

CHINA

BEACH

"ALL ABOUT E.E.V."

FINAL DRAFT

November 15, 1988

CHINA BEACH

"All About E.E.V."

Written by

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CAST

McMURPHY

LILA

BOONIE

DOCTOR RICHARD

CHERRY

K. C.

BECKETT

DODGER

WAYLOO

FRANKIE

MAI

HANG

LT. COL. EDWARD EDWARD VINCENT

CHUCK BERRY

~~CAPTAIN BUFORD~~

CORPORAL #1

CORPORAL #2

CHINA BEACH

"All About E.E.V."

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

LILA'S ROOM
K.C.'S ROOM
McMURPHY'S ROOM
TRIAGE
MARS
JET SET
WARD
BEAUTY SHOP
GRU

EXTERIORS:

BEACH
SWIMMING POOL
LIFEGUARD STAND
EVAC HELIPAD
RED CROSS CENTER
JUNGLE ROAD
SHOWERS
COMPOUND
BRIDGE
RIVERBED
TASTEE CONE
SHELL CASING GRAVEYARD
CHURCH

CHINA BEACH

"All About E.E.V."

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BEACH - DAY (SUNRISE) 1

A gentle surf lapping at the shore. All is calm, quiet. Then the harsh TWANG of a GUITAR. CHUCK BERRY's "No Particular Place To Go" FADES UP as a golf cart whizzes THROUGH FRAME.

CUT TO:

2 INT. LILA'S ROOM - DAY 2

MAJOR LILA GARREAU stands in front of her mirror, practicing facial exercises -- mouth stretching, lips twisting, nose scrunching.

CUT TO:

3 INT. K.C.'S ROOM - DAY 3

K.C. lounges in bed, smiling as she peruses a financial statement, then holds up several color photos of Cam Ranh Bay -- palm trees, white beaches, tropical waters.

CUT TO:

4 INT. McMURPHY'S ROOM - DAY 4

COLLEEN McMURPHY lies motionless on the bed, in uniform, eyes closed.

WAYLOO (O.S.)

Mind keeping it down a little,
McMurphy?

McMurphy opens her eyes, can't believe Wayloo. WAYLOO MARIE HOLMES sits at dresser in front of mirror, dabbing on mascara as she pours over notes, research. Tacked to the mirror we see photos of her journalist heroes: Walter Cronkite, Eric Sevareid, David Brinkley, a Polaroid of herself. The room is unbelievably cluttered with her belongings.

WAYLOO

Need to concentrate, big day
today.

(CONTINUED)

McMURPHY

All days are the same, Wayloo...
Except for those that are truly
worse.

Wayloo rises, moving quickly about the room, crawling over the bed, over McMURPHY, gathering her tape recorder, camera equipment, etc. McMURPHY rises, starts to change clothes, colliding with Wayloo at every turn.

WAYLOO

Not this one. Got a Silver Star
visiting China Beach -- and I'm
going to interview him.

McMURPHY

Silver Star...

WAYLOO

I want the coverage close,
intense, riveting.

McMURPHY

Isn't that the one they give out
when you fall on a land mine?

Wayloo momentarily panics, sifts through her notes.

WAYLOO

Thank God, only got his leg...
(continues moving
about room)

I do a good job on this, I'll get
assigned to cover Ambassador
Lodge when he visits the Saigon
zoo next week.

McMURPHY

(glances at mirror photos)
Walter would be proud.

Wayloo catches the glance; the two of them still bumping
into each other at every beat.

WAYLOO

This could be my ticket.

McMURPHY

Out?

WAYLOO

You think this is just another
fluff piece. But with an ambassador
... there's a difference.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

Both turn and there's a major collision. McMurphy knocking the recorder, etc. from Wayloo's hands. Wayloo knocking shampoo bottle, shower supplies, etc. from McMurphy's hands. Both stare down at the spilled goods, then back up directly at each other.

McMURPHY

Know what I think, Wayloo?

WAYLOO

This room...

McMURPHY

Is not big enough...

WAYLOO

For --

Wayloo and McMurphy turn as the front door CRASHES open. FRANKIE BUNSEN, carrying a cot and bags, stumbles in, loses her balance. The cot hits the floor, Frankie sprawled across it. Beat. She pulls a piece of note paper from her back pocket, reads it.

FRANKIE

Room 4B?

McMURPHY

You're not...

WAYLOO

Moving in?

