

The diver hits him once, twice, but Topper clings to him even tighter and, as they wrestle, the harness further snares them both. The scream now becomes the scream of two drowning men.

INTERCUT THE FACES OF THE ONLOOKERS

Seconds are ticking by, and it reflects on all the faces in the huge room.

SUDDENLY FOLEY DIVES, FULLY CLOTHED, INTO THE POOL

His Smokey the Bear hat and cane stay at the surface as he knifes down through the water toward the churning humanity below.

UNDERWATER - FOLEY REACHES TOPPER AND THE DIVER

Both men are so hopelessly entangled in the parachute harness and so close to losing consciousness that Foley has to move very fast. His presence of mind is to total it's frightening. With no wasted moves, he frees both men and pulls them toward the surface.

AT THE SURFACE

The Instructor helps Foley get them laid out by the side of the pool and while Foley works mouth-to-mouth on Topper, he works on the diver. The diver is easily revived but Topper required everything Foley has to offer. He might have died in less expert hands but Foley is slowly pulling him through.

INTERCUT - ZACK, SID, PERRYMAN, SEEGER AND OTHERS

watching Foley's efforts to revive their compatriot.

FINALLY, FOLEY STEPS AWAY FROM TOPPER

and nods to the room of onlookers that he'll be all right.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARRACKS ROOM - DAY

CAMERA MOVES DOWN the row of lockers. Sid's is a study in neatness, every pair of skivvies folded identically and measured with a ruler, which is exactly what he's doing at the moment. Perryman's problem is his belt buckle, which he is frantically trying to shine before Foley gets there. Zack stands casually by his locker, buffing his fingernails, his shoes and buckle shined to perfection, as always.

CAMERA HOLDS on the fourth locker, the one that belonged to Topper Daniels. The door to the locker is open and it's empty.

PERRYMAN

I'll never get it polished in time.
Give me a buckle, Zack.

ZACK

I can't risk it.

PERRYMAN

You'd make it. He's just getting to the girls. Come on, Zack. I gotta see my family, man. I couldn't take it if he keeps me here over the weekend.

ZACK

Sorry, pard. Wouldn't want you to get an honor violation.

Sid gives him a dirty look but Zack ignores it. The SOUND OF HARSH FOOTSTEPS approaching and the three candidates snap to rigid attention by their lockers.

Foley walks in and starts inspecting Perryman. Sweat runs down the black's face in rivers. Foley moves on to Sid, checks out his locker, then turns to Zack.

FOLEY

In every class there's a guy who thinks he's smarter than me. In this class, it's you, isn't it, Mayonnaise?

He brings his cane up suddenly, like a majorette's baton, and with one poke knocks the piece of fiberboard out of it's place in the ceiling, allowing two pairs of shined boonies, a half-dozen freshly-brassoed belt buckles, and a little black book recording the monies owed him, to rain down.

FOLEY

Report to my office in five minutes!

Foley turns and strides out. Zack meets his roommates' eyes for an instant, knowing he's finished. Perryman doesn't look too sad about it. He whispers in Zack's ear as he walks past, enroute to the door.

PERRYMAN

Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

Zack stares daggers at him.

INT. FOLEY'S OFFICE IN THE BARRACKS - DAY

Foley is doing paperwork at his desk as Zack approaches and knocks on the door.

FOLEY
Come in, Mayo.

Zack enters and stands at attention in front of Foley's desk. He knows it's all over.

FOLEY
I want your D.O.R.

ZACK
No, sir. You can kick me out, but I'm not quitting.

FOLEY
Get into your fatigues, Mayo. Before the weekend's out, you'll quit.

Zack salutes, makes a smart turn, and marches out.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

Foley is putting Zack through hell. With his heavy rifle raised overhead and a full pack on his back, he runs through the wet sand at the beach, to the cadence of his D.I.'s jody call. Foley runs with him a vulture waiting for the inevitable.

FOLEY
(jody-calling)
Casey Jones was a son of a bitch.
Drove his train in a thirty-foot
ditch. Came on out with his dick in
his hand. Said, 'Listen, ladies, I'm
one helluva man. I went to his room
and lined up a hundred. Swore up and
down held
(beat)
Having fun, Mayonnaise?

Zack is dying under his heavy helmet, but he says nothing.

EXT. THE GUN EMPLACEMENTS - LATER THAT DAY (NOON)

Foley is running him up and down the weathered old steps, the hot sun beating down on him like a firey fist.

FOLEY

Look over there, Mayo. She stayed to do that instead of going on liberty.

Zack follows his gaze to the Obstacle Course where Seeger is struggling to pull herself over the ten-foot wall, with the same results as last time.

FOLEY

She may not make it through the program, but she's got more heart and more character than you'll ever have. I've seen your college record. I've never heard of most of those schools. Tell me something, Mayo. Did you buy that degree?

ZACK

No, sir! It was the hardest thing I ever did, sir! Until this.

FOLEY

That's a lie, Mayo. You've gone through a lot worse, haven't you?

Zack shoots him a quick look, wondering how much he knows.

FOLEY

Stop eyeballing me, mister! I've looked through your file and done a little checking, and I know it all. I know about your mother. I know your old man's an alcoholic and a whore chaser.

(beat)

Life sure has dealt you some shitty cards! Hasn't it, Mayo?

ZACK

I'm doing okay, sir.

FOLEY

No you're not. You're failing the big one, baby, and I don't just mean in here. I mean in life.

(MORE)

FOLEY (CONT'D)

I've watched you, Mayo, and you don't mesh. You grab-ass and joke around but you don't make friends, not the way the others

Zack says nothing but Foley's getting to him in ways nobody has in years, if ever.

FOLEY

Want to know why I'm not an officer, Mayo? Because I have a servile mentality from growing up poor ... from always being the kid on the windy side of the baker's window. That's your problem, Mayo. That's why you don't mesh. Because deep down in that bitter little heart of yours, you know these other boys and girls are better than you.

EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Foley is putting Mayo through his rifle drills, in the sweeping light from the old tower. Zack's jaw is set with determination but Foley won't let up.

FOLEY

Shoulder arms! Port arms! Parade rest! Etc.
()
Etc.

EXT. THE GUN EMPLACEMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Zack lies prone at the top of the bunker, his feet about six inches off the ground, Foley standing over him, smiling.

FOLEY

Hey, what do you say we call off this little charade of yours over a couple of beers at Trader ion's...? Come on, man. You're about as close to being officer material as me.

ZACK

Sir, this candidate believes he'll make a good officer, sir!

FOLEY

No way, Mayo. You don't give a shit about anybody but yourself and every single one of your classmates knows it. Think they'd trust you behind the controls of a plane they have to fly in? Hey, man, I figure you for the kind of guy who'd zip off one day in my F-14 and sell it to the Cubans.

ZACK

Sir, that's not true! I love my country!

FOLEY

(laughs)

Sell it to the Air Force, Mayo!

Foley puts his lips close to Zack's ear and whispers:

FOLEY

Let's get down to it. Why would a slick little hustler like you sign up for this kind of abuse?

Zack's legs are shaking wildly with the effort to keep them aloft.

ZACK

I want to fly, sir!

FOLEY

That's no reason. Everybody wants to fly. My grandmother wants to fly. You going after a job with one of the airlines?

ZACK

I want to fly jets, sir!

FOLEY

Why? Because you can do it alone?

ZACK

No, sir!

FOLEY

What is it, the kicks? Is that it?

ZACK

I don't want to do something anybody can do.

FOLEY

Pity you don't have the character.

ZACK

That's not true, sir! I've changed a lot since I've been here! And I'm gonna make it, sir!

FOLEY

Not a fucking chance, asshole!

Zack bolts up suddenly, meeting his eyes.

ZACK

(defiantly)

I got nothing else to fall back on. Sir! This is it for me ... and I'm gonna do it!

Foley studies him with squinty eyes.

FOLEY

All right, Mayo. Get on your feet.

Both men get up and start walking back toward the base.

MOVING WITH THEM

Suddenly they both see a sailboat tacking past, no more than fifty yards off shore.

THEIR POV - THE SAILBOAT

There are three people in the boat, two girls and a boy wearing a sack over his head. All three wave in their direction. On cue, they turn around, drop their drawers, and give a three-way B.A. They pull their pants back up and turn around to yell at Zack. The girls are obviously Paula and Lynette. The boy with the sack over his head just has to be Sid.

SID

(disguising his voice)

Don't give up the ship, Mayo!

PAULA

Hang in there, Zack!

LYNETTE

Damn the torpedoes and remember the
Tides Inn Motel!

They're all three laughing so hard they nearly capsize.

ANGLE - ZACK AND FOLEY

The drill instructor is amused but trying not to show it.

FOLEY

Mayo, are those your friends?

ZACK

Yes, sir!

FOLEY

Maybe there's hope for you yet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BARRACKS - DAY

Zack is on his hands and knees, scrubbing the floor, when Sid, Perryman and some of the others return from liberty.

PERRYMAN

(still angry)

I see you didn't DOR, Mayo.

ZACK

Hey, Sid, thanks.

PERRYMAN WALKS INTO THEIR ROOM

and stops as he sees the peace offering on his bed: his boots, shined to perfection, and two gleaming belt buckles. Sid comes in a second later and they share a look.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BARRACKS ROOM - THAT NIGHT

All three candidates lie awake in their bunks.

ZACK

Hey, you guys still awake?

SID

Yeah.