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An Officer and a Gentleman

By Douglas Day Stewart

Passengers arriving
on Philippine Airlines flight 118,
welcome to Manila
International Airport. Those passengers will...
Hey.

Hey, kid!

- Are you Zack?

- Yes, sir.

I'm Byron. Nice to meet you.

- Come on, let's get your bags, OK?

- Yes, sir.

Take your jacket off, kid.

It's hot as hell here.

This is the PI, this is we called
the Philippine Islands.

Zack, I'm sorry about
what happened to your mom.

It must have been pretty rough.

I would have called you a lot sooner,
but I was out at sea.

I've been calling you
for four months.

That's what I'm trying to tell you.

I was out at sea for four months.

All right, kid. These are
your mama-sans, Tiki and Maria.

Hello, Byron.

I want you to meet somebody.

This is my son, Zack.

Tiki, say hello.

Zack - Tiki and Maria.

- Hi, Zack.

- Hi, Zack.

I'm at sea three weeks
of every month.

When I'm back in port,

I don't have time

for this daddy stuff.

That's OK, sir.

You don't understand.

I'm too old for this.

I don't care what the Navy says.

This is no place to bring up a kid
like I told you on the telephone.

You're better off in that state school back in Virginia.

- I'm never going back!

- Maybe that's not for you to say!

God dammit!

Don't look at me that way!

What happened to your mother

had nothing to do with me.

It did! You said you'd come back!

You promised!

That's what she said?

That's a female lie. That's bullshit!

I found your letters

and read them after she did it!

You said you loved her,

and she believed you!

You're a liar!

Hurry, grow up, boy.

I'll wait for you. Cherry boy.

You want to go to school?

I'll teach you nice.

Chicken feet, monkey meat.

Come on, you buy.

You buy. Monkey meat. You buy.

Hey, sailor. What ship are you from?

Hey! What are you doing?

Big spender, give us some money.

- I don't have any.

- Get it out!

No!

Leave me alone!

Leave me alone.

Holy shit.

Watch it. I got to heave.

Jesus Christ.

Give me a towel.

Pretty fuckin' wild.

Holy shit.

Not as wild as that night we banged

those three stewardesses in Manila.

Bet you didn't get it on like that

in that jerkwater college of yours.

How long you going to

hang around Seattle?

Get ready.

This one will blow you away.

Nothing you do

is ever going to surprise me.

- Tell me.

- I joined the Navy.

- You joined the Navy?

- That's right, I did.

I'm on my way to Port Rainier,
this officer's training school
over there.

- What for?

- Jets. I want to fly jets.

This place is only

a couple of hours from here.

Maybe you'll want to

visit me sometime, right?

- Who put that idea in your head?

- Nobody. Just come to me.

What's so funny?

You, man. It's like saying

you're running for president.

Christ, look at yourself.

Officers don't have tattoos.

- Look, I'll see you, man, all right?

- Yeah.

- Zack, come on, don't be pissed off.

- I'm not pissed off.

You are pissed off. I'm on your side.

I don't want to see you do

something you'll regret.

You got to give up six fucking years

of your life if you want to fly.

Six fucking years, with the most

uptight assholes on earth.

Officers aren't like you and me.

They're a different breed.

This sounds like you're afraid

you might have to salute me someday.

Why would I be afraid to salute you?

I don't know. It sounds that way.

You want some fatherly bullshit -

a pat on the back.

From you? No. No.

Thanks for my graduation present,

Byron. See you around.

Don't go away mad.

Hey, babe. Zack! Come on.

Zack!

Fall in!

I said fall in, you slimy worms!

Put your toes on that chalk line!

I said put your toes on the
chalk line, you slimy worms!

I don't believe what I'm seeing.

Where you been all your lives,
at an orgy?

Listening to Mick Jagger music and
bad-mouthing your country, I'll bet.

Stop eyeballing me. You're not worthy
to look your superiors in the eye.

Use your peripheral vision.

Understand?

Yes, sir.

When I say "understand",

I want the group to say, "Yes, sir!"

- Understand?

- Yes, sir!

- Understand?

- Yes, sir!

I know why most of you are here.

I'm not stupid.

Before you get to sell what we teach
you over at United Airlines,
got to give the Navy six years
of your life, sweet pea.

Lots of things can happen in six
years. Another war could come up.

If you're too peaceful a person
to napalm an enemy village,
where there are women and children,
I'm going to find that out.

- Understand?

- Yes, sir!

- Understand?

- Yes, sir!

Hi, son.

How you doing, sarge?

- What did you call me?

- Beg your pardon?

What did you call me, boy?

- Sarge.

- Before that.

Nothing before that.

You said, "How are you?"

A ewe is a female sheep.

- Is that what you think I am, boy?

- No.

- No, sir!

- No, sir.

- Louder, sweet pea!

- No, sir!

You want to fuck me?

That's why you called me a ewe?

- Are you a queer?

- Hell no, sir!

- Where you from, boy?

- Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, sir.

Only two things come out of Oklahoma.

Steers and queers.

Which one are you, boy?

I don't see no horns.

You must be a queer.

No, sir.

Stop whispering.

You're giving me a hard-on.

No, sir!

You laughing at me, dickbrain?

No, sir!

Stop eyeballing me,

or I'll rip your eyeballs out

and skull fuck you to death.

Yes, sir!

What's your name, boy?

Mayo. Zack Mayo, sir!

How did you slip into this program?

I didn't know the Navy

was so hard up.

You got an injury there, Mayo?

Not exactly, sir.

Hey, this is really wonderful work.

Where did you get this, Mayo?

Subic Base, Philippines, sir.

