

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIANA FARMHOUSE - DAY

Chickens move around in an area next to a beat-up farmhouse.

A CBS van, a truck, two new 1969 automobiles and several older ones park on a dirt area in front of the farmhouse.

INT. MEADLO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

PAUL MEADLO (21), glasses, sits on a worn out sofa between his WIFE (20) and his MOTHER.

MIKE WALLACE (50) sits across from them.

WALLACE

How many people did you kill
that day?

MEADLO

Well, I might have killed about
10 or 15 of them.

WALLACE

Women and children?

MEADLO

Yes, there were women, children,
and even babies.

Wallace scrutinizes Meadlo.

WALLACE

They weren't begging or saying,
"No, no"?

MEADLO

Right. They didn't put up any
fight. The women huddled against
their children and took it. Some
put their bodies over them trying
to save them.

WALLACE

Obviously, the question comes to
mind, how do you shoot babies?

MEADLO

I don't know. It's just one of those things.

WALLACE

Why did you do such a thing?

MEADLO

Why did I do it? Because I felt like I was ordered to do it. And it seemed like I realized...at the time, I felt like I was doing the right thing. I really did. Like I said, I lost buddies.

WALLACE

You're not suggesting that justifies the slaughter of innocent babies?

MEADLO

Well, they were the enemy.

INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

Meadlo's mother strolls up to a magazine rack.

INSERT: Bodies of dead Vietnamese on the cover of Life.

She picks up the magazine and examines it.

MOTHER

Oh, my God!

She puts the magazine back and wipes the tears from under her eyes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

REPORTERS, holding pens and notebooks, stand against the walls while most of them sit on folding chairs.

President NIXON stands at a podium.

NIXON

What appears was certainly a massacre, and under no circumstances was it justified. One of our goals is to keep the people of South Vietnam from having a government which has atrocity against civilians as one of its policies. We cannot ever condone or use atrocities against civilians to accomplish that goal.

INT. MEADLO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A uniformed CAPTAIN AUBREY DANIEL (28), handsome and boyish looking, sits on a beat-up sofa. Meadlo sits across from him on a recliner.

MEADLO

I refuse to testify.

DANIEL

If you testify, you'll be given full immunity. On the other hand, if you are convicted, you might be sentenced to life in prison.

Meadlo sits back and the support for his legs goes up. He has only one foot.

MEADLO

I was just following orders.

DANIEL

That's not a rational defense. Slaughtering women and children is a war crime punishable by death.

MEADLO

Calley could've shot me on the spot.

DANIEL

That's not true and you know it. Co-operate and you won't lose your disability checks.

Meadlo points at where his foot should be.

MEADLO

I only get a hundred and seventy eight dollars a month for that. And you want to take that away from me?

Daniel stands.

DANIEL

Mr. Meadlo, are you going to co-operate and testify?

MEADLO

I'll think about it.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT BAY - RHODE ISLAND - DAY

Low tide. Dead horseshoe crabs, jellyfish and rocks cover the beach.

Daniel strolls down the rocky beach with COON (21), a pretty boy with pearl white teeth.

COON

Ya know, in basic training I was ordered to kiss my rifle and tell it, "I love you". I refused and nothing happened to me.

DANIEL

Do you recall the mentioning of unlawful orders during any of your military training?

COON

Vaguely. I recall being told that the order to shoot a prisoner would be an unlawful order. We could be tried for murder even if the prisoner's life jeopardized the mission.

DANIEL

When were you told this?

COON

Vietnam training. Ya know, just before going over there.

DANIEL

Are you ready to head back?

COON

Nah. I'm going to take a long walk.
Get some fresh air.

DANIEL

Thanks again for your co-operation.

They shake hands.

COON

I dream of killing him. I regret
that I ...sorry. It's just that I
didn't do anything do save her and
her baby. I walked away.

DANIEL

There's nothing you could have done.
I'll see that he's punished. I
promise you that.

Daniel walks away.

Coon picks up a large stone and throws it in the air towards
the bay.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

SUPER: DECEMBER 2, 1967

The plane flies above the China Sea towards the coast of
Vietnam. The sky is black. Bright flashes from explosions
and lightning light up various areas of Vietnam.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Coon peers out the window of the plane. His face has the
appearance of a person thinking he's about to die.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

SOLDIERS wearing jungle fatigues and carrying green duffle
bags across their shoulders run down the ramp leaving the
plane. A SOLDIER wearing a helmet and flak jacket leads them
to a bus that's parked about thirty feet away from the

plane.

The sound of firecrackers EXPLODING.

Coon follows several soldiers into the bus.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Coon sits down next to the window. He looks out.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

TWO MPs stand by three black rubber body bags. Both of them light up packages of firecrackers and toss them at the bus.

The bus drives away.

EXT. REPLACEMENT CENTER - BARRACKS - DAY

A SERGEANT stands in front of two rows of Soldiers, six men in each row. Coon stands behind Paul Meadlo.

SERGEANT

Until your orders arrive, you will be busy. The first row will be filling sandbags. The rest of you will clean the latrines. Someone will be here shortly to escort you to your assigned work areas.

The sergeant struts away.

Coon taps Meadlo on the shoulder.

COON

Wanna swap assignments?

MEADLO

Why?

COON

I like manual labor. And I have a very weak stomach. Swap and the beers will be on me.

MEADLO

All right. Shit don't bother me.

Coon and Meadlo swap places.

INT. ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Coon and Meadlo stand at the bar. Coon takes a sip from a can of beer.

COON
Not bad for a dime.

MEADLO
It's only three point two.
Half the alcohol.

COON
Never had any stateside.

MEADLO
Neither have I.

COON
Old enough for combat, but not
old enough to buy a beer back in
Rhode Island.

Coon eyes two soldiers playing chess at a small table.

COON
Do ya play chess?

MEADLO
Nope. Do you?

COON
Yup. I'll be right back.

Coon walks over to the soldiers.

COON
Can I challenge the winner?

PFC OVERMAN (20) glances up at Coon, then goes back to staring at the chess pieces.

OVERMAN
Are you any good?

COON

Over a 1500 rating when I played
on the high school chess team.

OVERMAN

Go to Captain Dion's hootch. Tell
him Overman sent you.

INT. CAPTAIN DION'S ROOM - NIGHT

CAPTAIN DION (26) stares at the chessmen.

DION

I should have seen that coming.

He tips over his king.

DION

Good game.

Coon sits across from him.

COON

Thank you, sir.

DION

I don't know why you were sent up
here. We don't need a searchlight
repairman.

COON

Eight extra weeks of training,
wasted.

DION

Maybe not. I know some people in
Long Bihn. I'll see if there's
an opening in your M O S there.

COON

I would appreciate that, sir.

DION

How about a rematch?

COON

Okay.

EXT. ARTILLERY COMPOUND OUTSIDE OF LONG BIHN - DAY

Rows of long wooden and screened barracks surrounded by six feet high rows of dirt filled sandbags stand in one area of a very large compound.

Wooden decking runs between and to the entrance of each barrack.

Coon follows SPEC. 5 DRINKHOUSE (23) into a barrack.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

Coon and Drinkhouse stand in the center of a two-bunk room. There's a large stereo system and a small refrigerator against the wall. At the foot of both bunks are black foot lockers.

DRINKHOUSE

A Vietnamese girl will wash and iron your clothes, shine your boots, make your bed and clean the room for two bucks a week. If a searchlight breaks down, they'll fly you out to the field to fix it. You stay there until you can get a ride back. When there's no searchlight work, you work in the motor pool. Any questions?

COON

No.

DRINKHOUSE

Good. Sergeant Margarita wants you to ride shotgun for him. Be out front at 1100.

COON

I'll be there.

EXT. BARRACK - DAY

Coon, wearing a helmet and flak jacket and holding an M-16 rifle, stands in front of his barrack.

SGT. TILO MARGARITA, mid thirties, wearing combat gear and smoking on a fat cigar, approaches Coon.

TILO

You're driving, Pard. Let's go.

Coon follows Tilo to an army jeep. They get in.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The jeep moves along on a two-lane paved road.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Tilo sits on the passenger side.

TILO

We're gonna stop in Binh Hoa. I just heard about a classy new whorehouse.

COON

It's off limits.

TILO

So what? Every whorehouse in the world is off limits.

Tilo shows Coon a pint of blackberry brandy.

TILO

This is for my cold.

He removes the cap and takes a big swig.

TILO

Ahh! There! Cold all gone now. Ya wanna sip?

COON

No thanks.

Tilo takes another big swig. He puts the cap back on and lays the bottle under his seat.

TILO

Take your next right.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The jeep travels on the asphalt road. It makes a right turn

onto a dirt road.

INT. JEEP

Tilo pulls out another cigar and lights it with a lighter shaped like a hand grenade.

TILO
Have ya been laid since ya been in
country, Pard?

COON
No.

TILO
Ya know, one in the bush is betta
than two by the hand.

COON
At least.

TILO
(points)
There it is. Pull up to the gate.

A tall metal fence encircles two large brick buildings.

Coon stops the jeep in front of a large gate.

Tilo steps out of the jeep and strolls up to the gate.

A door to one of the brick buildings opens. TWO WOMEN dressed in black appear.

Tilo turns to Coon.

TILO
Look at that. The whores are dressed
like nuns. Whatta front!

COON
They are nuns! It's a nunnery.

The two nuns march towards Tilo.

TILO
Damn! That motha fucka.

Tilo waves goodbye to the nuns.

The nuns look at each other, confused.

Tilo returns to the jeep and gets in.

TILO

That ball buster will pay
for this.

