

BILOXI BLUES

TOOMEY: Have a drink.

ARNOLD: I don't drink.

TOOMEY: You will tonight.

ARNOLD: Why?

TOOMEY: (*Pulls out a pistol and points it*) Because I said so.

ARNOLD: Fine!

TOOMEY: You hate the army, don't you, Epstein?

ARNOLD: Yes, Sergeant, I do.

TOOMEY: Well, I don't blame you. The army hates you just as much. When they picked you, they picked the bottom of the dung heap. You are *dung*, Epstein! You don't mind me saying that, do you? Because you know that's what you are. Ding dong *dung*!

ARNOLD: If you say so.

TOOMEY: Damn right I say so... do you know the irony of this situation is, Epstein? Is it *Epsteen* or *Epstine*?

ARNOLD: Either one.

TOOMEY: The irony is, *Epsteen* or *Epstine*, that despite the fact that you hate every disciplined bone in my body, you're gonna miss me when I go... Miss me like a baby misses his momma's nipple.

ARNOLD: Are you going somewhere, Sergeant?

TOOMEY: At oh seven hundred, April 3, 1943... That's tomorrow morning.... I know how much you boys are going to miss me. But I don't want anyone making a fuss or anything. No gifts, understand. If you like, you can clean a couple of latrines for me, but that's about it.

ARNOLD: Where are you going?

TOOMEY: I am reporting to Dickerson Veterans Hospital, Camp Rawlings, Roanoke, Virginia... I believe, in gratitude, the army is going to replace my steel plate with sterling silver... That means I'll be able to hock my head in any pawn shop in this country, how 'bout that?

ARNOLD: How long will you be gone, Sergeant?

TOOMEY: I just told you, you dumb son of a bitch. I'm going to a Veterans Hospital. They don't send you back from a Veterans hospital. You Become a Veteran. You walk around in a blue bathrobe and at nights you listen to Jack Benny and play checkers with the other basket weavers... What I'm trying to tell you, you toilet bowl cleanser, is that my active career in the U.S. Army has been terminated.

ARNOLD: I'm sorry to hear that, Sergeant.

TOOMEY: Don't give me none of your God damn compassion, Epstein... Compassion is just going to buy you a Star of David at the Arlington Cemetery.

ARNOLD: Yes, Sergeant.

TOOMEY: One night from my room here, I heard a game being played in the barracks. I heard Jerome ask each and every man what they would want if they had one last week to live... I played the game right along with you and put my five bucks down on my bunk just like the rest of you. Here's my money. You tell me if I would have won that game.

ARNOLD: The game is over, Sergeant.

TOOMEY: Not yet, boy. Not yet... Alright. You know what I would do with my last week on earth?

ARNOLD: What's that, Sergeant?

TOOMEY: I would like to take one army rookie, the greatest misfit dumb-ass malcontent sub-human useless son of a bitch I ever came across and turn him into an obedient, disciplined soldier that this army could be proud of. That would be my victory. *You* are that sub-human misfit, Epstein, and by God, before I leave here, I'm gonna do it and pick up my five dollars, you hear me?

ARNOLD: None of us actually did it, Sergeant. It was just a game.

TOOMEY: Not to me, soldier. On your feet, Epstein!!

ARNOLD: Really, Sergeant, I don't think you're in any condition to-

TOOMEY: ON YOUR FEET! ATTEN_SHUN!!... A crime has been committed in this room tonight, Epstein. A breach of army regulations. A non-commissioned officer has threatened the life of an enlisted man, brandishing a loaded weapon at him without cause or provocation, the said act being provoked by an inebriated platoon leader while on duty... I am that platoon leader, Epstein, and it is your unquestioned duty to report this incident to the proper authorities.

ARNOLD: I never really thought you were going to shoot me, Ser-

TOOMEY: TAKE MY WEAPON, GOD DAMN IT!

ARNOLD: What do you mean, take it? How am I going to take it?

TOOMEY: *Demand* it, you weasel bastard, or I'll blow your puny brains out.

ARNOLD: Okay, okay... May I have your gun, Sergeant?

TOOMEY: *Pistol*, turd head!

ARNOLD: May I have your pistol, Sergeant?

TOOMEY: Force it out of my hand.

ARNOLD: Force it out of your hand?

TOOMEY: Grab my wrist! If you dare! (*wrestle for gun*) Good!

ARNOLD: Okay. Thanks. Now why don't you just try to get a good night's sleep and-

TOOMEY: To properly charge me, you'll need a witness... Call in the platoon.

ARNOLD: The platoon? You don't want to do that in front of all-

TOOMEY: CALL THEM IN, SOLDIER!!

ARNOLD: Hey guys..