Thought I recognised the work.
Be proud of them wings.
They're the only ones you're going to
leave here with, Mayo-nnaise!
- What's your name, boy?
- Emiliano Santos Della Serra, sir.
You don't say?
You a college boy, Della Serra?
Yes, sir! Math major, sir.
Graduated from Texas tech
with honors, sir!
I see.
You see this cane, Della Serra?
See the notches near the handle?
There's a notch for every college
puke like you that I got to DOR.
That's Drop On Request
from this program.
The first one I'm going to call
out of this class is you, Emiliano.
I expect to lose half of you
before I'm finished.
I will use every means
necessary, fair and unfair,
to trip you up, to expose your
weaknesses as a potential aviator
and as a human being, understand?
Yes, sir!
The price at the other end is
a flight education worth \$1 million!
But first, you got to get past me!
Hey, Paula! It's 5:00!
Where's the goddamn whistle?
Oh, shit!
Come on, Paula.
Let's go! Turn that thing off!
Next!
Oh, shit.
What is that?
This is my idea of an ass bandit.
Wait till the girls see you,
scrotum head.
Scrotum head!
Think that's funny, don't you, boy?

Not all the obstacles that can trip
you up are on this base.
Let me tell you something
about the local girls.
Ever since there's been a base here,
there's been what you'd call
the Puget Sound Debs.
The poor girls come across
the sound on the ferry every weekend
with just one thing in mind,
and that's to marry themselves
a naval aviator.
A Puget Deb will tell you,
"Don't you worry
about contraceptives.
"I've got that all taken care of."
Don't believe it, sweet pea.
A Puget Deb will do anything
and say anything to trap you.
I know this sounds silly,
especially in this
so-called modern age,
but you scuzzy college pukers should
watch out, because they're out there,
and you, sweet peas,
are the answer to their dream!
Hurry up! On the double!
You lard asses, I'm going to fix you!
Get up in there!
Quick! On the double, Mayonnaise!
Come on, Seeger.
Little girl poopies to the left,
boys to the right!
Come on, let's go!
What a motley bunch! Get in there!
All right, quick! On the double!
OK, here we go.
How's it going?
You got to be kidding.
How do they expect me
to get down there?
One of you guys want to switch bunks?
- They're assigned bunks, man.
- I don't think we can.

Hey, Daniels, you're in there.
Who the hell is that guy?
That's your mom and dad
for the next 13 weeks.
Fall out! Get outside!
On the double! Come on out here!
Quick! Out the door! On the double!
Quick! Quick! Quick!
More! More! More! More!
Give me 50.
Give me 50. Count them!
Think there's any truth to what he
said about those girls, Puget Debs?
- Sure.
- Still?
Yeah. Should have warned you scuzzy
female types about the Puget Dudes.
They say they're wearing rubbers, but
there's a hole bitten in the bottom.
Very funny, Mayo...
Seeger, Mayo, Worley!
Got enough energy to run them sewers,
get over there and give me 50!
On the double! Right now!
All right, poopie asses,
get your faces on down there!
You women better not expect
special privileges!
You think flying a plane is just
sitting on a chair pushing buttons?
Looks like you need a little
upper-body strength, Seeger!
All right, all right, get up.
Get up!
Step out!
Get back in line! You watch!
Pilots off the Lexington should be
getting to the Officers Club now.
You sure got the timetable down,
Lynette.
After three years,
you learn all the tricks.
Did you see
that bodacious set of tatas?

I brought the records
the social committee asked for.
You didn't come all this way...
You're pissing me off, boys!
The Blue Angels will be in soon.
I'll introduce you if you like.
- Bye for now.
- Bye, bye.
Far fucking out!
I've been wanting to meet
one of those Blue Angels!
Look at those poopies.
Those poor guys.
See you when you get liberty!
It grows out about an inch by then!
Ain't gonna be no liberty for you.
You'll be going home before then.
Start from one again!
Flyin' low and feelin' mean!
Spot a family by the stream!
Pickle a pair and hear 'em scream!
Cos napalm sticks to kids!
- That's disgusting!
- What are you doing here?
Am I threatening you?
Send you to war,
you'll get your ass shot down.
Wouldn't mind being the first woman
to fly fighters in combat.
- Go in my place. Jets?
- All the way.
- Mayo?
- Jets.
Only two go to jets.
Who's going with me?
- Me!
- Me!
Talking in the ranks again.
You three just added 2 miles
to this little hike...for everybody.
Come on! Let's go!
Family of gooks
are sittin' in a ditch!
Little baby suckin'

on his mama's tit!
Chemical firms don't give a shit!
That napalm sticks to kids!
Get up here! Up those stairs!
Let's go! Come on!
Move, move, move!
Move it up here!
Come on, let's go!
Come on, let's go! Go!
Get up here! Move!
Get up here!
Move it, candy pants!
Double it up! Double it up! Move on!
All right, everybody, up!
Up on your feet!
I don't want to see nothing
coming out your mouths either!
Let's get in shape around here!
Stand straight up!
Get out of the way!
Lift your head and hold it high!
The best in the regiment
is runnin' on by!
That could be you at the end of
You don't deserve to look at them!
Della Serra, turn you back!
You are without a doubt
the most pathetic class
I've ever been assigned to!
You big chump. Four weeks, and you
still can't shine a damn buckle.
Shoot me a Kotex, buddy.
Be careful where you stick that.
- Five minutes to inspection, Mayo.
- Where's your money?
Boonies.
You better hope Foley
never finds out about that.
Hey, Perryman.
Look what I got here, man.
Look at that. Look at them buckles.
Look good, huh?
Who's got 10 bucks?
I spend every penny keeping

my old lady and kid in that motel.
You're breaking my heart, Perryman.
Who's doing this for you?
Some enlisted guy, right?
- Hey, tell me something.
- Watch the sheets, man.
Is that piss-ass piece of change
you're making
worth all of us getting kicked out
of here on an honors violation?
I don't see anybody else
complaining about it, Perryman.
Excuse me.
Ready? Go!
Look out, Worley, coming through.
- The hell you say, son.
- Here I come.
I'm putting my name on that wall.
Underneath mine.
Fuck!
Give me the rope!
Shit!
God damn, Mayonnaise!
Piece of cake.
Let's go! Come on, Schneider!
Come on, Schneider!
Let's go! Let's go!
Let's go! Let's go!
Kick ass!
Let's go!
You guys are bringing up the rear!
You ain't getting out of here
till you get over that wall, Seeger!
- I'll make it, sir!
- Hurry up!
Come on. Get over there!
You really want to be a man, Seeger?
You one of those girls didn't
get enough of daddy's attention
cos he really wanted a son, Seeger?
That's it. That's what'll
beat you every time, Seeger...
your mental attitude
is that of a female.

