



MOORE - a Pacific Island Othello

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MOORE

by

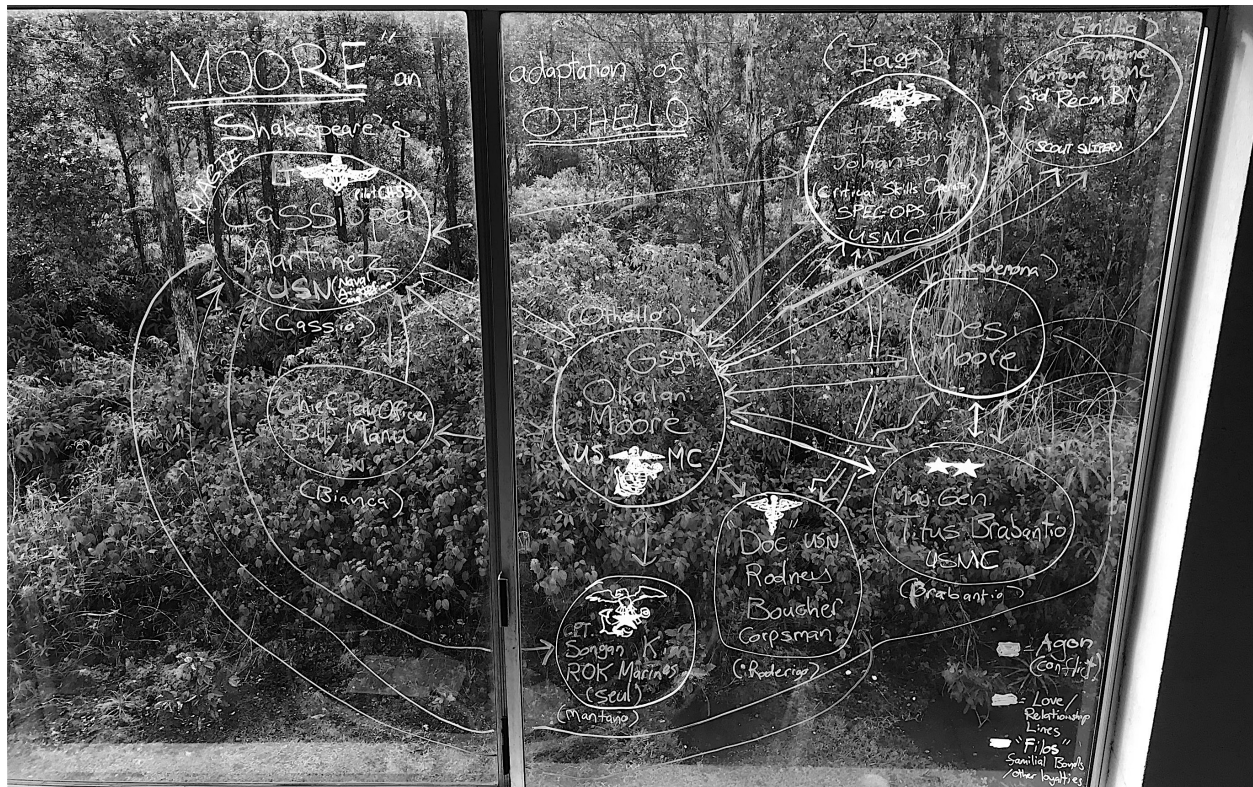
Kepano Luna Kanawai Richter



for Papa Julian Tin Cho Chang







### Dramatis Personæ

POTUS - (DUKE OF VENICE)

BRIG. GENERAL BRABANTIO - (BRABANTIO), *Commanding Officer, Marine Raider Regiment*

MAJ. GENERAL YOO - (GRATIANO), *CO. Marine Corps Forces Special Operations Command*

COL. SANDERS - (LODOVICO), *CO. 3RD Recon Battalion, Okinawa Japan*

GSGT MOORE - (OTHELLO), *Congressional Medal of Honor recipient 2nd Force Recon Co.*

CPT. CASSIOPEIA MARTINEZ - (CASSIO), *Naval Aviator, CH53 Pilot*

LT. JANIS JOHNSON - (IAGO), *Critical Skills Operator, MARSOC*

DOC. RODNEY BOUCHER - (RODERIGO), *Navy Corpsman*

CPT. MONTANO KIM - (MONTANO), *ROK. Marines [Defense Intelligence Agency HUMINT]*

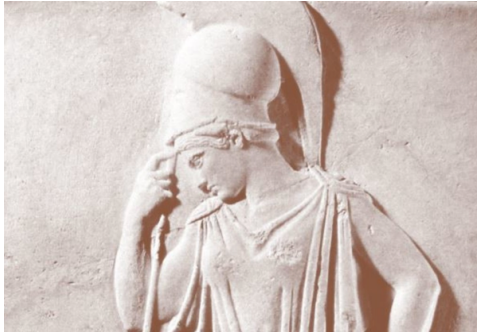
DESDEMONA - (DESDEMONA), *Daughter to Gen. Brabantio, and Wife to Gunny Moore.*

SGT. EMILIANO - (EMILIA), *Scout Sniper, 3RD Recon Battalion, Okinawa Japan*

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA - (BIANCA), *NCOIC 3RD Recon Battalion, Okinawa Japan*

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI, UNCLE ROBERT, UNCLE BILLY, AUNTIE ROSIE, BOOMER, SEA BASS, CLETUS, COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE DIGNITARY, BASS PLAYER, HONCHO, HOST, JAPANESE POLICE OFFICER #1, JAPANESE POLICE OFFICER #2, KIM JO-JONG, PLATOON SERGEANT, MARINE CORPORAL, MP#1, MEDIA OFFICER.





*"The god of war, money changer of dead bodies,  
held the balance of his spear in the fighting,  
and from the corpse fires at Ilium  
sent to their dearest the dust  
heavy and bitter with tears shed  
packing smooth the urns with  
ashes that once were men."*

*- Aeschylus*







*"I come in peace. I didn't bring artillery. But I'm pleading with you, with tears in my eyes: If you fuck with me, I'll kill you all."*

*- Gen. "Mad Dog" James Mattis*





*"It's not easy being green..."*

*- Kermit the Frog*



SCENE ONE

LIGHTS OUT.

MUSIC plays. HEAR three GUNSHOTS.

LIGHTS UP ON:

A table and three empty chairs.

A woman SCREAMS with heart-wrenching grief, O.S.  
MEN SHOUT in Japanese. SIRENS wail in the distance.

RICHARD BOWERS (VO)

(sings)

*Gomen Nasi, I am so sorry, Gomen Nasi...*

JAPANESE POLICE OFFICER #1  
(OFF STAGE)

Kanojo o dakishimete!

LT. JANIS JOHANSON (OFF STAGE)

Watashi wa kanojo o tomenakereba naranakatta! Get your hands off me!

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Goddamnit, Toshi, let her go! She's an officer in the United States Marine Corps! We'll take it from here. Kore wa genzai watashi no kankatsu-ka ni arimasu ne.

(Enter two MEN - civilian attire, shoulder holsters and badges. Lieutenant Johanson walks between them. Her Marine Corps "Charlie" uniform is covered in bloodstains. Her hands are cuffed behind her back.)

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

(unlocking handcuffs)

My name is Special Agent Ogimachi, Defense Intelligence Agency. This is Special Agent Jung Kim. Hey! Can someone out there kill that music please?

(Kim and Johanson exchange glances. A gauze pressure dressing covers one of Agent Kim's ears. The music stops.)

LT. JOHANSON

We've met.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

Sit down, Lieutenant.

LT. JOHANSON

(sitting)

Got a cigarette?

AGENTS KIM & OGIMACHI

No.

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Lieutenant Johanson, we need your official statement on what happened to the Crisis Response Unit in Seoul.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

SOCOM is requesting intel on why Moore would drop a High-value target without prior authorization.

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Did you authorize Moore to drop the HVT, Lieutenant?

(She stares right through them.)

LT. JOHANSON

No.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

Joint Chiefs and POTUS need to be briefed on the situation immediately, Ma'm.

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Lieutenant, we need to know exactly what happened and why Moore did what he did out there.

(She stares right through them.)

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Lieutenant!

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

(whispers)

We have 90 minutes before people start dying, Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

(smiles)

So, now they want to know Moore better.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

You think that's funny?!

LT. JOHANSON

It's tragic. It breaks my heart, gentlemen, because no one gave two shits about Moore before this cluster-fuck blew up in all our faces. Where were any of you when he needed you? (to Kim) Where were you, Captain? Oh I'm sorry, it's "Special Agent." See? Now, why I wasn't made aware of any of this, before rounds were coming down range and my teammates were getting slaughtered?! What's really going on here, gentlemen?

(Silence.)

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Why don't you tell us, Marine. What did you see? What the hell caused this... (looks offstage) caused this substantial bodycount that we now have to contend with?

Lieutenant Johanson contemplates the question then looks Ogimachi in the eye.

LT. JOHANSON

Love.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

What love? For the Corps? What do you mean?

LT. JOHANSON

"I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Then must you speak  
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well."

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Lieutenant please. I didn't ask for *the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*. I asked you to tell me what the fuck happened to your team!



SPECIAL AGENT KIM

Do you realize what's at stake?!

LT. JOHANSON

I understand what's at stake, probably better than anyone else on the planet right now, because I was *there*, gentlemen, by his side (breaking down) every step until...

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

It's okay.

LT. JOHANSON

Are you recording this?

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Yes.

LT. JOHANSON

(regaining composure)

Then for the record I must state that Miss Brabantio was the one responsible for what happened.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

Now, wait a second, Lieutenant-

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

You're saying General Brabantio's *daughter* is responsible for what happened to your team in the field, Lieutenant?

LT. JOHANSON

That's correct, sir.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

What about Gunny Moore?

LT. JOHANSON

Gunnery Sergeant Moore saved my life, sir.

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Lieutenant, Do you know if Moore was under the influence when your team departed for Korea?

(Silence.)

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

It's a simple question, Lieutenant. Yes or no?

LT. JOHANSON

No.

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

No, Moore was *not* under the influence? Or no, you did not *realize* Moore was under the influence?

LT. JOHANSON

It's more complicated than that.

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Explain yourself, Lieutenant.

LT. JOHANSON

I'm a Critical Skills Operator, sir, a language specialist. You're a lawyer, he's a cop but we all work human-Intelligence. We traffic in people who tell us stories, and stories are never-

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Horse-shit, Lieutenant, this ain't no third party account of some Olongapo City gang bang! This is a matter of Global-fucking-stability, Marine. Now, as you stated, you were "*there*, right by his side every step of the way!" So you better tell me a pretty good fucking story how a Congressional Medal of Honor-winning-career staff NCO and a dream team from the Marine Corps Special Operations Command, dropped the fucking ball on over a million American lives! This was *your* command, Marine. Now explain yourself!

(Lt. Johanson contemplates the question in silence. Special Agent Kim produces a pack of Japanese Winston's. He finally offers Lieutenant Johanson a cigarette. She gives him a "look" then accepts one.)

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

(lights Johanson's cigarette)

Listen Lieutenant. You do realize you're gonna have to tell your story to the President of the United States. He's already requested to speak with you from Air Force One, the moment we finish this interview. That's what the screen over there is for. So, I suggest you get all your ducks in a row, M'am, and just maybe, you might want to try telling us your story first. We all know how Mr. President gets, and you know what I'm talking about. Especially when he's been up all night.

LT. JOHANSON

(exhales with smoke)

Aw fuck...

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

What do you say, Lieutenant? Or should we just end the interview now?

LT. JOHANSON

No no... I appreciate the opportunity, sir. Thank you. I'll begin at the beginning if that's alright?

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

Go on, Lieutenant.

(She takes a breath.)

LT. JOHANSON

The gods of fire and war awoke from their slumber on the same cold November morning. Ohelo had been right. Everything erupted at once, just like he said it would.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

Hella' what?

SPECIAL AGENT OGIMACHI

(reading file)

Gunnery Sergeant Nathan *Ohelo* Moore. Go on Lieutenant. Now explain to us what you mean by, "Erupt."

LT. JOHANSON

The way I see it, the gods were angry with men, and they had good reason to be angry with men, given the things that men do. The story is a tragedy, gentlemen, but above all, it was about waking up.

(*HURT*, by Johnny Cash plays. HEAR the deafening ROAR of a first stage solid fuel rocket motor then the RUMBLE of an EARTHQUAKE.

Projected Media: an ICBM missile silo explodes with FLAME. GRAPHICS read:

"T-0 STAGE 1 IGNITION Kaesong N.K.")

JOHNNY CASH (VO)

*I hurt myself today to see if I still feel...*

(The missile streaks through the Earth's atmosphere on its trajectory over the Pacific Ocean. On an opposite projection surface, a tropical expanse of lush green SPLITS and ERUPTS with hundred foot high GEYSERS of molten LAVA.)

JOHNNY CASH (VO)

*I focused on the pain, the only thing that's real...*

(Projection: the missile's 2nd then third stage motors separate and part ways. The 3rd stage payload spins high above the island of Okinawa then Iwo Jima.

Thousands of miles across the Pacific, a 17 Mph river of lava flows through Leilani Estates, swallowing street signs, vehicles, and trees in a wake of fire and brimstone.

From the back of the theater, ENTER a TEENAGE GIRL - Daisy Dukes, boots and a "Hooter's" tank top. She tilts a bottle of Wild Turkey to the night sky.)

JOHNNY CASH (VO)

*What have I become, my sweetest friend? Everyone I know goes away in the end...*

(She passes the whiskey to a dark-skinned spartan of a MAN - T-shirt and gaberdine pants. They drink and laugh and dance their way down the aisle, to the footlights.

