

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

Screenplay

by

Daniel Taradash

(Second Draft - 8/29/1952)

USE FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

FADE IN:

EXT. QUADRANGLE - DAY

LONG SHOT

The quadrangle of Army buildings is quiet and deserted. A broken-down taxi drives in at one corner and slowly makes its way around the quadrangle. SUPERIMPOSED over shot is the legend:

HAWAII, 1941
SIX MONTHS BEFORE
PEARL HARBOR

The taxi pulls up across the street from camera. A soldier gets out, pulls two heavily loaded barracks bags after him. He pays the driver, hoists the bags to his back, moves toward camera. The taxi drives away slowly. The soldier walks toward steps leading to a low building. He is PREWITT (called "PREW" for short), 22 years old, well-built, good-looking. He wears an enlisted man's uniform and on the sleeves are marks where chevrons have been removed. He pauses, looks up over the door. CAMERA PANS UP to sign which reads: ORDERLY ROOM - G COMPANY, 219TH REGIMENT.

MEDIUM SHOT

A small thin soldier in an undershirt and fatigue pants backs out of the screen door and into shot. He is wielding a frayed broom. This is PRIVATE ANGELO MAGGIO. He is violent and funny and sour and friendly. He sees Prewitt's legs but not his face, speaks as he sweeps a cloud of dust off the porch.

MAGGIO

Fine way to pass the time. Good for the mind.

PREW

Hello, Maggio.

Maggio turns and stares at Prew, astonished.

MAGGIO

Prew...?

PREW

(nods)

I transferred out of Fort Shatter.

Maggio notices the marks on the sleeves where the stripes have been removed. Prew follows his glance.

MAGGIO

You quit the Bugle Corps...?

Prew nods. Maggio jerks his head toward the sign.

MAGGIO
To here...?

PREW
(shrugs)
That's what the orders say.

MAGGIO
You made a bad mistake. This outfit
they can give back to Custer.

Prew smiles slightly, starts toward door.

MAGGIO
The Captain ain't in yet.

Prew puts down his barracks bags.

PREY
I'll look around.

MAGGIO
(smiles for first time)
Maybe we borrow some money from a
twenty per cent man and take a real
trip to town some night.

PHEW
Maybe.

TRUCKING SHOT ALONG COMPANY STREET

Prew walks slowly down the raised porch alongside the street. He takes the mouthpiece of a bugle from his pocket, jiggles it idly, a habit of his. He comes to the Dayroom, glances through the screen door, goes in.

INT. DAYROOM - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

The Dayroom has a pool table, ping-pong table, a radio, etc. Moth-eaten, upholstered chairs line both walls. The place is empty as Prew enters. He looks around casually, sees the pool table in an alcove. He moves over to it, puts the bugle mouthpiece in his pocket, picks a cue from the rack on the wall. He switches on the light, chucks the cue.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The triangle of balls is already racked on the table. Prew addresses the cue ball, shoots and breaks the rack solidly. He watches the balls hurry around the table.

WARDEN'S VOICE (O. S.)
 What're you think you're doing!?
 Why ain't you out in the field with
 the Compny? What's your name?

The voice is brawling, brash, vigorous. Prew turns slowly.
 CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to INCLUDE FIRST SERGEANT MILTON WARDEN,
 almost at Prew's elbow. He is thirty-four, big and powerful,
 has a neatly-trimmed moustache.

PREW
 Prewitt. Transfer from Shafter.

WARDEN
 Yeah. I heard about you.

PREW
 I heard about you, too, Warden.

WARDEN
 Well, put up that cue and come
 along. This here's a rifle outfit,
 Prewitt. You ain't suppose to enjoy
 yourself before sundown. The Man's
 very particlar about little things
 like that.

Warden goes out of the Dayroom. Prew puts up the cue and
 follows him.

EXT. COMPANY STREET

TRUCKING SHOT
 as Prew and Warden walk along the porch, Warden a few paces
 ahead. They go into the Orderly Room.

INT. ORDERLY ROOM - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT
 as Prew and Warden enter. Maggio is sweeping the room.
 MAZZIOLI, a bespectacled, intellectual-looking Private First
 Class, is at the clerk's desk, opening it, taking out papers,
 etc. Prew sits on a bench as Warden goes over to Mazzioli.

WARDEN
 Mazzioli! Grant went to the
 hospital yesterday. Did you make up
 his sick record? Did you make a
 note for the morning report?!
 You're the Compny Clerk. The lousy
 Sickbook is your job!

MAZZIOLI

Those medics didn't get the
Sickbook back till late yesterday --
I'll tend to it right now --

WARDEN

Thanks. I already done it for you.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Maggio has swept his way over to Prew. He stops sweeping now,
stares at the other man as if still incredulous.

MAGGIO

But you the beat bugler they got
over at Shatter. You probly the
best on this whole Rock.

In b.g., Warden has turned from Mazzioli and is looking at
Prew. Prew looks back coolly, answers Maggio thoughtfully.

PREW

That's true.

Maggio wags his head, bends over to pick up wastepaper
basket.

MAGGIO

Well, friend, I feel for you. But
from my position I can't quite
reach you.

WARDEN

Ten-sh-HUT!

Prewitt, Mazzioli and Maggio spring to attention. The screen
door bangs and CAPTAIN DANA HOLMES enters shot. He wears
cavalry boots and spurs. He is about forty, unsure of
himself, therefore always too certain with his men. He nods
pleasantly.

HOLMES

At ease. Good morning, men.
Anything special this morning,
Sergeant Warden? I've only a few
minutes.

WARDEN

New man here, sir.

HOLMES

Oh, yes. Bring him in.

Holmes goes into his office. Warden jerks his thumb toward the door. Prewitt goes into the office. Warden follows him.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Holmes is seated at his desk as Prewitt and Warden enter. A placard on it reads: CAPTAIN HOLMES. A smaller desk nearby has a placard' reading: 1ST SERGEANT WARDEN. Warden seats himself at this desk. On the walls are framed photographs of prizefighters as well as one of a large golden trophy. On Holmes' desk is a small framed photograph of a very attractive blonde woman. Prewitt comes to attention in front of Holmes' desk.

PREWITT

Sir, Private Robert E. Lee Prewitt reporting to the Compy Commander as ordered.

HOLMES

At ease.

(takes papers out of drawer, glances through them)

They sent your service record over... Twenty-two years of age... born in Kentucky... enlisted first at Fort Myer, Virginia... Bugle Corps... re-enlisted for overseas duty... Fort Shafter... First Bugler...

(benignly)

Prewitt, I always make it a policy to talk to my new men. It's important for an officer and his men to understand each other. Now I have a fine smooth-running outfit.

ANGLE FEATURING WARDEN

Holmes cannot see Warden who is grinning at Prewitt with unholy glee.

HOLMES

Plenty of room for advancement for a man who knows how to soldier. But he's got to show me he's got it on the ball. I don't know what you've been used to in the Bugle Corps, but in my outfit we run it by the book. What kind of trouble were you in over there?

PREW
No trouble, sir.

HOLMES
What made you transfer out, then?

PREW
It's a personal matter, air.

HOLMES
Oh. I see...

He studies Prew for a moment, sees Warden on the edge of his chair, watching hawk-like.

HOLMES
Something you wanted to ask,
Sergeant?

WARDEN
(explodes suddenly)
Who? Me? Whv, yes, air. You had
Corpral's stripes in the Bugle
Corps, Prewitt. You took a bust to
buck Private to transfer to an
Infantry Compny. Why? Because you
like to hike?

PREW
I dint have no trouble if that's
what you mean.

WARDED
(grins suddenly)
Or was it just because you couldn't
stand to bugle?

PREW
It was a personal matter.

WARDEN
That's up to the Compny Commander's
discretion to decide.

PREW
(looks straight at Warden)
All right. I was First Bugler at
Shafter for two years. The topkick
had a friend who transferred in
from the states. Next day he made
him First Bugler over me.

WARDEN

And you asked out on account of
that!?

PREY

Maybe I just ain't sensible... But
that's the reason.

WARDEN

(snorts)

His feelings were hurt! Kids they
send us now!

Warden swings his chair around, absorbs himself in work at his desk as if the Prew situation is too absurd to concern himself with. Holmes speaks blandly, winningly.

HOLMES

I've got a mighty sour Company
Bugler here... but I suppose you
wouldn't want that job.

PREY

No, air.

HOLMES

(smiles)

Well, we'll get your stripes back
for you, maybe an extra one for
good measure. You know why you were
sent over here when you requested
transfer?

PREW

No, sir.

HOLDS

I pulled a few strings. I'm the
Regimental Boxing Coach, Prewitt. I
saw your fight with Connors in the
Bowl year before last. With any
luck you should have won it. I
thought for a while, in the second
round, you were going to knock him
out.

PREW

(tense)

Thank you, sir.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT HOLMES

HOLMES

(bitterly)

My Regiment got beaten last year in the finals, as you know.

(savage insistence)

But I mean to win this year. And I will. All I've needed was a top middleweight.

(waves at pictures)

Next year I'll hang your picture up there with the others, my boy.

MEDIUM SHOT FEATURING PREW

PREW

I'm sorry, air. But I quit fighting.

HOLMES.

Quit fighting? When? What for?

PREW

I just stopped, sir... After -- Maybe you heard about what happened...

HOLMES

You mean that fallow you hurt -- the one that went blind?

CLOSE SHOT PREW

Prew's lips are drawn tight. He nods almost imperceptibly.

MEDIUM SHOT

During this shot Maggio can be seen in b.g. through door to Orderly Room. He pretends to be sweeping, but stops now and then to listen.

HOLMES

Yes, it's too bad about that. I can understand how you feel. But those things happen in this game. A man has got to accept that possibility when he fights.

PREW

That's why I decided I would quit, sir.

HOLMES

(less warmly)

But on the other hand, look at

(MORE)

HOLMES(cont'd)

it this way. What if all fighters
felt like that?

PREW

They don't.

HOLMES

Would you have us disband our
fighting program because one man
got hurt?

PREW

No, sir. I dint say --

HOLMES

You might as well say stop war
because one man got killed. Our
fighting program is the best morale
builder we have off here away from
home.

PREW

I don't want it disbanded, sir.
(doggedly)
But I don't see why any man should
fight unless he wants to.

HOLMES

It looks to me like you're trying
to acquire a reputation as a lone
wolf, Prewitt. You should know that
in the Army it's not the individual
that counts. If a man wants to get
ahead he has certain
responsibilities to fulfill that go
beyond the regulations. It might
look as though I were a free agent,
but I'm not. Nobody is.

Holmes waits hopefully for a moment, then realizes Prew is
not going to respond further. He stands. Prew snaps to
attention.

HOLMES

Maybe you'll change your mind. In
the meantime just don't make any
mistakes in my outfit.

(to Warden)

I've got to go into town. Is there
anything else for me today,
Sergeant?

WARDEN

(holds up papers)

Yea, sir! The Compny Pond Report's got to be made out. It's due tomorrow --

HOLMES

You make it out. Is that all?

WARDEN

(holds up more papers)

No, sir!

HOLMES

Well, whatever it is, you fix it. If there's anything that has to go in this afternoon, sign my name. I won't be back.

He goes out, crossing Warden's desk and knocking a wire basket filled with papers on the floor. In a moment, the sound of the screen door slamming is heard. Warden picks up the papers.

WARDEN

He'd strangle on his own spit if I weren't here to swab out his throat for him.

(to Prew)

Come on. I'll show you the Supply Room.

Warden goes out to Orderly Room, Prew following.

INT. ORDERLY ROOM - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

as Prew and Warden enter and walk through. Maggio bobs his head approvingly at Prew.

EXT. COMPANY STREET - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT WARDEN AND PREW

as they come out of the Orderly Room. Prew hoists his barracks bags to his shoulders, balancing them delicately. CAMERA TRUCKS with him and Warden as they walk down the porch.

WARDEN

(one of his unexpected intense bursts)

Know what you did just now?

(MORE)

WARDEN(cont'd)

When you turned down Dynanite
Holmes' boxing squad? You put your
head in a noose. Things are soft
for a boxer in his Compny.
Otherwise, you better know how to
soljer.

PHEW

I can soljer with any man.

WARDEN

This ain't the Bugle Corps -- this
is straight duty.

PREW

I'll take my chances.

A convertible, top down, drives by and pulls up outside the
Orderly Room. KAREN HOLMES, a tall, lean blonde woman, gets
out. Her skirt hikes up a little as she goes up the stairs to
the Orderly Room. Warden and Prew stop walking and watch her.
Karen stops, glances at Warden momentarily, then goes into
the Orderly Room.

WARDEN

Since when is this place gettin to
be the Royal Hawaiian?

PREW

Who's she?

WARDEN

His wife. Captain Holmes'.

They resume walking.

WARDEN

You'll fight, Prewitt. You'll fight
because Captain Holmes got a bee in
his hat he needs a winnin team to
make Mayor. And if you don't do it
for him you'll do it for me. I only
been in this outfit eight months
myself but I learned one thing. My
job is to keep him happy. The more
he's happy the less he bothers me
and the better I run his Compny. So
we know where we stand, don't we,
kid?

PREW

I know where I stand. I don't
believe that's the only way a man
can get along.

(MORE)

PREW(cont'd)

A man's got to make up his own mind
and go his own way. It he don't,
he's nothin...

WARDEN

Maybe back in the days of the
pioneers a man could go his own
way. But not in our time, kid.
Today you got to play ball. You got
to divide it all by two.

They have reached a Dutch door, top half open. A sign over it
reads: SUPPLY ROOM.

MEDIUM SHOT SHOOTING INTO SUPPLY ROOM

SUPPLY SERGEANT LEVA is eating a candy bar with one hand and
leisurely typing up a form with the other. He is a foolish-
looking man, about thirty-five.

WARDEN

Lava! Can't I once walk by this
Supply Room and find you workin
with both hands!

LEVA

(comes up to door)
I can't do no better on what you
people pay me.

WARDEN

Draw some supplies for this man.
(to Prew)
That's G Compny barracks over
there. Get rid of your bags and
come back here, and Leva'll find
you a cart to lug your stuff over
in. Save you makin four five trips.

PREW

(surprised, pleased)
Okay.

WARDEN

I just hate to see energy wasted.
Any kind. Besides, you'll be needin
yours.

Prew walks off, toting the barracks bags. The bang of the
Orderly Room door is heard and Lava and Warden look in that
direction.

LONG SHOT KAREN HOLMES FROM WARDEN AND LEVA'S ANGLE

as she walks along porch toward them. She is at a
considerable distance. Karen is about thirty. She wears a

sweater and skirt. She is aware the men are studying her.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT WARDEN AND LEVA
watching Karen. Leva leans over the counter.

LEVA
Her and them sweaters.

LONG SHOT KAREN FROM WARDEN AND LEVA'S POV
as she continues toward them. As much as a man can make out,
she is probably not wearing a brassiere. Warden's and Lava's
voices, loud at first, get softer and softer the nearer Karen
gets to camera. At end of the shot, as she is only a few
yards away, they are practically whispering.

WARDEN'S VOICE
Army women... They're cold,
they got no more warmth than a
diamond. There's no pleasure in
them...

LEVA'S VOICE
Yeah, but this one knows the
score... Like I been tellin you.

WARDEN'S VOICE
(sarcastic)
Is that right?

LEVA'S VOICE
Okay, not around here. But I was
back at Fort Bliss with Holmes.
When they was married only a year
or two. I heard plenty about the
lady then. Plenty.

WARDEN'S VOICE
You heard.

LEVA'S VOICE
Okay, never me. But a lot of them.
I know some of the Use she played
'around with, don't tell me.

WARDEN'S VOICE
I ain't tellin you. You're tellin
me.

Karen stops, a few paces from camera.

KAREN
Good morning, Sergeant.

MEDIUM SHOT

Lava watches, listens avidly but discreetly in b.g. During the dialogue, Karen seems irritated by Warden, who looks at her coolly, appraisingly, physically.

KAREN

I'm looking for my husband.

WARDEN

Captain Holmes just went in town, ma'am.

KAREN

Oh. Of course, He was to have left some things for me.

(stumbles slightly)

That he was to have purchased. Do you know anything about them?

WARDEN

No, ma'am, I don't. Is there anythin I can do for you?

KAREN.

No, thanks, Sergeant.

She makes slight move to go, pauses.

KAREN

He's been telling me quite a bit about you lately. My husband. He says you're very efficient.

WARDEN

Yes, ma'am.

KAREN

What is it that makes you so efficient, Sergeant?

WARDEN

I couldn't help it if I was born smart, ma'am.

Karen laughs suddenly, loudly.

KAREN

I love that. Well, good-bye, Sergeant.

Karen turns and walks back up the porch toward her car. Warden and Leva watch her. When she is out of earshot Leva speaks.

LEVA

But man, she sure is one, ain't she?

WARDEN

One what?

LEVA

One woman.

WARDEN

(unconvincingly)

I've seen better.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT 22 Karen, in a negligee, is seated at a dressing table, brushing her hair -- steadily, gracefully, enjoying the sensual pleasure of it. Karen is a woman of moods and tempers, spontaneous, quick to impulse. A car is heard pulling up in the driveway, the motor stopping. Karen's brush strokes become faster, rougher. The front door is heard opening and Holmes' voice calling, "Karen." She does not answer. Holmes enters. He seems to have had a few drinks. Through the following, Karen continues brushing her hair.

HOLMES

I'm sorry I'm so late. And about dinner, I --

KAREN

It doesn't matter.

HOLMES

-- I got tied up with General Slater. Bumped into him at the Officers' Club.

KAREN

Yes? What did the General have to say?

HOLMES

Success, he said. Success in war, success in peacetime... And not a word about my promotion... There are times I think the Old Man's just waiting to ship me down...

(slumps into chair)

I've had a bad day all around...

(MORE)

HOLMES(cont'd)

started right off this morning...
trouble with a new man...

KAREN

If you'd spend less time buttering
Generals and more time with your
Company, maybe you'd get that
promotion.

HOLDS

The Company takes care of itself.
Or my Topkick takes care of it.

KAREN

I went over there this morning
looking for you.

HOLMES

(flustered)

I had some business to attend to in
town. During the afternoon.

KAREN

(unemotionally)

From the way you look I gather your
business wasn't too successful.

HOLMES

Now what does that mean?

KAREN

Dana. Give me credit for a few
brains.

HOLMES

How many, times do I have to tell
you I haven't any other women
before you'll believe me?

CLOSE SHOT KAREN SHOOTING INTO MIRROR ON DRESSING TABLE
Karen laughs sharply, loudly, then stops suddenly as she
looks at herself in the mirror, sees the repugnance in her
face. She puts down the hairbrush, picks up a long comb.

HOLMES VOICE

If it were so, don't you think I'd
admit it? The way things are
between us now? What right have you
to always be accusing me?

KAREN

What right?

TWO SHOT

They are both tense now. Holmes is out of the chair and pacing. Karen combs her hair spasmodically.

HOLMES

That again. How long will it be, I wonder, before I'm allowed to live that down? After eight years, how many times do I have to tell you It Was An Accident?

KAREN

That makes it all right, I suppose!

HOLMES

I didn't say that. I know what it's done to you, but --

KAREN

You know I hate to talk about it!

He moves over to her.

HOLMES

How many times do I have to tell you I'm sorry, about that? How many times that I had no way of knowing -

He puts his hands on her shoulders. Karen shakes away, rises, faces him.

KAREN

You had a way of knowing, Dana. I want to go to bed. Please get out of my bedroom.

Holmes looks at her sullenly, then exits to adjoining room, closing the door behind him. There is a moment of silence, then a sharp snap as Karen breaks the comb in two.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAYROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT WARDEN

The room is fairly well filled with soldiers. The click of pool balls is heard over shot. Warden is reading a newspaper.. A column heading, conspicuous in shot, reads: JAPS ADVANCE IN CHINA. Warden drops the paper on his lap, looks toward pool table, squinting thoughtfully.

FULL SHOT AT POOL TABLE

Maggio, Prew and CHIEF CHOATE, a Corporal, are playing pool. Choate is a full Choctaw Indian, a man of great bulk and tolerance. He speaks in a tremendously deep bass voice. The

table on one side is surrounded by the prizefighters of G Company. They are IRE GALOVITCH, an ape-like, bent-kneed man weighing about two twenty, with a widow's peak almost to his eyebrows; BALDY DHOM, chunky and tough, his head as bald as an orange; TURP THORNHILL, a stringy, chinless Mississippian; HENDERSON, a tall, hard Texan; CHAMP WILSON, wiry and good-looking. They are all Sergeants except Wilson, who is a Corporal. The men have been heckling Prew and are watching with cold belligerence. Choate, bending over his cue, shoots and misses.

CHOATE

I'm coldern a Idaho winter tonight.

Prew shoots, makes a brilliant shot.

MAGGIO

Man, what I would not give to have this character in the corner poolroom in my home town: I'd dress him up on overalls and a straw hat and put a grass in his teeth, and I would make a whole mint of ghelt off him!

Choate laughs deeply. Prew sizes up a new shot.

WILSON

We'd of won last year if we had a good middleweight. You box as good as you used to over at Shatter we're a cinch this year.

Prew doesn't respond. He bends over his cue again.

THORNHILL

You ain't forget the Division champs get ten day furloughs, did you, son? Ey?

GALOVITCH

You no talk now, Prewitt. But out in field with us you sing different song. An don't think you are tough guy. Quickest way to stockade is being tough guy.

HENDERSON

You heard him. Better think it over.

MAGGIO

Lissen, it's his right not to fight
if he don't want. Without bein
kicked around. Now, we playin pool.
Whyn't you take off?

DHOM

You want a busted head, Maggio?

MAGGIO

(seriously)

No.

DHOM

Then keep your big nose out
altogether.

(turns back to Prew)

Trainin season starts next week --

Prew has been growing more and more agitated, as much by an
inner turmoil as by the men. His control snaps suddenly.

PREW

I told you I quit fightin! I'm
through! An that's all she wrote:
You guys want to put the screws on,
go ahead. I can take anything you
hand out!

DHOM

Okay, Prewitt. No halts barred.

The five men move off, file out of the Dayroom.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

His paper still on his lap. He has been watching. He wears a
faint smile of respect.

MEDIUM SHOT PHEW, MAGGIO, CHOATE

Prew chalks his cue, hands trembling, turns to Maggio.

PREW

Thanks.

MAGGIO

I just hate to see a good man get
it in the gut.

CHOATE

You might as well get use to it,
kid. You probly be seein it often
before you die.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND CHOATE

In b.g. a few of the men are moving to and from the latrine but most of them are in their bunks. Over shot the sound of a bugle blowing Tattoo is heard. Lights are being extinguished in various parts of the room. Prew and Choate are lying on adjoining bunks, smoking. Choate's voice is almost linked to his last speech of preceding scene.

CHO ATE

... oh, sure, we got a few bad non-coms and we got Dynamite Holmes for a Captain. But I been around twenty years in this Army. They even up.

In b. g. Warden and SERGEANT PETE (POP) KARELSEN come through from the latrine. The latter is a grizzled, crumbled dog-face, about fifty.

CHOATE

Take A Compny. They got the best Compny Commander I ever saw. But their Topkick -- he ain't no Warden.

Warden stops beside Prew and Karelsen moves on, going in to a small room off the main squadroom. Warden's big, powerful body is covered only by a towel around his loins. He smiles at Prew.

WARDEN

Hello, kid. Everythin nice and comfy?

PREW

Never better.

WARDEN

'at's the lull before the storm, kid. Set yourself.

He moves off, goes into the room he shares with Karelsen.

PREW

What's the deal with him, anyway? I can't figure him.

The lights are almost all off and activity in the room has ended.

CHOATE

The Warden? He's a wild man. He was in the 15th when they seen their action in the Settlement in Shanghai. I heard about it down in the Philippes even. He got himself a DSC and a Purple Heart out of it but you'd never know it if I dint tell you. This next war comes, Warden'll be right in there, standin up on the skyline, trio to get himself killed, but nothing will ever touch him. He'll come through maddern, wildern, craziern ever. All I know is he's the best soljer I ever saw...

The lights are all out now and the room is in darkness.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

TRUCKING SHOT PLATOON OF MEN carrying rifles, marching at attention. Prew is FEATURED in shot; a light smile of pleasure as he moves along. Choate, bringing up the rear, is singing the Regimental Marching Song in a wonderful basso. Dhom marches on one side of the platoon, Galovitch on the other. Dhom calls out the "huts."