Deep down under all that bullshit
you're still thinking like
a second-class citizen, aren't you?
You can never give orders to men!
Walk around.
Walk around, sugar britches.
Bernoulli's equation gives us
the total amount of energy
contained in the air flow.
"P" is static pressure
in pounds per square foot.
"RHO" is air density
in slugs per cubic foot,
and velocity is in feet per second.
Let's see them.
What about the buckles?
OK. All right. 20 bucks, right?
Hey, bud.
Beat it.
What are you laughing about?
- I thought that's how you did it.
- Did what?
Come on, Santy Claus.
You won't tell anybody, will you?
Not if you make it worth my while.
Free boonies for the duration.
That's fair.
Tell you what...
you get me through aerodynamics,
you can write your own ticket,
my friend.
You got a deal.
George Jones, where are you
when we need you most?

Hey, 2:

Radar's up. Scoping the target area.
Zero in. Slick it back.
Who'll be the lucky Deb?
Is it the blonde? The brunette?
Score! He got her.
My God, check Perryman.
Five years of marriage,
still in love.

That's what life's all about.

Hey, Seeger!

Remember those bodacious tatas
and her pal?

Right there they are, bud.

We ought to do something about it.

Captain Graves, so nice to meet you.

The boys speak so highly of you.

Lynette,

he has several people to meet.

- I'm so sorry.

- Captain Rufferwell.

Mrs Rufferwell!

Hello, Captain.

How are you? Nice to meet you.

Could you introduce us
to these two young ladies, please?

Paula, Lynette.

Miss Paula Pokrifki,

Miss Lynette Pomeroy,

may I present

Officer Candidate Sid Worley
and Officer Candidate Zachary Mayo.

Well, I hope you have a good time.

We already met.

We did?

You said it would
grow an inch by now.

- That was you guys?

- Yeah.

Would you like to dance?

Sure.

It's grown out
more than an inch, pal.

Would you like to get a drink?

Sure.

Let's go.

What kind of a name is Pokrifki?

Polish. What kind of a name is Mayo?

Italian. My mom was Irish.

No, thank you.

I think I got her ears.

The rest is all wop.

Where are you from, Mayo the wop?

Everywhere, nowhere...
Paula the Polack.
Seriously.
Seriously. Seriously...
My father's a rear admiral,
seventh fleet.
You're kidding.
We lived in ports
all over the world...
- Kathmandu...Moscow, Nairobi.
- Really?
I've never been out of Washington.
Wait a minute.
You're kidding me, right?
We don't have any
naval bases in Moscow.
- No.
- No. I didn't think so.
So...you got a girl, Mayo the wop?
No.
I ain't looking for one either.
What are you looking for?
I've heard about these girls who
come here looking for a husband.
- Not me.
- Yeah? Why are you here?
To meet interesting people,
improve myself.
What do you do, go to school?
No, I got a job.
I work over at National Paper.
It's a real good job.
I'm going to save
enough money, travel.
Think I'd like to go to Moscow.
You been through
the Dilbert Dunker yet?
No, but my father and brother
made it through.
I guess I can, too.
Is your brother a flier?
He was. He got killed.
- Vietnam?
- Yeah.

My brother died over there, too.
He wasn't a flier though.
I was only 12 when it happened.
I don't remember
that much about him.
I sure remember Tommy.
Mind if we talk
about something else?
We don't have to talk
about anything at all.
Do you think you'll make it
to getting your wings?
Who knows? Guys a lot smarter than me
been dropping out like flies.
You got to say you're going to do it.
Got to program yourself.
It'll happen.
You've just got to see
yourself making it.
I read this article
in Cosmo about that.
I swear.
Paula...you are a very,
very pretty girl.
Do you want to go somewhere else?
Come on.
Fall out, Worley.
Something tells me you girls
have been here before.
Whatever gave you that idea?
Stop it! You're going to ruin it.
I'm sorry.
I'll do it.
You sure this is OK?
Don't worry.
I'll respect you in the morning.
You're crazy, girl.
You'll respect me!
Couldn't wait to get out of there.
- Didn't you like the band?
- Not much.
You didn't like Tie a Yellow Ribbon?
I thought their rendition's...
Let's go down to the beach.

That sounds good.
Squad, halt!
Fall out!
Look at Foley. Do you believe it?
Showboat.
All right. Listen up.
I'm the base martial arts instructor.
Those of you in 1-5
must desist thinking of me
as the drill instructor for now.
Just think of me...as the enemy.
Do you believe this guy?
May I have a volunteer, please?
Daniels.
How about you? Get up here quick.
Put him in the hospital.
He can't touch me.
It's against the law.
- Kick his ass.
- Come on, Topper!
Come on up here, son.
Hang tough, buddy!
Hello, pussy.
How bad do you want to survive?
This Officer Candidate
doesn't understand the question, sir.
Let's see
if I can clarify it a little bit.
Want to survive
enough to stop me, pussy,
or are you relying on my generosity,
my love of humanity,
to stop me from killing you?
I...breathe.
Break loose.
Break loose!
I...can't...breathe.
Get away from here!
You're not hurt.
I could have killed you.
Move off.
Get out of here!
Hurry up. Get back to your seat!
You think I was harsh

on your classmate, don't you?
Wait until you get shot down
behind enemy lines somewhere,
and the only thing
between you and a POW Camp
is what you learn from me.
Now that I got your attention,
we shall proceed with the class.
God, I hope she shows.
She's going to show. She will show.
A rich, socialite Okie like you
ought to be a big catch around here.
Hey, I ain't rich.
- You're an officer's kid.
- So what?
Man, I spent six years
living right on top of the
raunchiest whorehouse in the PI.
"You want numbah one fucky-fucky?"
"Long time, short time.
\$10! Cheap-cheap!"
"10 dollah. 10 dollah!"
Lynette, honey, how's it hanging?
Don't drool on her, boy.
- Hey, ladies.
- Hi.
Pansy-ass flyboys.
I remember you. Mayo the wop.
Yep, that's me.
It's good to see you.
I was looking forward to it.
- Me, too.
- Really?
Yeah.
Excuse me.
You guys want to just hang out here,
or can I suggest an alternate plan?
Like pick up a bottle
and go to the motel?
Just like that, yeah.
What do you think?
I'll vote for a motel.
My kind of group.
Troy, here they come.

