

# *Special Forces*

A Play by John Fisher

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Production note: *Special Forces* is performed without intermission on a bare stage that comes to represent all the locales depicted. Some visible columns (as many theatres have in the middle or periphery of their stage) and a fire door visible upstage (as many theatres have if you build no set) are helpful. A curtained area running along the right side of the audience area is also helpful. Furniture and props are indicated.

Cast of Characters

Colonel Gerald Jessup, USMC – Mid-forties, fit  
Lieutenant “Dame” Anderson, USMC – Female, late twenties, very fit  
Lieutenant Thomas Halzitt (Pronounced Haze-lit), USMC – Late twenties, handsome  
Sergeant Bill Braver, USMC – Early twenties, a professional  
Sergeant Jake Somers, USMC – Twenties, a little green  
Dinah Blue – Male, indeterminate age, relaxed, seen it all, an actress (not a drag queen)

Time: 2003

Place: Kuwait City; Northern Iraq

Situation: Operation Iraqi Freedom

## Scene 1

March, 2003. A U.S. Marine Corps base outside Kuwait City. The COLONEL speaks to his men, which is not what bird colonels usually do. Being an officer and therefore a snob, he should only talk to his officers. But the COLONEL, as is evident, likes talking to his men; he is John Wayne – or Jean-Claude Van Dam – in his own little war movie, he writes the script, he directs the actors, he sets up the shot. He is their COLONEL.

COLONEL

(To the audience, as if they were his men)

As some of you know this is meant to be a cheap war. Bush Pére did with two million men and six months of war what we're going to do with 40,000 and one month. There will be fewer casualties, fewer repercussions, and less shit from the press. When we leave we'll leave behind a country free from tyranny and an economy more closely aligned with American interests. If that sounds optimistic and cynical to you remember, we're in the business of staying in business – both as Americans and as Marines. The last war almost destroyed the military it was such a fuckin' mess, this one will be efficient and effective. When we're through, Americans at home will see we can function like any other industry be it high tech, entertainment, or finance: we cut costs, increase revenue and bring results.

MEN

Arrugah!

(The MEN are of course scattered throughout the audience, as MEN are in plays like this.)

COLONEL

(Referring to a map)

You'll be dropping into Northern Iraq. As you know up there it's all about bridges. The Kurds have them, the Republican Guard want them, we're going to hold them. We have friends on the ground. So long as we're friendly. Don't go shooting at everything that shits. Remember your R.O.E. You have enough firepower and protection to let the other guy fire first. But when they fire, you blow they're fucking heads off. First Squad, Tiger Tiger Tango, your objective: The Hussein Highway Bridge across the Tigris at Bikrit. You'll debark at 0300 on the day of, hit the bridge at 0530, turn it over to our Kurdish contacts at 0700 and move on to our next objective. Now-

HAZLITT

(From a seat in the audience)

Sir.

COLONEL

Yes, Lieutenant.

(HAZLITT is everything we expect: the *next* John Wayne. He is young, attractive, tall with the sheen of blond hair highlighting a curvaceous trim torso, a god. The COLONEL would be jealous of him, of his youth, if he wasn't so much in awe of him and the fact that HAZLITT is his soldier, his chick. The COLONEL sat on this egg, hatched it and now beams at his own creation.)

HAZLITT

What is our next objective?

COLONEL  
(Smuggly)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Lieutenant Tom Hazlitt.

(A raucous cheer from the MEN – obviously HAZLITT is a popular officer.)

COLONEL

You'll learn about that when you've secured the bridge.

HAZLITT

But when do we ignite, sir?

COLONEL

That's up to Baby Bush. Be seated.

(The COLONEL, like Ulysses S. Grant before him, has an inherent distrust of passing on information to anyone before it is necessary for them to know it. For all his vanity, the COLONEL knows that briefings can turn quickly into brag sessions, the master planner giving away too many secrets he's so impressed with his own acumen. Everything leaks, even the vessel you trust the most. The COLONEL's rebukes to HAZLITT is gentle and reassuring, he's confident that his men understand his reticence.)

HAZLITT

Yes, sir.

COLONEL  
(Summing up)

I remind you: you are trained professionals. Like brain surgeons, torch song singers, and Thai prostitutes. This isn't about John Wayne or the Junior League. Don't go bein' heroes or saints. Stick to plan, do your job, and let's all get home safe. The name of the game is success and every Goddamn one of you comes home in one piece. Capiche?

MEN

Capsico!

COLONEL

Lock and load!

MEN

Get some!

Scene 2

Lights change. COLONEL is folding up his laptop talking to DAME. She's the real thing – Corps, Corps, Corps, right down the line. She's seen the movies, loved the life and now she's living it. When she was little she never dreamed a woman could get this far, actually prepping for a combat jump and being taken seriously by a bird colonel. But here she is. She greets the moment with the calm and coolness of the true enthusiast. She also knows she's part of a team and a team is all about appearances. She's not going to lose her main chance because of a member of her team. The COLONEL is all business with her. He likes that about her, he doesn't need to be chummy.

COLONEL

I don't want to hear a lot of bullshit about this mission.

DAME

No, sir.

COLONEL

It's a simple grab and ice op. Go north, grab the bridge or smoke it and move on to your next objective.

DAME

Which is?

COLONEL

Hazlitt will know.

DAME

(Fishing)

The ice?

COLONEL

(Not biting)

Hazlitt will know. You're both in charge. He's brains, you're brawn. He'll know the objectives.

DAME

10-4, sir.

COLONEL

(Turning on her, talking to her as a woman)

And whatever happens, Dame, don't you, don't *you*, get caught.

DAME

I understand, sir.

COLONEL

Simple operation.

DAME

Simple as pie, sir.

COLONEL

Piece a cake.

DAME

(Relaxing into specifics)

I'm in touch with AAI and we should have some word by morning about transport. It'd sure be nice to swing this one without a drop.

COLONEL

Yeah, it would. That depends on the Turks. We're not too pop with Ankara right now.

DAME

Has Hazlitt actually ever jumped? Combat jumped.

COLONEL

Don't worry about Hazlitt. He's a good kid.

DAME

If he hasn't jumped there's a greater likelihood of him breaking-

COLONEL

He'll be fine.

DAME

I'm concerned, sir.

COLONEL

(Wheeling on her, not angry, just definite)

You're my fair-haired girl, Dame. Ya know that?

DAME

Yes, sir.

COLONEL

Hazlitt's my fair-haired boy. Same prejudice that protects you, protects him.

DAME

Yes, sir.

COLONEL

You're my team. You're not perfect but you're mine. We wait around for the *right* team, Colonel Weiss or Colonel Rodriguez will beat us to the punch. They got teams too. They just don't have the jump. I did the research, I went to the general, I convinced him, I got the go. We're going. Green light.

DAME

Yes, sir.

COLONEL

Hazlitt's not jumped in combat, you're not a boy. I overlook both deficiencies.

DAME

Yes, sir.

COLONEL

Hazlitt's jumping.

DAME

Yes, sir.

(Pause. They regard one another.)

DAME

Thank you sir.

COLONEL  
(Back on track)

Where is he?

DAME  
(Good natured)

A.W.O.L. in K.C.

COLONEL

But where?

DAME

Don't know sir.

Can you find him? COLONEL

Yes, sir. DAME

Quickly? COLONEL

Sir. DAME

So where is he? COLONEL  
(Suddenly different, worried)

Don't ask, don't tell sir. DAME

What the hell are you talking about? COLONEL  
(More annoyed than suspicious)

Are you serious, sir? DAME

Where is he? COLONEL

In K.C., sir. He's on leave. DAME

Where is he? Some where house? COLONEL

I know where he is, sir. DAME

I want you to be able to find him. COLONEL

Yes, sir. DAME

(Pause.)

Where is he?  
COLONEL

(Pause.)

Blue Parrot.  
DAME

What's that?  
COLONEL

Skank hole, sir.  
DAME

Skank hole?  
COLONEL

Other side of the river.  
DAME

You know where he is.  
COLONEL

Absolutely sir.  
DAME

So long as you know.  
COLONEL

Yes, sir.  
DAME

### Scene 3

Blackout. Music is heard. Spot up on DINAH BLUE in the Blue Parrot, Kuwait City. She is everything we expect from the publicity – fabulous, but very real. Though a man in a dress and other accouterments, she is not a drag queen, as we shall see. She is something more, or different. The point is, she's DINAH BLUE and any further introduction would only diminish the reality. [A difficult part to cast: she must be a performer with experience in this trade. Experience, beauty, and a sense of centrality. Whatever the realities of the narrative, she must play this play as if it were about her, as is everything in her life.] She is dressed in blue, always. She sings; using the front row of patrons as if they were patrons at the club. To the side of the audience is a small table – part of the permanent audience set-up. Audience members may sit at this table, but one seat remains empty for these scenes in the club. In this scene, HAZLITT sits at the table.

