

“STRYKER’S WAR”

BY

JOSH BECKER

AND

SCOTT SPIEGEL

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EXT. VIETNAMESE VILLAGE DAY

La Chau Four is a small village of fifteen bamboo and thatch huts that form a circle. A river runs along the north edge and rice paddies surround the other three sides. Dense jungle surrounds the rice paddies.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A Marine Corps infantry squad moves stealthily along a well-worn jungle trail. The squad is made up of twelve men dressed in camouflage fatigues, flak jackets and helmets, their faces smeared with camouflage make-up.

At the point of the squad is a young PFC who nervously scans the treetops. His knuckles, tightly gripped to his M-16, are white with fear. And 2nd LIEUTENANT GREEN, a clean-cut 25 year old.

Next in line is STAFF SERGEANT JACK STRYKER, a tall strapping man. He is thirty years old. An unlit cigar butt is plugged into the corner of his mouth like it was part of his face.

Next is SERGEANT WALKER J. JACKSON, (K.O.), a toweringly huge black man with the physique of a brick shithouse. He is thirty years old.

Followed by LANCE CORPORAL TIM TYLER, (LOVE MACHINE), a tough fair-haired kid with a football player's body. TYLER is the radio operator and has his radio strapped to his back.

The marines are spaced ten yards apart in a zigzagging line. The nervous PFC walks to the right of a large leaf lying across the trail, which he does not notice.

2nd LIEUTENANT GREEN'S foot come right down on the leaf springing a booby-trap, a malayan whip, a device with four sharpened bamboo spikes that snaps up and impales GREEN through the chest. Simultaneously, a line of bullets tear across GREEN'S stomach and chest, throwing him backward.

STRYKER snaps around and empties an entire twenty-round clip of bullets in the direction the muzzle flash came from and a Viet Cong Soldier, wearing black pajamas and a conical straw hat drops out of tree. The Marines all hit the deck as bullets zing in from all directions.

A Medical Corpsman crawls forward to the 2nd Lieutenant, while TYLER speaks into the handset of the radio.

TYLER

We need a medevac! I repeat, we need an emergency medevac, A.S.A.P.!

JACKSON crawls over to STRYKER, spraying an occasional burst of bullets from his M-60 machine gun.

JACKSON

There goes another 2nd Lieutenant

STRYKER

Yeah. That's the 3rd one in two months. 2nd Lieutenants ain't got much luck in our platoon.

JACKSON

I pity the fool that gets sent to take GREEN'S place.

STRYKER turns to TYLER.

STRYKER

Hey, Love Machine, Deedee-Mou us outa here.

TYLER

Right.

TITLE SEQUENCE: A montage of VIETNAM newsreel footage—Napalm strikes, Cobra gun-ships firing millions of rounds into the jungle, F-14 jets strafing villages, etc.

EXT. HILL 22 - DAY

Hill 22 is a bunch of sandbag bunkers with corrugated sheet metal roofs surrounded by coiled concertina wire.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

STRYKER, JACKSON and TYLER, drinking heavily, are on Rat patrol attempting to kill rats with bayonets and K-Bar knives. They have cornered one.

JACKSON

All right, Motherfucker, I know you're the one that ate

my boot last night and now you're gonna pay!

STRYKER pulls out a .357 magnum.

STRYKER

Stop crapping around, move out of the way! I'll blow
it's brains out.

JACKSON

No way he's mine.

TYLER

Just stomp on him, K.O.

JACKSON

Fuck off, Love Machine. Mickey's gotta learn that
payback is a Motherfucker!

He throws the knife and misses

JACKSON

Shit!

STRYKER

Man this sucks! We oughtta go down there and kick
some ass! All this reconnaissance shit is for the birds.

TYLER

Keep cool Jack. What goes around comes around.

STRYKER

Fuck that! I'm sick of sitting around.

JACKSON

So come on, let's do it. I'll back you up all the way.

STRYKER

If I was the C.O. we'd be down there right now.

TYLER

Man, you are the C.O.

STRYKER

Aw, Fuck!

JACKSON

Stryker, you poor son-of-a-bitch! You been in the marines too long. The man says shit and you shit.

STRYKER

What about you buddy? I don't see you layin' any of your bad ass shit on the gooks.

JACKSON

Yeah? Well I'm layin it on the gook rats now, the rest'll get theirs later.

TYLER

Let's face it. The man says sit in a hole, we sit in a hole. We're just livin' in a world of shit.

STRYKER

There it is G.I.

JACKSON and TYLER go back to the rat while STRYKER drops back on his cot and flashes back.

EXT. A&W – DAY (FLASHBACK)

STRYKER, who is six years younger and wearing civies, sits in the cab of a pick-up truck with a lovely, 17 year old girl named SALLY. The truck is parked at a A&W drive-in restaurant.

SALLY snuggles up to STRYKER in the car.

SALLY

Oh, Jack, it's so good having you back. I missed you so much. It was getting so I could hardly remember what you looked like.

JACK

(He reaches into his pocket)

Here, I got this for you in San Diego

(He hands her a bottle of
Channel 45)

SALLY

(Taking the bottle, unscrewing
the cap and smelling it)

It's wonderful, I love it.
(They kiss)

JACK

Well ... I wasn't sure whether to get you this or a doll.
I guess I made the right choice.

SALLY

(She slaps him on the
shoulder)

A doll, how old do you think I am? Ten?

JACK

No, but the last time we saw each other you were still a
little girl, or, at least, you weren't as grown up as you are
now. You really are looking good.

SALLY

Thank you. And so are you. can't wait until all of my
friends get to meet you, they'll just die. I hope there's
a tuxedo here big enough to fit you.

JACK

Tuxedo? What would I be wearing a tuxedo for?

SALLY

For the Prom, of course. It's next Friday. I've already
got my dress, you'll just love it.

JACK

The Prom? You expect me to take you to the Prom?
What made you think that?

SALLY

(Straightening up)

Well, when I got your letter saying that you'd be home
this week I just naturally assumed you'd take me. You
mean you won't?

JACK

Hell no. I'm not going to any stupid High school Prom.
I never went to my own and that was almost ten years
ago.

SALLY

But you have to. Everything is all arranged.

JACK

It wasn't arranged with me. I've got to be back in San Diego by Saturday, there's no way I can be here on Friday night.

SALLY

(Very hurt)

But ... What'll I do? I won't have a date for the Prom.

JACK

(Trying to hug her)

Oh, come on. it's not that big of a deal. You'll find someone.

SALLY

(Pushing away)

It's not that big of a deal to you maybe, but it means everything to me. I'm going to be the laughing stock of the school now. I can't believe you'd do this to me.

JACK

I'm not doing anything to you. I'm just home for a week on liberty is all and now you've made me out to be some kind of culprit.

SALLY

I'm telling you, Jack Stryker, if you're not here on Friday night to take me to the Prom, I never want to see you ever again in my whole life!

JACK

(Serious)

You think my being in the Marines is some kind of joke? That I can come back any time I want to? Now I already told you, I'm not gonna be here on Friday, so you'd better make other plans.

SALLY

I already have!

She gets out of the car, slams the door and leaves. Stryker is left alone. The waitress arrives with the food.

JACK

Shit!

EXT. HILL 22 - DAY END FLASHBACK

STRYKER is jolted back to reality as Jackson hoists an impaled rat up on his bayonet.

JACKSON

That sucker's confirmed! Payback is a motherfucker!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LANDING ZONE – DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE)

A huge CH-46 helicopter sets down and one officer quickly gets out. He is 2ND LIEUTENANT DAVID MILLER. The CH-46 immediately takes off.

EXT. HILL 22 - DAY

STRYKER, JACKSON, TYLER and the PFC are returning to the hill, battle-weary with several walking wounded. Medical Corpsmen and stretcher-bearers come dashing up. STRYKER sees the officer and salutes.

MILLER looks at his notes.

MILLER

You must be staff sergeant Stryker.

STRYKER

Yes Sir.

MILLER

I'm 2nd Lieutenant Miller – the new C.O. Seems like you ran into some trouble.

STRYKER

Yes Sir. Right outside La Chau Four.

They walk toward one of the bunkers.

MILLER

Right. I just finished reading all the reports on La Chau Four.

STRYKER

Then you gotta know that anytime we get near that damn ville we get our ass kicked. Something's gotta be done about it, sir, and soon.