Projection: the Re-entry vehicle jettisons. The cone-shaped harbinger of death rotates back towards the earth's atmosphere, high above the Hawaiian Islands.)

JOHNNY CASH (VO)

*And you could have it all, my empire of dirt...*

(Lava flows into the Pacific, splashing, hissing with colored flame.)

JOHNNY CASH (VO)

*I will let you down... I will make you hurt.*

(The re-entry vehicle splashes into the ocean just off Waikiki Beach.)

Projection: a neon sign reads, “The *Blackened Catfish*.” It flickers on and off in the balmy night air of New River, North Carolina.

LIGHTS UP ON:

A Crab Shack / Bar. Cowboy boots, trucker hats, and T-shirts are the uniform of the evening for the establishment’s predominantly male clientele. A live band plays *Colinda* by Lucille Starr. The inebriated couple stumbles to the bar amid catcalls and hoots.)

BASS PLAYER

Come on Darlin’ *Et Toi!*

(Desdemona Moore accepts the Bass player’s extended hand and allows herself to be hoisted up onto the bar. Gunnery sergeant Moore dances over to the bartender and orders drinks. Desi sings. An all male line-dance erupts in the sawdust, stomping their way across the peanut-shell-covered-dance-floor, below her.)

DESDEMONA

*Colinda was the cutest belle in all the bayou land  
And all the boys who saw her pal and tried to win her hand  
Mama she always chaperoned she watched her night and day  
Until mama she turned her head and I heard her boyfriend say...*

EVERYONE

*Allons danser, Colinda!  
Allons danser, Colinda!*

DESDEMONA

*Pendant ta mère est pas là  
Pour faire facher les vieilles femmes*

(The line-dance takes on more somber overtones, evolving into a deep South, perhaps even a Dirty South dance-off. Moore tips the bartender and takes his drinks.

He looks up at the television on the wall and freezes.  
News footage of volcanic activity then a Korean missile  
test plays on the screen.)

MOORE

God help us.

DESDEMONA

I told you I don't need no help! I can get my own self down, you understand me?

SEABASS

A'int you a little young to be up in here, girl?

DESDEMONA

Better take your hands off me or my husband rip off your head and shit down your neck.

(The men laugh. Gunnery Sergeant Moore places his  
drinks back onto the bar.)

SEABASS

Who? That big black feller over there, looks like the Rock?

MOORE

Let her go.

(Moore SNATCHES Desdemona's wrist from Seabass'  
grip. They turn to leave.)

BOOMER

Oooh, like that, Seabass?

SEABASS

Say, boy, ain't you a bit old for that youngster?

(Moore and Desdemona walk toward the door. Boomer,  
Seabass and the line-dance crew follow them. )

BOOMER

Hey, miss, you alright with this man? He bothering you?

DESDEMONA

He's my husband. Mind your business.

SEABASS

Ain't you got nothing to say there, Has?

CLETUS

(whisper)

Kick his ass Seabass.

SEABASS

Hey! I'm talking to you.

(Moore and Desi stop.)

BOOMER

How you married, girl?

(Desi removes her cowboy hat, revealing a bridal headpiece and veil. She turns to face them.)

DESDEMONA

My name's Mrs. Desdemona Moore, you irredeemable redneck...

(She gives Boomer the bird with her ring finger.)

CLETUS

Must be one of them runaway brides.

SEABASS

She your mouthpiece there, Cocheese? Ain't you got something to say for yourself?

BOOMER

Break him off, Seabass.

(Moore looks to Desdemona. She nods. Moore turns to face the men. He cracks his neck.)

MOORE

Gentlemen, what we've got here is failure to communicate.

LIGHTS OUT.

(HEAR the distinct SOUND of a Hawaiian Beatdown taking place in the darkness. ON SCREEN GRAPHICS read: "Camp Lejune North Carolina.")

MUSIC: *Zydeco Gris Gris - Beausoleil*. From the back of the theater, ENTER Lt. Johanson running in boots and camouflage utilities followed by a young navy corpsman.)

LT. JOHANSON

Move your ass, Rodney!

DOC RODNEY

Wait up mam. I have a light duty chit. I'm not even supposed to be running like this. I got shin splints.

LT. JOHANSON

Come on, Rodney, show a little intensity about saving the love of your life from Moore's BBC.

DOC RODNEY

Well, I wouldn't necessarily call her- save her from *what?*

LT. JOHANSON

Big... Black...

DOC RODNEY

Sweet Jesus.

LT. JOHANSON

Better tell Daddy!

(Rodney runs ahead of Lt. Johanson up one aisle then down another. They crouch in the shadows of a Conex box.)

DOC RODNEY

Sorry to hear about your promotion, ma'm. That was fucked up.

LT. JOHANSON

Thanks Rodney. I don't want to talk about it.

DOC RODNEY

I know exactly how you feel, Ma'm. Someone steals what is rightfully yours like-



LT. JOHANSON

Robbery! Robbery! Look to your house, General, your daughter and your bags! Thieves!  
Thieves!

GENERAL BRABANTIO

(bare-chested)

What kind of clusterfuck is going on out here? I'll rip off your head and (yawn) shit down  
your neck. Who goes there?!

(General Brababanto steps onto his balcony securing his  
kimono. He puts on his glasses.)

LT. JOHANSON

(male voice)

Thieves sir! Thieves done Shanghaied the pootie right from under your nose, sir! Even  
now, now, very now an old black ram is shtupping your white ewe!

GENERAL BRABANTIO

What the hell you mean shtuppin'? Who goes there?!

LT. JOHANSON

Fucking sir! Bold and saucy teen sex! Even as we speak, Gunny Moore and Desdemona  
are making the beast with two backs!

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Oooh, you a foul-mouthed villain, you know that? Show yourself! Making such a  
scandal... Do you know who I am?!

LT. JOHANSON

You'll never be a senator, sir, if word of Desi's gang-bang gets out!

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Oh Lord. My poor baby girl.

LT. JOHANSON

Your baby girl is-

DOC RODNEY

Shhhhhhhh! What the hell you trying to-

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Rodney?! Rodney! Boy, I can see your fat ass squirming in the shadows! Get your ass out my rose bushes and into the light, where I can see you! You're gonna answer for this, boy!

DOC RODNEY

Sir, I'll answer to anything you want, but I beseech you, for Desi's sake! She's drunk sir, and making a gross revolt against you!

GENERAL BRABANTIO

What do you mean?!

DOC RODNEY

Without realizing what she's done she done fell, face-first, into the lap of the lascivious Gunny Moore!

GENERAL BRABANTIO

You better be shitting me, Rodney.

DOC RODNEY

I shit thee not, sir. Unleash the full power of the Uniform Code of Military Justice upon me if I lie! Just call for the sergeant of the guard, sir, please... She had on a veil and Daisy Dukes (breaks down) and you could just see Gunny fixin to ravish her poor little-

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Damnit Rodney, I don't need to hear all that! Start up my Humvee! I'll be down posthaste. (Throws keys at Rodney then re-enters house) Desi?! Desi?! Girl, where the hell you at?! Sweet Lord in heaven, just like my dream. Strange things fall into place. Oh, horrible night!

LT. JOHANSON

(smiling)

Roll with the general. I'll meet you at the Catfish.

DOC RODNEY

(whisper)

Wait! I can't do this by myself!

(Lieutenant Johanson BACKHANDS Rodney across the face.)

DOC RODNEY

Ow!

LT. JOHANSON

(whisper)

Just get it done, Rodney.

DOC RODNEY

Oh my God... We're going to hell for this. How could I agree to-

LT. JOHANSON

(poking Rodney's chest)

If you love Desdemona the way you claim to, Rodney, you will *not* fuck this up, you understand me?!

DOC RODNEY

Yes M'am.

(Johanson runs off into the bushes. HEAR the sound of ENGINES revving. HEADLIGHTS pan over the audience. General Brabantio enters with a bevy of Military Police officers. He is still wearing his Kimono. )

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Rodney!

(Doc Rodney nearly jumps out of his skin.)

DOC RODNEY

Yessir!

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Come on boy, let's go! Move out!

DOC RODNEY

Aye, sir!

(The search party runs up the aisle and out of the theater space.)

LIGHTS UP ON:

THE BLACKENED CATFISH

(A mountain of unconscious bodies litters the sawdust-covered dance floor.)

The last man standing tries to swallow as he fights for breath. His trachea is held fast in the grasp of Gunny Moore's trembling clasp. The man's eyes roll back white.)

DESDEMONA

Baby stop! You'll kill him!

MOORE

(to man)

Do you know me?

DESDEMONA

Baby please!

MOORE

Look into my eyes...

LT. JOHANSON

O, wait! I'm here!

(She approaches Moore slowly, her hands raised to show that she is unarmed.)

LT. JOHANSON

Let him go, Gunny, he's not worth it. Please... I'm so sorry I left you, but I'm back. I'm here for you, you know that. Come on. Let him go.

MOORE

(regaining composure)

You're right. He isn't worth it.

(Gunny releases the man's neck, allowing him to collapse to the floor.)

LT. JOHANSON

Give me your hand, O. We have to leave right now.

DESDEMONA

Excuse me?

LT. JOHANSON

Corpsman Boucher told general Brabitano about everything. They're heading this way with-

GENERAL BRABANTIO

What the fuck is going on here?! Arrest him! Take him into custody!

LT. JOHANSON

(drawing pistol)

What for?!

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Kidnapping and statutory rape!

MP #1

Holster your pistol, Lieutenant!

LT. JOHANSON

The fuck I will. On who's authority? Gunnery Sergeant Moore isn't going anywhere till I see paperwork ordering me to hand him over. Now back off!

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Who the hell do you think you are Lieutenant?! Do you know who I am?!

LT. JOHANSON

Yes, I do, General.

(Moore places a hand on top of Johanson's pistol. Their fingers touch. She questions him with her eyes, then allows him to lower her firearm.)

MOORE

Thank you, Lieutenant. Stand down please. Everyone, STAND DOWN. (Offers his hands to be cuffed) this is neither the time or place for this. I'll come with you, sir, and answer anything you ask of me.

(General Brabantio nods.)

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Very well. Dress yourself, Marine.

MOORE

Aye, sir.

(Moore puts his “Charley” blouse back on, revealing eight rows of medals, badges and decorations, including a Purple Heart, Silver Star, Bronze Star, and the Congressional Medal of Honor. Military Police officers stare, surprised. HEAR the rotors of a CH53 helicopter overhead.)

LT. JOHANSON

(to Moore)

Did you really get married, Gunny?

MOORE

Yes.

LT. JOHANSON

Just like that?

DOC RODNEY

Hi Desi.

DESDEMONA

Hey Rod.

GENERAL BRABANTIO

(to Rodney)

Corpsman Boucher, get over here please.

DOC RODNEY

Aye, sir.

(Enter Cpt. Cassiopeia Martinez in a flight suit, accompanied by a detail of marines.)

CPT. MARTINEZ

All personal of the Second and Third Marine Raider Battalions are recalled to their units!  
All personal of the Second and Third Marine Raider Battalions are recalled to their units!  
Gunny, I’m here to take you to Major General Yoo’s office. (Salutes Gen. Brabantio)  
Evening sir. You’ve been recalled to MARSOC as well. You can fly with us, sir.

GENERAL BRABANTIO

I’m in a goddamn Kimono!

CPT. MARTINEZ

You too, Lieutenant.

LT. JOHANSON

(salutes)

Congratulations Cass.

CPT. MARTINEZ

(saluting)

Thanks, Janis. Let's go people! Time to earn our paychecks.

(Exit all.)

LIGHTS UP ON:

(General Yoo's Office. Flags. Awards, and an LED screen on standby with the presidential seal. Everyone is present.)

GENERAL YOO

Alright listen up. We have a live briefing with POTUS in five minutes, people. Make your head calls now. It's bound to be long and hot.

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Danny, I have a situation here. I just learned that Gunnery sergeant Moore has been statutorily raping my daughter, alright. I was with the MPs about to arrest his ass when-

GENERAL YOO

Gunny Moore, come here please. David, listen to me. Listen to me damnit! The North Koreans just tested an ICBM that splashed down off Waikiki Beach.

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Oh my God.

MOORE

Yes sir?

GENERAL YOO

Now, what the hell's going on, Gunny?

GENERAL BRABANTIO

She's 17 years old, you sick bastard!

MOORE

Eighteen, Sir. We were married today, Captain Martinez was a witness at the ceremony.

(General Yoo gives Moore a stern look then smiles)

GENERAL YOO

(punching Moore in ribs)

Congratulations, hard charger! About time you settled your crazy ass down, Devil Dog! Why didn't you tell Leilani or me? She's gonna kick your fucking ass.

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Danny, he's taken my little girl! I know Desi wouldn't have consented to this.

GENERAL YOO

Bring Desi in here, please. Jesus, O, she is very young, my man, but (to Brabantio) she's legally an adult now, David. Gunny Moore is a good man. You know this more than anyone else on the planet.

GENERAL BRABANTIO

She needs treatment still, Danny. You know what she's been through. She's in no position to make a decision like this. Not yet.

DESDEMONA

Evening, Daddy.

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Is it true, baby? How could, how did this happen?

DESDEMONA

I was on that 72-hour hold in the Naval Hospital, Daddy. Remember? Well, Nathan showed up on a 5150 hold the next morning, when he got back from Mali.

MOORE

General, I have fought for regimes and clans that do unspeakable things. I have done my duty, time and time again for God, country, and the Marine Corps, sir. I have no regrets.

(General Brabantio looks at his daughter with sadness. He touches her cheek.)

MOORE

In 20 years spent in the pursuit of saving American lives, gentlemen, I have become so steeped in blood and death that I would have surely drowned, well, maybe if I weren't Water Survival Qualified I would have drowned.



(Marines laugh.)