Song: "Kuwait City"

BLUE

*KUWAIT CITY, HOW I LOVE YA  
ALL THE SHEIKS HERE, SQUEAKY CLEAN.  
BUT THE LADIES YOU CAN'T SEE 'EM.  
COULD THEY ALL BE CHIC DRAG QUEENS?*

*I GO SHOPPING IN MY SHADOR  
GET THE BARGAINS AND RESPECT.  
SHOW SOME LEG HERE, YOU'RE A WHORE HERE.  
IT'S MUCH WORSE THAN YOU EXPECT.*

*WHEN YOU TRAVEL IN THE WAKE OF  
THE MARINE CORPS, THE NAVY  
YOU'RE AN EXPERT AT DECORUM  
ALL THOSE GENTLEMEN, YOU'RE THE LADY*

*SO WEHRE NEXT YEAR? PERHAPS BEIRUT?  
SAMARKAND, KID? BUKHARA?  
MAYBE GEORGIE HAS HIS SITES ON  
GUATAMALA. NORTH KOREA?*

*I GET NERVOUS WATCHING T.V.  
9/11, AFGHANISTAN.  
ALL THOSE WEAPONS - MASS DESTRUCTION.  
I'M JUST HERE BOYS, TO GET A TAN.*

*KUWAIT CITY, HOW I LOVE YA  
ALL THE SHEIKS HERE, SQUEAKY CLEAN.  
OH, THE WAR HERE IS SO HOT HERE  
MAKES THE MEN HERE FREAKY MEAN!*

Scene 4

The number ends, applause. Shift to... BLUE's dressing room backstage at the Blue Parrot. There is a vanity, chair and screen. On the screen, posters of BLUE's appearances around the world. She obviously has quite a track record in Third World hot spots. BLUE is discovered removing her make-up. A knock is heard. A specific knock: knock, knock, knock (pause) knock. BLUE smiles.

BLUE

Come in.

(HAZLITT enters, relaxed, a little drunk, happy.)

HAZLITT  
Evening, Blue.

BLUE  
Why Lieutenant. (Big smile.) Again?

HAZLITT  
Yes, ma'am.

(She rises and they stare at one another. Then they kiss.)

BLUE  
You better be careful, Lieutenant, we got a serious case here of me getting swept off my feet.

HAZLITT  
Just so long as I'm doin' the sweepin,' ma'am.

BLUE  
Charm, charm, charm. Y'all from the south?

HAZLITT  
Southern California.

BLUE  
Now that I didn't know.

HAZLITT  
You been to L.A?

BLUE  
Of course.

HAZLITT  
I'm from L.A. Well the Valley. Tarzana.

BLUE  
Tarzana... (She smiles, little laugh.)

HAZLITT  
Named after Tarzan.

BLUE  
I know. So when did this... tranny chasing start?

HAZLITT

You getting changed or what?

BLUE

You in a hurry?

HAZLITT

Big hurry. Big operation coming up. Tonight's sort of a send-off.

BLUE

(Suddenly concerned)

Really?

HAZLITT

Don't worry. It's nothing dangerous. Nothing inordinately so.

BLUE

Well, I'm inordinate, so that's ok. (Disappears behind screen to change.) So how did I get to be so lucky?

HAZLITT

I don't know. I used to go into town. With my friends. In high school. We'd go to *La Cage* on Cienega. There was a drag – (Correcting himself) An *actress* there I liked. Her name was Sheryl. We used to go out.

BLUE

(Emerging in a stunning blue dress)

I bet you were something in high school.

HAZLITT

Jeez... Pimples, pot belly, pickin' my nose all the time. I was a mess. But she... She treated me like I was a Prince.

BLUE

(Putting her arms around his neck)

Hmmm... Can't be a Princess without a Prince. So what happened to that pot-belly? I bet it was cute.

HAZLITT

(Thwacking his tight stomach)

This? This is the Corps. Like everything else good in my life. Except... Well, except you.

BLUE

Hmmm... And whoever comes next.

HAZLITT

Now, you gonna get jealous of the future?

BLUE

A lady's never jealous. She only *acts* jealous. To get her way.

HAZLITT

Blue, you gonna get your way whether you want it or not.

BLUE

You are one crazy marine.

HAZLITT

And you're just the girl for me. (They kiss. He is ready for more.)

BLUE

Easy, Tiger. I wanna show you off first.

HAZLITT

Feeling's mutual, sweetie.

Scene 5

Shift to... DAME is under a barracks lamp light, pacing. It is late at night. HAZLITT enters, not drunk, but relaxed.

HAZLITT

Hey, Dame.

DAME

Hazlitt. You ok?

HAZLITT

Yeah, how you?

DAME

Where you been?

HAZLITT

(Irked)

Who's asking?

DAME

(Starting to leave)

Forget it.

HAZLITT  
(Annoyed that he annoyed her)

Shit... Dame.

DAME  
(Stopping)

We got the green light. We're on tomorrow.

HAZLITT  
(This is sobering news)

Oh... Oh, cool.

DAME

Sooner than expected.

HAZLITT

Yeah.

DAME

But good news.

HAZLITT

Yeah.

DAME

It's a jump. Combat jump.

(He only looks at her. Beat.)

DAME  
(Leaving)

Good night.

HAZLITT  
(Distracted)

Yeah, right... (She stops, looks at him.) I mean, good night.

(He exits. COLONEL emerges from the shadows, a cigarette in his lips. DAME looks at him – she knew he was there. COLONEL holds her stare and crushes out his cigarette. She understands. She exits.)

### Scene 6

The interior of a plane. But really just a bare stage with a fire door exposed, long bench against the back wall. SOMERS and BRAVER, two enlisted men, suited up for a jump - the full rig. HAZLITT and DAME are suiting up. SOMERS and BRAVER are about

what we expect, real career grunt types, BRAVER perhaps a little more so than SOMERS. COLONEL in fatigues giving them the final what's-up. Aircraft sounds. All shout above sounds.

COLONEL

You're a small unit. Two officers, two men. So there won't be any shortage of leadership. Dame knows what to do. She's in charge.

HAZLITT

(Confused, he was supposed to be in charge)

Sir?

COLONEL

Yes.

(Pause. They regard one another. HAZLITT would never say anything in front of the men.)

HAZLITT

Nothing.

COLONEL

(Continuing)

You have three objectives. Dame knows what they are. Something happens to Dame, get on the horn, we'll feed you targets as they come. The important thing is to stay intact, complete all three, and come out of it. There's no surrender. Iraqis'd cut off your limbs then rape the rest.

DAME

Sir?

COLONEL

Yes, Dame.

DAME

Pilot's not Davenport. (She's concerned but would never show it.)

COLONEL

No.

DAME

New guy?

COLONEL

Good guy.

DAME

New?

COLONEL

(Setting her straight)

There's only two words between you and the pilot. (He points at the light by the door, which is dark.) Red – stand-by. Green - go. He knows what he's doing.

DAME

New guy?

COLONEL

Anything else?

HAZLITT

How do we get away?

COLONEL

Dame knows. (To all of them) You're a small group. Economy. The best policy. Slip in, slip out, do some good and move on. Clean as a whistle. Fewer men, fewer fuck-ups. Everyone comes home safe. Democracy succeeds. Dame knows what to do. (Shouting to cockpit) All right, Hollister! Crank her up! (Thunderous noise as engines start.) Noisy plane, silent warriors. Get some!

MEN

Arrugah!

(COLONEL exits door. Door slams. Plane lurches, a big lurch. Everyone shifts, but no one loses his balance. DAME looks at HAZLITT.)

DAME

(Referring to the pilot)

New guy.

Scene 7

Blackout. Spot on BLUE – dressed in feathered costume and playing a huge conga. We're in the Blue Parrot. COLONEL sits at table in spot formerly occupied by HAZLITT.

Song; "Tarzana"

BLUE

*TARZANA, I LOVE YA.*

*HOT AS HOT AS HOT CAN BE.*

*YOUR VALLEY BLOSSOMS BECOME YA*

*AND THE SUN HEATS UP AND THE BOYS GROW UP AND THEY MAKE ME SHOUT  
OUT*

*TARZANA, I LOVE YA  
HOT AS HOT AS HOT CAN BE  
YOUR STEAMY SIDEWALKS BECOME YA  
AND THE CLOUDS ROLE IN, SANTANA WIND BLOWS IN AND THEY PROOVE TO  
EM THAT*

TARZANA-

(Police whistles – loud and obnoxious, obviously not part of the number. BLUE stops singing. COLONEL stands up, speaks to the crowd.)

COLONEL

Sorry, folks. Show's over. Time to go home.

(We hear groans. BLUE looks furious.)

COLONEL

Hey, I'm not Shore Patrol. You can leave now, friendly like, or I call in the SPs. (More groans.) Or the Kuwaiti police, kids? Vamanos!

### Scene 8

Shift to her dressing room immediately following. BLUE enters and throws down her wig. She is furious. Her dressing room – which we would have seen before in the scene with HAZLITT - consists of a vanity, a chair and a screen. DINAH BLUE is a formidable character, as her songs and her relationship with HAZLITT should demonstrate. She is over six foot, in excellent health and stunning in her get-up. She has been through much and will live through more. The COLONEL's interruption of her act she sees only as the next in a lifetime of challenges. She actually has a fair amount of experience handling men like the COLONEL. COLONEL enters. She looks at him. Whatever the individual dynamics of the scene, it should be clear that these two understand and have a lot more sympathy for one another than might be expected.

BLUE

Well, Colonel. How can I help you?

COLONEL

I'm shutting you down.

BLUE

Why?

COLONEL

This is completely illegal. This entire operation.

BLUE

It's a nightclub, Colonel. Bird Colonels don't have nightclubs?

COLONEL

I already talked to your towel head owner. He's scared shitless.

BLUE

Thank you.

COLONEL

Sand niggers always bend when you press 'em.

(They regard one another. She tries a different tack, as she removes her make-up)

BLUE

Did you like the show?

COLONEL

Excuse me?

BLUE

Did you like the show?

COLONEL

I'm married.

BLUE

So am I.

COLONEL

Why do I have trouble believing that?

BLUE

To the stage. I've played everywhere: Somalia, Qatar, Palermo, Nome, I even played in Bangladesh. All over the American Empire. You might even call me an empress. And do you know the one thing every place had in common.

COLONEL

An asshole like me who shut your tired ass down.

BLUE

An officer and a gentlemen, right?

COLONEL  
(He's heard enough)

Come on.