COON

Who?

TILO

The asshole who told me this
was a new whorehouse. Lets go.

EXT. DESOLATE DIRT ROAD - DAY

A VIETNAMESE FARMER, a small elderly man wearing a large
funnel-shaped-straw hat, squats next to the dirt road.

The jeep moves towards the farmer.

The farmer stares at the jeep.

The jeep moves closer and closer.

The farmer watches the jeep as it passes by.

Tilo tosses a grenade. It lands in front of the farmer.

The farmer eyes the hand grenade on the road in front of
him.

He stands.

The grenade explodes.

INT. JEEP

Tilo turns to Coon.

TILO

Did ya see his eyes, Pard? I thought
they were gonna pop out of his fuckin'
head.

Coon stares ahead. His hands firmly clutch the steering wheel.

EXT. AIRBASE - DAY

The jeep moves into the airbase. It travels a short distance and stops by an outside dining area.

SOLDIERS and VIETNAMESE CIVILIANS sit around small round tables.

EXT. OUTSIDE DINING AREA - DAY

Tilo and Coon sit at a small table. Tilo takes a swig out of a can of beer.

COON

I want to go back. I don't feel well.

Tilo ignores him. He takes another swig of beer.

A VIETNAMESE GIRL, 7, wearing a long white gown, approaches Tilo. She shows him a small notebook.

GIRL

Play tic-tac-toe?

TILO

Go play in the barbed wire.

GIRL

No biet.

Tilo grabs the girl's hair and pulls her head back.

TILO

Ya biet this, ya little gook?

Coon stands.

COON

(shouts)

Leave her alone.

Tilo lets the girl go.

She backs away from Tilo, pointing.

GIRL
GI number ten thousand.

Tilo squints at Coon.

TILO
Ya think ya can take me, Pard?

COON
I'm going to go PX.

Coon saunters towards the PX.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Tilo sits on the passenger side puffing on a cigar.

EXT. OUTSIDE DINING AREA - DAY

The little Vietnamese girl takes the grenade shaped lighter off the table.

She rushes towards Tilo.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Tilo observes the little girl. He picks up his M-16 rifle and takes aim. The tip of the cigar in his mouth turns a bright red. He squeezes the trigger.

Flames shoot out of the flash arrester.

EXT. OUTSIDE DINING AREA - DAY

A bullet passes through the girl's arm. The lighter falls to the ground.

The stunned girl gawks at the hole through her bloody arm.

INT. JEEP

Tilo takes aim. The tip of the cigar turns red. He squeezes the trigger.

EXT. OUTSIDE DINING AREA - DAY

A bullet enters the girl's forehead and exits the back of her head. She falls to the ground.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The CAPTAIN, sitting behind a desk, shrugs his shoulders and makes a frown.

CAPTAIN
Shooting a civilian accidentally
isn't a war crime. He thought it
was a real grenade.

Coon stands in front of the desk.

COON
It was his lighter, sir. I saw
him use it several times.

CAPTAIN
He says it wasn't his.

COON
He's lying.

CAPTAIN
Where's your proof?

The Captain sits back in his chair and rubs his crotch.

COON
What about the farmer?

CAPTAIN
I'll have lieutenant Rice look into
that. In the meantime, I want you to
get a haircut. And shave that peach
fuzz off your face.

INT. INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The MAJOR sits behind his desk reading a complaint.

Coon enters the room and salutes the Major.

The Major returns a salute without taking his eyes off the complaint.

Coon stands at attention in front of the desk.

The Major scrutinizes Coon.

MAJOR

Do you have anything to substantiate your allegations?

COON

No sir, I don't.

MAJOR

These are serious charges. Do you realize you can go to jail for signing this?

COON

For reporting war crimes?

The Major almost comes out of his chair.

MAJOR

Wait a damn minute, soldier. I will not tolerate any insubordination from you. You better think things over before you get into big trouble.

COON

I thought it over.

MAJOR

You're accusing a non-commission officer of committing two hideous war crimes and you don't have any proof.

COON

I saw him murder the farmer.

The Major pulls out a green handkerchief and blows his nose.

MAJOR

Your captain told you he was ordering an investigation. Don't come back to this office until his investigation is completed and you have some proof. You're excused.

Coon salutes the Major and leaves the room.

The Major makes a telephone call.

MAJOR

He's trouble. Send him up north.

INT. COON'S HOOTCH - NIGHT

Coon tosses and turns on his bunk.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Illumination flares light up the compound.

The THUMPING of mortars and the BURSTING of automatic weapons.

A loud siren WAILS. Soldiers, wearing helmets and flak vests, scramble for the bunkers that surround the compound.

Coon comes out of his hootch and sprints towards a bunker.

Tilo, aiming his rifle at Coon, stands next to Coon's hootch. He notices SEVERAL SOLDIERS running close by. He lowers his rifle and moves towards Coon.

Two VIET CONG, firing their AK- 47's, dash out from besides a hootch.

TWO SOLDIERS fall to the ground.

Coon eyes the Viet Cong. He jumps to the ground, chest first. Dirt kicks up around him as he fires. The two Viet Cong fall to the ground.

Tilo prowls towards Coon. He brings his weapon to his shoulder and takes aim.

Coon rolls on his side and fires on full automatic.

Blood flows from Tilo's thighs as he falls to the ground.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Captain reviews some paperwork as Coon stands in front of his desk.

CAPTAIN

It appears there's a problem with your orders. You were assigned to infantry duty up north. Be packed and ready to leave by 1300.

EXT. LZ DOTTIE - DAY

Paul Meadlo and SGT. BOONE, (28), large, black, slightly overweight, wearing a Santa Claus hat, pose for a picture. Both men are smiling and wearing green tee shirts.

PHOTON, (22), blond hair, takes the picture.

SGT. BOONE

Now, Photon, I expect to see that in Stars and Stripes. My four-year-old will love it.

PHOTON

I can only promise both of you a copy of the photo. That's it.

Meadlo peers over Photon's shoulder and squints.

Three shirtless BLACK SOLDIERS fill sand bags.

Beyond the black men, Coon, wearing full combat gear and carrying a rifle with a duffle back over his shoulder, moves towards them.

MEADLO

(Yells)

Hey, Coon.

The three black MEN look up and glare at Meadlo.

Boone pushes Meadlo's arm.

BOONE

What's wrong with you, Meadlo?

MEADLO

Huh? What I do, Sarge?

Coon stomps by the three black soldiers.

Meadlo smiles broadly as he watches Coon advance towards him.

Upon reaching Meadlo, Coon lays his duffel bag down.

Meadlo and Coon shake hands.

MEADLO

Didn't think you were coming.

COON

Paperwork problems.

MEADLO

Okay if he stays in my bunker,
Sarge? We have an empty bunk.

SGT. BOONE

Sure, that'll be fine.

Sgt. Boone extends his hand towards Coon.

SGT. BOONE

I'm Sgt. Boone. If you need
anything, I'm the man to see.
Do you have a first name?

COON

Yeah, but even torture won't get
it out of me.

Boone laughs out loud.

SGT. BOONE

It's that bad?

COON

Yup, I'm afraid so.

MEADLO

There was a rumor he had a clerk
at the replacement center killed
for revealing it.

SGT. BOONE

We'll have no killing around here.

COON

What about Charlie?

SGT. BOONE

I've been here three weeks. No
sign of Charlie, yet.

COON

I think I'm gonna like it here.

Photon offers his hand.

Coon shakes it.

PHOTON

They call me Photon. I'm a
photographer. Therefore that
stupid nickname.

COON

That's what I need, a good
nickname.

BOONE

I'll say.

Boone laughs.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Coon, Meadlo, R A (22), tall, pale and thin, and ALPHABET
(20), muscular, sit around a small round table playing
cards. Each man has a pile of paper military currency
(commonly referred to as funny money) on the table.

MEADLO

R A is the only volunteer grunt
here. Everybody else is U S.
Drafted.

R A

And I'm proud of it. Shoes on my feet. Food in my belly. When I re-up, a six-thousand-dollar bonus. What more can a man ask for?

COON

A night with Ann-Margret or Tuesday Weld would be nice. Actually three minutes would be great.

Alphabet stretches his arms, showing off his muscles.

ALPHABET

I'd settle for anything with a little public hair.

COON

Pubic hair.

MEADLO

He likes his women easy.

ALPHABET

They're easy around here. The going rate's two hundred piasters or a carton of cigarettes.

Coon pulls out a marijuana cigarette and lights it.

MEADLO

Is that pot?

COON

Yeah. I bought a bag of it for fifty cents. It relaxes me. It's been a tough week. Want some?

MEADLO

No thanks. I hear that leads to hard stuff.

ALPHABET

I'll take a drag.

Coon passes the joint to Alphabet. He puts it to his lips and inhales deeply.

R A

I'll stick with my booze.

ALPHABET

Tomorrow, shithead is gonna take us on patrol again. Talk about a waste of time. Stomping through rice paddies, for what?

COON

Who's Shithead?

ALPHABET

Our lieutenant. The Captain calls him shithead. He doesn't care who's around, either.

MEADLO

Nobody likes the guy. Everybody wonders how did he ever make lieutenant.

COON

You guys been here only two and three weeks, right?

ALPHABET

You'll see. Only Meadlo and R A listen to the runt.

MEADLO

I don't want an Article 15. If you do what you're told, you will never get into trouble.

R A

Calley's an officer and I respect him for that. Even if he isn't allowed to ride all the rides at Disneyland.

Alphabet laughs.

Coon looks confused.

