

I'll answer the question.
You want answers?
I think I'm entitled.
You want answers?
I want the truth.

You can't handle the truth. Son we live in a world that has walls, and those walls have to be guarded by men with guns. Whose gonna do it, you, you Lt. Wineberg? I have a greater responsible than you can possibly fathom. You weep for Santiago and you curse the Marines. You have that luxury. You have the luxury of not knowing what I know. That Santiago's death, while tragic, probably saved lives, and my existence, while grotesque and incomprehensible, to you, saves lives. You don't want the truth because deep down in places you don't talk about at parties, you want me on that wall, you need me on that wall. We use words like Honor, Code, Loyalty. We use these words as the backbone of a life spent defending something, you use them as a punchline. I have neither the time, nor the inclination to explain myself to a man who rises and sleeps under the blanket of the very freedom that I provide, and then questions the manner in which I provide it. I would rather you just said "thank you" and went on your way. Otherwise I suggest you pick up a weapon and stand a post. Either way, I don't give a damn what you think you are entitled to!!

-----jack nicholson & tom cruise