Storm takes being a
coward so much more in his stride, and it makes Fife feel
less unmanly.

FIFE
All these men around here lookin’
at me like I was a hero. I haven't
even done my normal duty...

STORM
I don't believe there's many
heroes. Ones I seen was crazy. Or
got killed. The brave ones always
die.

FIFE
Maybe I could come to work for you
in the kitchen. I mean, since Dale
will be making line sergeant,
you'll have a vacancy, won't you?

STORM
Yeah, I guess. Can you cook?

FIFE
No, but I can learn.

STORM
If you can get the Captain to move
you to the kitchen force, I'll
accept you.

FIFE
Stein'll never let me go. Anyway, I
could never ask him.

STORM
It's the best I can do.

FIFE
Yeah. I know, I know.
He twists his neck from side to side and peers around the high, dim, hot-aired tent. A single orderly moves down the line of wounded men, sleeping now, each in a cocoon of mosquito netting.

FIFE
I don't want to let them down. They never let me down. I'd feel like I was hiding.

He walks off. He might as well get it over with. If he waits until morning, he might find reasons not to.

EXT. HOSPITAL TENT - NIGHT

At the door to the tent, an ORDERLY rises to block Fife's path, but Fife pushes on past him.

ORDERLY
Where are you going? You don't have your discharge papers. Stay there. You can't do this!

Storm, following Fife out, steals a couple of rifles and a helmet from an unattended MP jeep.

EXT. CUT - DAWN

Whispers and cautionary stirrings move along the line. In the inhuman, unreal unlight of false dawn, the dirty-faced remnants of C-for-Charlie sift from their holes and gather stiffly into their squads and platoons. Still looking dapper, although he is now almost as dirty as themselves, Col. Tall, with his little bamboo baton in his armpit and his hand resting on his rakishly low-slung holster, strides among the men wishing them good luck. When he arrives at Gaff's group, he squats down.

COL. TALL
I'm giving you another chance at the bunker today, gentlemen. I would have liked to make a night attack, I think we could have brought it off -- But the division commander vetoed the idea. At least I made the offer. I still believe a small party has a better chance than a large one, but with your two casualties you might need another couple of volunteers.

(MORE)
(turning to Tall (cont'd))
I leave you that decision.

Queen comes up to Tall a few minutes later.

QUEEN
Colonel, I'd like to go with 'em.

COL. TALL
Why?

QUEEN
Because of what the Japs done to them two guys from 2nd Battalion three days ago. I ain't forgotten it, either, and I want to get myself a few of them personally before I get knocked off or shot up. I figure Cap'n Gaff's operation'll be my best opportunity.

For a moment, Tall cannot help believing he is being made the victim of some kind of elaborate and tasteless hoax. 1st Sgt. Welsh, for one, has a mind capable of such subtle ridicule.

COL. TALL
Soldier, are you serious? There's a war on here. I'm busy. I've got a battle to fight.

QUEEN
Yes. I mean: Yes, sir: I'm serious.

COL. TALL
Sergeant, I'm a professional soldier. Requests for personal vendetta offend and bore me. If you want to go with Captain Gaff, you'll have to go talk to him about it and ask him. I'm busy. You can tell him that I don't object to your going. Now, goddamn it, go away!

QUEEN
Yes, sir! Thank you, sir!

Shortly afterwards, Gaff approaches his little assault party — Bell and Witt, Dale and Doll.

GAFF
Sgt. Queen's coming with us.
The four volunteers are treated to the awesome spectacle of Big Queen looming over them in the dawn, still clutching his shotgun and bandolier of shells which he clung to so dearly all through the terror of yesterday in his U.S.-made shell hole.

DALE
If they don't get us some water up here soon, we ain't none of us going to make it to the top of this hill.

He says it loud enough to be heard by everybody in the vicinity. He rolls over to face the looming shape of Hill 209 in their rear and begins to shake his fist at it.

DALE
Monkeyfuckers! Dirty bastards! Fucking pigs! You got all the fucking water in the world, and you drinking ever fucking drop of it, too. You ain't lettin' any of it et past you up to us, are you! Well, you better get some of it up here to your goddamn fightin' men, or you can take your goddamn fucking battle and shove it up your ass!

His protest REVERBERATES along the ledge, but nobody pays any attention to it. The rest of it tapers away into a mutter, as Col. Tall now saunters over to Gaff, baton in hand.

COL. TALL
John, we'll be back of you. If you can break through, we'll come pouring after. We'll charge at your whistle signal.

Then they are off and crawling along the ledge, which curves away out of sight around the side of the hill, Gaff in the lead.

BELL
Better let me take the point, sir.

Gaff turns back to look at him, the ex-officer, then with an abrupt gesture of both head and hand, admits his small error and signals Bell to go on past him.
EXT. LEDGE WHERE TROUGH BEGINS - DAY

When Bell reaches the point where the trough begins and Lt. Gore died, he stops and they all cluster up. Gaff does not bother to give them any pep talk.

GAFF

You all know the job we've clot to do, fellows. There's no point in my going over it again. I'm convinced the toughest part will be the open space between the end of the trough here and the shoulder of the knob. Once we get past that, it won't be so bad. Remember that we may run into smaller emplacements along the way. I'd rather by-pass them if we can, but we may have to knock them out. Okay, that's all. When we get up to them, we ought to have some fun.

He stops and smiles at them, looking each man in the eyes in turn: a happy, adventuresome smile. There are several weak smiles in reply, similar to his own if not as strong. Only Witt's and Queen's seem to be really deep. But they are all grateful to him. Since yesterday, all of them have come to like him very much. He treats them like equals. They would follow him anywhere.

GAFF

Once we get through this mess and back down off the line, I promise you the biggest drunk of your lives. My treat! I'll be leading from here on out. I want to pick the route myself. If anything should happen to me, Sergeant Bell will be in command, so I want him last. Sergeant Dale will be second in command. They both know what to do. Let's go.

EXT. TROUGH TO KNOB - DAY

Suddenly, they are out and crawling along the narrow, familiar trough. Gaff in the lead, each man careful of the spot where the trough opens out into the ledge and Lt. Gore got himself killed.
Gaff looks off toward the strongpoint, but without raising his head high enough to see anything above the grass. Are they waiting? Are they watching? Are they looking at this particularly open spot? He cannot know.

With a sudden gasp, he bounces up and takes off with his rifle at high port, running agonizingly slowly and pulling his knees up high to clear the matted kunai grass like a football player running through stacks of old tires. Not a shot is fired. He dives in behind the shoulder of the knob and lies there. After waiting a full minute, he motions the next man, Queen, to come on. Queen takes off running in the same way, the shotgun in his hands, his helmet straps flagging. Just before he reaches the shoulder, a single machine gun OPENS UP, but he dives to safety. The machine gun STOPS.

The third man, Doll, falls. He is only about five yards out when several MGs OPEN UP. They are watching this time. It is only twenty yards across, the open space, but it seems much longer. He is already breathing in ripping gasps. Then his foot catches in a hole in the mat of old grass and he is down. Oh, no! his mind screams at him in panic. Not me! Not after all the rest that's happened to me! Blindly, spitting grass seeds and dust, he clammers up and staggers on. He has ten yards more to go, and he makes it.

But now all the MGs from the strongpoint are FIRING, hosing down the trough itself, as well as the open space. BULLETS tear over the heads of Dale, Witt and Bell in bunches which RATTLE and bruise the thin bushes. It is now Dale's turn to go, and he is furious.

BELL
Hey, wait! Wait! Don't go yet! I got an idea!

Dale gives him one hate-filled contemptuous look and gets to his feet. He departs without a word, chugging along solidly like a little engine. He arrives behind the shoulder and sits down, apparently totally unmoved, but still bristling with anger. Nothing has touched him.

GAFF
You must be out of your mind!

Maliciously, Dale settles in to see what Bell and Witt will do now. Heh heh. Not that he wants them to get hurt or anything.

Bell demonstrates his idea immediately. When he and Witt have crawled to the end of the trough, the MGs still FIRING just over their heads, Bell pulls the pin on a grenade and lobbs it at the strongpoint. But he does not throw it straight across;
he throws it into the angle formed by the ledge and the trough, so that it lands in front of the bunker but away toward the ledge. When the MGs all swing that way, as they do immediately, he and Witt cross in safety before they can swing back.

Clearly, the three of them could have done it just as easily, and when he throws himself down grinning in the safety behind the shoulder, Bell winks at Charlie Dale again. Dale glowers back.

EXT. KNOB AND SADDLE - DAY

Gaff said the rest of the route would be easier once they were past the open space, and he is right. The terrain mounts steeply around the knob which juts out of the ridge and up here the mat of grass is not quite so thick, but now they are forced to crawl. It is next to impossible to see the camouflaged emplacements until they open up, and they cannot take any chances. They all know from yesterday that beyond the knob is a shallow saddle between the knob and the rock wall where the ledge ends, and it is along this saddle which they are to crawl to come down on the Japanese from above.

When they reach the beginning of the saddle, sweating and half-dead from lack of water, Gaff motions them to stop. He has to swallow his dry spittle several times before he can speak. Remembering that the other platoons will charge at the sound of his whistle, he unhooks it from his pocket.

GAFF
I want to get as close to them as we can before we put the grenades to them. Well, fellows, this is where we separate the sheep from the goats. Let's crawl.

He clamps his whistle in his teeth and, cradling his rifle while holding a grenade in one hand, he commences to do so.

EXT. JAPANESE STRONGPOINT (THE ATTACK) - DAY

Slowly, as they crawl, the entire strongpoint becomes visible -- its nearer, right end only twenty-five yards away, and only a very few yards below their own height. And it is just as they can finally see it, that they are discovered by the Japanese.

Five scrawny, bedraggled Japanese men pop up out of the ground holding dark round objects which they lob up the hill at them. Fortunately, only one of the five grenades EXPLODES.
It lights near Dale, who rolls over twice away from it and then lies huddled as close to the ground as he can get, his face turned away. None of its fragments hit him, but it makes his ears ring.

**GAFF**

Pull and throw! Pull and throw!

Almost as one man, their six grenades arch at the strongpoint. The five Japanese men who popped up out of the ground have by now popped back down into it. But, as the grenades light, two other, unlucky Japanese pop up to throw. One grenade lights between the feet of one of these and EXPLODES up into him, blowing off one of his feet and putting him down. Fragments put the other one down. All of the American grenades EXPLODE.

The Japanese with his foot off lies still a moment, then struggles up to sit, holding another grenade as the blood pours from his severed leg. Doll SHOOTS him. He falls back dropping the ignited grenade beside him. It does not go off.

**GAFF**

Again! Again!

Again six grenades arch in the air. This time there are four Japanese standing when the grenades light, one of them carrying a light MG. The EXPLODING grenades put three of them down, including the man with the Nambu, and the fourth, thinking better of it, disappears down a hole.

**GAFF**

Go in!

In a moment, all of them are on their feet running. The Japanese have shrewdly taken advantage of the terrain to save themselves digging work. Behind the holes into the emplacements themselves is a natural little low area where they can come out and sit in cover when they are not actually being shelled. Now in this hollow the scrawny, bedraggled Japanese rise with rifles, swords and pistols from their holes to meet Gaff and his crew. At least, some of them do. Others stay in the holes. Three try to run. Dale SHOOTS one and Bell SHOOTS another. The third disappears in a grand broad jump over the edge of the rock face where it falls clear, sixty or eighty feet to the jungle treetops below. The others come on. And Gaff and his troops, the Captain blowing his whistle, run to meet them, in clear view of the rest of C-for-Charlie down at the ledge below.

Queen kills five men almost at once. His SHOTGUN blows the first nearly in two and tears enormous chunks out of the second and third.
While he struggles to unsling the rifle from his back, he is attacked by a screaming officer with a sword. Gaff SHOOTS the officer in the belly from the hip. Bell has killed two men, and Dale two. Doll, who has drawn his pistol, is charged by another screaming officer who shouts “Banzai!” over and over and who runs at him whirling his bright, gleaming sword around his head in the air. Doll SHOOTS him through the chest so that, in a strange, laughable way, his legs keep right on running while the rest of him falls down behind them.

Witt peers into a cave. A bat flies out, startling him. A soldier approaches with a flamethrower at the ready.

Witt has SHOT three men, one of them a huge, fat sergeant wielding a black cavalry saber. Taking the overhead saber cut on the stock of his rifle, cutting it almost to the barrel, Witt butt-strokes him in the jaw. Now he SHOOTS him where he lies. Suddenly there is an enormous quiet, except for the wailing chatter of three Japanese standing in a row who have dropped their weapons.

Slowly, they look around at each other and discover the miraculous fact that none of them is killed, or even seriously damaged. Gaff has a knot on his jaw from firing without checking his stock. Bell's helmet has been shot from his head. Numbly, they stare at each other.

Queen now advances, snarling, on the three standing Japanese. Taking two by their scrawny necks, he shakes them back and forth, gagging helplessly until their helmets fall off. Then, grinning savagely, he begins beating their heads together.

    QUEEN

The others stand breathing hard and watching. When he drops them, they fall unconscious, blood running from their noses.

    QUEEN
    That’ll teach them to kill prisoners.

He turns to the third, who simply looks at him uncomprehendingly. But Gaff jumps in between them.

    GAFF
    We need him.

Queen walks away without a word. It is then they hear the first SHOUTS from the other side, and remember they are not the only living.
Going to the grassy bank, they see the same field they
themselves tried to cross last evening. Coming across it at a
run, the rest of C-for-Charlie is charging uphill toward the
strongpoint, according to Colonel Tall's plan, coming
straight at them, yelling.

Whatever their reason, they are little late. The fight is
already over. Or so everyone thinks. Waving and cheering
ironically and hooting derision at the heroes, their
pretended rescuers, Gaff’s men are interrupted by the sound
of a MACHINE GUN. Directly below them, in one of the
apertures, a single MG opens up and begins to FIRE at 2nd
Platoon. As Gaff’s men watch incredulously, two men go down.
Dale, who is standing nearest to the door of the embrasure
which is FIRING, leaps over with a shocked look on his face
and throws a grenade down the hole. The grenade immediately
comes flying right back out. Everyone hits the dirt.
Fortunately, the grenade has been thrown too hard and it
EXPLODES just as it falls over the lip of the rock face. The
MG below continues to FIRE.

