

From **Two Weeks After** by Dawson Moore

TOM: 62. Viet Nam vet.

TOM

Kid, don't do it. *(pause)* I was a bad soldier... the guy no one wanted to get paired with. What was his name... Joe, maybe... He got taken out in an ambush. It wasn't my fault... but if it'd been with somebody else... somebody better... I went because I loved Richard Nixon and I hated the dirty kids who were embarrassing my whole generation. Hell, I still hate hippies. But I would have been better off pumping people's gas... and Joe might still be alive. There's wars to be fought here, too... You've got a kid on the way? You're going to regret signing up a week in, and it's just going to get worse. A hothead like you? Even if you make it out of basic, you'll never survive combat. You want to die, kid? Is that it?