BLUE  
Don't they train manners anymore? Whatever the Marine Corps was years ago – it had manners.

COLONEL  
For drag queens?

BLUE  
I'm not a drag queen. I'm an actress.

COLONEL  
Listen Blue-

BLUE  
Miss Blue.

COLONEL  
Miss Blue. I went to college. In the eighties I studied queer theory and the collapse of gender. I know all about the fluidity of sexuality and the performative nature of identity.

BLUE  
(Seductive)  
My goodness.

COLONEL  
I was also in a frat. So I know about that too.

BLUE  
Personal experience?

COLONEL  
As a matter of fact, yes.

BLUE  
(Actually surprised at his candor)  
Bravo.

COLONEL  
So I don't got no problem with you or your kind. If this was the West Village I'd bring my wife downtown for dinner and your show and we'd throw fuckin' roses like you were the Divine Miss M.

BLUE

Your wife?

COLONEL

Or maybe a girl friend. But it's not. This is Kuwait City. Every Network, Cable Network Wannabe and on-line media freak is looking for a story and I know you wanna be the next Lady Chablis. So rather than wait around for that train wreck I'm shuttin' you down. I've arranged evac for you and your... costumes. Maybe it's time you tried Off-Broadway.

BLUE

Jealous, Colonel?

COLONEL

Lieutenant Hazlitt thinks there's a certain latitude in an officer's comportment. There is. But not this.

BLUE

Lieutenant Hazlitt is a gentleman.

COLONEL

Gentlemen follow the rules.

BLUE

They also show respect. There are any number of ways you could have ended my act and still been a nice guy. Where do you dig up these theatrics, some Sam Shepherd play?

COLONEL

(Mechanically)

I'm sorry. You're right. (This surprises BLUE; not just the comment but the efficiency of his retreat. She admires efficiency. BLUE advances and spins.)

BLUE

Can you unzip me?

COLONEL

Of course.

(He does and BLUE steps behind screen to change.)

BLUE

Where was this frat you belonged to?

(He doesn't respond.)

BLUE

Come on Colonel. You've got me. I surrender. Now be a nice guy about it, huh?

(He's surprised by the casual turn the conversation's taken, but goes along.)

COLONEL

Charlottesville, University of Virginia.

BLUE

My goodness, you *are* a drinker. Why the military? (Pause.) Colonel?

COLONEL

I'm a Virginian. It's not considered a step down for us. Also, I wanted to get out.

BLUE

Of where?

COLONEL

Virginia.

BLUE

And your wife.

(COLONEL sighs.)

BLUE

Need a drink?

COLONEL

No, actually, I've had a few too many.

BLUE

You saw the show, didn't you?

COLONEL

Yeah.

BLUE

You really think I'm the Divine Miss M?

COLONEL  
(Smiling)

Better.

BLUE

Yeah?

COLONEL

Yeah. Because sober. I only saw her twice and she was loaded both times.

BLUE

Never drink onstage. Audience enjoys it too much. (She emerges – stunning in a conservative blue dress.) All set.

COLONEL

For what?

BLUE

That drink.

COLONEL

That is so not happening.

BLUE

I know a place.

COLONEL

A place?

BLUE

A place where journalists don't hang out.

(COLONEL smiles.)

COLONEL

Miss Blue-

BLUE

I know, you don't want me to get the wrong idea. Don't get nervous. I know queer and I know a man who just needs someone to talk to.

COLONEL

And I need someone to talk to?

BLUE

Birdie, you mind if I call you Birdie? Birdie, you could have sent shore patrol, you could have sent the Kuwaiti feds but you sent yourself. Now either you're more of a gentlemen than I thought or you wanted to see what was going on. I think, maybe, a little of both, n'est-ce pas?

COLONEL

Ok.

BLUE

Journalists are afraid of air strikes and the locals. So they don't leave their hotels after dark. The town is ours.

(COLONEL is still reluctant.)

BLUE

You at least owe me a drink and making nice with me might help me leave quiet like. Capiche?

(She extends her arm. He smiles. Ok, why not? COLONEL takes her arm and they exit. Blackout. Aircraft sounds – loud.)

Scene 9

Lights up on MARINES seated on long bench. Some rattling about indicated by actors. Red light snaps on.

DAME

There's the red light. Suit up.

(They all stand and begin checking their gear.)

DAME  
(To BRAVER)

Hand me that radio, Happy.

(BRAVER hands her the radio. She immediately begins smashing the radio on the deck, really fucking it up.)

SOMERS

What the hell are you doing?

DAME

Nothing.

SOMERS

What are you-

DAME

(Changing the subject, having finished her job on the radio)

Are you all set?

SOMERS

What are you-

DAME

I asked you a question.

SOMERS

Yes, sir. I am.

DAME

Good. (To BRAVER) Bad Boy, suit up. Hazlitt.

HAZLITT

What's up with the radio, Dame?

DAME

Nothing.

HAZLITT

What do you mean "nothing"?

DAME

Explanation's not going to bring it back.

HAZLITT

Goddammit, Dame

DAME  
(In his face)

No, goddammit, Hazlitt. Seen too many missions fucked up by radios. We have our orders.

HAZLITT

You're the only one who knows them.

DAME

Well then, you're just going to have to do what I say and make sure I don't get hurt, aren't ya? (Red light flashes.) Here we go. (Crashing sounds – some kind of flak being fired at the aircraft.)

DAME

Flak, stand by.

(The plane rattles horribly, crashing about the sky both being shaken by close AA fire and swerving wildly to avoid it. Actors indicate these movements. All four remain surprisingly cool. They even look at each other coolly, checking out each other's cool. Their training really shows in this sequence. They've been trained not to waste energy on fear when they're helpless, when, if they die, there was nothing they could do to save themselves anyway. The green light comes on.)

SOMERS

Green light.

(All look at DAME. She doesn't move. Why not?)

DAME

Too early.

(The green light flashes quickly. They all stare at it.)

DAME

Too early.

(It continues to flash.)

DAME

Way too early. No way we're over the DZ.

(It flashes quickly. Plane begins to bank.)

DAME

He's turning.

HAZLITT

Shit.

DAME

Go. Go. Go, go, go, go...

(One by one they go out the door until the cabin is empty. The green light flashes. Lights out. The green light flashes in the dark.)

Scene 10

Shift to COLONEL and BLUE sitting in a casual cafe – very comfortable. Easy music plays – Phil Collins. COLONEL is drunk, which doesn't mean much because he often is. Not sloppy, just relaxed, open and expansive. With men he would have to show off. With BLUE, as with a women, he can open up, confess some things, get it off his chest.

COLONEL

I'm no good at this, Blue. I never was. I joined up because I wanted to fight. I wanted *The Sands of Iwo Jima* and *The Longest Day*. And *Hell is for Heroes*. I wanted a real war like WW II or the Civil War even. Now it's all politics. "Don't Ask, Don't Tell," "Rules of Engagement," policy, policy, policy, till you wanna throw up.

*Special Forces*  
John Fisher

BLUE

My favorite movies: *All About Eve* and *The Women*.

COLONEL

The Forties, goddammit, the Forties! We should have been born – no, we should have reached maturity in the Forties.

BLUE

(Proposing a toast)

The Forties!

BOTH

The Forties.

(They knock them back. COLONEL slams down his glass, upside down, and laughs. He's enjoying himself.)

BLUE

*Sahara*.

COLONEL

(Sighing)

Ah... *Sahara*. Now there's *the* desert war movie... Of all time

BLUE

Humphrey Bogart.

COLONEL

Bogart. That's what I wanted to be. Bogart with a Grant tank and Nazis for enemies. None of this concern about friendlies and collateral damage. A clean war. A war against Germans. Bogart.

BLUE

*Casablanca*.

(They both sigh.)

COLONEL

It doesn't get any better than *Casablanca*.

BLUE

First time I saw Ingrid Bergman in that big hat, with that raincoat. I knew I wanted to be an actress.

COLONEL

Bergman? What about Bogart's hat? Bogart's coat? That gun of his. (He laughs.)

BLUE

Her lips. Her head thrown back.

COLONEL

“Whatever we lost, we got it back last night.” (They sigh. COLONEL takes another drink. BLUE regards him.) My wife always says, “Why go to a movie when you can go to a party. There’s always a party. Get something done. Never got anything done at a movie.”

BLUE

Except enjoy yourself.

COLONEL

And now war movies are coming back. *Saving Private Ryan* and *Pearl Harbor* and... I mean, they suck but they’re coming back.

(Pause.)

BLUE  
(Fishing)

Your wife.

COLONEL

My wife. Well, a gentleman doesn’t discuss his wife.

BLUE

Ambitious?

COLONEL

My wife? Like a great white shark.

BLUE

For you?

COLONEL

For me?

BLUE

For your career.

COLONEL

I don’t even think she knows I’m in the Corps. Nah, she’s got plenty of career on her hands. She’s an attorney. Insurance. Corporate shit. Oil tanker spills a million tons in the Bay of Bengal and before the wild life of three oceans can even choke to death on the shit she’s on the plane. Ambulance chaser? My wife’s a tanker chaser. She’d convince a jury

the fish were going to die anyway, of congenital heart disease. She'd talk her way out of anything.

BLUE

And you.

COLONEL

Me? Lonely man, can't you tell?

BLUE

Cause you're talking to me?

COLONEL

Who the hell else am I going to talk to? Gotta be careful. People blab.

BLUE

And who'd believe me.

COLONEL

I thought... She and I thought, when we were young, Chief of Staff. Can't fight a real war, I can at least be Chief of Staff. One day.

BLUE

You're young.

COLONEL

But not headed in the right direction.