WITT
(to Dale)
Look out, you jerk!

Scrambling to his feet, Witt pulls the pin on a grenade and,
holding it with the lever depressed, grabs his rifle and runs
over to the hole. Leaning around the right side of it,
holding his rifle like a pistol in his left hand with the
stock pressed against his leg, he begins to FIRE the
semiautomatic Garand into the hole. There is a YELL from
below. Still FIRING, Witt pops the grenade down the hole and
ducks back. He continues to FIRE to confuse the occupants.
Then the grenade blows up with a ROAR, cutting off both the
scrabble of yells and the MG, which has never stopping
firing.

Immediately, others of the little force, without any
necessity of orders from Gaff, begin bombing out the other
four holes using Witt’s technique: one man FIRING while
another tosses the grenades. They BOMB them all, whether
there is anybody in them or not. There is a joyous feeling in
the safety of killing. Slapping each other on the back and
grinning at each other murderously, they call to the C-for-
Charlie men below to come on.

Colonel Tall appears at the top of the embankment, followed
by Captain Stein. Two of the platoons continue pushing uphill
to protect the new position. Tall shakes Gaff’s hand.

COL. TALL
Look at them move! We owe it all to
you, John. When they saw you make
that attack of yours, and win!

(MORE)
It was like you'd put their hearts back into them.

The Japanese, two dozen of them, lie scattered around in various positions and postures. Some are still in the process of dying, and a few, though badly hurt, look as if they might live.

**DOLL**
It was Big Un and his shotgun. He set 'em back on their heels.

Queen prowls back and forth and around the single remaining prisoner, like a loose wolf trying to get at a caged victim. He appears to be waiting hopefully for the Japanese to make any move for which he can legitimately kill him. The prisoner himself looks as though he would not be capable of escaping anywhere, even if there were no one around to watch him.

Filthy and emaciated, he has a bad case of dysentery and is continually indicating to his guards, through a system of signs and pantomime, that he has to relieve himself. He has already messed his pants a couple of times apparently, and all in all, he is a pretty sorry spectacle.

**COL. TALL**
What happened here?

Tall has turned away in disgust from the living prisoner to look at the two whose heads Queen knocked together. They lie side by side, unconscious. Except for the blood running from their noses, they show no signs of injury or wounds. Gaff merely raises his eyebrows, as though he didn’t know either. But Tall can read well enough what has happened, even if he cannot understand the method. They should have been bayoneted, or shot. He doesn’t like this sort of thing, but one has to make allowances for men in the heat of combat.

**COL. TALL**
Some sort of explosive concussion?
No fragment wounds.
(Gaff does not answer)
Well, a dead brown brother is one brown brother less, isn't it? Take good care of the others, men! G-2 will want them. There should be someone around before long.

**THORNE**
Aye, aye, sir, yeah. We'll take care of him.
One of the PRISONER'S GUARDS reaches out with his rifle muzzle and pokes him, tipping him over backward into his own mess. The men around all laugh, and the prisoner scrambles to his feet. He appears to expect this kind of treatment and looks as if he were only putting in time, waiting for them to shoot him.

STEIN
Say there!

COL. TALL
Don't do that, soldier!

THORNE
Okay, sir, if you say so, sir. But he would of killed me in a minute if he'd had the chance.

COL. TALL
I think we've wasted about enough time here.

GAFF
Sir? Sir, I've got a few recommendations for decorations I'd like to turn in to you.

COL. TALL
Yes, yes, of course. We'll get everything for all of them that we can. But later. In the meantime, I want you to know I'm personally recommending you for something, John. Perhaps -- the Big One.

GAFF
Well, thank you, sir. But I don't feel I really deserve that.

COL. TALL
Oh yes you do. Getting it for you will be another problem. But it would be a big thing for the battalion, and for the regiment too, if you did get it. We better get moving out or here. We need to extend our lines to hook up with the other companies and push on toward the top. Would you like to take command of Baker Company, on the left?
Gaff steals a glance at Stein, then nods uneasily. He will not be a party to a snub.

GAFF
Sir, I don't like to be a wet blanket or anything like that, but what about water? If we don't --

COL. TALL
Don't worry about water! John, I don't want anything to break up this attack of ours, now that we've got the momentum. As for water, I've already taken care of that. We'll have some water by -- in a couple of hours. I've arranged for that. We can't stop now to wait for it.

GAFF
No, sir.

COL. TALL
If some of the men pass out, they'll just have to pass out.
(as Gaff nods)
If any of them ask you about water, tell them what I said. Don't bring it up yourself. Don't mention it unless they ask you.

GAFF
No, sir. But they could die from it, you know. Heat prostration.

COL. TALL
They could die from enemy fire, too. They're all tough boys. Okay?

He turns away to wave his baton at some of the men who are still staring curiously at the various dead Japanese.

COL. TALL
You'll see plenty more of those. Come on, let's get cracking. Are we going up this hill or aren't we!

On a sudden impulse, Tall returns to Gaff and, taking his arm, leads him gently away from the others.

COL. TALL
John, I'm convinced the Japanese position can be broken now.
(MORE)
All we have to do is keep going and we'll have this hill by sundown. You see the new spirit in these men! I want to take advantage of it before something happens to sap their strength.

(avoiding Gaff’s eyes)
To have this battalion relieved in defeat, even to have it reinforced by troops from the reserve regiment if we stall before reaching the top, is -- more than I can stand. Someday you'll know what I mean, John.

He's studied, and worked, and slaved, and eaten untold buckets of shit, to have this opportunity. He doesn't intend to lose it now. He leaves Gaff and, without looking back at him, calls out suddenly to the assembling men.

COL. TALL
I want three runners! Okay. You three. Go back to the rear, as far as you have to go, to find water and bring it back with you. Take whatever you find, at gunpoint if necessary. Don't even report to the regimental commander. Get back here as fast as you can with it. If they stop you, tell them the strongpoint is taken, we're moving uphill. If anyone tries to take any water from you, you're to fight for it, with your firearms.

(to Stein)
You take the center, Captain. Gaff and I will bring the other companies up, on the left and right. Wait an hour for us to get them in place. Then attack! We'll throw everything we've got at them. Once the companies are linked up, we'll move uphill together in a line. Nothing's stopping us. We're going all the way. High ground by nightfall!

He raises his arm in the air, and a CHEER goes up from the group of men around him. Lt. Band looks at him with awe.

COL. TALL
(to Band, privately)
Lieutenant, last night they cut our phone lines back to the rear.

(MORE)
Don't be in any hurry to repair them. We attack in one hour! It is now twelve thirty-eight on my mark... Mark!

While Tall and Gaff go off, Stein takes Lt. Band aside.

STEIN
George, I can't look after everything. I'm putting you in charge of Becker's platoon, and Weapons. It will be like an independent command.

LT. BAND
Let us lead it off, sir.

STEIN
(after eyeing him warily)
All right.

Band smiles his eager smile. An independent command!

Meanwhile, a group of men from C-for-Charlie has gathered around the Japanese prisoners, fascinated by the first sight of their enemy, living and breathing, though strangely so unformidable. Eight more have been rounded up and ached under guard with the one Queen spared. They are being interrogated by a timid young OFFICER from G-2 and a NISEI INTERPRETER.

The prisoners are a sorry, sick-looking lot. Feeble, stumbling, they shamble along appearing to be totally benumbed by their experiences and looking as though they would not have the energy or the will to escape, even if they were guarded by just one GI. All of them are suffering from dysentery, jaundice and malaria. Two of them (just why, no one seems to know) are stark bare-ass naked. They look like some lower grade of animal, with their ribs and shoulder bones showing starkly through their yellow skin.

NISEI INTERPRETER
They say they've all been living off lizards and the bark off of trees for the past couple of weeks.

DOLL
Ask 'em if they was scared.

Doll gives one of them a cigarette as the Nisei translates the question. The Japanese man looks embarrassed but grateful.
NISEI INTERPRETER
He says they were too sick to feel much of anything. They were sorry to see their captain die.

THORNE
Hey, Jap. Come on, Jap! Tell the truth! Ain't you glad you don't have to fight no more now? Hunh? Ain't you?

The Japanese man he addresses, who obviously does not understand a word, bobs and bows and nods his head smiling numbly.

THORNE
See there! I told you! They don't want to fight no more than we do! What's all this Emperor shit!

TILLS
Just you don't give him your loaded rifle, and then see how much he want to fight.

G-2 OFFICER
We need to get these prisoners back to Regiment as soon as possible. I need a detail.

They ignore him. One of the prisoners, a SERGEANT who declined a cigarette when one was offered him, speaks quietly to the Nisei.

THORNE
What'd he say?

NISEI INTERPRETER
Nothing.

THORNE
What do you mean? I saw him talking to you.

NISEI INTERPRETER
He said that if he acted that way in front of his lieutenant, the officer would pull his gun out and shoot him.

(as Thorne smiles lamely)
He keeps asking me, how can I do this?
The prisoners are being led away by their guards, among them Thorne, Coombs, Carni and Kirk. Whooping and hollering, they descend the steep hillside in a sort of nonsensical hysteria of cruel fun, slipping and sliding, booting the prisoners and laughing whenever they fall. When one of the charges falls, so ill that he can hardly move, however, they stop, to discuss the situation.

THORNE
I say shoot the fucker.

COOMBS
You know the Colonel ordered us to get them all back alive.

THORNE
So we'll say he tried to escape.

COOMBS
Him? Look at him.

THORNE
So who'll see him?

KIRK
I'm with Thorne. Remember what they did to our guys on the Bataan Death March.

COOMBS
Shorty gave us personal orders. You know damn well he's gonna check up if one turns up missin'. What if he has Intelligence ask these other guys what happened to their buddy? I don't want to get in trouble, that's all.

The Japanese senses he has a champion in Coombs and bows gratefully.

THORNE
Well, it's either that or carry him. I'm not about to carry no fuckin' Jap all the way back to Regiment. Are you? Anyway, I outrank you. I'm a corporal. I say kill him. Look at him. Be doin' the poor fuck a favor.
KIRK
2nd Battalion found where they'd been eatin' one of their own men. Strung him up from a branch like a deer. Took strips off his back, two inches wide. They eat people.

Carni steps forward and puts in for the first time. He has been thinking it over, the pros and cons.

CARNI
Coombs is right. Shorty's sure to check up if one is missin'. If we shoot him or lose him, he'll be on our ass like a bullwhip. Might even court-martial us.

Thorne stares at the Japanese man, then shrugs and grins ruefully.

THORNE
Okay, I guess you're right. It looks like we carry him. All right then! Come on! I'll take a leg! Who wants the rest of him?

EXT. CP - DAY

Fife and Storm have returned to the company. They are treated as objects of extreme curiosity, even in the midst of the battle. Men who've come back from the gone! Questions fly in from all sides. Everyone in the company who has not been hurt beyond the normal minor bruises and cuts carries the guilt of a well man who, through no fault of his own, has not suffered.

STORM
They didn't do a fucking thing. Didn't even put a bandage on the fucking thing! Them doctors are tough. They're not lettin' anybody get out of anything if they can possibly help it. The shit's hit the fan, boys. Govmint don't have to lock you up behind bars.

Fife reports to the CP to discover that he is out of a job. CORPORAL WELD mans the sound-power phone, though of course it is not working. Weld is now Welsh's Forward Echelon clerk.

FIFE
What're you doing with my phone?
WELD
Hello there, Fife!

Weld looks at him with a cold-eyed, insolent smile. It is strange what a little authority and a couple of stripes can do for a man. Weld is a big, unfriendly-looking soldier; Fife has always been a little afraid of him. He is obviously not about to turn loose of his newly acquired status if he can help it.

WELSH
What do you want, kid?

FIFE
I came back from the aid station.
I'm supposed to report in.

His anger cannot even begin to overcome in him his sense of lostness, war terror and terrible aloneness.

WELSH
Okay. So you've reported.

FIFE
What's Weld doing with my telephone?

WELSH
Corporal Weld is my Forward Echelon clerk. Them other two punk assholes there are his assistant runners. Here, fuckface!
(holding a paper out to Weld)
Take this over to Culp in Weapons.

WELD
Right, Sarge!

He takes the paper and turns around, throwing out his chest.

WELD
Train! Here!

WELSH
I said TAKE it!

WELD
Right, Sarge!

He leaves. Welsh turns to Fife with his crazy, sly-eyed grin.
FIFE
You knew I might be coming back.
You knew I was --

WELSH
Knew you were comin' back! How the hell would I know you were comin' back? I thought you were walkin' off lookin' for a bush to die in. I got a company to run here. You think it can wait for you? If you'd had any fucking guts or brains, you'd of got yourself evacuated off this Rock, with a wound like you had.

FIFE
You can't do this to me, Welsh! By God, you can't! You can't take and--

WELSH
I can't, can't I! Look around you! It's done! It was done last night while you were at the aid station. You can't blame me if you didn't have guts or brains enough to --

FIFE
Goddamn you, I notice you didn't make anybody mess sergeant in Stormy's place!

WELSH
(grinning insolently)
Storm asked me to wait -- he thought he might be comin' back.

Why does it make his heart sink to find he is no longer Welsh's clerk? Why doesn't he rejoice?

FIFE
Goddamn you, Welsh! Goddamn you, you son of a bitch!

WELSH
I'm getting tired of teaching you punk asshole kids that you don't mean a goddamn thing to the world. Not to the country, not to the war, to nobody. This Army's going to spend you like dollar bills.

(MORE)
You can all die -- day by day, one by one -- and it won't mean a goddamn fucking thing to anybody as long as there's replacements. Who the fuck do you think you are? You think you mean anything to this comp'ny?

Welsh could not have chosen a more wounding thing to say. He knows it and falls silent for a moment, as though ashamed.