They enter the communications bunker.

MILLER

As the new platoon commander, La Chau Four is my first order of business. I have a plan that I think should nip this problem in the bud, Stryker.

STRYKER

Yes Sir.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

STRYKER and MILLER sit at a table with a map spread out before them.

MILLER

Now what I have in mind here is a variation on the double envelopment strategy, I'm sure you've used this numerous times.

STRYKER

No, not really.

MILLER

That's okay, I'll explain. What we'll do is break the platoon up into four squads. The second and third squads will be stationed in the jungle and across the river . . .

He points out the various positions on the map.

MILLER

The fourth squad will be in the jungle across the rice

paddy and the first squad will be broken into two, four-man attack units which will attack the village from either side.

STRYKER

If you'll excuse me, sir, why don't we get the whole platoon, march right in there and clean 'em up?

MILLER

No, no. Surprise is the key element here.

STRYKER

I know I'd be a whole lot more surprised by a platoon than eight guys.

MILLER

I'm certain that the four man attack units will be sufficient.

STRYKER

If you'll excuse me one more time, sir, one of those attack units, probably both, is gonna get totally wiped out while forty Marines sit in the jungle playing with their dicks.

MILLER is now angry.

MILLER

I didn't ask for your opinion, sergeant. Now go choose the men for the attack units. You'll lead one, I'll lead the other.

STRYKER

But—

MILLER

—Have you got anything else to add, sergeant?

STRYKER

No, sir.

MILLER

That's fine. Dismissed.

STRYKER salutes and leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LA CHAU FOUR - NIGHT (Stock Shot)

The small village of thatched huts sits peacefully in the moonlight,

EXT. LA CHAU FOUR - NIGHT

In full battle gear and camouflage make-up, STRYKER, JACKSON, the PFC and another Marine low-crawl through the mud toward La Chau Four. When they get a little way out STRYKER stops and motions for the others to do the same. STRYKER takes out his canteen, takes a swig and hands it to JACKSON.

On the opposite side of the village MILLER, TYLER and two other Marines are also low-crawling through the mud toward La Chau Four.

With each movement forward MILLER's pack gives off a metallic rattle. TYLER winces every time he hears it until finally he grabs MILLER by the seat of the pants and yanks him down into the mud. TYLER crawls onto MILLER's back, reaches into his pack and pulls out a mess-kit which he sets on the ground. MILLER is burning with rage.

TYLER

(Whispering)

It's okay, you can pick it up on the way back.

MILLER restrains himself and motions for his attack team to halt. MILLER takes the handset of TYLER's radio and whispers into it.

MILLER

India two bravo, this is India six. Situation report. Over.

STRYKER takes the handset of the radio from the guy beside him and keys the microphone.

A very quiet static comes out of the radio on TYLER's back.

MILLER

India two Charlie – sit rep. Over.

EXT. JUNGLE ACROSS THE RIVER - NIGHT

Twenty Marines lurk at the edge of the jungle across the river. One of them keys the mike of their radio.

Static comes out of TYLER's radio.

MILLER

India two delta. Sit rep. Over

EXT. JUNGLE ACROSS THE RICE PADDY - NIGHT

Twenty Marines crouch at the edge of the jungle. One of them keys the mike.

EXT. LA CHAU FOUR - NIGHT

Once again static comes through TYLER'S radio. Now they all wait breathlessly for the sun to rise.

EXT. LA CHAU FOUR - DAWN

The sun gleams down through the morning mist on the village and all of the inert, tense Marines. MILLER swallows hard. He is frightened and shaking and trying hard not to show it, although the three Marines beside him are perfectly aware of his state.

TYLER takes the handset of the radio and holds it out to MILLER. He takes it, swallows again, quietly clears his throat, keys the mike and whispers.

MILLER

Let's go.

MILLER'S attack unit rises to their feet and begin moving in on the village.

STRYKER, JACKSON, the PFC and the other marine also approach the village. When they are twenty yards from the village's perimeter, two sleepy Viet Cong soldiers appear from behind a hut. All four Marines immediately open fire and gun them down.

Hearing the shooting, MILLER gets angry.

MILLER

They're not supposed to be shooting yet, what's wrong with them?

STRYKER's attack unit continues to advance when suddenly ten more Viet Cong soldiers armed with AK-47 rifles appear around the same hut where their two dead comrades lay.

STRYKER

Oh shit!

The Viet Cong open fire and before the Marines can dive to the ground, a line of bullets tear across the torsos of the PFC, the guy beside STRYKER, then veer down and across STRYKER's right leg. Screaming in pain, STRYKER drops into the mud beside JACKSON who blazes away with his M-60, keeping cover behind the dead PFC.

The VC turn and see MILLER's attack team approaching and begin shooting as they run over to the other side of the village.

With bullets landing all around them and more and more vc appearing around the huts, MILLER and his unit turn and run for their lives. The Marines beside MILLER turns and looks back as he's running and takes a bullet in his right eye. When the bullet exits the back of his head blood spatters MILLER.

Totally sickened, MILLER stumbles and falls on his face. Without a moment's thought, TYLER and the other Marine grab MILLER's arms and drag him back to the safety of the jungle and the waiting fourth squad.

The Viet Cong soldiers now turn all of their attention back to JACKSON and STRYKER, lying in the mud behind the two dead Marines. STRYKER's leg is nearly blown apart and bleeds profusely onto the ground around him. With a piece of rope from his belt STRYKER applies a tourniquet to his thigh.

JACKSON

Man, we are fucked!

Bullets rip into the ground all around them. Every now and then JACKSON raises his M-60 and let's off a few rounds, then quickly flattens back out. STRYKER snarls through clenched teeth.

STRYKER

Get the hell outa here!

JACKSON

Oh yeah, where would you like me to go?

STRYKER

Move your ass into the jungle!

JACKSON

Marines don't leave their wounded, you know that, besides, I wouldn't get five feet.

JACKSON gets off a few more rounds and wastes a VC.

STRYKER

Get out of here! That's an order!

JACKSON

We'll talk about it later, right now you're goin' for a ride.

In one quick movement JACKSON pulls STRYKER onto his back, stands up and begins firing his M-60 from the hip like a madman, expended shells flying everywhere.

The Viet Cong soldiers hit the deck as JACKSON, with STRYKER on his back, attacks the village.

JACKSON runs into the midst of the VC, the M-60 blazing fire, and begins spinning in a circle, blasting the shit out of the huts, the VC who aren't crouched low enough and taking the head off the stone Buddha in the center of the village.

After making three complete turns, JACKSON throws the M-60 and hauls ass out of the village, across the rice paddy toward the jungle where the fourth squad is waiting.

The Viet Cong quickly get to their feet, run to the edge of the village and begin firing at JACKSON who is weaving and swaying like he's running for a touchdown.

The fourth squad spots JACKSON and STRYKER and they all hoot and cheer raucously as they adeptly pick off the visible VC at the edge of the village.

Bullets land all around his feet as JACKSON runs like the devil is after him, with STRYKER squeezing the hell out of his throat. With a tremendous final leap, JACKSON throws himself and STRYKER headlong into the foliage.

The two Marines hit the ground with a thump beside the fourth squad. STRYKER gasps in pain. The Marines go crazy.

A Medical Corpsman rushes over to STRYKER who reaches out and grabs JACKSON by his flak jacket. JACKSON is gasping and sweating, but grinning wildly. STRYKER is nearly blind with pain and speaks through clenched teeth.

STRYKER

Thanks. I owe ya one.

JACKSON

No prob, Jack, don't worry about it.

The medical Corpsman injects STRYKER with morphine, then attends to his shredded leg.

MILLER approaches looking very shaken and overwhelmed with guilt.

MILLER

I had no idea . . . you gotta understand, I didn't know there'd be so damn many of them. I know you told me,

but how was I supposed to know?

The morphine kicks in and STRYKER blacks out.

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

BLACK - A DOORBELL RINGS

The CULT LEADER's face appears in a distorted fish eye view against black. He smiles revealing dirty, crooked teeth.

INT. HOUSE - BACK HALL

An eye looks through the viewer in the door. The fellow whose eye it is turns and calls.

MALE VICTIM

Hey, does anybody know a goofy looking hippy with bad teeth?