Well! Make way for the warmongers.

What did you call us?

I called you a warmonger.

Ain't that what you are?

Yeah, right.

I just want to ask you something.

What do you want?

You rich college boys come strutting
around in your ice cream outfits
like you own the goddamned place.

- I mean, who do you think you are?

- I don't want to fight you.

I do not want to fight.

Go back inside and cool down.

I ain't finished talking, sailor boy!

Get him, Troy.

Oh, God.

Back off, man. That's enough, man.

Holy shit! Check his nose!

He broke his nose, man.

- You asshole!

- Faggot!

Come on, come on.

God! I never seen anything
like that in my life.

Did you see his nose?

Lynette, will you just shut up
until we get to the motel? Please?

Well, excuse me for living.

Asshole!

I should have walked away.

Zack, he didn't give you a choice.

A man's always got a choice.

Where did you learn to fight?

I don't want to talk about it.

All right.

It wouldn't kill you
to open up to me.

What do you want? You want to fuck?

Come here. Take your clothes off.

I'll give you a good fuck.

Where's that coming from?

- Get on the bed.

- I wouldn't fuck you now...

Then get the hell out!
Who do you think you're talking to?
I'm not some whore
you brought in here.
I'm trying to be your friend, Zack.
Then be a friend. Get out of here.
Fine. Fine.
Man, you ain't nothing special.
No manners.
You treat women like whores.
If you ask me, you got no chance
of being no officer.
It's OK.
It's all right.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
- Are you hungry?
- Yeah. Yeah, I'm starved.
- Skivvies?
- Pretty sexy, huh?
- Sporty.
- Control yourself, baby.
Good!
Look, Paula...
I try real hard not to fool anybody
about who I am, what I want.
I know who you are and what you want.
And what do you want?
I want a good time until you leave.
That's it?
Hey!
- Last night was incredible.
- I thought so, too.
- Zack, am I your fantasy?
- What?
I'm not getting serious on you.
I dare you
not to fall in love with me.
How can you resist? I'm like candy.
You're better than candy.
It's going to be hard
to get enough, very hard.
Very hard!
You're getting feisty on me,

you little polack.
You cocky polack!
What do you do with a girl
when you're through with her?
You say something or just disappear?
I never had a girl.
I forgot to thank you for breakfast.
Any time, sailor.
Heads up, Perryman.
When you hit the water,
you might get the wind
knocked out of you. Don't panic.
You've got a second and a half
before the cage is completely
underwater and upside down.
Go, Joe!
Now, the most important thing
is to watch your bubbles.
When that cage flips upside down,
you'll be disoriented.
You won't know what your bearings
are, like Perryman down there.
The bubbles determine
which way is up.
All right, time's up.
Go down for him.
This is what happens if you panic.
You can die there,
and this is a pool.
Out in the pacific, you won't
have a frogman to save your ass.
Totally unsatisfactory, Perryman.
Do it again.
Two more chances to make it,
or you're out.
All right. Next!
Hold it. Change in order.
Mayo...since you're hotshot
of the week, you're next.
Aye, aye, sir.
- Seeger, you're behind him.
- Yes, sir.
You ought to be good at this, Mayo.
Something you can do alone.

Take him up!
You never know
when you'll trip up, Mayo.
It could be some character flaw
that comes out under stress.
Let's go, Joe!
All right! Way to go!
OK, Seeger. You're next.
All right, Seeger, let's go.
Get a move on.
Joe, take her up!
Don't you cry, sugar britches!
Go, Joe!
All right, Seeger!
All right.
Gosh, that was great!
Think they'd let us do it again?
Not bad, Seeger. But you still
got to get over that wall.
Next!
Daniels, move it.
It's just a joy ride.
Does this hit with a plane's impact?
It's nothing compared to a plane.
Don't forget to watch the bubbles.
Take him up!
All right, Daniels.
Let's have that thumbs up.
Come on. Where's the thumbs up at?
All right. Go, Joe!
Take it easy.
Pull it up!
Can't get it!
It's gonna take a couple of seconds.
Let me through!
Grab him!
All right. Pull him out!
Hold him!
Put him on his stomach!
Take his helmet off!
- God damn!
- Get it off.
Christ! He killed himself.
Somebody get me a corpsman.

On the double!
Yes, sir!
OK, everybody just stand back.
Come on, Topper.
- God!
- Come on.
Come on, buddy.
Come on, man.
Come on, Topper.
Come on. Come on.
Breathe in.
Hey!
All right.
All right!
All right.
That corpsman on the way?
Stand back. Give him room. Get back.
Somebody go check on that corpsman.
He'll be all right. Take it easy.
Prepare for inspection!
Shit.
I am not going to make it.
Help me out, Sid.
- Got a spare?
- My spare sucks.
You know where the hardware store is.
Zack, I need a buckle, man.
I can't risk it.
You got time. He's with the girls.
Can't do it.
I got to see my family.
I've got to get out this weekend.
Wouldn't want you to get
an honor violation, Perryman.
OK.
Attention on deck!
In every class, there's one joker
who thinks he's smarter than me.
In this class, that happens
to be you...isn't it, Mayonnaise?
Perryman, Worley...
let us have this room.
On the double.
- Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

- Stow it.
Mayo...
I want you DOR.
No, sir.
You can kick me out,
I ain't quitting.
Get into your fatigues, Mayo.
By the end of this weekend,
you'll quit.
Casey Jones was a son of a bitch!
Drove his train in a 30-foot ditch!
Came on out with his dick in his hand
Said, "Listen, ladies,
I'm a hell of a man."
Went to his room and lined up 100.
Swore up and down
he'd fuck every one.
Fucked 98
till his balls turned blue.
Then he backed off, jacked off,
and fucked the other two!
Wave goodbye to your buddies.
I forgot. You don't have buddies.
Only customers.
You having fun, Mayonnaise?
Yes, sir!
- Don't hear you!
- Yes, sir!
All right!
Get your face
all the way down in there!
- Ready to quit now, Mayo?
- No, sir!
Look over there, Mayo.
Look at her.
She decided to stay instead
of taking liberty this weekend.
She may not make it, but
she's got more heart and character
than you'll ever have!
And stop eyeballing me, boy!
Life's dealt you some shitty
cards, hasn't it?
I'm doing all right, sir!

