

WHY FISH, FALLING FROM THE SKY, RAINED TERROR
IN THE HEARTS OF A 1940S TEENAGE GANG



BOOTS ON MANHATTAN



PART 1: THE FOOT SOLDIER NOVEL SERIES
by RAY BOYLAN & JOHNNY BLUE STAR

HE ONLY WANTED TO STAR IN A RADIO SERIES, BUT HE FOUND A DIFFERENT KIND OF STAGE TO PLAY HIS PART.



WHY IS A WAR HERO AFRAID TO TELL HIS OWN SON WHO HE REALLY IS?

"DO I HAVE ENOUGH CHUTZPA TO SELL OUTDATED NEWSPAPERS?"



THE GREAT NEWSPAPER SCAM



WHY DID BOOTS ENLIST WHEN HE WAS JUST FIFTEEN YEARS OLD?



Z/LII 2014

The Foot Soldier
-The Film and Novel Trilogy-
-a sample of the first novel followed by a
screenplay adaptation of the same text-

From Part I-
Boots on Manhattan
By Ray Boylan and Johnny Blue Star

© 2011 By Ray Boylan and Johnny Blue Star
All Rights Reserved

Johnny Blue Star
760-323-0193
cvnewz@aol.com
[skype: johnny.blue.star](skype:johnny.blue.star)

Summary: Deuce Lacey, a teenager, whose father, Sergeant Lacey, is in the military, but owns a cigar store in New York in the late 1940's, discovers his father's secret diary. His father's remarkable story sheds some light on his own background and family history, something he has always strongly desired to understand. His curiosity in reading these pages- as developed in these samples- is well-rewarded.

**SEGMENT FROM THE NOVEL VERSION
OF “BOOTS ON MANHATTAN”**

**CHAPTER VIII
SKEETER**

For Rabbit, although the release from apocalyptic hell was a distinct blessing, he still had to deal with the physical realities that immediately followed his prolonged drenching. So, finally home and shivering with a towel wrapped around his soaking clothes, Rabbit walked down the hallway past the storeroom. *Fucking minnows!* He thought.

He then went to a garbage can near the storage room, pulled off his shirt and shook it out. A couple of minnows fell out into the can. *Absolutely ridiculous*, he thought. He went up to the bedroom to put on a new shirt and dry himself off. His hands were still notably shaking. Rabbit was very upset, but also determined.

He reached under the bed and pulled out a small toolkit. Then he walked back down the stairs and went into the storeroom, where he took out various instruments with which

to pick the lock on the safe. He felt despondent. Why did he have to resort to such measures?

Rabbit truly loved his father, as flawed as he was—and he truly didn't like to lie to him or do something incredibly deceptive like this. But in his heart of hearts, Rabbit had a sense that part of him was half-starved inside, starved for affection, starved for a sense of personal power, but even worse, starved for the tiniest scrap of information about himself and who he was.

You can't really know that much about yourself if you don't know anything about your parents. And Rabbit knew less than nothing. It had just taken one glance at the diary to know it probably contained a lot of things he wanted to know about his father, and probably, indirectly, about himself. His father, the cigar shop, his relationship to the military, and his personal history, were all just one big secret that had gnawed at his gut since he was about nine years old and he had started to ask questions.

Now was his time to find out. The safe now open, he pulled out the diary and began to read . . .

Hell, I don't know who, if anyone, will take a look at this, but, if they do, maybe I should introduce myself.

My name is Max Lacey. I'm currently an Intelligence Officer, a sergeant in the U.S. Army, assigned to a unit in the Philippine jungle. Not my happiest assignment. Too dangerous, not the best fit for my skill set. And uncomfortable as hell. Damn mosquitoes everywhere.

Recently I was hurriedly moving along with my unit, looking around, taking mental notes. Somehow I was able to focus despite the explosions and gunfire all around me. Clipboard in hand, I jotted down what I could not afford to forget while stepping over dead bodies. Suddenly there was massive gunfire. Soldiers in my unit dropped all around me, dead or wounded. Even Sergeant Greenwald, who ran the platoon, went down suddenly. I rushed over to him immediately, tried to revive him, but when I moved his head I saw a bullet wound right above his ear. I then realized he was as dead as a doornail.

Most of the surviving soldiers were crying out in pain as the medics made it over to them. Suddenly, Lieutenant Mercer walked up to me, while I was still at Greenwald's side.

"Well, Lacey," he said, "better look around. Looks like this is your unit."

"I was assigned here for two days, Lieutenant. I'm making a recognizance of troop movements for the general. I don't know shit about combat."

"That's too damn bad. See that hill?"

"Yeah," I said, "it's swarming with Japs."

"Take it!" he said.

"Lieutenant, I'm trying to tell you. I'm a pencil pusher."

"You do what I say, Sergeant."

I could not believe what was being asked of me. "You want me to be responsible for—?"

"I want you to do your goddamn job."

Mercer then turned to the rest of the unit's survivors and announced, "Greenwald's dead. You bastards do what the sergeant here tells you to do. You got it?"

I was unsure of myself but did not let that stop me from answering the call of duty. I signaled the men. Just as I was about to give my first order, the lieutenant smiled at me grimly and threw me a Browning Automatic. Technically a rifle, it was basically a light machine gun. At my command, my men marched toward the hill. But now all of them could clearly see there were Japanese soldiers crawling like ants all over it.

A private voiced my own fears, "They're all over the place. How we gonna make it, Sergeant?"