BLUE

I'd have thought you were a shoe in.

COLONEL

Nah, I'm not political. I don't have that kind of delicacy or that kind of smarts. I'm also not black or Chicano or Asian...

BLUE

You could be gay. That's the one minority anyone can sign up for.

COLONEL

Well, a young man will try anything, like I said. Nah, gay guys are just... too all over the place. I'm a one person guy. That's one thing women are, loyal. For the most part.

(BLUE feels a subject change is in order.)

BLUE

I was going to be a soap opera actress. That was my big ambition.

COLONEL  
(Appalled)

Soaps?

BLUE

Yeah, I wanted to act... a lot. "A lot" meaning "all the time." Quality, but also quantity. You see in the old days an actress would make four, five movies a year. Now it's one, one a year. I thought, "Film ain't for me. Not enough work." But TV wasn't for me either, apparently. So I went on the stage. That way I could perform every night. And it took me round the world. I might as well be Ingrid Bergman for the places I've seen, and the people I've met.

(They're quiet for moment, lost in thought.)

COLONEL

Hong Kong.

BLUE

Favorite place?

COLONEL

Yeah. Embassy security.

BLUE

Singapore.

COLONEL  
(Appalled)

Singapore?

BLUE

Yeah, they looooved me in Singapore. The weather. (She sighs – loved it.) ... And the city. Like Epcot Center. Immaculate. I like immaculate. That's why I like military men, officers, they put a high premium on clean.

COLONEL

That we do.

BLUE

This mission those boys are on...

COLONEL

I'm not at liberty to discuss that.

I just wanted to know...  
BLUE

Blue, you know better.  
COLONEL

Will I see Lieutenant Hazlitt? Again?  
BLUE

I thought you were a lady.  
COLONEL

I am.  
BLUE

Ladies don't discuss other gentlemen when they're on a date.  
COLONEL

Are we on a date?  
BLUE

Friends go on dates.  
COLONEL

Are we friends?  
BLUE

Yeah.  
COLONEL

#### Scene 11

Shift to BRAVER and SOMERS struggling in a field, getting oriented after their descent. It's dark. Damn dark. DAME enters, ready to go. Throughout the scene the Marines will look about, keeping watch, even when they're talking to each other.

DAME  
How my Power Puff Girls? (SOMERS stares at her.) You ok?

SOMERS  
Yeah, yeah fine.

DAME  
(To BRAVER)  
Muscles?

BRAVER  
 Ship shape. I don't see anything.

SOMERS  
 What?

BRAVER  
 Where's our shit? Was supposed to be dropped this morning.

DAME  
 (Looking out)  
 What's that mountain doing there?

BRAVER  
 (Looking about him)  
 Nothing. There's supposed to be M16s, explosives, caps, cable...

(DAME has produced a map, is studying it closely trying to get her bearings, cross checking it with GPS. HAZLITT stumbles on, clearly limping from a sprain.)

HAZLITT  
 Dame.

SOMERS  
 You ok, Lieutenant?

HAZLITT  
 Yes. Perimeter! (He gestures for SOMERS and BRAVER to maintain a lookout in all directions.) Dame! This isn't right.

DAME  
 I know that.

HAZLITT  
 So?

DAME  
 (Studying map)  
 We're wrong.

SOMERS  
 What?

DAME  
 This ain't our drop zone.

HAZLITT

Huh?

DAME

That's why you can't see anything. We missed our drop zone.

SOMERS

Oh, man.

DAME

Shut up, Dumpling. We're north, way north. We should be south of Dikip. We're north.

HAZLITT

That pilot.

DAME

(Putting away map)

Yeah. Must have got scared by that flak and dumped us early. (To HAZLITT) New guy. (HAZLITT nods. To SOMERS and BRAVER) Ok. Gentlemen, we have about a thirty klick hike.

SOMERS

Shit!

DAME

(Gesturing out)

That way.

SOMERS

(Gesturing angrily as if talking to the chicken shit pilot)

Mother fucker, what the fuck!

HALZITT

Load up, Somers.

DAME

We move, I mean *move*, we should make the r-vous.

SOMERS

What about our supplies?

DAME

Supplies made it. I know *that* pilot. Kurds will have them. No worries. All right, move out.

## Scene 12

Blackout. Lights back up low on the Marines moving through a field. They walk towards audience. Their motions are careful but confident. They have a long march ahead. Up to now they've been silent.

SAY DAME.  
SOMERS

FUCK YOU, SQUIRREL.  
DAME  
(In whisper)

DAME.  
SOMERS

KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, RABBIT.  
DAME

WHY YOU ALWAYS CALL ME BY A DIFFERENT NAME? (TO BRAVER) SHE ALWAYS CALLS ME BY A DIFFERENT NAME. WHY IS THAT?  
SOMERS  
(In a whisper)

ARE YOU DONE? ARE YOU?  
DAME  
(Stops and stares at him)

YEAH.  
SOMERS

GOOD.  
DAME

(Gunfire. Tracers fill the air. Very sudden. There is a tremendous amount of noise. All four hit the deck, shoulder weapons and begin trying to find targets. Tracers are high.)

I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.  
HAZLITT

WHO'S FIRING?  
BRAVER

SHIT.  
HAZLITT

SOMERS

(Overlapping others)

Doggone fuck me, shit. Fuck, fuck, fuck!

HAZLITT

What the hell is that?

DAME

Stay down.

(Tracers stop. Silence.)

BRAVER

It's stopped.

HAZLITT

Shit.

SOMERS

Who the fuck-

DAME

Stay down.

HAZLITT

What is happening?

SOMERS

(Truly freaked)

Somebody tipped them off.

BRAVER

Who the hell-

SOMERS

Somebody tipped them off.

DAME

Shut up, both of youse.

HAZLITT

(To DAME)

What do you think?

DAME

Not soldiers. Kids maybe. Someone playing with toys.

SOMERS

Toys. You call that toys? Motherfuckers with M16s are toys-

DAME

Will you shut up, Howser?

SOMERS

(Losing it)

Cunt thinks it's toys.

DAME

Will you shut up?

SOMERS

Twat faced cunt, thinks it's-

(She springs on top of him with her weapon drawn. She pins him down, knee on chest hand on his balls, and speaks directly into his face in a vicious whisper.)

DAME

I *aksed* you, I *aksed* you a direct question, Dayton, will you shut up? (She shoves her pistol in his mouth, fills his mouth with it, deep.) Will you? Simple answer: yes or no.

(He nods his head "yes." She keeps pistol in his mouth. She looks. More tracers. This time the squad stays quiet. She keeps pistol in SOMER's mouth. She looks. Even now she is on top of it all. Tracers stop. The rest in whisper.)

DAME

Someone fucking around.

HAZLITT

10-4 that.

DAME

Someone doesn't know how to handle a weapon. (To SOMERS) Listen to me, Alabama. You listening, Bama Boy? (He nods.) You're going to stay here and make a shit load of noise, like you did before. A lot of squak. But you're going to stay here. Got it, Crawfish? (He nods. To BRAVER) Hummer, you'll go around left. Hazlitt, you'll go around right. I'll go with you, Hazlitt. (To BRAVER) Hummer, when you're in position lay down a shit load of fire but keep it low. You aim too high, you shoot me and I will shoot you. Copy?

BRAVER

10-4, Dame.

DAME

Hazlitt, y'all set?

HAZLITT

Yeah.

DAME

(To SOMERS)

Now, I'm taking your weapon, Joker. You don't need it. You're too cool for school. Just remember, you take off, you scam, I'll shoot you in the back. We're moving right, Hazlitt's covering them, I'm covering you. Copy, Jarhead? (She removes the gun from his mouth. He's shit his pants.)

SOMERS

Yeah.

DAME

(Squeezing his balls – tight)

Say, "Copy, Dame."

SOMERS

Copy, Dame.

DAME

"I like your tits, Dame."

SOMERS

I like your tits, Dame.

(She releases him finally. She grabs his M14 and turns to HAZLITT.)

DAME

Ok, Hazlitt?

HAZLITT

Yo.

DAME

(To BRAVER)

Ok, Wiley?

BRAVER

Copy.

DAME  
(To SOMERS)

Freak, Drummer. (Pointing pistol at him) I said freak!

(SOMERS starts screaming. He screams his head off. DAME and HAZLITT head out right. BRAVER heads out left. SOMERS is alone, screaming. Air fills with tracers. More noise than we've ever heard before. SOMERS looks panicked. He turns to flee but thinks better of it. He stops. And screams some more, with less conviction. He calms down but keeps screaming. Eventually he is very calm but keeps up his screaming; the tracers continue harmlessly overhead. We hear some different sounds. Four deep plugs, then a large explosion. Then two more plugs. Silence. No tracers. All still. SOMERS stops screaming. Silence. Then five more deep plugs. Silence. Long pause. BRAVER returns. He is breathing hard, almost panting. HAZLITT and DAME come on from the other direction. She is already studying a map. HAZLITT is covered with blood. SOMERS checks them out, perplexed. He wants to know what happened.)

SOMERS  
(To HAZLITT)

You hit, Sir?

HAZLITT

Not my blood.

SOMERS

What happened?

BRAVER

Dame was right.

SOMERS

Right? 'Bout what?

BRAVER

They were kids.

SOMERS

Kids?

HAZLITT

Must have gotten the weapons from some air drop. Kids fucking around.

SOMERS

How'd you get blood on you?

BRAVER

They tried to surrender. Dame smoked them.

DAME  
(To BRAVER)

Fuck you, Bisquick.

HAZLITT

Their hands were up, Dame.

DAME

Fuck you, they were reaching for a grenade.

SOMERS

Kids?

DAME

Teenagers.

