

soldier in World War Two and that included the deserters . . . He just refused to show respect to those he thought were his intellectual inferiors.

TOOMEY. (*to men*) . . . My name is Toomey. Sergeant Merwin J. Toomey and I am in charge of C Company during your ten weeks of basic training here in Beautiful Biloxi, Mississippi, after which those of you who have survived the heat, humidity, roaches, spiders, snakes, dry rot, fungus, dysentery, syphilis, gonorrhoea and tick fever, will be sent to some shit island in the Pacific or some turd pile in Northern Sicily. In either case, returning to your mommas and poppas with your balls intact is highly improbable. There's only one way to come out of a war healthy of body and sane of mind and that way is to be born the favorite daughter of the President of the United States . . . I speak from experience having served fourteen months in the North African campaign where seventy-three per cent of my comrades are buried under the sand of an A-rab desert. The colorful ribbons on my chest will testify to the fact that my government is grateful for my contribution having donated a small portion of my brains to this conflict, the other portion being protected by a heavy steel plate in my head. This injury has caused me to become a smart, compassionate, understanding and sympathetic teacher of raw, young men — or the cruelest, craziest, most sadistic God damn son of a bitch you ever saw . . . and that's something you won't know until ten weeks from now, do I make myself clear, Epstein?

ARNOLD. I think so.

TOOMEY. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, EPSTEIN??

ARNOLD. *Ho!*

TOOMEY. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, JEROME?

Toomey #1

start

stop