EXT. LZ DOTTIE - DAY

A sign made out of a large cardboard box rests against the gate. On it is a drawing of a man holding a ruler out with 63" written above a line by the end of the ruler. Just above the 63" reads "You have to be at least this tall to exit the compound."

LT. CALLEY (24), 5' 3" tall, and Sgt. Boone march up to the gate. Boone laughs out loud. Calley gives him a dirty look.

Calley turns to his patrol, all wearing full combat gear. He points at the sign.

CALLEY

Who's responsible for that?

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Charlie did it.

Calley eyes his men.

CALLEY

Who said that?

SGT. BOONE

Sir, the boys are just having a little fun. I'll see that it doesn't happen again.

CALLEY

It better stop. I want discipline. No, I demand it.

SGT. BOONE

I'll see to it, sir.

Calley and Sgt. Boone lead the men out the gate.

Alphabet marches next to R A.

ALPHABET

Midgets, no sense of humor.

R A

I look up to the guy.

ALPHABET

Yeah, you worship the ground
he slithers on.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The patrol strolls through the village.

Some of the villagers pay no attention to the soldiers. A few give them the evil eye while others just observe.

WON (16), a pretty girl, holds a BOY, about 18 months, in her arms. She admires Coon.

Coon smiles as he moseys up to the girl.

COON

Hi, I'm new in village. Can you
tell me where I can buy a soda?

WON

No biet.

Alphabet stops next to Coon and hands the boy a piece of candy.

Calley notices and marches over to him.

CALLEY

You know I don't allow that.

ALPHABET

Sorry sir, I forgot.

CALLEY

This isn't a brothel, Pvt. Coon.
Move it.

COON

Yes Sir.

Coon and Alphabet walk away.

COON

I'm falling in lust.

ALPHABET

It would never work out. Her father is Viet Cong. He would never approve of the relationship.

COON

I'll convert him.

ALPHABET

Or die trying.

They stroll by a Vietnamese WOMAN breast-feeding a baby.

The patrol moves out of the village and along the dirt road between the rice paddies. Several farmers stand and watch them.

The point man steps just to the side of the road. A LOUD EXPLOSION and a ball of flame hurls the man into the air.

The man lands on his back. His helmet flies off his head.

What's left of his leg and foot hang from skin just below his knee.

A SOLDIER runs over to the wounded man.

SOLDIER

(Yells)

Meeedic.

A bullet goes through the soldier's neck. He falls to the ground.

The rest of the troops get into various firing positions.

One of the farmers points towards some bushes.

A half-dozen soldiers fire towards the bushes.

One soldier fires several rounds from his M-79 grenade launcher.

CALLEY

Those villagers should have warned us.

INT. CAPTAIN MEDINA'S BUNKER - NIGHT

CAPT. MEDINA, (30) meets with Lt. Calley.

MEDINA

In the future, time permitting, I want you to use the mine detector whenever possible.

CALLEY

Yes, sir. But most of the time we're going to be walking through rice paddies.

MEDINA

I realize that. I said when possible. Don't you listen?

CALLEY

Sorry, sir.

MEDINA

What's with the R & R request? You've only been in-country a month.

CALLEY

It's not until February, sir.

MEDINA

I can read. I'll approve it, but don't expect any more time off.

CALLEY

Thank you, sir.

INT. BUNKER - DUSK

Coon stands in the middle of the bunker.

COON

This is my impression of a Polish mine detector.

He sticks his fingers into his ears and closes his eyes. He stomps his foot several times in front of him.

Meadlo sits on his bunk.

MEADLO

That's funny.

Alphabet, sitting on the bunk across from Meadlo, flexes his arm as he rubs the back of his head.

ALPHABET

Watch yourself, I'm Polish.

COON

More censorship.

ALPHABET

Look at it as free advice.

COON

Really, there's too much censorship here. I saw "Bonnie and Clyde" and "The Graduate" at the replacement center. No graphic violence and no teat scene.

MEADLO

What teat scene?

COON

Ann Bancroft flashed her teats. I saw both of them stateside.

ALPHABET

Her teats?

COON

No, the movies. At the end of "Bonnie and Clyde" you can see bullets enter his head and one goes through the lens of his glasses. All in slow motion. Great scene. Here, they cut it out completely.

R A, reading "Catch-22", sits by an opening in the bunker.

A 6-inch-long snake with stripes along its side slithers across the sandbag.

The snake stops inches away from R A. Half its body goes up in the air as it examines R A.

R A turns his head towards the snake.

They look each other in the eye.

The snake turns and slithers away. R A jumps off his chair. He moves away from the opening and stops next to Coon.

COON

What's with you?

R A

I just saw a snake with stripes.

MEADLO

What rank was he?

R A

It had long strips on both sides of his body, dickhead.

ALPHABET

Sounds like a two-stepper.

R A

What's a two-stepper?

ALPHABET

It bites you. You take two steps and die.

R A looks at the opening.

ALPHABET

Kinda like your sex life. Two strokes and you're finished.

Sgt. Boone enters the bunker.

BOONE

Sorry to break up the party, but I got some bad news.

COON

Charlie surrendered?

Boone laughs and shows his big toothy grin.

BOONE

No, and that would be good news.
I'm sorry boys, but I need two
volunteers for L P.

ALPHABET

Damn, Sarge, I was out there
last week.

COON

L P?

MEADLO

Listening Post. It's guard duty
outside the barbed wire.

BOONE

Pvt. Meadlo and Pvt. Coon, thank
you for volunteering. As a reward,
you two will accompany me tomorrow
at 1200.

MEADLO

A supply run, Sarge?

BOONE

Among other things. We may even
get in a little skeet shooting.

MEADLO

How about some miniature golf?

BOONE

If we have enough time.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF COMPOUND - NIGHT

Coon and Meadlo lean against a tree about fifty feet away
from the barbed wire.

COON

See those barrels over there?

Coon points at three fifty-gallon drums about 75 feet away.

MEADLO

Yeah.

Coon picks up an M-79 grenade launcher.

COON

Let's see who can get the most
inside one for a buck.

MEADLO

You're on.

Coon puts a round into the short, shotgun-like grenade
launcher.

He takes aim and squeezes the trigger.

The grenade goes through the air and enters the top of the
barrel.

EXT. BASE CAMP - MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

A white golf ball drops into a hole.

Boon, holding a putter, shows a toothy smile.

BOONE

Another par. Who said this was a
white man's sport?

Meadlo and Coon stand just outside the putting area.

COON

Probably George Wallace.

BOONE

Maybe I'll get my son into golf.
Sidney Boone, Master's Champion.

The three men walk towards the next hole.

COON

Blacks can't play at Augusta.

BOONE

For now, but times change. Before
you know it, a black Master's

Champion...maybe a woman president.
Wouldn't that be something?

They get to the next hole and stop as four young soldiers in front of them walk towards the hole.

COON

Did you know that the blacks got
the right to vote fifty years
before women did?

MEADLO

Rightfully so.

BOONE

Keep talking like that and
you'll never get laid.

MEADLO

I'm just kidding, Sarge.

BOONE

Jokes like that aren't funny,
Meadlo. I've heard quite a few
in my day, believe me, they hurt.

MEADLO

Sarge, I heard you killed a boy
because of a bad joke. That's
how you ended up in army.

BOONE

A boy died and it was recommended
that I join the army.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A WOMAN (30's) stands by the doorway talking to someone out of sight.

She turns to

THIRTY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS sitting at their desks.

WOMAN

I'll be back in a few minutes.
Start reading the next chapter.

She steps out of the room.

Boone (now 18) sits at his desk reading.

SMITH (18), tall with red hair, sits across the aisle from Boone.

SMITH

Damn, nigger, I can smell you
from here. Whew!

A COUPLE OF WHITE BOYS, sitting by Smith, laugh out loud.

Boone shows Smith a big smile.

BOONE

Sorry, I didn't go home last
night. I was out all night with
your sister, Mabel. You know what
she's like when she's horny.

SMITH

I'm looking at a dead nigger.

BOONE

She told me you take after your
father, in size, if you know what
I mean.

SMITH

I'll be seeing you later.

The woman walks back into the classroom.

Boone glares at Smith and puts a finger to his lips.

BOONE

Shhh!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

STUDENTS exit the building and walk down the stairs.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Boone marches down the sidewalk.

Smith and two LARGE BOYS follow close behind.

SMITH

Do you have anything else to say,
nigger?

Boone continues to stare ahead as he walks at a rapid pace.

BOONE

It's a beautiful day, don't spoil
it.

Smith hurries up to Boone and pushes his shoulder.

SMITH

What did you say, nigger?

Boone stops and faces Smith.

BOONE

I can handle your name calling
but don't touch me.

Smith punches him in the mouth.

Boone punches the side of Smith's head. He falls into the street.

A car moves towards Smith. On the ground, his eyes widen in panic as he looks ahead.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Boone forces a smile.

BOONE

I should have ignored him from
the start. I knew better. That
tire crushed his head like a
melon. I'm surprised I wasn't
hung that night.

The four soldiers ahead of them finish the hole.

MEADLO

Why? It was his fault.

BOONE

That never mattered before in
Alabama, late fifties.

COON

You're still up, Sarge.

BOONE

Those boys are slow. We're
not going to finish the round.

MEADLO

We going to have time to eat?

BOONE

Of course.

COON

Great! It's been a while since
we had a real meal.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

The mess hall is crowded with SOLDIERS. Most of them sit at cafeteria-type tables eating. Some stand in the food line.

Several VIETNAMESE WOMEN remove trays and cups from the tables.

Coon and Meadlo, carrying trays filled with food, follow Boone to a table. They lay their trays on the table and walk away.