"I don't know," I answered truthfully. Then, feeling the dark humor of the situation, I added, "If I see MacArthur, I'll be sure to ask him."

Then something strange happened. A kind of light switched on inside me. It is hard to describe, but it was like an energy, a strength, if you like, that I had always felt inside of me, but it had never switched on.

I nodded at the private, and then with some strange determination settling in my jaw, I started running toward the hill with my machine gun in hand. My enthusiasm, if that's what it could be called, was contagious. We ran uphill for

several minutes, me leading the way. I felt my confidence build, ready to do the impossible.

But then, with all this going for me, while running at the top of my game, I hit the top of a ravine, tripped on some branches and toppled down the side.

All my men could do was watch as I literally tumbled down into the middle of a Japanese machine gun nest. My fall was so fast and out of control that my men looked at each other, sighing and shaking their heads, certain that they were about to witness the end of the shortest command in the history of the US Army.

Before I reached the bottom, the Japanese noticed me and started firing, but somehow my toppling and zigzagging down the hill enabled me to elude the bullets. My men stared down in amazement as I somehow managed to land on my feet at the very end of my fall. I then proceeded, single-handedly (out of necessity, because no one was backing me up) to take on the whole nest of seventeen armed men. My little sputtering Browning killed all of them. As the last Jap fell to the ground, I

smiled. I felt vindicated and uncommonly sure of myself. That little spark inside had gotten brighter.

Two of the G.I.'s at the top of the ravine looked down in astonishment. I heard one say to the other, "Did you see that?"

"I don't believe it." He then pointed over about twenty feet away, where Lieutenant Mercer was similarly looking down in silent amazement.

I stared at the bodies around me, drinking in the moment as my men trailed down the hill. If I could do this by myself, what might I manage to accomplish with a unit of trained men at my disposal? Or was I somehow something more? Something special?

When Mercer reached the bottom of the ravine, he asked me, almost rhetorically, "How'd you do that?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't know. But it felt like me—if you know what I mean . . . Damn, it felt good!" Something had opened inside.

"You still feel like going back and counting heads?"

"No, Sir," I answered.

“Good. Because I alerted headquarters about your little exploit. Hey, there’s no one else to lead these men! You’re now in charge of the unit—permanently.”

Mercer then walked away. As he passed by, one of my men said in a low voice to the lieutenant, “I swear I never saw anything like it!”

Mercer stopped to say, “Take care of him, son. He’s in command of your unit.”

“But—” the soldier began to protest.

“He’s an anomaly, what you might call a natural soldier. Damn, I never saw one either.”

That evening I cleaned the lanterns in the camp, taking them down and dumping moths, mosquitoes and various dead bugs into a large tin bowl. I even had to brush a few out of the mosquito netting where they had gotten stuck. While I was doing this, another sergeant came in and said, “You got any new orders?”

“Not that I am aware of,” I answered and dumped another lantern full of bugs into the bowl.

“What the hell are you doing?”

“Collecting a few dead bugs.”

“What in hell’s name for?”

“Psychological warfare.”

The sergeant looked at me askance. “I always thought you were nuts, Lacey. Now I’m sure of it.” Then he simply turned around and left.

I went outside after him, but instead of following the sergeant, I went over to Private Benson, who was busy painting a small jeep camouflage green. “Hey, can I have a can of that?” I asked.

“You can have anything you want, Sarge. I was standing on top of that ridge when you hit bottom and decimated those Jap bastards . . . ”

“You in my platoon?”

“No, Sir.”

“You wanna be?”

“Hell, yes!”

“That won’t be any trouble. I’ll just have to speak to Mercer.”

“Okay,” he said, quietly, probably surprised at how easily he thought I could slip him into my platoon.

“Well, don’t just stand there. Get your gear. You can bunk over there—with me. I need a man who’s good with paint.”

“Paint?”

I left with the can, leaving Benson to ponder what I might be up to.

At night in my tent, I lay there quietly, listening to the sounds of the Philippine jungle outside. Suddenly, I heard heavy steps approaching the entrance and, before I could get up, Lieutenant Mercer stepped inside.

Skipping introductions, he said, “There’s a rumor running around that the Japanese have just burned a town, but they left behind a big supply dump. Trouble is, you got to cross that river. This side’s swarming with Japs.”

“Is it doable?”

Lieutenant Mercer said with sincerity, “Only for someone like you, Max.”

I smiled. It felt good to be needed. “I’ll give it a shot, then.”

And I did, that very night . . .

On the outskirts of the Japanese encampment there was a lone Jap unit somewhat sheltered from the sight of the rest of their camp by a promontory. Almost isolated, the unit was a perfect target. We made quick work of them, sneaking in with knives and bayonets. Not a shot was fired. Then my men assembled some of the small Japanese boats tied at a nearby pier, in preparation for our crossing.

While the boats were being readied, Benson and I engaged in a little psychological warfare. I mixed my collected dead bugs into the paint I had to create a grisly concoction that I dabbed on the cheeks of the dead Japanese. Benson, good with a spray can, painted graffiti on one of the Japanese tents. The graffiti consisted of a pictogram of a mosquito and, in bold, green paint underneath, the word "SKEETER."

Our work done, we then ran to the boats, which were already leaving the shore. My platoon and I all crossed the river without incident, and when we reached the other side we took a trek through the jungle. Not too far in, we came across a huge supply dump, including some heavy machine guns. We loaded

and readied the wagons we found there, hauling away as many supplies as we could carry.