INT. KITCHEN

A guy and a girl sit at the table playing poker. She gives him a card which causes him to have a straight flush. They both shrug in relation to the question.

FEMALE VICTIM # 1

Not me, he's probably one of Steve's friends.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Two guys and a girl sit in front of the fireplace, lit candles all around, smoking a joint. The woman-turns to one of the men.

FEMALE VICTIM # 2

You expecting someone?

MALE VICTIM # 2

Hell, 'spect me to remember.

FEMALE VICTIM # 3

(calling out)

Find out who it is.

INT. BACK HALL

The fellow at the back door turns back to the door.

MALE VICTIM # 1

Hey, what's your—

He looks through the viewer and no one's there. He puts his hand on the door knob, turns it and the lock pops out.

A BULLET

tears through the door and comes out his back.

AS HE SCREAMS

and falls to the floor the door bursts open and five crazed looking hippies, including the CULT LEADER, burst in. As the CULT LEADER slowly walks up the hall the rest of the gang runs up the hall and into the kitchen and family room.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Gunshots flash through the windows, the sound muffled and distant.

INT. HOUSE

The needle has reached the end of the record and clicks against the label.

THE PLAYING CARDS

lay strewn across the floor. Blood drips on them.

A FISHBOWL

is splattered with blood which slowly descends through the water.

A BABY'S BOTTLE

sits in a pot of boiling water on the stove.

A music box version of Brahms' "Lullaby" is heard.

THE CULT LEADER HEARS THIS

and turns his attention to it.

INT. BEDROOM

The darkened room is illuminated by the beam of light coming through the slowly opening door. The Cult Leader enters the room and his shadow moves forward toward the baby's crib.

The Cult Leader stands over the crib and looks down at the crying baby, a motionless mobile hanging over its head. The Cult Leader taps the mobile with his finger and smiles, then his shadow envelops the infant in darkness.

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

Title: USA, 1969

EXT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL - DAY

STRYKER exits the front door dressed in an ill-fitting black suit with a white shirt. He is unshaven, has a cigar butt clamped in his jaw and walks with the assistance of a cane.

On the sidewalk he passes two fourteen year old boys in the midst of an animated conversation.

KID #1

. . . So then she goes up to the crib, yanks back the blanket and the baby's got yellow eyes!

KID #2

No.

KID #1

Yeah, it's so scary.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

STRYKER hobbles up the street and stops before an old house with a sign hanging in front reading, "Happy Valley Kennels." He goes up to the front door.

EXT. LOWER MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE - DAY

There is a lot of barking from a multitude of dogs coming from the fenced-in area behind the house. STRYKER knocks on the front door and after a short pause the door is answered by a short, bald man in his early sixties with pince-nez glasses.

BALD MAN

May I help you?

STRYKER

Yeah, I've come for my dog.

The man blinks several times and looks closer at STRYKER.

BALD MAN

Sergeant Stryker?

STRYKER

Yeah.

BALD MAN

I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you out of uniform.

STRYKER

(Shrugs)

Well, that is . . .

The BALD MAN ushers him in.

BALD MAN

Come in, come in.

INT. KENNEL - DAY

The house , is decorated in spotted carpeting, shredded furniture and photos of prize-winning dogs.

The BALD MAN notices STRYKER's limp, but says nothing.

BALD MAN

It's been quite a long time, Sergeant. I've come to look upon Whiskey as my own dog. I'm sorry to have to give him up, but . . . I'll be back in a moment.

The man heads down the hall and out back. An old radio is on and STRYKER listens to the news report.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.0)

Judy Garland was forty-six years old and best known for her role as Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz." Judy Garland's death comes right on the heels of actors Robert Taylor and Boris Karloff.

On the homefront -- five victims of a grisly mass murder were discovered late last night in a luxurious Bloomfield Hills estate. The victims were identified as wealthy industrialist Vito Rossano, his five month pregnant wife, Estelle, and three visiting friends . . .

The BALD MAN returns with a medium size, brown and black mutt—WHISKEY, who trots casually. WHISKEY stops, catches a familiar scent, sees STRYKER and makes a mad dash for him. STRYKER drops to his good knee grinning.

STRYKER

Whiskey, you old sonuvabitch!

Whiskey jumps into his arms and he happily hugs the dog. WHISKEY ecstatically slobbers all over STRYKER's face.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.0)

. . . The bodies were found to have over fifty bullet and knife wounds each. Police coroners state that the cryptic messages found scrawled on the walls were written in the blood of the deceased . . .

BALD MAN

That's pretty terrible about those deaths, huh?

STRYKER looks up.

STRYKER

I'll say, I really like Boris Karloff.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

STRYKER and WHISKEY walk up the sidewalk away from the kennel. STRYKER has WHISKEY's leash wrapped around the hand holding the cane. Every couple of seconds WHISKEY stops to sniff a rock or pee on a bush.

STRYKER

Well, pal, we're damn near broke. Next time I'll put ya up at the Hilton, probably be cheaper.

WHISKEY pees on a tree.

STRYKER

The way I figure it we're gonna have to hitch home.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPGROUND ENTRANCE - DAY

On a tree in the foreground is a sign reading, "K.I.A. CAMPGROUND." An ailing engine with a bad muffler is heard. A white VW van pulls up sputtering and coughing. The door opens and STRYKER and WHISKEY get out. Inside the van JANE, FRANK THORN and their ten year old son THEO all argue.

JANE

Can't we just take him all the way home?

FRANK

Are You kidding? We'll be lucky to make it ten more feet.

JANE

I told you to take this thing in before we left, but no . . .

FRANK

Oh, Jane, for God's sake.

STRYKER

No, really, this is swell.

THEO

Dad, when we get there can I play with my Jarts?

FRANK

You and these stupid darts! You can put somebody's eye out with those things.

The van drives away sputtering and popping.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

STRYKER hobbles up the rural, woodsy road, WHISKEY pulling at the leash to go over to the side of the road. STRYKER lets go of the leash and WHISKEY goes into the underbrush.

STRYKER steps up to the shoulder of the road, looks around, then unzips his trousers. Just as he's about to piss he sees a car approaching and turns around and acts natural.

The car goes by very slowly and STRYKER shifts his weight from one foot to another.

Finally it is gone. STRYKER turns, unzips again and begins to relieve himself when suddenly a police car appears with its flashers on. STRYKER pees on his shoe.

STRYKER

Oh shit.

The COP gets out of the car and swaggers over.

COP

What's the problem, bud, you lost?

STRYKER

No. I live right up the road here.

COP

Who're you kidding, pal? Nobody lives up this road.

STRYKER

Yeah? Well I do. About a quarter of a mile up, on the night.

The COP looks closer at STRYKER and removes his mirror shades.

COP

Jack Stryker?

STRYKER

Jim O'Grady? Get outta here! How long has it been?
Ten years?

COP

At least.

Meanwhile, in the woods nearby, WHISKEY is sniffing around and catches a scent. He starts after it and his leash gets caught on a root, impeding his further movement.

Back at the road . . .

COP

Jump in. I'll give you a ride.

STRYKER

Great. Just let me find my dog. Whiskey!

WHISKEY pulls at the hooked leash, growling. STRYKER spots the hooked end of the leash, swings down his cane and snags it. He reels in the reticent dog.

STRYKER

What's the matter, boy, you smell a skunk?

STRYKER drags his dog away from the woods and they both get into the police car and drive away.

Our view widens until we are back in the woods and first fingers appear, then a hand, and then the severed end of an arm covered with ants is revealed. It sits in a pool of blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STRYKER'S CABIN - NIGHT

STRYKER and WHISKEY look at the dilapidated shack that is their home.

STRYKER

This is it, kiddo, the old homestead.

WHISKEY runs up and pees on the porch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STRYKER'S CABIN - DAY

The place looks much better than before, cleaned up, fixed up and almost habitable. STRYKER puts the last nail into one of the posts supporting the front awning, then tosses the hammer beside the toolbox and sits down beside WHISKEY.

STRYKER

That's about all I can do to this old place.

STRYKER picks up a nearly empty bottle of Jim Beam and drains the contents. Just then an old 158 International Harvester pick-up truck pulls up and stops. A craggy, stooped old man of seventy-one in a flannel shirt and work pants gets out. He is OTIS.

STRYKER

Just the man I wanted to see. How ya doin', Otis?