Coon hurries up to a milk dispenser. He takes a plastic cup from a rack and gets some milk from the dispenser.

A VIETNAMESE WOMAN takes Coon's tray away from the table.

Coon carries his milk back to the table. He stops and looks around. He lays the cup down on the table and goes back to the food line.

Coon lifts his tray in front of a SHORT CORPORAL.

SHORT CORPORAL
I recognize you. What are you
trying to pull?

COON
Nothing. Someone took my food.

SHORT CORPORAL
That's your problem. Put the
tray back and get out of line.

A TALL STAFF SERGEANT comes up behind the short corporal.

STAFF SERGEANT
What's the problem, here?

SHORT CORPORAL
He's trying to get seconds.

COON
I didn't eat anything. Someone
took my tray of food.

STAFF SERGEANT
Write your congressman. Put the
tray back. You're holding up my
line.

An empty tray lies in front of Boone as he pats his mouth
with a napkin.

BOONE
Now that was mighty good. Don't
worry, Coon. I'll get you some
extra C-rations when we get back.
A nice can of franks and beans will
fill you up in no time at all.

Boone smiles.

Coon frowns.

EXT. RICE PADDIES - DAY

The patrol mucks through the rice paddies.

Alphabet's about eight feet away from Coon.

ALPHABET

March, march, march. One stinking
pointless patrol after another.

COON

How do I get out of this outfit?

ALPHABET

On a stretcher or wait till your
year's up.

COON

I'm starting to get dishpan feet.

ALPHABET

That's what I smell at night.
Heard you almost got busted.

COON

Yeah, Lt. Shithead bagged me
for wasting ammo for my M-79.

ALPHABET

How'd he find out?

COON

He must have seen me and Meadlo
target practicing a couple of
nights ago.

A FARMER, waving, stands in his rice paddy.

R A shows him a middle finger.

R A

I'd like to pop that gook.

Meadlo, across from R A, stomps through the paddy.

MEADLO

Why?

R A

Don't let the wave fool you. He's
Charlie.

MEADLO

Looks like a farmer to me.

EXT. LZ DOTTIE - TWILIGHT

One end of a garden hose hangs from a seven-foot pole. Water flows from the hose.

A nude SOLDIER washes himself under the hose as a half-dozen SOLDIERS, wearing towels around their waist, wait in line.

Meadlo and Coon sit on folding chairs in front of a bunker.

Sgt. Boone approaches them.

BOONE

Cumhail, you're riding shotgun
for me tomorrow.

Coon, embarrassed, surveys the area.

COON

Damn, Sarge, not so loud.

BOONE

What kind of a name is Cumhail?

COON

Irish. I was named after an Irish
poet. Where're we going?

BOONE

The replacement center. Lt. Calley's
going on R & R.

MEADLO

Are we going on patrol tomorrow?

BOONE

Afraid so. Capt. Medina will be
in charge.

MEADLO

I can't believe the Captain's
taking us. You can't drive a jeep
through a rice paddy.

EXT. RICE PADDY - DAY

Capt. Medina stomps through a rice paddy.

An EXPLOSION, followed by a ball of flame, hurls a soldier into the air.

Two more EXPLOSIONS

Three soldiers lie in the rice paddy, out of sight, and screaming out loud.

MEDINA
(Yells)
Freeze!

One SOLDIER moves a little to his right. A loud EXPLOSION and a FIREBALL tosses him into the air.

MEDINA
I said nobody move.

Another loud EXPLOSION.

The men, frightened, some crying, stand still.

MEDINA
(To his radioman)
Don't move. Call in for some mine sweepers. We're going to need some marked paths to get out of here.

Another loud EXPLOSION.

INT. MEDINA'S BUNKER - TWILIGHT

Medina sits at his desk writing a report.

INSERT REPORT: 3 DEAD 12 WOUNDED

Sgt. Boone enters the bunker and salutes Medina.

Medina returns the salute.

MEDINA
Is he ready for questioning?

BOONE

Yes, sir.

Medina stands and grabs an M-16 rifle.

Boone follows Medina out of the bunker.

EXT. LZ DOTTIE - TWILIGHT

Soldiers stand around and watch Boone follow Medina outside the gate of the compound. They march a short distance and stop in front of a VIETNAMESE INTERPRETER.

INTERPRETER

He's ready, Captain.

A VIETNAMESE MAN is tied to a tree just off the dirt road. His face is covered with dry blood and an eye is completely closed.

Medina, carrying his rifle, marches towards the man and stops about ten feet away. He takes aim and fires his rifle.

A bullet hits the tree a couple of inches from the man's head.

BANG. Another bullet hits even closer to the man's head.

Medina smiles and takes aim again. He fires.

The bullet hits next to the man's head.

MEDINA

See if he's willing to talk now.

EXT. DIRT ROAD AND RICE PADDIES - DAY

Sgt. Boone walks with PVT. LOPEZ, (19), along the dirt road.

The rest of the platoon are scattered in the rice paddies and behind them.

SGT. BOONE

Next week I'll be in Hawaii with
the love of my life.

LOPEZ

I thought the army was the love
of your life, Sarge.

Boone laughs out loud.

SGT. BOONE

The army is just a job. After
twenty years I can retire with
full-medical benefits. Open up
a little convenience store and
live the American dream.

A little cat lies next to the road. It has a broken leg.

Boone and Lopez notice the cat.

SGT. BOONE

What have we got here?

Boone approaches the cat, with caution. He bends down over
the cat and examines the area.

SGT. BOONE

What's the problem, little fella?

The cat meows.

LOPEZ

Careful, Sarge.

Boone looks up at Lopez with a big smile.

SGT. BOONE

It looks like the little guy has
a broken leg.

Boone reaches for the cat. He picks it up. A wire sewed to
the bottom of the cat can be seen entering the ground.

A loud EXPLOSION.

Lopez, stunned, stares.

Boone lies on the ground. His hands and half his head are
gone.

A medic rushes towards Boone's lifeless body.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

R A, Coon, Meadlo and Alphabet sit at the table playing cards.

R A

He should of known better.

COON

We all make mistakes.

ALPHABET

He was a pretty good guy. I liked him. I usually don't like lifers. Most of them are assholes.

R A

What about me?

ALPHABET

See my point.

R A scratches his nose with his middle finger.

MEADLO

Calley said in a couple of days it'll be payback time.

R A

I heard there's going to be a few thousand of those little fuckers.

COON

No way.

R A

Tomorrow after Boone's funeral, Mad Dog Medina is going to tell us all about it.

COON

Who tells you these things?

R A

I've got connections.

MEADLO

If the Captain finds out you
call him Mad Dog, you'll be
one sorry lifer.

EXT. LZ DOTTIE - DAY

In a large area in the center of the compound, Medina,
surrounded by his officers, talks to his men.

MEDINA

Tomorrow we'll have two objectives.
Avenge the lives of the men we lost
over the last few months and to
kill the enemy. Kill everything.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Does that mean women and children?

MEDINA

There won't be any women and
children there. Just the enemy.
It's payback time. Pollute their
water system, kill their livestock
and burn their homes. And remember,
I want a high body count.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Coon and Alphabet sit just outside their bunker.

ALPHABET

Finally, we'll get to fight the
enemy. Four months and we haven't
seen one yet. Just snipers and
mine fields.

COON

He never really answered the
question.

ALPHABET

Which one?

COON

Do we kill the women and children?

ALPHABET

He said there won't be any there.

COON

How could he know that?

ALPHABET

Intelligence reports.

COON

Right. Maybe he means don't look at them as women and children. Kill them anyway. He wants a big body count. He was very clear on that.

ALPHABET

No way. You have to use a little common sense. We don't shoot kids.

COON

I know someone who did. He got away with it. I shot the bastard.

ALPHABET

Did you kill him?

COON

No.

ALPHABET

He didn't rat on you?

COON

I don't know. I was shipped out the next day.

ALPHABET

If he ratted you out, you would have heard about it.

COON

Probably. I'm ready for some shut-eye.

ALPHABET

Me too.

EXT. LZ DOTTIE - DUSK

Capt. Medina, holding a shovel, stands over a map of My Lai 4 drawn on the ground. He's surrounded by Lt. Calley, two other lieutenants and six sergeants.

MEDINA

We're going to be outnumbered by more than two to one. Expect a hell of a good fight.

CALLEY

We're ready for them, sir.

MEDINA

Don't interrupt, shithead. Our helicopter gun ships will be supporting us. Enabling us to settle the score. And I don't expect any prisoners. Any questions?

BLACK SERGEANT

What about civilians?

MEDINA

Like I said earlier today, there won't be any innocent civilians there. Just the enemy. Viet Cong and Viet Cong sympathizers.

Medina turns to Lt. Calley.

MEDINA

Lt. Shithead, what do we do to VC and their sympathizers?

CALLEY

Kill them, sir.

MEDINA

That's right, sweetheart. This is a search and destroy mission. Completely neutralize My Lai. Don't let anyone or anything get behind us as we move through Pinkville.

Medina sticks the shovel into an area on the ground identified as Pinkville.

EXT. HELICOPTER LANDING AREA - DAY

SUPER: MARCH 16, 1968 0722

SOLDIERS board nine helicopters.

One by one the helicopters take off while soldiers tend to their gear on the ground below.

EXT. LANDING AREA NEAR MY LAI HAMLET - DAY

Three helicopter gun ships fire rockets and rounds around the landing area.

The helicopters carrying the troops land.

The soldiers jump from the helicopters and run for irrigation ditches.

The gun ships continue to fire machine gun rounds on the outskirts of the village.