DESDEMONA

He listens to me, Daddy.

MOORE

Over all that time, the only other human being who ever cared to listen to me or show even the slightest amount of concern was your daughter, sir.

DESDEMONA

I love him, Daddy.

MOORE

Desdemona loved me for the dangers I had passed, sir, and I loved her that she did pity them.

DESDEMONA

He told me about his medal of honor, Daddy, in rehab. It was strange, pitiful, wondrously pitiful, if that even makes sense? What's wrong?

GENERAL BRABANTIO

The both of y'all have been trying to get yourselves killed for so long (beat) I can't stand aside and watch you do this anymore. I just I can't. I wash my hands of this. I've tried, baby, but you are your mother through and through. You deserve one another and what will surely follow you.

MEDIA OFFICER

A-tten-huh!

POTUS

Good evening gentlemen. Now, who is this beautiful young lady right here? What is your name?

LT. JOHANSON

Lieutenant Johanson, mister President.

CPT. MARTINEZ

Captain Martinez, mister President.

POTUS

(points)

No no. You, Miss...

DESDEMONA

Desdemona Moore, mister President.

POTUS

Desdemona More... What a great name. I really like that. And WOAHH, take a look at General Brabantio over there! Looking sharp, General, like Hugh Hefner. That was a real loss. You know, I was in Kyoto once on business, making a deal with the Japanese. Ever hear of the Maikos? Oh, they're just fantastic, like Geishas except younger, like in training and there was sushi that cost like 1000 bucks a plate. We're talking the very best Japanese food on like the entire planet, being served to us all night long, anyway one of them gives me a kimono, I mean literally the kimono off her back, and gifts it to me and it was so impressive and it just reminds me so much of the kimono you're wearing there, General. But down to business. Gentlemen, as you must have heard by now, the North Koreans have, maybe not successfully, that's a matter of opinion, but no matter how you judge a missile test, the part of the missile that normally carries the bombs in it, splashed into the water amenities area of the Waikiki Royal Hawaiian, a fabulous 5 star property, maybe it's a 4 star now. Is it a 4 or a 5, Danny? Either way, gentlemen, I have so many memories in that hotel, up in those rooms of the Mailiani Tower (beat) that it just makes me sick to my stomach to think of that thing splashing into the water like that. And now, thanks to the fake news media, the whole world is watching a North Korean turd, float in the ocean-view waters of our high-end American spas & resorts. You know, people get fired, gentlemen, when shit is found floating in the pool at a 5 star resort. That's all I'm saying. Now, fortunately I came up with a plan but it's gonna take big fucking balls. And when I think of big fucking balls only one name comes to mind.

LT. JOHANSON

Ooh-fucking-rah, Gunny.

(Marines grunt, bark, and growl their approval.)

POTUS

Your country needs you again, Gunnery Sergeant Moore.

MOORE

(stands at attention)

Aye sir.

POTUS

Oh, Desdemona, that's right, she probably shouldn't, I don't know, do you *want* to be here for this part of the briefing? You know, yeah, thank you, fellas. (waving) Okay, Desi, we'll talk again. You got to come down and stay with us in Key Largo we'll have a fantastic time. Okay...

Now here's the deal.

(Doc Rodney escorts Desdemona out of the room.)

DOC RODNEY

Mrs. Desdemona Moore...

DESDEMONA

I know. Fucking crazy, right? Did you see my dad's face? That was priceless. Come on, baby, where you at, O? What the fuck, Rodney?

DOC RODNEY

Because I'm in love with you damnit.

DESDEMONA

(smiling)

What you say?

DOC RODNEY

*Je t'ai toujours aimé*

DESDEMONA

*Es mon meilleur ami*

DOC RODNEY

He give that to you?

(Rodney points to a bracelet adorned with gold Hibiscus flowers, on Desdemona's wrist.)

DESDEMONA

Yes. He used to wear it for luck. Says it'll protect me from harm. It's Pretty. It makes me smile.

(Marines exit the briefing. General Yoo and Moore approach, shaking their heads.)

GENERAL YOO

Well, you heard the man. Wow... Hey, look at it this way, this will probably be the last operation you ever go on, Gunny. So, be present for it. You know what I'm talking about. Here comes your team:

Captain Martinez - pilot / Team Leader

Lieutenant Johanson - ground assets

Sergeant Emiliano - from 3rd Recon - your scout sniper  
And of course the deadly Doc. Boucher himself - he'll be administering the injectables-

DOC RODNEY

Oh, sweet baby Jesus, I can't-

GENERAL YOO

Rodney, don't even start. You'r going. Grab your gear and get your ass to the flight deck.  
(to Moore) Your contact from the South Korean ROK Marines is Captain Montano Kim.  
He's already in transit. Kim will meet your team on the Big Island for the briefing. The next  
morning, everyone flies to Okinawa for staging, placing you well within striking distance  
of the target.

(HEAR Polynesian percussion.)

GENERAL YOO

On thanksgiving morning, people, you will be on the ground in Seoul Korea. Get it done,  
Marine Raiders.

EVERYONE

Aye, sir!

MOORE

A-tten-huh!

GENERAL YOO

Now, go out there and save the world, Gunny.

MOORE

Aye, sir.

(The team performs an about face and exits. Desdemona  
waits for Moore, wringing her hands together.)

LT. JOHANSON

(to Desdemona)

Don't worry, I'll take very good care of our man. I promise.

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Look to her, Moore, if thou hast eyes to see. She deceived her father and may thee.

MOORE

What does that mean, sir?

GENERAL BRABANTIO

Ask Shakespeare, I'm done with ya'll. (Exits)

(Desdemona runs into Moore's arms.)

DESDEMONA

Baby, what's going on?! You can't leave me here by myself! You promised me!

MOORE

I won't. I've got this. Follow me.

DESDEMONA

Where are we going?

MOORE

This way...

DESDEMONA

What is this place?

MOORE

The end of the road.

DESDEMONA

And where does the road end, Daddy?

MOORE

At Uncle Robert's. We're meeting our South Korean counterpart here. This is where I grew up, Baby girl. Welcome to the Kingdom of Hawaii...

LIGHTS UP ON:

(A stage, beneath a tin-roofed patio adorned with Christmas lights. A band of Hawaiian MEN play *Sunday Manoa*. A group of WOMEN dance hula in their work clothes. Moore and his team work their way to the bar and order drinks.)

MOORE

Alright, listen up, Devil Dogs. I need you to make a conscious effort to blend in. Last thing we want to do is look like a bunch of marines.

(The team members stand in a fire-team Wedge formation, wearing high and tight haircuts and yellow shooting glasses.)

They watch the audience, scanning for threats, looking very much like a bunch of marines. Moore looks at them. He shakes his head. He turns to Captain Martinez.)

MOORE

Captain, I'd advise you keep a eye on the guards tonight. We should all exercise restraint and not let our hair all the way down, know what I mean? Big morning tomorrow when we pau.

CPT. MARTINEZ

Thanks Gunny. I already gave Lt. Johanson her orders but I'll see to it personally anyway.

MOORE

Aye M'am.

(Moore and Desi slam their cocktails then hit the dance floor. Rodney and Johanson step aside, watching them go.)

DOC RODNEY

(removes shooting glasses)

How can this be happening, M'am?

(Lt. Johanson gives Rodney a look and points to her own glasses.)

DOC RODNEY

(putting shooting glasses back on)

Someone steals the only girl I've ever cared about in my entire life, m'am, then I'm forced to go on their honeymoon with them and watch, just like that poor fella in *50 Shades of Black*. It makes me physically sick.

LT. JOHANSON

I know, Rodney.

DOC RODNEY

I have a light duty chit, m'am, I got shin splints, I shouldn't even be here... and... I mean, look at them.

(Lt. Johanson watches Moore and Desi dancing together. Her face changes.)

DOC RODNEY

Rather drown myself than watch them make a mockery of my sorrow. (Drinks entire cocktail) We'll all probably die, M'am, and she could give a fuck less.

LT. JOHANSON

That's not true Rodney. I see how she is around you.

DOC RODNEY

What do you mean?

LT. JOHANSON

You know what I mean. The way the two of you keep looking at each other. It's obvious you have history.

DOC RODNEY

Yeah, we do. We were in the same church choir in the eighth grade (beat) until...

LT. JOHANSON

Until what?

(Silence.)

LT. JOHANSON

You see, Rodney, my motto has always been if someone steals something from you, then you have every right to go and steal it back.

LT. MARTINEZ

Good evening, Janis. This is Captain Montano Kim from the ROK Marines, South Korea.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

(extending hand)

It is an honor to meet you Lieutenant.

LT. JOHANSON

(in Korean)

The honor is mine, Captain.

(Captain Kim is also wearing civilian attire. He looks from one female officer to the other, perplexed.)

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

You speak Korean but-

LT. JOHANSON

I'm a white woman?

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

No, I just thought...

(He looks to Captain Martinez, puzzled.)

CPT. MARTINEZ

I speak Tagalog and Spanish, Captain.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

Oh.

(Both women laugh. The song ends. On the dance floor Uncle Robert and Moore place their foreheads together, greeting one other. Desdemona walks over to join Rodney, Kim, Johanson and Martinez. A round of shots arrive. Rodney reaches for his wallet.)

LT. JOHANSON

Put your money in your purse, Rodney, I've got this.

(Lt. Johanson pays for the drinks then passes shot glasses to Captain Martinez, Special Agent Kim, and Desdemona.)

CPT. MARTINEZ

Janis, you know I can't drink hard liquor.

LT. JOHANSON

This may be our last celebration of any kind, O Captain my Captain. Come on Devil Dogs, a toast to the newlyweds!

EVERYONE

To the newlyweds!

UNCLE ROBERT

Ladies and gentlemen, I have a very special treat for you. My nephew Ohelo is here with us tonight!

(Applause)



UNCLE ROBERT

Ohelo has agreed to re-join his brothers of the Ke Kai O Kahiki Halau and through their dance, they will tell us the story of a great warrior, who sails into a terrible storm to defend his island from an invading army from the East. As the people gather together on the beach and witness the storm tear the canoes apart, they call out to Ku-keoloewa, the god of war, to protect their warriors, grant them victory, and bring the men safely home.

DANCERS

He pe'a! He pe'a! He pe'a! (A sail! A sail! A sail!)

(Uncle Robert plays an Ipu Heke, chanting as Moore and the men of the halau dance. Desdemona and Rodney laugh, hanging on to one another to keep from falling over as they drink shot after shot. Moore becomes visibly distracted by their public display of affection.)

LT. JOHANSON

(playful but frightening)

There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. I shit *thee* not. (runs a hand through Rodney's hair) I hate you Moore! Is there anything you're not good at?! You dance so damn well (aside) from my sheets to hers...

(Johanson raises her glass.)

Now let's have it, Hard Chargers! It is engendered!

(Everyone lifts their glasses in a toast. The rhythm of the Ipu Heke and the dancing men intensifies to a fevered pitch.)

LT. JOHANSON

Hellfire and night!  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light!

DESDEMONA

Fuck yeah! Wooooo!

CPT. MARTINEZ

My God, the dance is amazing! Look at Gunny, he's so freaking hot.

DESDEMONA

What you say?

LT. JOHANSON

He's been doing it since he was a kid. He tried to teach me when we lived together at the Defense Language Institute but I'm just a white girl from Connecticut so I totally sucked.

CPT. MARTINEZ

I *bet* you did.

LT. JOHANSON

(smiling)

Almost every day, this past year.

(They high five)

DESDEMONA

You saying you fucked my husband, Lieutenant?

LT. JOHANSON

Come on, Desi. It's a woman's world. Grow up. Believe me, there's plenty left.

DESDEMONA

You're disgusting. What's wrong with you?

LT. JOHANSON

I am an officer in the United States Marine Corps. I'm entitled to a little satisfaction. What of it?

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

You are absolutely stunning, Lieutenant. May I buy you a drink?

LT. JOHANSON

Put your money in your purse, Captain. The drinks are on me tonight.

Desi, look, it was months ago. He's *your* man now. I have bigger concerns to deal with, like saving the free world? I wish you the best of luck with him. I honestly do. Cheers.

DESDEMONA

Screw you.

(Desi walks over to Rodney.)

CPT. MARTINEZ

(stumbling)

Let's drink to Gunny Moore and to victory..! for our... Plan.

LT. JOHANSON

Oooh-fuckin-rah.

(Lt. Johanson drinks her shot. She covertly GRABS Martinez's ass, sighs with satisfaction, then steps away just before Martinez wheels around and PUNCHES Special Agent Kim in the face.

Near the bar, Desdemona kisses Rodney on the cheek. Moore steps off the dance floor and heads straight for them. He ploughs through the crowd like a hot knife through butter.

Kim pushes Martinez in the chest.

A fight breaks out, spreading into the audience.)

DESDEMONA

Baby look out!

(Moore turns around only to be struck over the head by a bottle of rum. Glass shatters. People SCREAM. Special Agent Kim backhands Captain Martinez to the floor.)

UNCLE ROBERT

STOP!

CPT. MARTINEZ

Tarantado!

(Martinez RIPS Special Agent Kim's ear clean off the side of his head then shows it to him. Kim SHRIEKS in pain and disbelief. Blood pours from the gaping wound.)

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

(blinking)

You've mutilated me!

(Hear a SHOTGUN blast. The room falls silent. Uncle Robert climbs on top of a Matson Container. He racks the pump of his weapon again.)

UNCLE ROBERT

No one gonna disrespect my house like this!

(Kim falls to one knee.)

LT. JOHANSON

Corpsman! Man down!

(Rodney rushes to Special Agent Kim's aid.)

DOC RODNEY

M'am please! Just give me the ear, come on... Can somebody get me some ice please?!