OTIS takes a bag of groceries from out of the back of the truck and walks over.

OTIS

I'll tell ya, Jack, f o r seventy-one I feel pretty damn good.

STRYKER grabs the groceries from Otis and they go inside.

INT. STRYKER'S CABIN - DAY

The cabin is basically one big room furnished in ratty old couches and chairs, an army cot and a pot-belly stove.

OTIS

Your mail's in there, too.

JACK

Mail. Who the hell would be writin' to me?

He goes through it and it's all junk mail. There is also a free sample of perfume which Stryker smells and puts in his pocket.

OTIS

So, when are you going to come over and see Sally.
She keeps asking about you all the time.

JACK

Aw, I don't know. I just don't feel up to it yet. Besides,
you're just saying that. She doesn't really want to see me.

OTIS

What're you doin' playing hard to get? You like her
and you know it. What do you need, a written invitation?

JACK

I know what I don't need and that's her pity. I'm doing
just fine on my own.

OTIS

Holy Christ, I don't know whose stupider, you or Sally
for liking you. You're not gettin' any younger and I sure
as hell don't see a flock of women around here clamoring

to get a hold of you.

STRYKER

I'll do just fine for myself, thank you.

OTIS looks around at the shabby, disheveled cabin.

OTIS

Your mother—may she rest in peace—would tan your hide if she saw the mess you're living in. Jack, I'm older than you and I've seen a whole lot more than you and you can take my word for one thing, this stubbornness ain't gonna get you nowhere. As sure as shit sticks to a blanket you're gonna end up a sour old man, is that what you want?

STRYKER

Oh, hell. I don't know. I don't know anything anymore. Everything is shit!

OTIS

That's fine. There's only one way to go from here and that's up. Let me give you a lift over there. You can talk to her.

JACK

Now? . . . I'm not sure.

OTIS

For a tough Marine you're a real chicken.

STRYKER gets a little pissed.

JACK

All right. I'll go talk to her, but I'll bet nothing comes of it. She and I are in totally different worlds.

OTIS

Jack, if you'll excuse me, you don't know what the fuck you're talking about. You don't even know this girl. You think you've been through a lot in the last six years, well so has she. Now, come on.

They exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

NORTHERN MICHIGAN

EXT. MARINE BASE W/BARRACKS AND CAMOUFLAGE VEHICLES - DAY

INT. TRUCK - DAY

MILLER, JACKSON and TYLER pull up to the guard booth in a big, four-wheel drive bronco. They pass through the gate and drive off up the road. MILLER drives, JACKSON sits beside him and TYLER sits in back.

TYLER

Nice car, Lieutenant.

MILLER

Just Dave is fine.

JACKSON

So, Dave, what's on your mind?

MILLER

Well . . . I guess the same thing that's on my mind all the time now—La Chau Four. I keep seeing that battle over and over in my head. I can't sleep very much anymore because I can't keep those images out of my mind.

JACKSON

That's too bad. What's that got to do with us?

TYLER

Not to mention that we're on liberty and I'm starving.

MILLER

I know you guys must think I'm a real asshole, and I guess I am, but I never thought I was—not until La Chau Four, anyway. I know there's nothing that I can say to the guys that died, but I thought maybe if I let you guys know how I felt it might help.

JACKSON

Look, Dave, let me give you a little advice. I was in 'Nam a lot longer'n you and I saw a lot worse things than what happened at La Chau Four. Tyler, too. There are some things a man just has to bear in silence. If you'd have seen some more action after that you might've picked that up

on your own.

MILLER

But now what I've got to know is, do you guys hold what happened at La Chau Four against me?

JACKSON

I don't. Do you TYLER?

TYLER

Not me. I don't know about Stryker, though. He's the one you ought to talk to.

JACKSON nods his head in agreement. MILLER shakes his head.

MILLER

I tried to call him, but I guess he doesn't have a phone.

JACKSON

No, I don't guess he would. He lives in a cabin out in the woods somewhere.

All of a sudden MILLER perks up.

MILLER

Well, we could go see him.

TYLER

Who, Stryker?

MILLER

Sure. I looked up his records when I tried to get his number, he doesn't live that far from here. We could just drive up and see him. What do you guys think?

TYLER

Yeah, I could dig seeing Stryker again. We all had some good times together.

MILLER

How about you, Jackson?

JACKSON thinks for a second, then smiles.

JACKSON

Let's do it. Besides, the sonuvabitch owes me five bucks.

TYLER

But first let's stop and get some food, Man, I'm starving.

EXT. OTIS HOUSE - DAY

OTIS and JACK pull up and get out.

OTIS

If you need me I'll be inside.

Otis goes inside and Jack goes around the house to where Sally—now 23—hangs laundry on the line. When Jack gets there she is bent over the laundry basket. He stands quietly looking at her. When she stands she sees Jack and is startled.

SALLY

Oh, I didn't see you walk up.

JACK

Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you.

They look at each other.

SALLY

It's real nice seeing you, Jack. What finally brings you over?

JACK

Well, I just wanted to see how you were doing. How are you?

SALLY

Fine. How are you?

JACK

Okay. Uh . . .

(He reaches into his pocket)

I, uh, brought you this from Saigon, I hope you like it.

JACK hands her the little free sample of perfume.

SALLY

(Smiling)
Thank you. I hope it wasn't very expensive.

JACK
(Shrugging)
Naw, stuff like this is cheap over there. You're looking real good, Sally. You really grew up nice.

SALLY
(Blushing)
Thank you. How is your leg?

JACK
Okay. It doesn't bend real well, but at least I still have it.

Sally pulls the bandana from her hair.

SALLY
Would you like to go somewhere? Get something to eat maybe?

JACK
Sure.

They walk around to the front of the house.

SALLY
I've missed you, Jack. A lot.

JACK
Really?

SALLY
Really.
(She heads inside)
Let me just tell Grandpa we're going.

EXT. A&W - DAY

They sit in Otis' truck—Sally at the wheel. Sally talks into the speaker.

SALLY
I'll have a cheeseburger, fries and a coke.

JACK

(Hollering)

Uh, four dilly dogs and a beer.

WAITRESS (V.O.)

I'm sorry sir we only have root beer.

JACK

Yeah, thats what I meant. Root beer
(He grimaces).

SALLY

So, are you going to take me to the Prom?

JACK

(Shocked)

What?

SALLY

Just kidding.

JACK

So, how did that finally work out. Did you get a
date?

SALLY

Sure. With a guy named Billy Nolan.

JACK

Was it okay?

SALLY

He's a jerk. It was the worst night of my life.

JACK

. . . Oh

SALLY

It's been a long time.

JACK

It sure has.

EXT. STRYKER'S DRIVEWAY - DUSK

They pull up to Stryker's cabin and stop.

JACK

Well, this is the place.

SALLY

Yep, here we are.

STRYKER thinks for a second, then reaches over, pulls SALLY to him and kisses her. After the kiss they continue to hold each other.

JACK

So, ah, what are you doing tonight?

SALLY

(Looking him in the eyes)

Working. I was supposed to be there a half an hour ago.

JACK

Damn, that's too bad.

SALLY

I know, why don't we have a picnic tomorrow?

JACK

A picnic?

SALLY

I mean, if you want to?

JACK

I'd love to.

SALLY

Great. How about 11:30?

JACK

11:30. I'll see you then. it was great seeing you.

SALLY

(Smiling)

And you.

She pulls away. Stryker watches her go.

EXT. PARTY STORE - NIGHT

The Bronco pulls up outside a little party store and the three Marines get out. Standing outside are three sort of cute blonde eighteen year old girls. One of the girls approaches TYLER before he enters the store.

GIRL #1

Say, could you buy for us?

TYLER looks back to the other guys, leers, then turns back.

TYLER

Sure, what would you like?

GIRL #1

Three bottle of Boone's Farm.

She hands him a five dollar bill.

TYLER

No problem.

He joins the other Marines and they enter the store.

TYLER

Well, things are looking up.

INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

The Marines and the three girls drive up the road drinking wine and booze and smoking a joint. One of the girls sits back in the third seat with TYLER, another girl in the second with JACKSON and the last in front with MILLER.

GIRL #2

Gee, it was really groovy of you guys to give us a ride, otherwise we mighta been hitching all night.

TYLER

You know a friend of mine asked me what I thought of sex at 65. I told him it was fine, but if you need it that badly, pull off the highway.