CLOSE SHOT FEET OF MEN MARCHING
They are in perfect unison.

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT PREW

DHOM'S VOICE

Prewitt! Get in step, Prewitt!

Prew frowns slightly. He hops once, changing stride, realizes he is now out of step.

GALOVITCH'S VOICE

Prewitt! Dis a drill, not picnic!
Get in step!

Prew hops again, changing step. He marches along. Dhom's voice commands "Platoon -- Halt!" Prew and men around him come to halt.

MEDIUM SHOT PLATOON

DHOM

Prewitt! Step out!

Prew steps to the front, still smiling faintly.

DHOM

You march like a drunk gooney bird!
Corpral Paluso! Take this man to
the track. Send him 'round seven
laps double-time rifle at high
port!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CINDER TRACK - DAY

Prew running around track, his rifle at high port. He wears a slightly contemptuous smile. CORPORAL PALUSO sits on the grass infield watching him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT THE PLATOON

kneeling over their rifles, laid out on shelter halves. Prew is FEATURED in shot. His shirt is wet and he is sweating heavily, as if he has just come from the run around the track. Henderson stands in front of the group, instructing.

HENDERSON

-- rifle's your beat friend. In
case them weapons jams in combat
could mean life or death. You got
to know 'em inside out. Now I want
you to strip them weapons and put
it together again.

(holds up stop watch)

Go!

The men start taking their rifles apart as fast as they can. Henderson walks around watching them.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND MAGGIO

stripping rifles. Prew is efficient and brilliantly fast, Maggio fumbling and slow. Maggio keeps looking over at Prew, admiring his speed.

CLOSE SHOT PREW

as he strips the rifle. (This mechanical operation should be interesting to audiences; a good man can field strip the weapon in thirty or forty seconds.) Prew finishes the job and CAMERA MOVES to CLOSE on shelter half where all the parts are laid out.

HENDERSON'S VOICE

'at's fair time. Now lemme see you
put it together.

Prew's hands start to work over rifle parts, putting them together.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

CLOSE SHOT THE RIFLE

in Prew's hands, assembled, CAMERA PULLS BACK as Prew stands up, holding the weapon. The rest of the men are still working over their rifles, Maggio is staring up at Prew in awe. Henderson grabs the rifle from Prew, turns his back to him, pretending to squint along barrel.

CLOSE SHOT HENDERSON

looking along barrel. SHOT FEATURES his thumb as he flips the rear sight to one side. Henderson turns around and ANGLE WIDENS to include Prew. He throws the rifle at Prew, who catches it, staggering back.

HENDERSON

Your rear sight's way off! You'd be
fifty feet off your target at three
hundred yards!

(to others, mockingly)

That's what comes when a soljer
don't know how to assemble a
rifle.

(to Prew)

You better get down to the track
and carry it around a few times.
Maybe that'll teach you...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CINDER TRACK - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT PREW

running around track to sun, rifle held before him. The smile is fainter but still there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

GROUP SHOT BAYONET PRACTICE

The platoon is divided into teams of two. Thornhill is the instructor. This is actual hand-to-hand training. Prew wields his rifle, bayonet fixed, in expert thrusts. Maggio is fighting in next lane. Thornhill walks behind Prew, trips him quickly as he passes. Prew falls off balance. His opponent smashes his rifle against Prew's, knocks it to the ground. Prew whirls on Thornhill in protest.

THORNHILL

Wide open, ey, Prewitt? Maybe seven
laps'll teach you to watch
yourself...

Maggio, wielding his rifle madly, yells over.

MAGGIO

Hey, I saw that -- I saw what you
pulled --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CINDER TRACK - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND MAGGIO

toiling around track together, holding rifles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPANY STREET - DAY

TRUCKING SHOT OUTSIDE SUPPLY ROOM

Maggio and Prew trudge wearily along the porch, rifles on shoulders. Their sweaty uniforms are plastered to their bodies.

MAGGIO

I use to think a shipping clerk was
a dog's life.

(sighs, shakes head)

What I would not give to be back in
Gimbel's basement!

As they come up to the Supply Room, Warden, neat and cool, is leaning on the counter. He steps aside to let them pass, beams at Prew.

WARDEN

Chow's almost over, men. Better
hurry up and wash. 'less of course
you'd rather go in the way you are.

Maggio gives Warden a dirty look. Prew's expression is noncommittal. They carry their rifles into the Supply Room. Leva comes up to the door as Warden turns to go back to the Orderly Room. As he does, Karen's convertible comes down the street. Warden stops, watches it.

LONG SHOT FROM WARDEN'S POV
as Karen drives by, turning her head slightly toward Warden. There is the vaguest trace of a smile.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT FEATURING WARDEN
as he turns to watch the departing car.

LEVA
I'm tellin you, Top, she's trouble.
You better keep your mind off what
you're thinkin.

CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSE SHOT
of Warden, still looking after the car, thinking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT WARDEN AND HOLMES
It is a gloomy, rainy day and the lights are on in the office. Warden is at his desk, working. Holmes is buckling on his trench coat. He wears a happy smile.

HOLMES
I won't be back in time to take
Retreat.
(winks at Warden)
Or Reveille either, probably.

WARDEN
Yes, sir.

HOLMES
(strides back and forth;
jovially)
All work and no play, Sergeant. All
you do is sit around sweating over
this paper and that. There are
other things in this world beside
work.

Warden carries some official papers to Holmes' desk.

HOLMES
(bending over, tying
shoelace)
(MORE)

HOLMES(cont'd)

You ought to get out more yourself,
Warden.

Warden is looking directly at the picture of Karen on Holmes' desk.

WARDEN

I've been considering it.

He turns aside as Holmes straightens up.

HOLMES

Well, I'm going.

He claps Warden on the back fraternally.

HOLMES

I'm leaving it in your care,
Sergeant.

WARDEN

It'll be here when you get back.

Holmes goes out. Warden turns back to Holmes' desk. He is still holding the papers in one hand. He looks at Karen's picture, picks it up with his other hand, squints at it, considering the chances very, very carefully.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK PORCH OF HOLMES' HOUSE - DAY

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

standing on the open porch, in the rain. He wears a GI raincoat. He is squinting at the door with the same expression he used looking at Karen's picture. He takes a deep breath as if he were going off a high diving board, then knocks briskly. A shadow moves across the room behind the curtains. Then Karen opens the door. She is in shorts and a blouse.

KAREN

Oh. If it isn't Sergeant Warden.
You better step inside or you'll
get wet.

Warden opens the screen door and jumps in past the water running off the eaves.

INT. SMALL PANTRY OFF KITCHEN - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

as Warden jumps in. He takes off his rain hat.

WARDEN

I am wet.

KAREN

If you're looking for my husband,
he isn't here.

WARDEN

(taking the long chance)
And if I'm not looking for him?

KAREN

(unsmiling)
He still isn't here. If that does
you any good.

WARDEN

(quickly)
Well, I'm looking for him. Do you
know where he is?

KAREN

I haven't the slightest idea.
Perhaps he's in town. I guess it
was 'in town' the way you put it,
wasn't it? Or perhaps he's at the
Club. Having a drink.

WARDEN

(fishes in his pocket,
brings out papers)
I got some papers it's important
for him to sign. Today.

KAREN

(turns)
I'll try phoning him at the Club
for you.

WARDEN

I never like to disturb a man
drinking.

KAREN

(turns back)
What is it you want, Sergeant?

WARDEN

I could use a drink myself right
now. Bad. Anyway, I got a faint
suspicion the Captain's 'in town.'
Ain't you going to ask me in?

Karen finally smiles, faintly. She goes into the kitchen, leaving the door open. Warden follows her.

INT. KITCHEN HOLMES HOUSE - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

The kitchen is small and undistinguished. Karen takes a whisky bottle from a cabinet, pours a straight, stiff drink, puts it on the sink. Warden puts the papers down and drinks. Karen sits on a high kitchen stool.

KAREN

You're taking an awful chance, you know. My maid is liable to be home any time.

WARDEN

No she won't. Thursday's her day off.

He takes off his raincoat, drops it on a chair.

KAREN

You think of everything, don't you, Sergeant?

WARDEN

I try. In my position you have to.

KAREN

(goes to sink, picks up
the papers)
Are these really important?

WARDEN

Yes. But not important they get signed today. Tomorrow's okay.

Karen suddenly, deliberately, rips the papers in half. Then she tears them into bits and throws them into the wastebasket. Warden appreciates the gesture, relaxes for the first time. He grins widely.

WARDEN

I got carbons of those back at the office. So it won't be much work to fix them up.

Warden's control has begun to affect Karen's now. She is losing her poise.

KAREN

That's what I like about you,
Sergeant. You have confidence. It's
also what I dislike about you.

WARDEN

It's not confidence. It's honesty.

KAREN

Honesty? How did you acquire such
an old-fashioned virtue?

WARDEN

I figured out one day it was the
shortest distance between two
points.

KAREN

Well, he's clever as well as
virile.

WARDEN

No -- it's just that I hate to see
a beautiful woman goin all to
waste.

He moves close to Karen, is on the verge of embracing her. Greatly tempted but greatly disturbed, she turns away. During next she pours herself a drink, the bottle shaking in her hand. Her tone is no longer brittle. It is bitter.

KAREN

Waste, did you say? Now that's a
subject I might tell you something
about. There's we. And then there's
waste. Positive and negative. The
negative is sometimes more
interesting... more evil. For
example -- what about the house
without a child? Tell me your
thoughts, Sergeant.

WARDEN

You're going to cry.

KAREN

Not if I can help it.

WARDEN

Please don't cry... I can't stand
to see somebody cry.

Karen turns to face him as he picks up his raincoat, is about to put it on.

KAREN
What are you doing?

WARDEN
I'm leaving. Isn't that what you want?

KAREN
(slowly)
I don't know, Sergeant. To be honest, I don't know.

They stare squarely at each other, both puzzled and a little afraid of their emotions. This is something neither had counted on.

WARDEN
I know a beach near Diamond Head. Nobody ever goes there. The cars on the highway pass above and they never know it's there. You feel like you used to feel when you were a kid, hiding by yourself in a cave, watching the others hunting you.

Karen turns, goes to the sink, puts the whisky bottle back in the cabinet.

KAREN
Maybe... why not?

WARDEN
How about Payday?

Karen is trying hard to regain her glassy composure. She is unsmiling again.

KAREN
You don't have to spend money on me, Sergeant.

WARDEN
I just like to have some on me when I take out a woman. Can you get away?

KAREN
Maybe.

Warden grins as he puts on his raincoat. He goes to the door to the pantry, pauses there.

WARDEN

I'll be in Kuhio Park. Say, nine o'clock. Payday.

Karen leans back against the sink, watches him go out to the pantry. A moment later the sound of the door is heard as he leaves the house. She turns on the faucet, starts to rinse, the glasses they have used. Suddenly she turns the faucet on full force, watches it pound into the sink.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. QUADRANGLE - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT HOLMES GALOVITCH THORNHILL WILSON DHOM HENDERSON
The men are grouped around Holmes. He is pressing hard to pretend equanimity. The Sergeants appear somewhat baffled but determined.

HOLMES

-- this man Prewitt's been here over a month now. I expected you mend have him around before this.

HENDERSON

We've been runnin him pretty hard. But he don't faze.

HOLMES

Maybe he needs a good dose of The Treatment.

The men react to the phrase; The Treatment is obviously reserved for very special, intractable cases. They consider it silently for a moment or two.

GALOVITCH

A double dose needs him to be given.

THORNHILL

(nods)

The Treatment'll bring that puppy boy around...

HOLMES

You understand. I don't want any rough stuff.

(MORE)

HOLMES(cont'd)

But we all know good athletes make
good leaders. And good leaders --

The music of the forthcoming MONTAGE drowns Holmes' words as he continues.

DISSOLVE TO:

EFFECT MONTAGE

The MONTAGE consists of a continuous stream of SUPERIMPOSURES depicting Prew's growing humiliation and exhaustion at the hands of the non-corns. Mingling with the background shots are VARIOUS ANGLES of CLOSEUPS of Prew. As the speed of the sequence increases, the stubborn smile on his face gives way to hurt, bitterness, anger... Over shots we occasionally hear stray shouts of the non-corns as they belabor Prew, but for the most part these and other dialogue are obliterated by MUSIC. The MONTAGE can be selected and created from the following:

FLASHES ADDITIONAL ANGLES OF PRECEDING TRAINING SEQUENCES

FLASHES ADDITIONAL TRAINING SITUATIONS -- E.G. FIRING RANGE, PATROL EXERCISES, GRENADE PRACTICE (IF NEEDED) in all of which Prew excels.

FLASHES GALOVITCH WILSON DHOM THORNHILL HENDERSON

riding Prew, mocking him, grinning at him, thumbing him to the track, etc. FEATURED is Galovitch, who takes particular Joy in baiting Prew.

FLASHES PREW

running around track, staggering despite a tremendous effort not to show his fatigue.

OBSTACLE COURSE

with the platoon going through, crouched low, live ammunition spattering around them. Prew, nearest camera, is lower than any man in the line. Over shot we hear a snatch of Wilson's Voice yelling at Prew to get lower.

CLOSE FLASH WILSON AND PREW

Wilson bawling Prew out, thumbing him to one side of obstacle course.

FLASHES PREW

chinning himself on bar setup near obstacle course; he is near physical exhaustion.

OBSTACLE COURSE PREW

going through alone, on his belly in deep mud.

CLOSEUP PREW (CULMINATION OF SUPERIMPOSED CLOSEUPS AND END OF MONTAGE)

coming HEAD-ON into camera as he bellies through the mud of the obstacle course. Snatch of mingled voices of non-coms yelling "Keep it down", "Get that nose in the mud!", etc. Prew is utterly spent. His face drops into the mud, which splatters up, obscuring the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE SHOT SWIRLING DISHWATER IN SINK

MEDIUM SHOT PREW

bent over the sink, scraping, washing and rinsing cooking pans and mixing basins. He hangs the soap bucket on the hot faucet and turns it on full force. As he does, PRIVATE WILLARD, a fat, whining cook, dumps an additional huge pile of pans before him. Prew looks at them ruefully. Willard says something to him with a "hustle up" gesture. The faucet drowns the words.

MEDIUM SHOT ANOTHER PART OF KITCHEN PREW AT SINK IN B.G. Men are working in the steady, helpless motion of the KP. Waiters swing in and out of the entrances leading to the mess halls, carrying large trays.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT SERGEANT STARK

The Mesa Sergeant, a tall, gaunt man, surveys the scene possessively. Maggio, Dining Room Orderly today, wearing a soiled white coat, flashes by to the mess hall, almost dropping his loaded tray in his haste.

MEDIUM SHOT PRIVATE TREADWELL

A slow, lazy, heavy man, peeling potatoes. There is a large kettle filled with dirty water in front of him in which the potatoes are floating. Treadwell stabs at one with a long fork, misses it. He stabs again, almost in slow motion, misses again. He sees Stark glowering over him.

TREADWELL

Ah+m suppose to be a automatic
rifle man, not a spud-cutter.

STARK

(disgustedly)

Rifle man, huh? All somebody'd have
to do would be holler war at you
and it'd be over the hill and far
away.

Stark walks off.

TREADWELL

... they just give me my chance
they'll see...

He is surprised and pleased as he spears a potato this time. He raises it triumphantly like a caught fish.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND WILLARD

The faucet is still on and we cannot hear what Willard says as he dumps more pans before Prew. However, he is obviously complaining that Prew is slow. Prew, sweating and angry, barks something back at him and turns the faucet off.

PREW

No cook ever used that many panel
Not even for an officers, banquet,
ladies invited! Want me to grow
couple more arms?!

Stark, always alert to trouble, comes into shot. Willard sees him and speaks with whining dignity, for Stark's benefit.

WILLARD

All I ask is that you keep the pans
washed up so they're clean when I
need them. In order that I am
allowed to cook the kind of food
required for men who work hard all
day and who need good nourishing
food to get their nourishment.

STARK

Hole up 'at noise. This man's hot
as a forty-five shootin downhill.

WILLARD

(terribly injured)

How you think I can do my job if
the Mess Sergeant takes sides with
a goldbricking KP? What do you
think I am?

STARK

I think you're a fat cook who can't
cook.

As Willard retires, Maggio pours through from the mess hall. Screaming joyously, he shoves two empty platters in front of him.

MAGGIO

Comin through! Comin through! Me
and my table waiters!

(MORE)

MAGGIO(cont'd)

We workin our tail off. They runnin
us to death. Hot stuff! Comin
through hot stuff one side!

Nobody pays any attention but Prew, who smiles at him. Maggio
winks back.

MAGGIO

Hello, Prew! Bettern being threwn
in jail, ain't it?

Maggio passes camera, leaving the shot and disclosing Warden,
who has entered from the mess hall in his wake. He carries a
dish of eggs and sausage and is leaning against a pastry
table. He is grinning lovingly toward Prew. He strolls over
to Prew. He eats through following. The smile never leaves
his face, broadens as the scene progresses.

WARDEN

You look awful tard, kid.

CLOSE SHOT PREW
working over the sink.

WARDEN'S VOICE

How do you like straight duty?.
Life in a rifle compny, eh?

Prew stops working, turns toward Warden.

PREW

What makes you think I mind it?

MEDIUM SHOT FEATURING KP'S, STARK, MAGGIO, WILLARD, TREADWELL
as something electric transmits itself and they all stop what
they are doing to look over toward Prew and Warden.

WARDEN

I didn't say you minded it, kid. I
just said you looked tard. Drawn to
a fine edge.

PREW

(smiles back)

I don't mind it, Top. It's a great
life, this. I find a pearl, I'll
cut you in. Fifty-fifty, If you
hadn't put me here, I wouldn't have
had no chance to find it.

TWO SHOT WARDEN AND PREW

WARDEN

Well, well, there's a man for you.
I'll see if I can fix you up with a
lot more since you like it so much.
How you like the garbage detail?

PREW

Thanks, Top, I've had it. You give
it to me Tuesday. Remember?

WARDEN

(nods, as if just
remembering)
Well, then, how 'bout street
cleaning detail?

PREW

That, too. Yesterday.

WARDEN

(nods)
You got a better memory than me.
Guess the best thing to do is leave
you right in the kitchen a while,
huh?

He pretends to turn away, then stops, turns back.

WARDEN

Course if you was an ath-a-leet you
wouldn't have to pull KP. Or any
fatigue duty for that matter...

PREW

(not smiling now)
If you think you can push me into
fightin, Warden, you're wrong. Not
you and Dynamite and The Treatment.
I'm twice the man you are. If you
dint have them stripes I'd take you
out on the green and beat you to a
pulp.

WARDEN

(smile growing bigger)
Don't let the stripes worry you,
kid. I can always take my shirt
off. Take it off right now.

PREW

You'd like that. You could get me a
year in the Stockade for that one,
couldn't you?

CLOSE SHOT PREW'S HAND
closing around a heavy mug in the sink.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PREW AND WARDEN
Warden looking at Prew's hand. Warden's grin broadens with something more than sarcasm. He is 'impressed and pleased by Prew's honest anger.

WARDEN
Don't throw it, Prewitt. It might
break on my head. And that would
cost you one thin dime next Payday.

Warden deliberately turns his back and walks off. Prew looks after him. CAMERA MOVES IN to FEATURE his hand on the mug. He grasps it tighter, then lets it fall back into the soapy water,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. QUADRANGLE - DAY

CLOSE SHOT PRIVATE FRIDAY CLARK
He is blowing the bugle, sounding Pay Call. The rays of a blinding sun flash on its shiny surface.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT
The bugle is heard over shot. A line of spruced-up men stretches through the mess hall. A blanket is spread over a table and behind it sits Holmes, flanked by Warden and Mazzioli. In front of Holmes is a pile of greenbacks and a cigar box filled with silver. He is paying out the man at the head of the line.

HOLMES
-- and just see you don't drink all
this up in one place.

The man smiles, appreciating the whimsy, salutes, moves off.

WARDEN
Prewitt.

Prew, next in line, steps up to the table.

PREW
Robert E. Lee, RA 345071.

He is crisp, sharp, expressionless. He holds out his hands for fingernail inspection.

Holmes looks them over, then up at the perfect knot in his tie. He stares at Prew as if trying to fathom him.

HOLMES

Have you given any thought to the boxing team recently, Prewitt?

PREW

(tonelessly)

I feel the same way, sir.

Holmes' hands clench. He seems about to fly into a rage when he senses a motion at his side. He turns to see Warden looking straight at him. Warden's face has the same meaningfully expressionless look as Prew's. Holmes wilts before it, turns to Mazzioli.

HOLMES

What's this man's pay?

MAZZIOLI

(reading from Payroll)

Private Prewitt, thirty dollars base pay. Deductions-laundry, insurance, PX checks.

CAMERA MOVES IN to CLOSE SHOT of Holmes' hands laying money out on blanket.

MAZZIOLI'S VOICE

Total due twelve dollars thirty cents.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER STREET, HONOLULU - NIGHT

FULL SHOT

Payday night. A gay, noisy jamboree. Soldiers, mostly in civilian clothes, and uniformed sailors swarm down the street. Taxi drivers arguing with their fares as they pull up at bars. Filipinos padding in twos and threes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW CONGRESS CLUB - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT AT ENTRANCE

Maggio and Prew, dressed in slacks and Aloha shirts, stand in front of what looks like a renovated residence. They give evidence of having already accomplished a little substantial drinking. The sound of loud piano playing is heard from within. A sign over the door reads: NEW CONGRESS CLUB - SOFT DRINKS - DANCING - RECREATION - MEMBERS ONLY. The door opens

and MRS. KIPFER stands at the threshold. She is a sophisticated-looking woman with upswept hair, wears an evening gown with a corsage of orchids. The piano music, louder with the opening of the door, continues through all of the following. The pianist is hammering out "I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire" (or a similar hit of 1941).

MAGGIO

Greetings, Mrs. Kipfer.

MRS. KIPPER

(cordially)

Why, it's Angelo Maggio.

He barges past her through the door. Mrs. Kipfer frowns and follows him. Prew shrugs and goes in after her.

INT. VESTIBULE NEW CONGRESS CLUB - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

as Prew enters behind Mrs. Kipfer. The vestibule has an old South feeling of mustiness and respectability. Maggio is handing some bills to ANNETTE, a young, brash-looking girl, who sits behind a reception desk.

MAGGIO

Okay... so there y'are. Dues all paid up. Who ya got playin the piana -- a hippo?

MRS. KIPPER

Angelo, I don't believe I've met your friend. And you know how I hate to find you boys in this condition...

MAGGIO

There. You see. Any time women see a soldier, think he's drunk. Why? You know why?

PREW

Because he is.

MRS. KIPPER

Heavy drinking simply doesn't mix with the entertainment business. Every respectable place must consider its future.

PREW

Mrs. Kipfer, ma'am, I give you my solemn word your future will be safe with us.

Maggio nods vigorously in agreement, then pushes through the heavy curtains which separate the vestibule from the room beyond. Mrs. Kipfer looks after him a little unhappily.

MRS. KIPPER

Angelo is one of my favorites.
Annette, dear, take care of this
gentleman, will you, please?

Mrs. Kipfer exits through the curtains. Annette takes a card from file, picks up pen.

ANNETTE

It'll be eight bucks, Babyface.
Four for initiation fee, four for
April dues.

PREW

Say, what do I get for it?

ANNETTE

(rattling it off)
Members are entitled to all
privileges of the club which
includes dancing, snack bar, soft
drink bar, and gentlemanly
relaxation with the opposite gender
so long as they are gentlemen and
no hard liquor is permitted.
(takes a breath)
Got it?

Prew grins, digs in his pocket for money.

PREW

I got it.

INT. NEW CONGRESS CLUB - LARGE CLUB ROOM - NIGHT

FULL SHOT

Several rooms branch off from this main one. There are about a dozen soldiers in civilian clothes -- and about a dozen hostesses. Several couples are dancing. The man at the piano is banging away, his music clashing cacophonically with a jukebox record from an adjoining room. CAMERA PANS as Mrs. Kipfer moves to and fro encouraging the men to enjoy themselves. The New Congress is a sort of primitive U.S.O., a place of well-worn merriment. It is not a house of prostitution but the girls look available for goosing... all but one we see at the end of the PAN. She sits alone on a couch. This is LORENE. There is an innocent, child-like look about her. Her hair is done demurely in a circular roll low on her neck. She is about twenty-four. She is reading a

magazine, untouched by the din around her.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT SERGEANT "FATSO" JUDSON
pounding the piano as if he is trying to knock the keys out.
He has an enormous head and a hogshead chest. He resembles
Porky Pig. His dead eyes look like two beads of caviar spaced
far apart on a great white plate.