(Realization washes over Martinez's face. She unclenches her fists. The ear falls to the ground. Uncle Robert walks over to Moore.)

UNCLE ROBERT

Ho... Ohelo. How could you do this? Make a mutiny in my house? I don't even know you anymore, brah. We Pau. (Tosses car keys to one of the dancers) Makali'i, get my truck. Let's get these people to urgent care.

(Uncle Robert heads up the aisle toward the back of the theater with Kim and the other walking wounded in tow.)

MOORE

Anakala wait, kala mai-

UNCLE ROBERT

E kala mai? Nathan, you come home, never even ask about anybody. Like auntie Rosie dem. You know dem went barley get out with the lava? And no, her not okay.

AUNTIE ROSIE

(waves out bedroom window)

I okay.

UNCLE ROBERT

No, her not okay! Her stay in your old room and everybody else stay wherever dey can!

MOORE

Uncle, I didn't realize-

UNCLE ROBERT

You know I was so happy fo see you with da marines. I taught you guys went come fo help people dat lose everyting with the volcano, but no, you stay here fo make huhu. That's wrong, brah. Wea da little kane dat had choke aloha fo everybody? (beat) Ohelo, no forget, "*ua mau ke ea o kaina.*"

LT. JOHANSON

*I ka pono.*

(They look at her.)

UNCLE ROBERT

The life of the land is perpetuated in righteousness, Ohelo, not violence. You acting like one haole, brah. Wa hapen to you? Makali'i, let's go!

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

(in pain)

Thank you.

(They follow Uncle Robert up the aisle.)

CPT. MARTINEZ

I'm so sorry...

(Moore marches toward Captain Martinez, furious. Lt. Johanson blocks his path.)

LT. JOHANSON

It wasn't her fault.

MOORE

Don't you try to soften this.

LT. JOHANSON

Please, O, she just got promoted to-

MOORE

Look at her, she's fucking wasted!

(He walks over to Martinez. She dries her eyes with blood stained fingertips.)

MOORE

I'm sorry M'am but effective immediately I am recommending to the colonel that Lt. Johanson take over as team leader.

CPT. MARTINEZ

Of course, Gunny.

MOORE

I'm sorry.

CPT. MARTINEZ

So am I.

MOORE

Uncle wait! (runs up aisle) Hang in there, Captain. I'll see to it personally that your wounds are treated.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

Oh God, I'm bleeding pretty bad. Wait, where's my ear?!

UNCLE ROBERT

In the cooler with the Ahi.

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

Oh god, oh man, oh God, oh man, Oh God...

DESDEMONA

Baby, where you going?! Wait!

(Desi climbs up on top of the Matson container with a bottle of Wild Turkey in her hand. She watches Moore walk up the aisle, out of the theater space.)

DESDEMONA

Wait. Don't leave.

(Desi takes a profound drink from the bottle of whiskey. Onstage, the uncles convince Rodney to sit in with them. Rodney pulls up a stool then grasps the microphone stand with bloodstained hands. An ukulele and guitar play.)

UNCLE BILLY

(sings)

*While a woman waste away. While a woman waste...*

DESDEMONA

Well, fuck all y'all motherfuckers then. Filthy-ass ho. None of y'all know me. (snifs) I'll be fine right here, by my *damn* self.

(Desi sways to the music, on top of the Matson container.  
Down below, Lt. Johanson approaches Captain Martinez.  
Rodney sings with closed eyes.)

DOC RODNEY

*She love to party, have a good time  
She works so hard, at feeling fine... hey  
She love to smoke, yeah, sometimes she shift some dope... hey  
She's a laughing when there ain't no joke...*

LT. JOHANSON

Are you hurt, Cass?

CPT. MARTINEZ

Past all surgery.

LT. JOHANSON

Where?! Let me see.

CPT. MARTINEZ

Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Janis, my reputation!

DOC RODNEY

*Pimpa's paradise, that's all she was now  
Pimpa's paradise, that's all she was*

LT. JOHANSON

Jesus Christ, Cass, I'm thinking you got seriously wounded. To hell with your reputation. Who cares what people think, Cass. You're alive and that's what matters most. You haven't lost anything unless you think you have. (Applies ice to Martinez's cheek) Now, there are lots of ways to get on Gunny's good side again. You've been demoted because he's angry, and because he's obliged to. He has to avoid an international incident. The whole world is hanging in the balance, Cass.

CPT. MARTINEZ

I'd rather ask him to hate me than ask such a good commander to accept such a worthless, drunk, stupid officer as myself. Drunk, Janis. Oh God, I tore that man's ear off!

LT. JOHANSON

That *man* put his hands on you, Cass. He fucking hit you in the face like you were a man. Look at your face! You were defending yourself. You did what you were trained to do, period. That macho Korean bastard got what he deserved.

CPT. MARTINEZ

Thanks Janis. You are so genuine and unfiltered... I just appreciate your friendship so much.

LT. JOHANSON

I got your back, girl, don't worry. To hell with these fucking men. We have to stick together.

CPT. MARTINEZ

(regaining composure)

Okay.

LT. JOHANSON

Look, here comes Gunny. Go to him, talk to him. He'll change his mind. Go.

(Martinez intercepts Moore half way down the aisle. They speak briefly. Cassiopeia wraps her arms around his neck and weeps. Moore pats her on the back, comforting her. Johanson looks directly at the audience and smiles.)

LT. JOHANSON

(to audience)

What? Come on now, how can I be evil if my advice is so good? All I do is help everyone get what they want. Speaking of which, I better go help our blushing bride, before she falls and hurts herself. Excuse me. Woo! Sing it Rodney!

DOC RODNEY

*Esteem get a beating, life is uncertain  
Ego need feeding, now she wants worsen  
Beneath the demons she's a warm person  
When she's not fiending, swearing and cursing  
Behind the curtains, she's really hurting...*



LT. JOHANSON

Desi! Desi, you alright?

DESDEMONA

(dancing)

Leave me alone.

LT. JOHANSON

Come on, girlfriend, I'm sorry okay? I don't want you to get hurt, just come down. Please. Look, O's back he's... Oh shit.

(Desi and Johanson watch Martinez kiss Moore on the cheek as he comforts her.)

DESDEMONA

Motherfucker...

LT. JOHANSON

Now, Desi... don't get the wrong idea. I'm sure he's just-

DESDEMONA

What about me?!!!

(Desdemona SCREAMS at the top of her lungs then SMASHES the bottle of whiskey over her own head. A second round of bedlam ensues. Patrons flee. Engines rev in the darkness. Headlights pan over the audience. Finally, Moore throws Desi over his shoulder and marches her, kicking and screaming, across the audience, up the staircase, to the balcony of their bedroom. He shuts the curtains and turns on a lamp.

HEAR Roberto Alagna singing *Je crois entendre encore* set to the music of a Balinese gamelan orchestra (Romance de Nadir - Bizet).

House lights fade. Up above, Desi and Moore's silhouettes fight like shadow puppets behind the backlit screen. Their shadows gesture wildly then embrace.

Below, Rodney looks up at the window, watching. He smokes a cigarette, his face a mask of heartbreak and pain.

Behind him, Lieutenant Johanson steps out of the shadows of the Matson container. She watches Rodney watch the shadows of the couple making love in the window. She looks away then returns her gaze to the window again, unable to stop herself.

The shadows on the curtain become bestial, as if two monsters were mating and clawing at each other. Johanson lights a cigarette with trembling hands.

Further back still, across the audience, Special Agent Kim watches all of them, blood seeps through the gauze bandages wrapped around his head.

The shadows stop making love. Moore's shadow reaches for Desdemona's shadow then slowly begins to strangle her. Kim extinguishes his own cigarette, smashing it underfoot.)

FADE TO BLACK.

(HEAR Japanese Hip Hop music (YDIZZY - €\$€))

Projection:

1. A C-5 Galaxy motors down a runway then takes flight.
2. CLOSEUP on a map of the Big Island of Hawaii. A red arrow travels west, over the Pacific.
3. The arrow passes over island after island, each one evoking memory, and the names of battles that shaped Marine Corps history: Saipan, Tinian, Guam, Iwo Jima. Finally, the arrow comes to rest on the island of Okinawa.

MUSIC (Sukiaki). Kyu Sakamoto sings. Moore and his team enter, dressed in their Alpha uniforms with sea bags over their shoulders. Projection: Pickett signs in both english and Kanji demand the U.S. Military go home. HEAR a CROWD of protesters shouting outside gate 2.)

PLATOON SERGEANT

Lefty-ha-da-doft-Right-loft-Right...  
Hefty-ha-da-doe-Right-low...

(An armed platoon of Marines marches down an aisle. They execute a column right then exit the theater space. A Recon Marine Colonel wearing utilities approaches. A Master Chief Petty Officer accompanies him.)

MOORE

A-ten-huh!

(They salute.)

COLONEL SANDERS

Good morning marines.

EVERYONE

Good morning sir!

COLONEL SANDERS

Welcome to Camp Schwab and 3rd Recon. This is Master Chief Bianca from Seal Team 7, he's my new NCOIC.

MOORE

Hey there, sailor.

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

The Hawaiian Super-marine, back from the grave. You, some kind of voodoo priest, Gunny? I heard you got killed in Mali.

MOORE

I did.

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

How'd that work out for you, Letherneck?

MOORE

Too many fights down there, brah. Devil sent me back to North Carolina instead.

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Sounds steamy...

DOC RODNEY

Master Chief, Gunny flatlined over three times in Mali. They poisoned him, shot him, stabbed him four times, blew him up in his humvee, then a street gang was beating him with baseball bats and pool cues? Then I showed up and Gunny gave me the... black eye and all that-

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Doc Rodney? I didn't even recognize you, Devil Doc! So, the whole gang's back together again. Just in time for one Last Tango in Okinawa, Ho-ly-shit...

COLONEL SANDERS

Stand fast, hard chargers, get your dicks out your hands until I can wrap my head around what the hell SOCOM's - Aw, shit. I'm sorry lieutenant. I didn't mean... Lieutenant if I have in any way-

LT. JOHANSON

No sir. My pussy doesn't hurt from your choice of words, if that's what you mean? And yes, gentlemen, I'd recommend you take your cocks out your hands, at least until we get squared away, please.

COLONEL SANDERS

Well said, Lieutenant. Good to see we're all on the same page. Speaking of which... (removes folded document covered in black redaction) I received a copy of your orders. All I can make out on this document is Lieutenant Johanson's name, so I'm just assuming they're keeping me on a "need to know basis only?" First to go last to know, Oooh-rah Marine Corps? Well, I have enough on my plate anyhow (gestures) as you can see. We got over 30,000 protesters at the gate. Some idiot sailor and DOD civilian allegedly choked a local prostitute to death then said it was an accident. Now they all want us to get the fuck out of Japan, or at least off the beach. After all we do for these people they just want more and more. Weren't for us, they'd all be eating Kimchi or Chow Mein by now instead of sushi but what can you do? I suppose you and your team gonna need some rounds, gear, and a training facility for a couple days, Lieutenant?

LT. JOHANSON

Affirmative sir.

COLONEL SANDERS

I like you lieutenant. Don't let this gungy old Devil Dog get you killed, now. It'd be a real waste.

LT. JOHANSON

That's what Marines do best, sir. We die.

COLONEL SANDERS

Ooo-fuckin-rah, Marine. Shit, Gunny, looks you got the right team for whatever the hell y'all doing out here on my island. Carry on marines.

MOORE

Atten-huh!

COLONEL SANDERS

(salutes)

Semper Fidelis.

EVERYONE

Errr!

COLONEL SANDERS

Walk with me, Gunny.

MOORE

Aye, sir.

(They step aside.)

COLONEL SANDERS

Gunny, I hate to be the bearer of bad news.

MOORE

Sir?

COLONEL SANDERS

David was a very close friend of mine. You know that.

MOORE

Was?

COLONEL SANDERS

At 0630 Eastern, General Brabantio died of a heart attack at Naval Hospital Camp Lejune.

(Moore stares off in thought.)

COLONEL SANDERS

I don't know what the hell's going on and frankly I don't want to know, but your wife is the general's next of kin. So, I figured you should be the one to deliver the news then (Hands Gunny a telegram). Lieutenant, come here please.

LT. JOHANSON

Sir.

COLONEL SANDERS

This sort of duty is important for any officer in command of Marines. (Nods to Master Chief) It's the part we forget about some times.

(Master Chief Bianca presents Johanson with a folded flag.)

COLONEL SANDERS

Christ, Gunny, I hope everything turns out to be worth it. (salutes) Dismissed.

MOORE

(salutes)

Aye, sir.

MARINE CORPORAL

Gunnery Sergeant Moore!

MOORE

What is it, Corporal.

MARINE CORPORAL

(salutes)

Secure phone call from Washington, Gunny. Your ears only.

(Moore looks back at Lt. Johanson.)

LT. JOHANSON

Go ahead Gunny. I'll look to your wife. I'll bring Sergeant Emiliano along.

MOORE

Thank you Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

Semper Fi.

(They salute. Gunny double-times offstage with the corporal. Sergeant Emiliano steps up beside Lt Johanson. He smiles.)

LT. JOHANSON

Stand fast, Sergeant.

SERGEANT EMILIANO

Aye, M'am.

(Lt. Johanson walks over to Cpt. Martinez. Protestors continue to voice their disapproval in the background. Johanson contemplates the Ensign she holds in her hands. She looks back up at Martinez. )

LT. JOHANSON

I've got you, Cass. Don't worry. When I get back I'll make sure you get some time alone with Gunny, in private, so you two can hash everything out, okay?

CPT. MARTINEZ

Thank you Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

(salutes)

Semper Fi.

CPT. MARTINEZ

Even for an Annapolis grad, I've never known another person so honest and kind. You deserved that promotion, Janis. I realize that now.