BRAVER

Little kids. No way teenagers.

SOMERS  
(Picking white stuff off of HAZLITT)

Shit. Look at this shit.

DAME  
(Indicating direction)

We're this way.

SOMERS  
(Holding something white and bloody)

What the fuck is this?

HAZLITT

What?

SOMERS

On your shirt.

BRAVER

Collar bone.

SOEMRS  
(Throwing it away like it was a turd)

You're fucking kidding me.

BRAVER

Yeah, that's a collar bone. Piece of one.

SOMERS

I'm gonna be sick.

(SOMERS falls to his knees and starts to wretch.)

DAME

(To SOMERS)

Tracy, you heave I'll shoot you. Is that clear? Is it?

SOMERS

(Choking it back)

Yes, sir.

DAME

Fucking child care. I don't got time for this. Get your shit. We're this way.

BRAVER

(To SOMERS)

You ok?

DAME

He's fine. Move out. Hazlitt.

HAZLITT

Take it easy, Dame.

DAME

Goddammit Hazlitt.

HAZLITT

Yeah, ok.

(HAZLITT exits. BRAVER follows. DAME looks at SOMERS. He looks terrified. She crosses to him and hands him his M14. He reaches for it but she won't let it go till she speaks her peace.)

DAME

Daisy, I just blew away two five year olds. I will not hesitate to blow your fucking head off if you can't square your ass away.

SOMERS

Sorry, Dame.

DAME

Fuck you apologizing like I'm your prom date. Grab your shit and haul ass, faggot.

Scene 13

He does, quickly, and exits after HAZLITT and BRAVER. She looks after them, removes a large bayonet from her pack, then moves in their direction. Shift to COLONEL at his desk working at this laptop, focused. BLUE enters in a conservative lavender-blue lady's suit and scarf. He doesn't notice her.

BLUE

Good afternoon.

COLONEL  
(Looking up)

What the hell...

BLUE

The young man at the gate told me to give you this. (She hands him an envelope stamped SSIA.)

COLONEL

What...

BLUE

It's labeled SSIA. He said that's code for "Top Secret." And then he winked.

COLONEL

How the hell did you get in here?

BLUE

A lady knows how to get on a base.

COLONEL

No way.

BLUE

What?

COLONEL

No way SP at the gate thought you were a woman.

BLUE

Oh, he knew what was going on. There are many old boy networks, Colonel. And many overlaps.

COLONEL

(Truly impressed)

Unbelievable. He gave you this? (She nods and smiles.) Unbelievable.

BLUE

You better stop looking at my legs and open it Colonel.

COLONEL

(Suddenly petulant)

I wasn't looking at your...

BLUE

It's highest priority.

(He is truly amazed by her. He shakes his head and smiles as he absently tears open the package. He reads. What he reads slowly settles in. He wanders towards his desk. He sits. He drops the document. His head falls into his hands. BLUE has watched all this, intrigued.)

BLUE

What is it, Colonel?

(He ignores her. He opens his phone and quickly dials. He's almost done dialing but suddenly he stops and shuts the phone. He looks at the phone. Opens it again. Takes a breath. Then shuts it. He throws the phone against the wall, violent.)

BLUE

You sure you don't want to tell me? ((Silence. He paces.) Colonel. (Something in her tone gets his attention.) Looks like you can't tell anybody else. (She stares at him. He takes a breath.)

COLONEL

(Almost blurting it out)

They're after the wrong guy.

BLUE

What?

COLONEL

They're going to shoot the wrong guy.

BLUE

Who is?

COLONEL

Your boy friend.

(Now she looks worried.)

BLUE

I hate to put it this way, but does that matter?

COLONEL

Yes, it's a major fuck up.

BLUE

It's what?

COLONEL

It's a fuck up. I've screwed up. Shit! Shit! (He beats up an innocent file cabinet. This is a wild moment of savagery.)

BLUE

Easy. Easy, Tiger!

(COLONEL is hunched on the floor.)

BLUE

I can't help?

COLONEL

What?

BLUE

How can I help?

COLONEL

You know how to communicate by telepathy, soldier?

BLUE

No.

COLONEL

Voo Doo?

BLUE

Not yet.

COLONEL

You think this is a joke.

BLUE

No. You do.

(COLONEL shakes his head. He doesn't begin to understand her.)

BLUE

You make a mistake you turn into Robert Duvall, method actor kicking file cabinets and swearing like a sailor. You screw up, someone dies. Do you even realize that? You act like it's just a bad break. Something to get dramatic about. A chance to trash an office. Then you'll apologize, eat shit with the General or the Admiral or whoever you suck up to and you'll go have a beer. Probably make you more popular with the brass. Make you human. A guy who makes mistakes. Am I right?

(COLONEL turns away. He doesn't need this shit right now.)

BLUE

Who's this *guy*?

COLONEL

What guy?

BLUE

(Making fun of him)

This gook? This towel head? This sand nigger?

COLONEL

Head of the Peshmergas... Head of a faction of it.

BLUE

(Again making fun of him)

Some wog. (COLONEL looks at her.) What do you give that he dies?

COLONEL

Forget it.

BLUE

Tell me.

COLONEL

Nah.

BLUE

Tell me, Gerald.

(COLONEL looks at her.)

COLONEL

He dies, they die. Hazlitt, Dame, all of them.

BLUE

Why?

COLONEL

He's the wrong guy. We thought the Turks wanted him dead, but they don't. Neither do the peshis. No one's going to offer protection they kill him. I fucked up. I gave them the wrong guy.

BLUE

How did you do that?

COLONEL

Shit intell.

BLUE

(Not understanding)

Shit and tell?

COLONEL

The names all look the same. His names' Fayet. The guy we want, wanted – he's dead now – is Fayed. Anyway, when they shoot *him* everyone in site is going to shoot *them*. It's just fucked up.

BLUE

(Making an excuse for him)

You had shitty intell.

COLONEL

Nah, I did it myself.

BLUE

You did it yourself?

COLONEL

If I don't take the gig, if I didn't send out a squad Colonel Rodriguez would have. He had the bit in his teeth. He was all set to go, in like Flint with the General. He would have sent out a squad, gotten the kill and probably the star.

BLUE

But he had the intell...

COLONEL

Yeah... (Punches file cabinet. Looks at her, embarrassed) Hey, it's my cabinet. Rodriguez, fuckin'...

BLUE

Fuckin' what? Wetback?

COLONEL

Oh, frig you with your sensitivity training. That wetback means more to me than some tired faggot in ugly pumps. (Gathers himself.) Sorry. Than some tired faggot in gorgeous pumps.

BLUE

You like my pumps?

COLONEL

I do. Actually.

BLUE

Thank you actually.

(Pause.)

BLUE

What are we going to do?

(He stares at her – “we?”)

COLONEL

Nothing.

BLUE

Nothing.

COLONEL

Can't send anyone after them, they're cut off. That's the thing with Spec Forc [Fork] - you go in as an air bubble – nothing in front of you, nothing behind. You lose communications, you are cut off. No way to get at them from Turkey.

BLUE

What about from here?

COLONEL

(Sarcastic)

Yeah, you get a transport to fly north of Baghdad. Good luck.

How's about on foot? BLUE

On the ground? COLONEL

Yes. BLUE

Impossible. COLONEL

*Kelly's Heroes*. Clint Eastwood went a hundred miles behind German lines to secure some gold. BLUE

No way. COLONEL

Someone could infiltrate. Go in disguise. BLUE

You know anyone around here who could pass for Arab? COLONEL

No one who could pass for an Arab *man*. BLUE

No way. COLONEL

(He only stares at her.)

No way. COLONEL

Colonel... BLUE

You're serious? You'll get yourself killed. COLONEL

Would anybody notice? BLUE

Jesus. COLONEL

What do I tell them? If I get there? BLUE

Jesus. COLONEL

Colonel. BLUE

COLONEL  
(Annoyed with her)  
Now you listen to me, I will lock you in the brig. I will. You wanna spend a week in the stockade?

No, of course not. BLUE

Then butt out. COLONEL

What will you do? BLUE

Send someone. I'll figure it out. COLONEL

Who can you send? You can't trust anyone. BLUE

I said butt out. I'm sorry but there's nothing you can do. COLONEL

Is there anything you can do? BLUE

I just need to... COLONEL

What? BLUE

Figure out how to get them to turn on their fucking radio. COLONEL

## Scene 14

Shift to MARINES standing in semi-light, dawn. HAZLITT is downstage obviously talking to someone who is out front, unseen. MARINES are upstage, DAME is furthest upstage, trying to disappear behind BRAVER and SOMERS.

HAZLITT

(Out, as if someone has just finished talking to him)

Ok, good, thank you. (He crosses upstage to MARINES and speaks to DAME.) They say there are Fedayeen on the bridge. In a guard house. And a force on the other side of the river. No way can we take the bridge.

DAME

Ok, then we blow it.

HAZLITT

We blow it?

DAME

Yes, orders are we can't take it, we blow it. Move on to our next objective. They have the explosives from the airdrop. We have cable, detonators and fuses. You'll go with them, take Braver. Keep an eye on the guard house. I'll take Somers and set the charges.

HAZLITT

Maybe I should take Somers.

DAME

He'll be fine. He just got shook up. He's our explosives guy. (To SOMERS) Somers, go with them and get the shit. Two backpacks. Two. I'll lag behind. When you got everything fall back with me and we'll check out the bridge.

SOMERS

Yes, sir.

HAZLITT

You called him, Somers.

DAME

All right, let's break it up before they get too interested in me.

HAZLITT

(Out to the guy he was speaking to before)

Hello. Yes. We will blow up the bridge. (Pause.) We must.

