

A Vietnam Story

These guys have just come out of the field in Vietnam and are in garrison for some rest. They could be from just about any infantry unit and it could be just about any day in the Vietnam war.

SFC Clooney – He has seen it all and is on his 3rd tour. Everyone respects him and looks up to him.

PFC Fenton – He’s an FNG (fuckin’ new guy) and only in country for about 2 months. He drinks a lot but can’t handle it.

PFC Hurst – Another FNG. He came to Vietnam with Fenton. He’s a straight arrow but still a nice guy and very reliable.

SSGT Wes – He has been in country about 10 months. He does more drinking than most of the guys. He is laid back and usually easy to get along with.

NOTE: Do not fear the enemy, for your enemy can only take your life. It is far better that you fear the media, for they will steal your HONOR.

Scene 1

Inside the enlisted hootch. It is early morning and Fenton and Hurst are at their bunks arguing. SFC Clooney is in his bunk, which is right across the aisle from Fenton and Hurst.

HURST Fenton, wake up!! You rotten bastard. You are an idiot and you are going to pay for this.

FENTON: Hey man, leave me alone. I’m not feelin’ good. (he rolls over in his bunk)

HURST: Yeah, I know your not feeling good and it’s all over my new tape recorder. Are you still drunk? Wake up!! You are going to clean up this mess. Now get down here.

HURST pulls Fenton from the top bunk.

HURST: Look at what you’ve done. That’s your puke all over my tape recorder isn’t it?

FENTON: I didn’t do that. Somebody else must have come over here and puked on your tape recorder. It wasn’t me.

HURST: Fenton, you are nuts. Look the puke is even on the sheets and mattress of your bunk.

Sgt Clooney is waking up and setting on the edge of his bunk.

CLOONEY: Hey, what's all the racket? Hold it down will you before Charlie zeros in on our voices and drops a few rounds on us.

HURST: Sgt Clooney, come and take a look at this. Fenton puked all over my new tape recorder last night.

Clooney gets up from his bunk and goes over and looks.

CLOONEY: What the hell... Man, that is really a mess. Fenton did you do this?

FENTON doesn't answer.

CLOONEY: God that stinks. Hurst, if I were you I'd take Fenton out side right now and shoot him.

HURST: Can I, Sgt Clooney? Can I?

I just bought that tape recorder from the PX yesterday. I put it on a chair next to my bunk so I could listen to music at night. And then this moron comes in last night, climbs up in his bunk and pukes all over my tape recorder while I was asleep.

FENTON: I didn't do that Sarge!! Someone else must have done it.

CLOONEY: (he grabs Fenton by his t-shirt and drags him away)

Come here Fenton!! Do I really look that stupid?

Clooney, knocks on Fenton's head like it's a coconut.

There's nothing in there Fenton. Do you really expect anyone to believe that story.

Now, tell me what happened. And if you try to tell me you didn't do it again, I am going to put my boot so far up your ass you are going to start shitting Tiffany Cuff links. Do you Roger that slut puppy?

FENTON: OK, OK. I understand? But it was an accident.

CLOONEY: So you "accidentally" puked on Hurst's tape recorder. This I gotta hear and it better be good.

FENTON: Last night I went to the MP hootch to drink with them and got drunk. They finally threw me out when I stopped paying for my beer.

CLOONEY: Now there is a surprise. Fenton those guys only charge 20 cents for a can of beer and I know it doesn't take much to get you drunk so how could you not be able to pay for your beer? Never mind that. You're making really good friends all over this place aren't you?

FENTON: So I finally found my way back here.

CLOONEY: Fenton!! What do you mean that you "finally found your way back here" the MP hootch is only 3 hootches down from us. You are a regular Marco Polo. Hurst, remind me to put Fenton on the first detail to look for mines.

Clooney yells this next line to the hootch in general

And for God's sake don't anyone give Fenton a compass, he's liable to get his finger caught in it. .

FENTON: Well any way I finally found my way back to our hootch and went inside. I got undressed, climbed up in my bunk and went to sleep.

CLOONEY: You mean you passed out you limp dick. This is already pissing me off.

FENTON: I don't know how long I was asleep,

(Clooney jerks on Fenton's shirt)

er.. I mean passed out. But I woke up sometime during the night and the hootch felt like it was spinning and I was getting sick to my stomach. I was going to have to puke. And this is where the accident comes in Sgt Clooney.

I was so drunk I couldn't tell if I was inside or if I was outside. So I decided that if I was outside then it was OK if I puked over the side of my bunk, but if I was inside then I would just pretend I was out side and puke anyway. And that's how I accidentally puked on Hurst's tape recorder. You understand don't you Sgt Clooney

CLOONEY: Yeah Fenton and if your brains were C4 you wouldn't have enough to blow your nose.

Hurst, how much was that tape recorder?

HURST: It was \$85 dollars SGT Clooney.

COONEY: How much money do you have on you Fenton?

FENTON: I'm broke, I told you I wasn't able to pay for my beer.

Clooney drags Fenton over by the inside wall of the hootch.

CLOONEY: Fenton, I am going to go through those stinking fatigues of yours and if I find one MPC note or one Vietnamese Piaster or one American Green you better give your soul to God, because your ass is gonna be mine. Now Fenton, once more, how much money do you have?

