

SANCHEZ. That's Chico's. You're about his size. I'll get you his fatigues.

*Exit SANCHEZ.*

EMILIO *picks up the Kalashnikov again.*

SANCHEZ *enters with a tiger suit and another boot. He throws the suit over EMILIO's head.*

EMILIO *drops the Kalashnikov.*

SANCHEZ. Haven't you loaded it yet? Put this on. And the boot.

SANCHEZ *picks up HECK's trousers and takes out the remaining dollar bills. He pockets them.*

I don't like Gringos. I can't see why we have to have 'em. It was a Gringo issued us with SLR slugs instead a M1s.

EMILIO *hasn't touched the uniform.*

SANCHEZ. Put it on. It ain't gonna bite ya. You'll never last with that flimsy crap on where we're goin'.

*During the following speech EMILIO familiarises himself with CHICO's fatigues, strips and puts them on. SANCHEZ finds C-rations, a water canteen, poncho, tarpaulin and pup tent.*

You can fire an SLR from a Kalashnikov 'cos the Kalashnikov's Russian and the SLR's Israeli. They don't fit the M1 cos M1s are Belgian and the Belgians are at war with Russia. There's a war on in Europe, bin a war on there for years and the Israelis are with the Russians and Gaddafi, he's French, supplied the FDN, that's us, with the M1's. We used to get Colts when the Gringos were at peace with Congress but then North, he's President of Congress, declared war on the Gringos and the fuckin' Colts dried up. Colt's a Gringo gun and that's a rarity now, favoured by the Gringos 'cos they stick to their own. They won't go near the Hondurans. The Gringos needed their Colts to fight Congress then they beat Congress and Congress surrendered and President North was exiled with his wife who wore out her shoes and he and a fella called Hull who's gotta ranch in Costa Rica started flyin' drugs to the Ayatollah, hearda him? He's British. Fanatic. Fought the Argentines. In order to finance Congress, who wanted to re-arm and fight the Russians who supply the Sandinistas with their Kalashnikovs! See? So North had a fence in Miami, feller called Bush who's gotta ranch in Guatamala with an airstrip big enough to take the transport

planes, so one day we started getting armoured cars, bearcats and RPGs and goddam Huey helicopters turnin' up at the camp from Bush who's floggin' cocaine to the Ayatollah in order to keep us in arms to fight the Sandinistas who are supplied by the Russians who're at war with Belgium who's the Ayatollah's ally! That's how we got the M1s! Gaddafi! And Bush!

Every Tuesday we attend a class on world affairs. In the camp. 'Cos you gotta keep abreast of what the hell's goin' on. 'Cos if you don't you dunno what you're fighting for. And if you dunno what you're fighting for you're dead. With me?

SANCHEZ *picks up the Kalashnikovs and carries them outside.*

EMILIO *stands in the middle of the hut, lost, half-dressed, one boot on.*

*Enter SANCHEZ wearing a bandana round his mouth.*

SANCHEZ. They've started stinkin' already. That ole geezer I took down the slope, he'll be half eaten by dogs by now.

SANCHEZ *dresses EMILIO whilst speaking.*

'E reminded me of my father that old fella. Same ole shit he was comin' out with about Defence Committees, president this electing that. I said to 'im I said Pop, is that what you want? Two little acres and a rooster? Is this all you want outa the Revolution? 'Cos it ain't enough for me Pop. Bloody technicos comin' up and tellin' 'im what to grow, where to grow, lemon trees here, coffee there, money for this, nothin' for that, join this organisation and help thy neighbour with that and all this for two fuckin' acres of scratch! And a rooster! And he was happy! He was like a pig in shit! Till they skinned 'im. I watched 'em do it. Yanked his skin off like a coat. They make you watch y'know. (*Taps his forehead.*) They did a lotta butcherin' that night, the Contras. Two guys did it all.

SANCHEZ *kits EMILIO out with rucksack, belt, canteen etc.*

SANCHEZ. They slashed my uncle's throat, I saw that as well. He was a good man. Better'n my Pop. The leader of the Contras at that time was Suicida. He skinned my dad. He's dead now. So's his S-2, Krill. Suicida killed Krill 'cos Krill was fuckin' Suicida's woman then Suicida's woman killed Suicida for killin' Krill. She's dead too. She was blown up in a truck at Cifuentes. We got three days hump through jungle before we hit a road. Hundred clicks. Know what a click is? Kilometre. Ten miles.