Bullshit. I done some checking.
I looked through your files.
I know about your mama.
Don't you eyeball me.
I know your father's an alcoholic
and a whore chaser.
That's why you don't mesh, Mayo.
Because deep down...
Don't you eyeball me, boy!
Deep down inside...
you know the others
are better than you!
Isn't that right, Mayo?
No, sir! No, sir!
What's the matter? You getting tired?
I'm not tired.
Move it, boy!
This is where the fun starts!
Move it!
You got all day tomorrow
to look forward to!
Give me 6 to 90.
Hey, Mayo, why don't we quit
this little charade
over a couple of beers at TJ's?
You're as close
to being officer material as me.
This candidate believes
he would make a good officer!
You only give a shit about yourself.
All your classmates know it.
Do you think they would trust you
behind the controls of a plane?
You'd probably zipp off in my F-14
and sell it to the Cubans.
No, sir! No, sir! I love my country.
Sell it to the air force, Mayo.
Why would a slick hustler like you
sign up for this abuse?
I want to fly jets.
My grandmama wants to fly jets.
I've always wanted it!
We're not talking about flying.
We're talking about character.

I've changed, sir.
- The hell you have.
- I've changed, sir!
You've just polished your act.
You've shined it up!
Tell me what I want to hear.
I want your DOR.
I ain't going to quit.
- Spell it! D-O-R.
- I ain't gonna quit!
Then you and your daddy can get drunk
and go whore-chasing together!
No, sir! I ain't going to quit!
Then forget it. You're out!
Don't you do it!
Don't...you...
I got nowhere else to go!
I got nowhere else to go!
I ain't got nothing else.
I got nothing else.
All right, Mayo. On your feet.
Come on, Mayo,
let's get back to the barracks.
Hey, Foley!
Zack, don't give up!
You got that queer on the run!
Kiss this, Foley!
Hang in there, Zack!
Remember the Tide's ln.
Those friends of yours?
- Don't give up, Mayo!
- Yes, sir.
We're with you, Zack!
Zack, you can make it!
You got some urinals to clean.
Move out.
Hey, Foley's queer!
He got his balls shot off in the war!
You're still here, Mayo?
- Sid.
- Yeah?
Thanks.
Sid.
Look at that.

That son of a bitch.
Want me to get a towel?
I'll get one.
I don't want you to move.
Somebody's got to move sometime...
eventually.
"They found them there weeks later,
"shriveled from lack
of food and water."
Bye, Zachary.
I laughed all week, thinking
about you guys on that boat.
We were so drunk.
Pretty sharp, Paula. Pretty sharp.
I'd love to be one of those girls
they're letting in
the flight program.
It would be a gas to fly.
What's stopping you?
You know what those magazines say.
It's just...
I don't know.
It's not so easy for a girl.
That's still no excuse
for not getting what you want.
Just go get it.
Who says I'm not going
after what I want?
Not me.
My mama's 39 years old.
She still works over at that factory.
Every time I look at her,
I know exactly what I don't want.
My old lady...
took a bottle of pills one day
when I was at school.
Oh, God.
The thing that got me about it...
She didn't leave a note.
She didn't...
Nothing. She just checked out.
I always hated her for that.
Oh, God. That must really hurt.
Hurt? No. No.

You're all alone in the world.
Once you got that down,
nothing hurts anymore.
I bet most people buy that line
when you feed it to them.
Hey, are you really serious
about having him over?
I haven't made up my mind yet.
Paula...just how far
would you go to get Zack?
- What do you mean?
- You know what I mean.
Would you let yourself get pregnant?
No way, Lynette. Would you?
Well...I never used to think
I'd do something like that.
But I don't know anymore.
Nine weeks just ain't long enough
for a guy to fall in love with you.
That doesn't justify trapping him
or getting pregnant.
I can't believe you'd think that.
It's real backward.
It ain't any more backward
than the way these hotshot assholes
use us till they've had enough,
then ditch us like we's trash.
Don't you ever feel used, Paula?
Don't you feel the sons of bitches
ought to be paying for our troubles?
No. I never feel like that.
Well, I do.
Thanks again for the flowers, Zack.
It was my pleasure.
Those are the most beautiful
things I've ever saw.
Wipe that stuff off your mouth.
Zack?
This is great.
Sir?
How many more weeks till graduation?
Three more. Three more weeks.
Those are the roughest, aren't they?
That's what they tell me.