The next incident significant to my story actually occurred inside the Japanese camp. As my writing progresses, you will understand why I was privy to such privileged information about such an incident regarding the enemy.

About this time, inside one of the tents, Private Mi-Cha Kang, a Korean forced to serve in the Japanese army, stood at attention before a Japanese corporal. The corporal was responding to a fervent request from his private.

“Yes, I agree, Mi-Cha, you have done famously as far as prisoners go. You have outdone everyone in my platoon.”

“Then let me go,” pleaded Mi-Cha. “Let me do it. I will seek out the bastard and kill him.”

“It would do a lot of good. Many of my men are superstitious. The way he defaces our dead soldiers is disgraceful. Alive or dead—it would be beneficial.”

“Then, please, Corporal, let me go.”

The corporal weighed his options. “I know you are impatient. Despite the fact you are Korean, you are one of my

best men. But, let me be frank, you want to take an all-Korean unit into the jungle on a search-and-kill mission. But what will keep you from going over to the American side?"

Mi-Cha looked genuinely surprised. "You think that of me? I thought you knew me."

"I know your father." The Corporal almost left it at that, but then added, "He is in jail now. One of the most serious trouble-makers in Korea."

"He disowned me when I enlisted."

The Corporal choked a small laugh. "I would hardly call it an enlistment, Mi-Cha."

"I went in readily. That is why we are not on speaking terms."

"Your father is not on speaking terms with anyone. Outside of your brief visit which the command structure graciously granted him, he has been in isolation for two years. Besides—despite the fact you have captured over thirty of the Americans and Filipinos—you have not one kill under your belt."

"Let me remedy that. Let me hunt down the Mosquito."

“We’ll see. I’ll think it over.”

CHAPTER IX

JACK

Rabbit paused for a moment, drinking in his revitalized image of his father. But, why, if Sergeant Lacey was such a big-shot war hero, did his father's life seem so desperate and petty? And was he resorting to criminal activities to enlarge his income? Gunrunning was obviously a crime and it was equally clear that his father was smuggling weapons to another country.

Furthermore, there was a certain sense of doom hanging over his father, as though, no matter what he did, there was no hope for something better. Although his father did well, despite the smuggling of expensive armament, how come there was seldom any real money around? And why did they have to live on the top of a damn cigar store?

Somewhere, there were answers. Rabbit looked up, hoping they were in the diary he had just opened once again, and then continued to read—

I was moving quickly forward with a few men in the Philippine jungle, when we were suddenly surrounded by a

large number of Japanese soldiers. Despite my desire to fight, I knew we had no chance of winning. We were altogether outnumbered. It was too much of a surprise and we were forced to surrender. I held up my hands and stood there mutely, while they searched every inch of my clothing, weaponry and field gear. I was searched first, probably because I was the only officer present. Then they searched everyone else.

Apparently, they felt they hit pay dirt when they found a green spray paint can in Benson's knapsack. At the time, Benson was about twenty feet away, but I could see the paint can in a Japanese sergeant's hand and they had begun to beat him unmercifully. Realizing that they were associating the paint can with Skeeter and they were trying to beat my name out of him, I stepped forward.

I was quickly surrounded and separated from my entire unit and had to face a Japanese platoon, standing at rigid attention. The Japanese corporal signaled one of his privates to step forward and assist in my interrogation.

The corporal barked an order at the private. Then the corporal said something else—more slowly and deliberately.

The private translated it to me then (and throughout the rest of the short interrogation): “So, you are the psychopath defacing our dead soldiers?”

I shrugged, spreading out my hands in a questioning manner. “Who me?” said my body language. “What are you talking about?”

My reward was to have the Japanese officer strike me hard on the face. The corporal spoke again, his angry voice shouting as the private translated, “What! Nothing to say? Come, let us hear the buzz of the notorious American Mosquito!”

The corporal then hit me in the stomach with the butt of his rifle. He turned to his men and commanded, “Tie the bastard to the tree.”

Soon enough, I was bound to a tree. I looked defiantly at my captors, expecting the worst. The sergeant then picked up a Type 100 submachine gun and threw it to the translator.

“Okay, Mi-Cha—here’s your chance for your first kill. Prove yourself. Finish him off . . .”

Mi-Cha looked down at the submachine gun in his hands, lifted up his head, and then, without even a quiver of emotion,

proceeded to mow down the corporal, swinging quickly over to finish off the other Japanese soldiers. He ran over to me, bloody and beaten, and pulled me up quickly, practically dragging me into the jungle.

Later, in the Intelligence Division American Headquarters, I found myself standing at attention, while a very serious looking major addressed me, saying, "We have vetted his story. He is the son of a prominent dissident, Chul-Moo Kang, maybe a Communist, but still a firm opponent of the Japanese. He speaks five languages fluently. We're going to use him. Good work, Lacey."

"Good work?" I almost laughed. "He saved my life and asked if I could bring him in as a prisoner. I didn't do shit. Jack did everything on his own."

"Jack?"

"I call him Jack. His name sounds like something I would order in a Chinese restaurant."

"Well, then, Jack sounds all right. Let's just say it all worked out extremely well for all parties, Lacey."

"I'd say so."

“We know you’re a big hero now, Lacey, but HQ wants you and Jack to scope out what’s going on around the coast of Luzon.” The major paused, took a deep breath. “You know things have not been going well here in the Philippines. The general is making some critical decisions and what we are doing in Luzon is a prime matter of concern. We need on the ground intelligence, something you used to be good at.”