MEDIUM SHOT NEAR CURTAINS TO VESTIBULE
Maggio is attempting some serious dancing with SANDRA, a very
tall girl. Fatso's furious tempo and tune keep drowning the
langorous tango coming from the jukebox. Maggio keeps
switching his style as he tries to get out of the range of
the piano but cannot. He is very annoyed. He and Sandra dance
out of shot, as Prew and Annette enter from the vestibule.
CAMERA PANS them to a trio of girls on a couch.

ANNETTE

... Girls, here's some new poison.
This is Billy and Jean and Nancy.

The girls smile, ad-lib hellos. Prew is looking over the
girls' heads at someone in rear of room out of shot.

MEDIUM SHOT LORENE FROM PREW'S POV
As if she senses someone is staring at her, she looks up from
the magazine, smiles serenely across the room.

MEDIUM SHOT FEATURING PREW AND ANNETTE
as she reacts sourly to Prew's reaction to Lorene. He seems
transfixed.

ANNETTE

Don't tell me the Princess is your
style.

Annette takes his arm, moves him toward two quite good-
looking girls talking to a soldier.

ANNETTE

Meet Suzanne and Roxanne.

The girls greet him heartily but Prew is looking back over
his shoulder at Lorene. Annette plucks his sleeve with
haughty disdain.

ANNETTE

Much as I adore your company, you
must allow me to tear myself away.
I see a few friends at the door.
(snaps)
Also I can see I will be of no use
to you much.

She walks off. The other girls resume talking to the soldier. Prew continues to gaze across the room.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT LORENE
smiling back. Her head tilts up slowly as if someone is coming toward her. Prew comes into shot and stands before her, tongue-tied. She pats the couch. Her voice is low-pitched, poised.

LORENE
Would you like to sit down?

PREW
(sitting)
Oh... sure.

LORENE
I'm Lorene.

PREW
(enchanted by the name)
Lorene...

LORENE
I haven't seen you in here before.

Prew gestures with the membership card.

PREW
I dint know about this place till now. A friend of mine brought me. We're stationed at Schofield.

LORENE
Oh. Somehow I didn't think you were a soldier.

PREW
(bridles a bit)
Well, I am. And I'm in for the whole ride. I'm a thirty-year man.

LORENE
I suppose it's different when a fellow is going to make a career of it.

PREW
There ain't anythin wrong with a soljer that ain't wrong with everyone else.

Lorene smiles her fatal smile at Prew's seriousness.

LORENE

I like you just the same. I liked
you the minute I saw Annette
bringing you in.

PREW

(melts)

Me, too. I mean when I came in. I
saw you over here --

There is a commotion across the room. A group of man and
girls are surrounding the piano. Fatso has stopped playing
and a shouting argument is going on between him and Maggio.
Prew looks over, concerned.

FATSO'S VOICE

I'll play loud as I want, ya little
Wop!

A babble of voices drowns out Maggio's reply.

PREW

Friend of mine.

(rises)

You wait right here for me, will
ya?

LORENE

(smiles sweetly)

Surely.

MEDIUM SHOT AT PIANO

where two men are holding Fatso and three girls are
restraining Maggio. The others are amused by the quarrel, but
Fatso and Maggio are deadly serious.

MAGGIO

Mess with me, Fatstuff, I'll pull
you apart!

FATSO

You're the kind of character I eat
for breakfast, ya little --

Maggio breaks away from the girls and rushes toward Patso but
Prew, stepping through the group, grabs him. Mrs. Kipfer
bustles into the melee.

MRS. KIPFER

Now, you gentlemen know I will not
have any of this sort of thing.

MAGGIO
Shut up, you Wop, he says to me!

FATSO
Little Mussolini here tryin to tell
me what way to play the piano.

MAGGIO
Yeah, my ear drums fit to bust
already with that noise!

MRS. KIPFER
You man can simply leave if you're
not going to behave yourselves.

PREW
Come on, Angelo, come on --

MAGGIO
-- Ony my friends can call me Wop --

MEDIUM SHOT AT SIDE OF ROOM
where Prew hauls Maggio away from the piano.

SOLDIER
(has been watching)
You know who that guy is, buddy?

MAGGIO
Sure, I know who he is. Whadda I
care?

PREW
Who is he?

SOLDIER
Fatso Judson. Sergeant of the Guard
at the Post Stockade.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT FATSO JUDSON
settling down at the piano again. He glances over in
direction of Maggio with a mean smile. Then he starts to
hammer the keys viciously.

MEDIUM SHOT MAGGIO PEW SOLDIER
as the music starts, Maggio stiffens, turns as if to go back.
Prew holds tight, to his arm.

SOLDIER
-- I'm tellin you, leave him be.
Nets danger. I seen him nearly
murder a guy once. He likes it.

Sandra comes over, disengages Prew's arm from Maggio's, puts her own around him.

SANDRA

All right, bully boy, now you won the war, let's dance.

MAGGIO

(beginning to quiet down)
First I got to calm my nerves. Come on with me to a phone booth or some thin.

(slaps himself on belly)
Where I will unveil this fifth of whisky I got under this loose flowing sports shirt.

He and Sandra start off toward an adjoining room. Prew smiles, turns back toward Lorene. The smile fades.

MEDIUM SHOT FROM PREW'S POV

Lorene is looking at another soldier, on the couch beside her, with her rapt, innocent expression.

TRACKING SHOT PREW

as he crosses room to Lorene, hurt and disappointed. CAMERA HOLDS on MEDIUM SHOT as he comes up to her and the soldier, a talkative man named BILL.

BILL

-- you go along as fast as forty miles per through that surf and your balance has got to be letter perfect.

PREW

Hey, I thought you were gonna wait.

LORENE

(looks up, smiles)
Bill here was telling me about surfboarding.

BILL

Hello, friend.

LORENE

(pats couch)
Sit down and just listen. He describes it thrillingly.

Prew sits down, disgruntled. Bill notes his expression.

BILL
You know anything about
surfboarding?

PREW
No. Nothing. Not a thing.

BILL
You must be stationed inland then.
I'm at DeRussey so I get lots of
chances.

PREW
Yeah? But then we got mountains.
You know anything about mountain
climbing?

BILL
A little bit. Are you a mountain
climber?

PREW
No. You know anything about flying
an airplane?

Lorene is frowning now.

BILL
I've had a few lessons.

PREW
Well, I can't fly either. What
do you know about deep sea diving?

LORENE
Do you want to move into another
room, Bill?

BILL
Sure. The air in here seems to have
gotten very smelly, hasn't it?

PREW
Yeah, I noticed that, too --

BILL
Listen, fellow --

LORENE
Shall we go, then?

She and Bill rise. She smiles tremulously at him as she takes his arm and they start off. She throws a severe glance over her shoulder at Prew.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PREW

He settles lower in the couch, the picture of frustration and hopelessness. He pulls a cigarette from his pocket and lights it.

EXT. KUHIO PARK - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT PARK BENCH

Karen sits on the bench, her ankles crosses primly, very ill at ease. There is Payday activity here also; amorous strolling couples; men in ones and twos looking for pickups. Several unattached men pass Karen, ogle her. She is about to get up and leave when Warden comes into shot, stands over her. His civilian suit is neat and well-cut. Both are strained, awkward, antagonistic. Now that the step has been taken they are not at all sure it was a clever one.

KAREN

Why, hello. I didn't think you were coming.

WARDEN

Why not? I'm not late.

KAREN

No, I guess you're not. But then I came a little early. I must have been overanxious. You weren't overanxious though, were you? You got here right on the dot.

WARDEN

Maybe I'd of been early too only I stopped to get a drink.

KAREN

You certainly chose a savory spot for our meeting.

WARDEN

Would you rather it'd been the cocktail lounge of the Royal?

KAREN

No, but I've had five chances to be picked up in the last few minutes.

WARDEN
 (sits beside her on the
 bench)
 That's par for the course around
 here.

KAREN
 Well, I don't care for it. I never
 went in much for back-alley loving.

WARDEN
 Didn't you?

KAREN
 You probably think I'm a tramp,
 don't you?

WARDEN
 What makes you think I'd think
 that?

KAREN
 Don't try to be gallant, Sergeant.
 If you think this is a mistake,
 come right out and say so.

WARDEN
 (outrage)
 Listen, what started all this,
 anyway? Why'm I shakin inside like
 a school kid out with teacher!
 Where'd I come up with a yen for of
 all things the Compny Commander's
 wife! And her actin like Lady
 Astor's horse all because I only
 got here on time!

Warden's burst shatters the tension. Karen breaks into
 laughter. After a moment, Warden joins in.

KAREN
 On the other hand, I've got a
 bathing suit under my dress.

WARDEN
 Funny. I got one in a U-Drive-It
 parked around the corner.

He takes her hand. They rise and walk away, backs to camera.
 They merge with the other couples in the little park.

INT. LARGE CLUB ROOM - NEW CONGRESS - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT COUCH

Fatso's piano music o.s. Prew is slumped on the couch. He stubs out the cigarette, which is almost burnt down. He sees someone coming toward him, slowly raises his eyes. Lorene comes into shot, looks down at him.

PREW

How's the surfboard rider?

LORENE

That was a terrible way to have acted. What you did.

PREW

I was jealous.

LORENE

(laughs)

You're a funny one.

PREW

What do you dames want? To take the heart out of a man and tie it up in barbed wire?

LORENE

(angry because she really likes Prew)

Now, look here, what do you think Mrs. Kipfer pays us for? We're hired to be nice to all the boys. They're all alike. Is it so important?

PREW

(stands; urgently)

Yes, it's important. Maybe we seem all alike but none of us is ever all alike.

(pause)

All right, I'm sorry about before.

LORENE

(touched by his outburst)

That piano is about to drive me out of my mind. Let's go up to Mrs. Kipfer's suite and sit there. She lets us use it sometimes... for somebody special.

PREW

Are you mad?

LORENE
No, I'm not mad.

PREW
Because if you're still mad I'd
just rather we called the whole
thing off.

LORENE
(takes his arm)
You certainly are a funny one.

They walk away from camera, merging with the others in-the
room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN AND BEACH - NIGHT

FULL SHOT WAVE
sweeping over camera, spray flying.

MEDIUM SHOT ON BEACH
A tiny beach set among rocks. The pale sand glows in the
moonlight. Warden, in a bathing suit, is lighting a fire
about ten yards from the water's edge. Karen is just stepping
out of her dress; her bathing suit is underneath. A couple of
GI blankets near the fire. Her teeth are beginning to chatter
in the chill of the night air; she raises her arms to the sky
longingly, happily.

KAREN
I hope the ocean's ice cold. I hope
I freeze in a solid chunk.

WARDEN
(sudden, intense laugh)
Just so long's you melt afterwards.

KAREN
I love the way you laugh.

He stands, moves to her. She laughs, turns and runs into the
water. He runs after her.

FULL SHOT WAVE
near shore, as Karen dives into it. Warden follows her. The
wave washes over them.

INT. NEW CONGRESS CLUB - MRS. KIPFER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT DIVAN

CAMERA ANGLED so we see only back of the divan. We hear soft chuckles from Prew and Lorene o.s., then silence for several moments. CAMERA MOVES as we hear a few more low, intimate laughs, then Prew and Lorene are disclosed on the couch, their heads close together as if they have just kissed pleasantly but not passionately. Mrs. Kipfer's living room is on the order of the vestibule; it, too, has a faded lavender feeling. A door leading to another room is half open in b.g. A door leading to a hall is closed. Prew's arm is around Lorene's shoulder; he is very relaxed, regards her with something like wonder. Lorene is mellower, too, making no effort now to be "the Princess." She speaks as if resuming a conversation.

LORENE

... I enlisted, too. I came out here on my own. To get away from my home town. In Oregon.

PREW

How come?

LORENE

I had a boy friend. I was a waitress. He was from the richest family in town. He just married the girl suitable for his position. After three years of going around with me.

(pause)

It's a pretty story, isn't it? Maybe they could make a movie of it.

PREW

They did. Ten thousand of them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lorene smiles.

LORENE

So I left and went to Seattle, as a waitress. And I met a girl just back from Hawaii. She said she'd made a lot of money working for Mrs. Kipfer. I caught the first boat. I've been here a year and two months.

PREW

You like it much?

LORENE

Oh, I don't like it. But I don't mind it. Anyway, I won't be here forever.

PREW

No. Sure not. I mean, why should you?

LORENE

I have it all figured out. In another year I'll be back home, with a pile of bills big enough to choke a steer. And then I will be all set for life --

There is a sound at the door and they turn towards it.

MEDIUM SHOT DOOR TO HALL

as it opens slowly and a disembodied arm pokes through, its hand gripping the neck of a whisky bottle. After a moment, Maggio's head follows the arm through the door. He is grinning like an amateur conspirator.

MAGGIO

I dint hear no sounds of combat. So I figgered maybe you'd like a drink.

THREE SHOT

as Maggio comes into the room.

MAGGIO

Or otherwise old Sandra would of drank it all by herself. She's a fine girl. But she drinks like a fish.

There are glasses on a cupboard near the divan. Maggio sets three of them up, starts to pour whisky into them.

LORENE

No, thanks. I never drink much.

Maggio stops short of the third glass. He takes a big gulp from the first.

LORENE

I think it' a a weakness.

MAGGIO

(another gulp)
I grant you that.

LORENE
 And I don't like weakness.
 (to Prew))
 Do you?

PREW
 No. I don't like weakness.
 (rises, takes a drink)
 But I like to drink.

He comes back to the divan.

LORENE
 With you it's not a weakness. With
 you it's more like a virtue.

MAGGIO
 That sounds like a very profound
 remark. Maybe that's why I don't
 get it.

LORENE
 (snuggles to Prew)
 Well, it's so.

MAGGIO
 Hey! What you gonna do, marry this
 guy? Way you grinnin at him you
 look like his wife!

PREW
 Get outa here!

MAGGIO
 (picks up bottle)
 Okay. Back to old long-legged
 Sandra. I love 'em tall. Acres and
 acres.

He goes out, closing door behind him. Suddenly the door opens
 again and Maggio pops back in. He puts the whisky bottle on a
 table next to the door.

MAGGIO
 Enjoy yourself, pizon. You need it
 more than me. You be back with The
 Treatment tomorrow.

He pops out again, the door closing after him. Prew's gaiety
 dims with the reference to The Treatment. Lorene sees this.
 Prew rises, goes to whisky bottle.

PREW

That was nice before. The way you
snuggled up. In front of him.

LORENE

What's he mean, The Treatment?

Prew doesn't answer. He pours a drink, gulps it.

LORENE

What did he mean?

PREW

Some of the guys puttin me over the
jumps because I won't fight.

LORENE

Fight?

PREW

On the boxing team. I don't want to
fight! I don't want to talk about
it! I don't want to think about it.
And they make me think about it.
Every day.

He drops down on the divan beside her.

PREW

It's a personal thing...

His dread of telling the tale crumbles before his
overwhelming need to tell it, to have someone understand.

PREW

Over at Port Shafter... I used to
fight... Middleweight. I was pretty
good. I used to work out with Dixie
Wells. He was a light-heavy, but he
was fast... And good. He loved
boxing. He was gonna come out of
the Army and go right into the
upper brackets... People on the
Outside had their eye on him.

(rises, paces)

Dixie didn't want, to use the six
ounce gloves this time. And we
neither of us wore headgear,
anyway. I was set flat on my feet
when I caught Dixie wide with this
no more than ordinary solid cross.
Dixie just happened to be standing
solid, too.

(MORE)

PREW(cont'd)

(sits on chair)

From the way he fell I knew. Dead weight, square on his face. He dint roll over. He was in a coma a week. Then he finally came out of it. The only thing was that he was blind...

(rises, paces)

I went up to the hospital to see him. Twice. Then I couldn't go back. We got to talking about fighting the second time. And Dixie cried... Seein tears comin out of those eyes that couldn't see...

There are tears on Prew's face. He turns away from Lorene.

ANOTHER ANGLE SHOOTING FROM BEHIND PREW

Lorene, very moved, goes to him, stands behind him, puts her hand on his shoulder. Prew does not turn but his hand grasps hers. CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSE SHOT of the hands.

EXT. OCEAN AND BEACH - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT NEAR SHORE

A wave sweeps by camera, Karen and Warden riding it into shore. CAMERA PANS with them as they walk out of the water, hand in hand. They stop at edge, as if by a mutual impulse. He swings her to him and kisses her.

CLOSEUP

as they kiss. The embrace is impassioned. When their lips separate, their arms remain around each other, holding tight to something they find is more than sex alone.

EXTREME CLOSEUP

as Karen and Warden kiss again, a tenderness in him not seen before and which he normally takes great pains to hide.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

as their lips separate again.

KAREN

Nobody ever kissed me that way...
not really...

They are both disquieted by the quality of their reactions to the kisses. The jump to banter is a quick defense.

WARDEN

Nobody?

CAMERA MOVES WITH them as they walk to the fire. Karen smiles at him.

KAREN

No. Nobody.

WARDEN

Not even one? Out of all the many men you've been kissed by?

KAREN

Well, that will take some figuring. How many men do you think there've been?

CAMERA HOLDS as they sit, beside the fire. Karen wraps one of the blankets around her.

WARDEN

I wouldn't know. Can't you even make me a rough estimate?

KAREN

Not without an adding machine. Do you have your adding machine with you?

WARDEN

No, I forgot to bring it.

KAREN

Then I guess you won't find out, will you?

WARDEN

Maybe I already know.

The defense has given way and there is no mirth in the questions and answers now.

KAREN

What's the matter? What are you hinting at?

WARDEN

Why? Is there something to hint at?

KAREN

I don't know. Maybe a lot. Or maybe you just think there's a lot.

WARDEN

Maybe I do. Maybe there's been a long line of beach parties --

KAREN

You must be crazy -- !

WARDEN

Am I? Listen, baby, maybe not here.
But what about when you and Holmes
were at Fort Bliss?

Karen flings off the blankets, snatches her dress, stands up, raging. She speaks as she pulls the dress over her head, wriggles into it.

KAREN

I had to go and forget you were a
man -- with the same rotten filthy
mind the rest of them have. For a
minute I had to convince myself you
were different --

WARDEN

Only it's true, ain't it?

KAREN

Yes, it's true! A part of it, some
small part of whatever sewage
you've been listening to. Some day
perhaps you'll get all the story.

WARDEN

(yaps up)
All what story?

KAREN

You're getting to sound so much
like a typical male. So you just
sweat it out like a typical male.

She starts toward the rocks at the end of the beach, walking fast, then almost running. Warden runs after her.

MEDIUM SHOT BEACH NEAR PATH UP ROCKS

as Warden catches up with Karen. He grasps her arm roughly, hauls her down onto the sand. He stares at her bitterly, waiting for her to speak.

KAREN

All right. I've never told it to
anyone before. But I think now is
the time. I'll tell you the whole
bloody messy thing. You can take it
back to the barracks with you.

She speaks rapidly, pouring it out in bursts. For much of the story her face is in shadow, as if a cloud is passing across the moon.

KAREN

I'd been married to Captain Dana E. Holmes two years. Only he was a First Lieutenant then. Back at Fort Bliss. We lived right on a little lake where we could fish and swim and be alone, our 'dream cottage'... I'm sure you must be able to picture it. It was off on a back road, four miles from the highway. Two miles from a neighbor and a telephone....

(pauses, then rushes on)

I hadn't been married long when I knew my husband was stepping out on me. But -- you get used to that. Your mother tells you that it's life, that it happens to a lot of women. Of course, she doesn't tell you until after it happens.

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING WARDEN

reacting with fury toward Holmes, compassion for Karen.

KAREN

Then, by that time, you're pregnant. And at least you've something else to hope for. I think I was almost happy that night the pains began. Even though they were weeks too early, a whole month too early. I remember Dana was putting on that dapper silk gabardine uniform he used to wear. He was going to an officer's 'seminar.' He was kidding me about false labor. I didn't think it was humorous. I told him to get home early, to bring the doctor with him. He smiled tenderly and told me about the psychic reactions of women to pregnancy. But never fear, he'd be back early. And maybe he would have... if the 'seminar' hadn't been with the hat-check girl in one of the night clubs.

WARDEN

Listen.

TWO SHOT

KAREN

He was only a little drunk when he came in... at five a.m. He looked alarmed when he saw me. I guess it was because of my screams. I was lying there on the floor, you see -- No, don't say anything. I'm not finished yet. Of course, the baby was dead. It was a boy. But they worked over me at the hospital and fixed me up fine. They even took my appendix out, too. They threw that in free. It was all fine.

WARDEN

Listen. Listen. Please.

KAREN

And, of course, one more thing no more children. Do you know what that means? You're not a woman. You're not anything. You're a gutted shell... Sure, I went out with some of the men after that. A few months of it. I'd been made dirty and I wanted to be clean. You can see that, can't you?... Anyway, I got my revenge on Dana. I kept on living with him.

WARDEN

The hateful, miserable --

KAREN

You hunt so hungrily for love... love, if you can find it, you think, might give things meaning again.

WARDEN

Listens Listen to me --

KAREN

All right. I'm listening.

Warden shakes his head, inarticulate with his rage and love. Karen moves closer to him.

KAREN

I know. Until I met you I didn't think it was possible, either.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DAYROOM - NIGHT

PAN SHOT AROUND ROOM

Over shot soft strumming guitars and two voices singing a quiet blues. There are scattered groups, about fifteen men in all -- playing pool, ping-pong, reading, writing letters, talking. CAMERA REACHES PRIVATE SAL ANDERSON and Friday Clark, playing the guitars and singing. Clark plays only passably, but Anderson is highly accomplished, effortlessly sounding off chord progressions in diminished minors. Friday, the bugler, is about twenty-four, with shy, trusting eyes. Anderson is the same age, also quiet, non-aggressive. CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING, PASSES a soldier reading a newspaper who shakes his head and mutters, "... ain't it terrible about Lou Gehrig dyin...", then MOVES IN to HOLD on a group at a window seat, bulling. Prew is stretched out wearily, looks as if he's been through another recent dose of The Treatment. Maggio perches in the frame of the window like an aggressive robin. Treadwell slouches at the end of the seat. Pete Karelsen is in a chair nearby, reading a magazine.

TREADWELL

... Ah'm in the Army because Ah can live better on the Inside than on the Outside.

PREW

It ain't the reason I'm in.

MAGGIO

Now he's gonna give us that snow about bein a Thirty-Year Man again.

PREW

That's right. Look at Karelsen there. Only seven years more for rockin chair money.

Karelsen hears his name, looks over.

MEDIUM SHOT KARELSEN

CAMERA AT ANGLE so we see he's reading a full-page advertisement featuring a girl in a revealing negligee. He is feeling sorry for him;elf.

KARELSEN

The Profession wears you down,
though, young man. Down thin like a
knife what's been honed and honed.
All that good steel just rubbed
away...

He turns back sadly to study the figure of the girl.

MEDIUM SHOT FEATURING ANDERSON AND CLARK OTHERS IN B.G.
Anderson peels off a flourish as he and Clark end their song.

TREADWELL

Man, that's blues! Where'd you drag
that one up Prom?

ANDERSON

(bashfully)
Oh, just stumbled on it.

He strums aimlessly again. Prew and Treadwell come over to
listen, prop themselves on chairs. During following, several
others stroll over and a soldier writing at a desk nearby
stops, turns to listen.

CLOSE SHOT PREW

warmed by the friendliness of the music and the moment.

PREW

They got Truckdrivers' Blues...
Sharecroppers' Blues...
Bricklayers' Blues... We oughta
have a Soljers' Blues...

MEDIUM SHOT GROUP

as Anderson repeats a theme he has happened on. It has a
haunting melody.

CLARK

Hey, look... I betcha we could make
one out of what you just played. Do
that again.

Anderson repeats the melody.

ANDERSON

I could bring it down to a third
line major ending... Regular twelve
bars blues.

TREADWELL

I bet I got two hundred blues
records back home.

(MORE)

TREADWELL(cont'd)

But there ain't one could touch
that. And that includes Saint
Louis. And it could be ours...

The men wear pleased smiles, delighted by the idea of
possessing something quite rare and truly their own. Prew
flips his cigarette into a can.

PREW

I got it. We call it the 'Re-
enlistment Blues'!

There is a chorus of approval.