FENTON: (sheepishly) I still got about 30 dollars Sarge.

CLOONEY: And you wouldn't pay the MPs for your beer? Hurst, I'm gonna have to kill this bastard before you do, just to save the rest of us.

OK, Fenton, give Hurst all the money you have and you will still owe him the difference. And you can be sure I will be standing next to you in the pay line the next time we have pay call.

One more thing Fenton and pay close attention to this. I want you to remember to eat when you can. Sleep when you can. Visit the latrine when you can. Because I promise you, the next opportunity may not come around for a long time. If ever.

SGT Wes is in his skivvies and comes stumbling down the middle of the hootch.

WES: What the hell are you turds doin? I've got a hangover from that rot gut whiskey I got from the slopes and I've got to puke. I'll be outside. But hold down the noise for Christ's sake..

CLOONEY: Fenton, take a note here. That's how a "real man" drinks. He gets up, staggers outside and pukes. He doesn't do it all over his friends and their electronics. When Wes comes back in I want you to go down to his bunk and ask him how he's able to hold his liquor like he does. If he doesn't beat the shit out of you first, it will be a good lesson for you.

Clooney starts getting his stuff together to take a shower.
You can hear Wes out side puking. Then Wes comes back in.

CLOONEY: Wes, that cheap Vietnamese rot gut is either going to kill you or make you go blind. You gotta stop drinking it.

WES: Hey, it costs about half of what it costs in the PX and tastes almost as good.

CLOONEY: You may be right you cheap bastard but they don't give out any medals or pensions for guys who die or become crippled from that stuff.

WES: Thousands of us earn medals for bravery every day and sometimes they even award a few. The only medal I want to be awarded is the Longevity Medal.

CLOONEY: Well you're not even going to get it if you keep drinkin' that stuff.

WES: Hey what do you care? I'm mad as hell at you right now for letting me almost get killed last night.

CLOONEY: What are you talking about. You must still be drunk.

WES: I'm not drunk. Did you see me laying in my bunk last night?

PAUSE

Of course you didn't you piss ant because I wasn't there. But you don't care. You would let me get my throat cut and you wouldn't lose any sleep over it at all.

CLOONEY: Wes you're going to have to explain this to me because I am totally lost.

WES: Well I'll tell you then. You know how when we come out of the field and are in garrison to get a little rest and how I always go out to the back of the hootch in the evening and drink.

CLOONEY: Yes Wes I know. We all do it and we were all back there last night getting drunk with you.

WES: Well you know how when I have to take a leak I walk further back behind the hootch until I get to the fence and I take my whiz there? I don't want to contaminate our party area and it's too far to the latrine. I'm always thinking about you guys.

CLOONEY: Yes, I don't know what we would do without all of your humanitarian works. We know you care and worry about all of us Wes. What a guy!

WES: While we were all drinking last night I had to take whiz, as usual. So I went down to the fence. I guess I had more to drink then I thought.

CLOONEY: (Interjecting) Or maybe you finally got some really bad rot gut.

WES: Nope, that wasn't it and let me finish my story fuzz nuts.

I guess I was standing at the fence taking a leak and I passed out. And I guess when I passed out, after I hit the ground, I rolled underneath the fence and wound up in the ditch outside of our hootch area. I don't know how long I was there but a South Vietnamese soldier riding by on his bike saw me, pulled me out of the ditch and woke me up. Let me tell you, that scared about two tons of crap out of me.

Can you imagine waking up, not knowing where you were and a Vietnamese in a military uniform is staring you in the face. I thought I was done for, my life was over and I couldn't even call in an air strike before he killed me.

Anyway, lucky for me he wasn't a VC. He was a nice guy. Helped me stand up and get my bearings. I could then see the back of our hootch on the other side of the fence and what the hell, everyone was gone. You rotten bastards just went inside, hit the sack and didn't check on me at all.

CLOONEY: So what did you do. Kiss your new Vietnamese friend good night and go home with him. (in mock Vietnamese) Oh, we love you long time G.I.

WES: That's it, make a big joke fart face!! I could have been killed and you guys would never have known it.

(Wes is getting confused)

No. Well, yes. No!. Damn Clooney you have me confused.

I did get back into the ditch but that was so I could climb back under the fence to our side, Man, we got some great security around here don't we?

Then I went back inside the hootch and you guys were all sacked out. All I heard was snoring and someone puking his guts out up by your bunk. I was hoping maybe he was puking on you.

CLOONEY: Your right Wes, we should have a bed check every night like we did in basic. Those were the days, weren't they you little honey boy?

WES: Clooney, you've been so far lucky and you've made it through all of this shit for 3 years, but remember one thing: Sometimes, being good and lucky is not enough. There is always payback.

CLOONEY: OK Wes, I'll remember that. Oh, hey I forgot, you had a couple of letters and a box at mail call yesterday and I brought them back to the hootch for you.

WES: And you couldn't have told me that yesterday evening? What the hell is wrong with you. You are a real cheese dick.

CLOONEY: I wasn't sure you would want them. You know letters from home are not always great. I might be postponing a Dear John letter for you.

WES: Clooney, why don't you shove your head up your ass and jump.

Wes turns and starts walking back to his bunk

CLOONEY: Hey Wes, don't forget, boxes of cookies from home must be shared. Oh, and by the way Fenton's waiting to talk with you.

THE END