“The coast? That’s a pretty fucking dangerous place to be.”

“Frankly, it’s almost certainly a suicide mission. That’s why you can say no.”

“I can say no? It’s not an order?”

“It’s more like it’s a volunteer mission, but you two are the only ones qualified to do this. We briefed the general. He wants you to do it—if you will.”

Later, I was in my tent with Mi-Cha, squatting on the floor and eating fruit.

“Did you get that, Jack? MacArthur actually knows who we are. He asked for us personally.”

Mi-Cha heaved a sigh. "We'll probably be killed."

"I'd say so."

He looked at me, serious. "Who do you have at home?"

"Just a son. I'm divorced. My son is staying with my cousin."

"Isn't that rare? For a father to have custody?"

"She was a raging alcoholic. And, well, she assaulted me."

"Where is your son?"

"He's with my cousin Eddie and his wife Isabel. We used to be very close before I left. But now, I guess my son and I don't know each other very well. He probably won't even miss me if I don't come home."

"That's sad. My father's in jail in Korea. The Japanese don't like him. But they liked me enough to force me to enlist. But I played the loyal colonist lackey since I've been here. In fact, I begged them to go after you."

"I was popular, heh?"

"Well-known and roundly hated. The Japanese are very proud people," Mi-Cha explained. "They see you as someone

shaming them by defacing their dead. I don't know what they'll do if we're caught."

"Does anyone know what you did?"

"I doubt it. I killed every single damn one of them."

"Well, do you still have your uniform?"

"No one asked for it so I kept it."

"Wear it, then, when we leave tomorrow morning."

Mi-Cha looked intently at me, probably wondering what my plans were. Well, he would find out soon enough.

Late in the afternoon, out in the Philippine jungle, when we knew we would be in Japanese-controlled territory, Mi-Cha dressed in his Japanese uniform. If we were captured, at least he would have a cover story. He would be my prisoner and I would be the bad American and, if we got away with it, he would be able to return to his unit. In that case, things might go slightly better for us. Who knew for sure? So any way, when we went out in the field collecting intelligence, this was our fallback position—and we dressed for the eventualities.

We had been in the field for about a week, surprisingly successful in not being captured and noting the presence of Japanese soldiers, hundreds and hundreds of Japanese soldiers. Neither of us thought we would survive, but we still took precautions. Better captured than killed. Better me captured than both of us.

So, in order to disguise us, whenever I left to get food, a responsibility I assumed, I would shackle Mi-Cha to a tree. His idea, not mine.

This time, I started a fire before I left, and with some difficult positioning, Mi-Cha could tend to it when I was gone—without being able to free himself.

He looked ridiculous—bound and trussed like the French might have done with prisoners in the ancient Bastille. All those chains and handcuffs were heavy, but he demanded we carry them before we left base camp. I thought maybe it was ridiculous, but I did get a kick out of tying him up.

Unfortunately, without thinking, I left a pail near the tree, filled with green paint and dead insects. Just in case we killed a Jap or two along the way.

Looking at him this way, I again questioned the sanity of leaving him so alone. What if some animal came up and ate him?

“Is this really necessary, Jack?” I asked.

“Yes. As long as we are in enemy territory, even for a few minutes, I must look like your prisoner. Otherwise, they'll kill me in a second.”

“How about me?”

“They'd never kill you immediately, especially if you keep that disgusting pail of green paint around.”

“What will they do to me?”

“Nothing very nice, Lacey.”

“I'm going fishing.”

“Good. I'm hungry as hell.

A few hours later, I came back with a few fish I was lucky enough to spear. Mi-Cha, who was tending the fire with a severely shackled left hand, looked up, smiled, acknowledging the catch. I removed the shackles from his hand and gave him the frying pan. He then dumped a bunch of wild onions into the pot and took the fish from me.

We both looked up suddenly, hearing a relatively inconspicuous rustling in the bush. We both thought it some kind of an animal, perhaps a wild pig. We froze for a moment, curious, but not worried. The “not worried” part disappeared when dozens of Japanese stepped out of the bush and surrounded us.

Considering the area was swarming with Japanese, even more so than we contemplated, it was almost a wonder we survived a week until we were captured. And, when we were, Mi-Cha got credit for my capture—a feather in his cap and, with his continuing freedom, a tiny possibility still remained open for our eventual escape.

Inside one of the Jap tents, Mi-Cha’s superior spoke with him about me. “So, Mi-Cha, you finally had your crack at the Mosquito and—?”

“This was not my unit, remember? I was just a translator. I asked for my own unit. I was not responsible for their failure.”

“I understand,” said the corporal. “Still, it must have been humiliating to have been captured by this man.”

“I am not happy about it, but I was not involved in the decision to raid that little village. It was thoughtless and dangerous without proper reconnaissance. They walked right into an ambush. Skeeter had a lot of men with him. They killed everyone except me.”

“And why were you so lucky?”

“Before the ambush, when we had caught Skeeter on the outskirts of the village, I translated during his interrogation. As we were leaving the camp, Skeeter’s men jumped us. Skeeter probably wanted to steal me as a translator. Who knows? He wouldn’t let them kill me . . .”

“I’m sure you think that explains everything. Well, at least he’s here, regardless of whatever really happened. Clean yourself up and get back to your post.”

Soon enough, Mi-Cha was asked to translate during my interrogation. I was being forcibly interrogated by several Japanese while the corporal stood by. Two interrogators were in the front, rapidly firing questions at me. Mi-Cha’s discomfort was obvious as he translated what was said.