A farmer, wearing a funnel-shaped-straw hat, stands in a rice paddy by the village waving his hands above his head.

A gun ship fires a burst of rounds into the farmer.

EXT. IRRIGATION DITCH

Meadlo, holding his M-16, lies against a side of the ditch.

Coon jumps next him.

COON

It's cold, man. Charlie isn't here.

MEADLO

He's there. They're all Viet Cong.

COON

Right. If they're all V C, who are we fighting for? Why are

we here?

MEADLO

To stop the spread of communism.

COON

By killing them?

EXT. SOUTHERN PORTION MY LAI 4 - DAY

SUPER: 0800

Lt. Calley, followed closely by his radio operator, leads his platoon into the village.

Some soldiers fire their M-16s from their hips. A few take aim at livestock: pigs, ducks, chickens and cows.

A woman, carrying a baby, steps out of a bamboo hut.

A soldier turns and fires his weapon on full automatic.

CALLEY

I want everybody gathered up.

The soldiers move towards the huts, some killing livestock on the way.

An old farmer, with his arms in the air, stands in front of a hut. A soldier stabs him with his bayonet.

Calley, his RADIOMAN, Meadlo, and a VIETNAMESE INTERPRETER approach the entrance to a hut.

Calley and Meadlo aim their rifles as the interpreter yells into the hut.

INTERPRETER

Hoan toan. Ngay bay gio! Hoan toan.

Won, holding the same boy, and a WOMAN (40), come out of the hut.

CALLEY

Di di.

Calley nods towards an area in front of the hut.

The interpreter peeks inside the hut.

An old toothless WOMAN and two YOUNG GIRLS (7 & 8) followed closely by Coon approach Calley.

Behind Coon, R A tosses a hand grenade into a hut. Seconds later it explodes.

CALLEY

Take 'em all over there by that tree and take care of them.

Coon and Meadlo lead the prisoners away. Calley goes over to the interpreter.

INTERPRETER

There's a Buddhist priest and an old woman in there.

INT. HUT - DAY

A PRIEST, wearing all white, prays over an OLD WOMAN lying on a bed.

A bullet hits the woman in the forehead.

Stunned, the priest turns. Calley grabs his arm and pulls him towards the open doorway.

EXT. HUT - DAY

The priest comes flying out of the doorway, landing on the ground. He gets on his knees and begs.

PRIEST

No VC. No VC.

Calley smashes the priest's face with his rifle butt.

The priest falls on the ground. Then he gets on his knees, blood pours from his mouth as he begs.

PRIEST

No VC. Dong tu. Danh tu.

Calley shoots the priest in the head.

Several soldiers gather small groups of women and children.

CALLEY

Take 'em over to the ditch
and take care of them.

Calley grabs a handset from his radioman.

A hundred feet behind him R A and a SOLDIER drop an old man
down a well. R A tosses a grenade into the well.

Coon and Meadlo guard their prisoners. Won, still holding
the boy, has her blouse open. One breast is exposed.

Calley marches over to Coon.

CALLEY

What are you doing, soldier?

COON

Making sure she doesn't have a
concealed weapon, sir.

CALLEY

Didn't I order you two to take
care of them?

COON

We are. We're watching 'em.

CALLEY

I mean kill them.

Surprised, Meadlo glares at Calley.

Coon examines the group.

Won buttons up her blouse. The boy smiles at him. One older
woman and the eight-year-old girl cry.

Photon takes a picture of the prisoners, then strolls away.

COON

No, I'm not going to do that.

CALLEY

That's an order, soldier.

Calley points his rifle towards Coon.

Coon turns his rifle on Calley.

COON
Point it in another direction,
sir.

CALLEY
I can have you shot.

COON
Move your weapon. I won't say it
again.

Calley turns his rifle towards the prisoners.

CALLEY
I'll have you court-martialed for
this. That's a promise.

COON
Do what ya gotta do. But don't
ever point a weapon at me again.

Calley focuses on Meadlo.

CALLEY
What about you? Are you going
to follow orders?

MEADLO
Yes, sir.

CALLEY
Then do it. Waste them.

COON
No! Don't do it, Meadlo.

CALLEY
Pvt. Coon, round up some more
prisoners. That's an order.

MEADLO
Sir.

CALLEY

I ordered you to waste them. Do it, now!

Meadlo raises his rifle. The rifle shakes in his hand.

Some of the prisoners, in Vietnamese, beg for their lives.

MEADLO

Sir, I...

CALLEY

Do it. That's an order.

Meadlo closes his eyes and fires his rifle.

Calley, on full automatic, squeezes the trigger. He displays no emotion.

Coon takes several steps behind Calley. He turns with his rifle pointing at Calley's back. His finger goes on the trigger. His head turns towards the bodies on the ground.

Won's lifeless eyes appear to be staring at him. As if they were begging for help. Her son now looks like a porcelain doll covered in blood.

Coon mopes away. He looks as if he's about to pass out.

Soldiers gather prisoners, mostly women and children.

Large groups of prisoners are escorted out of the village towards a ditch. Dead livestock and dead Vietnamese are everywhere. Several huts burn.

EXT. A LONG AND WIDE IRRIGATION DITCH - DAY

More than forty Vietnamese, mostly women, children and babies, squat in the ditch.

Coon, Alphabet, and Meadlo, holding M-16 rifles, stand along the top of the ditch, looking down.

Calley struts up to them and stops next to Meadlo.

CALLEY

How come they're not dead?

MEADLO

I didn't know we were suppose to
kill them, sir.

CALLEY

I want them dead. Fire when I say
fire.

Coon stands on the other side of Meadlo. He steps away from
the ditch.

COON

Do your own killing, Calley.

Some of the Vietnamese cry and hold their children close to
them.

Alphabet steps away from the ditch and moves after Coon.

CALLEY

Where're you going, soldier?

ALPHABET

That's right. I'm a soldier.
Not a baby killer.

CALLEY

Do you want a court-martial,
private?

ALPHABET

I'm only a private, but I know an
unlawful order when I hear one.

Alphabet and Coon move towards the burning village.

Calley glances at Meadlo. Then he looks down into the ditch.

CALLEY

We got another job to do, Meadlo.
Start firing.

On full automatic, they fire into the ditch.

Tears flow down Meadlo's cheeks as he reloads. After he
empties his rifle and reloads four times, he turns and mopes
away from the ditch.

MEADLO
(Crying out loud)
I can't do it anymore.

Calley takes aim and fires. He does it several times.

EXT. AREAS AWAY FROM DITCH - DAY

Some soldiers, smoking cigarettes, stand in small groups, and some sit on the ground eating C-rations out of green cans.

Calley walks up to his radioman.

A CHILD (2), covered in blood, crawls out of the ditch. He stands and scampers down the dirt road, towards the village.

Calley notices the baby.

CALLEY
Somebody, shoot him.

The soldiers glance at Calley, then return to what they were doing.

A little frustrated, Calley, holding his rifle, dashes after the child.

Calley grabs him by the arm and yanks him up. He carries the boy, swinging by his arm, back to the ditch and hurls him in.

Calley takes aim and squeezes the trigger, twice.

He turns and strolls back to his radioman as if nothing had happened.

Coon turns to Alphabet.

COON
I'll give you a month's pay if
you frag that bastard.

ALPHABET
Killing him would be a pleasure,
but not worth going to jail for.

COON

If only I had the guts to do it myself, but I can't.

R A struts up to them.

R A

You pussies ready to do some work?

COON

Fuck you, lifer.

R A smiles.

R A

Yup, and proud of it. Sgt. Gley told me to tell you'll to start torching some of them bamboo shacks. Pronto.

Coon stands.

COON

Sure thing, Kimma Suck-Up. My handy government-issued Zippo is ready for action.

Coon pulls a cigarette lighter out of his pocket and lights it. He shows the flame to R A as he pulls out a joint. After lighting the cannabis cigarette, he puts the lighter in his pocket and inhales.

R A

Don't let Calley see you.

Coon exhales.

COON

Why? Is smoking a little grass worse than killing civilians?

R A

They're just following orders.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Every hut in the village is engulfed in flames or almost burnt to the ground.

The soldiers, scattered, move away from the burning village.

R A, Alphabet and Photon move along a dirt road.

TWO BOYS (5 & 8) walk towards them. They are both shoeless and the five-year-old is crying.

R A takes aim and fires.

The five-year-old boy falls to the ground. Blood flows from a small hole in his shoulder.

The other boy gets on top of him, as if to protect him. He looks up and stares at R A.

Photon takes a picture.

R A takes aim and fires three shots.

ALPHABET

I don't know if I can take any more of this. How do you do it?

R A

Because they're already half-dead. We're doing them a favor.

ALPHABET

You're a cold bastard.

R A

That's not true. Dad married mom years before I was born. I ain't no bastard.

EXT. RICE PADDY - DAY

Capt. Medina, holding a .45 caliber handgun, and a group of SOLDIERS move across the rice paddy towards the burning village. He sees a woman carrying a small wicker basket.

Medina takes aim and fires two shots.

The woman falls into the rice paddy.

Medina goes up to the woman and examines the contents of her basket.

INSERT: BASKET FILLED WITH SYRINGES AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES

The woman, bleeding from a chest wound, lies on the ground.

Medina shoots her in the head.

A helicopter circles above Medina.

INT./EXT. H-23 BUBBLE HELICOPTER - DAY

Warrant Officer HUGH THOMPSON maneuvers the helicopter closer to Medina.

THOMPSON

That captain just murdered that woman.

Thompson's gunner, LARRY COLBURN, points towards the ditch.