## Scene 15

(Shift to DAME and SOMERS clinging to different pilings of a bridge – structural columns of the theatre itself. SOMERS farther out with charges and explosives strapping them to piling. DAME is struggling with wires. HAZLITT works his way to DAME’s piling as if through shallow water. This scene is performed in low whispers as the enemy is overhead. The work continues; it is agonizing hard work, lots of sweat. Always they are snatching looks over their heads.)

	HAZLITT
We got a problem.	
	DAME
What?	
	HAZLITT
We got a problem.	
	DAME
Hajii?	
	HAZLITT
No.	
	DAME
What? (To SOMERS, who has stopped wiring) Keep going. Just keep going. (To HAZLITT) What?	
	HAZLITT
Covering force.	
	DAME
Yeah.	
	HAZLITT
The Kurds.	
	DAME (Impatient)
What is it, Hazlitt?	
	HAZLITT
They say we killed their boys.	
	DAME
What?	

HAZLITT

Little boys. They sent them off with guns to hold a perimeter. Around the village.

DAME

I don't got time for this.

HAZLITT

They have Braver.

DAME

What?

HAZLITT

They started asking Braver questions about the little boys. Wanted to know where they were. Had he seen them? He said he had.

DAME

Are you kidding? Is this a joke? We're in the middle of wiring a bridge. They're supposed to be covering us-

HAZLITT

They're freaking out. I told Braver to shut his hole.

DAME

What are you doing here?

HAZLITT

I said I'd get our commanding officer.

DAME

Are you retarded? They think I'm a guy. I'm supposed to go back there and weasel us out of this? They'll toast us all. You fuck up!

HAZLITT

Goddammit, I didn't know what else to do. Do something. They'll shoot us if they find out what happened.

DAME

What the fuck were they sending kids out to hold a perimeter.

HAZLITT

They're short of men. They told the boys to shoot over our heads to scare us off, just in case we were Americans coming from the wrong direction. They told them to surrender if they were attacked. The Fedayeen don't shoot children.

Could this be more fucked up.

DAME

Well...

HAZLITT

Somers.

DAME

Yes, sir.

SOMERS

How you doing?

DAME

Ok.

HAZLITT

DAME

(As she speaks she removes bars from her collar)

You're going back with Hazlitt. Hazlitt, Somers is a Lieutenant. Our commanding officer. Pin the bars on him. (To SOMERS) Tell them we saw the boys' bodies when we came over the hill into the village. They were already dead. When they ask why we didn't tell them before say we didn't want to upset them. Tell them the boys were both dead and their dicks were cut off and shoved in their mouths. We didn't want them to know. Say we're sorry. (Silence. HAZLITT and SOMERS just stare.) It's a tribal revenge thing. They'll understand. Be reluctant to tell them. Make them drag it out of you. Got it?

(Pause. SOMERS just stares.)

DAME

Got it?

SOMERS

Yeah.

HAZLITT

But that's not what they'll see when they find the bodies.

DAME

Yes, it is. I took care of it. I thought we might have this problem. (To Somers.) Get going. I'll come in right behind you with the wire. We blow this thing and get the river between us and them. Move on to the next objective.

## Scene 16

Blackout. Later. Lights up on BRAVER, SOMERS and HAZLITT, for the first time sitting, almost relaxed. It is dark. There is no fire but the feeling is they are bedding down, finally, around a fire.

BRAVER  
Some story, Somers.

SOMERS  
Saved your ass.

(Pause.)

SOMERS  
It was Dame's idea.

BRAVER  
I figured.

BRAVER  
You think she really did it?

SOMERS  
What?

BRAVER  
To the boys.

SOMERS  
(To his crotch)  
I love you buddy, Yes, I do. (To BRAVER) I call him Sasquash. (Looking at Hazlitt)  
You should have seen the Lieutenant Hazlitt's face when she came out with that one.

BRAVER  
(Deciding to lighten the mood)  
Like he was gettin' a woody?

SOMERS  
(Laughing)  
Like she was fuckin' Miss July doin' her center fold.

(They laugh. HAZLITT does not.)

SOMERS  
Say Lieutenant.

HAZLITT

Yeah?

SOMERS

When are you going to kill that bug that crawled up your ass? (They laugh.)

HAZLITT

I like having things up my ass. (They laugh.) Bug keeps me awake at night. Alert. Alive. (They enjoy this. So does HAZLITT. He knows he's a martinet, but he also knows he can show that knowledge and laugh with the men, at his own expense.)

SOMERS

You think this mission's kosher?

HAZLITT

Kosher as in Jewish?

(They laugh.)

SOMERS

Do you think it's going to get some?

HAZLITT

You're Generation Kill, boy. You always get some.

SOMERS/BRAVER

Yeeeeaaaah!!!

HAZLITT

Tiger Tiger Tango!

SOMERS/BRAVER

TTT!

HAZLITT

Tiger Tiger Tango!

SOMERS/BRAVER

TTT!

HAZLITT

(Imitating the drill sergeant in Full Metal jacket)

"Show me your war face!" (They growl with terrifying war faces.) "You don't scare me!" (They get more intense.) "Work on it!"

(Now they're pumped up. SOMERS and BRAVER sing "Burn, Mothefucker, Burn!" like raucous drunks.)

HAZLITT

You already blew a fuckin' bridge, didn't ya?

SOMERS

That we did.

BRAVER

Sky high, sailor.

SOMERS

Rock and roll.

(BRAVER and SOMERS high five and sing "Bombs over Baghdad – again like obnoxious drunks. Eventually they calm down.)

BRAVER

But seriously, sir.

HAZLITT

What do you think, Somers?

SOMERS

I'm with Buttercup here.

HAZLITT

Yeah?

SOMERS

Yeah. I think it sucks.

HAZLITT

War?

SOMERS

Nah, peace! If we do land these bridges and end this fuck we'll be out of job and back beggin' for checker at WalMart in '05.

BRAVER

Yep.

SOMERS

I think Bush Pére had it right: Long build up, long prep, long war. When it's done, it's done and I'm back with my wife. [That's a bad thing.]

BRAVER

Fuck that shit, man.

BOTH

Arrugah.

SOMERS

I got a wife and kid. And I got them right where I want them. Home. I'm serious. Home. I can support them, they can do what they want and be proud of me. War ends. I'm unemployed and changing diapers; I've got one lady to fuck [meaning his wife, and that's bad] and a kid I don't even know to take to the goddamn park.

BRAVER

Yeah.

SOMERS

Fuckin' Disneyland. Half mile away from my house. And I can't even afford that shit.

BRAVER

Yeah.

SOMERS

One hundred dollars a day. Disneyland. One hundred dollars a day! Here I'm king. Even in Beirut. I live like the Raj. You hear that, the Raj.

BRAVER

The Raj.

HAZLITT

What's the Raj?

SOMERS

(To BRAVER)

Makepeace, it was Makepeace right?

BRAVER

Yeah, Makepeace.

SOMERS

Fuckin' Second Lieut. come through, assignment officer, co-ordinations in Lebanon. He had us read last summer. *Read*. He assigned us *Passage to India*. By Forster. *Had us read a book!*

BRAVER

Slowly like, man.

SOMERS

Yeah, chapter a week. Read and discuss. That's what he told us. We were the American Raj. Places like Beirut, Guantanamo, Kuwait City, wherever Americans hold up overseas, we're like the British Empire. A place where a man like me can be a king, own property, live like an earl and build an Empire. The American Raj.

BRAVER

Fuckin' Philipines before Marcos.

SOMERS

Nam before Ho.

BRAVER

Hawaii before it became a state.

SOMERS

The Raj.

BRAVER

We'll remember, man.

SOMERS

Remember.

BRAVER

You married, sir?

HAZLITT

Nope.

SOMERS

You got something in K.C.?

HAZLITT

Ok, Somers. [Enough questions] I like your Raj thing. This our India. I like that.

BRAVER

Friggin' Makepeace.

SOMERS

Frig yeah.

HAZLITT

What happened to him?

SOMERS

Stepped on a landmine.

BRAVER

The professor. (He makes an explosion gesture to show what happened to Makepeace.)

SOMERS

Bye, bye Miss American Pie

(DAME enters. She isn't relaxed but she's shed some gear.)

DAME

You guys going to stay up all night?

HAZLITT

You better knock off, men.

DAME

(During the following she's talking to SOMERS but looking at HAZLITT; she's talking about HAZLITT)

*Passage to India*, Somersby.

SOMERS

Yeah.

DAME

Written by a man named Forster.

SOMERS

Yeah, E. M. man, I remember that.

DAME

Faggot. Fantasies of empire in his head, but at home, he did with boys.

SOMERS

Yeah. Faggot, huh?

BRAVER

Yeah. Makepeace never told us that.

SOMERS  
(Playing)

Braver here is faggot.

BRAVER

(Playing back, not at all offended)

Shut your hole, Shirley!

SOMERS

Or you like to be called queer now, right?

BRAVER

Yeah, Metrosexual. Easier to get a date.

SOMERS

Women lookin' for a ring...

BOTH

Men just lookin' to nut.

(They wrestle. And laugh wildly.)

HAZLITT

All right, knock it off you two.

(SOMERS and BRAVER crawl off towards their tents, laughing. We really should have no sense that these two are actually gay.)

DAME

Not much point in dousing lights if you're going to let them make so much noise.

HAZLITT

You're right, Lieut.

DAME

Fuck you I'm right. What's your problem, Hazzle? Think I'm looking for a ring?

HAZLITT

Actually I don't.

DAME

"Actually I don't." Where did you learn to talk like that? The Colonel?

HAZLITT

Watching old movies.

DAME

Fuck you.

HAZLITT

On television. When I was a kid.