FRANKIE

No. I'm here to take your musical requests.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. BEACH - DAY

5

"NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO" CONTINUES as the golf cart buzzes back THROUGH FRAME, flies up over a dune, crashes to a halt at the edge of the China Beach compound. DR. DICK RICHARD sits behind the wheel, smiling, then BLAM! several SHOTS ring out.

-CUT TO:

6 INT. TRIAGE - DAY

6

McMurphy at the window, laughing as Dr. Richard swerves across the helipad, avoiding sniper FIRE, then RAMS his CART through the double DOORS of Triage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO" FADES OUT as he exits cart, the CLEATS of his SHOES HITTING the LINOLEUM, joins McMurphy walking down aisle.

DR. RICHARD

Nothing like a little sniper derby to start your day. What'd we do for fun before this nimrod came along?

Dr. Richard tosses cart keys to nurse passing by.

DR. RICHARD

Fill her up, check the oil. And there's just the slightest knocking noise...

McMURPHY

Couple of more laps and our pot-shot might've won the Teddy bear.

DR. RICHARD

So far he can't even wound the Coke machine.

Lila enters, checks her watch, looks at Dr. Richard.

LILA

Six minutes past 0900.

DR. RICHARD

I'm a doctor, Lila. I play golf on Thursdays.

LILA

I'd like to make a 'private' appointment.

McMURPHY

I'll just go and check on some of the real patients.

McMurphy exits into ward. Lila spots the OR as a "private" place, quickly approaches. Dr. Richard tries to stop her, but it's too late. She pushes open the double doors. The room is dark except for the flickering of a 16mm print being projected against one wall. We hear the HOOTS and HOWLS of FIFTEEN GIs inside. We also hear the MOANS and SIGHS of the PORNO MOVIE they're watching. Lila is momentarily stunned.

DR. RICHARD

I can assure you this is purely for educational purposes.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

LILA

Disgusting.

DR. RICHARD

(eyes on movie)

And slightly out of focus.

(beat; to Lila)

We'll find someplace else.

CUT TO:

7 INT. GRU - DAY

7

Dr. Richard sits on a bench, using his dog tags to scrape sand off his cleats. Lila sits on opposite bench. Body bags, etc. lie about the b.g.

LILA

Headaches, anxiety --

DR. RICHARD

This is Vietnam... You don't happen to have an emory board, do you?

LILA

(continuing on)

Fatigue, insomnia.

DR. RICHARD

This is Vietnam.

LILA

Irritability.

DR. RICHARD

More than usual?
(off Lila's look)
Okay, what else?

LILA

Well, the most pressing problem
seems to be --

Two G.I.s enter, pushing body on cart, hoisting body onto table.

DR. RICHARD

Seems to be what, Lila?

Lila glances at G.I.s, then whispers to Dr. Richard.

(CONTINUED)

LILA

Hot flashes.

DR. RICHARD

(matching her
whisper)

Hot flashes?

LILA

Yes... Hot flashes.

DR. RICHARD

(still whispering)

Have they affected your voice?

Lila nods towards G.I.s just as they finally leave. Dr. Richard realizes, then pulls out notepad, gives full attention to Lila who has now unconsciously started fanning herself.

DR. RICHARD

... So, a little tropical heat wave all your own.

LILA

Well, I'm sure it's nothing. After all, this is Vietnam.

DR. RICHARD

How's your menstrual cycle?

LILA

Absolutely normal. Although I actually haven't had my period for several months.

DR. RICHARD

(jotting notes)

Uh-huh.

LILA

What? What? Now wait just a minute. Lila Garreau is not pregnant.

Dr. Richard keeps jotting notes.

LILA

I repeat, Doctor, I am not --

DR. RICHARD

Didn't say you were.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

LILA

I always use protection... or, at
the very least, I always would.

DR. RICHARD

Might not have to from now on.

Lila's stone cold quiet, not sure what she's hearing.
Dr. Richard, in his own peculiar way, tries to render
the news gently.

DR. RICHARD

Can't be sure, but there's a
chance you're just passing through
to less greener pastures... pushing
the edge of that female envelope
... rotating out a little early...

(beat)

Menopause.

ON Lila's shock and disbelief.

CUT TO:

8 INT. WARD - DAY

8

McMurphy stands over DODGER's bed, attempting to pull
one of his legs back, bringing knee up to chest.
Dodger's face is blank, disinterested, discouraged.

McMURPHY

Come on, Dodger, gotta kick a
little ass here.

DODGER

Roll me out to the compound.
Give that shooter some target
practice on an immovable object.

McMurphy pulls other leg back. Dodger winces in pain.