I refused to answer, ignoring them. So they jammed their batons into my sides and stomach. All I was willing to do was to parrot my name, rank and serial number. Each time I repeated that formula, they slapped me. This went on for quite a little while.

The corporal muttered something in Japanese I would later learn meant, "Tough son of a bitch." Then he ordered his men to stop and turned to Mi-Cha, saying, still in Japanese, "We have definite evidence that the Mosquito is an intelligence officer."

"How would you know that?" asked Mi-Cha.

"One of our prisoners broke down. He blew the whistle on this bastard. I guess he was the one forced to paint our soldiers' bodies. He hated Lacey's guts."

The corporal then nodded for the interrogators to leave before continuing, "I have orders not to kill him. They want him back in the homeland. They think they have better interrogators than we do."

"I doubt that," said Mi-Cha, matter-of-factly.

"Me, too. The jungle somehow whets your appetite to get all you can out of a prisoner."

“You’re quite right.”

“Looks like I have to send him to Nagasaki. They think he may be a big deal.”

“Will they kill him?”

“Probably. He will undoubtedly be shot for what he did to our soldiers. But, before that, they will squeeze out of him all they can manage.”

“I wish them the best of luck.”

“I have done you a big favor, Mi-Cha. A chance to wring at least a drop of glory out of his capture.”

“And how’s that?”

“I have asked them to let you to accompany him. He will be your prisoner, and you can assist the interrogators. I think we’ve done all we can here.”

“Why would they want me?”

“You have first hand understanding of the challenges we face here—the American and Filipino army, their strategy and resources as well as the terrain.”

The corporal looked down at me, lying in a pool of my own blood. “He’s rather damaged merchandise, for the moment.

They'll probably let him heal for awhile before they break him into little pieces again."

CHAPTER X STORE INVASION

Back in the storeroom of the cigar store in New York City, Rabbit was sitting on the floor in the corner of the room, reading about his father's past military exploits, when Sergeant Lacey flung open the storeroom door.

"What the fuck are you doing here? What's this?"

"It's your diary, Dad."

"You read my diary, you little son of a bitch?"

"You should be proud—"

Sergeant Lacey switched subjects. "How'd you get into the safe this time?"

"Let's just say I am multi-talented."

"So you pick locks now?"

"I can," affirmed Rabbit. "So what?"

He felt defensive, but then let that go as his heart filled with pride for his father. "You're a war hero, Dad. A war hero! I know everything about you—"

Sergeant Lacey cut him short. "You sure as hell do not."

"You mean there's more?"

“No, I . . .”

“Where is it, Dad? I want to read it.”

“There is no more, God damn it.”

“You’re lying, Dad.”

“How the hell do you know?”

“I can see it in your eyes.”

“Well, if there is, you’ll never see it. It’s private.”

“What did the Japs do to you, Dad?”

“None of your business.”

“Did they torture you? Is that why you go to all these doctors?”

“You keep asking questions like that and I will definitely turn you over to your cousin. I promise you.”

“I want to read the rest.”

“You never will.”

The Foot Soldier
-The Film and Novel Trilogy-

Part I

Boots on Manhattan

-a screenplay sample-

By Ray Boylan and Johnny Blue Star

© 2011 By Ray Boylan and Johnny Blue Star
All Rights Reserved

Johnny Blue Star
760-323-0193
cvnewz@aol.com
[skype: johnny.blue.star](skype:johnny.blue.star)

**SEGMENT FROM THE SCREEN VERSION
OF "BOOTS ON MANHATTAN"**

INT. HALLWAY NEAR STOREROOM. CIGAR STORE. 89TH STREET AND COLUMBUS AVENUE. NEW YORK CITY -- MOMENTS LATER

Deuce is walking down hallway, shivering with a TOWEL wrapped around him, still wet from the minnow incident. He goes to a garbage can and shakes some minnows out of his shirt. He goes to bedroom and puts on a new shirt, dries himself off, but his hands are notably shaking. He is very upset. Reaches under bed and pulls out small toolkit. Starts to walk downstairs. Goes into storeroom and takes out various small tools. Very despondently, he starts to pick lock. Opens safe. Begins to read diary.

EXT. JUNGLE. COMBAT THEATER. PHILIPPINES -- AFTERNOON
TITLES: PHILIPPINES. 1945.

CAMERA CLOSES IN on NAME TAG of SERGEANT MAX LACEY, an Intelligence Officer, is hurriedly moving along with US ARMY unit, looking around, as if taking mental notes, despite the EXPLOSIONS AND GUNFIRE around him. He pulls out a clipboard, writing rapidly in it while stepping over DEAD BODIES. Suddenly, there is MASSIVE GUNFIRE and dead and wounded SOLDIERS drop all around him, including SERGEANT GREENWALD. Lacey rushes over to Greenwald, trying to revive him. When he moves Greenwald's head, he sees a BULLET WOUND right above his ear. CRIES OF PAIN of SEVERAL WOUNDED MEN. MEDICS rush in, while LIEUTENANT MERCER walks up to LACEY, still at GREENWALD'S SIDE.

LIEUTENANT

Well, Lacey, better look around. Looks like this is your unit.

SERGEANT

I was assigned here for two days. I'm making a recognizance of troop movements for the General. I don't know shit about combat.

LIEUTENANT

That's too damn bad. See that hill-

SERGEANT

Yeah, its swarming with Japs.