PREW

Lookit, w e could start it with the
guy getting discharged.
(reaches over to desk)
Hey, fella, can I use this?

The soldier at the desk nods, and Prew takes his pencil and
paper. He writes down the words of the song as they are
composed during following.

PREW

How's this? 'Got paid out on
Monday... Not a dog soljer no
more... They gimme all that
money....'

He stops, stuck. Anderson plays the melody and Prew sings the
words to this point. Friday Clark chimes in suddenly.

CLARK

'They gimme all that money... So
much my pockets is sore...'

They laugh. Anderson sings. Prew writes furiously.

ANDERSON

'More dough than I can use. Re-
enlistment Blues...'

ANGLE

Anderson plays a series of chords, then repeats the last two
lines as the whole group joins in.

GROUP

'More dough than I can use. Re-
enlistment Blues...'

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

FULL SHOT

Raucous, hammering music sweeps away the melancholy blues. On the floor of the gym Dhom is punching the bag. In a corner of the raised ring Ike Galovitch is skipping rope. In the center of the ring Thornhill and Henderson are sparring. Holmes hovers beside them, issuing instructions in a strident voice.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW

He is in fatigue clothes, on his knees, scrubbing the floor. There is an expression of stubborn hate on his face. Above his head in the shot are Galovitch's feet jumping the rope. In b.g. of shot is Wilson, seated near ring.

GALOVITCH'S VOICE

Some day you get sense in your dumb head, Prewitt, you be up here instead down there!

A fine spray of spit accompanies the words and showers over Prew but he keeps about his work.

WILSON

Still makin out you like it, huh?

MEDIUM SHOT IN RING

There are two water buckets near Galovitch. He skips near one of them, kicks it. The bucket falls on its side and dirty water spills over the ring and down onto Prew.

GALOVITCH

Clean up dis mess, Prewitt!

Prew gets to his feet. Galovitch resumes skipping rope.

GALOVITCH

And look a life, hurry it up. You on fatigue detail, not vacation.

Prew climbs into the ring, gets on his knees, starts to swab up the canvas. He is nearly finished when Galovitch "accidentally" kicks over the second bucket.

GALOVITCH

Clean up, Prewitt!

Prew suddenly stands, no longer able to contain his rage. He throws his sponge and scrubbing brush on the ring floor.

PREW

Clean it up yourself!

GALOVITCH

How? What!

PREW

You heard me -- rub your own nose
in it a while!

GALOVITCH

What!

Prew starts out of the ring. Holmes intercepts him.

HOLMES

What's the matter with you,
Prewitt? You know better than to
talk back to a non-commissioned
officer.

PREW

Yes, sir. But I have never liked
being spit at, sir. Even by a non-
commissioned officer.

HOLMES

I think you owe Sergeant Galovitch
an apology.

PREW

(recklessly)

I don't think I owe him no apology.
In fact, I think one's owed to me.

HOLMES

(furious)

Sergeant Galovitch, take this man
to the barracks and have him roll a
full field pack, extra shoes,
helmet and all, and then take a
bicycle and hike him up to Kole-
Kole Pass and back. And see that he
hikes all the way. And when he gets
back, bring him to me.

GALOVITCH

Yes, Sirr.

Prew climbs out of the ring, Galovitch following him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

LONG SHOT

Par below in the shot are Prew, hiking, and Galovitch, riding behind him on the bicycle. The dirt road is steep and the sun pours down, steaming hot.

MOVING SHOT PREW AND GALOVITCH

Prew is hunched under the seventy-pound pack as he plods along. He is sweat-soaked, puffing, dog-weary. Galovitch's bicycle is just behind him; he runs the wheels up on Prew's heels.

GALOVITCH

Move along. You not half way yet.
Three more miles to top.

A jeep rounds a curve a couple of hundred yards above and moves down the road. It slows its speed and pulls up when it nears Prew and Galovitch.

MEDIUM SHOT

The jeep is driven by an enlisted man. Sitting next to him is MAJOR GENERAL SLATER. Galovitch hops off the bike and he and Prew snap to attention. General Slater leans out of the vehicle. He seems puzzled and interested by the odd sight of the two men.

GENERAL SLATER

At ease. Where're you men headed?

GALOVITCH

Top of pass, Sir. This man insubordinate. The Captain is teaching him lesson.

GENERAL SLATER

(frowns)

What's your outfit, Sergeant?

GALOVITCH

Company G, 219th, Sir.

The General, still frowning slightly, nods. He signals his driver to move on. The jeep starts down the road. Galovitch gets on his bicycle. Prew starts hiking again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

Prew and Galovitch are standing in front of the Captain's desk. Prew is at attention, the heavy pack on his back; his face is drawn and tired; his clothes are plastered to him. He has regained his old expressionless look. Warden has swung his chair around and is surveying the scene. Holmes looks

Prew up and down, half-smiles.

HOLMES

I take it you're ready to apologize
to Sergeant Galovitch now.

PREW

No, sir, I'm not.

Holmes' face sets; he jerks his head toward the window.

HOLMES

Take him back up there again,
Galovitch. He hasn't had enough
yet.

GALOVITCH

(nods unhappily, sick of
bicycling)

Yes, air.

Prew about-faces and goes out. Galovitch follows.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT FEATURING WARDEN HOLMES IN B.G.
Warden watches Prew go out, then looks toward Holmes whose
back is to him. Disgust is reflected on his face.

MEDIUM SHOT WARDEN AND HOLMES

Holmes slams his fist on his desk.

HOLMES

I know that kind of man! He's an
againster. A bitter-ender. You
can't be decent to a man like that.
You have to tame him, like an
animal!

(to Warden)

Warden, I want you to prepare court
martial papers. Insubordination and
insolence to an officer.

WARDEN

Yes, sir.

Warden swings around to his own desk. He thinks for several
moments, tries to sound quite casual.

WARDEN

Too bad you got to lose a
middleweight like that...

HOLMES

Why? Do you see any other way of
breaking him?

WARDEN

I don't know... But even if he only gets three months, he'll still be in the Stockade when the boxing finals come up.

He looks over at Holmes, sees him scowling, weakening.

WARDEN

How about just giving him a good stiff Compny punishment for now?

Holmes ponders the situation unhappily, rubs his hand over his face, shakes his head as if the whole thing is too much for him.

HOLMES

All right, all right. But throw the book at him.

WARDEN

(pleased but impassive)
Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WARDEN'S ROOM OFF SQUAD ROCK - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT WARDEN SHOOTING INTO SMALL MIRROR
He is trimming his moustache.

WARDEN

I'm sick of it! They ain't got no right to keep breakin it off in that kid! Sooner later Holmes is going to hound him right into the Stockade!

CAMERA PULLS BACK, REVEALING Karelsen across the room, undressing tiredly, achingly. Warden is sharp and blustering, using Karelsen as an escape valve. During following he goes to his footlocker, opens it, takes out whisky bottle, drinks.

WARDEN

I'm through! I'm turnin in my stripes. I mean it, Pete. I could transfer out tomorrow. In Grade -- get that? To half a dozen Compnys in this Regmint!

KARELSEN

Oh, sure. I could be Chief of Staff, too, except I can't stand leaving all my old buddies.

Karelsen is naked now except for a bath towel knotted around his middle. He slips his feet into Japanese-style, wooden clogs, starts slowly for the door.

WARDEN

Where you going, Little Sir Echo?

KARELSEN

To take my stinkin shower, if the First Sergeant's got no objections. Where'd you think? To the movies in this towel?

WARDEN

(grins)

Hurry up. Let's go over to Choy's for some beer and tear up all the tables and chairs.

KARELSEN

(smiles, moves faster)

Okay, Okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHOY'S - NIGHT

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT OLD CHOY

An aged Chinese, at least seventy-five, OLD CHOY has a long white beard and wears a black skull cap and an embroidered robe. He is motionless, surveying the pandemonium which we hear over shot: the sounds of men laughing, talking and shouting blend with jukebox music blasting Chattanooga, Choo Choo. YOUNG CHOP, Old Choy's son, passes; he is thirty, white-aproned, bustling, Americanized. CAMERA PANS WITH him, DISCLOSING the small beer-house; it has unpainted cement walls and a cement floor; the only thing that might be called decorative is the jukebox. The place is crowded with men from Schofield, a raucous assemblage; everyone is drinking beer and the smoke hangs in thick layers. At a table near the door sit Prew, Maggio, Clark, Anderson, Treadwell and Mazzioli. At a corner table behind a forest of beer bottles and cans are Warden, Stark, Karelsen and Chief Choate.

GROUP SHOT WARDEN'S TABLE

STARK

... China's the place. Your money's worth ten, twelves times as much. I'm gunna ship over soon as my time's up in this pineapple Army.

KARELSEN

(pinching beer off his nose)

The Canal Zone for me. This girl down there. She was a planter's daughter, see. She lived a very sheltered life. A very moral young lady, Milt. I took her out to a high class dinner and then dancing. It was a great shock to her to learn about life. But she took it well. She got to like me very much after that.

WARDEN

The last time I heard it you told it different.

KARELSEN

Well, what did you expect? I was in a different mood, then.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW'S TABLE

Maggio, Anderson and Treadwell are comparing snapshots from home, spreading them out on the table. Mazzioli is talking to Prew with great earnestness.

MAZZIOLI

... it's in regulations. You've got a right to complain. You've got a right to take your case to the Inspector General. Any soldier has, even a plain dogface.

PREW

I know it. I'm not complainin to nobody. They ain't goin to get the satisfaction of seein me squirm.

Clark begins to play the bugle softly along with the jukebox music, noodling an uninspired obligato.

MAGGIO

(pointing to pictures)

... believe it nor not, this is one soljer who's got a family -- look, fifteen of 'em.

(MORE)

MAGGIO(cont'd)

See that old man with the
handlebars?

(proudly)

Mr. Maggio is my father.

MAZZIOLI

Listen, Prew. I guess I ought not
to tell you but --. Warden hasn't
had you on KP much lately, has he?

PREW

Only my reglar turn.

MAZZIOLI

Well -- I was working in the
Orderly Room this afternoon and I
heard the Captain telling Warden
you're to pull KP every weekend
from now on. You know what that
means -- you can't even go into
town --

PREW

Whadda they want? They done
everything, now they look me in
a box! What else they gonna try?

Clark hits a sour note an the bugle.

PREW

(savagely)

When you gonna learn to play a
bugle!?

In overwhelming, uncontrollable protest, Prew slaps the bugle
away from Clark's mouth. In one motion he wipes the
mouthpiece on his sleeve, raises it to his lips and blows his
own wild, violent obligato to the jukebox music.

FULL SHOT CHOY'S

as Prew plays on, the bugle's pure tone pealing through the
room. Everyone puts down his beer, stops talking and turns
toward Prew.

CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

reacting. He frowns, moved by the cry behind the music.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PREW'S TABLE FEATURING MAGGIO

as he watches and listens, an exultation for his friend
nakedly revealed on his face.

ANOTHER ANGLE PREW'S TABLE FEATURING PREW

Hitting an almost impossibly high note, he stops as suddenly
as he has begun. He has played perhaps fifteen seconds in

all. He puts the bugle down on the table, embarrassed now, the violence gone, some of the wrath unloaded.

MEDIUM SHOT AT DOOR

The room is quiet for several moments, except for the continuing jukebox music, which sounds pale and thin now. Fatso Judson strolls in, stands at the door. Some of the men see him, but no one greets him. Fatso threads his way between tables as the room slowly begins to return to normal and the men turn back to their beer.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW'S TABLE

as Fatso passes. He stops, leans over Anderson's shoulder to look at the snapshots on the table. He points to one picture, a pretty young girl of about fifteen, posing Hollywoodishly in a bathing suit, cracks his knuckles loudly.

FATSO

Who's that? Who's that dame?

MAGGIO

(impassively)

My sister.

Fatso whistles. He picks up the photograph, stares at it, whistles again.

FATSO

Whoever! Say, she's a real good piece of whistle bait! I'd sure like to get my mitts around her.

He laughs complacently at his own wit, tosses the picture on the table, starts to move on, Maggio rises, picks up the heavy wooden stool he's been sitting on and smashes it down on Fatso's head with all his strength,

ANOTHER ANGLE

as again the laughing and shouting in the room stops abruptly. Fatso reels a little with the terrible blow but does not go down.

FATSO

Why, holy -- I You hit met You hit me!

MAGGIO

(calmly)

You bet your life.

(raises stool)

And about to do it again.

FATSO

(still blinking from the
blow)

What?! But what for? That's no way
to fight!

(reaches hand to head,
brings away blood)

Why, you dirty yellow sneaking --
Wop! You yellow little Wop! If
that's the way you want to play!

With his last sentence, Fatso whips out a knife and snaps open the blade. The blade is at least five inches long. It glints evilly as he raises it. There is a concerted whisking intake of breath from the room. Murder is clear on Fat's face.

MEDIUM SHOT NEAR PREW'S TABLE (EXCLUDING WARDEN)

Maggio, holding the stool high, backs up a few feet as Fatso advances toward him. Men sprawl away from them.

SOLDIER'S VOICE

Hey, it you want to fight, fight
with fists. Take it outside

There is a murmur of agreement from the crowd. A couple of men are about to rise. Fatso whirls toward them.

FATSO

I'm gonna cut this little Wop's
heart out. Anybody steps in here, I
give it to him first.

MEDIUM SHOT OLD CHOY AND YOUNG CHOY

side by side. Old Choy watches, immobile, his slit eyes almost closed. Young Choy is shaking with fright.

MEDIUM SHOT FATSO AND MAGGIO

Fatso turns toward Maggio, who circles back around the table as the other stalks him.

MAGGIO

(scared but brave; shouts)

I'm gonna de-brain ya, Fatso!
One step closer an I'm gonna kill
ya!

Fatso has his knife poised at his shoulder, ready to strike. Warden comes into shot suddenly. He brandishes a beer bottle wildly, looks like an avenging spirit of authority.

WARDEN

Nobody's gunna do nothin! Anybody's
killin anybody around here, it'll
be me!

Warden snatches another beer bottle from a table, now has one
in each hand. He steps between Fatso and Maggio.

FATSO

Look outs here, Warden. This a
private affair.

WARDEN

No it ain't! This man's in my
Compny an I'm responsible for him.
And you ain't makin two weeks extra
paper work for me by killin him.
Nor him you. Put that knife down!

He smashes the neck off one of the beer bottles, points the
wagged edge at Fatso, roars:

WARDEN

Put it down!

Fatso slowly lowers the knife to his waist, but keeps it
pointed towards Maggio and Warden. Warden deliberately turns
his back to Fatso, spits his words at Maggio.

WARDEN

Killer! You unweaned punk& Come on,
you want some killing, come on!
(whirls on Fatso)
Come on, barrelbelly. Ain't you
comin?

Neither Fatso nor Maggio moves.

WARDEN

(with mammoth contempt)
Killers! You'll get plenty of
killing, all right. More than you
got the stomach for. You'll be in a
war one of these days. When you
feel that lead from a sniper's
rifle hit you between the eyes,
come and tell me how you like it.
Killers!

(turns to Maggio)
Now put down that chair.

Maggio puts down the stool. Warden turns to Fatso.

WARDEN

Throw that knife on the floor.

Fatso drops the knife. It clatters on the floor. There is another audible whoosh of breath from the room.

WARDEN

Almost scared there wasn't anybody going to stop you for a minute, weren't you?

(finally lowers his voice)

Is there any other little things you punks'd like me to take care of for you?

He drops the beer bottles on a nearby table, strides to his own table. The room settles back, still hushed. Warden has broken the mood of certain death, but Fatso, still facing Maggio, bites off his words with sadistic, ominous venom.

FATSO

Tough monkey. Hard sister. Guys like you get to the Stockade sooner later. One day you walk in there I'll be waitin. I'll show you a coupla things.

He walks away, drops into a stool at the counter.

MEDIUM SHOT WARDEN'S TABLE

Warden stands beside the table, watching. He seems satisfied as Fatso moves away from Maggio. Still standing, he raises his half-filled bottle of beer, drinks.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW'S TABLE

Maggio drops onto the stool, sidles it over to the table. He half-whispers to Prew.

MAGGIO

I made a mistake I guess, but I don't see how I could of done anything else, after that big stoop said a thing like that.

Prew leans over and picks the knife off the floor.

PHEW

I'll tell you your mistake. You didn't hit him hard enough to put him out.

MAGGIO

I hit him hard as I could. His head
must be solid ivory.

In b.g. Warden puts down the beer bottle and stalks towards
the door. Maggio and Prew turn to watch him pass.

MAGGIO

Anyway, I'm glad he stopped it.
He's a good man, you know it?

As if on impulse, Prew rises and follows Warden out.

EXT. CHOY'S - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

as Prew carves out. Choy's is on a wide road across from the
entrance to the Post. Prew looks around for Warden, sees him
off to one side. CAMERA MOVES WITH Prew as he goes over to
him.

CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

leaning against the building, undergoing a delayed reaction
to the fierce moment in Choy's. He is white-faced, sweating
heavily. He looks as if he's going to be sick.

CLOSE SHOT PREW

astonished yet appreciative that under Warden's confidence
and control in Choy's there has been a human frailty.

PREW

... That was a near thing.

WARDEN

... Yeah.

Prew holds out Fatso's knife. Warden is beginning to get
control of himself; he manages a weak smile.

WARDEN

You keep it, kid. Keep it for a
souvenir.

Prew puts the knife in his pocket. They stare at one another
a few moments, each inarticulate, each wanting to express
some deep emotion of respect.

WARDEN

You ain't enjoying life much, are
you, kid?

PREW
(thin smile)
They can kill you but they can't
eat you, Top.

Warden studies Prew thoughtfully. Prew turns to go back into Choy's.

WARDEN
Prewitt.

Prew stops, turns back.

WARDEN
Could you stand a weekend pass?

Prew stares at him for a second, incredulously, unable to find his voice.

PREW
I thought --

WARDEN
You thought what, kid?

PREW
How about Dynamite?

WARDEN
Leave Dynamite to me. He signs most
anything I put in front of him
'thout readies it.

Though Prew is overjoyed he is somehow unable to say "thanks"; Warden grins broadly at him.

WARDEN
I hear you gone dippy over some
dame you met at the New Congress
Club.

He slaps Prew on the shoulder roughly.

WARDEN
What'd you say her name was?

FREW
Lorene...

WARDEN
Pretty name.

Warden walks off across the street. Prew stares after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

CLOSE SHOT PREW AND LORENE

Lorene is covering Prew with sand and has him almost completely buried. Only his face remains uncovered. He is grining up at her. She seems thoughtful.

PREW

... Lorene...

She throws a towel over his face. He chuckles under it.

LORENE

My name's Alma.

The chuckle from under the towel dies.

LORENE

Alma Schmidt...

There is a sound as of strangling from under the towel.

LORENE

Mrs. Kipfer picked Lorene out of a perfume ad. She thought it sounded French...

Lorene whisks the towel away. Prew's face is comic in its surprise and chagrin.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT AT BAR ALMA AND PREW

(NOTE: From this point on "ALMA" will be used instead of "LORENE.")

A fashionable Waikiki night spot. An orchestra in b.g, is playing "Someone's Rocking My Dream Boat." Alma and Prew are seated at the bar. She is dressed modestly and becomingly, might well be taken as a society girl. Prew is wearing a civilian suit; he looks bound and choked in it.

PREW

Alma...

She smiles ruefully, realizes her real name has rubbed off some of the enchantment.

PREW

No, honest, I like it. Alma's a --
swell name. It was great you gettin
away today.

ALMA

I told Mrs. Kipfer I was sick. But
I bet she doesn't believe it,

PREW

There's no tellin when I'll get
into town next. The Warden gave me
a break this time. But Holmes and
those others, they got me on the
edge. I just about went off the
deep end the other day.

ALMA

You must hate the Army.

PREW

Hate the Army...?

ALMA

Sure. Look what it's doing to you.

PREW

It's not the Army that's doing it.
It's Man. I love the Army.

ALMA

Love it? Well, it sure doesn't love
you in return.

PREW

When you love something it doesn't
mean they got to love you in
return.

ALMA

Yes, but a person can stand just so
much from something --

PREW

No! A man loves a thing, he's gotta
be grateful.

(pauses, gropes for
thoughts)

I left home when I was seventeen.
Both my folks was dead, then. I
bummed around. I got all sorts of
jobs. I rode the rods.

(MORE)

PREW(cont'd)

I landed in jails. I didn't belong nowhere. Until I entered the Profession.

She frowns, not understanding the last word.

PREW

The Army. I enlisted at Fort Myer and I learned how to box and I learned how to play a bugle. I never had much call for the boxing - - but if it weren't for the Army I'd never of learned how to play a bugle.

ALMA

A bugle?

Prew nods. He takes the mouthpiece out of his pocket, shows it to her.

PREW

This is the mouthpiece I used to play a Taps at Arlington.

Alma takes the mouthpiece, looks it over, seems unimpressed.

PREW

(as if saying "I was elected President")
They picked me to play a Taps -- at Arlington Cemetery.

She still looks dubious, hands the mouthpiece back. He tries desperately to communicate.

PREW

Look. Think. You ever think how strange a tree would look to one who had never lived upon the earth? Well, somehow that's how I feel when I play a bugle...

There is a boisterous shouting nearby.

MAGGIO'S VOICE

Hello, citizen! I told ya I'd meet ya, dint I?

They turn and ANGLE WIDENS to INCLUDE Maggio, who has just come up to the bar. He is in uniform. Prew is pleased to see him but also alarmed; there is something near-desperate under Maggio's drunkenness.

PREW

How'd you get a pass?

MAGGIO

I dint get no pass. I just took off. I meant to bring a girl with me but --

PREW

You better get your tail back to the Post. Right away.

Maggio shakes his head violently in the negative.

MAGGIO

I'm out for the night. I got a bellyfull. A nail, Prew. A stinkin nail. I'm thirsty for a nail.

Prew gives him a cigarette. Maggio hops on an empty bar stool a few places removed from Prew and Alma.

MAGGIO

Climb up on my shoulders, Prew. You can see everythin from up here.

(to Bartender)

A beer. A BEER!

MEDIUM SHOT AT SIDE OF ROOM TWO MPs watching Maggio, attracted by his voice and behavior.

MEDIUM SHOT AT BAR FEATURING MAGGIO

Maggio talks across others at the bar to Prew and Alma.

MAGGIO

I been in a crap game in the latrine. I win twenty bucks.

PREW

How much did you lose?

MAGGIO

Lose? Oh, lose. I lost twenty-seven bucks.

(dejectedly)

That's why I ain't got no girl.

A tray on the bar contains olives, nuts and pretzels. Maggio snatches up two olives, shakes them in his fist beside his ear.

MAGGIO
 COMIN OUT! THE TERROR OF GIMBEL'S
 BASEMENT! COMIN OUT! SEV-EN! SEV-
 EN! SEV-EN!

(rolls the olives out on
 bar)
 Snake eyes.

MEDIUM SHOT BARTENDER SEVERAL OTHERS AT BAR
 laughing.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PREW AND ALMA
 Prew is increasingly concerned for Maggio.

ALMA
 You like him, don't you?

PREW
 (nods)
 He's such a comical little guy and
 yet somehow he makes me always want
 to cry while I'm laughin at him.

MEDIUM SHOT AT BAR FEATURING MAGGIO
 finishing a long gulp of beer. He puts glass down on the bar,
 hard.

MAGGIO
 The Royal Hawaiian's jist around
 the corner. That's where them movie
 stars stay. Rita Hayworth and Joan
 Blondell and Maureen O'Hara... You
 look like a movie star, Lorene...
 yes, you do... How long 'fore we
 get in the war, Prew?

PREW
 I don't know. Maybe we won't get
 in.

MAGGIO
 Tha's what you say.

He jumps off the bar stool suddenly, tears off his tie.

MAGGIO
 Hot in here.

He throws tie on the bar, The Bartender starts to protest.

MAGGIO
 Swimming It's a great night for
 swimmin.

(MORE)

MAGGIO(cont'd)

(kicks off shoes)

Goin swimmin with a movie star...

He is unbuttoning his shirt as he abruptly dashes away, People around are laughing at him again.

MEDIUM SHOT ALMA AND PREW

as Prew watches Maggio rush out. He sees something else o.s, which worries him.

LONG SHOT FROM PREW'S POV

The two MPs cross toward direction Maggio has taken. They are obviously going after him.

MEDIUM SHOT ALMA AND PREW

Alma follows Prew's troubled look.

