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, Circumsized (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 thinkSarge

Dammit Goldburg! 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.

Goldburg

I don't think that means anything.

Sarge

Ohhh, Death has its skeletal fingers at my throat!

Goldburg

Fine! Fine. I'll figure something out.

Sarge

I have another letter.

Goldburg

Come on!

Sarge

Dying man's last wish.

Goldburg

Yes?

Sarge

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

Goldburg

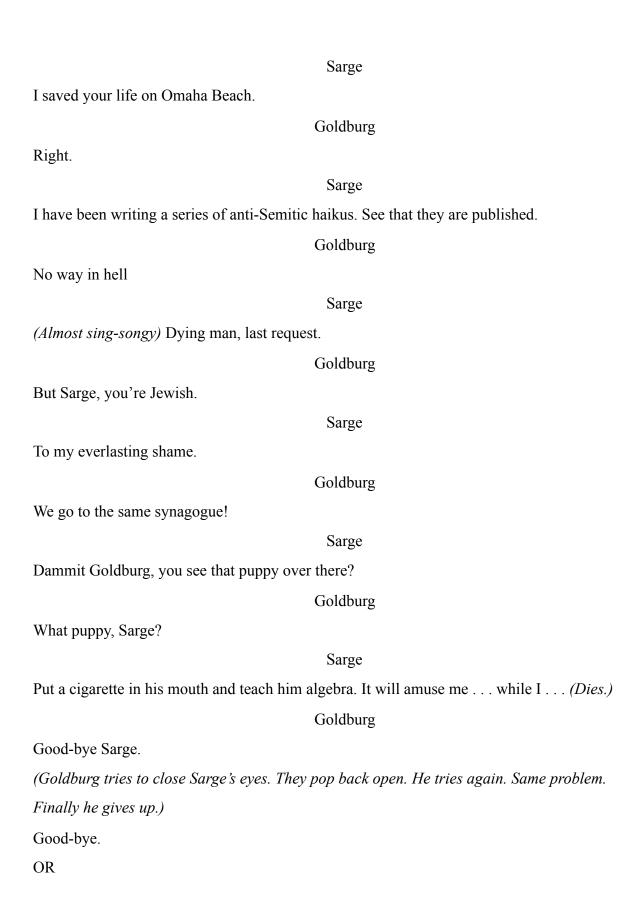
Dearest Mother, Is the last lie I will tell you. You were a smothering, malodorous and misshapen presence in my life. From the moment I found myself longing to escape from your low rent womb to the realization that your breast milk tasted of bourbon and stale cigarettes to that glorious day when a stroke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

Goldburg

I think three is the limit.



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.
DQ VV.
maybe one rifle.