McMURPHY

Are you kidding? We already
starved one of Major Garreau's
bras and ran it up the flagpole.
So far not as much as a frag
wound.

DODGER

(smiling)

That's bad, McMurphy.

(CONTINUED)

McMURPHY

You're still alive.

(takes Dodger's
hands, wraps
around left leg)

Just keep pulling back as gently
as you can, slowly. Try and get
the knee up to your chest.

Dodger smiles half-heartedly, attempts to pull on leg.

McMURPHY

Be back in a minute.

Dodger nods as McMurphy moves down aisle of Ward. As soon as her back is turned, his smile fades, his leg falls to the bed.

McMurphy pushes through the double doors into Triage. FROM OFF SCREEN, we hear more HOOTS and HOWLS from the GIs inside OR, still watching the PORNO MOVIE. Lila suddenly blows in from side door -- all apoplectic huff -- picks up some paperwork off desk, then storms down the aisle and out. Dr. Richard follows from same side door, shaking his head.

McMURPHY

Don't tell me she actually has
something serious.

DR. RICHARD

An extreme dislike of yours truly.

(beat)

Our dear major just might be
entering the 'M' phase.

McMURPHY

(a moment to get it,
then)

How do we explain all her
previous behavior?

DR. RICHARD

Cut a little slack, McMurphy.

McMURPHY

Who sent you to sensitivity
training?

DR. RICHARD

We're talking about a woman going
through the big change of life.
Afraid she's losing her sex appeal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. RICHARD (CONT'D)

Get a little older, we all worry about that kind of stuff.

(nods at OR)

That's why I keep a training film on hand.

McMURPHY

I've got a little more faith in myself than that.

DR. RICHARD

Oh, you mean like riding a bike? It all comes back to you?

(off McMurphy's nod)

So if I bring in a Schwinn you'll cruise on my handlebars?

McMURPHY

Why, Dr. Richard, is that a challenge?

DR. RICHARD

Some might call it an opportunity.

McMURPHY

Then again, others might call it --

Serious HOOTS and HOWLS coming from the OR.

DR. RICHARD

I think this is the part where Sheila interviews the midgets.

He bolts into OR, leaving McMurphy behind, laughing.

CUT TO:

MAI and BOONIE LANIER stand behind bar. SAMUEL BECKETT and a totally dejected Wayloo sit on stools opposite. Wayloo stares blankly across the room.

WAYLOO

Lieutenant Andrew Mirisch... winner of the Silver Star... pie-eater.

BECKETT

You couldn't get him to stop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wayloo shakes her head. Across the room we see four normal size G.I.s sitting next to one humongous G.I. -- all engaged in a pie-eating contest. Five faces lathered with meringue.

WAYLOO

He's already eliminated thirteen corporals, eight sergeants...

BOONIE

Don't forget the four radar specialists.

BECKETT

Maybe when they finish.

WAYLOO

Film had to be in the Saigon bureau by noon.

BOONIE

(checks watch)
Wow. You really missed it.

Beckett glares at Boonie who shrugs, then Beckett tries to cover, turns to Wayloo.

BECKETT

Maybe you'd like to interview Mai here. She's new, just started this week, different perspective...

Beckett trails off as Wayloo drops from the stool, picks up her equipment, heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAUTY SHOP - DAY

CHERRY WHITE's feet are thrust high in the air, body contorted backwards, spreadeagle across the beauty shop chair. And her head is somewhere way down in that sink as K.C. stands overhead, executing a terminal shampoo.

CHERRY

K.C., really, it's okay. I don't mind waiting. I'm sure Hang will be back any --

(head pushed under,
back up again)

-- minute.

(CONTINUED)

K.C.

Where does she keep the peroxide?

CHERRY

Actually, I don't think I really want any perox --

K.C. drops Cherry's head back into the sink, then crosses to shelf, looking for peroxide. Cherry takes the opportunity to bolt out of the chair, grabs a towel, starts drying her hair.

CHERRY

Really, shampoo's all I need.

K.C.

Whatever.

K.C. sinks into a chair, pours some Chivas.

CHERRY

K.C... Is something wrong?

K.C.

Yeah, the war's going to end. Haven't you heard?

CHERRY

Not in the next couple of days.

K.C. rises, picks up several of the Cam Ranh Bay photos which lay scattered on floor.

K.C.

Cam Ranh Bay. Little cabanas on the sand, beach boys spreading out your towels, a 65 percent mark-up on all those frou-frou drinks with the paper umbrellas. I was this close to owning seventy acres.