ALMA

You better go look out for him,

Prew glances at her gratefully, then slips off his stool. He picks up Maggio's tie and shoes and hurries out after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN GROUNDS - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

Tall pale royal palms contrast with thick dark plants and bushes. An ornamental lamppost alongside a walking path a little distance away. Prew comes into shot cautiously, carrying Maggio's tie and shoes. He moves quickly, bends over. CAMERA PANS AND MOVES IN and we see it is Maggio's shirt and trousers which Prew has discovered on the ground. He looks at them wryly, picks them up, moves on.

ANGLE PREW IN F.G. AND LAMPOST WITH BENCH NEAR IT IN B.G.

Prew, carrying Maggio's clothes, stops as he sees what looks like a shadow lying across the bench.

PREW

(calls softly)

Is that you, Angelo?

The shadow does not move. Prew approaches the bench.

MEDIUM SHOT MAGGIO AND PREW

Maggio is stretched out on the bench, seems to be sleeping blissfully. He is clothed only in his shorts. Despite himself, Prew smiles. He shakes the reclining figure.

PREW

Maggio, you nut. Get up. Wake up.

Maggio mumbles without opening his eyes or moving.

MAGGIO

I'm sorry, sir. I won't do it again. Just don't lock me up, sir. Honest, I won't.

PREW

Here's your clothes.

He throws the clothes on Maggio.

MAGGIO

(opens his eyes)
Well, give 'em back to the Indians. The Indians need clothes. All they wear is G strings.

PREW

Boy, are you drunk!

MAGGIO

... maybe a movie star comes out the hotel right now and picks us up and takes us back to the States in her private plane... and installs us in her private swimming pool --

Prew pulls Maggio off the bench and starts to drag him across the path away from the light.

MAGGIO

(yells)
Take it easy, Prew. You scrapin my tail on the sandy sidewalk.

PREW

You'll get worse than that scraped -
- Listen!

The ominous sound of leggings brushing each other is heard, not far away. Prew looks off.

LONG SHOT THROUGH BUSHES

The two MPs are on the street just outside the grounds. They are still looking for Maggio, somewhat aimlessly now.

MEDIUM SHOT MAGGIO AND PREW

Prew whispers to Maggio as he pulls him to his feet.

PREW

Come on before you're in trouble --

Maggio pushes him away.

MAGGIO

Stop it!

PREW

Shut up!

MAGGIO

I'm sick of its Can't a man get drunk? Can't a man do nothin? Can't a man put his lousy hands in his lousy pockets on a lousy street? A man gotta be hounded every minute of his life? I ain't gain to take its I ain't no cowards I ain't yellows I ain't no bums I ain't no scum! MPs! MPs! COME AND GET US! HERE WE IS!

PREW

(aghast)

Now you done it.

MEDIUM SHOT END OF PATH NEAR STREET

The two MPs came running onto the path, spot Maggio and Prew about thirty yards away.

MEDIUM SHOT PEW AND MAGGIO

Maggio picks up his shoes, suddenly whips away from Prew and runs toward the MPs.

ANOTHER ANGLE NEAR MPs

as they stop, surprised. Maggio is shouting, "Can't a man do nothin?!" as he hurls first one shoe, then the other, directly at the MPs. One MP is hit in the shoulder, staggers back. Maggio dashes between him and the second MP, but the latter reaches out and grabs him. Maggio wrenches loose but instead of running, suddenly wades in, arms swinging wildly. In a moment, he is hanging crab-like on the man's back. The first MP charges Maggio. Maggio grabs the second MP's club and hits the first MP over the head.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PREW

Horrified, he starts toward the fracas.

MEDIUM SHOT MAGGIO AND MPs IN F.G. PREW IN B.G.

The second MP has managed to get out from under Maggio. He smashes his fist into Maggio's face as the latter continues to wield the club. Maggio sees Prew coming toward them.

MAGGIO

Get back! I'm handlin this! Take
off!

The first MP starts to intercept Prew. Maggio tackles him
around the knees and brings him to the ground.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT SECOND MP

Club gone, his partner on the ground, the second UP fishes
for his pistol, tugs to get it from the holster.

MAGGIO'S VOICE

This ain't your affair! Keep out of
this!

MEDIUM SHOT PREW IN F.G. MPS AND MAGGIO IN B.G.

Prew sees the second MP raise his pistol, point it toward
him. CAMERA PANS WITH him as he turns quickly and dives
headlong into bushes nearby.

CLOSE SHOT PREW

CAMERA MOVES WITH him close to ground as he knees and elbows
his way along deep into the bushes. He stops, breathing hard.
The sound of the MPs fighting with Maggio can be heard, the
ugly sound of fists and the uglier sound of clubs smashing
bone and flesh.

MAGGIO'S VOICE

(screaming, crazed)

Come on. Is that the best you can
do? I bet you eat Wheaties, don't
you? Come on... You can't even
knock me out -- no matter --

Maggio's voice stops suddenly. CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSEUP of
Prew on the ground, his face contorted. The voices of the MPs
are heard now, panting.

FIRST MP'S VOICE

I wonder what was wrong with this
guy. He must be same kind of
madman.

SECOND MP'S VOICE

Come on, let's get him into a
wagon.

A convulsive sob escapes Prew as his head drops in the dirt.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ORDERLY ROOM- DAY

MEDIUM SHOT PEEN WARDEN MAZZIOLI

Warden is pinning some notices on a bulletin board. Prew sits on the bench against the wall, miserable, elbows on knees, chin in hand. There is a quiet tenseness in the room. Warden looks over at Prew, turns back to the bulletin board. Mazzioli gets up from his desk, wanders aimlessly to a window. The screen door slams and Leva enters, eating a candy bar.

LEVA

Any word on Maggio's Court Martial?

MAZZIOLI

It's on right now. At Headquarters.

Lava sits on the bench beside Prew, shakes his head.

LEVA

He'll get the Stockade sure.

The others tense at the word "Stockade," glare at Leva as if he had no right to mention it. Their fear of the place, now that it is imminent even for another soldier, is shown on their faces. There is a long pause.

MAZZIOLI

Maybe he won't get it. All he did was get drunk and run wild. That's a soldier's nature. It's almost his sacred duty once in a while.

There is another pause. Warden barks suddenly, fiercely, at Leva.

WARDEN

What you hangin around here for?

LEVA

Can't a man rest himself for a min--

WARDEN

What man? I can't stand to see people restin themselves. I'm eccentric. If you ain't got no work maybe I can scare you up some.

Mumbling, Leva rises and goes out. Warden goes over to Prew.

WARDEN

Whyn't you go on over to the Day Room, shoot a little pool?

(MORE)

WARDEN(cont'd)

I'll let you know when the word comes through.

Prew looks up, nods, rises. He is half-way to the door when the phone at the Clerk's desk rings. Prew turns. Mazzioli stares at the phone as if afraid to touch it. Warden goes over, answers.

WARDEN

(on phone)

Compny G, First Sergeant Warden speaking... Yes, sir... Yes, sir, I will... I'll have his things in order... Yes, sir.

Warden puts down phone. He looks at the waiting men.

WARDEN

He got it. Six months.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRACKS - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

Prew and a group of G Company men, including Sergeants Dhom, Thornhill and Henderson, are on the steps and porch as a Reconnaissance car pulls up and halts.

CLOSE SHOT RECONNAISSANCE CAR

Maggio sits between the driver and another MP, both armed. (NOTE: These are not the same MPs with whom he fought.) The G Company men cluster around the car, ad-libbing greetings, kidding Maggio, bucking him up. Even the Sergeants join in this; nobody likes to see a man on his way to the Stockade.

MAGGIO

Hello, men! Who's got the beer?

DRIVER

Shut up!

MAGGIO

Okay, Brownie. Whatever you say.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the Driver gets out of the car and goes to pick up Maggio's stacked barracks bag on the porch. Prew moves up close to Maggio.

PREW

I'm sorry, Angelo. It's my fault. I shoulda --

MAGGIO

You crazy. You --

PREW

I shoulda stopped you somehow --

MAGGIO

It was all my party. Don't worry about it.

(pronounces "e" as in "the")

Anyhow, I'm gunna e-scape. If Gimbel's basement couldn't hold me, neither can no lousy Stockade.

SECOND MP

You heard him say SHUT UP!

MAGGIO

(smiles at the men)

I'm a prisoner. And prisoners ain't allowed to talk. They allowed to breathe though. If they good, that is.

During last speech the Driver returns, dumps the barracks bag in the car, and gets in. The motor starts. The men shout good-byes.

CLOSE SHOT PREW

heartsick as he looks at Maggio.

MEDIUM SHOT

as the Recon pulls out and Maggio's last hearty shout drifts back.

MAGGIO'S VOICE

... e-scape to Mexico and become a cowboy!...

WIPE TO:

EXT. STOCKADE GATE- DAY

SHOT

as the Reconnaissance car drives through the chain-mesh gate. In the distance is the Stockade, a building that looks something like a country schoolhouse. Music sweeps up as the gate clangs shut.

WIPE TO:

EXT. STOCKADE YARD - DAY

LONG SHOT

Maggio walking across the yard flanked by the tall MPs. He looks around as if surveying the chances of escape. Music rises.

WIPE TO:

EXT. STOCKADE BUILDING - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

as the MPs march Maggio up to a door and gesture him to enter alone. He goes in.

INT. OFFICE OF SERGEANT OF THE GUARD - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

CAMERA SHOOTs from behind a man seated at a desk. Prominent in shot is a wicked-looking chopped-off hoe handle lying on the desk. Maggio enters, recognizes the man. He walks, up to the desk, his face set in defiance. Music is rising in a fearful crescendo. CAMERA PANS just enough to REVEAL desk sign reading: "SERGEANT OF THE GUARD." The man stands up and the music stops abruptly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

REVEALING Fatso Judson as the man, on his face the same murderous expression as at Choy's. He cracks his fingers.

FATSO

Tough monkey.

CLOSE SHOT MAGGIO

his eyes following a movement of Fatso's hand.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT FATSO

Eyes on Maggio, his hand gropes on the desk.

FATSO

Hard sister.

CLOSE SHOT FATSO'S HAND

as it finds and tightens around the hoe handle. The music sweeps in abruptly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLEARING IN VALLEY - DAY (TWILIGHT)

CLOSE SHOT FLASH A POKER BEING DRIVEN INTO FIRE

Music of preceding shot segues into an ancient, savage Hawaiian chant which continues through following.

CLOSE SHOT FLASH LONG-PRONGED FORK BEING DRIVEN INTO BELLY OF WHOLE ROAST PIG

CLOSE SHOT FLASH LANG-BLADED CARVING KNIFE SLICING ROAST BEEF

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT STEAM RISING FROM BETWEEN HOT STONES OF FIRE

FULL SHOT LUAU

Shot covers the continuation of all the above activity. This is a native luau - definitely not for tourists. Shot includes long ditches, heated by red-hot stones and lined with layers of banana leaves, containing pig, chicken, rock crabs, fish... Pots of native stew... Bowls of exotic fruit... Peels of raw cane... Working over the food are the natives, many of the men stripped to the waist, the women arrayed in colorful Hawaiian costumes.

LONG SHOT THROUGH BONFIRE HULA DANCERS

A group of male dancers swaying with the insistent beat of a group of old Hawaiian instruments. This is far removed from the night club Hula. This is a thing of swift, agile angularity, primitive and powerful.

PAN SHOT SPECTATORS THROUGH BONFIRE

At end of PAN, CAMERA REVEALS Warden and Karen in the group. They are the only whites in the group.

CLOSE SHOT KAREN

her face lit by the flames. She watches the dancing breathlessly.

FLASHES TINY TOM TOM NOSE FLUTE GROUP OF MUSICIANS

The native instruments playing a thin, weird melody.

MEDIUM SHOT HULA DANCERS

The men laugh and grin as they dance, taunt and tease somebody o.s.

MEDIUM SHOT SPECTATORS

They shout and laugh and squeal with delight as they watch. It is Warden the dancers are teasing. Several of the dancers break out of the group, dance over to Warden, continue to prod him, apparently urging him to join them.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

protesting, joining in the laughter. Suddenly he kicks off his shoes, rolls his slacks up to his knees. He snatches a gardenia from the hair of a pretty Hawaiian girl next to him, sticks it over his ear, jumps into the firelight and dances with the others. The music comes up louder and faster as the spectators and dancers roar.

GROUP SHOT DANCERS AND WARDEN

They are all laughing as they dance, but as Warden moves with them it is apparent he is as good as any of them.

MEDIUM SHOT SPECTATORS

nodding, pointing at Warden, their hilarious laughter fading to delighted smiles.

CLOSE SHOT KAREN

astonished and thrilled at Warden's ability.

MEDIUM SHOT WARDEN

His laughter now also diminished to a happy grin as he dances. In all he dances about thirty seconds. Then he breaks out of the group and runs over to Karen.

GROUP SHOT FEATURING KAREN AND WARDEN

as the spectators and dancers shout their applause. Warden comes up to Karen and puts the gardenia in her hair. Karen is glowing, tingling.

KAREN

You just love to shock people,
don't you?! Where on earth did you
learn to dance like that?

WARDEN

(panting happily)
Believe it or not -- Chicago,
Illinois.

She flings her arms around him passionately. The onlookers howl with approval and merriment. Between Karen and Warden and camera, an enormously fat Hawaiian woman pours water on the stones in one of the trench-ovens. A cloud of steam rises, hiding them.

EXT. CLIFF ROAD - DAY (TWILIGHT)

LANG SHOT VALLEY

SHOOTING DOWN a thousand feet into Palolo Valley. Bonfires and smoke rising from the floor of the valley.

The thinnest carry of the ancient Hawaiian music. CAMERA PANS from precipice and INCLUDES Prew and Alma as they trudge into shot, climbing up the steep cliff road.

TRACKING SHOT PREW AND ALMA

holding hands as they walk.

PREW

-- If I dint get to see you once in
a while The Treatment would've
cracked me long ago.

Alma, fairly winded from the climb, smiles but doesn't
answer.

PREW

We could have taken a cab. Except I
ain't got cab fare.

ALMA

It's just around the bend.

CAMERA HOLDS as they walk on around a bend in the road.

EXT. ALMA'S HOUSE

MEDIUM SHOT

The small house is perched precariously on the very edge of
the cliff. Alma and Prew come around the bend, come up to the
door, Prew marvelling at the house.

ALMA

This other girl and I were lucky to
rent it.

(proudly)

It's a very fashionable district.

She hands Prew her key. As he is unlocking the door:

ALMA

I'll get an extra one made for you.

Prew swings open the door and they go in.

INT. ALMA'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY (TWILIGHT)

FULL SHOT

Prew stops on the threshold, stares at the room in happy
amazement. It is large, smartly furnished. In the rear, glass
doors lead to a porch. One of the panelled walls is filled
with bookshelves, floor to ceiling. The bookshelves are
filled with books. A hearty feminine voice calls "Hi!" from
the kitchen, and as Prew and Alma come into the room,
GORGETTE enters from the kitchen. She is a very tall, very
gay, good-looking girl.

ALMA

This is Gorgette, my roommate.
Gorgette, this is Prew. I told you
about him.

GORGETTE

Don't mind me. I'm going out in a little while.

Prew grins, can't keep his eyes off the astonishing books. Gorgette follows his glance.

GORGETTE

I belong to the Book of the Month Club. I always take every book. That way I get all the dividends.

She giggles and goes off to the bedroom.

PREW

She'll be great for Maggio when he gets out of the Stockade. He'll be crazy about her because she's so tall.

Alma smiles, presses him into a chair.

ALMA

Now you just get comfortable and I'll make you a Martini and see what's to cook for dinner.

She starts oft to kitchen.

PREW

Hey.

She turns.

PREW

This is just like bein married, ain't it?

ALMA

(over her shoulder as she exits to kitchen)
It's better.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLEARING IN VALLEY - NIGHT

FULL SHOT

SHOOTING through smoke rising from one of the trench-ovens. As it clears we see the enormous Hawaiian woman and one or two others cleaning up and putting out the remnants of the fires. The merrymakers and dancers have gone; the luau is over. In b.g., quite alone, are Warden and Karen, sitting on

the trunk of a fallen palm tree.

MEDIUM SHOT KAREN AND WARDEN

The abandoned gaiety of the earlier scene gone. They survey the emptiness. The fat Hawaiian woman comes near, rakes ashes over one of the dying fires. She speaks to Warden in Hawaiian. He answers her in the native tongue. The fat woman stares, shrugs, goes off.

KAREN

What did she say?

WARDEN

She said it's over -- time to go home --

KAREN

Home... A beach, a car, a park...

Warden puts his arm around her tenderly.

WARDEN

It'll work out...

KAREN

It can't go on like this much longer, Milt.

WARDEN

I know.

He rises, paces a moment.

WARDEN

If there were only a way! Your lovin husband'd probly give you the divorce. But even if he didn't know what for, he'd never let me transfer.

KAREN

(bucking up courage;
quietly)

There is a way. I've been thinking about it.

Warden looks at her apprehensively.

KAREN

You've got to become an officer.

WARDEN

What!

KAREN

You're eligible for the extension course that came in with the draft. When you get your commission they'd ship you back to the States -- new officers aren't kept at posts where they've been enlisted men. Then --

WARDEN

You sure made a thorough study of it.

KAREN

Then I could divorce Dana and follow you and marry you.

WARDEN

An officer! I've always hated officers.

KAREN

That's a fine, intelligent point of view. Suppose I said I've always hated Sergeants. That would make a lot of sense, wouldn't it?

CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

He sits, thinks it over unhappily.

WARDEN

Okay, suppose I did it. -- And don't think it's a cinch -- the exams are tough. Then you'd be getting your divorce here while I'm in the States. We'd be apart maybe six months! We'll probly be in the war by then --

TWO SHOT

KAREN

You can't be certain of that --

WARDEN

(snorts)

Put it down on your calendar. On October twenty-third, 1941, Milt Warden told you we'd be in the war in less than a year.

KAREN

(flaring)

Why don't you tell the truth?

(MORE)

KAREN(cont'd)

You just don't want the responsibility. You're probably not even in love with me --

WARDEN

You're crazy! I wish I wasn't in love with you. Maybe could enjoy life again.

KAREN

I don't know what's happened to you -- you were honest at first --

WARDEN

At first! You were tough and solid as a rock -- and now you're a whining crybaby --

He stops abruptly.

KAREN

And so they were married and lived unhappily ever after.

They are silent for several moments.

WARDEN

I've never been so miserable in my life as I have since I met you.

KAREN

Neither have I.

WARDEN

(cheerlessly)

I wouldn't trade a minute of it.

KAREN

(cheerlessly)

Neither would I.

Warden rises and paces again. Suddenly he stops, turns, looks down at Karen, speaks in the same gloomy tone.

WARDEN

I'll probably make the lousiest officer they ever saw in this Army.

A happy smile creeps over Karen's face. Despite himself, he begins to smile also.

KAREN
 (fervently)
 You'll make a fine officer. A
 remarkable officer.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORCH OF ALMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

The porch is at the rear of the house, leading off from the living room. It is on the very edge of the cliff. Prew and Alma are dancing to the music of a portable victrola. It is playing "Why Don't We Do This More Often?" A table still contains the dinner plates. Prew's expression holds the wonder of a child at a magic show. He misses a step, stumbles.

PREW
 I never caught on to dancing much.

ALMA
 You're a very good dancer.

The record ends and Alma goes to change it. CAMERA FOLLOWS Prew to the edge of the porch as he looks out over the view.

LONG SHOT VIEW FROM PREW'S POV

A magnificent panorama -- strings of lights in the valley and across on St. Louis Heights -- in the far distance the neon of Waikiki.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PREW

working with his thoughts, afraid to broach them. He lights a cigarette, his fingers trembling.

PREW
 I been wanting to tell you a long
 time now --
 (deep breath)
 I love you.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ALMA

looking through records for a new choice. She speaks quite conversationally, as if offered a pleasant compliment.

ALMA
 That's nice. Because I love you,
 too.

She puts on a record -- "It All Comes Back To Me Now." It plays throughout the sequence.

TWO SHOT
as Alma comes over to Prew.

PREW
I mean it. I need you.

ALMA
(as before)
I'm glad. Because I need you, too.

PREW
(recklessly)
A thirty-year man is movin all
over, goin all the time. Up to now
I never thought a thirty-year man
had any business to think of gettin
married.

She stares at him, amazed, a touch angry.

ALMA
You're a funny one, little Prew
boy.

PREW
(hurt)
Yeah. Must be the altitude.

ALMA
A very funny one that I cannot
figure out.

PREW
Why's it funny if a guy wants to
marry you?

ALMA
Because I'm a girl you met at the
New Congress Club! And that's about
two steps up from the pavement.

PREW
Okay -- I'm a private no class
dogface soljer. And the way most
civilians look at it, that's two
steps up from no thin.

There is a silence. Alma is honestly distraught.

ALMA
Oh, Prew, Prew, I thought we were
happy: Why do you want to spoil
things?

PREW

Lissen, I ain't think in of now.
But I got a plan cookin in my head.
You want to go back to the States
in a year. Well, you could stretch
it some, make it two years. And I
could swing a Sergeant's stripes --
If I were a non-com the Army'd let
me pick my duty when I re-enlist.

(lost in the picture of
it)

And there's some posts back in the
States -- like Jefferson Barracks --
The married noncoms rate solid
brick houses... with lawns with new-
cut grass and walks with big old
oak trees...

ALMA

Now I know you've lost your mind!
How do you expect to become a
Sergeant under this Captain Holmes
of yours? It's all you can do to
keep out of the Stockade!

CLOSE SHOT PREW

PREW

I could fight.

TWO SHOT

PREW

It I go out for boxin he'd send me
to non-com school. The Regimental
Championship is next month. I bet I
could win the middleweight even
without training. I used to be
pretty good I could do it.

Alma is deeply moved. She speaks gravely, sincerely, not at
all immodestly.

ALMA

No. I don't think you should give
in to The Treatment... even to
marry me.

PREW

This'd be worth it.

ALMA

(almost desperately)
Prew -- it's true we love each other now. But back in America, it might be different... We might not even want each other...

PREW

Okay. But that ain't the real reason.

ALMA

All right. It's not.

PREW

What's the real reason you won't marry me?

ALMA

I won't marry you because I don't want to be the wife of a soldier.

PREW

Well, that's the top I could ever do for you --

ALMA

Because nobody's going to stop me from my plan. Nobody. Nothing. Because want to be proper.

PREW

Proper?

ALMA

(impassioned)
Yes, proper. Respectable. Secure. In a year I'll have enough money saved. I'm going back to my home town in Oregon and I'm going to build a new home for my mother and myself and join the country club and take up golf. And then I'll meet the proper, man with the proper position. And I'll be a proper wife who can keep a proper home and raise proper children. And I will be happy because when you are proper you are safe.

PREW

(bitterly disappointed but admiring)

(MORE)

PREW(cont'd)

You got guts, Alma. I hope you pull it off.

The victrola record ends. Alma turns away from Prew and goes to the victrola. Now that shots had her say with such certainty, she deflates. Except for the fact that she looks like a girl who never cries, she looks as if she might cry. She lifts the record off the turntable.

ALMA

But I do mean it when I say I need you. Because I'm lonely. Sometimes I'm dreadfully lonely... You think I'm lying, don't you?

PREW

No. Nobody ever lies about being lonely...

Alma puts the same record on again. Prew looks out over the beautiful view.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN HOLMES HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE SHOT HOLMES

HOLMES

-- I've known about it for a long time! I've sensed it. And I'm not going to ignore it any longer! I want to know where you met him and just who he is.

MEDIUM SHOT HOLMES AND KAREN

at breakfast in a nook off the kitchen. Holmes is a mixture of petulance, anger and frustration. He doesn't touch his food, but occasionally takes a sip of coffee.

KAREN

I'm afraid I'm not going to tell you.

HOLMES

You can't keep a thing like this hidden&

KAREN

I'm not going to hide anything. I'm just not going to tell you.

She applies herself to her food, anxious to drop the matter.

HOLMES

One thing I know. I know it's a civilian. You'd be too discreet to pick an Army man.

KAREN

I don't think it's any of your business who he is.

HOLMES

It is my business! I'm your husband! What do you think a scandal would do to my chances for a promotion? So if you're thinking of a divorce, you can forget it!

Karen stiffens. She struggles to maintain her self-possession. She manages it, keeps outwardly calm through the scene.

HOLMES

Now -- how does it feel to know you'll have to live with a horror like me the rest of your life?