Everyone laughs except MILLER. He doesn't get the joke.

TYLER and the girl beside him lower themselves down onto the seat and start kissing and pulling off their clothes. The Girl with JACKSON crawls on top of him and begins pulling his clothes off.

JACKSON

Hey, Dave, why don't you pull over.

The girl beside MILLER has put her hand on his thigh.

MILLER

Sure.

By the time the Bronco has stopped TYLER and his girl are going at it hot and heavy and JACKSON and his girl are on their way.

MILLER looks over at the girl beside him and she has a strange, glaring expression. He reaches over, and touches her shoulder. She violently pulls away.

GIRL #3

No! Not here.

MILLER glances in the rear-view mirror and see TYLER's and JACKSON's butts going up and down, then dejectedly sinks down into his seat and takes a big drink of scotch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The Bronco stops and lets off the girls, then drives away. The radio plays in the background.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (VO)

Early this morning the slain bodies of Sylvia Watson, wife of local sportscaster Earl Watson, and an unidentified male, were found in the Watson home in Bloomfield Hills . . .

INT. BRONCO

The Marines pass around a bottle of booze.

TYLER

Man, those chicks were wild. It's too bad we had to drop

them off.

JACKSON

Those were the craziest girls I ever met. They all acted like they were on drugs or something. Did you get where they were going? It sounded like a church meeting or something, but man, I never met any girls at church like them.

TYLER

Let's stop and get something to eat, I'm starved.

MILLER

I'm starved, too.

TYLER

Yeah, sex starved.

They all laugh, except MILLER.

RADIO NEWSCASTER

. . . Both bodies were found to have over fifty bullet and knife wounds each . . .

EXT. OTIS' COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT

MILLER pulls the Bronco into the little dirt lot beside a row of motorcycles with sissy bars and chopped front forks. They all get out of the car and go into the bar.

INT. OTIS' COUNTRY BAR

MILLER is staggering a little as the Marines enter the bar. The place is full of hicks with cowboy hats and boots and Johnny Cash playing on the Juke box. At one table sits five big, ugly guys with black leather jackets that have "The Satans" embroidered on the back. They are being loud and obnoxious and pouring beer on each other, but no one seemed to have the fortitude to tell them to quiet down.

MILLER

I'm a little drunk.

MILLER reaches into his pocket and can't find his wallet.

MILLER

My wallet's gone! That bitch stole my wallet!

The Marines seat themselves at a table away from the bikers and the bartender, OTIS, comes walking over. SALLY is there, too.

OTIS

How ya doin, fellas?

TYLER

Swell. You got any food?

OTIS

Just chips and pretzels and stuff. The cook left at midnight.

TYLER

Shit, I'm dying. Bring us three bags of chips and three bags of pretzels.

MILLER

And three glasses of beer and three shots of bourbon.

OTIS

You got it.

JACKSON

By the way, you wouldn't happen to know a guy named Jack Stryker, he lives somewhere around here?

OTIS

Sure, I know Jack. He lives down the road from me.

JACKSON

So then you know where he lives?

OTIS

Sure. Just keep going up the road about 35 miles and follow the signs to the K I A campground. His driveway is about a quarter of a mile past the turnoff to the campground. You guys service buddies of his?

JACKSON

Yeah, we are.

OTIS

I was in the service—Army, though. I fought in the great war,
the first World War.

They all nod and smile, then one of the bikers starts screaming.

BIKER #1

Hey! Can we get some service over here?

Otis rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

OTIS

(Confidentially)

Buncha pricks, what're they doin' way out here in the
middle've nowhere anyway?

BIKER #2

What the fuck's goin' on? We want some service?

OTIS heads over to the biker's table.

One Biker turns to another.

BIKER #1

Al, what's it like being married, I mean, how's the
sex?

BIKER #2

About the same.

TYLER

(To the other Marines)

Yeah, now he doesn't have to wait in line.

The Marines laugh. The Satans overhear them laughing. They are not smiling.

EXT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT

The Marines come staggering out of the bar into the parking lot totally bombed. They are
happily singing the marine's version of "THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS."

MARINES

If one Marine takes a shit today, he'll wipe his ass with
a green beret . . .

They pass The Satans who are sitting on their choppers revving them up. They give the
drunken Marines dirty looks. The Marines get into their Bronco and pull away. SALLY
comes walking out and a Satan steps into her path.

BIKER #1

Hey, baby, you'd look great on the back of my chopper.

SALLY

Excuse me, I have to go.

The rest of The Satans come over and hassle SALLY. OTIS comes out of the bar, sees Sally
being molested and steps in.

OTIS

Hey, leave her alone!

The big ugly biker steps up to OTIS and grabs his face.

BIG BIKER

Get lost, old man!

He pushes OTIS into a pile of boxes.

The BIKERS all hassle SALLY, pushing her from one to the other, then she goes flying into
JACKSON. Behind JACKSON stand TYLER and MILLER.

JACKSON

(To Sally)

Go get your grandpa and go home.

SALLY goes over to OTIS and helps him up. They get in their truck and leave.

The Marines move in and take on the BIKERS.

The Satans attack. The Big Biker takes a wild swing at JACKSON who ducks. JACKSON
comes back with a good hard right to the biker's fat belly.

Two of the Satans move in on TYLER.

A big, ugly goon of a biker moves in on MILLER who retreats quickly across the parking lot toward the bar. Suddenly MILLER hauls off and slaps the goon across the face with his open palm. The biker comes to an abrupt halt, shocked, so MILLER slaps him again—and grins.

At this point they have reached the building. The goon biker is very upset and takes a major swing at MILLER's face, which he ducks. The guy's fist smashes into the wall and makes a horrible crunching noise.

The two bikers circle TYLER who smiles at them unmoving. The biker to his left is just about to strike when TYLER quickly slams his fist into the guy's nose, while simultaneously kicking the other in the knee. Both bikers drop back in pain.

JACKSON and the huge biker are sparing off like they're in a boxing ring. It becomes quickly obvious that the biker has no idea how to box, whereas JACKSON is very adept at it. He fends off several punches with his blocking arms, then does a fast combination of four hard punches to the biker's gut, then a powerful uppercut to his chin. The guy reels backward in a daze.

Clutching his broken hand, the ugly goon brings his other hand around to smash MILLER's grinning face. Just as he's about to launch the punch, MILLER slams his knee into the goon's groin, then clasps both of his hands together into one fist and clubs the guy across the head knocking him to the ground.

TYLER stands his ground as the two bikers move back in on him. He looks from one to the other, then spins around kicking the guy to his left in the ear, while punching the guy to his right in the chest.

The huge biker moves back in on JACKSON who immediately begins punching him again and again in the face, bloodying the guy's eyes and nose. Undaunted, the biker keeps charging back for more. Finally, JACKSON tires of continually punching this idiot, so he waits for him to charge yet again and when he does JACKSON grabs him by his ratty hair and snaps his face down into the headlight of one of the motorcycles. The headlight shatters and the biker drops beside it.

The marines regroup at the Bronco and MILLER doesn't look too good.

MILLER

I don't feel very good—everything's spinning.

He stumbles over to the choppers, grabs the sissy bar and vomits into a helmet. JACKSON and TYLER grab him and pull him into the car.

JACKSON

This boy's seen one hard night.

They start up the car and leave.

One of the Satans stand up, hobbles over to the bikes, watching the truck leave.

BIKER

Motherfuckers! You're gonna burn!

He grabs his helmet, puts it on and puke runs down his face. He begins to gag.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

A beat up old Ford Falcon turns off the road that leads to the campground and onto the somewhat more main road. The Falcon's muffler is worthless and sounds like a loud jack-hammer. It kicks up a huge cloud of dust and drives away.

On the side of the road, enveloped in the dust cloud, is the Bronco.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

The Marines were asleep, but now begin waking up from the loud car and all the dust. They are all stiff and groggy and feel rotten.

TYLER

Fuck! It smells like a cow shit in here.

JACKSON begins to stir and moan, then slowly opens his bleary eyes and rubs his head.

TYLER

How ya doin', pal?

JACKSON

My hair hurts, my teeth itch, my feet stink and I don't love Jesus.

MILLER opens his eyes, winces from the pain, looks questioningly around, smells something nasty, looks down at his puke-covered shirt, shuts his eyes and drops his head back against the seat.

