

Ww2 sketch Film Version

EXT: *War sounds, gunfire, cannons, etc.*

*We see one soldier cradling another. The second soldier has been shot and appears to be dying.*

Goldburg

Sarge? Sergeant, you listen, you breathe now, you hear me?

Sarge

Dammit Goldburg, it's too late for that. That Kraut punched my ticket, and this ain't no round trip.

Goldburg

Medic! Here Sarge, press here, it'll slow the bleeding.

Sarge

Dammit Goldburg, there's no time. Here take this I need you to do something for me. I need you to make it back, and go see my girl . . .

Goldburg

Mildred Myrtle?

Sarge

Mildred Myrtle! I told you about her.

Goldburg

Said you were gonna marry her when you get back. You can still do that, Sarge.

Sarge

Dammit Goldburg, you don't sell catshit to a catshit salesman! Read me that letter, I want to make sure it says everything I feel about her.

Goldburg

*(Reading.)* Mildred Myrtle, if you read this it means I'm not going be able to keep my promise and come back to you. So, I want you to know the one thing that was on my mind as I lay dying: I'm breaking up with you.

Sarge

Whooo! Sounds good just to hear it. Wow, a weight is lifted.

Goldburg

Sarge, I don't--

Sarge

Dammit Goldburg, I'm gonna die a free man. Now, one other thing I need you to do when you go to see Mildred.

Goldburg

Anything Sarge, just don't quit on me.

Sarge

Well after you give Mildred the letter, I need you to—drop your trousers.

Goldburg

You need me to what now?

Sarge

Oh, the darkness. It's coming.

Goldburg

Wait, wait. Why do I need to—

Sarge

It ain't for Mildred. It's her brother, Theodore. He, ah, prefers the company of men. Strong, Circum sized (Kosher) men.

Goldburg

Whoa Sarge, I can't . . .

Sarge

You'd deny my dying wish? You selfish son of a bitch!

Goldburg

No, no. It's just I'm not, you know. And also I'm married.

Sarge

You know who else is straight and married? Hitler!

Goldburg

Sarge, I don't think—

Sarge

Dammit Goldberg! I didn't say how you had to go about it. It's up to you. You can be Custer or you can be the Indians.

Goldberg

I don't think that means anything.

Sarge

Ohhh, Death has its skeletal fingers at my throat!

Goldberg

Fine! Fine. I'll figure something out.

Sarge

I have another letter.

Goldberg

Come on!

Sarge

Dying man's last wish.

Goldberg

Yes?

Sarge

This is important. It's for my mother. Here.

Goldberg

Dearest Mother, Is the last lie I will tell you. You were a smothering, malodorous and misshapen presence in my life. From the moment I found myself longing to escape from your low rent womb to the realization that your breast milk tasted of bourbon and stale cigarettes to that glorious day when a stroke rendered you incapable of speech—I, Sarge, this is awful

Sarge

I'm a dying man. My requests are law! And I have one last request.

Goldberg

I think three is the limit.

Sarge

I saved your life on Omaha Beach.

Goldburg

Right.

Sarge

I have been writing a series of anti-Semitic haikus. See that they are published.

Goldburg

No way in hell

Sarge

*(Almost sing-songy)* Dying man, last request.

Goldburg

But Sarge, you're Jewish.

Sarge

To my everlasting shame.

Goldburg

We go to the same synagogue!

Sarge

Dammit Goldburg, you see that puppy over there?

Goldburg

What puppy, Sarge?

Sarge

Put a cigarette in his mouth and teach him algebra. It will amuse me . . . while I . . . *(Dies.)*

Goldburg

Good-bye Sarge.

*(Goldburg tries to close Sarge's eyes. They pop back open. He tries again. Same problem.*

*Finally he gives up.)*

Good-bye.

OR

Goldburg

(Starts to recite the Kaddish)

Sarge

Too Jewish.

The End

Doug to shoot.

Vague War clothing. WW2 esque. Army jacket. Olive green shirt.

Fake blood. If possible, authentic helmets.

B&W.

maybe one rifle.

couple letters with blood.