DAME

You're still a kid.

HAZLITT

Yeah, that's why I'm here. The adventure.

DAME

I wish you'd shut up about that. The adventure. You and the Colonel. The adventure. It's a job, Hassle. It just *is*. Like working for Walmart or Costco or BestBuy. You restock, you open up, you give out information, then you close out your register. It's employment.

HAZLITT

So why don't you work for CostCo?

DAME

They wouldn't hire me.

(Silence.)

DAME

You think I'm pretty?

(Pause. He can't believe the question, that she's asking it.)

HAZLITT

What?

DAME  
(Confrontational.)

You heard me.

(He exhales, can't believe this is happening but willing to go along.)

HAZLITT

You know I do.

DAME

Then why did you stop fucking me?

(He takes a deep breath. Exhale. Maybe he's wrong, maybe she just wants to fight.)

DAME

What does that mean?

(He rubs his face. Looks at her. He stands. He moves towards her. Then away.)

DAME

What?

(He doesn't respond.)

DAME

(Showing just how stressed she is)

Do you...

HAZLITT

What?

DAME

Do you have any idea...

HAZLITT

What?

DAME

What it's like dealing with these... situations?

HAZLITT

No, actually, I don't. (He looks away.) That's why you're in charge.

DAME

Forget it.

(He decides his first impulse was right. She's lonely. So is he. And they're both freaked out, tense. He crosses to her. Touches her face. She likes it.)

DAME

Show us your tits.

(He takes his shirt off as she rubs his chest. He is topless. She rubs it some more, then kisses it. He lets her. We hear SOMERS and BRAVER giggling off.)

HAZLITT

Braver, Somers. Go to sleep!

SOMERS

Will you tuck us in mommy? (More giggling.)

DAME

I'll toss a grenade over there! (Quiet. She goes back to his chest, she is unbuckling his fatigues. Blackout.

Scene 17

Later. Moonlight. HAZLITT in his skivvies, DAME getting dressed. She's finished and ready to move on.

HAZLITT

What's with the names?

DAME

Huh?

HAZLITT

Calling everyone by a different name.

DAME

You're always Hazlitt.

HAZLITT

Ok, the men.

DAME

They're men. They're not officers. They don't need names.

HAZLITT

What's up with that shit?

DAME

(Losing it, throwing down her gear, in his face all of sudden)

Fuck you, Hazlitt. What do you want? A heart to heart? You fuck me you think you've earned some intimacy and shit?

HAZLITT

Christ, Dame.

DAME

I'll tell you "what's with the names." Maybe I don't want something I might have to kill or torture... Maybe I don't want it to have a name. It's bad enough they have a face. But a name, that really fucks it up. Takes the pleasure out of it. Is that the answer you wanted? Or how about my fucked up childhood explanation. This is for real, it is: I used to pull animals apart, slowly – like tics and flies and spiders at first, just shit that annoyed me, as punishment. Let it wobble around with one leg for a while. And eventually cats and little dogs and once this fucking rooster that our neighbors owned and that screamed

its head off every morning at 500 AM. They didn't have names. Or at least not names I knew. Bad enough they had a face. But names. names are personalities, attributes. (Pause.) You ever twist the front leg off a kitten, you ever do that?

HAZLITT

Ok-

DAME

Or a dog as it howls. Or once, this is sick, and definitely entre nous, my friend Cheryl got pregnant and she was fourteen and I convinced her I could take care of it so-

HAZLITT

Jesus. Yes, fine, forget it.

DAME

(Back in control)

Sorry. I'm bitter. Obviously.

HAZLITT

I don't get it.

DAME

What-

HAZLITT

You're so...

DAME

Yeah, yeah, ok. Yeah, I know. Living in the past. Fucked up childhood, so now I'm fucking up my life, I got it. Sorry. I am. I'm truly sorry. No. I am. Sorry to... drag you into it. Into my shit... (Opening up) I got a name. It's Shirley. How about that? Shirley.

HAZLITT

Look.

DAME

No, I...

HAZLITT

No, just stop, please...

DAME

What?

HAZLITT

It's just...

What? I want to know.

DAME

This is worse.

HAZLITT

What?

DAME

You... Opening up... It's...

HAZLITT

What?

DAME

It's fucking awful. I feel like you're... licking my hand or something. Just... stop. Ok.

HAZLITT

Yeah. (She throws up her hands – what a fucked up conversation. She's frustrated, makes some noises. She returns to her gear.)

DAME

Shirley?

HAZLITT  
(Amused)

Look don't start.

DAME

Shirley?

HAZLITT

#### Scene 18

Shift to COLONEL pacing. He looks worried. It's as if he feels if he thought about something other than then operation he would curse the operation. His cell rings. He grabs at it quickly.

COLONEL

Yes. Yes, it's me. YHQBR14. Yes. Ok. Put it through. (He waits. Impatient. Hopeful. Suddenly disappointment crosses his face. Not the call he wanted.) Hey. How are you? Good. Good. It's good to hear from you. Busy. Very busy. Here? You're kidding. When? Why? I mean, it's a war zone. Is it business? You did? No, no, come. Come. I want to see you. Yes. The weather? Hot. It's hot. (Sarcastic.) It's a desert, Carol.

## Scene 19

Shift to HAZLITT once again standing DC talking to someone – this time the someone is right of the audience, obscured by a curtained area audience right. The others huddle upstage, DAME again trying to disappear, not attract any attention.

HAZLITT

(Out)

Who? Yes. I understand. I do. Yes. (He crosses upstage to the huddle. He talks to DAME. Gesturing towards the man he was talking to) Ok, that's him. That's Fayet.) DAME sneaks a look.) He says there's someone here to meet us.

DAME

(Can't believe it)

What?

HAZLITT

He says someone has come to meet us. Got here yesterday.

DAME

Who?

HAZLITT

“One of ours.” That's all he said.

DAME

One of ours? One of ours? No way one of ours got here before us. No fuckin' way, Hazlitt. Dropped in before us? No way.

HAZLITT

Not from the north. From the south.

DAME

(Really can't believe it)

What?

HAZLITT

They came from the south.

(She stares at him – her look says, “What the hell is going on?”)

HAZLITT

Where is everyone?

DAME

What?

HAZLITT

Well, Fayet's all alone. Except for this person he's brought with him. He should be surrounded by peshis.

DAME

I set it up that way.

HAZLITT  
(Confused)

What?

DAME

Tell Fayet to send this person. Tell him to get this person quickly.

(HAZLITT crosses DC.)

HAZLITT  
(Out)

Send them. Send them here. Yes. (We hear the sound of feet receding on gravel – the MAN is walking away. HAZLITT returns to DAME.) So how do you know he's alone?

DAME

What?

HAZLITT

How do you know Fayet came alone?

DAME

I asked him to. He trusts me.

HAZLITT

How? (She looks at him.) How did you ask him without a fukin' radio? (She only looks at him.)

(We hear the sound of someone approaching on gravel. They all look. The sound stops.)

HAZLITT  
(Out)

Who are you?

(BLUE enters from the curtained area and crosses to HAZLITT. She is in full shadow. She removes the shadow showing her face. All are stunned. They respond as they would normally to anything surprising; they all raise their weapons at the ready, shouting, frantic, on the verge of firing.)

HAZLITT  
(To the men)

Whoa, whoa... Easy. Easy... This is an agent. Agent. Male agent. Man. Our man.

(The weapons go down. DAME steps forward.)

BLUE  
(Recovering)

Thank you, Tom.

HAZLITT  
(Speechless, not angry)

Wha... What the hell are you doing here?

DAME  
(To HAZLITT)

You know this person?

HAZLITT

Yeah... from K.C.

DAME  
(Shaking her head)

Now I have seen everything.

BLUE

Are you all right?

HAZLITT

Stop. Not now, Ok.

DAME

This takes the cake.

BLUE  
(To DAME)

Jessup. Colonel Jessup. He said... he said, "Turn on your radio."

(DAME looks at BRAVER. She looks back at BLUE.)

SOMERS

Dame smashed it.

BLUE

What?

HAZLITT  
Lieutenant Anderson destroyed it. On the plane.

BLUE  
Oh.

DAME  
What's your fucking message?

BLUE  
The man you were supposed to kill.

DAME  
Yeah?

BLUE  
Don't. He's the wrong guy. Bad intell. Kill him and you'll never get out of here. He's the wrong guy.

HAZLITT  
He is?

DAME  
Now what made the Colonel think I'd believe *you*?

HAZLITT  
He didn't. He knew I would.

DAME  
This is... This is right out of *The Twilight Zone*, the new shitty ones on Cable. (To BLUE) I mean, you're like a bad episode of *Cops*.

(She strides away. She is frustrated, pissed off. HAZLITT crosses to her.)

HAZLITT  
So?

DAME  
So what?

HAZLITT  
So we shoot him, we don't get out of here. Situation's changed.

DAME  
How so?

HAZLITT

He's the wrong guy.

DAME

You know, I always knew this about Colonel Jessup. Someone once told me he was being groomed for General Staff. Big time. Then I met him... and here's this moony dreamer, sneakin' off to Bargain Matinees and always talking about Tom Clancy shit he's read. I humped my ass through four years of Anapolis learning about "I Transits" and CPYI ops and he gets away with mucho time off because he's fun at a party. He probably, in some sick way, thought he was getting a piece of Robert Ludlam with this one.

BLUE

You're a very high strung young lady.

HAZLITT

Let's just go. Before he comes back. Let's just split.

BLUE

Colonel said you could bypass him and move on to your next objective.

DAME

You know what that is?

BLUE

What what is?

DAME

My next objective.

BLUE

No. Colonel said you did.

DAME

Oh, yeah, I do.