(Captain Martinez salutes then exits, followed by Rodney and the rest of the team. Johanson watches them go. Sergeant Emiliano steps up beside Johanson once again. Both stare straight ahead.)

SERGEANT EMILIANO

So, what's the deal, M'am?

LT. JOHANSON

Looks like tonight's your night, Marine.

SERGEANT EMILIANO

You mean-

LT. JOHANSON

That's right, anything (beat) and everything. Just like I promised you, but that's *if*, and do I mean only if, you bring me exactly what I asked you for. Do we understand each other?

SERGEANT EMILIANO

Yes, M'am.

LT. JOHANSON

Call me Janis, now.

(She looks down at the sergeant's crotch then contemplates his face).

SERGEANT EMILIANO

Yes, Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

This should be interesting. *Ikimashou ka?*

SERGEANT EMILIANO

What's that mean?

LT. JOHANSON

How long you been in Japan, Sergeant?

SERGEANT EMILIANO

Two years.

LT. JOHANSON

(shakes head)

Shall we go?

(They walk off, in step with one another.)

LT. JOHANSON

To my left and abreast, sergeant, I'm an officer.

(Sergeant Emiliano hurries around to Lt. Johanson's left side then gets back into step with her.)

PLATOON SERGEANT

Rifle-Salute! Good morning, M'am.

(Lt. Johanson returns the Platoon Sergeant's salute as the marines march past. Protestors voice their disapproval on the opposite side of the fence. Exit all.)

END SCENE

(MUSIC: Agnus Dei (Samuel Barber) HEAR Desdemona wail in grief. Enter Lt. Johanson, her arm around Desdemona's shoulder. Desdemona clutches a tri-folded American flag to her breast.)



LT. JOHANSON

Come on Desi, the chapel's this way.

DESDEMONA

Oh God, Janis, *I did this!* My poor daddy... I killed him.

LT. JOHANSON

That's not true.

DESDEMONA

Where the hell's O? Why isn't he here?!

LT. JOHANSON

He said he had some very urgent business to attend to, sweetheart. I'm sure he'll be right back. Wait, look, he's over there by the "O" club. What the..?

DESDEMONA

What you say?

(Captain Martinez embraces Gunny Moore near the entrance of the Officer's club. She notices Desdemona and Lt. Johanson approaching then hurries away.)

LT. JOHANSON

Nothing.

DESDEMONA

Was that Captain Martinez leaving my husband?

LT. JOHANSON

Cassiopeia? No, she'd never sneak away looking so guilty like that.

DESDEMONA

I saw her, Janis!

MOORE

Aloha, baby. I was talking to a petitioner just now, suffering from both your displeasure and mine.

DESDEMONA

Who was that?

MOORE

Captain Martinez.

DESDEMONA

Oh, hell no.

MOORE

Yeah, she just feels so terrible about what happened in Hawaii that... (concerned) I'm sorry, Baby, how are you-

DESDEMONA

My daddy is dead and you didn't have the decency to break the news to me yourself?! I had to find out from Janis?! And this is where the fuck you were, feeling up your company commander? Seriously?! You black-

MOORE

Black what?! Black mother-fucking-what, Desdemona?!!!

DESDEMONA

You black-hearted, self-centered, arrogant motherfucker... How *could* you?!

MOORE

Don't act like you're doing me a favor! *You* insisted that you come along.

DESDEMONA

My Daddy's dead, O!

MOORE

I am on a combat mission, under orders by the President of the United-

DESDEMONA

You're so worried about that Filipina hussy you could give a fuck about anything else!

MOORE

I'm worried about every man woman and child in Hawaii, that's what I'm worried about!

DESDEMONA

We killed my daddy, O, and you could give a fuck less!

MOORE

I don't understand what your father's heart attack has to-

DESDEMONA

You need therapy motherfucker.

MOORE

(laughing)

Now that's the pot calling the kettle black, isn't it?

LT. JOHANSON

Stop it! Both of you!

(Desdemona walks away.)

MOORE

Wait! Shit, I'm sorry Baby! Come back!

DESDEMONA

Fuck you!

MOORE

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul. But I do love thee!

(Desdemona throws her bracelet on the ground and exits.)

MOORE

And when I love thee not...

(Sergeant Emiliano picks up the bracelet and slips it into his pocket.)

LT. JOHANSON

(in Hawaiian)

*Ohelo, Listen to me.*

MOORE

(in Hawaiian)

*Chaos will come again.*

LT. JOHANSON

(in Hawaiian)

*Listen to me! You know that I love you. You know that.*

(She touches Moore's cheek. He brushes her hand away.)

MOORE

Yes, I know you are full of love, Lieutenant.

LT. JOHANSON

(in Hawaiian)

*I curse you, Ohelo 'ai...*

MOORE

Just because you can speak my language, Ma'm, doesn't mean you should. I only taught you-

LT. JOHANSON

You taught me your language but all I can do with it is curse!

MOORE

Lieutenant, everyone and everything that I hold sacred is-

LT. JOHANSON

Stop calling me Lieutenant! I want to know what happened to *you* and-

MOORE

Everyone and everything I hold sacred may be destroyed, Janis!

LT. JOHANSON

I don't care about what you hold sacred!

(silence)

MOORE

That's why there is no us, Lieutenant.

LT. JOHANSON

Do you enjoy hurting me? Does it make you feel more like a man, O, like marrying an eighteen year old child? Will she swallow it all too, day after day without complaint, as I continue to do, because I care so fucking much? I'm just trying to help you. (to audience) That's all I ever do.

(Moore stares off into the distance.)

LT. JOHANSON

(pacing)

I try and I try but no one ever listens to me.

(Enter Desdemona, Rodney, and Martinez. Emiliano joins them, taking his place in the middle of their rank. Everyone faces the audience then stands at attention, staring straight ahead. Lt. Johanson walks down the line, as if inspecting a rank of troops. Projection: a blood red sun sets slowly on the horizon.)

LT. JOHANSON

Like Cassandra, cursed to utter prophecies that are true but no one believes.

(She stops in front of Moore then kneels. She holds his hips, places her forehead to his belt buckle and exhales. She looks up at him. Moore stares straight ahead, expressionless, like the rest.)

LT. JOHANSON

They want my silence (stands) but I will not be silent.

(Johanson whispers in Moore's ear. His expression fades. He looks down the rank and watches Desdemona caress then kiss Rodney's cheek. Johanson walks down the rank, behind their backs. Moore looks straight ahead again.)

LT. JOHANSON

They want me to move on, to just go away.

(She whispers in Desdemona's ear. Desi goes pale. She looks down the rank and sees Captain Martinez and Moore embrace.)

LT. JOHANSON

(pacing)

But I will not go away and I cannot move on. Men should be what they seem. Men should be what they seem. Or those that be not, would they might seem none! Look to your husbands. Look to your wives. Oh my God, look to your sons and daughters...

(Moore and Martinez, Desi and Rodney make-out, passionately with brazen lust. Johanson watches them with revulsion.)

LT. JOHANSON

(losing control)

Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousy. It is the green-eyed monster which DOTH MOCK  
THE MEAT IT FEEDS ON!

(Johanson covers her face with her hands. The sun sets. Everyone stands in the twilight, looking out into the audience, their faces full of pain and doubt.

Sergeant Emiliano walks forward. He taps Johanson on the shoulder, startling her. Her chest heaves. She looks at him scoldingly. He produces Desdemona's bracelet from his pocket and shows it to Johanson. She nods, slips the bracelet onto her own wrist then admires it in the fading light.

LT. JOHANSON

Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.

SERGEANT EMILIANO

You're one strange pork, Lieutenant.

LT. JOHANSON

This may do something.  
Be gentle with me.

(MUSIC plays from inside the Officer's Club. Johanson awkwardly kisses Sergeant Emiliano. The sergeant is rough and passionate with her. The rank makes a right face then exits. Sergeant Emiliano picks up Lieutenant Johanson and carries her off, like a bridegroom. Her eyes are fixed on the audience as she is carried away. )

A TASTE OF HONEY

(sings)

*But in reality, you and I will never be  
Cause you took your love away from me  
oh, Baby, you took your love away from me*

*Sayonara...*

INTERMISSION

(A secure briefing room: Maps of Seoul Korea hang on the wall, adorned with pushpins, multi-colored vector lines, and arrows inscribed in liquid chalk. Team members converse. Moore sits in his chair, lost in thought. He looks over at Doc Rodney and Master Chief Bianca.)

MOORE

(to himself)

Look to her, Moore, if thou hast eyes to see. She deceived her father and may thee...

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

Now, the moment the motorcade stops and Kim Jong-un's sister is escorted from her vehicle, Gunny and Master Chief Bianca will have cleared the chimpanzee enclosure and be in their positions behind the podium and the stage. This *must* happen precisely between the dignitaries arriving for the ribbon cutting and the South Korean Security Officers performing their final security sweep. This very small window of opportunity is only made possible by the distraction... Gunny? Gunnery Sergeant Moore.

MOORE

Sir?

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

(in Korean)

*Are you here?*

MOORE

(in Korean)

*I'm sorry. Yes. Yes, of course.* (in English) Ah, uniforms, team one will be dressed in South Korean National Police Agency tactical black, Special Operations Unit insignias on sleeves and the backs of kevlar...

(Moore stands and walks to the map of the Seoul Grand Zoo. Projected image: of a young woman wearing sunglasses and a scarf )

Now, as the Supreme Leader's Head of Propaganda, and probably the most influential person in Pyongyang, acquisition of this High Value Target should give us just about everything we need to deescalate the current missile crisis, provided she does not get injured in the process.

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

(whispers)

Jesus Christ...

MOORE

We will have snipers positioned here... and here...

(Desdemona, wearing sunglasses and a scarf, peeks her head above the briefing room's door window, attempting to get Lt. Johanson's attention.)

MOORE

...providing interlocking fields of suppression fire, pinning down all national security forces on the starboard side of the stage, long enough to cover the extraction team's escape.

DOC RODNEY

Now, is that stage starboard or house starboard, Gunny?

LT. JOHANSON

(notices Desdemona)

Oh my God.

MOORE

No, that's a very good question, Lieutenant, if the audience is facing this way, then the stage would be the quarterdeck. They're *facing* the quarterdeck.

(Lt. Johanson signals for Desdemona to leave.)

SERGEANT EMILIANO

So stage left. Port, right? I'm shooting from behind the stage.



CPT. MARTINEZ

Correct, but my LZ is on the opposite side. I'm landing in the Panda enclosure, so that's my starboard.

DOC RODNEY

Then it's stage left, house starboard but everybody *exits* stage right, port, that is.

MOORE

Yes!

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Good thing we ain't trying to put on a play. We'd be screwed seven ways from Sunday.

(Everyone looks out at the audience.)

SPECIAL AGENT KIM

Lieutenant?

LT. JOHANSON

(in Korean)

*I'm sorry, Captain, I'll be right back.*

(Johanson rushes out the door and escorts Desdemona out of earshot by her elbow.)

MOORE

Oh, we're gonna put on a show they'll never forget. Alright, listen up. This is how it ends...

DESDEMONA

Janis, I gotta talk to you.

LT. JOHANSON

(whisper)

You can't just come in here like this, what the hell's wrong with you?!

DESDEMONA

Janis, you have to help me, please. I need to know the truth.

LT. JOHANSON

What are you talking about?

DESDEMONA

I saw her last night. I think I saw her in the bushes around three in the morning-

LT. JOHANSON

You have to stop this, Desi.

DESDEMONA

Is he fucking her? Janis, please!

LT. JOHANSON

Everyone's got to put aside their personal issues and focus on-

DESDEMONA

Is he FUCKING Her?!

(Johanson CLAPS a hand over Desdemona's mouth and pins her against the wall.)

LT. JOHANSON

(whispers)

Are you a woman?! Have you a soul or sense?!

(Desdemona's eyes are wild. She shakes her head spastically, grunting beneath Johanson's palm.)

LT. JOHANSON

(whispers)

Get it together, now! I will *not* let you fuck this up! You understand me?!

(Colonel Sanders approaches. Lt. Johanson hugs Desi to her chest and appears to be comforting her.)

COLONEL SANDERS

I'm... I'm so sorry I... Carry on.

(He continues down the hall then enters the briefing room. Lt. Johanson holds Desdemona tightly. They are both breathing hard. She speaks into Desdemona's ear.)

LT. JOHANSON

Listen to me. I know what you are going through. Gunny did the same thing to me when we were together and I thought I was losing my mind but I need you to be strong, or else we are *all* going to die. Do you understand that? This is not a game, Desdemona, not a threat. It is the truth.

(Desdemona nods.)

LT. JOHANSON

Now, I swear to you, if what you're telling me is true, I will find out. I will get you ocular-fucking-proof but this is neither the time nor the place to lose our shit. *C'est l'évangile, Est-ce clair?!*

DESDEMONA

*Oui.*

(She releases her.)

LT. JOHANSON

*Je répète, est-ce que c'est bon?*

DESDEMONA

(exhausted)

*Oui, c'est clair.*

LT. JOHANSON

(places key in Desdemona's hand)

Now go to my room and get some rest. I'll come to you when we're dismissed.

DESDEMONA

Thank you, Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

Of course.

(Lt. Johanson smooths out her uniform and returns to the briefing room. Desdemona exits.)

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Hell, Lieutenant, you missed the climax.

LT. JOHANSON

I wrote the climax. What time's rehearsal, Gunny?

MOORE

1600, M'am.

LT. JOHANSON

Alright, let's break for chow.

COLONEL SANDERS

Goddamnit, what I miss this time?

MOORE

Crisis Response Unit, A-tten-huh!

COLONEL SANDERS

(disappointed)

Carry on.