KAREN

Not very nice. But then there's the compensation of knowing you'll have to live with me the rest of your life.

Her attitude makes Holmes progressively sorer for himself. CAMERA MOVES with him as during following he rises, goes to stove, pours himself another cup of coffee. He spills a little and the liquid sizzles on the burner.

HOLMES

You don't know how a man feels about a thing like this. It breaks a man all up -- inside.

KAREN

(dryly)

I gander why men feel so differently about it than women.

HOLMES

It's -- it's just not the same.

CAMERA MOVES with him as he returns to the table, decides to try another tack.

HOLMES

Why do you think I've done all I have...?

KAREN

Done all what?

HOLMES

Tried to be a Company Commander when I hate it, worked my fool head off with this miserable boxing squad, tagged after the General whenever I could.

KAREN

I don't know. Why?

HOLMES

Why, for you and for me. For our home, that's why.

KAREN

(dryly)

I always thought you did it because you wanted to get ahead.

She finishes the last of her food, stands.

KAREN

It's a lovely day out. I think I'll go for a walk.

Holmes catches her wrist, stops her.

HOLDS

I'm willing to forgive you. Tell me who he is. Make a clean breast of it. And I'll forgive you.

KAREN

I wonder which is hurt more -- your pride or your curiosity?

She disengages her wrist.

KAREN

(coolly)

When I'm ready to ask you for a divorce we can discuss it again.

She goes to door to pantry, pauses there.

KAREN
 (maternally)
 And do eat your breakfast, Dana.
 It's getting cold.

She goes out to pantry. We hear the sound of the door to rear porch opening and closing.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT HOLMES
 wretched, completely at a loss. He stares into space, then looks down at his food, picks up a fork and ruefully begins to eat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRACKS - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT LAWN

Prew, on hands and knees, is on a weeding detail with three other men, one of them Sal Anderson. Another is PRIVATE NAIR, a tousle-headed, sentimental man we have not seen before. Sergeant Thornhill, in charge of the detail, lolls on the ground, his head propped against a tree, reading a comic book. Prew works his way over to Nair.

PREW
 You just get out of the Stockade?

NAIR
 (nods)
 It was rugged, sam. But I kept my mouth shut and watched my step and I wasn't in no trouble.

PREW
 You see Maggio?

Nair nods, tells his tale in half-humorous, half-reverent fashion.

NAIR
 Fatso's workin him over with a hoe handle. Places where it won't show mostly. You know, the back and the chest. The kidneys. Once in a while in the face. Know what Maggio does when that happens? Spits in Fatso's eye.
 (chuckles)
 Oh, he's a hot one. Ain't he a hot one?

PREW
He's a good boy.

NAIR
Course, he throws up a little blood now and then. And he passes out a lot. But Fatso sure ain't reportin none of that. So there's no way they goin to find out.

PREW
Why don't he go to the C.O.?

NAIR
We tried to get him to. But he won't peep. He says he got a lot more scalp to lose first. That boy is about the hardest artery in the hospital.
(with great sentiment)
But he's got a heart just like a great big baby.

Prew's face has been growing in fury. He pulls up a clump of sod, throws it down with all his might.

PREW
You think he's gonna be all right?

NAIR
Your guess is worth mine, sam. Maybe he's crackin a little at that -- cause after Fatso put him in the Hole -- that's what they call solitary -- a couple times he began talkin about how he's gonna e-scape. He said to tell you he'll look you up one of these nights.

A shadow falls across the grass in front of Prew.

SHOT GALOVITCH FROM PREW'S POV
CAMERA SHOOTING UP from near the ground, the ANGLE EXAGGERATING Galavitch's ungainly, ape-like figure. He looks down at Prew, full of venom.

GALOVITCH
Still on knees, eh, Prewitt? Well, boxing finals next month. December f if teen. You s till got time help us make champions.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW FROM GALOVITCHE'S POV

Prew is at the breaking point. Controlling himself, he weeds around Galovitch's shadow. It moves in front of Prew again.

GALOVITCH'S VOICE

Are proud dis Compny to be or not?
Bites de hand dat feeds it der
shoot dogs for. Infortunately, ony
dogs day are allowed to shoot, not
men.

MEDIUM SHOT GROUP

The other men have stopped weeding, are looking over at Prew and Galovitch. Thornhill, in b.g., puts down the comic book and comes over to them during following.

PREW

Get outa my way, Ike. I ain't gonna
move around you again.

GALOVITCH

You need better lesson than up to
now. Maybe I give to you myself.
Maybe right now.

He steps on Prew's hand. As Prew jerks away from the heavy shoe Galovitch hauls him up by his fatigue shirt. Thornhill steps between them.

THORNHILL

(to Galovitch)
Ey, leave him alone. 'e's in my
detail --

Prew shoves Thornhill aside, cold decision in his eyes. He starts unbuttoning his shirt.

PREW

(to Galovitch)
All right. It's gonna be your way.

Galovitch rips off his shirt, bursting some of the buttons as he does. Stripped to the waist, his whole appearance seems to change; he looks as he did in the ring, a hard-muscled prize fighter.

THORNHILL

Ey, wait a minute, you guys -- !

Prew is barely able to get out of his shirt before Galovitch charges him.

VARIOUS ANGLES PREW AND GALOVITCH AND SPECTATORS

During following men run from across the quadrangle and from out of the barracks to watch the affair, form a circle around

the fighters. Prew is a skillful boxer, moving around Galovitch quickly and cleverly. Galovitch is more lumbering but not awkward. His heavy blows stagger Prew several times. Prew drives his attack at his opponent's body. He never throws a punch at the other's head.

NAIR

The head, Prew! Hit him in the head!

The other men around shout similar advice.

CLOSE SHOT GALOVITCH

puzzled by Prew's concentration on his body and by the shouts of the men. He seems to be wondering if Prew is pulling a trick.

CLOSE SHOT PREW

A fear, not born of cowardice, is reflected on Prew's face as he sets himself, stares at Galovitch. He seems haunted by the memory of Dixie Wells.

CLOSEUP GALOVITCH'S EYES

CLOSEUP PREW

flinching without being hit. He seems mesmerized by the other's eyes.

CLOSEUP GALOVITCH'S EYES

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND GALOVITCH

fighting. Galovitch draws blood from a cut over Prew's eye. He is getting the better of the battle. In b.g. Thornhill breaks out of the crowd and runs across the quadrangle.

MEDIUM SHOT BALDY DHOM AND SPECTATOR

SPECTATOR

I don't get it -- Why don't Prew go for the head?

DHOM

He blinded a guy once. Must be scairt of the same thing.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND GALOVITCH

as Galovitch batters Prew back against the crowd. A right to the temple sends him to his knees. He shakes his head a moment, gets up and goes into a clinch.

LONG SHOT BARRACKS WINDOWS ON UPPER FLOORS

The windows are crowded with men watching the fight.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

LONG SHOT OUT WINDOW To FRONT OF BARRACKS
SHOOTING OVER heads of men watching, out to Prew and Galovitch on the ground. Dispassionate, professional ad-libs from the men: why does Prew continue his attack to the body only, a good little man and a good big man, etc.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

SHOT WARDEN AND HOLMES FEATURING WARDEN
Warden is at his desk filling out an application blank.
Holmes is glancing over his shoulder..

INSERT: OFFICER EXTENSION COURSE APPLICATION BLANK
Warden's hand in shot filling out answers to sex, age, race, etc.

HOLMES' VOICE

I'll be glad to recommend you,
Warden. You've got service,
experience, grade. You'll make an
excellent officer.

BACK TO SCENE:

Holmes waits for thanks.

WARDEN

(after hesitating)
Thank you, sir.

The screen door in the Orderly Room bangs. Thornhill runs into the office, breathless. He comes to a shaking attention as he sees Holmes.

HOLMES

At ease, Sergeant. What's the
matter?

THORNHILL

They fightin on the green, sir!
Galovitch and Prewitt.

THORNHILL

Ike looks like 'e goin to murder
him, sir.

A pleased look crosses Holmes' face. Warden jumps up, starts for door. Holmes catches his arm.

HOLMES

There's no rush. I'll take care of it.

Holmes goes out. Thornhill follows, turns at the door.

THORNHILL

Ain't you want to see it, First?

WARDEN

(shouts suddenly)

No! I ain't want to see it! Nor you either! Get out of here!

Thornhill goes. The screen door in the Orderly Room bangs. Warden walks to his desk, stares down at the application form, picks it up. He carries it over to Holmes' desk. He looks at the picture of Karen on the desk.

CLOSE SHOT PHOTOGRAPH OF KAREN

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

He stares at the picture, then looks at the application blank. Then he looks down at the chevrons on his arm. He rubs his hand over the chevrons gently, fondly. He looks at the application blank again very thoughtfully.

EXT. BARRACKS - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND GALOVITCH ON LAWN

A continuation of the fight. Prew is tiring, his face is cut and bleeding and there is a welt under one eye. Galovitch is unmarked but grunting now from Prew's constant jabs at his stomach. He seems perplexed, as before, by his opponent's tactics.

MEDIUM SHOT SPECTATORS

FEATURING the non-"ath-a-leets" of G Company, including Anderson, Clark and Treadwell. Ad-libbed shouts of "In the face, Prew! In the face!"

ANOTHER ANGLE

FEATURING the "ath-a-loots," including Dhom, Wilson and Henderson. They are watching quietly, nodding with approval as Prew feints, then darts several punches into Galovitch's ribs. It almost seems as if they are admiring Prew's courage, inwardly rooting for him. Holmes enters the group, Thornhill tagging after him. Holmes stops and watches the fight. There is a look of satisfaction on his face.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND GALOVITCH

The fight continuing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

near rear of crowd. An officer, walking across the lawn, is attracted by the noise. He steps into the crowd. This is COLONEL WILLIAMS. He wears the insignia of the Inspector General's Department. He watches the fight, is about to step through to break it up when he sees Holmes. He stops, watches Holmes' reactions.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND GALOVITCH

Prew, backed up against the crowd, trips over somebody's feet. He falls without being hit. Galovitch kicks at him and Prew rolls away. The crowd murmurs angrily. Sergeant Stark steps out into the open circle, faces Galovitch.

STARK

This ain't no rassel, Ike. You got to fight this man fair.

Approving shouts from the crowd. Stark steps back. Ike waits for Prew to get up.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PREW

looking up at Galovitch.

CLOSEUP GALOVITCH SHOOTING UP FROM PREW'S POV

CLOSEUP GALOVITCH'S EYES

CLOSEUP PREW

His eyes narrow, harden as if his inner struggle has been resolved.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND GALOVITCH

Prew gets to his feet. As Galovitch comes to him, Prew feints for the stomach, then throws a hard right to Galovitch's face. It hits him flush on the nose. Blood spurts. The crowd roars.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Galovitch, surprised and hurt, throws up his hands. Prew drives both fists to his solar plexus. Galovitch drops his guard. Prew smashes him in the face and Adam's apple. Galovitch falls to his knees, hawking and choking.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND GALOVITCH

The whole nature of the fight has changed. Galovitch, hurt and reeling, rushes Prew, bull-like, head down, defense wide open. Prew dodges easily, slamming hard with rights and lefts to the head.

MEDIUM SHOT

Holmes, seeing Prew is now clearly in command, steps out of the crowd and up to the two fighters.

HOLMES
 (severely)
 All right. Let's cut it.

There is a look of relief on the faces of both Galovitch and Prew as they stop fighting.

HOLMES
 What started this?

GALOVITCH
 (puffing)
 Prewitt talk back to non-com.
 Refuse order I give him, start
 fight. I teach him lesson.

A laugh from the crowd.

HOLMES
 You won't disobey any more orders
 in my Company, Prewitt. Warden
 saved you from a court martial once
 but he won't this time --

Anderson steps into the circle.

ANDERSON
 Sir -- I'm sorry, sir but Private
 Prewitt's not to blame for this.
 Sergeant Galovitch started it.

Holmes reacts, momentarily at a loss. He turns to Thornhill.

HOLMES
 (meaningfully)
 Thornhill, you're in charge of this
 detail. How about it?

Thornhill steps into the circle, nods toward Anderson.

THORNHILL
 'e's right, sir.
 (points to Galovitch)
 'e begun it. Prewitt done nothin.

From the crowd step Sergeants Dhom, Wilson and Henderson.
 They face Holmes and Galovitch implacably.

HENDERSON
 No, sir, this wasn't Prewitt's
 fault.

DHOM

That's right, sir. Everybody knows Galovitch started it.

Wilson nods. There is a murmur of agreement from the crowd. Holmes looks at his fighters, rocked by this betrayal. They stare back at him.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT COLONEL WILLIAMS

Still near the rear of the crowd, he watches the scene with much interest.

MEDIUM SHOT

Holmes pulls himself together, turns to the crowd.

HOLMES

That's all. Break it off. Let's get back to our jobs.

(to Prew and Galovitch;
weakly)

I'm giving you two a break. I'll ignore this.

He walks off. He does not see Colonel Williams. Galovitch moves off toward the barracks. Wilson, Henderson and Thornhill remain grouped around Prew.

PREW

You guys figure this means I'm steppin into a ring, you're wrong.

EMERSON

It's your show, kid. Run it the way you want.

WILSON

You better put some iodine on them cuts.

DHOM

Yeah. An come over to Choy's tonight. We buy you a beer.

The non-coms walk off, Prew stares after them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHOY'S - NIGHT

LONG SHOT ACROSS ROAD PREW CLARK ANDERSON

Sounds of gaiety from the beerhouse mingle with the mournful twang of guitars being played by Clark and Anderson. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY toward the trio until the beerhouse noises are

low. The men are surrounded by many empty beer bottles.

PREW, CLARK AND ANDERSON
 (singing softly)
 Woke up sick on Thursday
 Feelin like my head took a dare
 Looked down at my trousers
 All my pockets was bare
 That girl sure was bad news
 Re-enlistment Blues...

The guitars finish the stanza with a flourish as CAMERA HOLDS on MEDIUM SHOT. The men chuckle.

CLARK
 Some day I'm goin back to Scranton
 and play it for my folks. And tell
 em it wan composed in the Hawaiian
Islands! Clear across the Pacific
Ocean!

PREW
 (finishes long swig of
 beer)
 Hey, Friday.

CLARK
 Yeah?

PREW
 Why you called Friday?

CLARK
 Don't know. I was borned on
 Wednesday.
 (plucks guitar, sings)
 Went back around on Friday
 Asked for a free glass of beer...

The three laugh, sing in unison.

PREW, CLARK AND ANDERSON
 My friends had disappeared
 Barman said, 'Take off, no credit
 here'...

MEDIUM SHOT NEAR ENTRANCE TO CHOY'S
 The music from across the road almost lost in the laughter
 and shouts from the beerhouse. Warden comes out, wobbles a
 bit. He has One On. He cups his hand over his ear, straining
 to hear the singing. He stumbles into Choate, coming along
 the sidewalk.

CHOATE
Top, you sure plastered.

WARDEN
(mustering dignity)
I am off duty. Off duty if I want
to get plastered --

But Choate has gone into Choy's. CAMERA RETREATS with Warden as he wanders to the road, still trying to locate the singing. Half-way across the road he unceremoniously sits down, crosses his knees Buddha-wise. Here the singing is more audible. He listens contentedly.

MEDIUM SHOT PREW ANDERSON CLARK

PREW, ANDERSON AND CLARK
(singing)
Ain't no time to lose Re-enlistment
Blues...

Anderson, as usual, finishes the stanza with a brilliant display on the guitar. Prew stands up. In the glow of a streetlight his face shows the marks of his battle with Galovitch. He wobbles and we realize he, too, really Has One On.

ANDERSON
Where you go in?

PREW
Back to Choy's. Get nother drink.

The guitars and singing continues in b.g. through following. CAMERA PANS with Prew as he weaves to the road.

MEDIUM SHOT MIDDLE OF ROAD
as Prew crosses. He can see the seated figure but the light from the street is too dim to identify it.

WARDEN'S VOICE
(booms)
Halt!

Prew stops automatically.

WARDEN'S VOICE
Who goes there?

PREW
A friend.

WARDEN'S VOICE

Advance, friend, and be reconized.

Prew moves closer, CAMERA WITH him, until he recognizes Warden.

WARDEN

(roaring, laughing)

Quiet! At ease! Fall out! Right dress! 'bout face! Hit the track! Garbage Detail! Latrine Detail! Dis a drill, not picnic! Hello, kid. Whatever you doin out all by yourself?

PREW

I'm goin to get a drink.

WARDEN

Siddown. I got a bottle.

He pulls a bottle of whisky from his field jacket, holds it up to Prew. Prew takes the bottle and drinks. Then he sits down in the road as matter-of-factly as did Warden. He gives the bottle back to Warden.

WARDEN

I hand it to you, kid. They called off The Treatment this afternoon. When you beat up Ike. I never heard of no soljer before ever lickin The Treatment...

(drinks; then holds out bottle)

Here, old buddy. Have a lil drink.

Prew drinks.

WARDEN

This is a terrible crummy life, you know it?

PREW

Miserble. Perfekly miserble.

WARDEN

What if a truck or somethin was to come along and run over us?

PREW

Awful. Awful. We'd be dead, wouldn't we?

WARDEN

(nods vehemently)

An nobody to even mourn. You better not sit here any more. You better get up and move over to the side of the road.

PREW

What about you? You got more to live for than me. You got to take care of your Compny.

WARDEN

I'm old. Don't matter if I die. But your life's ahead of you. You get up.

PREW

No, sir. Never deserted a friend in need. I'll stay to the bitter end.

WARDEN

(shakes head stubbornly)

We'll stay together.

They square their shoulders heroically.

WARDEN

(as if to an invisible firing squad)

No blindfold. Save it to wipe your nose on, you skunk.

PREW

Amen.

Each takes a drink.

WARDEN

Prew, I got the biggest troubles in the whole world.

PREW

The whole world?

WARDEN

(nods)

Take love. Did you personally ever see any of this love?

Prew nods gravely.

WARDEN

You'll unerstan, then... This girl,
see, she wants me to become.

PREW

Become what?

WARDEN

(after long hesitation)

An officer. Can you see me as an
officer?

PREW

Sure I can see it. You'd make a
good officer.

WARDEN

You both can see more'n I can. You
know what, Prew? I'm scared become
an officer.

PREW

You ain't scared of nothin, Warden.

WARDEN

Yes, I am. I tell myself diffrent
but it's a fack. Where'd I be
as an officer? How could I handle
him? That's the one thing I'm
scared of... be an officer in the
U.S. Army.

(hastily)

Army of the U.S.

PREW

A man should be what he can do.

Warden nods solemnly as if Prew has uttered a great truth.
They pass the bottle once more.

WARDEN

How's your girl? Wha'st that name
again?

PREW

(hesitates)

Lorene.

WARDEN

Oh, yeah, I remember. Lorene.
Beautiful name.

Warden claps Prew on the shoulder as if he is a lifelong friend. They smile. They look as if they are sharing a great secret, a secret known to them alone in the world. The mournful guitars and singing comes over a little louder.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The headlights of a jeep descend upon Warden and Prew. Then the vehicle skids into the shot with a screeching of brakes, comes to a halt directly in front of the men. Warden and Prew look at the car calmly, don't move. The headlights are blazing on them. Stark hops out from the driver's seat, furious.

STARK

Whatsa matter with you, you crazy, dumb screwballs?! You tryin to get killed?!

WARDEN

What you doin with that jeep, Sergeant Stark?

STARK

I borrowed it. I'm goin to town. What you doin in the middle of the road?

The music of the guitars has stopped. There is a strange whine now, far in the distance, not identifiable. It grows during following.

WARDEN

My friend Prew and I sittin here discussin the weather.

STARK

Your friend, huh?

PREW

You beard me. I said my buddy Warden. My good friend Warden that you better not run over is what I said.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

WARDEN

(assuming anger)

Don't you know you got to look out for this man. Get him off the road before you run him over. He's the best stinkin soljer in the Compny.

STARK

You both must be plumb nuts.

PREW

You heard me. Get this man to some safety. Why, he's the best stinkin soljer in the Compny.

STARK

I guess I'm the one who's nuts.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT MAGGIO

as he stumbles around the side of the jeep directly into the blaze of the headlights. There are scars, new and healing on Maggio's face. One of his ears is cauliflowered, enough to give him the lopsided ribald look of a punchy. A couple of teeth are missing. Weirdly outlined in the glare, he is a nightmare figure, an apparition. The whine in the distance is identifiable now. It is the siren of the Stockade.

MAGGIO

... figgered you might be at Choy's...

GROUP SHOT

The men gape at Maggio, unable to accept the shock of his appearance. Then Prew and Warden jump up and catch him as he is about to fall. The drunkenness drains out of them. Stark watches in bewilderment.

MAGGIO

(spewing words out)

... done it like I said... e-scape... e-scape like I figgered... Under a tarp inna back of a truck from the Motor Pool they rode me right out just like I figgered like I said... Ony the tailgate came down 'bout a mile back... an I fell inns road...

(giggles)

... shoulda seen me bounce... musta broke somethin...

(clutches Prew's shirt)

Prew... lissen...

PREW

Angelo...

Warden steps back as Prew holds Maggio. During following Anderson and Clark come over, watch pop-eyed.

MAGGIO

Fatso... Fatso done it to me...
yestiday he did it for keeps... He
likes to whack me in the gut with a
hoe handle an then he asks 'that
hurt?' and then I spit at him...
Ony yestiday he done it ten times
runnin an somethin bust... you
know, like they was a fish swimminin
aroun inside you...

PREW

(to others)

Come on, let's get him to the
hospital.

Maggio grasps him tighter. He is crying now.

MAGGIO

Prew... they gonna send you to the
Stockade...?

PREW

No, Angelo --

TWO SHOT MAGGIO AND PREW

MAGGIO

(pleading)

Should they do, watch out for
Fatso! You gotta make like it's a
game... He'll try to crack you but
you ain't gonna crack... He's gonna
see you but he'll never see you
saw... 'n' when he puts you in the
Hole you just lay there 'n' be
still... 'at's the ony way -- be
still... 'n' remember things... but
not people. Not people! Things like
nature... woods you been in...
trees is awys good...

He goes limp in Prew's arms, slides to the road.

GROUP SHOT

Warden bends over Maggio. The others watch, scared.

CLOSE SHOT PREW

staring down at Maggio.

GROUP SHOT

Warden looks up.

WARDEN

He's dead.

CLARK

Dead? But he was here just a minute ago.

Prew bends over, picks up Maggio, holds him in his arms gently, unbelieving.

STARK

Fatso's lucky. They'll figure he got killed fallin out of that truck.

PREW

He ain't dead.

CAMERA MOVES AHEAD of Prew as he carries Maggio to the jeep, the others following. He lifts Maggio into the rear of, the jeep. Warden puts his hand on Prew's arm.

WARDEN

He's dead, Prew.

Prew stares at Maggio, lying in the jeep. Stark gets into the front of the jeep.

STARK

I'll take him, Prew.

He starts the motor. Prew leans over, moves Maggio's body a little.

PREW

(to Stark)

See his head don't bump.

The jeep drives off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRACKS AREA - NIGHT

LONG SHOT

Framed beautifully in the moonlight, the Quadrangle and Barracks area look like a college campus. Silence. No movement.

LONG SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

A figure can be seen far in b.g, at the Bugler's post beside the megaphone. Another figure stands near him. The silence continues, then is broken by the sound of the bugle beginning

Taps. The first note is incredibly clear and loud and certain. It is held longer than most Buglers hold it. The second note is daringly short, abrupt. The last note of the first phrase rises, peals out, heartfelt. Two men come into the shot, smoking. They stop, turn toward the Bugler, listen attentively. One of them flips away his cigarette. The Taps continues through the following.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

FULL SHOT

Most of the men turn in their beds toward the sound of the bugle. Some prop up on their elbows.

CLOSE SHOT CHOATE

as he listens. A look of mingled longing and satisfaction.

CLOSE SHOT LEVA

listening. A strange look of pride.

CLOSE SHOT MAZZIOLI

listening, his face also betraying emotions normally concealed.

MEDIUM SHOT TREADWELL AND ANDERSON

listening. Their bunks are next to each other.

TREADWELL

(a reverent whisper)

I bet you it's Prewitt...

EXT. PORCH ON BARRACKS - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

Three men come out of the barracks, lean over the porch rail, listening. Their faces are thoughtful, sad.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT WARDEN

The office lit only by a light over his desk. He is working late, a sheaf of papers spread out before him. He listens to the bugle call, moved, sorrowful. He snaps off the light, listens in the darkness.