INT. STRYKER'S CABIN - MORNING

STRYKER sits on the couch attired in his dress uniform. He notices a stain on one of the cushions on the couch. He turns the cushion over only to find a larger stain on it.

STRYKER

Great.

EXT. OTIS HOUSE - MORNING

SALLY takes the dry laundry down from the line, folds it and puts it in the basket. OTIS walks down to SALLY with a bag of groceries in his arms.

OTIS

Mornin' babe, how're doing today?

SALLY

(Grinning)

Swell. How about you?

OTIS

Well, the rheumatism kickin' up. But otherwise I feel pretty good. How'd things go with you and Jack yesterday?

SALLY

Great, we went to the A&W and took a drive around the lake.

OTIS

So tell me, when can I see some grandchildren?

SALLY

Grandpa, really, don't you have to put the groceries away?

OTIS

Yeah, here, this is for you.

OTIS hands her a small bottle of perfume, just like the bottle STRYKER gave her.

SALLY

(Surprised)

Where did you get this?

OTIS

(Heading into the House)

Free sample, it came in the mail.

SALLY

Oh.

SALLY continues to take down the laundry. She hears a crash from inside the house.

SALLY

Grandpa, you all right?

She takes down a sheet from the line revealing the crazy-looking—THE CULT LEADER—who has extremely long, greasy hair, a ratty beard, beady eyes and a sword on his belt.

CULT LEADER

Boo!

SALLY screams as she backs up into a shirt hanging on the line which comes to life and grabs her. the shirt drops to the ground revealing—THE HUGE BIKER. He slams his hand across SALLY's mouth. THE CULT LEADER kicks in the basement door followed by THE HUGE BIKER who drags SALLY behind him.

INT. OTIS HOUSE - MORNING

THE CULT LEADER stops half way between the kitchen and the living room where strange looking people swarm around OTIS. They are: CULT GIRL #3, a guy wearing a RUBBER MASK and wrapped with chains and a muscular guy wearing a LEATHER VEST who has OTIS around the throat.

CULT LEADER

Waste Him!

THE CULT LEADER points at OTIS and leather vest whips out a pistol and casually blasts him in both knees. SALLY wrenches her mouth from behind the BIKER's hand and screams hysterically. The BIKER grins and re-covers her mouth.

The bald-headed Cult Girl has opened all the drawers in the kitchen and finally found the one with all of the knives. She and Rubber Mask split them up, then go over to OTIS' dead body and begin sticking the knives into him.

SALLY is beyond hysteria and wrenches and flails at the biker who constrains her. He grins moronically.

The CULT LEADER goes over to a picnic basket on the kitchen table, removes a sandwich and begins unwrapping it. He turns to SALLY and holds up the sandwich.

CULT LEADER

May I?

INT. STRYKER'S CABIN - DAY

STRYKER sits on the couch smoking a cigar and looking very uncomfortable - He stands, goes to the window and looks out, sees nothing, then walks over and sits in the easy chair. He looks at the clock—12:34. Sadly he pours himself a drink.

STRYKER

Dames, sheesh!

Frowning, he takes a big shot of liquor.

Through the window the Bronco can be seen pulling up, but STRYKER doesn't notice. There is a knock at the door and STRYKER looks up expectantly.

STRYKER

Who is it?

There is no reply.

STRYKER

What the hell . . .

He takes his cane and goes over to the door. Just as he's about to turn the knob, JACKSON and TYLER come bursting in.

TYLER

Stryker! How ya doin'?

STRYKER grabs TYLER'S outstretched hand and throws him out of the way. With a big grin STRYKER and JACKSON grab each other in bear hugs and wrestle down to the floor.

STRYKER

Goddamnit gyrene, I'm gonna whip your ass!

JACKSON

Not in this life, old man!

They roll around on the floor until STRYKER bumps his leg. He grabs his wound in pain.

STRYKER

Shit!

Just then MILLER comes walking in.

STRYKER

Well, if it ain't 2nd Lieutenant Miller.

JACKSON and TYLER help STRYKER to his feet.

MILLER and STRYKER look at each other for a moment and MILLER doesn't know what to say. STRYKER screws up his face in a grimace of disgust.

STRYKER

Man, you stink! Go get washed up.

MILLER

Right.

TYLER

You got anything to drink?

A full bottle of whiskey leaves the table, the clock goes around an hour, the empty bottle come back in.

STRYKER

... So I shot the guy, we mortar the tank and block the pass. That was my first confirmed kill.

MILLER

How come you're all dressed up?

STRYKER

No reason.

TYLER

Hey, Sarge, you got any guns?

STRYKER

I got a lot of 'em, why?

TYLER

Let's go blow the shit outta something!

STRYKER grins and goes over to his cot. From beneath it he pulls out a footlocker. opening it he reveals an entire arsenal.

STRYKER hands each of the guys a weapon of various sizes and calibers.

They head outside.

EXT. STRYKER'S CABIN - DAY

They load their weapons.

TYLER

What'll we shoot at?

STRYKER points at a very old, run-down outhouse beside his cabin.

STRYKER

How about that thing? I've been meaning to rip that piece of shit down for a long time.

The 3 Marines aim at STRYKER'S cabin.

STRYKER

(Pointing to the Outhouse)

Not that piece of shit, that piece of shit.

TYLER

Let's waste it!

They all begin firing at the outhouse crazily and wood splinters fly everywhere.

STRYKER holds up his hand.

STRYKER

Hold it, hold it.

They all stop firing.

STRYKER

Watch this.

He snaps the rifle to his shoulder and sights. With several quick, accurate shots STRYKER blows out all of the outhouses main supports and it topples to the ground.

EXT. THE SUN SETS

INT. STRYKERIS CABIN - NIGHT

Everyone is still asleep. A long drawn-out dog howl is heard and STRYKER wakes up. He grumbles, scratches his stubbly face, lifts himself out of his chair and goes over to the table. He picks WHISKEY'S bowl up from the floor, takes a can of dog food out of a grocery bag, is about to open it but doesn't see the dog anywhere around. He goes to the door and opens it.

STRYKER

Whiskey! Whiskey! Now where the hell's that dog gone?

He turns back inside, shuts the door and stands for a moment ruminating. The others are just waking up.

JACKSON

What's a matter, Jack?

STRYKER

Can't find my dog.

MILLER

Maybe he wandered off somewhere.

STRYKER shakes his head.

STRYKER

Naw, Whiskey never just wanders off like that. I can't figure it out.

TYLER sits up and rubs his eyes.

TYLER

What's going on?

MILLER

Whiskey's gone.

TYLER

Well hell, we've got plenty of beer in the car.

JACKSON

No, the dog you asshole.

STRYKER

(Baffled)

Whiskey never just wanders off like that.

JACKSON

What'dya wanna do?

STRYKER

Well, if you fellas don't mind let's go take a look for him.

They all reply at once.

EVERYONE

Sure.

EXT. STRYKER'S DRIVEWAY - DAWN

It's just beginning to get light as STRYKER and MILLER drive the Bronco slowly away from the cabin. They have the windows rolled down and call WHISKEY'S name.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

JACKSON walks through the woods calling the dog. As he approaches the campground he feels like something strange is going on and moves more cautiously. When he is close enough to see the semi-circle of ten small cabins that make up the campground, he notices that all of the campers are huddled together in the middle and three weird-looking guys stand by throwing jarts. JACKSON turns and sees a policeman tied to a tree with the jarts in his chest. The target ring is around his neck. His cycle lies on its side. JACKSON quickly sneaks away and runs.

EXT. OTIS' CABIN - DAY

STRYKER and MILLER pull up in front of the cabin in the Bronco and get out. As they walk up to the cabin they find a bag of groceries lying on the ground with its contents dumped out. STRYKER'S face knots up. When they get to the door STRYKER knocks, but there is no answer. An electric buzzing is heard.

STRYKER

Otis.

He pushes the door open and find OTIS' body lying in a pool of blood riddled with bullet holes and knife wounds, the hafts of many knives protruding from his chest and stomach, including an electric knife which is plugged in and running. The phone cord is cut and tied around his neck. On the walls written in blood is "The Bloodbath Is Coming."

STRYKER

Sally. SALLY!!!

STRYKER runs through the room screaming her name, cabin looking in every but finds nothing.