Sir, why are you staring at my food?
Or are you staring at me?
Staring at you.
He doesn't mean anything by it.
Do you, Joe?
No, I don't mean anything by it.
- Like some more chicken, Zack?
- No. No, thanks.
I've had it.
I can't eat another bite.
I'm stuffed, too.
This is the best meal
I've had in a long time.
Let's go, Zack. Thank you, Mama.
- Thank you, Zack.
- Thanks again, ma'am.
Go on and eat.
Mama, Mama, Mama!
I'm sorry. I'm so embarrassed, Zack.
I shouldn't have brought you here.
That's OK. A great free meal.
A nice, relaxing dinner.
Those people are so uptight.
I felt so sorry for you.
Don't. I'm used to it.
It's hereditary.
After this, you go to basic flight
which is in Pensacola, right?
Yeah, Pensacola.
And...going to Beeville, Texas,
when I get jets.
So, after that...
don't you think about...
I mean, come on... What's after that?
Family, kids...
Don't you think about all that?
No.
- Is that what you think about?
- Sometimes.
If I could do a better job than them,
I'd love it.
And what would you do different?
Everything.
First, I'd marry a man

I really loved.
So why did your mom marry this guy
if she didn't love him?
My real father wouldn't marry her.
- Your real father?
- My real father.
I want to show you my real father.
Pop.
Your real father
was an Officers Candidate like me?
- About 22 years ago.
- Jesus.
No wonder this guy was looking
at me funny.
He always looks funny.
It's about time
I got back to the wars.
Yeah, I know, I know.
Thank your mom for dinner, OK?
- Great chicken, huh?
- I loved the chicken.
If you get a chance,
why don't you call me?
I have survival training this week,
so I can't make any promises.
No promises.
I didn't have to show you
that picture if I didn't want to.
- I wanted to tell you that.
- I know. Bye, baby.
- Be careful on that.
- Yeah.
You and Paula still seeing
those flight candidates?
Any reason we wouldn't be?

It's 3:

what you're doing this weekend.
Hi. I'd like to speak with Zack Mayo.
He's an AOC candidate.
Could you look for him?
Tell him it's Paula.
Liberty time, boys and girls.
Fall out!

Aye, aye, sir!

- Where you going? Where's my bread?

- Forget that thing.

Come on, Perryman. Come on.

- Seeger, don't forget TJ's.

- I won't.

Hey, Mayo! You got a phone call.

Somebody named Paula.

Tell her I already split.

I see. OK.

Comes a time

right after survival training,

they start thinking

they can make it without you.

Suddenly, they stop calling.

Suddenly, they own the goddamn world.

They said that he already left.

I don't think he did.

He hasn't called by now,

he won't call.

Bunny, just shut up!

You don't know so much.

Clock me out, Lynette.

Paula, what are you doing?

May they all crash and burn.

- Paula, wait! Where are you going?

- Let me go, Mama.

You're going to look for Zack.

Don't do it.

I love him. I can't let him go.

How will you stop him?

I don't know,

but I'll think of a way.

- No!

- No?

I can't let you do this.

Don't go. Please, don't go.

What are you crying about?

Cos I know what you're feeling!

- What am I feeling?

- Don't do it. Let him go.

Don't trick him or trap him.

I wouldn't do that.

I'd never try to trap him.

If you find him,
you'll say anything. You will.
And God help you after that.
Mama, you're right.
Daddy, Zack's 2/10 of a second
off the obstacle course record.
He'll break it before he leaves.
Lucky you weren't
in the program when I was.
You couldn't quit
the way you can now.
When I and my oldest boy
went through it,
you bilged out, you became a swabby.
That's real interesting, sir.
How come you haven't written
Susan in over three weeks?
We haven't had time to write anybody.
I've only written y'all once.
It's incredible.

- Right?

- Yeah.

- Who is this Susan?

- My girl back home.
I'm marrying her
as soon I get out of here.
She was Tommy's girl.
They were supposed to get
married before he got killed.
I didn't want you to think
I was a shit for fucking Lynette.
Man, I ain't your parents.
Do you love this girl?
Greatest chick you'll ever know.
She loves kids.
Works with handicapped kids
every afternoon.
That ain't what I'm talking about.
I asked you if you loved her.
Everybody loves her.

- I won't make that reunion tonight.

- Why not?

I'm meeting Lynette at the Tides.
Best head in 52 states.

What can I do?
No, no, no.
You should've done what I did...
break it off clean,
have it done with, over.
It's the best.
She was torn up you didn't call her.
I'm not supposed to tell you that.
Women. Women, women, women.
They say, "A lot of laughs,
no problems."
Doesn't work that way, does it?
Look out, TJ's! Here I come.
See you later, man.
I don't know
what you're smiling about, Perryman.
You're lucky you're here.
- What are you talking about?
- I still taste that bug.
A toast. We made it. To survival.
- To survival.
- To survival.
In spite of Perryman.
In spite of Foley.
Is that your Deb over there?
She's pulling rank on you.
That's a flight instructor.
Back in a minute.
What are you doing here?
It was time for me to see
the legendary TJ's
once before I left here.
You come here a lot?
I come here once in a while.
I'm sorry I didn't call you
this weekend.
This week has been unbelievable.
It's OK.
How did the survival training go?
- I survived.
- You survived. Obviously.
How was your week?
It was good.
I'm getting a raise

beginning of next month.
That's great.
You're graduating in a couple weeks?
Yeah.
I'm starting to believe I'll make it.
You'll make it.
I told you -
you saw it, and it happened.
Yeah, you told me.
I got to go, I have a date. So...
Look, there's something I wanted...
What?
I...I wanted to thank you.
I wouldn't have made it
through this crazy thing
if I didn't have something
to look forward to.
Don't thank me for nothing.
I had a good time.
Good luck in Pensacola
with your flight training, and...
Get jets, huh?
I'll see you, Zack.
Give me another one.
In fact, give me the bottle.
Come here, baby doll.
Come here.
Come over here.
Sit down for a second.
I'll tell you something.
Had to have one more taste.
This stuff come in anything
besides strawberry?
I'll bring some coconut next time.
Sid...I've really got to go.
Shouldn't you have
got your period by now?
I'm a little late, that's all.
How late are you?
Why? What's the difference?
If anything happened,
it would be my responsibility.
Now, just exactly how late are you?
What do you care?