**WELSH**
You punks are all learning now -- and Oh does it hurt! This war's only starting. Behind this comp'ny there's ten others like it, stretching clear back to Washington, all of them dedicated to getting you up here full equipped to get your asses lowed off. You're just part of a machine. You're a cog. You can't do a fucking thing about it. This ain't no war, this is a regulated business venture.

(after a pause)
You don't know no more about it than a pig knows about Sunday.

Since yesterday Welsh has the same drawn, haunted face and wrinkled, too-bright eyes they all wear, but unlike them, he feels triumphant -- triumphant because everything has turned out exactly as he anticipated, thus leaving him with no real shock or trauma, rather with his iron contempt intact.

**FIFE**
You don't believe in nothing, do you, Welsh?

**WELSH**
Property! I'm the only sane man in the fucking outfit.

**FIFE**
You bastard!

Fortunately, Lt. Band appears at just this moment. Welsh leaps up to shout "Attention!" while he, Weld and Fife all snap to.

**LT. BAND**
You don't have to call attention every time I show up, Sergeant. I've told you that.

(MORE)
Certainly not Band (cont'd). Well!
Hello there, Fife! So you made it back. We're glad to have you back with the old outfit. Have you seen my helmet?

Band takes off his helmet and shows Fife where a Japanese bullet has passed through the shell. Fife listens to him in silence.

FIFE
Well now, that's remarkable, sir! I wish I could have seen my helmet. I never saw it.

Fife's voice shakes with fury, and Welsh grins to himself. Everybody in the company has already heard about Band's helmet.

LT. BAND
It's too bad you couldn't have kept it for a souvenier. Well then! Corporal Fife! I guess we better decide what to do about you, then, Fife. Hunh? Since Weld here is now corporal and clerk, we can't very well demote him back to private. Neither can we have two clerks. And since Weld is older than Fife, besides being considerably less well-trained I don't see how we can send him off to take second command of a rifle squad.

All Fife's anger runs out of him like water as he realizes the tack Band is taking, and he decides, too late, that he could have been much nicer about Band's helmet. Terror balloons in him as he remembers that hellish exposed slope down there.

LT. BAND
Soo -- How would you like to become second in command of a top-rated rifle squad, Fife? Sergeant Jenks's squad of the 3rd Platoon has no corporal. You'll see plenty of action! I guarantee it!

WELSH
Sir, Sergeant Dranno back at Rear Echelon has been devilling me to give him someone to help him. He's had a lot of work over casualties since this action.

(MORE)
And he's gonna have a lot more.
Fife here has more clerical knowledge than anybody in the company except for Dranno.

LT. BAND
All right! Now you have a choice, Fife! Which do you prefer?

FIFE
I'll work for Dranno.

LT. BAND
All right! When do you want him to leave, Sergeant?

WELSH
Today.

LT. BAND
There you are, Corporal! Okay. You can go.

NEW ANGLE
Fife walks off nodding, but once he is alone, the rebellion comes. All of his fury returns, his fury at Welsh, his fury at Band, his fury at the world. Fuck them. Fuck them all.

VOICES
Moving out in ten minutes! Check your ammo! Fix bayonets!

He knows what he feels is unrealistic; he knows he will regret it immediately; he is sure he is signing his own death warrant; but in spite of the fear and terror which fill him in equal parts with fury and sorrow, he will not go back there to work for Dranno. He finds Band still with the first sergeant.

FIFE
Lt. Band, sir, I changed my mind. I'd like to stay. I'd like to go with the rifle squad.

Welsh's face turns so red it appears his whole head will burst, but he says not a word in front of Band. The Lieutenant gives Fife a curiously sharp look which makes Fife wonder if he has not been actually and actively seduced. But it is too late now.

LT. BAND
Okay. Report to Jenks's squad.
As Fife anticipated, no sooner does he leave than he immediately regrets what he has done. The only real pleasure was the look on Welsh's face.

EXT. CP AREA - DAY

Ten minutes ago Becker's men were laughing and proud. Now, suddenly, they are quiet, their eyes starry with fear. Becker comes to Lt. Band with a deeply frowning face.

BECKER
Lieutenant, I was wondering if you couldn't put my platoon in company reserve. My boys've had it tougher than any of the other platoons. They've had more casualties, and are more under-strength. They deserve a break.
(after a pause)
It ain't fair to put my boys out there all the time.

Band might have acceded to the request if Becker had not spoken. Now he jerks his head up to stare at him.

LT. BAND
Fair? What's not fair? What's fair got to do with it? No, I'm afraid I'll have to deny your request, Sergeant. Your platoon is the best we've got. They've got more experience, they're tougher, they belong out in front.

BECKER
Is that an order then, sir?

LT. BAND
I'm afraid it is, Sergeant.

BECKER
In other words, the more of us get killed gettin’ experience, the more of us got to get killed usin’ it.

LT. BAND
As I said, fair has nothing to do with it. Unfortunately. In a war everything useful has to be used. Here it's me who decides what is most useful where. Any other questions, Sergeant Becker?
BECKER
No, sir.

LT. BAND
Then that's all.

BECKER
Aye, aye, sir!

Becker scuttles away in a blind rage. Poor man, Band thinks, believing he has handled it pretty well.

LT. BAND
Sergeant!

Becker swings around. He is only fifteen feet away. Nobody else is close enough to overhear what Band now says.

LT. BAND
I want to tell you something, Sergeant. Do you know why our platoon's going up first? Do you know why they're moving out first today in this attack? Because I volunteered us for it.

BECKER
You what!

Becker crouches almost as if to charge him. Band raises his eyebrows. Becker is too old a hand not to know what this means.

BECKER
Sir!

LT. BAND
That's right. And do you know why I did? It was because I felt, with our superior combat experience, we'd be more useful. To Regiment, to the Division, to everybody.

BECKER
Is that all, sir?

LT. BAND
That's all, Sergeant.
EXT. WATER HOLE - DAY

2nd Platoon has discovered a little water hole. The men lie around it on their bellies drinking the muddy water up greedily, until Doll wades out into the middle of the hole and pulls a dead Japanese soldier up from the bottom by the scruff of his neck. All of them recoil in disgust, all except Dale.

DALE
Everybody's got to drink a little enemy blood. Some time or other.

BECKER
Let's go. Bell's squad up on the right! Dale's squad up on the left! Make a line, make a line! Lock and load!

EXT. FLANKS (BURNT SLOPES) OF HILL 210 - DAY

Jenks's squad will lead it off. Mazzi kisses a mortar round and drops it down the tube, as they begin to lay down FIRE on the slope above them. Fife sits watching a pair of blue butterflies bounce above the grass tops. As he gets himself ready, he can hardly believe what is happening to him. It takes every ounce of courage he has not to turn and run. As they start to crawl away, his teeth are chattering and he is shaking like a leaf from head to toe.

JENKS
Come on, damn it! Get movin’!

Fife's heart beats wildly as MUSIC comes in through the Japanese drums. He realizes this is his moment of truth, his moment to become a soldier, a man. How precious this despised world seems to him, now that he stands on the verge of leaving it forever! Thorne's cries and moans when he go's down nearby unnerve him further. Why can't he keep his mouth shut? Fife did.

Gradually, a new courage swells inside him, a joy. He tries to do better, helping Jenks keep the squad together, pretending he is not unnerved, that he is not thinking of all the unreckonable ways to get killed. Fear drops away from him like a shroud, and miraculously he is free.

The speed and power with which C-for-Charlie moves up Hill 210 is more than even Tall hoped for. Within fifteen minutes, they have hooked up with the other companies and the whole line is bowling along uphill.
The Japanese they flush from their holes and various emplacements, which literally honeycomb the ridge, are almost without exception the same starved-looking, sick, emaciated types they found at the strongpoint, only now most are burned or blackened by the fires that have spread across the slope.

EXT. FLANKS OF HILL 210 - DAY

A YOUNG SOLDIER turns to Witt.

YOUNG SOLDIER
I never been shot at before. Is this what it sounds like?

WITT
This is what it sounds like. We’re bein’ shot at.

Witt sees the Colonel far below. Until today, he has never really much liked Tall, finding him a cold fish-eye of an intellectual textbook soldier. But today he loves them all, passionately, with an almost sexual ecstasy of comradeship. Even Bugger Stein and Welsh come under the magnanimous aura of his warm affection today. The idea of service to humanity, of comradeship, of the solidarity of men, is slowly perishing from the world, but in Witt it still runs strong.

Watching the first wave move up the hill, he feels the mysterious quality of deep, manly friendship which can exist between men who share the pain and death, the fear and sadness of combat -- the happiness, too. For there is happiness. Happiness in doing your best, happiness in fighting by the side of your friend, happiness in feeling the highest in yourself may be drawn forth at last.

Witt mutters under his breath. If Tall had let Bugger proceed with his outflanking move, they might have saved themselves a lot of good men. He turns to Bell.

WITT
I could’ve kept tella from getting killed. Catch, Gordon. I wasn't able to help a one of them! I can't be everywheres at once!

VOICES
What's holding you up? Keep moving!
What's holding you up?

A wandering squad of Japanese COUNTERATTACKS the Weapons Platoon as they are coming up behind, catching them completely off guard. There aren’t supposed to be any Japanese around here. Finally, they are compelled to run.
Buttplate in one hand and carbine in the other, Frankie Mazzi swings around backward to crash through the face-whipping screen of leaves. Once through, he swings to turn face front again, and suddenly feels himself speared, caught, and then held. He knows what it is, but he can’t think clearly enough to do anything about it. Some thing has grabbed hold of his ammo belt near his right hip bone. Unable to believe it, plunging and cursing and listening to rifle bullets SNICKERWHACK through the brush around him, he remains tethered, still holding buttplate in one hand and carbine in the other. And he knows he will still be here when they come for him, shoot him, cook him, and eat him.

When two men from the mortar section push past him running hurriedly and obliviously, he begins to call in a feeble, moronic, plaintive voice the same word over and over.

MAZZI
Help! Help! Help!

To his eternal shame, it is Tills who comes back for him. Eyes glaring wildly also, running hurriedly in a crouch, he comes up, surveys the scene, and frees him. Mazzi has been pushing and plunging forward all the time. Tills merely shoves him backward two feet and the snag comes free. Then making a lip-lifting mock of a grin, he spits brown from the quid in his jaw, and runs on.

When they come out into the bright, eye-beating light of safety behind their own still-advancing lines, they see the other members of the squad already setting up, resetting the bubble levels.

MAZZI
Just don’t think it makes me like you any better.

TILLS
Done thank ut makes me lack yew any butter.

Mazzi stares at him with hatred, certain he will tell.

Meanwhile, Stein watches his men work their way around an MG emplacement.

WITT
We took out that emplacement, sir.
We can go ahead.

Witt could throw his arms around his commander in an ecstasy of loving comradeship. Except that it might get taken the wrong way.
STEIN
Good job, Witt. Why don’t you stay here and have yourself a rest?

WITT
I ruther be with the comp’ny, sir. I mean, you know, with the platoons. I always feel like maybe I could help somebody, you know? Maybe *save* somebody.

It is the first time he has ever told anyone his secret. Stein stares at him quizzically, and Witt curses himself. He learned long ago in his life never to tell anybody anything about what he really felt -- what made him do it now?

STEIN

WITT
But I'm not even in the comp’ny, sir, officially.

STEIN
We'll worry about all that later.

WITT
Aye, sir.

STEIN
Looks like we're in luck today, Witt.

Witt looks at him a moment, then nods and crawls away. Now, before Stein can give the order, the platoons move out on their own. Stein runs forward among them.

STEIN
Go on! Go on! Don't stop now!

He hears his own voice bellowing and he knows nobody can hear him, but he cannot stop it, and he cannot stop waving his arms. The men charge up until the crest of the hill comes INTO VIEW.

STEIN
Hot damn! Hot damn! Come on! Come on! We got to get up there.

He starts off through the grass running. Everything everywhere seems to be ungovernable chaos with the FIRING, the SHOUTS.
STEIN
Keep your distance! Twenty yards!
Form a line!

Jenks's squad are on their feet before the grenade shower has even EXPLODED. They run uphill, hollering and yelling. Fife scampers along with them, panting and sweating. Nothing touches him. On his right, the usually imperturbable Jenks lets out a long, shrill, screeching, quavering rebel yell. Three men go down hollering in the rush. Nothing touches Fife.

Then, suddenly, they are in! Over the crest and in! -- the other two squads right behind them, running hard but cautiously between long, lovely lines of trees, leaping emplacements like the ones they once looked at with awe and wonder, gasping and weeping and, once in a while, dying. They are in!

EXT. JAPANESE BIVOUAC AREA - DAY

Fife has no trouble shooting. When he first sees the scrawny, tattered, scarecrow yellow men FIRING their rifles and MGs intently, he can hardly believe it and feels astonished. When he sees one Japanese in a hole whirl with a grenade in his hand and stare at him wide-eyed, he SHOOTS him through the chest and watches him fall. Then he looks around for more targets and sees a Japanese running, trying to make the jungle. Head down, arms pumping, he runs in total despair, like a man on a too-swift treadmill which is carrying him backward. Fife leads him just a hair and SHOOTS him through the left side just below the armpit, shouting with elation as the man tumbles with a yell just feet away from the jungle and safety.

When Stein reaches the crest of the hill, he beholds a scene which will remain with him the rest of his life. His bloodthirsty platoons have burst into what is clearly a Japanese bivouac area. The tall jungle trees have climbed up out of the gulches and established themselves here on this crest. The Japanese have cleared out all the undergrowth so that what is taking place here now is taking place as though in some park. The only thing that is not like a park is the glue mud which is everywhere the ground. In this natural setting, Stein's platoons are SHOOTING and killing Japanese in what appear to be carload lots.

There are no tents visible, but there are surface shelters of branches and sticks which the Japanese have made themselves, and there are underground dugouts. The first are being SHOT to pieces or knocked apart with rifle butts. The underground shelters are being BOMBED OUT with grenades.
Stein sees at a glance there will be no way of getting these men organized for quite some time. A crazy sort of blood lust, like some sort of declared school holiday from all moral ethics, has descended on them. They can kill with impunity and they are doing it. Several Japanese plead for their lives. One sits meditating as though preparing himself for death.