He and MILLER run back to the car and drive away.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - DAY

TYLER strolls through the woods with his hands in his pockets.

TYLER

Here Whiskey, here doggy. Goddamn that fucking dog.

Within his next couple of steps he hears something strange in the distance. He stops calling the dog and slowly walks toward the sound. As he gets closer the odd, atonal sounds grow louder.

When TYLER finally gets close enough to see what's going on, he finds that the sounds are coming from a small tape recorder (the sounds are The Beatle's "REVOLUTION #9").

What TYLER sees is SALLY with her arms and legs tied between two trees and a group of fifteen totally weird-looking people standing around her swaying and chanting. The CULT LEADER stands but a few inches from her. A bald-headed girl wanders around the proceedings filming everything with a super-8 camera.

The CULT LEADER dips his hands into a pail and removes them completely covered with blood.

CULT LEADER

It's dinner time.

He turns his hands toward SALLY, who is screaming in horror, and moves in on her.

CULT LEADER

You'll like this, it's fun.

He smears the blood all over Sally's breasts. Stepping back he sees that RUBBER MASK has his hands in the pail of blood. The CULT LEADER grabs him.

CULT LEADER

I told you to stay out of the sacrificial fluids, okey dokey?

RUBBER MASK nods in agreement. The CULT LEADER then makes his hand into a fist, his arm into a club and whacks RUBBER MASK on the skull knocking him out. The CULT LEADER then steps towards SALLY and rips open her skirt.

TYLER turns and runs.

EXT. STRYKER'S CABIN - DAY

STRYKER and MILLER pull up to the cabin in the Bronco.

MILLER

We've got to call the police.

STRYKER

My phone's shut off, we'll have to go into town and see Sheriff O'Grady.

JACKSON comes running up.

JACKSON

On, Man! There's boocoo psychos at the campground killing people.

MILLER

I tell you, it's just like the killings we heard on the news.

STRYKER

Come on, we're going to talk to the Sheriff.

JACKSON

Does he ride a motorcycle?

STRYKER

Yeah.

JACKSON

He's the one I saw get killed.

MILLER

There must be more than one cop in this town.

STRYKER

Wanna bet?

TYLER comes running up.

TYLER

Man, I just saw the weirdest fuckin' thing, it was like some kind of blood ritual or something. These weirdos had guns and a camera and they had that girl from the bar tied up to a tree and were wiping blood all over her.

STRYKER

Sally. . . we gotta do something. I say we go in there and clean 'em up. What do you say, K.O.?

JACKSON

Let's do it.

STRYKER

Love Machine?

TYLER

Yeah. Let's do it.

STRYKER

What about you, Lieutenant?

MILLER

This is your home ground, Stryker, you know the terrain, you know more about it, you call the shots.

STRYKER

Right. Let's move!

INT. STRYKER'S CABIN

STRYKER runs over to his cot, slides the footlocker from beneath it and tosses each man a weapon and some ammo.

EXT. WOODS - BLOOD RITUAL SITE - DAY

When the four Marines arrive there is no one there. All that remains are the smoldering embers of the fire, the dumped over pail of blood and four severed pieces of rope dangling from

the trees where SALLY was bound, and the carcass of an animal on a spit. Whiskey's pelt hangs from a tree. STRYKER is mad.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

They all get into the Bronco and drive toward the campground.

As they near the campground STRYKER kills the engine and pulls over. They all get out and march the rest of the way. Along the way they find a Mrs. Beasley doll with a knife stuck in it.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

In the middle of the semi-circle of cabins is a full circle of parked cars and motorcycles and in the middle of this sits a multi-colored van. In front of the van huddle about twenty campers.

Surrounding the campers are twenty cultists (the five Satan among them), all of whom have weapons of some sort: some have rifles or pistols, some have knives and scythes, several have bats and chains.

The CULT LEADER stands stolidly before a kneeling camper.

CAMPER

Please don't kill us. We'll do anything, but please,
please don't kill us . . .

The CULT LEADER replies with his same soft, menacing tone.

CULT LEADER

You must learn the three rules of being a man:

- 1.) The innocent must suffer
- 2.) The guilty must be punished
- 3.) You must taste blood to be a man.

The CULT LEADER unsheaths his sword, places the blade to his palm and methodically slices it open. His expression of pure insanity never alters as the blade digs deeper into his hand and blood runs down his arm. The begging camper is sobbing now.

CAMPER

We'll do anything, we've got some money, but please
don't kill us, please . . .

The CULT LEADER explodes in an uncontrollable frenzy of anger.

CULT LEADER

BE QUIET! God has no mercy on the weak!

With that he brutally slams his boot into the kneeling camper's face, sending him flying backward to the ground.

Just then the Marines appear in the center of things.

STRYKER

Nobody move!

Everyone goes dead quiet. THE CULT LEADER is outraged.

CULT LEADER

What is this?

There is a steely glare in STRYKER'S eyes.

STRYKER

None of your damn business. You folks get to your feet and move it behind those vehicles.

The frightened campers look from STRYKER to the CULT LEADER then back to STRYKER and they all rise to their feet. The CULT LEADER takes a step closer to the Marines. He is deadly calm again.

CULT LEADER

These people aren't going anywhere.

STRYKER stares him right in the eye.

STRYKER

(Coldly)

You're dead wrong about that, chief.

(To the campers)

Now move it out!

Hesitantly the campers begin edging their way out of the campground. A woman helps the man who was kicked in the face and many people carry children.

The CULT LEADER begins growing red in the face.

CULT LEADER

I . . . said . . . No!

The CULT LEADER explodes with anger and quickly brings his sword out of the sheath and in a slashing arc straight in front of him across the camper's back.

All hell breaks loose. Everyone takes off either into a cabin, onto a motorcycle, into a vehicle, or out into the woods. one crazy crawls under a jacked-up car. The Marines are all ducked behind cars, as bullets zing in from everywhere.

The CULT LEADER dives towards the Falcon as STRYKER gets a bead on him. Just as STRYKER fires another cultist runs past and catches the bullet in the shoulder. The CULT LEADER crawls to the Falcon, gets in, starts it up and backs out. STRYKER swings his rifle around and pops several rounds through the windshield and radiator, causing steam to spew out from under the hood. The car is dead. The CULT LEADER gets out and runs into the woods towards the road. The Satans get their choppers started and take off.

The cultists in the van are aimlessly shooting at anything, keeping everyone pinned down as they get the van started and head out of the campground. The Marines fire at the van as it approaches.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

The CULT LEADER runs up the road. One of the Satans comes riding up and the CULT LEADER flags him down. The BIKER stops.

BIKER

Hop On.

The BIKERS face contorts. The CULT LEADER pulls his sword out of the BIKER'S chest.

CULT LEADER

Hop Off!

The BIKER falls off the bike as the CULT LEADER hops on and takes off.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

STRYKER turns to the marines.

STRYKER

Sweep across the campground and knock out the cabins,
then get the rest of the suckers that took off into the woods.
The sonuvabitch with the sword is mine.

STRYKER limps out of the campground, and into the woods.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

JACKSON turns to TYLER and MILLER.

JACKSON

Ready?

The others nod.

JACKSON

Let's go.

The three Marines stand and march on line straight across the campground. A crazy guy stands up on top of a cabin roof. JACKSON pumps a 12-gauge into the guy's chest. He flies backward off the cabin and onto the jacked-up car crushing the cultist below only his legs remain showing.

EXT. CABIN #1 - DAY

JACKSON steps up to the first cabin, his weapon poised and ready.

INT. CABIN #1 - DAY

JACKSON kicks in the door of the first cabin and enters blasting with the 12-gauge pump. He takes out one Satan, then turns and gets knocked down by the huge biker he fought with at the bar. he grabs JACKSON by the throat with one hand, kicks the shotgun away and swings a pair of garden shears towards JACKSON'S face. JACKSON grabs the biker's wrist and stops the shears an inch from his nose. With his free hand JACKSON grabs the biker's hair and pulls his head backward. Very slowly JACKSON turns the point of the shears around until it's facing the Huge Biker's swollen black eye. Then let's go of his hair, snapping his head forward into the blades. It embeds in his eyes up to the hilt. The Huge Biker drops back onto a cot which he crushes in his descent to the floor.