Suppose I was to get pregnant.
Just suppose. I'd never make you do
something you didn't want to do.
I know.
But that's not the only issue here.
There's more to it than that.
What other issue is there, Sid?
My responsibility as its father,
for one thing.
If I've got you pregnant,
I'll do the right thing by you.
I'll pay for the abortion,
be with you through it, comfort you.
We'd go through it together.
So how late are you?
Let's just wait
and see what happens, OK?
See you later.
I'll call you.
Fuck!
Last chance for the record!
Go!
This is it, Mayonnaise. Go!
Come on!
Go for it, Mayo!
Go get it! You got it!
Go, Mayo! Push it!
Put your name on that wall!
Mike, let's catch that animal!
Let's do this together, Seeger.
- Come on, Seeger.
- Forget it, just go for the record.
Come on! You got it!
Come on, man!
Hey! Where you going?
- Seeger, get up.
- Forget it.
You want jets? Then get up!
You're going over! Right here!
Three steps. Right, left, right.
Hand over hand. Walk the wall.
- Come on, Seeger.
- Ready? Let's go!
Left, right, pull!

Walk that wall, Seeger! Walk it!
Hand over hand!
Hand over hand! Walk it! Walk it!
Walk the wall! Seeger! Seeger, walk!
Seeger!
Don't you let go! You walk that wall!
Pull! Pull! Pull, Candidate Seeger!
Pull! One leg! You got it!
Pull over! Pull over!
Pull yourself over! All right!
Where's Sid?
What makes you think she's not lying?
She went to a doctor. She's pregnant.
So get an abortion.
I'd love to, believe me.
She won't even talk about it.
She's Catholic.
You're not marrying this girl.
If I don't, she'll have the baby
on her own somewhere.
Women do it all the time.
I can't let her have a kid
by herself. It's my kid, too.
You sure?
It's mine.
I'm sorry, all right?
What if Foley was right?
She got knocked up to trap you.
Is it still your responsibility?
That's not the point.
No matter how it happened,
the child would still be mine.
I wouldn't know
where it was or nothing.
Jesus Christ!
Is everything your responsibility?
Sit. Adjust. Pray. Attack.
It's like your brother
getting killed.
It's the same damn thing -
him getting killed instead of you.
That's why you promised
to marry Susan.
You do everything

out of some bullshit code of ethics.
It may be bullshit to you,
but I wasn't raised that way!
We're responsible
for the people in our lives.
That's all that separates us
from the animals!
I'm not like you, Mayo.
I can't shit on people
and sleep at night.
I say you're responsible
to yourself first.
If you can't handle that,
you got bigger problems
than making some girl pregnant!
Gentlemen, relax.
Without an oxygen mask
at 30,000 feet,
your insides will feel
like this rubber glove.
Your coordination deteriorates.
Even the most childlike exercises
seem impossible.
Look for the warning signs...
giddiness, shortness of breath,
claustrophobia.
They can hit you at any moment.
The instant you feel yourself
losing control, go back on oxygen.
That's the purpose of this drill.
Does everyone understand
the exercises?
OK, everybody set?
Let's see a thumbs up, please.
Very good. Everybody remove
your mask, please.
All right. Begin the exercises now.
Queen of diamonds.
Nine of diamonds.
If you have any problems,
put your mask on.
If you can't, raise your hand,
and the corpsman will assist you.
How you doing, Mayo and Seeger?

Having a little trouble?
Concentrate.
Try to make your palms meet.
Ace of spades.
How you doing down there, Worley?
Worley, are you all right?
- Worley, can you hear me?
- Ace of spades.
Worley, put your mask back on,
please.
Put your mask back on!
- Sid, you OK?
- Sid!
I got to get out.
Worley, sit down.
Corpsman, we got a problem.
I got to get out of here!
Corpsman, get that mask on.
It's all right.
Get out of here!
It's all right. Breathe! Breathe!
Mayo, they're watching!
We're going
to stabilize the pressure.
It's OK. All right. Everything's OK.
Everybody's watching you. Hold on.
We'll stabilize the pressure now.
Man the doors. One minute.
Stay where you are.
Leave your masks on!
- He's got it.
- He's fine.
He's OK. No problem. He's OK.
Colours!
Secure the halyard!
Charlie, take care of that.
What's going on?
You didn't kick him out?
Did he tell you what
he's been going through?
It doesn't matter.
What does matter is that
he freaked out at 25,000 feet.
That can't happen ever.

He's got a girl who's pregnant.
That don't matter.
Don't matter?
You've got two weeks left!
That can happen to you,
too, Mayonnaise.
He ain't bullshitting you, buddy.
I'm talking to you, motherfucker!
Don't fuck for you!
What did you call me?
I thought the DI's
were supposed to help.
What kind of a human being are you?
Lock it up or you'll go with him.
Go back to the barracks. Please?
I don't get this.
He's the best candidate in the class!
The best student, the best leader...
the best friend to everybody.
Can't you bend your goddamn rules?
He didn't ask me to DOR.
I went to him.
What are you talking about?
I'm glad it's over.
I was here for everybody but me.
I was here for my big brother.
Hey, buddy.
Sid, wait a minute. Sid!
Request permission to carry on...
Sir!
Get the fuck out of here.
- Yes, sir. Keep the change.
- Thanks, pal.
Lynette!
- Hi, baby.
- Hi, Sid.
Come here a minute.
What are you doing out of uniform?
- I got something.
- Wait. I look a mess.
All right, then.
If you don't want it...
All right. What?
- Well, if you don't want it.

- What?

Oh, my God!

Oh, my God. It's beautiful!

It cost my savings,

but what the fuck?

Oh, God! Sid!

So...does this mean...

Yes, ma'am! That's what it means!

Oh, Sid!

Let's do it right now!

I wonder where we'll get stationed?

I've always wanted to go to Hawaii!

Honey, we're not being

stationed anywhere. I DOR'd.

- You what?

- I DOR'd.

I wasn't cut out to be a pilot.

I was faking it. I've been

faking everything up to now.

But...

What'll we do? Where would we go?

Oklahoma.

I'll get my old job

back at JC Penney's.

Hell, in two years,

I'll be floor manager.

You're going to love Oklahoma.

You and mama will get along great.

Money might be tight,

so we'll live at home.

It's going to work out.

Sid... There's no baby.

What?

I'm not pregnant.

I got my period this morning.

There's no baby, Sid.

I'll be goddamned.

What do you say

we get married anyway?

I love you!

I don't think I really knew

that till just now, just this second.