COLBURN

There's a ditch full with dead bodies over there. Everywhere I look I see dead bodies.

Thompson maneuvers his helicopter over the ditch and village.

THOMPSON

Infants, women and very old men. No draft-age people whatsoever.

COLBURN

Sir, there are people in that bunker.

Calley and his troops move towards the bunker.

Thompson's helicopter flies towards the bunker. It lands on an area about twenty feet away from it.

Thompson turns to Colburn.

THOMPSON

If they start firing, open up on them.

Colburn nods.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

Calley and several of his men approach the entrance.

Thompson runs over to him.

THOMPSON

Hey, there's some civilians in the bunker. Can you get them out?

CALLEY

Well, we're gonna get them out with a hand grenade.

THOMPSON

No, you're not. Hold your people back, please. I think I can do better.

CALLEY

I'm the boss here.

THOMPSON

I don't like the way you're handling things, quite frankly.

CALLEY

I'm following orders.

THOMPSON

You're not killing those civilians.

Calley looks up at Thompson.

CALLEY

Are you taking full responsibility for those prisoners?

THOMPSON

I'll see that they're flown behind the lines.

Calley moves away from the bunker.

Thompson goes over to the entrance and leans in. He motions

for the people to come out.

THOMPSON

Come out. No one will harm you.

One by one, women and children, all looking very frightened, come out of the bunker. Nine of them.

Calley and his troops move out.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Thompson talks into a microphone.

THOMPSON

The gun ships evacuated the civilians.
How about putting an end to this
madness? They're slaughtering women
and children.

EXT. RICE PADDIES AND A DIRT ROAD - DAY

Calley and his troops, to his right and left, in line, spaced about eight feet apart, move towards a burning village.

Approximately twenty dead bodies lie on the road.

Photon takes a few pictures of the bodies.

Alphabet turns to Coon.

ALPHABET

Do you see that?

COON

It's sickening.

A dead Vietnamese woman with her legs spread open lies on the road. A dead baby lies in front of her exposed crotch.

R A

Someone from the Third Platoon has
a sense of humor.

ALPHABET

You're a fucking asshole.

R A
Photon shouldn't be taking a
picture of that. Now that
ain't right.

MEADLO
No conscience.

ALPHABET
Like Calley.

COON
No, he doesn't have a brain.

ALPHABET
At least he has a first name.

COON
So do I.

ALPHABET
Yeah, what is it?

COON
If I tell you, I'll have to
kill you.

ALPHABET
A human life means that little
to you?

COON
It appears to be trivial, today.

R A
I know a lot of trivia. What was
the name of Sky King's plane?

ALPHABET
The Song Bird.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Alphabet does push-ups on the floor.

Coon sits on a bunk watching him.

COON
You kill anybody?

ALPHABET
Nope.

COON
I almost killed somebody, but
I chickened out. I almost shot
him. I really did.

ALPHABET
Who?

COON
Calley. After I saw him kill that
girl and her baby, I almost lost
it.

ALPHABET
You're not going to do anything
stupid, are you?

COON
I don't know. I'm thinking about
it.

Alphabet gets off the floor.

ALPHABET
Don't. And don't mention what
you're thinking to anyone.

Capt. Medina enters the bunker.

Alphabet and Coon immediately stand at attention and salute
Medina.

Medina returns a salute.

MEDINA
At ease.

Medina looks around the bunker.

MEDINA

Where are the other two?

ALPHABET

I don't know, sir.

MEDINA

Lt. Calley told me he had a problem with you two. You both refused to follow his orders.

Medina walks up to Coon and glares into his eyes.

MEDINA

I know about you. Don't do anything stupid like writing your congressman about today.

COON

It's dangerous enough worrying about the enemy, sir.

MEDINA

What does that mean, private?

COON

I don't need anymore enemies, sir.

MEDINA

That's wise. You're smarter than I thought.

Medina steps away from Coon and looks around the bunker as he talks.

MEDINA

What happened today was a gross misunderstanding. Nothing we can do will bring those people back.

Medina moves towards the entrance. He stops and turns to Coon and Alphabet.

MEDINA

In the future, If either of you believe that Lt. Calley is

unjustly harassing you in any way, I want to know. Do you both understand?

COON/ALPHABET

Yes, sir.

Medina turns and exits the bunker.

Coon pulls out a joint and lights it. He takes a puff and passes it to Alphabet.

ALPHABET

We better watch our backs.

R A and Meadlo stagger into the bunker.

R A

(slurring his words)

Was that Mad Dog Medina I just saw?

COON

Yeah, he just stopped by to say hello.

R A

No shit?

Meadlo staggers over to his bunk and lies down.

ALPHABET

Out celebrating your war kills?

R A

No, just having a few drinks with some friends.

R A goes over to his bunk and gets in. He lies on his back, fully dressed, and closes his eye. He starts to snore.

COON

They're both out like a light. Can you believe that?

ALPHABET

I doubt if I can sleep at all tonight.

COON

Me too. Let's give the bastard a
blanket party.

ALPHABET

Who?

COON

Calley.

ALPHABET

You're crazy. They'll put us in
Long Bihn Jail for life.

COON

Maybe, but it'll be worth it.
Wait, I got a better idea. Let's
kill him.

Meadlo's eyes open wide. He stares at the wall.

INT. CALLEY'S BUNKER - NIGHT

Calley sleeps on his back.

Two strong hands pin Calley to his bunker.

Another set of hands places two-inch-wide green tape across
his eyes.

COON

(whispers into Calley's ear)
Make a sound and I'll cut your
throat.

Coon places the sharp edge of a bayonet against Calley's
throat.

COON

(whispers)
See how easy it'd be to frag you,
mother fucker? Report this and
your head will be floating in a
latrine. That's a promise, asshole.

Coon and Alphabet hurry out of the bunker.

Calley sits up and removes the tape. He appears petrified as he stares at the entrance to his bunker.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Coon and Alphabet dash into their bunker.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

A beam of light from a flashlight shines into the bunker. Coon, holding the flashlight, enters the bunker. Alphabet is a couple of feet behind him.

COON

I couldn't do it. We're fucked.

ALPHABET

Maybe he didn't recognize your voice.

COON

Not a chance. Let's hit the sheets before they come looking for us.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Paul Meadlo moves a hand-held minesweeper slowly across the road as he approaches the base of a hill.

A short distance back, Calley stops and raises his arm. He turns to the patrol behind him.

CALLEY

Take a break.

Calley marches up to Meadlo. He gets very close to him.

CALLEY

If you don't give me their names, you'll be walking point for the next eight months.

MEADLO

I don't know anything, sir.

CALLEY

I know you do. Just tell me you saw them leave the bunker after midnight. That's all I want.

MEADLO

Sir, I was a sleep by 2300.

COON

I know you know something. Tell me know or you'll regret it.

MEADLO

Sir, I've followed all your orders, if I knew anything, I'd tell you.

CALLEY

Private, see what's on the other side of that hill and report back to me.

Meadlo turns and moves the minesweeper across the road.

CALLEY

We don't have time for that. Move out. That's an order.

Meadlo places the minesweeper and hurries toward the hill.

Coon and Alphabet stand about twenty feet away.

COON

That prick's up to something.

ALPHABET

If he thinks Meadlo knows something, why take a chance of losing him?

COON

I told you before, he's an idiot.

Meadlo is near the top of the hill when he steps on a land mine. The loud explosion throws him to the ground. A pant leg is covered with blood and a foot is gone. He screams.

A medic rushes over to him and gives him a shot of morphine.

Meadlo looks up at the medic.

MEADLO

(crying)

God punished me for what I done.

(yells at Calley)

You'll get yours! God will punish
you too, Calley.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Alphabet sits on his bunk watching Coon and R A pack their
duffle bags.

ALPHABET

That was quick. So you don't
know where you're going?

COON

Nope. Medina just told us to
pack my gear and be ready to
go by 1300.

R A

My buddies Troy and Silver Teeth
are going, too. They say the place has
showers and a big enlisted men's club.

INT. ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

The club is filled with soldiers wearing jungle fatigues.

Coon, R A, TROY (22) shaved head, SILVER TEETH (19), silver
caps over his two front teeth, and RON RIDENHOUR (20) sit at
table.

TROY

Hey, man, did you hear what we
did in Pinkville?

RON

No.

TROY

(slurring)

We went in there and lined up all the
people and massacred them. Massacred

a whole fucking village. Women, kids, babies. Anything that moved.

RON
I don't believe it.

R A
We wasted them. Every fucking one of them.

COON
It's true. Troy, tell him the stories you told me.

TROY
This one gook stunk so bad, we gave him a bath.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. MY LAI - DAY

R A and Troy drag a man up to a well.

R A
You smell of V C.

MAN
No V C.

TROY
Let's give the mother fucker a bath.

Calley stands with his radioman a short distance away.

R A and Troy drop the man into the well.

R A
Don't forget to wash behind the ears.

R A pulls out a hand grenade and removes the safety pin. His hand remains on the safety clip.

R A
Let's help him out of there.

R A tosses the grenade into the well.

They move away from the well.

The grenade explodes. Smoke comes out of the well.

Troy and R A move towards another bamboo hut. They pass soldiers escorting Vietnamese civilians towards the ditch outside the village.

Silver Teeth comes out of a hut, buttoning up the front of his pants.

R A and Troy walk up to him.

Silver Teeth nods his head towards the entrance to the hut.

SILVER TEETH

Ya wanna get some before we put her to sleep? She's pretty good. Great teats.

R A

Who's in there now?

SILVER TEETH

Just Colwell.