Queen runs laughing and bellowing on, arriving back in time to SHOOT a Japanese officer who, rising from a hole and whirling his sword on high, runs at them screaming to die for his Emperor. Queen tears the scabbard away from him, jams the sword in it, sticks it all in his belt and rushes on.

**VOICES**

Queen's back! Romp and stomp!

**QUEEN**

Show me them Japs!

Fife scampers along SHOOTING every Japanese he can see, filled with both terror and elation. Then Jenks goes down with a loud squawk and a rifle bullet through the shoulder.

**JENKS**

You take the squad.

Now Fife has the squad to himself, and the responsibility, and finds he loves it, and all of them. A new confidence has surged up in him, a manliness; a wild, reckless joy.

The whole area is honeycombed with rifle pits and MG emplacements, and it was obviously the Japanese commander's intention to sell it very dearly. But now, having heard such great enemy firing on their flanks and even in their rear, the Japanese begin to come up out of their holes and surrender, sick, haggard, beaten-looking men, obviously terrified at the treatment they expect to receive at the hands of their enemy. Those who make the mistake of coming up with their weapons in their hands are taken care of immediately.

The others, who come out empty-handed and hands up, are socked, punched, beaten, prodded and hammered with rifle butts, but rarely -- only in a few instances -- are they actually killed. But nobody likes them very well, and those who refuse to do as they are told are SHOT out of hand by tense-faced, nerve-racked men who want no fucking nonsense. One by one, the MGs are silenced. Some of the riflemen elect to SHOOT it out and die in their pits. Others leap up and run for the jungle leading to their own rear, if such a term as "rear" applies in this crazy campaign. Few reach it. The whole thing goes quickly.
When they arrive at the center of the bivouac, they find the majority of the Japanese KILLING themselves with grenades, guns or knives, which is just as well because those who do not surrender immediately are SHOT or bayoneted.

Stein looks around to see the other companies pouring in from the left and right flanks. The main fight is over. C-for-Charlie has borne the brunt of it and gained the victory. A few of the men sit down and weep.

**COL. TALL**
Well, Stein, we did it, son! We did it!

Colonel Tall strides up to Stein and shakes his hand. There is further handshaking with the sergeants.

**STEIN**
Excuse me, sir. What about the water? Have you --

**COL. TALL**
I'm sorry about that, Stein! Now what do you think are the chances of a counterattack? I still hear gunfire over on the left.

The mopping up proves to be a pretty big operation. There are still many unreduced emplacements scattered across the bivouac and the hillsides beyond it. Many of the Japanese prefer to die rather than be captured. Some are too sick even to surrender, and simply sit by their guns FIRING them until they are killed. Those who have surrendered are overcome with a deep shame and sorrow. End on: rice cooking or some domestic scene, perhaps on a wind chime or a figure of the Buddha sitting in obscurity beneath a stand of cocoa trees.

**EXT. JAPANESE BIVOUAC AREA - DAY**

Charlie Dale comes to Witt with a bone to pick. Witt is sitting on a rock, staring emptily down the hill, sorrowful, exhausted and terribly dry. The stocky Dale, with his perpetually hunched shoulders and powerful long arms, marches up and stands himself directly in front of Witt to have his say. The SHOOTING is still going on.

**DALE**
I got somethin' I want to tell you, Witt.

**WITT**
(absentmindedly)
Yeah? What's that?
DALE
You shouldn't ought to talk to me like you did. I don't want you to do it anymore. That's an order.

WITT
What? When?

DALE
Back there at the strongpoint this morning. You remember, Witt.

WITT
What did' I say?

DALE
You called me a jerk when I tossed that grenade down that one hole and that Jap tossed it back out. That's no way to talk to me. I'm a noncom now -- it ain't dignified. In any case, I'm orderin' you not to do it no more.

Witt looks as if he has been stung by a bee.

WITT
Arngh, come off it, Charlie. I known you when you was a lousy second cook. A not very good one at that. I ain't takin any orders from you. You can shove them acting stripes up your ass.

DALE
You called me a jerk!

WITT
Well, you are a jerk! A jerk! A jerk! What's more, you're stupid! You should of known better than to anyway, I'm an acting sergeant too myself! Stein made me one an hour ago! Now, peel off!

DALE
I'm not a jerk. And you wasn't no acting sergeant when you done it. Anyway, I was made before you so I still outrank you. And I ain't scared of you... Besides, it don't look good in front of the men, Witt.
His voice softens as he thinks of the new thing. He says it as if they were two majors bellying up to the Officers Club bar.

**WITT**

Men, my ass! Dale, I never hit nobody without I warn them first. That's my policy. Well, I'm warning you. Get away from me, stay away. If you ever say another word to me, I'll whip your ass.

**DALE**

I think I can whip you.

**WITT**

Then have a go! Have a go!

**DALE**

There's too much work to do around here right now. The mopping up's just starting. I don't want to miss that.

**WITT**

Anything you want! Knives, bayonets, fists, rifle butts, shooting!

**DALE**

Fists'll do. I don't want to kill you --

**WITT**

You couldn't!

**DALE**

I know you been a boxer -- all that shit. I can still whip you.

**WITT**

Yeah?

Witt advances on him, raising his rifle butt as if to stroke him in the side of the head with it, but Dale backs off. He raises his own rifle, which is bayoneted, into fighting position.

**DALE**

Maybe I couldn't whip you. But you'll know you been in a fight.
WITT
Come on! Come on! Talk! Talk! Talk!

DALE
There's too much serious work to do right now. I'll try you later, buddy.

WITT
Any time!

Dale turns and walks away. Witt sits down, trembling with a cold rage. Whip him! There isn't a man his size in the regiment who could whip him. And he doubts there is anybody in the regiment who could whip him at bayonet fighting. As for shooting, he has been high gun in every regiment he's served with for the past six years. Don't look good in front of the men. Shit!

Meanwhile, Dale goes to work over the Japanese with a stolen pair of piers, wrenching the gold teeth out of their mouths. His sharp, red eyes dart left and right.

EXT. JAPANESE BIVOUAC AREA - DAY

They are carrying Thorne away on a stretcher.

THORNE
I'll be back! It'll take more’n a flesh wound to keep me from coming back to C-for-Charlie. I don't care where they send me! I'll be back if I have to stow away on a replacement boat!

All the guys are shaking hands with the other guys from the other companies, grinning at each other out of guys b from faces. Many are curious about the Japanese. Carni, looking through a billfold, displays a picture of a dead soldier's girlfriend.

CARNI
Maybe his sister.

Mazzi and Tills glance at each other. Mazzi wonders if Tills has told anyone what happened down the hill. It infuriates him that he cannot enjoy the victory as wholeheartedly as the others.

Fife does not take part in the poking and looking and souvenir hunting because the corpses make him feel queasy and vaguely guilty.
He watches only for a moment, then he has to turn away. What is wrong with him? If the rest of the guys can be this tough, why can't he?

The scavengers move quickly. Nearby one slips a watch off a dead Japanese lieutenant. But really everyone is too tired, too beat and thirsty and exhausted, to care about the loot. Later, of course, they will all regret it. Doll comes up to Fife with a big smile.

**DOLL**
The Colonel wanted to know who it was up there at the front of the charge, with Jenks's squad. The Captain said it was you. Colonel said, that man is a fire-eater, the Japs better watch out. He wanted to know your name and if you were a sergeant.

Bell turns and looks at Fife. Someone else smiles, causing Fife to blush. At last he feels their equal, a good man, capable of truth and sacrifice. Fife watches the clouds move serenely across the wide tropical sky. His triumph has made all things beautiful to him again.

**EXT. JAPANESE BIVOUAC AREA - DAY**

The blow falls late that afternoon. C-for-Charlie has cleaned out the bivouac area and captured a number of heavy mortars as well as two 70mm field guns and been placed along the crest they have captured. The fierce heat is beginning to abate and the first signs of evening appearing, when Colonel Tall calls Stein off to himself.

**COL. TALL**
Stein, I'm relieving you of your command.

His young-old Anglo-Saxon face is set in stern lines. Stein can feel his heart suddenly beating in his ears, but he does not say anything. He cannot honestly say he hasn't anticipated it.

**COL. TALL**
Lt. Band will take over for you. I've already told him. So you won't have to.

**STEIN**
(after a silence)
Yes, sir.
COL. TALL
It's a hard thing to do, and a difficult decision to make. I just don't think you'll ever make a good combat officer. I've thought it over carefully.

STEIN
Because of what happened yesterday morning?

COL. TALL
In part, in part. But it's really something else. I don't think you're tough enough. I think you're too soft. Too soft-hearted. Not tough-fibered enough. You let your emotions govern you too much. I think your emotions control you. As I said, I've thought it over carefully. In a war people, have to get killed. There isn't anyway around it, Stein. A good officer has to accept it, and then calculate the loss in lives against the potential gain. I don't think you can do that.

STEIN
I don't like to see my men get killed.

COL. TALL
No good officer does. But he has to be able to face it. Sometimes he has to be able to order it. In any case, it's my decision to make and I've already made it.

STEIN
In a way, it's a compliment then, isn't it, Colonel?

COL. TALL
There's no point in making a scandal. I don't want it in the records of the battalion while I commanded it, and there's no point in your having it put down against you on your records. This has nothing to do with cowardice or inefficiency.

(MORE)
I'm going to let you apply for reassignment to the Judge Advocate General's Corps in Washington for reasons of ill health. You're a lawyer. You had malaria yet?

STEIN
No, sir.

COL. TALL
Doesn't matter, really. I can fix that. Anyway, you probably will have it. Also I'm recommending you for the Silver Star. I will recommend it in such a way that it will definitely not be refused.

Stein feels an instinctive, angry desire to protest the medal, and half-raises his hand. But then he lets it drop.

COL. TALL
You might as well have the Purple Heart, too.

STEIN
Why?

COL. TALL
For one thing, I notice a pretty deep scratch on your left cheek from hitting those rocks back there yesterday. If that's not enough, I also note a couple of blood streaks from scratches on your hands, underneath all that mud.

He stares at Stein expressionless. Stein suddenly wants to weep.

STEIN
Aye, aye, sir.

COL. TALL
I think it's best if you go back right away, with the next batch of wounded and prisoners. It's no good for you to keep hanging around. The quieter we keep this, the better it will be for all.

STEIN
Aye, sir.

He salutes and turns away.
A group of stretcher-bearers is descending down to where the jeeps are finally making their way up the forward slope of Hill 210, and Stein joins them, helping with the stretchers. No one in C-for-Charlie has seen him leave.

But the word gets around quickly. In spite of Tall's wish to keep it quiet, all of C-for-Charlie -- and, for that matter, the entire battalion -- knows within fifteen minutes that Stein has been relieved. Many of the men and noncoms are very angry.

DOLL
We got to make a protest.

BECKER
Who to? The Colonel? He'll throw us in the can for even thinking such a thing.

In the end it all tapers away to nothing but bitter mumble
But if the others are willing to assuage their consciences this way, Witt does not feel he can let it go at that.

WITT
What's the matter with you? This battalion is going to hell on a sled. Band! For comp'ny commander? I believe I know how to rekinize a comp'ny commander. He ain't one. Neither was Stein. He just become one in the past two days, and look what's happened. They're kicking him out! Well, I don't wanta be in this battalion no more. Not without the Cap'n. Not as long as Shorty Tall's in command!

Witt paces off in a mood of supreme, disgusted fury. A cold, implacable Kentuckyness has come over him. This business with the Captain has put a cap on things.

EXT. COMPANY CP - DAY

Pulling his sharp chin down into his thin neck and setting his narrow shoulders stolidly, he reports himself to the new company commander at the CP shortly before dusk.

TRAIN
What are you doing here, Witt?

WITT
Minding my binness.
That goddamned Welsh is there, of course. Band is sitting six feet away from him, eating the last of a can of C-ration.

**WITT**
(to Welsh)
Private Witt requests permission to speak to the comp’ny commander.

Witt does not let his eyes waver from the Sergeant. Welsh stares at him grimly. Then he turns his head.

**WELSH**
Sir, Private Witt requests permission to speak to the company commander.

**LT. BAND**
Okay. Sit down, Witt, sit down. Make yourself com-fort-able. But you're not "Private" any more, you're “Acting Sergeant” Witt. I heard Captain Stein made you one this morning. You seen my helmet, Witt?

**WITT**
No, sir.

Band bends and picks up the helmet. He sticks his finger through the hole and waggles it at Witt.

**LT. BAND**
That's something, isn't it, hunh? Shot it right off my head.

**WITT**
Yes, sir.

**LT. BAND**
I never knew these things ever really protected anybody. I'm going to keep this, the shell anyway -- take it home with me. But sit down, Witt, sit down.

**WITT**
I prefer to stand, sir.

**LT. BAND**
(his eager smile vanishing)
Oh? All right, Witt. What was it you wanted, Witt?
WITT
Sir, I want to tell the Comp'ny Commander that I'm returning to my old outfit, Cannon Comp'ny. The reason I wanted to tell the Comp'ny Commander was so that if the Comp'ny Commander noticed I wasn't around, he'd know why.

LT. BAND
Well that isn't necessary, Witt. I think we can arrange to have you transferred. Don't worry about being AWOL. You've been a pretty valuable man the last couple of days.

WITT
Yes, sir.

LT. BAND
You know, we're short of noncoms. Tomorrow I intend to make all the temporary ranks permanent.

A bribe. Witt can smell Welsh watching with supreme disgust. Band's eyes suddenly narrow above his still-smiling mouth.

LT. BAND
You still want to go? All right, Witt. I guess there's really no way I can stop you officially. Anyway, I wouldn't want a man in my command who didn't want to serve under me.

WITT
It's not that, sir.
(it is a lie, at least partly)
It's that I don't want to serve in a battalion -- that does to guys what this battalion did to Captain Stein.

He deliberately does not mention Colonel Tall. Band studies him.

LT. BAND
Okay, Witt. But I feel that's not up to us to judge. Every army is bigger than any single man in it.
WITT
Yes, sir.