CHERRY

You were going to build a resort? In Vietnam?

K.C.

The end is coming. Time for the Donut Dollies to say bye-bye. Time for those tourists to start booking their charters... And my financing fell through this morning. I've got 48 hours to put another deal together or the land goes to the next bidder.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

CHERRY

There must be someone with the right contacts. I've got to chopper up to Firebase Dragonfly. Maybe someone up there.

K.C.

Great idea. See if you can get all three thousand grunts to ante up a quarter each.

CUT TO:

11 INT. WARD - DAY

11

Frankie's stopped at a GI's bed, jotting down his musical request.

FRANKIE

'This Diamond Ring' or anything by Gary Lewis and The Playboys. See what I can do.

She moves to another bed. The (Caucasian) GI has a slight head wound and is clearly agitated, arms and legs flailing about. McMurphy and Dr. Richard attempt to calm him. From their glances, we get the feeling this isn't their first experience with this patient.

McMURPHY

Calm down, you're gonna be okay.

GI

How long are you gonna keep me here? My public's going to wonder. I play over eighty-five dates a year.

DR. RICHARD

We'll have you up in no time.

GI

What about my voice? My singing? And my fingers? Will I still be able to play the guitar?

(kicks legs in air)

And my legs? Will they ever move again? Can I still do the Duck Walk?

FRANKIE

Wait a minute.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Singing, guitar, Duck Walk. Who's
this guy think he is, Chuck Berry?

McMurphy and Dr. Richard wince; Frankie's just said the worst possible thing. But CHUCK's in heaven -- lunges half-way out of bed, grabbing Frankie around the waist, hugging her tight.

CHUCK

Oh, thank you. Thank you...

ROY ORBISON's "Only The Lonely" FADES UP as McMurphy and Dr. Richard attempt to pry him off.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 EXT. SWIMMING POOL - SUNSET

12

"ONLY THE LONELY" CONTINUES as we PAN ACROSS the pool. K.C... head resting back against the edge. Eyes closed. Glass of Chivas in her hand. Bottle of Chivas planted on the wood deck. Lila... eyes glassed over. A nearly-empty bottle of Red Mountain bobbing up and down in the water next to her.

Wayloo... gazing deeply into the frothy pinkness that is her drink, twirling the little paper umbrella on top. She reaches over, flips a button and the sound of a BLENDER drowns out "ONLY THE LONELY," which FADES OUT. Wayloo knocks off the controls, pours another daiquiri.

K.C.

You know, Wayloo, I don't mind
the unsightliness of the blender.
I don't even mind the noise. But
could you lose the umbrella?

Wayloo shrugs, in no mood to fight, tosses umbrella.

LILA

I lost an umbrella once. London,
1945. Walking along Wilton
Crescent in Belgravia -- that was
the Embassy District, of course...

Wayloo and K.C. exchange glances, both mouthing "of course."

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

LILA

A light drizzle began to fall,
I reached into my Marks & Sparks
tote bag... funny how one minute
you think something's there, the
next minute they tell you it's
gone.

K.C.

As in going, going, gone.

WAYLOO

That's just what my daddy would
say during the spring auction on
our prize bulls. Then he'd say
'Wayloo Marie honey, you make a
big enough wish and any one of
these studly beauties can someday
be your's.'"... That theory is
just not translating over here
in Vietnam.

FROM OVERHEAD, a white cloud is floating, descending.

K.C.

I have a big wish -- maybe a
little unrealistic.

LILA

You want to join the Red Cross.

K.C.

I wish 48 hours could be 72...
96... 97...

The cloud's falling closer.

WAYLOO

I wish for rain on Ambassador
Lodge's parade.

Nearly upon them.

LILA

I wish I could loan him my
umbrella.

The cloud lands and it's a PARACHUTE, billowing in the
hot evening breeze. Bouncing down ever so gently is
LT. COLONEL EDWARD EDWARD VINCENT. A terrific body --
all muscle, strength, control.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

And already dressed for R&R, including a Cuban cigar held between his fingers. Wayloo, Lila and K.C. can only stare as he disengages from the chute, smiles, strolls over to them -- the easiest stroll they've ever seen.

VINCENT

Ladies, I must be honest with you right from the start. There's a magic up there in that sky. You're floating and you don't even feel the cloud. All the world is your's but for a single wish...

(beat; smiling)

Of course, it's tough keeping the cigar lit. Everything's a trade-off.

ON Wayloo, Lila, K.C. And the easiest smile they've ever seen.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