TROY

I wouldn't touch anything that had your dick in it.

SILVER TEETH

Don't. What about you, R A?

A loud shot comes from inside the hut.

SILVER TEETH

Oops! Too late.

TWO SOLDIERS lead a group of WOMEN and YOUNG GIRLS towards them.

R A examines the prisoners.

R A
(to Troy)
How about some skull action?

Troy scans the group of prisoners.

TROY
Might as well give one of them
a treat before dying.

EXT. IRRIGATION DITCH - DAY

Calley tosses the boy into the ditch.

About 100 feet away, R A, Troy, and Silver Teeth sit on the ground eating C-rations.

SILVER TEETH
I saw a couple of them move.

TROY
We ought to put them out of
their misery. Whatta ya say,
R A?

R A tosses an empty can of C-rations and stands.

R A
I got orders to burn down what's
left of this village.

SILVER TEETH
What are they going to do with
the prisoners on the other side
of the village.

R A
What do you think? Mad Dog said
no prisoners.

Troy stands and puts a magazine into his M-16.

TROY
Come on, Sil, let's do those poor
bastards a favor.

Troy and Silver Teeth stroll over to the edge of the ditch

and look around.

Blood flows out of a WOMAN'S mouth. She moves her head.

A bullet hits her forehead.

Silver Teeth aims his rifle and fires three shots.

Troy scans the area. He takes aim and fires two shots.

SILVER TEETH
I think they're all dead.

TROY
Yeah, let's go.

EXT. NORTHERN PART OF MY LAI 4 - DAY

PFC LOPEZ lies on the ground looking down the sight of his M-60 machine gun mounted on a tripod.

A GROUP of 40 prisoners, women and children, huddle together.

Calley walks over to Lopez.

CALLEY
Fire.

Lopez squeezes the trigger.

Troy and Silver Teeth walk towards Lopez as the loud shots ring out.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Ron stares at Troy in amazement.

Troy takes a sip of beer.

TROY
Calley executed three groups of prisoners with that M-60. There must have been 50 in the last group. Calley got on the M-60

and killed all of them himself.

RON

I can't believe you guys. You all act like it was nothing.

SILVER TEETH

What's that supposed to mean?

COON

Don't say all of you. I didn't kill anybody and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

RON

Did you report it?

COON

To who?

RON

Calley's superior officer.

COON

He gave the orders.

TROY

Damn right. No prisoners. I heard him say it.

Ron stands.

TROY

Ron, you weren't there. What happened, happened. The other two platoons did the same thing.

R A

Over four hundred villagers were killed that day. That sent a message to Charlie.

RON

What message? We murder defenseless women and children? I'm writing Westmoreland and my congressman.

COON

If they need a witness, tell them
to contact me.

R A

They won't give a fuck. General
Westmoreland loves high body counts.
It makes the people back home think
he's winning the war.

RON

Where are you from, Coon?

COON

Warwick, Rhode Island.

EXT. BEACH - NARRAGANSETT BAY - DAY

Coon strolls along the beach. A pretty GIRL (20) approaches
him.

GIRL

What did he want?

COON

He wants me to testify.

GIRL

Don't. People will label you a
traitor.

COON

I want to. I only wish I could
be Cally's executioner.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A COLONEL, FOUR MAJORS, and A CAPTAIN sit in the jury box.
To their left stands a large American flag. To the right of
the flag Meadlo sits on the stand.

MEADLO

They were sitting down.

Capt. Aubrey Daniel stands in front of Meadlo.

DANIEL
The women, the children and babies
were sitting down?

MEADLO
Yes.

DANIEL
Did they attack you?

MEADLO
I assumed at every minute that they
would counterbalance. I thought they
had some sort of chain or a little
string they had to give a little
pull and they would blow us up,
things like that.

DANIEL
You said you were under emotional
strain. Can you describe the strain?

MEADLO
Just that I was scared and frightened.

DANIEL
What were the children in the
ditch doing?

MEADLO
I don't know.

DANIEL
Were the babies in their mother's
arms?

MEADLO
I guess so.

DANIEL
And the babies moved to attack?

MEADLO
I expected at any moment they were
about to make a counterbalance.

DANIEL

Had they made any move to attack?

MEADLO

No.

DANIEL

When you left the ditch, were any of the people standing?

MEADLO

Not that I remember.

DANIEL

Did you see anyone who was not shot?

MEADLO

There might have been a few. I didn't check 'em out.

DANIEL

Now, Mr. Meadlo, one last question. Did Lieutenant Calley or did Captain Medina order you to kill?

MEADLO

I took orders from Lieutenant Calley, but...

DANIEL

That's all.

CUT TO:

Coon sits on the witness stand.

GEORGE LATIMER (70), wearing a suit and fitted with a hearing aid, marches up to Coon.

LATIMER

Did you see any dead bodies at My Lai?

COON

Of course. Quite a few.

LATIMER

Were they sleeping or did they appear dead?

COON

Well, they had holes in 'em, so I assume they were dead.

LATIMER

Weren't you under the influence of marijuana that day?

COON

Yeah, I smoked a little grass that day.

LATIMER

And the night before?

COON

Probably.

LATIMER

Weren't you a constant marijuana smoker?

COON

I wouldn't say that, but I did smoke it quite a bit.

LATIMER

Did you open your pants in front of a woman in the village of My Lai?

COON

Absolutely not.

LATIMER

Isn't a fact that you were going through My Lai that day looking for women to rape?

COON

No.

LATIMER

Didn't you cuss Lieutenant Calley out because he stopped you from raping a woman at My Lai?

COON

No.

LATIMER

Do you remember one night, you were on guard duty and had an M-79 and shot all your ammunition?

COON

Yes, I remember that.

LATIMER

Weren't you mad at Lieutenant Calley for reporting you?

COON

I don't think so.

LATIMER

You deny that?

COON

Yes, I do.

LATIMER

Did you ever threaten to kill Lt. Calley?

COON

No.

LATIMER

Did you ever put a knife against his throat?

COON

Absolutely not.

CUT TO:

Alphabet sits on the witness stand.

ALPHABET

Yes, I refused.

Latimer stands in front of him.

LATIMER

Were Lieutenant Calley and Meadlo firing single shots or automatic?

ALPHABET

I haven't any idea. They were both firing into the ditch. I saw people go into the ditch and no one came out. That's all I know.

LATIMER

You testified earlier that you saw tears in Meadlo's eyes, correct?

ALPHABET

Yes, I saw tears in Meadlo's eyes.

LATIMER

He had on his helmet and his gear and you saw tears in his eyes?

ALPHABET

Yes.

LATIMER

He was pointing his weapon away from you and you saw tears in his eyes?

ALPHABET

Yes, he was firing and crying.

LATIMER

Did you ever threaten to kill Lt. Calley?

ALPHABET

No.

LATIMER

Did you ever hear Cumhail Coon threaten to kill him?

ALPHABET

No.

CUT TO:

William Calley sits on the witness stand.

Daniel stands in front of him.

DANIEL

Did you tell Captain Medina which
of your men had been involved?

CALLEY

Involved in what, sir?

DANIEL

Shooting into the ditch.

CALLEY

That wasn't any big deal, no
sir.

DANIEL

You told Captain Medina that you
had rounded these people up, put
them in the ditch and shot them?

CALLEY

No, sir. Why should I? He knew
what...the circumstances they
were shot under, sir.

DANIEL

How did he know?

CALLEY

Because he had told me to shoot them,
sir. I was ordered to go in there and
destroy the enemy.

DANIEL

You construed that the enemy
were unarmed women and children
of all ages?

CALLEY

I did not sit down and think in terms of men, women, and children. They were all the same and that was the classification that we dealt with, just enemy soldiers.

DANIEL

Lt. Calley, you did graduate from Officer's Candidate School, correct?

CALLEY

Yes, sir.

DANIEL

Weren't you told that it is unlawful to kill an unarmed enemy even if you were ordered to do so?

CALLEY

Not that I recall.

DANIEL

Do you recall hearing the term "unlawful order" during your OCS training?

CALLEY

Yes, sir.

DANIEL

Do you recall being given some examples of unlawful orders?

CALLEY

Yes, sir.

DANIEL

Can you tell us some of those examples?

CALLEY

No, sir. I can't recall at this time.

DANIEL

You do agree that you were trained that there are orders that you do not have to obey, correct?

CALLEY

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

DR. ALBERT LA VERNE (61) sits on the witness stand.

DANIEL

Was Lieutenant Calley's judgment impaired beyond normal limits?

LA VERNE

What do you mean by "normal limits"?

DANIEL

Was his judgment impaired?

LA VERNE

Yes, sir.

DANIEL

How?

LA VERNE

He could not challenge the legality of the orders given by Captain Medina. Captain Medina had become a father figure to him.

DANIEL

Did he suffer from an irresistible impulse?

LA VERNE

He was compelled to carry out that order without challenging that order.

DANIEL

Could he disobey that order?

LA VERNE

No, he could not disobey that order. He was like an automaton, a robot.

DANIEL

Was he conscious of his actions?

LA VERNE

Yes, absolutely.

DANIEL

Did Lieutenant Calley know right from wrong?

LA VERNE

Yes.

DANIEL

Could Lieutenant Calley adhere to the right?

LA VERNE

He had a compulsion to carry out his orders, to do his duty as an officer.

DANIEL

Does an officer have a duty to slaughter innocent people when ordered to do so?

LA VERNE

Of course not. He proceeded to carry out his orders.

Capt. Medina sits on the witness stand.

Daniel stands in front of him.