I have never been happier in my life

than I have in the last seven weeks.

I've never felt so relaxed,
and I've never felt so loved
for who I really am.
Lynette, marry me.
Make me the happiest man
in the whole world.
I'm sorry, Sid.
But I don't want to marry you.
I really like you,
and we've had ourselves
some really great times,
but I thought you understood.
I want to marry a pilot.
I want to live my life overseas...
the wife of an aviator!
Damn you!
Goddamn you!
Nobody DORs after 11 weeks!
Nobody!
Hi, ma'am.
Have you seen Paula around?
Paula!
I'm looking for Sid. He DOR'd
and split. Nobody's seen him since.
I don't know where to look.
- Same room?
- Yes, sir.
Number three.
Yep. That's the one.
- What do you think of this?
- Looks nice.
Watch this. I think you'll like it.
Damn it!
Shit.
Lynette.
- Has Sid been here?
- Already come and gone.
What happened?
Can you believe it?
He DOR'd in the 12th week.
How can you win?
Lynette...
What did you tell him about the baby?
That there isn't one...as of today.

I got my period this morning.
I couldn't believe it.
He still wanted to marry me.
- What did you say?
- I said no, of course.
I don't want no Okie from Muskogee.
I can get that right here.
You little bitch.
Who do you think you are, playing
with people like that? He loves you!
You shit on him!
You made up everything, didn't you?
There wasn't any baby.
Of course there was a baby!
I'd never lie about that!
Would I, Paula?
You little cunt.
God help you.
You're no different than I am, Paula.
- Yes, I am.
- No, you're not!
- Let me see if he's here, OK?
- All right.
Seen Sid Worley around here?
Yeah, he's here.
Sid.
Sid.
Guy said he just got here.
Sid.
Sid?
Hey, man.
Sid, you OK?
Sid.
Shit!
God.
Call an ambulance.
God.
Call an ambulance.
You dumb, fucking Okie.
I was your friend.
Why didn't you come
and talk to me about it?
You didn't even try.
You didn't even say goodbye to me.

The base Chaplain said
he'd call Sid's parents.
Why can't I learn?
Just like her all over again.
Just like her.
Zack, don't do this to yourself.
You didn't kill your mother.
You didn't kill Sid.
They killed themselves.
There's nothing
you could have done about it.
I got to leave.
Want money for a cab or something?
I don't deserve that.
OK. All right.
You're not the only one
that's feeling awful.
Maybe I had something to do with it.
I knew what Lynette was doing.
Look, you got no problems!
Another class will come through soon.
You and Lynette...
right back into business!
That's not fair. I never lied to you.
I never did what Lynette's doing.
- I'm not Lynette.
- No.
I love you.
I've loved you since I met you.
Don't you understand?
No! I don't want you to love me!
I don't want anyone to love me.
I just want out!
I don't know, but it's been said!
Air Force wings are made of lead!
Left, right, left, right,
column right.
Turn!
I don't know, but I've been told.
Navy wings are made of gold!
Platoon...
Halt!
Sir, this Officer Candidate requests
permission to speak in private, sir!

The whole class knows about Worley.

We're sorry.

I bet you are.

I want to see you in private, sir.

- Not now. I'm busy.

- Now!

- Forward...

- Sir, I request permission...

Right, left. Right, left.

Right, left...left...

Sir, this candidate requests
permission to see you in private!

- Sir!

- Not now. I'm busy. Get cleaned up.

I don't need your shit!

I came back to quit! DOR!

Platoon...halt!

I don't need you.

I don't need the Navy!

I don't need anybody.

OK, Mayo. I see what you want.

You said you wanted
to meet me in private?

You got it! The blimp hangar. Now!

- Move it!

- You move it.

We ain't going there to talk, boy.

Move!

Fall out.

Fall out! This is between me and him.

All right, Mayo.

Let's see what you got.

Quiet.

You've had training, Mayo...

- Come on, Foley.

- Lookie, lookie here.

Your blood's as red as mine,
isn't it, Mayo?

Come on, come on. Get up!

Holy!

You can quit now, if you want to.

It's up to you.

Sir, the officers are present.

Guests, please rise.

Class 1581, raise your right hand
and repeat after me.

"I do solemnly swear...

"that I will support and defend

"the constitution

of the United States of America...

"against all enemies,

foreign and domestic.

"That I will bear true faith

and allegiance to the same.

"That I take this

obligation freely...

"without any mental reservation

or purpose of evasion.

"That I will well

and faithfully discharge...

"the duties of office

I am about to enter.

"So help me God."

Please, be seated.

- Gunnery Sergeant Foley.

- Sir!

Well done, Sergeant.

Thank you, sir.

Class...1-5-8-1 ... Fall out!

Aye, aye, sir!

Foley's fire-eaters finally finished!

What did you think of that, babe?

I did it! What did you think?

See you at the saluting ceremony.

Come on. Meet my family.

No. I'm going to get my first salute.

Congratulations, Ensign Chadwick.

- Congratulations, Ensign Seeger.

- Thank you, sir.

Gunnery Sergeant Ensign Seeger...

sir.

Congratulations, Ensign Mayo.

- I won't ever forget you, Sergeant.

- I know.

I wouldn't have made this

if it weren't for you.

Get the hell out of here.

Thank you, Sergeant.

Congratulations,
Ensign Della Serra.
Thank you, Sergeant.
When I say, "Understand",
the group will say, "Yes, sir!"
- Understand?
- Yes, sir!
- Understand?
- Yes, sir!
I don't believe what I'm seeing!
Where you been?
Listening to punk rock music
and bad-mouthing your country,
I'll bet!
- Where you from, boy?
- Tucson, Arizona, sir.
- Where?
- Tucson, Arizona, sir!
Two things come out of Arizona...
steers and queers!
Which are you? I don't see no horns,
so you must be queer.
No, sir!
I will use every means necessary,
fair and unfair, to trip you up!
Turn it, Bunny.
No! Back the other way.
Keep going, keep going. Tilt it...
Way to go, Paula!
Way to go!