(Exit all.)

SERGEANT EMILIANO

Looks like you're walking funny there, Lieutenant.

LT. JOHANSON

I am. It's not funny, sergeant. You hurt me. Don't make me report you to Title IX.

(They exit. LIGHTNING flashes. Hear THUNDER, loud and close. Rain falls. Ominous MUSIC plays.)

Projection: a HAND places oversized puzzle pieces onto a table.)

OPSEC COMMERCIAL

Intelligence gathering is a lot like working a puzzle. Enemy agents listen for sensitive bits of unclassified information, then piece it together to get a clearer picture of classified activities.

(The hand connects puzzle piece after puzzle piece.)

OPSEC COMMERCIAL

Casual bar room conversations and unsecure phone calls about troop movements, weapons, or logistics can seriously compromise security. Good OPSEC denies hostile intelligence those little bits of information that complete the puzzle.

(The hand tries to force puzzle pieces together that do not fit then trembles with anger and frustration.)

OPSEC COMMERCIAL

Practicing good OPSEC means thinking before you speak. Never discuss sensitive information outside your duty area. It's your job to keep the pieces of the intelligence puzzle away from hostile hands. Think and practice good OPSEC.

(The hand tosses a fistful of pieces across the incomplete puzzle, in defeat. Onscreen graphics read:

1. THINK OPSEC
2. The Far East Network logo
3. 20th Century Fox film leader

A child's voice sings *O Willow Waly* from 1961 film *The Innocents*)

PAMELA FRANKLIN

(sings)

*We lay my love and I beneath the weeping willow.  
But now alone I lie and weep beside the tree.*

(Onscreen graphics:

20th Century Fox Presents a Cinemascope Picture.)

PAMELA FRANKLIN

*Singing 'Oh willow waly' by the tree that weeps with me.  
Singing 'Oh willow waly' till my lover return to me.*

(Onscreen graphics read: Deborah Kerr in Jack Clayton's Production of THE INNOCENTS.)

LIGHTS UP ON:

(Lieutenant Johanson's quarters: a bed, desk, and a television set. Desdemona sits crisscross applesauce on the bed, wearing a bra and Daisy Dukes. A bottle of Wild Turkey rests between her folded legs. Her eyes are glued to the screen in disbelief. Her hands mimic Deborah Kerr's trembling hands, praying. She sings along with the movie's opening sequence.)

DESDEMONA & PAMELA  
FRANKLIN

*We lay my love and I beneath the weeping willow.  
But now alone I lie. Oh willow I die, oh willow I die...*

(Enter Lt. Johanson - hair down, bra and panties, with a box of Japanese chocolates in her hand. She eats one, mutes the television set, then gestures for the bottle of whiskey.)

LT. JOHANSON

What the hell are you watching?

DESDEMONA

It's a sign Janis. That's my momma there.

LT. JOHANSON

Who, Deborah Kerr?

DESDEMONA

No, the little girl, the one singing, Pam Brabantio. Momma was an actress before she married Daddy. She was born in Yokohama, you know.

LT. JOHANSON

You gotta be shitting me.

DESDEMONA

No, that's my momma alright. I killed her too.

LT. JOHANSON

What?!

DESDEMONA

I mean, yeah, she got pregnant when she was... 49 years old? It just happened and Daddy wanted to abort me but momma wasn't having that at all, no sir, and... yeah, she died giving birth to me, right there on base at Cherry Point. They say that's why I got so many defects and issues, you know?

LT. JOHANSON

I never knew...

(Desdemona takes a drink from the bottle then passes it to Johanson.)

DESDEMONA

I'm just an old, rotten egg, I suppose. But that's probably why I'm also wise beyond my years and don't fall for any *bullshit* either.

(Lt. Johanson laughs. She passes the bottle back to Desdemona then pushes her forehead.)

LT. JOHANSON

You're a tough little shit, aren't you?

DESDEMONA

(sits back up, incredulous)

Mm-hum... I don't know what it is Jo-Jo, but something ain't right about all this... And now *you* got my head all fucked up, see? Got me seeing shit. I see them everywhere now, then she runs away all suspicious like, but at the same time, I don't know what you up to either with your shady ass. (beat) I want proof. I want to see it, because if they're... if they're fucking, my ass is going to jail for murder, you hear me?

LT. JOHANSON

Don't get your panties in a bunch talking like you're gonna fucking do something about it.

DESDEMONA

I ain't wearing no fucking panties!

LT. JOHANSON

Is that right?

(They both laugh.)

LT. JOHANSON

So, your husband is banging his commanding officer in the ass on your honeymoon. Big fucking deal. Welcome to the WESTPAC wives, girlfriend. Congratulations.

(Without warning, Desdemona pulls a Beretta 9mm. from her purse, racks the slide, and jams the barrel under Lt. Johanson's jawbone.)

DESDEMONA

You think I'm fucking around with you?!

LT. JOHANSON

Easy, easy...

DESDEMONA

Fuck you!

LT. JOHANSON

Jesus Christ, Desi, I'm not the one fucking your husband!

DESDEMONA

You used to. Sucked his dick every motherfucking day. Ain't that what you said?!

LT. JOHANSON

That bitch ruined my life! And, yes, I want to make him *pay* for what he did to me! (beat) the same thing he's doing to you even as we speak. I just didn't think you had the balls to do anything. I was wrong. So, why don't you put the gun down and let's do something about it.

(Desdemona removes the pistol from Johanson's throat.)

DESDEMONA

How do you know? I want proof.

LT. JOHANSON

Proof? How? You want to hide and watch them having sex?

DESDEMONA

Death and damnation! Oh!

LT. JOHANSON

What then? How then? What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? It'd be impossible for you to watch them, even if they were as horny as goats, hot as monkeys, wolves in heat with the pink thing all-

DESDEMONA

(points pistol)

Oh! You and your filthy visuals!

LT. JOHANSON

But yet, I say  
If imputation and strong circumstances  
Which lead directly to the door of truth  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

DESDEMONA

What?



LT. JOHANSON

If you're willing to accept pieces of circumstantial evidence in their *entirety* as proof, we can eventually put the whole puzzle together. That's what I do - evaluate human intelligence.

DESDEMONA

(heartbroken)

Give me one good reason to think he's cheating on me, Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

I don't want to say this because it doesn't prove anything. But, since I've gotten myself involved this far for being honest with you, to the point of stupidity perhaps (caresses Desdemona's cheek) and because I like you so much, (kisses Desdemona on the forehead) I'll keep going.

DESDEMONA

Please... Please tell me.

LT. JOHANSON

Last night I went to bed early, totally PMSing, that's why I didn't go out drinking with everyone. Anyway, around three in the morning, Cassiopeia walks through my door, drunk as fuck, smelling like straight up sex and passes out on my bed. I tried to get her up. She wouldn't move. So, I just left her alone.

DESDEMONA

Master Chief Bianca dropped O off just before sunrise.

LT. JOHANSON

Well, just before sunrise, little miss sunshine started moaning and groaning in her sleep saying, "Nathan, we have to be careful." Then she kissed me, super hard, like she was trying to suck my lips off and said, "Oh, my darling! Give it to me, I want all of it." Then she threw a leg over mine and it was sopping wet (breaking down) and I could just smell him all over her, Desi. It was *him*. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore, I had to be certain. So, I reached down, brought my fingers back to my mouth, and tasted-

DESDEMONA

Oh, that's monstrous! Monstrous!

LT. JOHANSON

That ain't all.

DESDEMONA

There's more?!

LT. JOHANSON

Have you ever seen that Hawaiian bracelet O's momma gave him? The one he always wears when he's in the field, for good luck?

DESDEMONA

(whispers)

Yes.

LT. JOHANSON

She was wearing it.

DESDEMONA

I'll tear her to pieces!

(Desdemona heads for the door with the pistol. Lt. Johanson seizes her wrist, disarming her, while sending her through an aiki-jitzu forward flip. Desdemona lands flat on her back, knocking the wind out of her.)

LT. JOHANSON

Not yet. We have to be smart.

DESDEMONA

Ow! You fucking witch. I want blood...

(Lt. Johanson ejects the magazine and un-chamberes the round. She helps Desdemona to her feet then sits her on the edge of the bed.)

LT. JOHANSON

Besides, I'm only telling you a story - trying to put what I saw, with my own eyes into words. It may be true, but you didn't see it, hear it, taste it. So, how can you be sure?

(She brushes a strand of hair behind Desdemona's ear.)

DESDEMONA

Why are you doing this to me? You're going to drive me insane, Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

Be patient. What happens if you change your mind?

DESDEMONA

Never. My thoughts of revenge are flowing through me like a violent river, never turning back to love, only flowing toward full revenge that will swallow them all. (Stands) I swear to God I will get my revenge, Janis.

(Johanson sits down beside Desdemona on the edge of the bed.)

Are you sure, Desdemona, because I have to be absolutely-fucking sure. If we start this, there's no stopping it.

DESDEMONA

I'm not turning back.

LT. JOHANSON

Then, I put my mind, my heart, and my hands to the task, no matter how violent.

(Desdemona reaches for the remote control.)

DESDEMONA

What do you mean?

(Johanson places her lips to Desdemona's ear.)

DESDEMONA

Oh, my God...

(Hear the sound of a desert wind blowing. A guitar plays.  
LIGHTS OUT.

PROJECTION of a Pyramid. Stone blocks move, like a puzzle lock opening A neon sign reads Pyramid Club.

Low LIGHTS UP ON tables of well dressed Japanese patrons - beautiful women in cocktail dresses, men in black suits. Giant glass jars of Habu Sake adorn the perimeter of the nightclub. Coiled Habu snakes, bottom lit with blue and red lights, stare with fanged mouths agape, as if preparing to strike through their glass jars. Two Yakuza, with rolled up sleeves walk onstage. Shoulder holsters peek beneath open jackets, as tattooed forearms and hands take hold of microphone stands. Karaoke Lyrics are projected in Kanji and English overhead.)

YAKUZA #1

(sings)

*I close my eyes, only for a moment, and the moment's gone  
All my dreams pass before my eyes, a curiosity  
Dust in the wind  
All they are is dust in the wind*

(Enter Gunny Moore, Rodney, and Sgt. Emiliano in uniform. The host approaches them.)

HOST

*Irasshaimase...*

(Master Chief Bianca stands at a table, signaling for them to join him and Colonel Sanders. Gunny leads the way across the nightclub)

YAKUZA #1 & #2

*Same old song, just a drop of water in an endless sea  
All we do crumbles to the ground though we refuse to see  
Dust in the wind  
All we are is dust in the wind  
Oh, ho, ho...*

(The team members embrace one another with a somber understanding of the gravity of the coming morning. A waiter places a jar of Habu sake on the tabletop.)

MOORE

*Domo arigato gozaimashita.*

(Drinks are passed round. The men stand and toast. Enter Lt. Johanson and Desdemona, dressed to kill. Rodney sees them across the crowded room and approaches.)

DOC RODNEY

You both look positively beautiful tonight!

LT. JOHANSON

Thanks Rodney.

DESDEMONA

Rodney, do you know where Captain Martinez lies?

DOC RODNEY

Sound a bit morbid there, Des, come on now. This is our last supper. We may never see each other again. You okay?

DESDEMONA

No.

(Desdemona heads for the table of Marines. They stand to greet her. Lt. Johanson and Rodney arrive and join everyone in a toast.)

YAKUZA #1 & #2

*Now, don't hang on, nothing lasts forever but the earth and sky  
It slips away  
And all your money won't another minute buy*

(The Yakuza boss nods gravely.)

YAKUZA #1 & #2

*Dust in the wind*

EVERYONE

*All we are is dust in the wind  
All we are is dust in the wind*

YAKUZA #1 & #2

*Dust in the wind*

*Everything is dust in the wind  
Everything is dust in the wind  
The wind*

(Patrons applaud and voice their approval. Enter Captain Martinez alone, wearing a black cocktail dress. Master Chief Bianca crosses the room to greet her. She appears slightly irritated with him and continues on to the table, walking ahead. Desdemona's eyes burn in her direction. She avoids eye contact with Desdemona and takes a seat next to the colonel. The host steps up to the microphone.)

HOST

*Watahitachi no tsugi no kashu wa Ro-do-ne Bu-shei-san!*

(Applause and hoots from the Marines. Rodney heads for the stage. Desdemona pulls Moore aside. Martinez heads for the bar. Bianca follows her.)

DESDEMONA

Do you know where my bracelet is? I've been looking for it everywhere.

MOORE

I was just about to ask you the same thing. I only need it for the mission tomorrow then I'll give it back to you, okay?

DESDEMONA

Don't try to turn this around, O, I threw it back to you when you were *screaming* at me in front of the O Club. So, what did you really do with it?

MOORE

What?! Ho... Are you saying you just threw it on the ground? Desi, my *mother* gave that to me! You know how important it is! I can't go into the field without...

COLONEL SANDERS

Everything alright?

DESDEMONA

Bring me my bracelet.

MOORE

Goddamnit Desi! I carried that through Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria, Mali-

DESDEMONA

I want my fucking Bracelet.

DOC RODNEY

(sings)

*We skipped the light fandango  
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor...*

MOORE

What the hell's the matter with you?!

DESDEMONA

Bracelet!

DOC RODNEY

*The room was humming harder  
As the ceiling flew away.*

DESDEMONA

You better have it for me when I get back. (Walks to table)

MOORE

Or what?!

(Desdemona pounds 3 shots of Habu saki then heads for the ladies room. Lt. Johanson gestures to Gunny that she'll talk to Desdemona for him then walks after her.)

(Over by the bar...)

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Hey beautiful, want to get out of here?

CPT. MARTINEZ

(startled)

Jesus Christ! Don't do that to me. Fucking Navy Seals, man...