MEDINA

My reply to that question was: No, you do not kill women and children. You must use common sense.

DANIEL

Did you ever give an order in My Lai Four to anyone that they should move the civilians out of the way, or get rid of them, or anything in substance like that?

MEDINA

No, sir.

DANIEL

Did you see any Vietnamese being shot?

MEDINA

Yes, sir. A small boy was moving from the edge of the wood line in front of the command group. I either uttered the words, "Get him!" or "Stop him!" Somebody fired, the child fell.

DANIEL

Did you at any time order Lt. Calley to kill unarmed civilians?

MEDINA

No, sir.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Captain Daniel and TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS walk down the steps in front of the courthouse.

A large group of PROTESTERS stand by the bottom of the stairs. Several hold signs. One reads: WE ARE WITH YOU, WILLIAM. Another: YOU SHOULD GET A MEDAL.

Daniel steps off the last step. A FAT WOMAN (30) goes up to him and spits on him.

FAT WOMAN

You're a disgrace to that uniform.

Several OTHERS chant, "Traitor, traitor."

The three officers hurry away from the crowd.

DANIEL

They can't be aware of the evidence.

OFFICER

Some people are blind to the evidence right in front of them. Or maybe they're just plain stupid.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Capt. Daniel stands in front of the six male jurors.

DANIEL

And so, gentlemen, the acts are unjustifiable as a matter of law, the accused did not receive any order of any kind which directed him to summarily execute the people in the ditch, the man in white or that child.

He glances over the jury.

DANIEL

Let's assume for the sake of argument he had. The judge will instruct you that even that is not a justification for his acts, if the accused knew that order was unlawful. Would the average man know that the order was illegal?

He strolls in front of the jury.

DANIEL

A reasonable man would know that to put people in that irrigation ditch, women, children, and babies...that to do that is unlawful. A reasonable man not only would know it, he should know it, and he could not rely upon any order to commit that, to absolve himself of criminal responsibility for that conduct.

He stops in front of the jurors and looks each of them in the eye.

DANIEL

There can be no justification, gentlemen,
and there is none under the law, or
under the facts of this case.

INT. JURY ROOM - DAY

The jury sits around a table.

COLONEL

I've labored long and hard to find
some way, some evidence, or flaw in
the testimony. I can't.

CAPTAIN

Neither can I.

COLONEL

We been back here for thirteen
days. I don't think we have any
other choice but to find him guilty.

CAPTAIN

How many?

COLONEL

At least twenty-two civilians,
the little boy he threw in the
ditch, and the man in white.

MAJOR

The sentence?

COLONEL

Life. Hard labor. I don't see
an alternative.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Daniel and three GOLFERS stroll away from the 18th green.

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

Daniel and the golfers sit around a round table on a VERANDA
overlooking the golf course.

DAWN (27), a waitress, attractive, approaches their table.

She gives Daniel a big smile.

DAWN

Hi, sexy.

DANIEL

Hello, Dawn.

DAWN

Did ya hear the latest about
Calley?

DANIEL

How recent?

DAWN

Like an hour ago.

DANIEL

No, tell me.

DAWN

President Nixon promises to
review his case. In the meantime
he'll be under house arrest.

DANIEL

I can't believe it. He spent less
than three days in Fort Leavenworth.

GOLFER

Write the President.

DANIEL

I intend to.

DAWN

What are you all drinking?

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

SUPER: MAY 23, 1989

JUDY WOODRUFF (42), attractive, sits under a microphone
hanging about a foot above her head.

JUDY

In 1968 at a Vietnamese village called My Lai, American soldiers massacred hundreds of unarmed civilians.

TRUONG THI LE (52), Vietnamese, speaks directly to the camera.

TRUONG THI LE

I think of them lying there dead and my heart is cut to pieces.

JUDY WOODRUFF

Good evening. Since the Vietnam war ended fourteen years ago this spring, many of its scars have begun to heal. But there are some things time does not heal -- My Lai is one.

TRUONG THI LE

They blasted away and people were dying. Oh, it's so horrible. I pushed my son into the paddy field and lay on top of him. I told him, "Don't cry, the Americans have shot everyone". I miss my mother, my children. I think of them lying there dead and my heart is cut to pieces. The more I think about it the more I want to cry.

Hugh Thompson, now with gray hair and the red face of a heavy drinker, talks to Judy, just off camera.

HUGH THOMPSON

We started seeing a lot of bodies. It, it didn't add up, you know, how all these people were getting killed and wounded and we weren't receiving any fire. Just, you know, it didn't make sense. I did instruct my crew to open up on them if they opened up on any more civilians.

SA THI QUI (60'S), Vietnamese, sits on his chair.

SA THI QUI

My people were chased into the ditch like ducks. They fell head-first. They were crying, "Oh God, have pity. Please let me up. We're innocent, have pity!" They shot all the people dead. Then silence.

HUGH THOMPSON

During flying around we came across a ditch. It had bodies in it, a lot of them. I remember a thought going through my mind, "How did these people get in a ditch?" Here we are supposed to be the good guys in the white hats. It upsets me.

PHAM THI TRINH (27), Vietnamese, talks to Judy.

PHAM THI TRINH

I looked out of the house and saw my sister, Mui. She was fourteen that year. An American was pressing on top of her, she had no clothing on her. At the time I didn't understand what that meant. My sister was trying to resist him. Afterwards the American got up, he put his clothes on, and then he shot her. I decided to leave my hiding place. I saw my house had burned completely and in the yard my loved ones were burned to death. My mother and my little brother still in my mother's arms. I stood by my mother's body and cried.

R A, dyed hair, moustache and goatee, sits in front of Judy.

JUDY

To kill a child seems a monstrous thing. Why were these people able to do it without questioning it?

R A

As a professional soldier, I was, I had been taught to carry out orders.

JUDY

If one of your men had refused to shoot, what would have happened to him?

R A

If, if one of my men had refused to shoot, I shudder to think what have been the repercussions. He would have been in serious trouble.

JUDY

What kind of trouble?

R A

He could have faced court-martial. He could have been shot on the spot for refusing an order in the face of the enemy, in face of hostile fire.

JUDY

But there was no hostile fire.

R A

At the time, we didn't realize that there was no hostile fire.

Judy stands and talks directly at the camera.

JUDY

News of the massacre finally broke in 1969. In the United States initial incredulity quickly turned to shame and national anguish. William Calley was charged with 109 murders. His defense: "just following orders".

Judy strolls in front of a large wall covered with photographs of the My Lai massacre.

JUDY

When Calley's conviction and sentence was announced, there was an outcry. In the end the army decided not to prosecute most of the 46 soldiers seriously investigated for crimes at

My Lai. William Calley was the only man ever convicted. After being under house arrest for three years, President Nixon pardoned him. Today, Calley runs a jewelry store in Columbus, Georgia. He once told his judges, "If I have committed a crime, the only crime that I have committed is in judgment of my values".

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Calley, top of his head bald, 60 pounds overweight and wearing glasses, places a diamond ring on the glass counter.

A young COUPLE admire the ring.

WOMAN

It's beautiful.

The man examines Calley.

MAN

Aren't you Audrey Murphy, the war hero.

Calley laughs.

CALLEY

No, I'm not that old. Audie Murphy was a hero during World War 11.

MAN

My dad says you're the biggest hero in the state of Georgia. Says you should run for office.

CALLEY

Nah, I'm not into politics.

WOMAN

What did you do in the war?

CALLEY

That was long ago. I really don't like talking about it.

MAN

Why not? It's guys like you that make this a great country. One to be proud of.

CALLEY

I was just doing my job.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Coon, gray hair, large bags under his eyes, peers through the window. He puts a hand in his pants pocket and stares. His image, over Calley standing behind the counter, reflects off the glass of the window.

Coon walks over to the entrance and opens the door.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

The young couple stroll towards the exit. Coon hurries up to the glass counter and confronts Calley.

COON

Remember me?

Calley examines Coon's face.

CALLEY

Sorry, I don't. But you do look familiar.

COON

My Lai. Your trial. The guy you pointed your rifle at. Remember?

CALLEY

Now I remember you. What do you want?

Coon puts his hand into his pant's pocket.

COON

I have trouble sleeping. You?

CALLEY

Like a baby.

COON

Any remorse? Shame?

CALLEY

None. Are you here to make a purchase?
If not, please leave. I don't
want any trouble.

Coon stands. Staring at Calley. His hand shakes in his pocket. He turns and storms out of the place.

CALLEY

Have a good day.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - DAY

A 1995 Nissan Sentra pulls up in front of a room and parks. Coon gets out of the car.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Coon enters the room and closes the door behind him. He pulls a handgun out of his pants pocket and tosses it on the bed.

He turns the television on.

TELEVISION SCREEN

TWO REPORTERS stand.

REPORTER 1

The U.S. military told CNN it is investigating an incident in March near Balad in which Iraqi civilians were killed. The probe comes amid concern over U.S. conduct in Iraq, stroked by claims of a massacre by Marines of 24 civilians in Haditha.

REPORTER 2

Iraqi police said 11 people were killed in a raid against a suspected al Qaeda, including five children,

four women and two men were killed.

REPORTER 1

The youngest child was six months old. A Balad police official told CNN that U.S. soldiers kept an entire family in a room before spraying them with bullets.

REPORTER 2

U.S. officials will conduct a thorough investigation. If crimes were committed, the wrongdoers will be prosecuted. Like those who took part in the massacre at My Lai almost forty years ago.

REPORTER 1

Soldiers from all countries of the world commit war crimes. The only difference is the U.S. prosecutes and punishes their criminals.

FADE OUT:

