

## DIRECCIÓN DE ACTORES

**INT. HUTCH - VILLAGE - DAY**

An Old Woman and her Son, a young man with one leg, throw up their hands climbing out of the hole with stupid confused looks as Chris, shaking with his own sort of confusion and rage, cuffs them, hustling them out. The Young Man uses a pair of crutches for his blow-off limb, hobbling like a mangy three-legged dog.

**BUNNY**

Hey look at this! Ma and Pa Kettle here. Look at them - greasy gook motherfuckers!

**CHRIS**

Get up out of there! ... You see I didn't wanna hurt you. Why didn't you come out, when I said so hunh! Why? WHY! WHY? DON'T YOU LISTEN ... WHAT ARE YOU SMILING AT HUNH! FUCKING ASSHOLES!

The couple, hands raised, muttering things in Vietnamese, don't understand a word shaking their heads stupidly and smiling that impassive Oriental smile which send Chris into a rage only he can understand.

His finger closes on the trigger of his 16.

Francis, the baby-faced black, looks nervously, sensing the danger... Bunny amused, drawn in by Chris. O'Neill watches passively from the lip of the hutch.

The Young Man continues to grin, not seeming to realize the degree of danger he's in, which is what Chris wants - a token sign of acquiescence. There is also the added element of showing off his nlanhood in front of an audience now.

**BUNNY**

Do `em man, do `em.



Chris. The trigger. He pulls. But he can't quite bring himself to kill. The bullets exploding in the dirt at the edges of the young man's foot.

**CHRIS**

(demonic)

DANCE YOU ONE-LEGGED MOTHERFUCKER, DANCE!!!

The Young Man hops up and down in a reflex fear of the sound of the bullets as they thud into the dirt. Yet his eyes remain fixed on Chris in wonderment.

Chris, firing out the magazine, seems to expend his bloodlust. He ceases, noticing - for the first time the eyes of the Young Man. They aren't stupid - nor fearful - but filled with resignation and despair - a despair that Chris, in disgust of himself, recognizes.

Chris lowers the rifle, silent

The Young Man's impassive face shines now with tears. That sad young look - as if death itself would've been a release. Chris turns his eyes away, an awkward sense of shame.

**FRANCIS**

(leaves)

Let's get out of here man.

But Bunny takes up the slack, moves forward on the young man.

**BUNNY**

(to Chris)

You chickenshit man, they're laughing at you, look at them faces. That's the way a gook laughs.

The Young Man nodding affable to Bunny and mumbling ingratiating words in Vietnamese.

**BUNNY (CONT'D)**

Yeah sure you are, you're real sorry ain't you.

You're just crying out your hearts about Sandy and Sal and Manny - they're laughing at us! Their family is out there in the fucking bush blowing us away and they're laughing at us!

**O'NEILL**

(checking out the hutch)  
Forget it will ya, let's go...

Chris standing there, watching, sensing something awful is going to come and unable to do anything about it. It comes - suddenly and without warning. Bunny is looking at O'Neill, the Vietnamese couple are muttering something. In one fluid move, Bunny swivels and with unbelievable savagery clubs the young one-legged man in the side of the head with the butt of his 16.

**O'NEILL (CONT'D)**

(stunned)  
Hey what are you doing!

**BUNNY**

Fucker!

The young man is groaning on the floor of the hutch. Bunny smashes him - again and again.

**BUNNY (CONT'D)**

That's for Sandy! And this is for Sal! And this is for fucking Manny! This is for me!

Chris watches, horrified. Never in his life has he seen something so horrifying as this. And yet he does nothing. He is part of it.

**BUNNY (CONT'D)**

(stepping back, examines what's left of the head, amazed)  
Wow! You see his fucking head come apart? Look at that ... I never seen brains like dat before. Jesus fucking Christ...

The Old Lady is shrieking, hovering over the body of her son.