LT. BAND
That's all, Witt. Oh, Witt!
(as Witt turns back)
Perhaps you'd like a letter to
present to your company commander
in Cannon Company attesting to
where you've been the past two
days. If you would, I'd be glad to
write one for you.

WITT
(impassively)
Thank you, sir.

LT. BAND
Sergeant, write a letter saying To
Whom It May Concern that Witt has
been with this organization the
past two days in the thick of the
fighting and has been recommended
for decorations.

WELSH
I hadn't got a typewriter.

LT. BAND
Don't argue with me, Sergeant!
Write the letter! Take this sheet
of paper and write the letter!

WELSH
Aye, sir. Weld! Take this paper and
go over to that stump and write me
a letter. You got a pen?

WELD
Yes, sir!

WELSH
You heard what to put in the
letter?

WELD
Yes, sir!

WELSH
Okay. Move! And don't call me
"sir," fuckface.
Welsh sits down and folds his arms and looks at both of them, Witt and Band. Then suddenly he grins his crazy mad, furry-eyed grin at both of them. Somewhere in that labyrinthine mind of his, he is obviously lumping them together and letting them know it.

When the letter is written and signed -- it takes only a few moments -- Welsh hands it over. But when Witt takes hold of it Welsh suddenly clamps his thumb and forefinger together, not letting it go. When Witt exerts some pressure, Welsh holds on, grinning that stupid, insane grin down into his face. But when Witt lets go and is just dropping his arm, Welsh lets go too, and the paper almost falls to the ground. Witt has to catch it.

LT. BAND
There's no need to go now, Witt.
It's practically dark. You can wait till tomorrow.

WITT
I ain't afraid of the dark, Lootenant.

Witt stares hard at Welsh, then he leaves. He is angry at himself for wanting the letter. He should of left it, or refused it in the first place. He didn't really need it. Screw them all, the cheap bastards. Not a one of them has lifted a finger to help poor old Stein. And if Band thinks he can buy off Bob Witt with a sergeancy, or an offer to stay overnight and maybe reconsider, he doesn't know his guy. He wads the letter up and throws it away.

EXT. COMPANY CP - DAY

Band has sent Weld away and is alone with Welsh.

LT. BAND
Sergeant, I can't help noting a tone of subtle ridicule in everything you say. For some time I've felt you're not always properly respectful to the company officers.

WELSH
Sir, you can have my stripes and my job whenever you want them.

He means it, and Band knows he means it.
LT. BAND
Sergeant, don't ever get the idea you're indispensable.

WELSH
Lieutenant, nobody knows better than me exactly how dispensable every man in this outfit is.

Band feels himself outmaneuvered and decides not to push it further.

EXT. COMPANY CP - DAY

Bell and some of the other men plead with Witt. Fife does not plead but, sitting apart, stares evenly at him. Witt will have to be the first one to speak, and he chooses not to.

BELL
Why don't you just stay? You know you'd like to. If they get hold of you back in the rear, they'll throw you in the stockade.

WITT
Not me... I won't never come back in this battalion long as Shorty Tall commands it. No, sir. Much's I might like to. That Shorty Tall better stay away from me, or I'll punch his head in.

BELL
(as Witt walks off)
You can't go back there tonight anyway. You fool! You'll get your ass shot off by some trigger-happy sentry. Hardhead!

EXT. COMPANY CP - DUSK

Sgt. Welsh stands in front of a portion of the company, reading an announcement from Col. Tall.

WELSH
This is from Colonel Tall: "Our victory gives us the highest reasons for pride. It will prove a milestone in the battle for Guadalcanal.

(MORE)
We have sustained the highest casualties in the division and have captured the toughest objective. Tomorrow the division commander will arrive to make a personal inspection of the line. After the inspection we are to be relieved by a battalion of the division's reserve regiment. I have secured for the battalion a week's rest off the line."

Tall stands off from his CP by himself, listening in the gathering dusk. He smiles to himself as he hears the distant cheers. He flatters himself that he knows pretty well how enlisted men work -- he ought to after fifteen years -- and the news of the week's relief far more than offsets any natural irritation over the inspection.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DUSK

Witt is descending the hillside in lonely bewilderment when he meets Ash, the wounded 3rd Platoon scout, who grins at him from the side of the trail.

ASH
I'd of had you, Kaintuck, if you was a Jap -- long ago!

WITT
They leave you here?

ASH
I would of slowed them up. I don't really mind. Medic fixed me up before they left. I got plenty of ammo and Welsh left me his pistol. They'll be somebody along for me evenshully.

He seems about three-fourths drunk from shock, morphine and the pain of his bandaged wound, which he displays for Witt.

ASH
Right in the knee. I'm out of this war for good, Witt. But what the hell're you doin' down here?

WITT
Some binness.
He looks around, marvelling to find the terrain where they lay so long in fear and trembling, now so peaceful, the pure sky breathing on the land, the earth going her tranquil way.

ASH
Well, give all them boys my best.

WITT
You can come with me if you want.
I'll help you along.

ASH
Nah, it's nice and quiet and peaceful here. Anyway, I'd slow you up. Somebody’ll be along for me.

WITT
I'll remind them.

ASH
Okay.

Ash watches the dusk close around the vanishing figure of the proud Kentuckian.

FADE TO:

EXT. DOWN FROM HILLS (DRUMSARA BIVOUAC) - DAY

They come down from the hills and out of the jungle with their haunted faces and pool-deep, sea-dark eyes, lugging every ounce of booty they can carry and looking more like Bowery scavengers than soldiers.

No sooner are they at their bivouac in a coconut grove by the sea than they begin getting blind, crazy drunk. It is a wild mass bacchanalian orgy that will go on for days.

VOICES
Freedom! We won! We whipped their ass! Hoooooeee!

They are hardly down out of the trucks before the bottles, left behind here by various men and catalogued carefully by Storm, are out and being utilized. MacTae, the supply sergeant, in an excess of guilty love, has pitched all of the company's pyramidal tents and even set up the cots in them complete with their blankets and mosquito bars. The kitchen fly is up and the stoves are lighted. All the weary warriors have to do is clamber down and start drinking seriously, as soon as they can draw their marked bottles from Storm's locked chests.
BECKER
Avoid the sea. There's sharks out there. In these islands they worship the shark.

Bell sits alone while the others carouse, hunched over a sheet of paper with a carpenter's pencil, writing a letter to his wife. (Much of his letter may play against scenes of Marty, back in the States, in Florida or perhaps in Hawaii. He remembers the first time they saw each other, their first touch or first kiss.)

BELL (V.O.)
You're everything that's soft and tender, Marty. I love you. You have no edges. You're like the snow, that comes down and makes everything pure and bright and clean. Everything dies on this island, but everywhere you go they live.

A soldier with a fiddle plays "Midnight on the Water." The cooks toss grenades into a stream and collect the fish that bob to the surface. Storm then creates for the company such a fish fry that it makes the more fragile-minded weep for home. All of them are a bit mad. The combat numbness, with its starry eyes, drawn faces and thousand-yard stare, has not yet left them. Those who did not have the foresight to stock whiskey away drink Aqua Velva mixed with canned grapefruit juice from the kitchen supply.

By nightfall almost everybody has vomited one or more times. Several men get down on their hands and knees, in the moonlight shining tranquilly down into the coconut groves, and bay at the moon like wolves or hounds. Another group of ten or twelve take off all their clothing and, bareass nude, run tripping and dancing across the open field beside the bivouac to swim in the Matanikau in the moonlight. And there are at least nine fist fights. When the KLAXONS sound later on several men stumble into the wrong slit trenches, while one actually dives into a latrine.

BELL (V.O.)
You spread life and peace around you. You come like the rain to everything that's dry inside me and like a starved root. You're the sky and the clouds, you're what there is beyond all this. You make my blood sing, Marty. I don't see how anything could keep me from you. I go through the earth to you.

(MORE)
I touch you truly. As long as you're with me, there's nothing I'm afraid of.

INT. MAZZI'S TENT - DUSK

Inside Mazzi's tent everybody is busy knocking Lt. Band.

KIRK
Fucking stupid fuck of a lieutenant! Volunteered us! Taking chances with us! Fucking with us! You tellin' me he wasn't glad when they relieved the Captain? He could hardly keep from smiling. His mouth was doin' like a worm.

MAZZI
So tell him! What the fuck's the good of sittin' around here yackin' about it?

Carni, slack-faced with malarial fever, and the leader of the little Greater New York group of hep guys, looks over at him and asks in a voice hollow with fever and cynicism:

CARNI
Why the hell don't you do it yourself, then?

TASSI
Yeah, why don't yah?

KIRK
Yeah, why not? All's you got to lose is that P-F-C you might get on the next promotions list.

MAZZI
(getting up drunkenly)
All right, by God I will.

He marches out of the tent and staggers through the coco palms toward Band's HQ tent. The others follow him at a distance, sniggering happily, content to let him take the dangerous chance alone. All, that is, except Carni,' who cannot get out of his bed.

EXT. BAND'S HQ TENT - DUSK

Despair, hatred and unredeemable misery rage in Mazzi's heart after the humiliation of his rescue by Tills.
It had to be that fucking Tills! So far Tills has not told anybody, but he might.

DOLL
(intercepting him)
You hated the Captain till they sent him away. You said he didn't know what he was doing.

MAZZI
Fuck you.

DOLL
What're you going to Band for? You wanta tell somebody off, why don't you find the Colonel?

KIRK
Watch out, Frankie! You could get in trouble!

MAZZI
Fuck it! I don't care one way or the other. I don't fucking care. Worse it is, the better!
(toward the tent)
Come out, you son of a bitch! I said came out, shiteater! Come out and find out what the men in your outfit think of you, Band! You want to know what we think of you? Glory hunter! Come on, volunteer us for somethin' else!

From Band's blacked-out tent just the faintest hint of light creeps out to the waiting men outside. Inside the tent nothing seems to move. Other men have begun to gather around too now, their grinning teeth white in the bright moonlight. Aware of them, Mazzi rages on, marching back and forth and swinging his skinny arms, compounding insult and profanity with great artistry.

MAZZI
You're a prick, Band! A schmuck!
C'mon out, I'll take you myself!
Everybody in this outfit hates your guts! Did you know that? How does it feel! How does it feel!

Finally the light in the tent goes out. Then the flap is thrown back and Band stands in the doorway leaning on his hand on the canvas. He sways ever so slightly, but says nothing. Slowly the men begin to drift away awkwardly. The fun is gone.
MAZZI
You think that fucking hero helmet means anything longside the good dead men that are really dead?

KIRK
Let's git back to some ser-yous drinkin'. Come on, Frankie.

MAZZI
And that's what we think of you! So court-martial me!

He stalks off proudly. Band feels sick. To think he loved them all like children! Mazzi's tight little Greater New York clan congratulates him all the way back to the tents, crowding around him to slap his back and shake his hand. Now that Band's silent face is no longer before them, the fun has come back.

MAZZI
I sure got him told! I sure got him told! And he never said one word back!

Then suddenly he sees Tills's mocking, lip-lifting face square in front of him and is startled into a new hollow apathy. He tries to brave it out, chuckling hollowly to his new satellite Carni.

MAZZI
I sure got him told!

CARNI
You sure did!

Tills spits brown out of the side of his grin.

TILLS
You never got nobody tole nothin'. Nothin' a tall. I know.

MAZZI
Don't you tell no lies, Tills!

TILLS
Lies? I'm only going to tell what I know. When I feel like it, exactly to the minute. That's the way it s gonna be.

Tills smiles crookedly. Mazzi turns away in horror.
INT. WELSH'S TENT - DUSK

Welsh and Storm are drinking too, but they appear cold sober.

STORM
Don't matter how much training you've got, how careful you are, it's a matter of luck whether or not you get killed. It don't make no difference who you are, how tough a guy you might be, how much you know -- if you're in the wrong spot at the wrong time, you're going to get it.

(heavily)
I don't care no more. I don't care about nothing. First time I ever felt this way.

He finds it very serious, almost a tragedy. Welsh's reaction astonishes him.

WELSH
Sounds like bliss.

(after a moment)
I don't really feel it yet. The numbness. Not like the rest of you do. Maybe I just knew what to expect. Maybe I was frozen up already. I know it's the only thing that saves you.

(with his sly-eyed grin)
Maybe if you work on it, you can make it a permanent state. I'm going to try.

Storm looks up, like a sleepy, bait-wise sea turtle.

STORM
Not me.

WELSH
I like all this shit, Storm. I like being shot at. Guess I'll just go till I drop in my tracks or some Jap gets me. They can bury me while I laugh.

Welsh watches the insects crashing mindlessly against the lantern that hangs from the centerpole. He starts to get up and keels over on his face.
EXT. BIVOUAC - NIGHT

Somewhere in the midst of this great bacchanalian orgy Dol', Fife and a few other men have stumbled into Queen. Queen is raving -- drunk, miserable and alone.

QUEEN
I shouldn't ought to have knocked those boys' heads together. Did you see how the Colonel looked at me? Did you see? Maybe those boys wasn't the ones, personally, that did the ball-cuttin'. What'll I do now? Maybe they didn't know nothing about it. Maybe they was against it. Forgive me!

DOLL
He was eatin' mud before. He ate a peck of dirt. He's gone.

Queen throws himself down in the mud and begins to weep, whimper and howl, biting his clenched knuckles and staring at Doll and Fife with the wild eyes of a rabid animal, raving half in incomprehensible gibberish, half in lucid phrases.

OTHER MEN (O.S.)
Give him air. Don't get close to him. Let him breathe. Don't shine that light in his eyes!

QUEEN
Forgive me! I done what I shouldn't ought to have done. Some things you can't take back! Help! Get away from me! I don't belong with you!

He weeps and whimpers and goes on biting his knuckles, writhing as though in an epileptic fit. Looking in his eyes Fife feels, more than yesterday in combat, the horror of war; its power to poison the soul, its systematic reduction of men to animals.

QUEEN
Forgive me!