LIEUTENANT

Take it.

SERGEANT

Lieutenant, I'm trying to tell you. I'm a pencil pusher.

LIEUTENANT

You do what I say, Sergeant.

SERGEANT

You want me to be responsible for-

LIEUTENANT

I want you to do your goddam job.

(to men)

Greenwald's dead. You bastards do what the Sergeant here tell you to do.

You got it.

LACEY signals the MEN. He is about to give orders. The Lieutenant smiles at him grimly. Throws him a BROWNING AUTOMATIC RIFLE, basically a Light Machine Gun. Lacey and his men march towards the hill. Though, at a distance, they see Japanese soldiers swarming over the territory.

PRIVATE

They're all over the place. How we gonna make it, Sergeant?

SERGEANT

I don't know. If I see MacArthur, I'll be sure to ask him.

Lacey nods at the man, then, with a look of sudden determination, starts running towards the hill with his MACHINE GUN. His men follow, at first reluctantly- barely heeding his gung-ho signal to move forward- but, then, as Lacey continues, picking up speed but spraying the shrubbery and high grass around him with his MACHINE GUN- they start to share his enthusiasm. For awhile, it is an uphill run, until Lacey gets to the top of a ravine, when he trips on some branches and topples down the side of the ravine. Men watch him literally tumbling down into the middle of a Japanese MACHINE GUN nest- so fast and out of control that the men look at each other, sighing and shaking their heads- because Lacey is about to have the shortest command in the US Army. The Japanese begin to notice and start firing at him, but Lacey is somehow toppling and zig-zagging down the hill and eluding the bullets. His men stare down, amazed, as how somehow at the very end of his fall, he somehow lands on his feet and literally, single-handedly, takes on the whole NEST OF SEVENTEEN MEN with his sputtering Browning, killing all of them. CAMERA focuses on him. There is a smile of almost pure self-satisfaction plastered on his face. Two of his GI's on the top of the ravine look down in astonishment.

FIRST SOLDIER

Did you see that?

SECOND SOLDIER

I don't believe it.

He points over about twenty feet away. Lieutenant Mercer is looking down, too, silent and amazed.

EXT. BOTTOM OF RAVINE. PHILIPPINE JUNGLE -- MOMENTS LATER

Lacey is staring at the bodies around him as his men trail down the hill. Lieutenant Mercer is talking to him.

LIEUTENANT MERCER

How'd you do that?

SERGEANT LACEY

To tell you the truth, I don't know. But it felt like me- if you know what I mean....Damn, it felt good!

LIEUTENANT MERCER

You still feel like going back and counting heads.

SERGEANT LACEY

No, Sir.

LIEUTENANT MERCER

Good. Because I alerted headquarters about your little exploit. Hey, there's no one else to lead these men. You're now in charge of the unit-permanent.

SERGEANT LACEY

Damn!

Mercer walks away, passing by one of Lacey's men.

SOLDIER
(to Mercer)

Damn, I never saw anything like it!

LIEUTENANT MERCER

Take care of him, son. He's in command of your unit.

SOLDIER

But-

LIEUTENANT MERCER

He's an anomaly- what you might call a natural soldier. Damn, I never saw one either.

INT. TENT. JUNGLE. PHILIPPINES -- EVENING

Lacey taking down LANTERNS and dumping MOTHS, MOSQUITOES AND VARIOUS DEAD BUGS into a LARGE TIN BOWL. He brushes A FEW, stuck in MOSQUITO NETTING, into the BOWL. ANOTHER SERGEANT COMES in...

SERGEANT

You got any new orders...?

LACEY

Not that I am aware of..

He sees Lacey dump a lantern full of bugs into the bowl.

SERGEANT

What the hell are you doing?

LACEY

Collecting a few dead bugs.

SERGEANT

What in hell's name for?

LACEY

Psychological warfare.

SERGEANT

I always thought you were nuts, Lacey. Now I'm sure of it.

Sergeant leaves. Lacey follows him outside. He goes over to soldier, PRIVATE BENSON, painting a small jeep camouflage green.

LACEY

Hey, can I have a can of that?

PRIVATE BENSON

You can have anything you want, Sarge. I was standing on top of that ridge when you hit bottom and decimated those Jap bastards...

LACEY

You in my platoon?

PRIVATE BENSON

No, Sir.

LACEY

You wanna be?

PRIVATE BENSON

Hell, yes...

LACEY

Well, get your gear. You can bunk over there... with me. I need a man whose good with paint.

PRIVATE BENSON

Paint?

Lacey leaves with the can.

INT. LACEY'S TENT. JUNGLE. PHILIPPINES -- NIGHT

Lieutenant Mercer walks into Lacey's tent.

LIEUTENANT MERCER

There a rumor running around that the Japanese have just burned a town- but they left behind a big supply dump. Trouble is- you got to cross that river. This side's swarming with Japs.

SERGEANT LACEY

Is it doable?

LIEUTENANT

Only for someone like you, Max.

Lacey smiles.

SERGEANT LACEY

I'll give it a shot, then.

EXT. RIVER BANK. JUNGLE. PHILIPPINES -- NIGHT

Lacey and his friends isolate a Japanese unit on the outskirts of the encampment, somewhat sheltered from the sight of the rest of the camp by a promontory. They stab and bayonet most of the SOLDIERS and assemble some of the small Japanese boats, tied at a nearby pier to make their way across the river. While they do this, Lacey is dabbing some of his paint/insect concoction on the cheeks of the dead Japanese. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Benson, finishing painting graffiti on tent. There is a pictogram of a mosquito and, in bold, green paint: SKEETER. Then, they run towards boats, which are already leaving shore.

