

14.2 continued - 1

Alex: A rather intolerable pain in the head, brother, sir. I think it should be clear by this afterlunch.

Deltoid: Oh, or certainly by this evening, yes? The evening's a great time, isn't it, Alex boy?

Alex: A cup of the old chai, sir?

Deltoid: No time, no time, yes. Sit, sit, sit.

Alex sits next  
to him.

Alex: To what do I owe this extreme pleasure, sir. Anything wrong, sir?

Deltoid "playfully"  
grabs Alex's  
hair.

Deltoid: Wrong, why should you think of anything being wrong, have you been doing something you shouldn't. Yes?

He shakes  
Alex's hair.

Alex: Just a manner of speech, sir.

Deltoid: Well, yes, it's just a manner of speech from your Post Corrective Adviser to you that you watch out, little Alex.

He puts his  
arm round  
Alex's shoulder.

C12  
POOLE IS FINISHED.

BOWMAN IS STILL  
READING AND  
WORKING ON HIS  
DESSERT.

POOLE

Dave, if you've a minute, I'd like  
your advice on something.

BOWMAN

Sure, what is it?

POOLE

Well, it's nothing really important,  
but it's annoying.

BOWMAN

What's up?

POOLE

It's about my salary cheques.

BOWMAN

Yes ?

POOLE

Well, I got the papers on my  
official up-grading to AGS-19  
two weeks before we left.

-3-

Close order drill, Leonard makes a mistake.

"Private Pyle, what are you trying to do to my beloved Corps?"

"I'm sorry, sir," Leonard says.

"You are dumb Private Pile, but do you expect me to believe you don't know right from left?"

"No, sir."

"Then you did it on purpose. You want to be different."

"No, sir." The trace of a grin appears at the corners of his mouth.

"You think I'm stupid."

"No, sir."

"Then why are you grinning at me?"

"I'm not grinning, sir!"

Gerheim hits Leonard on the right side of his face, a hard stunning slap. Pain takes the grin away.

"What side was that?"

"Right side, sir!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir!"

He slaps him just as hard on the left side.

"And what side was that?"

"Left, sir," Leonard says, blinking with pain.

"Don't fuck with me again, scumbag."

"Yes, sir!"

The close order drill continues.

D

FADE IN:

INT. CAFE NERVOSA - LATER THAT DAY - DAY/2  
(Frasier, Niles, Woman, Waiter)

FRASIER IS AT THE COUNTER. NILES ENTERS. SIMULTANEOUSLY, YET  
ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IS ALSO ENTERING. HE HOLDS THE DOOR  
OPEN FOR HER.

NILES

Allow me.

SHE MOVES PAST HIM, THROUGH THE DOOR, WITHOUT SAYING A WORD.  
NILES IS MIFFED. HE JOINS FRASIER.

NILES (CONT'D)

Do you believe that woman?

FRASIER

Well, there might be a little  
padding, but for the most part, yeah.

NILES

I meant her rudeness. That's the  
second time this week that's happened.  
I've got half a mind to say something.