OTHER MEN (O.S.)
Let him go! Stand back! What the fuck kind of swipe was he drinkin'?
INT. DIVISION HOSPITAL - DUSK

Welsh comes to find himself in a small section of the division hospital reserved for first three graders. Storm has come to visit him and is smoking a cigar. The colored ticket for evacuation is already attached to the foot of his bed.

WELSH
So it was you that got me hauled up here!

His crazy eyes glint with an insane feverishness. Storm cannot tell whether it is the malaria or simply Welsh's personality.

STORM
Knock off, First Sarn't. Just be quiet and they're going to ship you out of here. You got malaria. You're bein' evacuated.

WELSH
You'll never get away with it. You'll never beat me out of my job, Storm. I'm too smart! Anyway, you may be okay in the kitchen -- you've got no head for administration. I know you!

From down the aisle the frail young 2ND LT. DOCTOR who runs the ward comes running with a wardboy.

2ND LT. DOCTOR
Now you just take it easy, Sergeant. You've got a temperature of a hundred and five and two-tenths.

WELSH
You're in cahoots with him!

For answer the Lieutenant shoves him back on his pillow and puts a thermometer in his mouth, at which point Welsh bites the thermometer in two, throws it on the floor, leaps out of bed and runs out the tent flap and back to his company.
EXT. AIRFIELD (SOUVENIR MARKET) - DAY

In the morning the whole of C-for-Charlie descends en masse to the airfield, spreads out over the undamaged or least-damaged areas of it, and begins bargaining with the Air Corps, trading souvenirs for the Scotch that the flyers bring in each day from Australia with the generals' supplies, the milk, meat and cheese.

It is like a vast Arab souk, a thieves' market, and the bidding is fierce. A silk battle flag, preferably bloodstained, is worth at least three Imperial quarts. A "Samurai saber" is always worth five. Money is practically meaningless to everyone except the airmen.

    BELL (V.O.)
(with MUSIC)
The world seems crazy without you.
Away from you the world is unreal,
like a country you're leaving
forever and never coming back to.
(after a pause)
I look up in the leaves, I listen
to the crickets, I feel like
anything could be a sign from you.
When I'm with other people I feel
homesick for the mountain air I've
breathed with you. Loving you keeps
me pure.
(after a pause)
We're like two trees that have
grown together -- like ivy on a
wall. Nothing means anything
without you.
(after a pause)
Will peace ever come? I want to
stay changeless for you, Marty. You
get something twisted out of your
insides by all this filth and blood
and noise. Keep me through this
terror, Marty. Keep me through the
madness. Keep me through the blood.
Darling, hold me close tonight. I
love you.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD NEAR THE AIRFIELD - DAY

Drifting away bored, Fife sees Storm and Doll, Queen and a few other men tramping down the dusty road toward Rear Echelon HQ.
FIFE
Where you going?

DOLL
We heard Captain Stein's around here somewhere waiting to be shipped out.

Fife decides to join them. Together they set out to pay their respects to their company commander whom they once hated but now admire, and to tell him goodbye.

INT. STEIN'S TENT - DAY

They find Stein at work in his tent sorting what few papers he has. Their arrival takes him by surprise.

FIFE
Hello, Captain. When you leavin'?

STEIN
Tomorrow. I'm going to New Zealand by plane.

DOLL
How'd you find your bags? We looked, we couldn't find ours.

STEIN
I spent the last three days hunting them down. They gave me the use of a jeep. I enjoyed driving around.

DOLL
You ready to go?

Doll seems to have taken it upon himself to speak for the others.

STEIN
Whenever they tell me... I would have come to visit you but I felt like being alone.

He takes a bottle off the little camp table and offers them all a drink. There is only one glass in the tent so they all take it straight from the neck of the bottle. When Stein sees how appreciative they are, he reaches into his bags and hauls out the three bottles he intended to take with him on the plane and gives them to them. Under the influence of the liquor, they soon are all talking at once, all babbling away together. Stein feels curiously detached.
DOLL
We want to thank you, sir, for asking to make that flankin' move and watching out for us -- for keeping us together. We're sorry to see you go. We feel like you got a rotten deal.

STEIN
I'm not sure you're right. You never know if you're doing any good. That's the hard part. It doesn't matter. I don't care. I'm glad to be going.

FIFE
There's still time, we ought to all go and make a protest --

STEIN
What for? What good would it do? Anyway I want to go. You wouldn't want to take away my chances of getting evacuated, would you?

"No," they chant in unison. For God's sake, they wouldn't want to do that.

STEIN
Leave it alone. Let it lay.

Why should he want to stay? Everyone is dying to get out. It is the only sane thing to want. And yet he knows there is something he found here that he will never find back there. He knows it, and they know it, though none of them could say what it is.

STEIN

Stein exchanges with Storm -- a look of secret knowledge. Storm, like him, means to be one of those who lives if he possibly can. And Storm, like him, does not feel at all guilty.
EXT. STEIN'S TENT - DAY

When they have left Stein stands in the door of the tent and watches them straggle off with their whiskey, unshaven, dirty, still in the mud-slicked fatigues from the battle.

Later, when the planes come over, he sits quietly in the dark, without any fear, and listens to the BOMBINGS.

EXT. BIVOUAC - DAY

At the bivouac the drinking starts before breakfast. They crawl out of their net-covered cots and have a good stiff dolt of Australian Scotch. Breakfast is the only roll call of the day by order of Shorty Tall; after that they are on their own.

EXT. BIVOUAC (MAIL CALL) - DAY

The men crowd wildly around Corporal Weld as he passes out the mail. Those who have reason to fear their names might not be called linger back in the shade of the palms, where they do not risk embarrassment or awkward questions. Fife considers Bell a lucky man.

FIFE
Six letters!

BELL
That doesn't seem like so many. She's got plenty of time to write.

Fife is feeling pretty cocky as the whiskey quietly grows inside his splintered nerves. He has found out that he is really much braver than he thought, and this gives him real boy. It isn't so hard to be a real soldier after all.

With Jenks dead, Corporal Fife has become Sergeant Fife, leader of the 2nd Squad 3rd Platoon. He has saved at least two of them once apiece and at least three of them have saved him. He feels a fierce protective love for each and every one of them. But there is one thing that still rankles him, and that is the way that fucking son of a backbiting bitch Joe Weld treated him in front of Welsh that day. Stealing his job like a sneak thief. Then smiling at him that way.
EXT. HQ TENT - DAY

Joe Weld and Eddie Train, the stutterer whose lap Fife landed in in terror, and the new kid Crown are sitting out drinking with two of the cooks when Fife saunters up to them, mouth pursed, tongue rubbing slowly over his teeth, his arms dangling.

WELD
Oh -- uh, hello there, Fife. We were just --

FIFE
Sergeant Fife to you, Corporal. And don't ever call me anything else!

Weld looks startled for a moment. Then his look of startle turns into a placating smile.

WELD
Well, I guess you really earned the title, Sergeant. The hard way. I for one sure don't --

FIFE
Don't ass-kiss me, you cheap fuck.

WELD
Now. Now, see here. (scrambling to his feet)
I never done...

He does not get to finish because Fife steps in and knocks him down without a word -- without a sound, in fact, except for the smack of his fist on the cheekbone.

WELD
Hey! Hey! I was just sitting here drinking and talking and minding my own business.

FIFE
Get up, cheap fuck! Get up, job stealer! Get up, and I'll knock you down again.

First nearby, then further off, he hears uncaringly the happy cries of "Fight! Fight!" and the SOUND of men's feet running.

WELD
I don't want to fight you. I didn't steal your job.
(MORE)
It was Welsh who made me corporal.
Nobody knew you was coming back. I
don't want to fight you, Fife.
(repeating it slyly)
I just want --

He doesn't finish. Instead, he makes a wild, lunging leap for
Fife's middle, to grapple. It doesn't succeed. Joyously, Fife
steps in again and left-hooks him. This time it is more
accurate, and on the jaw. It sends Weld rolling away wildly
to the ground, where he props himself on his elbows, shaking
his head. When he rolls over to sit up, Fife dives on him.

It is as though a sudden scrambled lightning bolt of happy
maleness and joyous masculinity has g'lit Fife's skull,
blinding him with glory. On top of the groggy Weld on the
ground, he cuffs and pummels. Growling and cursing high in
his throat and crying "Job stealer!" over and over, he
punches with both fists and total abandon at the face below
him. Finally they pull him off of him.

FIFE
Lemme go!

Somebody helps Weld up. His nose is broken and bleeding. Both
eyes are puffed almost shut.

Blood runs from his mouth between his broken lips and he
looks bewildered.

Fife, standing unheld now and in command of himself again,
though breathing hard, stares at him feeling both happiness
and consternation at the destruction he has caused. He is
proud of himself, but he hasn't really meant to hurt anyone.
Train and Crown take the swaying Weld by the arms to lead him
away.

FIFE
Hey! Hey! Don't do that! Don't go!
Let's have a drink. No hard
feelings!

Fife marvels at how frail and hollow he seems, this man who
once stirred such a sinking fear in him. From ten yards away
Weld stops and looks back at him. He is weeping and at the
same time trying not to. He seems to be searching his fuddled
head for the very worst thing he can think of to call Fife.

WELD
You -- You *clerk*!
FIFE
Okay. Be a jerk!
(turning to the two cooks)
Either of you guys want some?

He grins at them. Both of them, though they are bigger than Fife, shake their heads in silence. Fife walks along rubbing his bruised hands. Around them the men are beginning to disperse now that it is over.

DOLL
Did you hear that? He called you a clerk. What he is. You showed the fucker.

FIFE
Leave me alone.

Fife's eyes flash with anger; he does not wish to be congratulated. Doll does not take offense but, with a delicate nod, lets the subject drop. He sees Fife is limping.

DOLL
What's the matter?

Just then a MESSENGER comes up from Rear Echelon, gasping for breath.

MESSENGER
Col. Tall's been promoted. They're shipping him out. Gaff and Lt. Band too. The whole lot of them. We're going back up!

EXT. PALM GROVE - DAY

Down in the palm grove Col. Tall talks with a small group of newsmen. He has somehow come into possession of a jewel-encrusted Samurai sword and carries it under his arm in place of the baton. Captain Gaff and Lt. Band are with him, each with his personal baggage. A jeep waits nearby, and a movie camera records the scene.

COL. TALL
(smiling broadly)
Of course I'm glad of the promotion. But it will be painful to leave these men. I feel they're in good hands, though. They've been bloodied. They've tasted victory.
A group of C-for-Charlie men watch from a distance. While they are fond of Captain Gaff, his departure to glory -- word is out he will be put up for the Medal of Honor -- leaves them with a certain bitterness.

As for Old Shorty, who, after all, is being promoted because of their shed blood, nobody really cares very much that he is leaving. They aren't even watching as he is driven off.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD (A MONTH LATER) - DAY

The scene shifts to the jungle again. A solitary figure humps along under his combat pack with slung rifle and bandoliers, thin and frail-looking, his head sunk deep into his helmet shell. Storm, from his stove, sees the single figure coming up the road.

EXT. STORM'S MESS TENT - DAY

Storm shakes Witt's hand fervently. From beneath the helmet, in shadow, Witt's hard implacable eyes peer out like the eyes of some ferret-like animal. They have not seen each other in over a month.

STORM

Let me give you some food. You look hungry, Witt.

Storm serves him all the fried Spam, dehydrated mashed potatoes, and stewed, dehydrated apples his small belly can hold. Then he breaks out an Imperial quart.

STORM

How'd you find us? What the hell are you doing up here? Like this? All by yourself.

WITT

I'm headin' back to the comp'ny.

He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

STORM

You're what?!

WITT

(with a grin)
Going back. Shorty Tall got promoted.
STORM
You must be out of your mind.

Witt's eyes turn slowly in their sockets to stare at him.

WITT
No, I ain't.

STORM
In the first place nobody knows where they are. They're way to hell and gone off on their own someplace.

WITT
I can find them. Somebody's got to know.

STORM
You must be off your rocker.

WITT
Why? It's the comp'ny, ain't it? Tail's promoted, ain't he?

He looks straight at Storm out of his black Kentucky eyes.

STORM
Have a nuther drink.

WITT
Thank you, I will. It's good to see you, Stormy. What are you doin' up here feeding all these strangers?

STORM
I tried to catch up to the comp'ny, but we missed them. Couldn't go any further -- and these guys was here. I figured I might as well feed somebody.

WITT
Well, I guess it's a good deed. It was good for me, anyway. I been hiking three days.

Storm looks around the ridge and shrugs again.

STORM
Angh, for two cents I'd go with you.
WITT
Come on along.

STORM
I don't know what these dumbasses would do if they didn't have me around to take care of them.

WITT
We'd have some fun.

STORM
The truth is, I don't like to get shot at.

WITT
Ever body to his own taste. I thin I like it. But honestly, I wouldn't be doin' this if it wasn't the old comp'ny.

Storm looks at him skeptically but lets it pass, and Witt sets out again, well aware of the effect his odyssey is creating.

NEW ANGLES

Witt shakes Storm's hand a final time. He has lingered to have a couple more drinks.

WITT
We're going to find out after this war is over what we fought for, if it was for freedom or so's a bunch of people could get rich and ruin the country and never call things by their rightful names. Yessir!
(taking Storm by the shoulder)
Like my Aunt Kay says, the fat hogs have got loose in the creek and tromped everything up. That's what's happened.
(spitting)
We worked to build this country. They stole what we built and messed up what was there to begin with, belonged to everybody. The big companies have got control of our work, our pay, our bank deposits, our public lands and our govment. They've dug holes.
(MORE)
We're dumb as the Indians. American democracy's been bombed. We're living in the ruins. Them that comes after is going to have to be content with what we spoiled.

(his voice grows thick)
You ever had a garden? They're pulling up the young plants and watering the weeds! People don't see what's happening. They got ways of keeping it secret. But I seen it, easy as falling off a log. They don't fool me. No, sir! I paid the price, and I seen the show.

Who is closer to the truth -- Welsh, with his disillusioned view of things (which Storm and, in varying degrees, the rest of the company share) or Witt, with his idealism?

