

KAFFEE. —Downey.

JO. I'll speak to your supervisor.

KAFFEE. I understand. You go straight up Pennsylvania Avenue, it's the big white house with the pillars in front.

JO. Thank you.

KAFFEE. I don't think you'll have much luck, though. I was detailed by Division, remember? Somebody over there is under the impression I'm a good lawyer. So while I appreciate your interest and admire your enthusiasm, I think I can handle things myself at this point.

JO. Do you know what a code red is?

*(In JESSEP's office, MARKINSON puts down SANTIAGO's letter.)*

MARKINSON. I'm appalled, sir.

KAFFEE. No, I don't.

JO. Find out.

*(Lights up on JESSEP's office.)*

JESSEP. You're appalled?

MARKINSON. Yes sir.

JESSEP. That's pretty strong language, Matthew, I mean maybe you better cool off before you work yourself into a lather. You're appalled? Santiago's written letters to everyone but Santa Clause complaining about his treatment, he's broken the chain of command, he's threatened to rat out a member of his unit, a member of his squad for Christ's sake, to say nothing of the fact that he's a U.S. Marine and it would appear that he can't run from here to there without collapsing from heat exhaustion. What the hell's going on over at Windward, Matthew?

MARKINSON. Colonel, I think it might be more appropriate if this discussion were held in private.

KENDRICK. That won't be necessary, Colonel. I can handle the problem.

MARKINSON. The way you handled Curtis Barnes? You're doing something wrong, and—

KENDRICK. My methods of leadership are what brought me to this base.

MARKINSON. Don't interrupt me, I'm still your superior officer.

JESSEP. And I'm yours, Matthew. Now what are we gonna do about this?

MARKINSON. I think we've gotta transfer Santiago, sir. Right away. Now.

JESSEP. Transfer Santiago.

MARKINSON. Yes sir.

JESSEP. I suppose you're right. I suppose that's the thing to do. Wait. Wait. I've got a better idea. Let's transfer the whole squad off the base. We better do that. Let's — on second thought — Windward. The whole Windward division, let's transfer 'em off the base. Jon, go on out there and get those boys down off the fence, they're packin' their bags.

*(calling out)* Tom!

TOM. *(entering)* Sir!

JESSEP. Get me the President, we're surrendering our position in Cuba.

TOM. Yes sir.

JESSEP. Wait a minute, Tom. Don't call the President. Maybe that's the wrong thing to do. Maybe you should let us consider this for a moment. You're dismissed.

*(TOM exits.)*

Maybe, instead of giving up because a Marine made a mistake, maybe we should train Santiago. What do you think, I'm just spitballing, but maybe, we as officers, have a responsibility to this country to see that the men and women charged with its security are properly trained professionals. And maybe we have that responsibility to the other members of the Corps. Yes. Yes. I'm certain I once read something like that. See? And now

JO. My point is that what looks like pre-meditated murder may have just been a botched up code red. Do code reds still happen on this base, Colonel?

KAFFEE. Jo, the Colonel doesn't need to answer that.

JO. Yes, he does.

KAFFEE. No, he really doesn't.

JO. Yeah, he really does. Colonel?

JESSEP. You know, it just hit me. She outranks you, Danny.

KAFFEE. Yes sir.

JESSEP. I want to tell you something, and listen up, 'cause I mean this: There is nothing sexier on heaven and earth than a woman you have to salute in the morning. Promote 'em all I say, 'cause this is true: If you've never gotten a blow job from a superior officer, than you are letting the best of life just pass you by.

JO. Colonel, the practice of code reds is still going on on this base, isn't it?

KAFFEE. Jo, goddamit -

JESSEP. You see, my problem is, of course, that I'm a Colonel. I'll just have to keep takin' cold showers till they elect some gal President.

JO. I need an answer to my question, sir.

JESSEP. You'll get an answer.

JO. I need it now, sir.

JESSEP. Take caution in your tone Commander, I'm a fair guy, but this fucking heat is making me absolutely crazy. You want to know about code reds? On the record I tell you I discourage the practice in accordance with the Commander's directive. Off the record I tell you that they're an invaluable part of close infantry training, and if they happen to go on without my knowledge, so be it. I run my unit how I run my unit. You want to investigate me, roll the dice and take your chances. It's not like you're gonna come down here, flash a badge, and make me nervous. I eat my breakfast 80 yards away from 4000 Cubans who are trained to kill me.

*(A moment of silence before - )*

KAFFEE. Let's go.

MARKINSON. The corporal's got the jeep outside. He'll take you back to the flightline.

KAFFEE. Thank you. Colonel, I'll just need a copy of that transfer order.

JESSEP. What's that?

KAFFEE. Santiago's transfer order. You guys have paperwork on that kind of thing. I just need it for the file.

JESSEP. For the file.

KAFFEE. Yeah.

JESSEP. *(pause)* Of course you can have a copy of the transfer order. For the file. I'm here to help anyway I can.

KAFFEE. Thank you.

JESSEP. You believe that, don't you, Danny? That I'm here to help any way I can?

KAFFEE. Sure.

JESSEP. The corporal can run you by personnel on your way to the flightline. You can have all the transfer orders you want.

KAFFEE. *(to JO and SAM)* Let's go.

JESSEP. But you have to ask me nicely.

KAFFEE. *(pause)* I beg your pardon?

JESSEP. You have to ask me nicely. I don't mind the bullets and the bombs and the blood, Danny. I don't mind the heat and the stress and the fear. I don't want money and I don't want medals. What I do want is for you to stand there and in that faggoty white uniform and with your Harvard mouth extend me some fuckin' courtesy. You gotta ask me nicely.

SAM. *(pause)* Don't do it, Danny.

KAFFEE. Colonel, if it's not too much trouble, I'd like a copy of the transfer order. Sir.

*(JESSEP smiles.)*

JESSEP. No problem.