EXT. RIVER. JUNGLE. PHILIPPINES -- LATER

BOATS are landing on shore. Men are piling out.

EXT. RIVER. JUNGLE. PHILIPPINES -- LATER
Lacey's platoon trekking through jungle.

EXT. RIVER. JUNGLE. PHILIPPINES -- LATER
Lacey's platoon comes across a huge supply dump, including Some HEAVY MACHINE GUNS.

EXT. RIVER. JUNGLE. PHILIPPINES -- LATER
Lacey's platoon head home in the dead of night, carrying tons of supplies, pushing some along on wagons.

INT. TENT. LUZON. JAPANESE ARMY CAMP -- EVENING
PRIVATE MI-CHA, a Korean serving in the Japanese Army, is standing at attention before a JAPANESE CORPORAL.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

Yes, I agree, Mi-Cha, you have done famously as far as prisoners go. You have outdone everyone in my platoon.

MI-CHA

Then let me go. Let me do it. I will seek out the bastard and kill him.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

It would do a lot of good. Many of my men are superstitious. The way he defaces our dead soldiers is disgraceful. Alive or dead- it would be beneficial.

MI-CHA

Then, please, Corporal, let me go.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

I know you are impatient. Despite the fact you are Korean, you are one of my best men. But, let me be frank, you want to take an all-Korean unit into the jungle on a search-and-kill mission. But what will keep you from going over to the American side?

MI-CHA

You think that of me? I thought you knew me.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

I know your father. He is in jail now. One of the most serious trouble-makers in Korea.

MI-CHA

He disowned me when I enlisted.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

I would hardly call it an enlistment, Mi-Cha.

MI-CHA

I went in readily. That is why we are not on speaking terms.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

Your father is not on speaking terms with anyone. He has been in isolation for two years. Besides- despite the fact you have captured over thirty of the Americans and Filipinos, you have not one kill under your belt.

MI-CHA

Let me remedy that. Let me hunt down the Mosquito.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

We'll see. I'll think it over.

Lacey is moving quickly forward with A FEW MEN, when they are suddenly surrounded by a large number of JAPANESE SOLDIERS. They are forced to surrender. A JAPANESE SERGEANT signals to Mi-Cha, who steps forward.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

Mi-cha, you translate.

MI-CHA, the translator, steps forward. He speaks in Japanese to Lacey.

MI-CHA

So, you are the psychopath who is defacing our dead soldiers.

Lacey shrugs, spreads out his hands, almost humorously- like- 'Who me? What are you talking about?' In reward, the Japanese officer strikes him hard on the face. The Japanese Sergeant speaks again to Lacey.

JAPANESE SERGEANT

What! Nothing to say? Come, let us hear the buzz of the notorious American mosquito.

The corporal hits Lacey in the stomach with the butt of his RIFLE. Turns to men-

JAPANESE SERGEANT

Tie the bastard to the tree.

The Japanese soldiers tie Lacey up. The Sergeant then picks up a Type 100 submachine gun and throws it to the translator.

JAPANESE SERGEANT

Okay, Mi-Cha- here's your chance for your first kill. Prove yourself.
Finish him off.

Mi-Cha looks at the SUBMACHINE GUN in his hands, lifts up his head, then mows down the Corporal, swinging quickly over to finish off the OTHER JAPANESE SOLDIERS. He runs over to Lacey, who is bloody and beaten- and pulls him up, practically dragging him into the jungle.

INT. AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS -- LATER

A Major in the Intelligence Division is addressing Lacey, who is standing at attention.

MAJOR

We have vetted his story. He is the son of a prominent dissident, Chul-Moo Kang, maybe a Communist, but still a firm opponent of the Japanese. He speaks five languages fluently. We're going to use him. Good work, Lacey.

LACEY

Good work? He saved my life and asked if I could bring him in as a prisoner. I didn't do shit. Jack did everything on his own.

MAJOR

Jack?

LACEY

I call him Jack. His name sounds like something I would order in a Chinese restaurant.

MAJOR

Well, then, Jack sounds all right. Let's just say it all worked out extremely well for all parties, Lacey.

LACEY

I'd say so.

MAJOR

We know you're a big hero now, Lacey, but HQ wants you and- Jack to scope out what's going on around the coast of Luzon.

(pause)

You know things have not been going well in the Philippine. The General is making some critical decisions and what we are doing in Luzon is a prime matter of concern. We need on the ground intelligence, something you used to be good at.

LACEY

The coast- that's a pretty fucking dangerous place to be.

LIEUTENANT

Frankly. It's almost certainly a suicide mission. That's why can say, "no."

LACEY

I can say- no? It's not an order.

LIEUTENANT

It's more like it's a volunteer mission- but you two are the only ones qualified to do this. We briefed the General. He wants you do it- if you will.

INT. LACEY'S TENT -- LATER

Lacey and Mi-Cha are squatting on the floor, eating fruit.

LACEY

Did you get that, Jack? MacArthur actually knows who we are. He asked for us personally.

Jack sighs.

MI-CHA

We'll probably be killed.

LACEY

I'd say so.

MI-CHA

Who do you have at home?

LACEY

Just a son. My wife divorced me three years before the war. I got custody.

