

DIRECCIÓN ESCÉNICA

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (RAIN)

Lerner moves away from the clearing, working up a slight incline when the MACHINE GUN FIRE erupts out of the jungle, spinning him - throwing him into the dirt like discarded garbage.

The men are down, yelling.

SGT. WARREN

Ambush! Incoming! Fucking incoming!

Suddenly an RPG rocket breaks out of the bush, sounding like an atom bomb as it devastates the front of the Platoon. Radio Talk is continuous now, back and forth between the three, platoon radios, through the ambush.

O'NEILL

DOC, UP HERE! Lerner's hit!...

More machine gun fire

FRANCIS

DOC! Over here - we got ... one ... two down. Warren's hit.

EXT. JUNGLE - CHURCH - DAY (RAIN)

Chris moving up with Rhah and the others out of the stream, they hit the ground next to Sgt. O'Neill, who looks pretty scared, obviously not about to move.

CHRIS

What's going on?

O'NEILL

Shit they got RPG's on our ass. Fucking ambush - they was waiting for us to break trail!



KING

WATCH OUT! ROCKET!

Another rocket whistling in. A huge roar. Trees shredded, dirt, dust rising.

CHRIS

Who's on point?

O'NEILL

Lerner and Warren.

Chris uses his M-16 to lever himself up into a crouch and suddenly dashes forward, passing Rhah.

RHAH

Where you goin'man!

Chris tearing up. Past Flash - the hip black head with the colored beads. He's dead, torn and shredded, his face and eyes stuff with dirt. Next to him Doc is frantically tourniqueting Tubbs, shot in the legs. He's screaming.

Chris keeps moving to the front as if compelled.

EXT. JUNGLE - BARNES' POSITION - DAY (RAIN)

Barnes is laying out fire.

BARNES

Goddamit, you assholes get fucking firepower out there!

{to Hoyt on radio}

Get Two Bravo up here. Get me a gun.

(to others)

Spread it out! More to the flanks! Look for a fuckin' target!

Another explosion.

EXT. JUNGLE - FORWARD POINT - DAY (RAIN)

Chris comes alongside Francis near the point, throws himself down. Banging his head against his helmet as he falls. The incoming rounds are tearing up the front of the platoon.

CHRIS



(to Francis)
Where's Lerner?

FRANCIS

(terrified)
Out there man - bellind the log.

Looking. A body - moaning, sort of moving, wriggling, as if trying to escape the pain.

CHRIS

Oh Jesus!

His eyes moving to Sgt. Warren lying alongside a tree - calmly trying to stack his intestines back into his ruptured stomach.

Another RPG comes in.

Chris makes a conscious decision, moves up - bit by bit, shielding himself with tree stumps, ant hills, laying out fire, trying to get closer to Lerner.

Francis following his progress, bug-eyed.

Fu Sheng now comes up with his M-60 - Harold his loader, belts of ammo flapping against their bodies. He fires from the hip, providing cover fire for Chris, then pops down.

EXT. FORWARD POINT - JUNGLE - DAY (DRIZZLING RAIN)

Chris, firing out another magazine, crawls closer to Lerner, trying to ascertain if he's still alive.

CHRIS

Lerner! Lerner, can you hear me man?

Lerner groans. A fresh burst of AK fire rakes the area.

Lerner jerks spasmodically with the impact of the rounds.

Chris spots the sniper. In a hole in the ground. Twenty-five meter off. Snapping the magazine out of his AK to reload. A live gook.

Chris tears off a volley at him but the gook disappears in the hole. This is the moment, Chris realizes it, it's now or never if Chris intends to get the gook. He's got to make a move before the man has reloaded his weapon.

He pulls his grenade, pops the pin. He lets the spoon fly off, activating the grenade-timer, as he humps to his feet and runs for the gook hole, concentrating, concentrating. That head is going to pop up any second with a freshly-loaded weapon and tear his head off

Chris won't make it back to the hole. The throw has to be perfect. He won't get another chance. He heaves the frag, drops and rolls away. The throw is perfect, the golden arc of flight from the outfield nailing the baserunner. It twists cleanly in the hole. The explosion muffled but deadly.

Chris scrambles to his feet, a look of almost total surprise on his face. He can't seem to believe he did it. Pointing his M-16 before him, he advances on the hole, looking over the muzzle to see the badly-mangled NVA man twisted at the bottom.

Chris hurries over to Lerner. He's in bad shape, hit in several places, vaguely conscious.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Gator! Gator!

(Lerner groans)

I'm gonna get you out man. You're gonna be okay
Gator... okay?

Fu Sheng laying out fire to protect them, Harold splitting off to get more ammo.

Chris getting Lerner to his feet, hauling him back with all his strength, past Francis...