

APOCALYPSE NOW

7 INT. THE SAIGON BAR - DAY

Not much in this place -- a bar, linoleum flooring, a few tables and chairs, and a juke box. The lounge is fairly crowded. Willard takes off his cap and walks quietly past the soldiers at the bar. Some of them, catching sight of his ribbons, stop talking as he moves by.

An INFANTRY CAPTAIN enters the bar, buys a couple of drinks and approaches Willard's table.

CAPTAIN

How about a drink ?

WILLARD

Sure, thanks.

He sits down at the table with the drinks.

CAPTAIN

Winning the war by yourself.

WILLARD

(he calls for the waiter)

Part.

CAPTAIN

Which part is that ?

WILLARD

My part.

(TO THE WAITER)

Beer, with ice and water.

CAPTAIN

That's good gin.

WILLARD

I'm sure it is, but I had hepatitis.

CAPTAIN

Delta ?

WILLARD

No.

CAPTAIN

North ?

WILLARD

Yeah. Way north.

CAPTAIN

What unit were you with ?

WILLARD

None.

CAPTAIN
Rangers, eh?

WILLARD
Sort of.

The JUKE BOX starts BLARING. Annoyed , Willard looks over his shoulder.

CAPTAIN
Were you Longe Range Recon --

WILLARD
No -- I worked too far north for LRRP.

He reaches into his shirt pocket for a cigarette, and the Captain leans over the table to light it for him. Willard notices the CIVILIAN on the street has glanced in the bar, then enters and sits down at a table by the doorway.

CAPTAIN
That's quite an array of ribbons...

WILLARD
Let's talk about you.

CAPTAIN
I was an FO for the 25th.

WILLARD
Tracks ?

CAPTAIN
Yeah.

WILLARD
Fat. That's real fat.

CAPTAIN
Sometimes.

WILLARD
At least you always have enough water. How many gallons does each one of those damn things carry ?

CAPTAIN
Thirty -- sometimes fifty.

WILLARD
You know, I can remember once, getting back below the DMZ -- and the first Americans we ran into were a track squadron. I just couldn't believe how much water

they had. We'd been chewing bamboo shoots for almost a week, and before that, for two weeks, we'd been drinking anything -- rain water, river shit, stuff right out of the paddies. And there were these guys standing by their trucks spilling water all over. I could've killed them.

(solemnly)

I swear to God I would have, too, if ...

CAPTAIN

I didn't know we had units up there in North Vietnam.

WILLARD

We do.

CAPTAIN

How long were you up there ?

WILLARD

A long time.

CAPTAIN

A year ? Waiter another beer.

WILLARD

I go up on missions. Listen Captain, buy me all the beer you want, but you better tell that asshole over there you're not going to find out anymore about me.

Willard glances over his shoulder and indicates the Civilian. The Civilian is given a sign by the Captain. He rises and comes over to the bar.

WILLARD

(continuing)

What do you want ?

CAPTAIN

(indicating the Army jeep)

If you're B.L. Willard, 4th Recon Group, we'd like you to come with us.

WILLARD

Whose orders ?

CAPTAIN

Headquarters 11 Corps -- 405th A.S.A Battalion -- S-2 -- Com-Sec -- Intelligence -- Nha Trang.

WILLARD

Who are you ?

CAPTAIN

The agency.

Willard looks at the Civilian a moment, and then walks
roght out toward the jeep without saying another word.
The Civilian follows.