MI-CHA

Isn't that rare-

LACEY

She was a raging alcoholic.

MI-CHA

Where is he?

LACEY

He's with my sister. My son and I don't know each other very well.

(musing)

He probably won't even miss me if I don't come home.

MI-CHA

That's sad. My father's in jail in Korea. The Japanese don't like him. But they liked me enough to force me to enlist. But I played the loyal colonist lackey since I've been here. In fact, I begged them to go after you.

LACEY

I was popular, eh?

MI-CHA

They are very proud. They see you as someone shaming them by defacing their dead. I don't know what they'll do if we're caught.

LACEY

Does anyone know what you did?

MI-CHA

I doubt if. I killed every single damn one of them.

LACEY

Well, do you still have your uniform?

MI-CHA

No one asked for it so I kept it.

LACEY

Wear it, then- when we leave tomorrow morning.

Mi-Cha looks intently at Lacey.

EXT. JUNGLE. PHILIPPINES -- LATE AFTERNOON

Mi-Cha is captured by Japanese but appears to be Lacey's prisoner. There is ample proof that Lacey is the Skeeter.

INT. JAPANESE TENT -- AFTERNOON

Mi-Cha's superior is speaking to Mi-Cha about Lacey's capture.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

So Mi-Cha- you finally had your crack at the Mosquito and-

MI-CHA

This was not my unit, remember? I was just a translator. I asked for my own unit.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

I understand. Still, it must have been humiliating to have been captured by this man.

MI-CHA

I am not happy about it but I was not involved in the decision to raid that little village. They walked right into an ambush. Skeeter had a lot of men with him. They killed everyone except me-

JAPANESE CORPORAL

And why were you so lucky-

MI-CHA

We caught him on the outskirts of the Village. I translated during his interrogation. As we were leaving the camp, his other men jumped us. They probably wanted to steal me as a translator. Who knows? He wouldn't let them kill me...

JAPANESE CORPORAL

I'm sure you think that explains everything. Well, at least he's here- no thanks to you. Clean yourself up and get back to your post.

Lacey is being forcibly interrogated by several Japanese while the Corporal stands by. Mi-Cha, obviously uncomfortable with what they are doing to his friend, is translating during the interrogation. There are two interrogators, who are rapidly firing questions at Lacey. As Lacey parrots his name, rank and serial number, they jam batons into his sides and stomach, slapping him every time he repeats the formula.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

Tough son of a bitch.

(to his men)

You can stop now.

(to Mi-Cha)

We have definite evidence that the Mosquito is an intelligence officer.

MI-CHA

How would you know that?

JAPANESE CORPORAL

One of our prisoners broke down. He blew the whistle on this bastard. I guess he was the one forced to paint our soldiers' bodies. He hated Lacey's guts.

The corporal nods to interrogators to leave.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

I have orders not to kill him. They want him back in the homeland. They think they have better interrogators than we do.

MI-CHA

I would doubt that.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

Me, too. The jungle somehow whets your appetite to get all you can out of a prisoner.

MI-CHA

You're quite right.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

Looks like I have to send him to Nagasaki. They think he may be a big deal.

MI-CHA

Will they kill him?

JAPANESE CORPORAL

Probably. For what he did to our soldiers, he will undoubtedly be shot. But, before that, they will wring out of him all they can manage.

MI-CHA

I wish them the best of luck.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

I have done you a big favor, Mi-Cha. A chance to wring at least a drop of glory out of his capture.

MI-CHA

And how's that?

JAPANESE CORPORAL

I have asked you to accompany him.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

He will be your prisoner and you can assist the interrogators. I think we've done all we can here.

MI-CHA

Why would they want me?

JAPANESE CORPORAL

You have first hand understanding of the challenges we face here- the American and Filipino army, their strategy and resources as well as the terrain.

Looks down at Lacey, who is lying in a pool of blood.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

He's rather damaged merchandise, for the moment. They'll probably let him heal for awhile before they break him into little pieces again.

INT. STOREROOM. CIGAR STORE. 89TH STREET AND COLUMBUS AVENUE.
NEW YORK CITY -- MOMENTS LATER

Sergeant Lacey flings open storeroom door. He find Deuce sitting in the corner, reading.

SERGEANT LACEY

What the fuck are you doing here? What's this?

DEUCE

It's your diary, Dad.

SERGEANT LACEY

You read my diary, you little son of a bitch?

DEUCE

You should be proud-

SERGEANT LACEY

How'd you get into the safe this time?

DEUCE

Let's say- I am multi-talented.

SERGEANT LACEY

So you pick locks now?

DEUCE

I can. So what?

(proudly)

You're a war hero, Dad. A war hero! I know everything about you-

SERGEANT LACEY

You sure as hell do not.

DEUCE

You mean there's more?

SERGEANT LACEY

No, I-

DEUCE

Where is it, Dad? I want to read it.

SERGEANT LACEY

There is no more, goddamnit.

DEUCE

You're lying, Dad.

SERGEANT LACEY

How the hell do you know?

DEUCE

I can see it in your eyes.

SERGEANT LACEY

Well, if there is- you'll never see it. It's private-

DEUCE

What did the Japs do you to you, Dad?

SERGEANT LACEY

None of your business.

DEUCE

Did they torture you? Is that why you to to all these Doctors.

SERGEANT LACEY

You keep asking questions like that and I will definitely turn you over to your Uncle. I promise you.

DEUCE

I want to read the rest.

SERGEANT LACEY

You never will.