EXT. QUADRANGLE - NIGHT

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PREW

at the Bugler's post. He is finishing the last phrases, full and wonderful. Behind him stands Friday Clark, motionless. The final note quivers to silence. Prew swings the megaphone for the repeat. Then the repeat begins, the clear proud notes reverberating across the silent quadrangle.

INT. WARDEN'S ROOM OFF SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT KARELSEN

lying on his back in his bunk, arms clasped behind his head. He listens, his gnarled face the picture of the old soldier. He breathes heavily as if he is hearing his own requiem and epitaph.

EXT. PORCH ON BARRACKS - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

There are eight or nine men here now, listening.

CLOSE SHOTS DHOM HENDERSON THORNHILL

There is a choked kinship on all the faces.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

FULL SHOT

More men are propped on their elbows, their heads turned toward the Bugler. The dim figure of Treadwell can be seen, at a window now.

TREADWELL

(almost inaudible whisper)

... I told you it was Prewitt...

EXT. QUADRANGLE - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT PREW

continuing the Taps. There are tears in his eyes now.

EXT. BARRACKS STEPS - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

A half dozen men are sitting on the steps, listening, among them Stark and Wilson. Stark shakes his head sadly.

EXT. COMPANY STREET - NIGHT

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

listening now on the porch alongside the street.

EXT. BARRACKS AREA - NIGHT

LONG SHOT

Several groups of two and three scattered about. They are standing in no particular places, as if they have been walking and stopped suddenly. They are all looking toward the Bugler.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ANDERSON

as the Taps repeat is drawing to a close. He is lying on his side, turned toward the Bugler, a look of serenity, of peace on his face. His eyes close as he falls asleep.

EXT. QUADRANGLE - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT PREW

coming to the end of the Taps. CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSEUP. Prew's face is wet with tears. His lips are pinched and red. He blows the final notes.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PREW AND CLARK

Prew lowers the bugle slowly and lets the megaphone rest in its swivel. He withdraws the mouthpiece, puts it in his pocket. He hands the bugle to Clark. Clark looks at the instrument as if it has become hallowed. Prew walks off into the darkness.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW CONGRESS CLUB - NIGHT

TRACKING SHOT

CAMERA MOVES along street, passing a lone pedestrian. It MOVES TOWARD the sign NEW CONGRESS CLUB, HOLDS beside an open window through which is heard the sound of harsh piano playing; the pounding style and lack of shading are clearly Fatso Judson's. CAMERA PANS AND INCLUDES Prew, leaning against the building. He is watching the entrance to the Club patiently. There is relentless hatred on his face. The music stops. Prew does not move.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW CONGRESS CLUB - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT AT ENTRANCE

Hearty male laughter from within. The door opens and Fatso and a couple of sailors came out. They are about to start down the street.

PREW'S VOICE

Hello, Fatso.

Fatso looks around in direction of voice. CAMERA PANS, DISCLOSES Prew, still leaning against the building. Fatso squints, not recognizing him.

FATSO
You want me?

PREW
Yeah, Fatso.

Fatso takes a couple of steps toward Prew, squints again.

FATSO
I don't like that nickname. You
want to see me about somethin'?

PREW
Yeah. Let's step around the corner
here where we can talk.

Prew's voice is so toneless as to be ominous.

FATSO
(grins)
Okay. Good night, gents.

The sailors go off. Fatso walks into the darkness of an alley
next to the building. Prew follows.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND FATSO
Just enough light from the street lamp to illuminate about
ten feet into the alley.

FATSO
Okay. You sore about somethin'?

PREW
No. I just don't like the way you
play the piano.

Fatso throws back his head and laughs loudly.

PREW
You know Maggio?

FATSO
The little Wop? The one who bust
out of the Stockade? Sure. He was a
real tough monkey. But crazy, see?

PREW
You killed him.

FATSO
Did I? If I did, he ask for it.

PREW

I hear they're gonna court martial you, Fatso. But before the Army gets you, I want a piece of you myself.

There is the snick of a blade snapping open as Fatso pulls a knife. He moves toward Prew, who steps swiftly to one side.

PREW

I kinds thought you'd try that.

There is the same sound as Prew pulls a knife from his pocket, snaps it open, holds it out flat in his hand, showing it to Fatso.

PREW

This here's the one you pulled on Maggio once. Reconize it?

Fatso darts at Prew, knife raised. Prew moves back, but Fatso is on him and they both roll to one side along the building. The movement throws them deep into the shadows.

ANOTHER ANGLE SHOOTING INTO THE SHADOWS

The two figures feint and dart. There is the occasional silver flash of the knives as light hits them. The men go deeper into the shadows, are all but lost to view. There is a startled, pained cry. Then one of the figures falls to his knees and starts to crawl toward camera.

CLOSE SHOT SHOOTING NEAR GROUND

as the figure comes directly to camera, REVEALING the anguished face of Fatso. It slowly turns, is upside down in the frame.

MEDIUM SHOT

Fatso is on his back, his stomach gushing bloods his eyes already glazing. Prew staggers into the light now. His left side has two vicious cuts; he is bleeding badly. He stares down at Fatso, who manages a small, reprovng voice.

FATSO

You've killed me. Why'd you want to kill me?

Prew backs away from Fatso, turns, staggers down the alley away from camera.

WIPE TO:

EXT. CLIFF ROAD - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

Prew comes toward camera, laboriously struggling up the road. His side is hemorrhaging steadily, his shirt and trousers blood-soaked. He stops close to camera. He wads his handkerchief, sticks it inside his shirt near the knife wound. He smiles wearily, crookedly.

PREW

(mumbles to himself)
Gonna have an awful bad scar
there...

He lights a cigarette, his fingers shaking. The flame from the match illuminates his left wrist. There is a deep scar on it. It seems to fascinate Prew as he stares at it, rubs his fingers across it.

PREW

... scars...

He turns, moves on up the road; CAMERA MOVES CLOSE behind him, as if overhearing his thoughts which come over on sound track.

PREW'S VOICE (O.S.)

... got that one fallin off the
barn back home... gashed it on a
spike... Dad laughed... Dead now...
Uncle John+s dead, too...

Prew moves away from camera out of shot.

WIPE TO:

EXT. CLIFF ROAD - NIGHT

TRACKING SHOT ANOTHER SECTION OF THE ROAD

CAMERA FOLLOWS Prew, as he keeps in shadows, moves slowly up the cliff. He is in much pain now. His hand rubs across his face; his fingers linger on his forehead near his eye.

PREW'S VOICE (O.S.)

... that cut over the eye... in the
ring at Myer... wouldn't let 'em
stop it... knocked the guy out...
sixth round...

CAMERA LOSES Prew again as he stumbles into shadows.

WIPE TO:

EXT. CLIFF ROAD - NIGHT

TRACKING SHOT SITE OF PREVIOUS PREW-ALMA SCENE
CAMERA FOLLOWS Prew, who is now fighting hard to keep his feet. His hand is pressed tight to his side.

PREW'S VOICE (O.S.)
... ten stitch gash in the hip...
workin in the gym attic... fell
through the skylight... where was
that?... so many scars... so many
years... where they all gone to
anyway...?

He moves on around bend in road out of shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALMA'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT ALMA AND GORGETTE
The radio is blaring the "Hut Sut Song." Alma is crocheting.
Gorgette is reading. CAMERA SHOOTs across them to the front
door. The doorknob moves slowly, the door opens. Prew falls
into the room and pitches to the floor.

ALMA
Prew --

She rushes to him, bends over him. Gorgette runs to the
radio, turns it off.

CLOSE SHOT ALMA
Her face agonized as she leans over Prew.

ALMA
Prew!

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ALMA AND PREW
He pushes himself up on one elbow, seems pleased by her
stricken expression. He manages a smile.

PREW
(weakly)
Don't worry... Ain't gonna die.
They savin me for better things...

Gorgette kneels into shot. Prew's smile becomes silly as he
turns his head to her.

PREW

... just came up to borrow a good book.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT GENERAL SLATER COLONEL WILLIAMS HOLMES
The American flag, the General's flag and the Division flag are the only colorful elements in a rather severe office. Colonel Williams is reading from a typed report.

COLONEL WILLIAMS

--- In addition to inefficiency in administering his command and neglect of duty, Captain Holmes has been guilty of indefensible cruelty to the aforesaid Private Prewitt. This extended to instigating and encouraging wholly unauthorized and discreditable tactics to force the soldier to join the inter-regiment boxing team. These findings are the result of personal investigation by the Inspector General and are corroborated by numerous members of G Company.

Colonel Williams puts his report on the General's desk. Holmes' face reflects a weary resignation as if underneath he has really expected something like this for a long time. He makes no move to speak. The General is angry clear through.

GENERAL SLATER

I'm waiting for your reply to this.

HOLMES

I haven't any, sir... The charges -- are true.

GENERAL SLATER

Holmes, the first thing I ever learned in the Army was that an officer takes care of his men. It seems to be the first thing you forgot. It's monstrous to think of anybody like you in command of troops. And believe me, you won't be for long. My only regret is that we have to keep you in uniform until a court martial is concluded.

(MORE)

GENERAL SLATER(cont'd)

In the meantime, of course, I'm relieving you of your present duties.

He indicates the meeting is over. Holmes rises, is about to leave, pauses.

HOLMES

If there were any way to avoid a court martial, sir. Any way...

The General frowns, is unresponsive. Holmes looks to Colonel Williams helplessly.

COLONEL WILLIAMS

There is one alternative, General... if you're so disposed. A resignation for the good of the service under AR 600-275.

GENERAL SLATER

(thinks a moment)

I'll give you a chance you don't deserve, Holmes. Write a letter of resignation and have it on my desk this afternoon. I'll consider accepting it. Only because as far as I'm concerned, the quicker you're out of the Army the better for everybody. Especially the Army.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT KAREN AND HOLMES

He confronts her, waving a sheet of stationery. His voice is strangled, almost hysterical.

HOLMES

--- that's right, it's a letter of resignations I'm through! I've already been relieved! So you can begin packing. We're sailing for the States next week!

She shakes her head, not wanting to believe; she takes the letter out of his hand, starts to read it. She stops after a sentence or two. Her hand falls to her side. Holmes sits on the bed heavily. The bluster bleeds out of him. He shakes his head, emotionally bewildered. For perhaps the first time in his life he is nakedly honest.

HOLMES

Where has it gone, Karen? What happened to it? The gay, cheerful life we were going to have, you and I...? What happened to me...? The proud, dashing officer was going to be. The leader of men?... I've known all along how the men felt about me. They despised me... What's happened? I don't remember losing anything... Where has it all gone?

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT KAREN

reacting; she is surprised, a little afraid of her own emotion. The outcry, so lost, so despairing, moves her. She is sorry for him.

MEDIUM SHOT HOLMES AND KAREN

HOLMES

Karen -- you're coming back with me, aren't you...?

Trembling, Karen puts the letter on the dressing table. Abruptly, she runs out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE SHOT DESK

FEATURING placard reading LIEUTENANT ROSS. We hear Ross' first few words over this, then CAMERA PULLS BACK to MEDIUM SHOT. Ross is forceful, clean-cut, gives the impression of toughness but fairness. As he talks he takes down the photographs of prize fighters and prize fighting from the wall. Watching and listening are Sergeants Dhom, Thornhill, Henderson, Leva, Stark and Karelsen and Corporal Wilson. Ross is such a complete switch from Holmes that the men are almost unnerved by him. But a definite respect is reflected in their expressions. Warden, beside his desk, shares this.

ROSS

-- I don't intend to have a sloppy outfit. I don't intend to have a goldbrick outfit. I don't intend to have a soft soap outfit. I've called you noncoms in because you're the backbone of any Company.

(MORE)

ROSS(cont'd)

From now on you'll have to prove you're entitled to have those stripes here. And not in the boxing ring.

He hands the pictures to Leva.

ROSS
Get rid of these, Sergeant.

LEVA
Yes, sir.

ROSS
That's all I have to say. If you've any questions, speak up.

Nobody speaks.

ROSS
Dismissed.

The men troop out, passing camera. As last man leaves, CAMERA IS ON Warden. He is looking at Ross with considerable approval, even admiration. He resumes a more normal expression as Ross turns toward him.

WARDEN
One non-com was missing, sir.
Sergeant Galovitch.

ROSS
I know. Private Galovitch is in the kitchen.

WARDEN
In the kitchen?

ROSS
As of now, he's an assistant cook. I busted him. On a blanket charge of inefficiency. What are you grinning at?

WARDEN
(grinning)
I think the Company Commander made a wise decision, sir.

The phone rings. Warden goes to his desk, answers.

WARDEN
 (into phone)
 Compny G, First Sergeant Warden
 speaking.

Karen's voice is heard on the phone; we cannot understand what she is saying, but a flood of words pours through. With Ross looking on, Warden is embarrassed.

WARDEN
 (into phone)
 Yes... Yes, I know...
 (glances over toward Ross)
 Yes, the - uh - parcel has already
 arrived... Yes... What?...
 (grim now)
 No. No, we'll have to talk about it
 soon. Right away. I - I don't
 know...

Ross perceives Warden's distress. He starts toward the door. Warden nods gratefully. Ross smiles, leaves the room.

WARDEN
 (into phone)
 Lissen, I'll get away somehow,
 tonight. I'll meet you in Kuhio
 Park. At eight... Right....

He puts down the receiver. He stares at the desk. Then he slowly pulls out the top drawer. The Officers Application Blank is lying on top of a pile of other papers. He takes it out, looks at it somberly. CAMERA MOVES IN to an INSERT of the Application. We see Warden's answers to sex, age, race, etc. CAMERA MOVES DOWN the page to the place for the signature of the applicant. It is unsigned.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KUHIO PARK - NIGHT

LONG SHOT

In b.g. Warden, in uniform, and Karen are sitting on the same bench as in their first meeting in the park. We cannot hear what they are saying at first. CAMERA MOVES IN past a few pedestrians and HOLDS on a MEDIUM SHOT. There is a defeated, tired look about them, as if they have been talking for a long time to no avail.

KAREN
 ... I guess I felt it that night I
 asked you to become an officer.
 When you didn't say yes right away.
 (MORE)

KAREN(cont'd)

I guess I knew deep down you
wouldn't do it. But --
(a hint of tears)
It seemed such a simple plan for
us...

WARDEN

I wanted to -- I tried -- but I
couldn't...

He runs his hand through his hair. He seems to be groping
inside himself for some way to explain.

WARDEN

Lissen -- there's a kid in our
outfit named Prewitt... Robert E.
Lee Prewitt... He came in from the
States about a year ago. I thought
he was a fresh punk at first...
until I got to know him a little.
He's AWOL right now -- probly in
some kind of real trouble -- he
ain't the kind to go AWOL
otherwise. Anyway, I keep
remembering somethin he said to me
the first day he came in. He said a
man has got to go his own way... if
he don't, he's nothin... I'm an
Enlisted Man. I'm a First Sergeant.
Milt Warden. Once I cross that line
and tried to be an officer, I'm
somebody I don't know. A stranger.
And a man has got to be what he
is...

KAREN

I guess that's the trouble with
Dana... He's always tried to be
something he isn't. Poor Dana... I
don't think he ever needed me until
now.

(shaken herself out of it)
Well, here we are saying goodbye.
And talking about two other people.

WARDEN

We're not saying good-bye -- we'll
figger out a way for you to stay
here --

KAREN

I'm going back with him, Milt.
There's something in being needed.
It isn't love. But it's something.

WARDEN

(desperately)

Lissen, two people who love each other just don't stop loving each other! Nothin and nobody is goin to break us up l 1111 transfer out somehow and get back to the States. Maybe it'll take a little time but I'll do it!

KAREN

(smiles)

That sounds like Milt Warden, all right.

He bends toward her to kiss her. She presses him back.

KAREN

No, Milt. I don't want to kiss you any more. I just want to remember you. And you to remember me.

WARDEN

Put it down. Put it down that on December 6th, 1941, Milton Anthony Warden told you he'd remember you...

CAMERA PULLS BACK, PASSES a few pedestrians, Warden and Karen remaining in b.g. of shot. They begin to talk again, quietly, undemonstratively. We are too far away now to hear what they are saying.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALMA'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT PREW AND ALMA

Alma is reading a newspaper in b.g. Prew is disheveled and slovenly, needs a shave badly. His face is lined with pain. He is drunk from several days of steady drinking, stone drunk, as if in a trance. He wears crumpled civilian clothes. He is at a table laboriously writing out the Re-enlistment Blues. He finishes writing a stanza and sings softly.

PREW

Slep in the park that Sunday
Seen all the folks gain to church
Your belly feel so empty
When you're left in the lurch --

Alma looks up from the paper.

ALMA

Here it is -- they're putting it on
an inside page already.

(reads)

'... still no clue in the fatal
stabbing of Staff Sergeant James R.
Judson...'

Prew, who has stopped singing but not turned his head,
resumes the song.

PREW

Dog soljers don't own pews
Re-enlistment Blues...

ALMA

(annoyed)

Did you hear me? Are you listening
or not?

Prew nods blankly. He rises slowly and walks across the room
toward Alma. But his eyes are fixed on a whisky bottle on a
table beside her. He moves stiffly, favoring his side, his
face contorted. He picks up the bottle, pours himself a
drink.

ALMA

(coldly)

Are you trying to set a new world's
record?

CLOSE SHOT PREW

He smiles faintly, holds the glass high.

PREW

Yeah... To the memory of Robert E.
Lee Prewitt, Holder of the New
World's Record...

TWO SHOT PREW AND ALMA

ALMA

I want to know what you plan to do.

PREW

Plan to do? When?

ALMA

Any time. Now. Tomorrow. Next week.

PREW

Lessee...

(counts on fingers)

(MORE)

PREW(cont'd)

... One... two... three... four...
 Four days I'm AWOL, ain't I?
 (picks up paper, looks at
 date)
 ... this is December sixth, ain't
 it...?

ALMA

(half-tirade, half-wail)
 It's December sixth and you're so
 drunk you're wall-eyed. And all
 you've done since you fell in here
 is drink and drink and drink and
 try to remember that old song of
 yours. And I want to know what
 you're going to do!

Prew looks at her, hurt. He moves back to his table,
 mumbling.

PREW

... might ship out on a tramp and
 go to Mexico and be a cowboy...

ALMA

Oh, be sensible!

Prew sits at the table again, continues to mumble.

PREW

... I'm goin back to the Compny...
 soon's my side heals... Goin back
 under my own power... Goin into the
 Ordrly Room 'n' say hello, Warden,
 Private Prewitt reportin...

ALMA

(breaking)
 Oh, Prew! Prew! Why did you have to
 do it? Why did you have to kill
 that man?

Prew shakes his head sadly as if he doesn't know the answer.
 He picks up the paper he has been writing on, sings softly,
 testing the last couple of lines affectionately.

PREW

Recruitin crews give me the blues
 Old Re-enlistment Blues...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

FULL SHOT

CAMERA FEATURES clock on wall reading 7:52. About half the Company is at breakfast. There is considerable laughter and horseplay. Near the kitchen a dozen men are in the chow line.

MEDIUM SHOT

FEATURING Warden at the NCO table. He rises, carries his plate with him towards the chow line. A sudden, deep-toned, earthquake-like blast shudders through the room. The cups on the tables rattle. Warden stops, cocks his head. The men stop eating, look at each other.

ANDERSON

(to the room)

Must be dynamitin down to Wheeler Field.

CHOATE

Them engineers mighty ambitious
Sunday mornin before eight o'clock.

The men resume eating. Warden moves a couple of steps toward the chow line when the second blast hits. It is much heavier and fuller.

CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

He has a hunch about this now. He reaches out to put his plate down, holding it very carefully in both hands. However, he doesn't bother to see if there is anything under it. The plate falls and crashes on the floor a fraction of a second before the third groundswell of blast shakes the room.

EXT. COMPANY STREET - DAY

FULL SHOT NEAR MESS HALL

A man sprints toward the mess hall, yelling to right and left at the top of his lungs. As he approaches camera we see it is Mazzioli.

MAZZIOLI

The Japs're bombing Wheeler Field!
It's the Japs! They're bombing
Wheeler Field! The Japs! It's the
Japs! I saw the red circles on the
wings!

LONG SHOT SHOOTING UP CIRCLES ON UNDERSIDE OF MOVING PLANE
The roar of the plane over shot.

MOVING SHOT SHOOTING DOWN FROM JAP PLANE PAST PILOT

The figure of Mazzioli gets closer and closer as the plane

dives toward him, machine guns spitting.

MEDIUM SHOT MAZZIOLI

as the Jap plane flashes by close above him. The stones in the pavement pop up. Mazzioli flops on the street. The plane zooms.

FULL SHOT MESS HALL

as the men rush out. In the front ranks are Warden, Karelsen, Stark and Choate, Choate carries his half-filled plate in one hand, a mug of coffee in the other. The men stretch their necks, following the plane. Then they look back up the street, CAMERA PANNING. Far in b.g, a column of black mushrooming to the sky. Warden dashes to Mazzioli. CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT as Warden bends over him, hoists him to a sitting position. He is extremely gentle. Mazzioli's knee is laid open and is bleeding freely. Warden whips out a handkerchief and starts to apply a tourniquet.

MEDIUM SHOT

Some of the men continue to crane at the sky. A few pick up metal links from the Jap bullets.

NAIR

Say! This'll make me a good souvenir! A bullet from a Jap plane!

WARDEN

This ain't jawbone! This is for record. Them real bullets that guy was usin. Get inside -- all of ya!

Warden gets Mazzioli to his feet, turns to first man in group surrounding them. It is Anderson.

WARDEN

Help him over to the hospital.

Anderson starts Mazzioli down the street.

LONG SHOT SHOOTING UP TO SKY

A pair of planes are diving toward the street.

WARDEN'S VOICE

GET INSIDE!

MEDIUM SHOT

The men rush for cover, all except Choate who is left alone in shot. He takes a big bite of his sausage and eggs, hastily downs a swig of coffee. Then he throws the plate and cup into the street and dives for cover as the terrifyingly loud noise of the Jap planes indicates they are directly overhead.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

FULL SHOT

The men are pouring in from the Company street, all shouting at once. Warden pushes his way through them and jumps up on the pool table. His big voice booms.

WARDEN

All right, all right, you men!
Quiet down! Quiet down! It's only a
war. Ain't you ever been in a war
before?

The men begin to quiet down, look to Warden respectfully. Through the scene the heavy earth shudders are felt and heard as bombs hit in the far distance. Also the sound of the strafing planes.

WARDEN

We're gonna organize a fire
umbrella defense. I want the non-
coms to get BARS and ammunition
from the Supply Room and get up on
the roof. Henderson, you're in
charge of the loading detail. Get
movin!

The non-coms push out the door.

TREADWELL

Hey, what about me? I been waitin
all my life to git to shoot a BAR
at somethin!

WARDEN

Okay. It's your life.

Treadwell hurries after the non-coms.

WARDEN

The rest of you guys - the CQ will
unlock the rifle racks. Every man
get his rifle and go to his bunk
and stay there. And I mean stay
there! I'm making each squad leader
responsible to keep his men inside.
If you have to use a rifle butt to
do it, that's okay, too.

There are shouts of protest. The men are over the first shock now and beginning to get angry, anxious for action.

WARDEN

You heard me! This ain't no maneuvers. You go runnin around outside you'll get your ears shot off. You want to be heroes, you'll get plenty chances later. You'll probly have Japs in your laps before night.

SOLDIER

What if they bomb us?

WARDEN

You hear a bomb comin, you're free to take off for the brush. But don't worry -- the Japs'll probly drop all their bombs on Pearl Harbor and Hickam. They ain't gonna waste 'em on us. So let's can the chatter. We're wastin time. Squad leaders, get 'em upstairs!

Squad leaders begin to herd their men out. Warden jumps off the pool table. Stark and Karelsen come up to him.

STARK

What you want me to do, First? I got a hangover, but I can still --

WARDEN

You stick in the kitchen and make a big pot of coffee. No -- make a barrel of coffee.

KARELSEN

I think I could get one of them Japs with a machine gun, Milt. We'll put the tripod over a chimney. And hold her down by the legs.

WARDEN

Whatever you say, Pete.

They smile at each other affectionately, then push into the crowd leaving the Day Room.

EXT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

The non-coma are arguing violently with Leva at the door to the Supply Room. Jap planes are loud overhead.

