

#14

JESSEP,
MARKINSON,
& KENDRICK

(Lights up on JESSEP's office.)

TOM. Excuse me, sir, Captain Markinson and Lt. Kendrick to see you.

JESSEP. Thank you, Tom.



MARKINSON. Good morning, Colonel.

JESSEP. Matthew, Jon, have a seat.

MARKINSON. Thank you.

JESSEP. Ten-hundred hours, already hot enough to melt the brass off your collar. I just had a Navy guy in here telling me we're lucky. After all, it's "dry heat." Dry heat. It's a hundred and seven degrees outside, how am I supposed to feel about that. Matthew, you've been here the longest, is this about as hot as it gets or am I actually trapped in hell.

MARKINSON. This is as hot as it's been since maybe '84, Colonel.

JESSEP. '84 was pretty bad?

MARKINSON. Got up to 119 degrees.

JESSEP. "Capering half in smoke, and half in fire." (pause) Moby Dick. (pause) Jon, when I quote Melville, you don't have to nod your head up and down like you know what I'm talking about.

KENDRICK. Yes sir.

JESSEP. I'm not gonna regard you as less of a man because you're not well read.

KENDRICK. Thank you, sir.

JESSEP. I mean that Jon.

KENDRICK. I appreciate that, sir.

JESSEP. 119 degrees Fahrenheit.

MARKINSON. Yes sir.

JESSEP. You must've had Marines passing out right and left.

MARKINSON. No, the men were alright.

JESSEP. Nobody passed out?

MARKINSON. Not that I recall.

JESSEP. Nobody got dizzy or hyperventilated? No heat exhaustion?

MARKINSON. No sir.

JESSEP. Impressive.

MARKINSON. Yes sir.

JESSEP. You know why those Marines didn't pass out back in '84, Jonathan? Even though it was 119 degrees Fahrenheit by Captain Markinson's reckoning? You know why they stayed on the job?

KENDRICK. Why, sir?

JESSEP. 'Cause that's what they're fuckin' trained to do.

KENDRICK. Yes sir.

(JESSEP tosses a stack of letters to MARKINSON.)

JESSEP. Who the fuck is PFC William T. Santiago?

(Lights up on brig.)

M.P. Officer on deck, ten-hut.

(DAWSON and DOWNEY come to attention as JO enters.)

JO. Good morning, I'm Lt. Commander Galloway.

DAWSON. Ma'am, Lance Corporal Harold W. Dawson, ma'am. Marine Barracks, Rifle Security Company Windward.

DOWNEY. Ma'am, Private First Class Louden Downey, ma'am.

JO. Stand easy. I work for the Navy JAG Corps, I'm the one who had you guys brought up here. I wanted to stop in and see if there was anything you needed. *(pause)* Or any questions you wanted to ask. *(pause)* It's natural for you to be a little confused or frightened...and so anything I can help you with...any questions you might have...

DOWNEY. Ma'am, permission to speak?

JO. Go ahead.

DOWNEY. I got some Spidermans and some Batmans sittin' in my footlocker. Somebody'll dog 'em for sure if they're not secured, ma'am.