STORM
They fooled you plenty. What're you going up there for? I can see doing it because they make you. But ready and willing!

Witt is not sure what Storm is driving at, or why suddenly he has taken this new tone. A moment ago they were the best of friends.

STORM
Company don't care about you. Company's just a shell. A hotel. People come and go. You going to get shot at for a hotel? After you're gone, they're going to have other guests. You don't owe them nothin'. You believe in somethin' that don't believe in you.

Witt wonders if Storm is insulting him. He brought it on himself, though, didn't he? He won't make the same mistake again.

WITT
I made a mistake getting into this discussion.

He gives Storm back his jar of liquor, turns and walks off.

STORM
Boy, they're just playing you like a fiddle in a band. You're just the kind they like to get.

(MORE)
They don't give a shit about you!
Don't even know that you exist.
They're going to eat you up and
have you for dinner.

(shouting after him)
Jackass! Briar! And fuck your Aunt
Kay!

WITT
(to himself, spitting)
Cook!

Witt goes off in solitary splendor toward the line. Storm watches until he disappears from sight, then kissing his wounded hand and laughing with delight, he does a little jig. A long column of troops winds through the grassy field ahead of Witt. Trucks, jeeps, a tank. He catches a ride on a truck.

EXT. JUNGLE (MOWBRAY/GUADALCANAL)- DAY

Witt is walking down a road through the jungle, humming to himself, when he hears the SNAP of a spent bullet in leaves overhead. He stops and looks up. There is the faint, angry WHIRRR of a second bullet. He looks up and down. He is quite alone here, exposed and vulnerable.

EXT. JUNGLE (OTHER ANGLES) - DAY

He sees a group of flying foxes, stirring uneasily in their roost. He sees a stranger fig, choking the life out of a tall hardwood. The grass about him throbs with CRICKETS. He feels the cold presence of fear, like someone standing behind him. He could still turn back. His eyes glisten. Now MUSIC comes in, like a call of summoning love.

Further up the road he encounters a Marine SNIPER.

EXT. COPRA PLANTATION - DAY

C-for-Charlie is camped by an abandoned copra plantation. A sentry hears a rock HUM past him and, startled, FIRES off a couple of wild rounds. He stops when he hears himself hailed from the jungle in a strong Kentucky accent.

WITT
Charlie Comp'ny! Charlie Comp'ny!
Hold yore fahr! It's Witt!
(with sly humor)
Acting P-F-C Witt! Of Cannon Comp'ny!
Fife looks up. Other heads snap around. They see it is indeed Witt. He has trekked all the way up to the line to find them. There is a great deal of backslapping, laughter and handshaking. Everybody is overjoyed to see him, to know that he would search them out like this just to be with them. They show him their new mascot: a cuscus.

Welsh and Witt have a conversation here.

EXT. PLANTATION VERANDA - DAY

Fife goes up to Witt and smiles. Squinting his eyes and putting his head a little to one side and grinning, he says:

FIFE
Hello, Witt. Or are you still not speakin' to me?

Witt grins back. He seems to sense some change he likes. They are alone on the plantation's dusty veranda. Chairs and tables surround them, with other vestiges of some domestic life before the war: a home, destroyed.

WITT
No. I guess I'm talking to you now.

FIFE
Because if you're not, I thought we might as well have it out right here and now.

Fife grins. Witt nods, still grinning. Apparently he has heard about Fife's new fighting prowess.

WITT
Well, we could do that. I still think I could take you. But you got a pretty good right hand from what I hear. If you tagged me with that right hand, you might could whup me. Awys pervaded I couldn't keep away from it, a course.

FIFE
There ain't really no need though -- (grinning)
-- now. Since you're talking to me. Is there?

WITT
Not really.
FIFE
What do you say we have a slug of swipe instead?

They laugh and shake hands, friends again. Fife's eyes sting with tears of gratitude.

WITT
Been a long time since we had a talk -- hadn't it? What's the new commander like?

EXT. COPRA PLANTATION - DAY

Witt looks at the other men, in the same ecstasy of loving comradeship that he felt for Capt. Stein the afternoon of their assault on the Japanese bivouac. The CAMERA, FOLLOWING his gaze, lingers on them, admiring them one by one. Little do they suspect how they are gathered in the Kentuckian's heart -- even Welsh, who stares at him in a mixture of amusement and scorn.

He listens as a young NEWCOMER dictates a letter to a friend.

NEWCOMER
She don't know I can't write, but she knows I can't write good, so throw in some mistakes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENTUCKY FARMS AND FIELDS - DAY

Witt, in what must be vision, sees the farms and valleys of Kentucky -- people are going about their work, raking hay and putting it up in barns -- a land of peace and truth, bright with an unearthly light.

A woman appears. Gracious, noble, she looks out on those scenes, a smile on her lips. She might be some individual whom Witt has known; his sister or mother. She is all that is not strife or war or senseless death. She is peace, she is hope.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT COPRA PLANTATION - DAY

A Japanese mortar BURSTS overhead. Fife quakes with horror.
VOICE
Not my legs! Not my legs!

DOLL
Check your ammo!

C-for-Charlie cringes under a fierce counterattack. The Japanese heavy mortars are lobbing in treebursts, and there is nowhere to hide. From time to time a man rises up to draw a piece of coconut tree from his flesh; the fragments are thrown down from above with the force of the shrapnel itself and finally do more damage.

Animals rush through the trees and across the tangled bungle floor, as though fleeing a fire. Cockatoos, lorikeets. The afternoon air sparkles with shredded vegetation. This new battle is fiercer, more horrible and confused than the first. (To convey the men's heightened sense of fear we shift for a brief while from 35mm to 65mm film stock.)

EXT. COPRA PLANTATION - DAY

Fife claws the ground. All the confidence has gone out of him; he is right back where he started. It takes every ounce of courage he can muster not to break and run, just to stick it out. He can do it and he does, but it costs him more than it does the others, like Doll or Bell. He has to work harder at it. It seems he isn't what he thought he was. Courage will never be a possession with him.

Doll orders his squad around. The inexperienced men flinch and gasp at each BURST from the mortars.

DOLL
We clot it and it's here. There ain't a fucking thing we can do about it... Lock and load!

Fife watches him, amazed. Since his experience at the bunker, a new sense of paternal responsibility has blossomed in Doll.

EXT. COPRA PLANTATION - DAY

The company's sparrow-mouthed, long-nosed NEW LIEUTENANT gives the phone back to Corporal Weld. Neither he nor anyone else seems to have the least idea where the enemy is or what is going on. Half a dozen men from another unit flee past them, some without their helmets. They say nothing to C-for-Charlie -- merely glance at them with great white eyes, and pass on.
NEW LIEUTENANT
Somebody -- the commander says
somebody needs to go up there --

Beyond the plantation a red clay road runs straight off through the jungle. One or two men crane their heads to look up it.

NEW LIEUTENANT
(wondering if they heard him)
Somebody needs to go forward and find out how close they are. We need to block that road. Till they can send more people up.

BELL
We need to get out of here, sir.
Right now. Did you explain the situation to him? Does he know where we are? We're sittin’ ducks out here.

The Lieutenant tries to get battalion HQ on the phone again, but now the line is dead.

WELD
They cut the line.

NEW LIEUTENANT
(very shaken)
Volunteers. I need volunteers.

The men look at each other. Those who came forward before -- Doll, Dale, Queen, Bell -- lie paralyzed today.

Witt studies the deserted road ahead. He knows that whoever goes up there is likely never to come back.

NEWCOMER (O.S.)
I'll go.

Witt turns. A NEWCOMER has spoken up, a green recruit like Bead, a stranger to them all. Now Witt recognizes him as the man he heard dictating the letter the night before. MUSIC enters.

The stranger quakes all over, astonished at himself. Witt frowns. He turns and looks at the others. His brothers! Again it comes to him; the hotly joyous, almost sexual enjoyment and acceptance; the joy of not caring anymore.
WITT
Sir, I've had more experience than that man.

The others look in amazement as Witt crawls over to the Lieutenant.

NEW LIEUTENANT
I haven't seen you around before.

WITT
I want you to know I think the whole thing's a bad idea, though. If they come through there in any strength, Lootenant, they're going to knock your roadblock to hell and flinders even if we was a whole platoon. We couldn't hold them. But I want to go.

The Lieutenant shares the other men's astonishment.

NEW LIEUTENANT
You don't have to go, private. If you don't want to. Others will volunteer.

Besides the young stranger, no one else has; they all know it. And Witt can still get out.

WITT
No -- I want to go, sir. If somethin' bad happens, I want to be there so maybe I can help. Besides, nothin' bad may happen at all.

COOMBS
I'll go with Witt, Lieutenant.

Coombs looks at Witt as though he thought this way they might have a chance to talk. The long-nosed New Lieutenant nods.

NEW LIEUTENANT
You'll need another man.

He looks around. Again there are no volunteers. Fife has no intention of sticking his neck out, but when Witt's glance accidentally crosses his, he suddenly speaks up.

FIFE
I'll go.
The words are out of his mouth before he knows it. Witt frowns. (Cover Welsh’s reactions as well.)

NEW LIEUTENANT

Be careful, Witt.

WITT

Yes, sir.

Witt gets his orders. He listens, then goes off with a cheerful air that the other men find incomprehensible. Coombs follows, then Fife. None of them looks back.

The young man who volunteered, when he understands the look in the other men's eyes, is glad his offer was not accepted and that he did not renew it, however embarrassing his failure to do so might be. Nor does it trouble him that two other men are going in his place.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

The three volunteers make their way forward.

WITT

You never know when to keep your mouth shut.

Witt studies the road ahead from the position they have taken up alongside it. Fife trembles. He wants to weep, but he is afraid to. Everything is going so fast, so far. For a moment nothing happens. Then, ominously, the mortars fall silent. Fife feels it again -- the cold, empty fear -- like a hollow, a void, where his confidence once lay his pleasure in himself. It makes him feel sick. And it stays with him.

Witt looks around. A NOISE in the undergrowth on their right, barely perceptible at first, gradually grows more distinct.

Coombs peers forward, alarmed by a FAINT CRY. Ignoring Fife, he looks at Witt only. Witt says nothing.

Coombs raises his head again. The concussion of a late mortar round sends him reeling.

All at once, fifty yards ahead of them, they see a whole battalion of Japanese soldiers materialize from the tree line.
Hundreds of fresh troops appear, camouflaged with the branches of trees and bushes -- nothing like the gaunt, starving, poorly-equipped figures C-for-Charlie has encountered prior to now. The American soldiers look more emaciated than the Japanese do.

Witt sees they have no chance of getting back together. Calm and with a curious air of concentration, he turns to Fife.

**WITT**
Go back. Tell them what we saw. Say they're coming up right behind the mortars. Battalion strength.

**FIFE**
Why me? Let's both go.

Witt thinks about it for a moment. The Japanese advance quickly, silently; this will be a surprise attack.

**WITT**
There's no time. You go. Tell that new lieutenant to get everybody back. Tell him they got heavy machine guns. Tell him, where he's sittin' right now, they'll eat him up. I'll hold them off.

Witt nods. There is still the same odd, cheerful air about him. Fife gives him a little salute, and then he leaves.

Coombs is dying, and he knows it. He turns to Witt.

**COOMBS**
Geez, I never felt like this before at all. What you guess it could be from, like this? No bullets, no blood. Just around my chest it's so hard to breathe. Hold me, would you. Let me look at you? Till the end? Till it's over?

As Witt watches the Japanese approach, he begins to hear the same MUSIC which came to him on the road as he was headed up to the line; the same mysterious summons of fraternal devotion. This is the fulfillment he has prepared himself for.

**EXT. COPRA PLANTATION - DAY**

Fife runs like a desperate man, breaking a way through the branches with his rifle, until he reaches the company.
FIFE
Go back! Get back! Quick!

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

Witt waits until the Japanese are practically on top of him before he OPENS FIRE. They are caught by surprise. Clearly they had not expected to meet resistance so soon. A small Japanese soldier with a .31 Caliber machine gun strapped to his back advances toward him. He cannot reach back and fire the gun himself; his job is merely to serve as a tripod for it. Seeing Witt, he throws himself on the ground and digs in like a badger. Other Japanese soldiers dash forward to squeeze the trigger. One by one Witt shoots them down; quickly, decisively, with daring and skill. Soon mortar rounds begin to fall among the enemy soldiers. He looks back over his shoulder. Perhaps Fife has reported their position; perhaps the Japanese will stop and he'll get out of this.

EXT. COPRA PLANTATION - DAY

Several hundred yards away the men of C-for-Charlie listen in bewilderment as they pull back.

MEN OF C-FOR-CHARLIE
Why don't he come back? Where's Coombs? I just hear one gun. What's happening? Why can't we go back? Why can't we help him?

They glance at the new man, whose life has been spared.

WELD
The line's fixed, sir.

NEW LIEUTENANT
(shouting into the phone)

Welsh is the last to fall back. He looks in Witt's direction.

WELSH
Fool!

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

Witt darts up and down the Japanese line of advance, FIRING until he runs out of ammunition.
While he is reloading a YOUNG JAPANESE, almost a boy, runs forward and grasps the machine gun's trigger. The man who is flattened beneath it rises from the ground, twitching his shoulders left and right to make the fire traverse.

Witt dodges through the trees. The BULLETS shriek and hum as they pass. From time to time he drops to the ground, hiding, cunning and crafty, like a jungle animal.

The human tripod vats up and follows him quickly, with the triggerman close behind.

    YOUNG JAPANESE
    Slendull! Slendull, soju!

Witt does not move. To give your life gladly! To lay down your life for your friends!

The Japanese soldiers come up, surrounding him. There is no chance he can escape now. When they are nearly on top of him he lunges out at them, and they SHOOT him down.

EXT. COPRA PLANTATION - DAY

Fife listens, numb with terror, as American artillery rounds SCREAM overhead. His grimy face is streaked with tears. Before him on the ground lies a perfect seashell.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

An abrupt silence announces that the battle is over. Witt lies beside a Japanese soldier.

    MEN OF C-FOR-CHARLIE (O.S.)
    He might of got away. Look over there.