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Well, speaking of which, how come you ran off so early last night?

CPT. MARTINEZ

I'm sorry Bianca, I've had a lot of things on my mind. I really needed some time alone. I'll make it up to you once we get back from the field. (beat) What's that?

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

For you.

(Martinez opens a neatly wrapped gift box. Desdemona's bracelet is inside. She puts it on.)

CPT. MARTINEZ

It's beautiful. Where'd you get it from, another woman?

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Actually, yes, a female friend of mine gave me some advice on what I should get for you. Do you like it?

CPT. MARTINEZ

I really do. Look, I have to talk to Gunny Moore real quick. He told me to meet him over here.

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Well, at least have a drink with me while you're waiting.

CPT. MARTINEZ

I don't drink anymore.

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Well, neither do I then. How bout' I order us a couple club sodas with lime and we'll still appear social?

CPT. MARTINEZ

(smiles)

Okay.

(Near the restrooms...)

SERGEANT EMILIANO

Hey Janis-

LT. JOHANSON

Let go of me, Sergeant.

SERGEANT EMILIANO

Like that? Look, I just wanted to talk to you real quick.

LT. JOHANSON

You either address me as M'am or Lieutenant, marine, and take your goddamned hands off of me (beat) This fucking second!

(He releases her.)

SERGEANT EMILIANO

That's not what you were saying two nights ago, Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

Say again?

SERGEANT EMILIANO

You were *begging* for more.



LT. JOHANSON

Go to hell.

SERGEANT EMILIANO

Not that easy, Lieutenant.

(Johanson backs her way into the ladies room.)

DOC RODNEY

*And so it was that later  
As the miller told his tale  
That her face, at first just ghostly  
Turned a whiter shade of pale*

(Inside the ladies room...)

DESDEMONA

I wish I could forget about the damn bracelet! What you told me it haunts me like a nightmare, Janis, that bitch has got my bracelet!

(Johanson continues to stare at the door.)

LT. JOHANSON

What if I were to tell you I heard her bragging about it? Some women just love to go into explicit detail when discussing their private lives.

DESDEMONA

She actually said something to you about it?

LT. JOHANSON

Yes.

(Johanson walks over to the mirrors. She stares at her own reflection, into her own eyes.)

DESDEMONA

What she say?

LT. JOHANSON

Honestly?

DESDEMONA

No, I want you to lie to me, Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

(applying lipstick)

Okay, she said she, well, did— I don't know.

DESDEMONA

Did what?

LT. JOHANSON

After chow, she was in bed with—

DESDEMONA

With O?

LT. JOHANSON

With O, on top of O, reverse cowgirl—however you want to say it, but for desert, she said they were serving all-you-can-eat Hawaiian creampiees.

DESDEMONA

My God, that's fulsome... Oh... (swoons) Bracelet - confessions - bracelet! I'll kill her first, and then let her confess—I'm trembling with rage. I wouldn't be trembling like this if I didn't know deep down this was all true. Noses, ears, lips. Is it possible? Tell me the truth—Bracelet—Cowgirl—Creampie?! Mother *f-f-f-fu-fu-Fu!*

(Desdemona falls into a frothing, psychotic episode. Her eyes roll back. Her legs kick spastically on the bathroom floor. Johanson crouches down beside her.)

LT. JOHANSON

Atta-girl, shake what the good lord gave ya. (to audience) Many good and innocent women are punished for reasons just like this (sings and caresses Desdemona's forehead) *Shake it Shake it Shake it baby now... Shake it up baby.* (Cpt. Martinez enters) O, my lord, Desdemona! Cass! Oh, thank God.

CPT. MARTINEZ

What's the matter?!

LT. JOHANSON

She's having some kind of fit. Maybe she's having a reaction to the Habu venom in the sake.

CPT. MARTINEZ

(rushing to help)

Fuck! Rub her temples.

LT. JOHANSON

No, don't. I think you're supposed to let the neurotoxin run its course. If you fight it, she'll foam at the mouth and go crazy. Look, she's moving.

CPT. MARTINEZ

Jesus Christ, Janis, I can see she's moving, that's the problem!

LT. JOHANSON

Why don't you go bring us some bitters and soda water?

CPT. MARTINEZ

Soda water, seriously?! She's going to swallow her fucking tongue, Janis!

LT. JOHANSON

No no no... She'll be better in a sec. It happened to me last year.

CPT. MARTINEZ

Okay, be right back. (Runs out of the bathroom)

DESDEMONA

Did she confess?

LT. JOHANSON

What happened there, cowgirl? Hit your head?

DESDEMONA

You mocking me?

LT. JOHANSON

I mock thee not, by heaven, no. But I swear to God, Desi, I wish you could face your bad news and take it like a grown woman!

DESDEMONA

A woman who's been cheated on isn't a woman anymore. She's subhuman, like an animal.

LT. JOHANSON

(helping Desi up)

Well, in that case, there's a shitload of animals on the loose on this island. Tell you that much.

DESDEMONA

(dazed)

What..? where-

LT. JOHANSON

(rapidly)

Get up! While you were dazed by grief, Cassiopeia showed up but I got her to leave, and made up an excuse for your trance. I told her to bring me some water. She's on her way back. I'll just tell her I put you in a taxi back to base. Come on, quick, hide in this stall and listen to what she says. I'll get her to tell me the whole story again—where, how often, how long ago—and when she plans to fuck with O in the future. Just watch her face. *Listen*, but stay calm. Do *not* let yourself be carried away by rage, or else we won't be able to get away with our plan. Do you understand?

DESDEMONA

Oh, I'll be patient, alright. But tomorrow her ass is mine!

LT. JOHANSON

(whispers)

Quiet! Revenge comes tomorrow. Say it one more time.

DESDEMONA

Revenge comes tomorrow.

(Johanson slams the door of Desdemona's stall just in time. Enter Martinez with a glass of brown colored soda water, startling Johanson.)

LT. JOHANSON

Oh my God! (Beat) I am just so glad everything's handled now. (Breathing heavily) That was, wooo, that was a close one.

(She snatches the brown concoction and drinks the entire glass.)

CPT. MARTINEZ

(confused)

Where the heck is-

LT. JOHANSON

Oh, the waitress and um, I think it was the sous chef? that gave me a hand? They, took her to the kitchen where they keep the antidote stuff, this, just a, just beautiful little bottle of green liquid, anyway, thank God there was a taxi out back so, they just comped her faire back to base since she only wanted to leave at that point.

The green stuff spilled all over her dress and she was- well, anyway how are *you*? I mean, Oh my God! That is just gorgeous. I love it! Wow, Cass, I mean, did *he* give that to you?

CPT. MARTINEZ

Yeah, I really like it. Are you sure-

LT. JOHANSON

It's very Polynesian, nice. So, things getting serious between the two of you?

CPT. MARTINEZ

I don't know, I just, I'm not really ready for a serious relationship right now, Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

Sure, Woooo.... give me a second. Yeah, I totally understand that, Cass, but, come on now...

CPT. MARTINEZ

(smiles)

What? (Beat) Alright, honestly? I'm only sticking around because the sex is so fucking good.

DESDEMONA (IN STALL)

(muffled into hand)

Mmmmmmm!

LT. JOHANSON

Mmmmmmmmmmmmm! Hot momma! See, now why can't I ever have it like that? I'm so jealous. So, what's he like?

CPT. MARTINEZ

Well, first all, he's a little bigger than I'm used to but, I'm telling you Janis... He has like, Oh my God, like the most beautiful penis I've ever seen. Like it was shaped *just* for my body.

DESDEMONA (OFF)

Oh *hell*-

LT. JOHANSON

Yes!

*Hell*, yes! That's what's going on up in this bitch.

CPT. MARTINEZ

Did you just hear-

LT. JOHANSON

Hell *yeah*, I heard you. Oooo-mother-fuckin-rah, hard charger. Get your issue on, girl!  
(raises hand for a high 5)

(Martinez reluctantly slaps Johanson's hand, all the while looking at the door of Desdemona's stall as Johanson ushers her to the bathroom exit.)

LT. JOHANSON

Come on, let's get back to the boys. After all, this is our last supper. Oh shit, I forgot my purse. I'll catch up with you.

CPT. MARTINEZ

Okay...

(Martinez exits. Johanson, physically and emotionally spent, bends over, grips her knees and breathes. Desdemona exits her stall.)

DESDEMONA

How should I murder her, Janis?

LT. JOHANSON

Did you see how she laughed about sleeping with him?

DESDEMONA

Oh, Janis!

LT. JOHANSON

And did you see the bracelet?

DESDEMONA

(pacing)

Damn him! Lewd-ass-Kamehameha-looking-motherfucker! Damn him! A fine brother a fair brother a sweet as chocolate brother-

LT. JOHANSON

Nay, you must forget that.

DESDEMONA

Aye, let him rot and perish, and be damned tonight, for he shall not live! But the pity of it, Janis! O, Janis, the pity of it, Janis!

LT. JOHANSON

Nay, that's not you daddy's way, girl. Nor is it you way. What would the general do, if this happened to him?

DESDEMONA

I'll chop him into pieces! Cuckold me?!

LT. JOHANSON

Oh, tis' foul in him.

DESDEMONA

And with his fucking C.O?!

LT. JOHANSON

That's even fouler.

DESDEMONA

Lookie here, Janis. All my sweet and precious love, thus do I blow to heaven. 'Tis gone, gone, gone baby, 'tis gone from this moment forth. Get me some poison tonight, Janis. I won't argue with him, I promise, that way I don't get distracted by his abs and that beautiful body of his, goddamnit... it won't disarm me. Tonight, Janis, it has to be tonight or else-

LT. JOHANSON

No! No no no we mustn't kill him. You see... uh, death, it's... well, it's too easy, too good for the likes of that muscle-headed womanizer. I want him to suffer, Desi. I want him to realize what he's done to m- what he's done to us. I want him to know that it was you and I who knocked him off that high and mighty horse of his and took his ass down. His ego's so big, I'm telling you, the best way to get to O is to destroy his reputation. It's a fate worse than death for someone like him.

DESDEMONA

Then let me hear you say Cassiopeia Martinez is not alive.

LT. JOHANSON

My friend is dead. You shall hear more by morning. And for your husband?

DESDEMONA

Fuck all that. I'm killing his ass right now.

(Desdemona pulls the 9mm from her purse, racks the slide, and walks for the door.)

LT. JOHANSON

(opens arms)

God bless you, Desdemona, and may the Lord God almighty guide your hollow pointed-

(She embraces Desdemona and inserts a syringe into her butt cheek, driving the plunger home. Desdemona goes limp in Johanson's arms.)

LT. JOHANSON

(Sighs) Well, at least we know the injectables work. Maybe tomorrow won't be such a cluster-fuck after all.

(She hoists Desdemona over her shoulder.)

LT. JOHANSON

(to audience)

God, these stupid men and their asinine plans...This is exactly what I've been talking about. See what I have to deal with? Where is the mighty Othello now, huh? *I* always end up doing the heavy lifting around this place and I'm getting pretty fucking sick of it. I'm just saying. *Honcho! Taxi! Koko ni onegaishimasu!*

(She exits. Violins play. Inside the nightclub, ties have been loosened, collars unbuttoned, and the saki continues to pour. Master Chief Bianca steps onstage and raises his cup. Karaoke lyrics projected overhead)

[*Italic text to be sung*]

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

*Drink with me to days gone by  
Sing with me the songs we knew*

DOC RODNEY

*Here's to pretty girls who went to our heads.*

CPT. MARTINEZ

(to Bianca)

*Here's to witty boys who went to our beds.*



(laughter)

EVERYONE

*Here's to them and here's to you!*

YAKUZA BOSS

(walking towards center stage)

*Drink with me to days gone by. Can it be you fear to die?*

COLONEL SANDERS

(walking towards center stage)

*Will the world remember you when you fall? Could it be your death means nothing at all?*

YAKUZA BOSS

*Is your life just one more life?*

(Colonel Sanders bows. He offers the Boss a cup of saki. The Boss accepts it. Everyone raises their glasses. Enter Lt. Johanson, unnoticed. She watches Moore, her face painted with loss and longing. An MP enters. He salutes, gives Lt. Johanson an envelope marked "ORDERS" then exits. She begins reading the first page.)

YAKUZA BOSS

Kampai.

COLONEL SANDERS

Kampai.

MARINES

*Drink with me to days gone by  
To the life that used to be  
At the shrine of friendship, never say die  
Here's to you  
And here's To me*

YAKUZA

*Drink with me to days gone by  
To the life that used to be  
Let the wine of friendship never run dry  
Here's to you  
And here's To me*

LT. JOHANSON

(looking up from orders)

*Do I care if I should die  
Now he goes across the sea?*

*Life without Ohelo means nothing at all  
Would you weep, Othello, should Johanson fall?  
Will you weep, Oh Moore  
For me?*

(Everyone returns to their tables. Johanson hands Moore the envelope. He reads his orders then stares straight ahead.)

COLONEL SANDERS

What you got there, hard charger?

LT. JOHANSON

Orders.

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Thought you were retiring there, killer.

MOORE

I guess not... Hey, Lieutenant, have you seen-

(Johanson turns and walks away.)

LT. JOHANSON

(over shoulder)

See you all at 0300.

MOORE

My wife.

(Johanson exits. Rodney follows her. Moore continues to look after them once they've gone.)

END SCENE

(Johanson stands on a street corner, trying to hail a taxi. Rodney approaches her.)

LT. JOHANSON

What now, Rodney?

DOC RODNEY

Where's Desdemona at?

LT. JOHANSON

Where's Desdemona at, M'am.

DOC RODNEY

What'd you do with her, M'am?