LEVA

I don't care. I can't issue any live ammunition without a signed order from an officer.

HENDERSON

But there ain't no officers yet, you jerk! Lieutenant Ross lives off the post.

LEVA

(folds arms)

I'm sorry fellows. Lieutenant Ross give me them orders himself. No signed order, no ammo. And that's all they are to it.

Warden hurries up to the group.

DHOM

He won't let us have no ammo, Top!

CHOATE

Hats got it locked up. An the keys in his pocket.

WARDEN

Gimme them keys!

LEVA

I can't, Top. I got to obey my orders. No live ammo without a signed --

They flatten against the wall as a Jap plane roars building-high down the street, machine guns flaring. After it passes, they rush back to Lava,

WARDEN

What's the matter? You blind? You see them planes --?!

Lava puts his hand in his pocket protectively, shakes his head.

LEVA

I ain't gonna do it, Top. I --

WARDEN

Okay. Chief, bust the door down.
(to Leva)
Get the hell out of the way!

Choate, Henderson and Dhom back up for a run at the door. Leva moves in front of the door.

WARDEN

Go ahead. Bust it down. He'll get out of the way.

LEVA

Remember I warned you. I did my best.

WARDEN

Okay. I'll see you get a medal.

Warden dashes up the porch steps as Choate, Henderson and Dhom launch themselves at the door. Leva steps aside. The door rattles ponderously, then flies open. The three battering rams careen into the Supply Room. The men standing by cheer and rush in after them. Leva shakes his head grimly.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

FULL SHOT

The men are sitting on their bunks, unhappily, holding their rifles. Others who have slept through breakfast are dressing hastily. Warden rushes into the room. The men immediately bark ad-libbed questions at him:

SOLDIERS

(ad lib)

What's the deal, First?
Why can't we go up on the roof?
Where's the ammo, Top?
Are we soljers -- or Boy Scouts?

WARDEN

(pitilessly)

Start rollin full field packs! We may have to move out of here. Squad leaders, get 'em packin!

In b.g. Henderson and others are going up the porch stairs to the roof. They tote BARs and loading clips. Karelsen and two helpers follow with a heavy machine gun and belt boxes. Warden starts for the porch stairs. He is attracted by something, stops, looks out of scene.

MEDIUM SHOT THORNHILL FROM WARDEN'S POV

lying under an empty bunk with three mattresses piled on it. He is in his underwear and a helmet, hugs his rifle.

MEDIUM SHOT THORNHILL AND WARDEN

WARDEN

You'll catch a cold, Turp.

THORNHILL

Don't go out there, First Sergeant!
You'll be killed! They're shootin
it up! You'll be dead! You'll not
be alive any more. Don't go out
there!

WARDEN

You better put your pants on.

Warden hits the floor as a plane is heard so loud and low it sounds as if it's coming right into the room. A dotted line of bullets crosses the floor and moves into Warden's and Karelsen's room. Warden jumps up and rushes into the room.

INT. WARDEN'S ROOM OFF SQUAD ROOM - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

as Warden runs in. Broken glass lies all over the floor. Bullet holes are stitched across the top of Warden's footlocker. He throws back the lid fiercely. His linen is polka-dotted with holes. He tosses out shirts, shorts, etc., digs underneath them. He pulls out a quart bottle of whisky; it is untouched. Warden smiles with relief. He lifts the bottle to his lips, drinks long and heartily.

EXT. ROOF OF BARRACKS - DAY

FULL SHOT ROOF

About twenty of Company GIs men, including almost all the non-cams, are on the roof, They are crouched behind the chimneys or down on their knees in the corners. The BARS are propped on the low walls or chimney tops, their muzzles pointed to the sky.

LONG SHOT SHOOTING FROM ROOF TO SKY

Three Jap planes, forming a V, are heading straight for camera.

FULL SHOT MEN ON ROOF

DHOM

(shouting)

Come on, you dirty sons --

The scream of the planes drowns Dhom's voice. There is a tremendous clatter as the men fire. The Jap planes pass, untouched.

From this moment on there is no letup of the noise -- there is a wild cacophony of Jap planes, BARs, Karelsen's machine gun, the deep sound of bombs hitting in the far distance. And Chief Choate, singing the Regimental marching song, loudly and lustily.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Warden comes up on the roof through the skylight. He shouts incoherently at the men. They shout back in a wild cheer. They are like a pack of hungry men enjoying their first big meal in years. In b.g. the Jap V has swung about and heads back. Warden grabs a BAR from the roof.

CLOSE SHOT FLASH JAP PILOT IN LEAD PLANE

grinning as his plane dives, its guns roaring. His silk scarf ripples out behind him.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT WARDEN

firing the BAR, standing, as the Jap planes roar over. He staggers back from the recoil.

FULL SHOT ROOF

The men fire in unison. They rise after the planes pass, shake their fists. Henderson and others of the loading detail appear on the roof, bringing up more ammunition.

CLOSE SHOT FEATURING WARDEN

He lets out a hoarse yell of glee and pride. "These are my boys. This is my Company," it seems to say. The men answer back with a great answering shout.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Warden makes a tour of the roof, laughing, exhorting, slapping the men on their buttocks like a quarterback. They respond with tremendous spirit; they are having one hell of a time. We get only a snatch of what Warden is yelling.

WARDEN

-- Don't worry about wasting ammo!
Throw your empty clips down into
the yard. The loading detail will
pick 'em up --

The sound of a bugle blowing insistently is now heard, blending into the rest of the noise. Treadwell runs to the edge of the roof, looks over.

LONG SHOT SHOOTING FROM ROOF TO QUADRANGLE

At the Bugler's post, Friday Clark is sounding a call.

MEDIUM SHOT ON ROOF

Treadwell turns, yells at the men.

TREADWELL
Friday's gone crazy! He's blowing
the Cavalry Charge!

EXT. QUADRANGLE - DAY

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT CLARK
His cheeks puffed, blowing the bugle madly.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ALMA'S HOUSE - DAY

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PREW
He is lying on a couch in pajamas. He has not shaven, his hair is unkempt. A Radio Announcer is heard over shot. Prew awakens, groggy with hangover and near-delirium, wrestles with the blanket over him. CAMERA PULLS BACK to MEDIUM SHOT, DISCLOSING Alma and Gorgette. They have negligees over their nightgowns, are listening to the radio. The Announcer's voice tries hard to be calm and official but he cannot keep the tremor out of it. (NOTE: Transcripts of the actual broadcast have been requested.)

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
... This is a real attack, not a
maneuver. The Japanese are bombing
Pearl Harbor. Please keep in your
homes. Do not go on the streets. I
repeat, this is a real attack.
Japanese planes are bombing our
naval and army installations.
Civilians will remain in their
homes. This is a real attack -

The Announcer's voice goes on as above.

PREW
(mutters)
Oh, those dirty Germans... Those
dirty sneakin Germans...

ALMA
What Germans?!

PREW
(points to the radio)
Them...

GORGETTE
It's the Japs. The Japs!

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
 ... Attacks are now taking place at
 Pearl, Wheeler, Hickam and
 Schofield...

PREW
 ... dirty Germans...

Alma shakes Prew, hard. He falls back on the couch, passes out.

EXT. QUADRANGLE - DAY

FULL SHOT

The Jap strafing attack is continuing. Their planes are making a figure 8 in the sky. Silhouettes of men on the roof can be seen. Friday Clark is blowing his Cavalry Charge. In b.g. men of the loading detail are scurrying around. Lieutenant Ross runs into shot. CAMERA PANS him across the quadrangle toward the barracks.

MEDIUM SHOT NEAR BARRACKS

Lieutenant Ross is hailed by the loading detail -- about ten men. He grabs a BAR and ammunition from them and runs into the barracks. The loading detail is working feverishly, some carrying ammunition into the barracks, others picking up empty clips as they are thrown from the roof and hustling them toward the Supply Room.

EXT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT FEATURING LEVA

He is working hard, passing out ammunition to members of the loading detail. But he shakes his head dourly as if the whole thing is still very unofficial.

EXT. ROOF OF BARRACKS - DAY

FULL SHOT

As before, pandemonium -- but controlled and efficient. The men are hoarse from shouting, red-eyed, puffing from excitement and exertion. Two Jap planes swoop past and the full-throated umbrella of fire lets loose. Lieutenant Ross clammers onto the roof, stooping under the burden of the BAR and loading clips. The men greet him with a concerted cheer.

TWO SHOT LIEUTENANT ROSS AND WARDEN

Ross looks around the roof, nods with evident approval, claps Warden on the shoulder.

DHOM'S VOICE
 HERE THEY COME, MEN!

Sound of Jap planes comes up ear-splitting loud. Ross drops down behind a chimney, swings his BAR, fires. CAMERA MOVES TO INCLUDE Karelsen at the other side of the chimney, firing the machine gun. Two soldiers hang onto the bucking legs of the tripod. Two Jap planes pass in b.g. of shot, zoom off into the sky.

KARELSEN
(disgustedly)
Nuts! Led him too tar.

MEDIUM SHOT
as the men on the roof reload. In the distance the Jap planes have turned and are heading back for the roof.

CLOSE SHOTS FLASHES JAP PILOTS IN PLANES
Their lips curled bitterly as their planes head for the roof.

CLOSE SHOT FLASH WILSON
firing a BAR at the planes.

CLOSE SHOT FLASH DHOM
firing.

CLOSE SHOT FLASH TREADWELL
firing Joyously.

CLOSE SHOT FLASH CHOATE
singing as he fires.

CLOSE SHOT KARELSEN
firing the machine gun. He yanks the tripod away from his helpers, picks up the gun, stands and swings it after the plane. The recoil staggers him half way across the roof and deposits him on his rear.

CLOSE SHOT JAP PILOT
He jumps in his seat like a man tied to a hot stove, throws up his arms helplessly.

LONG SHOT OPEN FIELD SHOOTING FROM ROOF
The Jap plane bursts into flame and crashes.

FULL SHOT ON ROOF
The men rise as one with an uproarious cheer. They rush to Karelsen, pick him up. Warden lets go with another of his rebel yells.

WARDEN
You got him, Pete! You got him!

KARELSEN

(spits over roof)

Ah, nobody'll ever know which of us
got that guy.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the men return to their positions. Two planes head for them, pass over as Company G lets go again with everything it has.

WILSON

(pointing after second of
the planes)

Hey! That last one was one of ours!
That was an American plane!

WARDEN

Well, he ain't got no business
here. We're takin care of this
sector!

ROSS

HERE COMES A JAP!

SHOT SHOOTING FROM ROOF JAP PLANE

swooping across the quadrangle about ten feet from the ground.

EXT. QUADRANGLE - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT NEAR BUGLER'S POST

Friday Clark, blowing the Cavalry Charge madly, abandons the megaphone as he sees the plane coming. He drops on his chest, hugging the bugle. The plane passes. Clark jumps up instantly, resumes blowing the Charge.

LONG SHOT SHOOTING FROM ROOF JAP PLANE

The same plane has gained altitude so that it is a few feet above the barracks as it heads straight for the roof.

MEDIUM SHOT

The men flatten, all but Warden. He stands, swings his BAR toward the plane. CAMERA IS ANGLED so that Warden is silhouetted against the sky as he fires at the Jap plane.

LONG SHOT JAP PLANE

It misses the roof by a foot or two, zooms up at a weird angle. A thick cloud of smoke pours out of the engine. The plane falls off on one wing and crashes into trees at the end of the quadrangle.

CLOSE SHOT JAP PLANE

crashing. The gas-tank explodes. A cloud of fire and black

smoke obscures the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ALMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT PREW

There are improvised blackout curtains over windows and the glass doors. The radio is on, volume low, and an announcer (not the one of the morning) is droning out an account of Pearl Harbor. Prew, still on the couch in his pajamas, looks as if he has just struggled to wakefulness. He listens to the radio for a few moments in confused disbelief. He shakes his head vigorously as if to throw off his grogginess. He shakes his head again, slowly, more knowingly now, nodding as if he remembers something from the broadcast of the morning. Then as if all of it hits him suddenly and fully and terribly he wrenches himself off the couch. He looks around at the dimly lit room.

PREW

Alma! Alma!

He goes to the blackout curtains, peeps out. Then he turns back to listen to the radio. Abruptly, he runs into the bedroom.

PREW'S VOICE

Alma!

The room remains empty for a few moments as the radio announcer goes on, continuing previous remarks.

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

-- ready to fight and die for us,
our Regular Army and Navy have this
day upheld the faith and confidence
we have always placed in them. They
have proved their right to the
esteem we have always had for
them...

Prew comes back into the room. He has his shoes on, holds civilian shirt and pants in his hand. He starts to put them on hurriedly, his attention still focused on the broadcast. The front door opens and Alma and Gorgette enter. They are surprised to see Prew up. He nods at them, turns back quickly to listen to the radio as he continues dressing.

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

... the attack caused serious
damage to many installations of
which Pearl Harbor suffered the
worst.

(MORE)

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE(cont'd)

We will not forget this day -- and
we will never let the Japanese
forget it...

PREW

(yells at radio)

You said it! Who they think they're
fight in?

(incoherent with rage; to
girls)

They're pickin trouble with the
best Army in -- the best riflemen --
you know we the ony country on the
face of the earth that uses the
shooting gunsling, not the carrying
gunsling. You know that?

The radio continues on under the scene. Alma and Gorgette
speak breathlessly, in a rush.

ALMA

We've been at Queens Hospital --
giving blood --

GORGETTE

The town's a madhouse. Trucks,
busses, jeeps all over --

ALMA

A house on Kuhio Street was bombed
out --

GORGETTE

And the drugstore on McKully and
King is smashed flat. And
the man and his wife were killed --

Prew gestures to radio as if he's heard all about it. He
sticks his shirttails into his trousers.

PREW

I gotta get back to the Post --
I'll try to get in touch with you
in a couple days --

ALMA

The Post? Tonight?

Prew nods vehemently, moves across room to a table.

ALMA

But why?

PREW

Why? There's a war goin on.

ALMA

But you can't! You're not fit yet --
you're weak as a kitten -- you're
AWOL -- they'll throw you in the
Stockade --

PREP

(laughs wildly)

They'll be throwin 'em out of the
Stockade. They need every man they
can get.

He picks up the sheet of paper with the "Re-enlistment Blues"
written out on it, starts to fold it. Desperation is
reflected on Alma's face; she turns to Gorgette, as if
pleading for aid,

GORGETTE

Your side'll open up --

ALMA

And they'll find out it was you who
killed that soldier!

Prew shakes his head, as if obsessed by only one thought.

PREW

Once I report in to the Compny I'll
be all right. Once I get there. I
gotta get back --

ALMA

But you'll never make it! There's
MPs all over --

PREW

I'll make it. I'll go along the
back roads. They'll let me in the
West gate -- they'll know I'm a
soljer --

He puts the folded piece of paper in his pocket and starts
for the door.

ALMA

Stay till morning!

Prew glances at Alma incredulously. She sobs suddenly,
violently.

ALMA

Maybe if you stayed till morning
you'd change your mind...

She throws her arms around him, clings to him.

ALMA

Don't go, Prew! I'll do whatever
you want... We'll figure out a way
to get to the States
together... We can even get
married... If you go I won't see
you any more... I know it...

Prew holds her closely for a moment, then moves her away from
him. He turns toward the door.

ALMA

(tears turning to
hysteria)

What do you want to go back to the
Army for?! What did the Army ever
do for you? Besides treat you like
scum and give you one awful going
over and get your friend killed?
What do you want to go back to that
for?

Prew frowns as if he's not sure he heard correctly.

PREW

What do I want to go back for? I'm
a soljer.

ALMA

(laughing wildly)

A soldier! A soldier! A Regular.
From the Regular Army. A thirty-
year man!

PREW

Sure. A thirty-year man.
(grins)
With only twenty-six years to go.

He opens the door quickly and slips into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY ADJOINING GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

MOVING SHOT JEEP WITH THREE MPs

The night is inky black except for a little moonlight and the

dimmed headlights of the jeep. CAMERA SHOOT PAST driver onto the highway as the jeep moves slowly along. The two other MPs clutch Thompson guns, try to scan the dark countryside.

FIRST MP

They say they seen parachutists
land up in the mountains.

SECOND MP

I ain't worried about them.
Sabatoors is what worries me.

DRIVER

Yeah. Theys the creepy ones. Walkin
around just like ordinary
civilians. I betcha they operatin
all over these islands.

LONG SHOT SHOOTING FROM SIDE OF HIGHWAY

The headlights pass along the road as the jeep moves on out of sight. As its sound fades we hear Prew's heavy breathing, are barely able to distinguish his figure in the darkness. He is crouched, watching the car go down the highway. We hear his thoughts. The voice is labored and agonized.

PREW'S VOICE (O.S.)

... almost home... ony across the
golf course... now... now... no...
wait... gotta be care?... gotta
sweat it out...

He groans, puts his hand to his side. In the feeble light from the moon we see blood on his shirt and hand. He looks up and down the road.

PREW'S VOICE (O.S.)

... it's clear now... gotta get
home...

Still crouched, Prew starts across the road.

LONG SHOT OPPOSITE SIDE OF ROAD

We see nothing but the strip of road, then Prew's figure is visible, bent low, weaving a little. As he approaches the camera, he is taugth square in the twin beams of dimmed headlights which flash on from the side of the road. Now we see that a jeep is parked near camera, heading in the opposite direction from the jeep which passed before. It is also manned by three MPs. There is a startled cry from Prew.

MP'S VOICE

Halt!

Prew starts to run back across the road. A white spotlight flashes on, its harsh brilliant light following him. Prew slips to one knee.

CLOSE SHOT PREW

looking toward the jeep, blinded by the blazing light. He has the appearance of a terrified animal. There is a wildness, a senselessness about him. The blotch of blood oozes and spreads over his shirt. He picks up a rock from the road.

MEDIUM SHOT

Prew rises, staggers away from the jeep.

MP'S VOICE

HALT!

Prew flings the rock desperately toward the lights. There is a crash of glass and one headlight winks off. Prew runs across the road and onto the golf course.

MEDIUM SHOT JEEP

The motor starts, The jeep moves out from its hiding place and starts across the golf course.

MOVING SHOT SHOOTING FROM JEEP

Prew, in a skirmisher's zigzag, is trying to elude the spotlight. He is about twenty yards in front of the jeep. He heads for a high sandtrap. The spot is full on him as he reaches the lip of the trap. He turns, yells something back at the jeep. It is barely heard over the sound of the jeep.

PREW

-- I'm a soljer! --

MP

That guy ain't no soljer -- he dint halt --

MEDIUM SHOT PREW

standing on the lip of the trap, the jeep bearing down on him. He turns, starts to dive into the trap. A blast of gunfire from the jeep hits him. He falls sideways into the trap, rolls over on his back, The jeep moves into the shot, crawls half-way over the trap, stops, its spotlight pouring down on Prew. His eyes are open, looking up to the sky.

ANOTHER ANGLE

CAMERA SHOOTS DOWN to Prew from top of trap. A portion of the jeep is in shot, but we are not able to see the MPs.

MP'S VOICE

(quavering, almost
tearful)

(MORE)

MP'S VOICE(cont'd)

-- maybe he was a soljer -- I dint mean to kill him -- I dint mean it, guys -- you know we got orders --

SECOND MP'S VOICE

Shut up.

The voices are lost as CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY DOWN toward Prew's open eyes. We hear his thoughts on the sound track, clear and fast at first and slow and almost inaudible as the CAMERA REACHES A FULL HEAD CLOSEUP.

PREW'S VOICE

... sweat it out and sweat it out and wait and wait and wait for it... and now it's here... it's here... gotta see to do it well... gotta do it well... won't take long...

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER TO CLOSEUP of Prew's open eyes.

PREW'S VOICE

... just a little more now... gotta do it good... it'll be over... nobody lies... lonely... a man has... got to have some place...

Prew's eyes close. THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

FADE OUT.

BLACK LEADER

There is no sound as the screen remains black for several beats.

FADE IN:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

TWO SHOT WARDEN AND A LIEUTENANT COLONEL

They are looking down to camera, which SHOOTS UP as if from point of view of Prew's body in the sand trap. The dimmed headlights of two jeeps illuminates them. Warden is fighting to control his emotion, to remain the professional soldier. The Lieutenant Colonel is disturbed, but kindly.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

Where's your Company Commander?

WARDEN

He's at Headquarters, sir. I'm the First Sergeant.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL
Did you know this man personally?

WARDEN
Yes, sir.

MEDIUM SHOT WARDEN AND LIEUTENANT COLONEL
They are standing on the lip of the sandtrap. The hoods of the jeeps that chased Prew and the second jeep are just behind them in shot.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL
He didn't have any regular identification. But they found a card on him with his name --
(holds card close to headlight)
-- seems to be a membership in a club. The -- New Congress Club.

WARDEN
Yes, sir.

The Lieutenant Colonel hands the card to Warden.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL
I'll turn this over to you. And these other things that were on him. This --

He unfolds a sheet of paper, holds it to the headlight. He and Warden squint at it.

INSERT: CRUMPLED SHEET OF PAPER WITH PENCILLED WRITING:
"Re-enlistment Blues" is written at the top. The stanzas of the song are beneath the heading.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL'S VOICE
Seems to be acme sort of poem.

WARDEN'S VOICE
Yes, air.

Very softly, so distant that we can only distinguish a word or two now and then, we hear the voices of Clark, Anderson and Prew singing the "Re-enlistment Blues." The plaintive melody continues under the rest of the scene.

MEDIUM SHOT WARDEN AND LIEUTENANT COLONEL

LIEUTENANT COLONEL
And this. Whatever it is.

He holds Prew's bugle mouthpiece up to the light, gives it to Warden. Warden holds it in his hand, stares at it. Under the "Re-enlistment Blues," even softer, farther away, we now hear Prew's bugle blowing Taps. It continues, with the song, to the end of the scene.

WARDEN

It's the mouthpiece of a bugle.

The Lieutenant Colonel looks at Warden closely.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

Are you all right, Sergeant? Was this man a friend of yours?

Warden speaks very formally.

WARDEN

Sir, this man was a good soldier. He loved the Army moren any soljer I ever knew. I would like to make a formal request that this body be buried in the Army's permanent cemetery at Schofield Barracks.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

I believe I can attend to that for you.

WARDEN

Thank you, sir.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

I'm sorry, Sergeant.

The Lieutenant Colonel walks off.

ANOTHER ANGLE WARDEN

INCLUDING Prew's body in the shot as Warden looks down at it. He looks at it for several moments. The Taps is just coming to an end. Warden speaks very quietly.

WARDEN

No, sir. I hardly knew the guy...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HONOLULU HARBOR - DAY

LONG SHOT SHOOTING FROM DOCK TO SHIP LEAVING HARBOR

Taps and the Re-enlistment Blues are swept away by the lush strains of Aloha Oe. The Hawaiian music continues through the scene.

EXT. PROMENADE DECK OF SHIP - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT KAREN

She is looking back at the city. Around her neck is a garland of leis.

LONG SHOT HONOLULU FROM DECK OF SHIP KAREN'S POV

ALMA'S VOICE

It's very beautiful, isn't it?

MEDIUM SHOT KAREN

She turns and CAMERA PANS to INCLUDE Alma in shot, standing beside Karen. She is dressed in black, quite severely.

KAREN

(sociably)

I think It's the most beautiful place I ever saw in my lire.

ALMA

No one would know there was a war, from out here.

Karen takes off her leis, begins tossing them over the rail.

KAREN

There's a legend. If they float in toward shore, you'll come back some day. If they float out to sea, you won't.

ALMA

I won't come back. I had to get away from here. You see, my fiance was killed on December seventh.

KAREN

Oh, I am sorry.

ALMA

(quickly, as if rehearsed)

He was a bomber pilot. He tried to taxi his plane off the apron and the Japs made a direct hit on it. Maybe you read about it in the papers. They awarded him a Silver Star. They sent it to his mother. She wrote me she wanted me to have it.

KAREN
(tossing the last of leis
over)
That's very fine of her.

ALMA
They're very fine people. Southern
people. He was named after a
General. Robert E. Lee -- Prewitt.

Karen looks at Alma numbly. Alma is looking out across the
water.

KAREN
Who?

ALMA
Robert E. Lee Prewitt.
(on verge of tears)
Isn't that a silly old name?

LONG SHOT LEIS IN WATER
They are floating on the water behind the ship. They are
being carried out to sea.

CLOSE SHOT SINGLE LEI
A choppy wave washes over it, submerges it.

FADE OUT.

THE END