They draw closer to Witt's body.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

Fife, Bell, Welsh, Queen and Doll are gathered under the spell of their comrade's death. Fife feels tie with them all. Even with Charlie Dale. Even with the slain Japanese who lie here and there like shoeless, sleeping children. It is as though he had died himself and were watching the scene like a ghost, from the other side.

    FIFE
    You're not alone. Can you hear me?
He sits with his friend and holds his hand and does not utter another word. He looks intently into the dead face. At last he puts Witt's hand down and walks away, alone.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

Now Welsh is standing over the dead man.

    WELSH
    Where's your pride now?
    (he turns to a medic)
    Bury that soldier.

EXT. WITT'S GRAVE - DAY

Witt is buried at the edge of the straight red road. They dam his rifle in the ground, set his helmet on it and tie a dogtag to the triggerguard. Fife's terror passes gradually over into a longing for life and peace. The sun gleams through the trees overhead, through the wild bananas and huge looping lianas.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Fife is walking to morning chow with Bell when he turns his ankle on a half-dried rut in the road and goes down with a thud.

    BELL
    You all right?

He has to hop along to take the weight off the inured ankle, resting his hand from time to time on Bell's shoulder. The pain is exquisite. MacTae, the supply sergeant, comes up.

    MACTAE
    You're white as a sheet! What the hell happened to you there?

    FIFE
    I stepped on it wrong.

    MACTAE
    You been to the medics with it? No? Really? You're out of your everlovin' mind! You can get evacuated on that.
    (excitedly)
    I know guys w yo got shipped out on a lot less than that.
    (MORE)
MACTAE (cont'd)

Let the docs see it. Show it up at Division.

FIFE
What if they turn me down?

MACTAE
What have you got to lose? You won't be any worse off than you are now, will you?

But Fife feels there is something else, a serious moral problem.

MACTAE
Are you kidding? Man, if I had somethin' like that, I'd be up there like a shot! Trouble with me, I'm so fucking healthy I ain't never gonna get myself shipped out!

Fife looks at Bell. He seems to want one of them to tell him that he should stay, but they cannot think of a reason to.

MACTAE
I wouldn't hesitate a second... If it's as bad as what I just saw, it could get you out of here. If it's as bad as what I saw, you got no business in the infantry.

EXT. COMPANY AREA - DAY

A detachment of Japanese prisoners is passing by when suddenly Queen steps out in front of them. The guards look at one another, uncertain what they should do. None is bold enough to challenge the huge veteran.

Queen stares into the face of one of the prisoners, a man half his size. The Japanese is dazed and exhausted. He looks out at

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FIFE
Well, if it will help it, sir -- I guess I am.

Haines shrugs, and again his eyes glint. He turns to the orderly.

DOC HAINES
Admit this man for evacuation.
Fife is afraid to believe it, lest something happen to change it. Just like that. Just like that, and he is out. Out! Out! Why does he suddenly feel so guilty, so alone?

The evacuation order is signed and stamped. As he is going out the flap Doc Haines calls out to him.

**DOC HAINES**

You're a sergeant now, I see. You were a corporal before, weren't you?

Fife nods.

**EXT. EXAMINING TENT - DAY**

Outside the tent Bell slaps him on the back. Fife tries to look joyful -- Bell seems to expect it -- but somehow he cannot. Things are going so fast. Already a new destiny is upon him.

**EXT. SUPPLY AREA - DAY**

Fife and Bell sit on a packing crate in a supply area.

**BELL**

How can you even think twice about it?

**FIFE**

I got my squad. They depend on me. I don't want to let them down. They never let me down.

**BELL**

They'd all tell you to go. They'd tell you to get as far from this Rock as you possibly could. What do you want to stay for? Everybody's using every loophole they can think of. You've got it made. Get out.

**FIFE**

This is the first time in my life I ever belonged to something -- where I had a place, a real job.

Bell nods. MUSIC enters.
BELL
You think you're going to keep up with each other, but after a while you don't. Maybe you get a Christmas card now and then. After a while it stops.

Faintly and far away, the KLAXONS start up, signalling the approach of the evening air raid. Neither of them gives any thought to seeking cover, or even looks up.

FIFE
I was afraid up there. It was as bad as ever. I was lying there and those treebursts were coming in -- I thought I wasn't going to get up. I thought they were going to have to send the MPs after me.

(looking off)
I thought I'd licked it. Once and for all. That I wouldn't be afraid n more. It's going to keep coming back. I'm going to have to fight it every day of my life.

(after a pause)
I don't want to run from a fight. Only thing, I still want to have a wife and kids... Witt was my best friend.

BELL
You make other friends.

Fife feels a sudden love of home, a greed for life and deliverance. He does not want to go back broken and burned out. He loves the Army. But he hates it too -- the corrupt, ignorant, monotonous rut that everybody is in, the indignities they all must suffer -- the sick green horror of war most of all.

FIFE
If I go back I'm finished. I'll go over the hill or go crazy, one.

BELL
Maybe you're not a soldier.

Bell looks at Fife and smiles.
EXT. SHORE - DAY

Fife walks along the shore, alone. Crabs scuttle back and forth on the seething wet sand. He sees the broken shells, the wavy lines of wrack, a germinating coconut. Is life like the sea, brutal and relentless? Does it know, or care, whom it smashes on the rocks?

EXT. HQ AREA (MAIL CALL) - DAY

At mail call Bell gets the letter he has been waiting for from his wife. They have just broken off for noon chow, and Corporal Weld has come around with a batch of new mail. When he opens it and sees how it begins, he knows what it is. She has been doing it. She's been doing it. He feels sick all over. His legs are shaky and his hands and arms are shaky. He sits down on a coco palm log.

Doll sees him and comes to his side. MUSIC enters.

BELL
She wants a divorce. To marry him.
She says she's fallen in love and
she wants that love while she can
have it. She's asking my forgiveness.
(tapping the letter)
It's all so calm and proper. You
could show it to your mother.
(after a silence)
She says it like she was going out
to buy a new dress!

Trucks of new replacements are coming in. The green men study the veterans of C-for-Charlie with open-mouthed awe.

INT. HQ TENT - DAY

Bell has come with the letter to CAPTAIN BOSCHE, the new company commander. They are alone. The reaction he gets from Bosche is astonishing, even to him in his state of despair. As he reads, the Captain's hands begin to shake until the letter rattles. His face becomes as white as a sheet of his own memo paper with a rage so great that it seems to bunch his hard round little face into a tight little ball. Somehow Bosche gets command of himself again.

CAPT. BOSCHE
You know, of course, that you do
not have to accede to this request.
(MORE)
Your wife can't get a divorce or separation without your official permission.

(as Bell nods)
Something else. With a letter like this in your possession, you have the right to stop all allotments, all payments, all government insurance policies.

**BELL**
(tiredly)
I want to give it to her. I wanted to ask you if you'd draft an official letter from you for me, giving her the permission.

**CAPT. BOSCHE**
I don't understand. Why do you want to do that?

**BELL**
Well, I guess it's just that what's the point of being married to a woman who doesn't want to be married to you?

Captain Bosche's eyes have narrowed to slits, and with them he stares at Bell profoundly.

**CAPT. BOSCHE**
Well, there are all sort of attitudes and opinions, I guess. That's what makes the world go round. You've got nothing to be ashamed of.

**BELL**
Will you draft the letter for me, sir?

**CAPT. BOSCHE**
I certainly will.

Bell turns to go.

**CAPT. BOSCHE**
Oh, Bell!
(holding out a sheaf of papers)
This came in yesterday, for you. I held it up a little because I wanted to write my own endorsement. (MORE)
I just thought 'tain't a good time to give it to you. It's an order for a field commission appointing you a First Lieutenant of Infantry.

BELL
Really?

CAPT. BOSCHE
Really. I assumed that you would want to accept it. I've already written my endorsement.

BELL
Can I think it over?

CAPT. BOSCHE
Of course. Take all the time you want. You've had several big things today. And if you want to change your mind about that other matter, that will be all right, too... Be strong.

BELL
Thank you, sir.

EXT. HQ TENT - DAY

Outside the tent, Bell has given Doll the news.

DOLL
If you take it, they'll post you somewhere else. No telling where you'll end up.

Bell gone? Bell too? Doll feels alone and afraid.

BELL
Means more money. The comp'ny's not the same any more. All these new men, half of them I don't know their names. S'not the outfit that landed on this island. Feels all different. I mean, Dale, an ex-cook! Platoon Sergeant?

DOLL
Yeah. Thorne said he was coming back. He never did.
EXT. HQ AREA - DAY

His duffel bag packed, Bell stands watching a Melanesian woman. The next day he will be sworn in and transferred. Storm, it turns out, is leaving with him. He is glad to get out alive, and not the least bit guilty. As the jeep pulls away, Welsh sends him a salute.

Doll sits alone at the other end of the bivouac. Bell has given him an address on a scrap of paper, but who knows if they will ever see each other again or whether anything will be the same after this war? He looks around at the new, unfamiliar faces. Will this be his fate, to watch his friends leave him one by one?

EXT. EVACUATION HOSPITAL - DAY

Welsh stands outside the hospital. He looks at the ground a moment, then flips his cigarette away and goes inside.

INT. EVACUATION HOSPITAL - DAY

Welsh sees Fife and wanders over to his bed.

FIFE
What’re you doing here, First?

WELSH
I had to bring somebody his gear. So you're finally makin' it out, hunh, kid?

FIFE
Yeah.

WELSH
When's the ship leave?

FIFE
Three days.

WELSH
You're smart. Get out while there's still time.

FIFE
You know, First. I been thinkin’. Maybe I ought to stay.
WELSH
You what?

FIFE
Well, yes. I mean, you know, I'm
gonna miss the comp'ny. And it's --
it's sort of like running out. In
one way.

Fife does not want to leave this island a coward or a sneak.
He expected to be admired for it; instead Welsh leers at him
in silence, his mad eyes gleaming.

WELSH
Sure, kid, I think if you feel like
that, you oughta come back.

FIFE
You think so? I thought I might
slip out of here tonight maybe.

WELSH
You should.

(then grinning his slow,
sly grin)
You want to know why I busted you --
out of the orderly room? You
thought it was because we thought
you weren't coming back, didn't
you? Well, it wasn't. It was
because you were such a lousy
fucking bad clerk, I HAD to do it!

If he could, Fife would hit him, he is so furious. He knows
he wasn't a bad clerk. But he is lying on his back and before
he can get up Welsh is gone, down the aisle and out through
the flap.

FIFE
You fucking bastard! You're sick!
You feel sorry for yourself!
Bastard!

The orderlies rush down the aisle to calm him. Silently,
struggling not to, Fife weeps tears of rage and desperation.

EXT. AIRFIELD (DRUMSARA) - DUSK

MUSIC enters as three days later Fife boards a cargo plane.
No one from the company is present to see him off; they are
all far away, on the other side of the island. He bobs like a
cork in a sea of men he does not know.
EXT. AIRFIELD (DAINTREE) - DAY

Captain Bosche addresses the assembled company.

CAPT. BOSCHE
Now I know you men are making and drinking this goddamn swipe. That's okay by me. Any man in an outfit of mine can get as drunk as he wants to every night, as long as he's ready -- and in shape -- to make reveille and carry out any assignment he's given. If he can't do that, he's gonna have trouble, and from me. Personal.

(a pause)
Now I prefer to think of myself as a family man. And that's what we all are here, whether we like it or not. A family. I'm the father and -- I guess that makes Sergeant Welsh here the mother.

(there is some laughter)
And whether you guys like it or not, that makes all of you the children in this family. Now a family can only have one head, and that's the father. Me. Father's the head, and mother runs it. That's the way it's gonna be here. If any of you guys want to see me about anything, anything at all, you'll find I'm available. On the other hand, I'm gonna be busy makin' a living for this family, so if it's not important, maybe mother can handle it. That's all, except for one more thing. We're into training now, as all of you know. You all know what kind of training it is, too. Well, I'm making this training just as tough on everybody as I possibly can. Including me. So expect it. Now that's all -- Except one more thing. It'll be a long time before we get home. The war is not going to be over by next Christmas. We'll probably have to circle the world, and you'll probably go back by way of New York. So let's stick together.

(MORE)
I want you guys back me up, I'll back you up. All the way, and with anybody. With any outfit, and any army. Japanese, American, or what have you. You can count on that.

(pausing again)

And now that's really all!

The tough little guy has not smiled once, even at his own jokes. Everybody likes him. Even Welsh seems to like him.

EXT. HQ AREA - DAY

A week later Sgt. Welsh stands in front of the company, wearing a full field pack.

A YOUNG LIEUTENANT
Sergeant Welsh, our scheduled transportation has been delayed. The trucks were diverted to another unit. What do you suggest we do?

WELSH
We'll go out the way we came, sir.

The lieutenant nods, and they exchange a salute. Welsh turns to face the men, standing in ranks next to their equipment.

VOICES
First platoon, all present and accounted for... Second platoon, all present and accounted for...

Etc.

WELSH
All right -- move! Move!

EXT. ROAD TO BEACH - DAY

The men of C-for-Charlie march to the beach -- past a herd of cattle, past a Melanesian woman who gazes at them from beside a stream. Another company goes by, headed up toward the line. Stalks of red ginger glow amid the strangler figs and vines. Outside a leaf chapel, a group of Melanesians are singing. The stream where Dale stooped to drink the bloody water flows clear again. Some suggestion that in time the earth will cleanse itself.
EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Their route leads them past the new cemetery. Plodding along, gasping in the airless humidity, the cemetery looks very green and cool to them. The area has been well drained, and blue-grass has been planted on it. Quartermaster men move here and there, keeping it up and tending it. Big sprinklers send their long gossamer jets swirling through the air above the crosses. Already grass rises from the grave mounds.

EXT. BEACH (WANGETTI) LCIs - DAY

They arrive at the beach. LCIs ply the waters between the beach and the big ships that wait offshore to receive them. Melanesian stevedores work among the stacks of crates. A sailor standing on an oil drum, signalling the ships with semaphore flags.

THE END