EXT. CABIN #2 - DAY

TYLER slips the bayonet onto the end of his M-1 Carbine, swings around and kicks in the door and enters.

INT. CABIN #2 - DAY

TYLER encountered four cult members. He shoots the first one, skewers the second with the bayonet, pulls it out and slams the rifle butt into the third's face, then brings the rifle around like a baseball bat and whacks the fourth senseless.

INT. CABIN #3

MILLER kicks in the door and finds the three girls that they picked up at the party store. He kicks in the door hitting the 1st girl who falls on her own knife. MILLER fires one 30-30 round into the 2nd's stomach, and sends her through the window. Suddenly a garden claw comes down and embeds in MILLER'S shoulder. He spins around and there is the girls who wouldn't have sex with him and she slams her knee into his balls. As MILLER bends over he grabs her hair and it comes off—she's bald! She screams and comes at him. MILLER pumps five shots into her chest sending her out the window. He turns and sees his wallet on the table. He takes it.

MILLER

Bitch!

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

The three Marines meet back up in the campground then each heads off in a different direction into the woods.

EXT. WOODS BY THE FIELD - DAY

TYLER drops against a tree and takes a breath. Cautiously, he peaks around the side of a tree—nothing. He pulls back, then peeks out around the other side and sees a cultist aiming a gun directly at him. The guy fires and hits the edge of the tree sending flying wood fragments into TYLER'S face. The cultist keeps firing at the tree until all of his ammo is expended, then takes off into the woods. TYLER cocks his rifle and pursues.

The guy keeps weaving in and out between the trees so that TYLER can't get a shot at him.

All

of a sudden the woods end and the cultist is running across a wide open field. TYLER quickly sights and fires, bringing the guy down.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

JACKSON walks slowly through the woods looking all around. Suddenly a cultist jumps from a tree and lands on his back. The attacker wields a knife which he jabs into JACKSON's stomach, then begins clawing his face. JACKSON spins around unable to see, and finally slams the cultist up against the tree. Inexplicably the guy stops clawing and goes totally limp.

JACKSON steps away and turns to find that the guy has been impaled on a branch that went right through the back of his head and cut his mouth. The branch snaps and the dead cult member drops to the ground. Just then a crazy pops up behind JACKSON and hits him with a baseball bat. JACKSON turns and grabs the crazy by his head and breaks his neck.

EXT. CAMPGROUND BY THE WOODS - DAY

MILLER backs up to the multi-colored van parked at the edge of the woods. on the other side of the van is a cultist nervously drinking a beer and clutching a scythe. Neither knows that the other is there. The cultist sets his beer down by his foot and looks all around.

A shot rings out in the distance and they both turn to look, the guy's foot hitting the beer bottle. It rolls underneath the van and stops at MILLER'S foot. MILLER gets down on the ground and can see the cultist's legs on the other side of the van. He fires shooting the guy through the ankle.

Standing back up and looking around, MILLER doesn't see a thing. in a flash the alideing van door bursts open behind him and he is confronted by a cultist with a knife. He quickly grabs her arm, swings his rifle around and blows her back into the van.

EXT. CAMPGROUND BY THE WOODS - DAY

The CULT LEADER screams around a trail on the motorcycle, totally loses control of the bike and wipes out. Then the bike won't start up again.

EXT. CAMPGROUND BY WOODS - DAY

MILLER walks around to the other side of the van, however the cultist he shot in the ankle is gone. He turns and looks through the van's window to the opposite side-view mirror and sees him approaching along the other side. When the guy gets to the window on his side, he turns and finds MILLER aiming his rifle right at him. MILLER fires and blows the cultist's face off.

EXT. CAMPGROUND BY WOODS - DAY

STRYKER stumbles upon the dead biker. He hears a motorcycle in the process of being started.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

TYLER comes walking out of the woods and takes a breath. He turns and sees a cultist aiming a bow and arrow right at him. Just as TYLER is raising his rifle, the archer lets his arrow fly. For one second TYLER is sure that he's dead, then he looks down and finds the arrow lodged in the stock of his rifle. Without a second's delay he raises the gun and fires, hitting the cultist in the chest.

EXT. CAMPGROUND BY THE WOODS - DAY

The CULT LEADER gets the bike started and drives away.

EXT. CAMPGROUND BY THE WOODS

STRYKER heads up to where the CULT LEADER just took off on the motorcycle. STRYKER turns to the sound of the cycle trailing off into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

JACKSON sits on the ground breathing hard. Suddenly there is RUBBER MASK standing over him with a chain in his hand. JACKSON reaches for the .357 MAGNUM in his belt and gets whacked in the face with the chain, knocking him out.

RUBBER MASK

Not a very good move, Bright Boy!

RUBBER MASK reaches down and picks up the .357 magnum, cocks it and shoves it in JACKSON's face.

RUBBER MASK

The gooks didn't get ya, but I'm going to.

The pistol jerks, RUBBER MASK sways, then blood pours from his mouth. He falls over and STRYKER stands behind with a smoking rifle. STRYKER hobbles over to JACKSON and grabs him by the shirt.

STRYKER

You okay, buddy?

JACKSON moans. STRYKER cocks his rifle, realizes he is out of ammo, takes the .357, then heads off into the woods.

EXT. Y-BRANCH WOODS - DAY

The CULT LEADER tears through the woods on the motorcycle. He looks back to see how close STRYKER is and a Y-shaped branch catches him in the throat. The bike shoots out from between his legs.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

The motorcycle shoots over a 100 foot cliff, hits the bottom and breaks into pieces.

EXT. Y-BRANCH WOODS - DAY

STRYKER comes walking up, .357 in hand, but the CULT LEADER is nowhere around. There is a big tree up ahead and STRYKER approaches cautiously, cocking the pistol and holding it out before him.

The CULT LEADER jumps from a tree, landing on STRYKER'S back. He brings his sword down right through STRYKER'S wounded leg. STRYKER screams, dropping the .357.

The CULT LEADER pulls the sword back for the kill, swings it down and it embeds in a tree branch. The CULT LEADER drops off STRYKER and crashes to the ground on his back.

STRYKER falls forward on his face, the .357 just out of his reach.

The CULT LEADER stands up.

CULT LEADER

You dirty son-of-a-bitch, I'm going to do some nasty things to you.

He reaches up for his sword, but its too high, he can't reach it.

STRYKER sees this, crawls forward and grabs the 357.

The CULT LEADER jumps up and still can't reach the sword. He grows terribly infuriated and screams madly.

STRYKER hoists himself to his feet, his leg pouring blood. He points the .357 at the CULT LEADER. The CULT LEADER grows inexplicably calm.

CULT LEADER

You can't shoot me. I am the saviour returned to Earth, the Messiah come to lead humanity to righteousness. I am Jesus Christ!

STRYKER

No you're not! You're dead!

He empties the .357 into the CULT LEADER'S chest, who then stumbles back and falls over the cliff.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

The CULT LEADER falls down the cliff and lands on the protruding motorcycle forks. They go straight through his chest and come out his back.

EXT. Y-BRANCH WOODS - DAY

STRYKER stops over to the tree, reaches up and pulls the sword from the limb. He tosses it over the cliff then leaves.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

On the way back, STRYKER encounters JACKSON who is holding himself erect by clinging to a tree, his face and shirt completely soaked with blood. STRYKER puts JACKSON'S arm around the back of his neck and the two rather poorly help each other walk.

STRYKER

How are you doing?

JACKSON

Great, wanna dance?

The two start to chuckle and almost fall over.

JACKSON

By the way, you got that five bucks you owe me?

STRYKER does a double take.

EXT. CAMPGROUND BY THE WOODS - DAY

As MILLER and TYLER wait by the Bronco the sound of something comes from nearby. They raise their rifles and aim—at STRYKER and JACKSON. They drop their rifles and help the two wounded Marines into the Bronco.

TYLER

Let's get the hell outa here, I'm starving.

STRYKER looks out the window perturbed.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY

They turn right onto the Main road, and as they pass the road leading to the campground the freed campers begin emerging from the woods. The campers come toward them looking very relieved and thankful.

A little ways further up the road, SALLY appears from the woods in torn, blood-soaked clothes, crying hysterically.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

The Bronco slams to a halt, the door opens and SALLY gets in. STRYKER pulls SALLY to him and puts the car in gear.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY

They drive off up the road.

FADE OUT: