

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.

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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!