

PRIVATE GIMPY

by

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INT. SARGE'S OFFICE - DAY

PRIVATE limps into the office.

SARGE

Thanks for coming to see me,
Private.

PRIVATE

No problem, Sarge.

SARGE

I see you're still gimping around
on that leg.

PRIVATE

Sir, yes sir! But I'm ready to
shoot the enemy sir! ...In the
simulator.

SARGE

That's what I called you in to talk
about, Private. Do you mind if I
call you "Private"?

PRIVATE

Well, I -

SARGE

That was a trick question. I
outrank you, I'll call you whatever
I want.

PRIVATE

Yes, sir.

SARGE

Sit down, Gimp.

Sarge sits, Private sits.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Now, I know you have a bum leg. And
I know you have some childhood
"don't ask, don't tell" issues. But
we'd really like you to stop
shooting people in the "simulator" -

Sarge two-hand gestures at his crotch.

SARGE (CONT'D)

- and start shooting them in the
head.

Sarge points at his head.

PRIVATE

Permission to speak freely, sir!

SARGE

Permission granted.

PRIVATE

I find shooting people in the simulator to be a most effective means of achieving victory in combat! Sir!

SARGE

No one's saying it's not effective, Gimparella.

PRIVATE

I have noticed that remaining enemy forces retreat much more readily when one of their own has been shot in the simulator, sir!

SARGE

No one's debating that, Limpsalot. What we're talking about here is the difference between an honorable death, and a humiliating death.

PRIVATE

I fail to see the distinction, sir!

SARGE

Let me make it simple for you, Pegleg. When we send the enemy home in a bodybag, someone has to open that bag. Now, if that someone sees a head wound, he thinks, "Oh, this soldier died bravely in combat," and he gets a warm glow. Have you ever had a warm glow, Kneecap?

PRIVATE

Permission to speak freely about your wife, sir!

SARGE

Permission denied. Now - if that man opening the bodybag sees a gruesome wound to the simulator, you know what happens?

PRIVATE

No, sir!

SARGE

He throws up. Everywhere. On the walls, on the floor, on the simulator. And when he's done throwing up, he gets enraged. He becomes a sizzling, white-hot glow that cries out for revenge. You ever get that mad, Ball-Dragger?

PRIVATE

Permission to speak freely about my former probation officer, sir!

SARGE

Permission denied. Now, Full Tilt, I want you to *stop* shooting people in the simulator, and *start* shooting them in the head. Can you do that?

PRIVATE

Sir, yes, sir!

SARGE

Good. Now limp your way out of my office, Polio Pete. Get down to the gunnery range, and you start shooting those targets in the head like they deserve!

PRIVATE

Yes, sir!