SOMERS

Let's split, man.

BRAVER  
(To DAME)

Should we confirm, Lieutenant?

DAME

No.

HAZLITT  
Confirm what?

BRAVER  
Lieutenant, should we confirm that order?

HAZLITT  
How can you-

DAME  
(To BRAVER)  
Shut up.

BRAVER  
Lieutenant.

DAME  
(Seeing something)  
Too late.

(We hear crunching sounds approaching from off. The MAN is approaching. They all look out.)

DAME  
Too late.

HAZLITT  
Let me talk to him.

(The crunching sounds stop. They all look. DAME walks forward, not at all trying to mask the fact that she's a woman.)

DAME  
(Friendly to MAN off)  
Hey, hey, Khimosabe. Fayet baby! (She points her gun off and unloads her clip into the MAN. We hear a body fall off. The MEN are shocked. They stare at body, almost as if they expect it to do something. DAME calmly replaces her clip with a loaded one. HAZLITT turns and stares at her, as if he already knew the answer to his question.)

HAZLITT  
What's the next objective?

DAME  
Shoot you in the fucking head!

(And she is on him – forcing him down, pinioning his weapon arm to the ground with her knee and forcing her automatic to his temple, his head in the dust. SOMERS calmly levels his rifle at DAME’s head.)

BRAVER

Jesus, Dame.

SOMERS

Lieutenant.

DAME

My third objective.

BLUE

What are you doing?

DAME

Jessup said if it ever got out that a Quantico Boy had shacked up with some faggot tranny freak it would be the end of the Corps. So I was to blow the bridge, ice Fayet here and then waste you. Mission accomplished.

BRAVER

Jesus.

SOMERS

Lieutenant.

DAME

What is it, Somers?

SOMERS

Eject your cartridge and put down that weapon.

DAME

Eat me, Somers.

SOMERS

I *will* shoot you, Lieutenant.

DAME

Eat me. You won’t shoot until I shoot. R.O.E.

SOMERS

Then you better shoot quick Lieutenant because I will fire on three. One, two-

(She stands, raises her weapon arm away from HAZLIIT and moves away.)

SOMERS

Lieutenant, eject-

DAME

Yeah, yeah, yeah... (She throws her gun down.)

BLUE

Were those your orders? (DAME only laughs.) Were they?

DAME

Shoulder your weapon, Somers. It's over.

SOMERS

Lieutenant, raise your hands over your head-

DAME

Gimme a break, Sunshine, I nurse maid you through this entire operation. You would be paint back in Turkey now if it weren't for me.

BLUE

Were those your orders?

(Always the unexpected, DAME begins undressing, shedding her belts, then her fatigues, soon she will be in skivvies.)

DAME

(To BLUE)

I'll need that rig.

BLUE

What rig?

DAME

That rig. Your shador or whatever you call it.

BLUE

What are you talking about?

DAME

We're going to have to hump it on foot to the nearest Coalition Unit. I'll pass faster in that than this. You can wear my fatigues.

BLUE

I got this far in this rig, I can make it back.

DAME

Yeah, but I can't. Not in this fucking country. Come on.

BLUE

You haven't answered my question.

DAME

And I'm not going to. (To BRAVER) Braver, get on the horn. Tell evac we won't need transport. We're going south.

(BRAVER produces a small radio and begins punching numbers to activate it. HAZLITT can only shake his head.)

BLUE

(Indicating the dead body)

What about him?

DAME

Fuck him. Colonel thought we'd be meeting him with his posse. I knew we should meet him alone. In case something like this came up. So I wired ahead. They won't find him till tonight. By then we'll be smoke. I'll prep him so they think it was another tribe. (She stares at BLUE, impatient.) I know you hate me but do me the fucking favor of being the first goddamn person on this operation to quickly obey my orders. I do fucking know what I'm doing. I think that's the one thing we can all agree on.

(BLUE begins to shed her shador. She is wearing fatigues underneath. They all look mildly surprised.)

BLUE

(Explaining)

In the theatre, it's called under-dressing.

Scene 20

(Blackout. Spot on BLUE, still in her fatigues and wig. She will shed her wig and eyelashes as the song precedes.)

SONG: "Goodbye"

BLUE

*GOODBYE TO ALL THAT, GOODBYE TO THE WAR.  
GOODBYE TO PASSIONS, EXPLOSIONS, MUTATIONS, AND WHAT'S MORE:  
GOODBYE TO THE LIES, GOODBYE TO DISGUISE,  
GOODBYE TO COLONELS, LIEUTENANTS, CAPTAINS, GOODBYE TO THE  
GUYS.*

*OH, I'VE SEEN SO MUCH, IN THE MIDST OF GODS.  
I'VE SEEN IT ALL: GENIUSES AND CLOUDS.  
SO WHEN I CAME, I KNEW A LOT.  
NOW I KNOW MORE: MAY NOT.*

(During this next part she shoves her wig and make-up items into a canvas duffel. By the end of the song she resembles just another soldier ready to ship out.)

*GOODBYE TO THE TOUR, GOODBYE TO THE CHEERS.  
GOODBYE TO THE MEN, TO THE LOVE AND GOODBYE TO THE TEARS.  
GOODBYE TO THE DREAMS, FAREWELL TO THE SCHEMES.  
IN THE MIDST OF A WAR, THERE'S NO TIME FOR A WHORE WHO IS NOT  
WHAT SHE SEEMS.*

*OH, I'VE SEEN SO MUCH, IN THE MIDST OF GODS.  
I'VE SEEN IT ALL: GENIUSES AND CLOUDS.  
SO WHEN I CAME, I KNEW A LOT.  
NOW I KNOW MORE: MAYBE NOT.*

#### Scene 21

Fade to black. In the darkness we hear the sounds of aircraft taking off. Lights up on BLUE, with her duffel, facing the COLONEL. They stand in an air base waiting room. We hear occasional announcements.

BLUE

You knew I'd go. You hoped I would. I was your B-plan. In case your primary didn't get through. Right? (COLONEL is silent.) The one thing I didn't like.

COLONEL

What?

BLUE

That man. He got killed. He got killed anyway.

COLONEL

She was hedging her bets. She made arrangements to carry out her orders in spite of changes. It's what she's trained to do.

BLUE

But that man. He was innocent. Well, I don't know about innocent... At least he was on our side.

COLONEL

According to latest intell.

BLUE

So that's it then? She got away with killing him, no matter what side, so it's ok?

COLONEL

That's how she'll go one day. She knows that.

BLUE

And what does that say about the cause?

COLONEL

What cause?

BLUE

The coalition cause. The American cause. Our cause.

COLONEL

We're employees. We sell something. We perform tasks. You don't ask an employee at CostCo about his cause. You ask him how much toilet paper in bulk he sold. Lieutenant Anderson sells a lot of toilet paper. She's an excellent employee.

BLUE

And Lieutenant Hazlitt?

COLONEL

Maybe one day.

BLUE

One day what?

COLONEL

Maybe one day he'll sell more toilet paper.

BLUE

You know my next question.

COLONEL

And you know my answer.

BLUE

You can tell me. Who could I tell? Who would believe me?

COLONEL

You would.

BLUE

And that matters? (Pause.) Was it in her orders to shoot Tom?

(Silence. BLUE hands him some paper work. He looks at her for a minute. He knows what he's holding. Finally, he looks at it.)

COLONEL

Los Angeles?

BLUE

Yep.

COLONEL

No soldiers in L.A... to entertain. Well, no warriors.

BLUE

I don't think I'm cut out to be a camp follower.

COLONEL

I thought that was your calling?

BLUE

It's a young woman's job.

COLONEL

You're young.

BLUE

I've gotten conservative in my middle age. I disapprove of things. An entertainer makes choices about who she entertains.

COLONEL

The jobs at home contribute to this mess as much as the guy who pulls the trigger.

BLUE

Yeah, but they don't pull the trigger. And some of them hate it.

COLONEL

It's easy to hate it in LA. Then you get into your S.U.V. and bitch about gas prices.

BLUE

So, I'll ride a bike.

(He signs the papers. Hands them to her.)

Soaps?  
COLONEL

Maybe. Your wife?  
BLUE

Maybe.  
COLONEL

(BLUE picks up her duffel and starts to leave.)

Blue.  
COLONEL

Yeah, Colonel.  
BLUE

Get some.  
COLONEL

(She smiles.)

Break a leg.  
DAME

(She exits. He smiles. He opens his phone and dials. He waits.)

COLONEL  
(Into phone)  
Hey. Well, I'm here, where the hell are you? What? Officer's lounge? In this dump? I didn't even know we had one. (He is exiting) Carol, are you drunk?

## Scene 22

Lights fade. Aircraft noises become louder. Lights up on HAZLITT and BLUE. HAZLITT also has a duffel. The noise is such they are obviously on the tarmac itself. They have to shout to be heard.

Home.  
HAZLITT

Tarzana?  
BLUE

Well, Washington. Desk job. I'm not cut out for this.  
HAZLITT

BLUE

You're quitting?

HAZLITT

Not the military. It's me. It's where I belong. But I lack the combat thing. The Dame thing.

BLUE

The New Woman. I lack it too. I'm the Old Woman. Wise. World weary. Non-violent.

HAZLITT

Where you sitting? (He grabs her ticket and looks at it.) You've got shit connections. You're in steerage.

BLUE

This is steerage?

HAZLITT

It's practically a bench. Where they put the enlisted men. (He picks up her duffel and throws it over his shoulder.) Come on. You sit with me. I'll give you an upgrade.

(They exit like a couple of guys. A large aircraft flies by. The noise is almost deafening, that's how they like it in the Corps. Loud. Fade to black.)

END OF PLAY