LT. JOHANSON

Relax, Rodney, I put her in a cab. Listen to me-

DOC RODNEY

I've listened to you too much already. Your words and actions don't match up. Something's very wrong here.

LT. JOHANSON

Alright, Rodney, fine, think whatever you want. I'm heading to base then hitting the rack.

DOC RODNEY

It's not fine, and I'm not all right! Something's wrong with Desdemona and I know you got something to do with it, M'am, and somehow I'm mixed up in it too.

(Car horn honks.)

HONCHO (TAXI DRIVER)

*Dochira e ikimasu ka?*

DOC RODNEY

If anything happens to her, ma'm, I'll see you burn for it.

LT. JOHANSON

*Camp Schwab onegaishimasu.* (beat) See you on the flight deck, Rodney. (to cabbie)  
*Honcho... Hubba hubba, ne?*

(She exits. Rodney exits opposite. Enter Moore and Bianca.)

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

*(sings)*

*In the snows of far-off northern lands  
And in sunny tropic scenes...*

MOORE

(whistles)

Honcho!

(HEAR a car horn as a taxi drives past them)

MOORE

Ufa kae...

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

*You will find them always on the job...*

(Across the stage,

LIGHTS UP ON:

An enlisted barracks room - bunk beds, a desk, and a locker. Desdemona lies on the top rack in the fetal position, singing lethargically to herself.)

DESDEMONA

*We lay my love and I beneath the weeping willow.*

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

*The United States Marines...*

DESDEMONA

*But now alone I lie and weep beside the tree.*

(Moore walks toward the Sunabe Sea Wall. He stares out across the east China Sea. Stage opposite: Lt. Johanson undresses in her living quarters.)

MOORE

(sings)

*Ua mau, ke ea o ka aina, i ka pono, o Hawai'i...*

DESDEMONA

*Singing 'Oh willow waly' by the tree that weeps with me.*

*Singing 'Oh willow waly' till my lover return to me.*

MOORE

*Ua mau, ke ea o ka aina, i ka pono, o Hawai'i*

*Ua mau, ke ea o ka aina, i ka pono, o Hawai'i*

LT. JOHANSON

*Untouchable memories seem to keep  
haunting me  
Of love so true, that once turned all my  
gray skies blue...*

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

*Our flag's unfurled to every breeze  
From dawn to setting sun  
We have fought in every clime and place  
Where we could take a gun...*

(Moore and Bianca exit, hailing a cab. Johanson turns out her light, sets her alarm clock then hits the rack.)

DESDEMONA

*We lay my love and I beneath the weeping willow.  
But now alone I lie. Oh willow I die, oh willow I die...*

Desdemona passes out. Enter Rodney. He takes the blanket off the bottom rack and covers Desdemona, tucking her in. He kisses her forehead, shuts the window, then turns out the lights. He climbs onto the bottom rack, rubbing his arms to keep warm in the cold night air.)

LIGHTS UP ON:

(The flight deck. Gunnery Sergeant Moore stands alone, in South Korean National Police tactical black with an MP5 submachine gun over his shoulder.

Projection: A CH-53K King Stallion idles behind him. Hear the roar of the massive PROPELLERS turning in the predawn light. Lt. Johanson approaches. They do not salute.)

MOORE

(in Korean)

Good morning, M'am.

LT. JOHANSON

(in Korean)

Let's get dirty.

(MUSIC: *Dirt, Boys* - by KOHH. Gunny and Johanson raise their face masks. Team members double-time across the flight deck to join them.)

LT. JOHANSON

(in Korean)

Ready... Move!

(The Crisis Response Team boards the helicopter.  
Projection: Time-lapse of the SUN, rising over Seoul  
Korea. POV: airborne footage - the CH-53 flies low over  
the Han River. Morning traffic into the city is heavy.  
Captain Martinez follows the river then banks inland,  
heading toward the Grand Park Zoo.)

CPT. MARTINEZ

(projected media: cockpit cam)

Approaching LZ in two minutes, Ladies. Load, lock and load. Let's have a radio check.

(Hear rounds chambering into rifles and submachine guns  
beneath the sound of the rotors.)

LT. JOHANSON (VO)

Radio check, Johanson, copy.

MOORE (VO)

Radio check, Moore, copy.

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA (VO)

Radio check, Bianca, copy.

SERGEANT EMILIANO (VO)

Radio check, Emiliano, copy.

DOC RODNEY (VO)

Radio check, Rodney, copy.

LIGHTS UP ON:

(A bandstand, a podium with a large ceremonial red ribbon  
in front of it. PROJECTION of a chimpanzee enclosure  
plays in the background. Both the North and South  
Korean flags are on display. South Korean K-9 units  
move through the audience, scanning for threats. Plain  
clothes security officers inspect the stage and podium area.  
Lieutenant Johanson and Sergeant Emiliano creep into  
position on top of an Iso-container.

Lying on his stomach, Emiliano takes aim through the scope of his 50 caliber Sniper rifle.)

SERGEANT EMILIANO (VO)

I have eyes on you, Gunny. All clear.

CPT. MARTINEZ (VO)

Motorcade arriving early, people. We gotta step up the timetable.

LT. JOHANSON (VO)

Quickly, gentlemen.

(Enter Gunny and Bianca from the back of the theater. They take positions on each side of the stage. Enter Rodney in a South Korean EMT uniform and surgical mask. A security officer motions for Rodney to stop.

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA (VO)

Officer checking Rodney's ID badge, Gunny.

LT. JOHANSON (VO)

What's happening down there?

MOORE (VO)

Stand fast. We can't afford to move yet.

The security officer allows Rodney to pass. Rodney takes up a position adjacent to the stage. A dignitary approaches the podium microphones.)

DIGNITARY

Ladies and gentlemen, please rise for "Where are you, Dear General," to greet our sister Kim Yo-jong from Pyongyang.

Applause. MUSIC plays. Security officers motion for any non-standing audience members to rise. South Korean dignitaries walk down the aisle and gather onstage.

Enter a young Korean woman dressed in black Chanel, surrounded by security officers. They walk her down the aisle, toward the stage. Atop the Iso-container,

Lt. Johanson draws a combat knife. She claps a hand over Emiliano's mouth and CUTS HIS THROAT! Johanson takes over the sniper rifle and looks through the scope.

Kim Jo-jong walks to the podium. Hear a GUNSHOT.

Rodney screams. Blood pours from his wounded leg. Gunny looks up at Johanson, confused. Return Gunfire peppers the iso-container. Audience members drop, bleeding from gunshot wounds. Chaos ensues.)

DOC RODNEY

I'm hit!

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Stay where you are, I'm coming to you! Where the fuck's our suppression fire?!

LT. JOHANSON

(climbing down from container)

Emiliano's dead! Acquire the target Gunny! I'll cover your route to the LZ!

(Moore leaps onstage, throws Kim Jo-jong over his shoulder and scurries behind the podium. The sound of gunfire is deafening.)

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Take my hand Rodney!

DOC RODNEY

How many times I gotta tell y'all motherfuckers, I can't run I got shin splints! Give me your weapon! I'll cover you!

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Goddamnit, Rodney!

DOC RODNEY

Go! Get the fuck outta here!

(Bianca draws a pistol and low crawls toward Moore and Kim Jo-jong. Rodney stands and opens fire on the Police officers that are pinning them down, screaming at the top of his lungs as the choir from the opera, "*A True Daughter of the Party*," sings in the background.)



DOC RODNEY

Arrrrrrrrgh!!!!!!!!!!

OPERA CHORUS (VO)

(in Korean)

*Light shines in the window of the Supreme Headquarters...*

*Where are you?*

*Where are you?*

*Lead us to you!*

(Moore and Bianca sprint up the aisle with Kim Jo-jong between them as Rodney's body is riddled with bullets. He falls to the ground. )

MOORE

(in Korean)

Police officer, out of the way!

DOC RODNEY

(over radio)

Oh, Desi...

LIGHTS OUT.

(The SOUND of distant gunfire. Searchlights pan over the audience. Hear the deafening roar of the CH-53's rotors. *Where are you Dear General* continues to play in the background. Projection: the airship idles with its back hatch open. Captain Martinez lies dead on the ground. Snow begins to fall. Lt. Johanson removes Martinez's helmet and puts it on. Master Chief Bianca sprints down the aisle. He sees Cassiopeia's body and SCREAMS. He feels for a pulse.)

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

What happened?!

LT. JOHANSON

She's dead! Gunny! Come in, over! Gunny!

OPERA SAPRANO

(in Korean)

*The Big Dipper lights the sky. In the sky we see...*

(Moore stops running halfway down the aisle.

He sets Kim Jo-jong down.)

OPERA SAPRANO

*Fatherly General, where are you now?*

Moore looks toward the helicopter then back at Kim Jo-jong. She shakes her head, her eyes plead him.)

OPERA SAPRANO

*Light shines in the window of the Supreme Headquarters...*

LT. JOHANSON

Gunny! What are you doing?!

OPERA SAPRANO

*General, out there somewhere oh, where can you be?*

(Moore releases his grip on Kim Jo-jong's arm.)

MOORE

I'm sorry... Get out of here!

KIM JO-JONG

Thank you.

(Johanson runs inside the helicopter.)

Projection - cockpit cam footage: Johanson looks at the control panel.)

OPERA SAPRANO

*In this dark forest, far behind enemy lines... Our precious General, where is he now?*

LT. JOHANSON

Let's go, people! Tailgate closing!

(Moore runs inside the CH-53 just before the gate closes. Eerie MUSIC over the sound of the rotors.

Projection: POV flying over the east china sea at night to  
Camp Schwab. Moore stares straight ahead in silence.)

LIGHTS OUT.

(Hear the sound of GLASS breaking.)

LIGHTS UP ON:

(The O Club, Camp Schwab. The jukebox begins to play.  
Enter Johanson wearing her charlie uniform. She is  
bleeding from a fresh cut on her forearm. The room is  
empty. She looks around in a panic.)

LT. JOHANSON

Gotta think gotta think gotta think...

MOORE (OFF STAGE)

Janis!

RICHARD BOWERS (VO)

(sings)

*Gomen Nasi, I am so sorry, Gomen Nasi...*

(Johanson turns around. Enter Moore. His eyes burn at  
her.)

LT. JOHANSON

Please don't look at me like that, O.

MOORE

I saw you on the iso-container, Janis.

LT. JOHANSON

Look, I can explain everything.

MOORE

Why?!

(Enter Desdemona, holding a pistol. Moore doesn't notice her. He walks toward Johanson. She continues to back away from him.)

MOORE

You killed Cassiopeia too, didn't you?

(Desdemona closes her eyes and exhales with relief.)

LT. JOHANSON

Please, O...

(Desdemona aims her pistol.)

MOORE

What the hell have you done?!

DESDEMONA

What any *real* woman would do, you lying motherfucker...

LT. JOHANSON

Desi don't!

MOORE

(turns)

What?

(Desdemona fires. The round hits Moore in the chest knocking him flat on his back.)

LT. JOHANSON

No!!!!!!

(Rushes to Moore.)

LT. JOHANSON

Come on, baby, stay with me breathe!

(Enter Master Chief Bianca.)

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

Drop it!

(Desdemona aims at him. He shoots her in the chest. She drops.)

LT. JOHANSON

Breathe, baby, please!!!

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

(crouching over Desdemona)

Why, Desi?

DESDEMONA

He was fucking Captain Martinez. Gave the whore my bracelet...

MASTER CHIEF BIANCA

I gave her the fucking bracelet! Johanson sold it to-

(Johanson shoots Bianca in the back of the head. She stands over Desdemona.)

DESDEMONA

You evil bitch... oh my God! O? Baby?!!!

LT. JOHANSON

You *killed* him...

(Desdemona screams.)

DESDEMONA

I pulled the trigger, Janis. *You* killed us all.

(Johanson points the pistol at Desdemona's heart.)

DESDEMONA

When you make your report, just say I loved him too much, is all. (exhausted) Go on, Janis. Kill me. Please kill me.

LT. JOHANSON

Do it yourself.

(Johanson drops the pistol to the floor and kicks it within reach of Desdemona's fingertips. She turns and walks back to Moore then lays on his chest and weeps.)

DESDEMONA

(straining to reach pistol with fingertips)

*We lay my love and I beneath the weeping...*

(Hear a GUNSHOT. Moore GASPS, opening his eyes.)

LT. JOHANSON

Baby! Oh baby, I'm here. You're gonna be alright! I'll call an ambulance!

(Moore grabs her wrist.)

MOORE

No.

LT. JOHANSON

O, please, I need to call an-

MOORE

(fighting for breath)

In Aleppo once,  
I spied an ISIS recruited Turk.  
Shot him before he could detonate.  
On his back he cursed, "Slave,  
as I die, so  
shall you..."

LT. JOHANSON

O?!

MOORE

It's true. Please take me home. (long exhale)

(He dies.)

Johanson SCREAMS with heart-wrenching grief, O.S.  
MEN SHOUT in Japanese. SIRENS wail in the distance.

JAPANESE POLICE OFFICER #1

(in Japanese)

Freeze! Show me your hands! Do it now!

RICHARD BOWERS (VO)

(sings)

*Gomen Nasi, I am so sorry, Gomen Nasi...*

LIGHTS FADE.

LIGHTS UP ON:

(Lt. Johanson stands at parade rest in front of the television monitor beside Special Agents Kim and Ogimachi. The President of the United States nods gravely on screen.)

POTUS

Wow... Lieutenant, what a tragedy. Desdemona Moore, such a great name and I mean, a very, very attractive young woman. Who could have ever guessed she was a psycho? Anyway, it was a bit of a mess, but fortunately little Rocket Man over there was scared *shitless*, so he called me personally. He called me, mind you, and we went on to have what I must say was a perfect call, a gorgeous call. If you would have heard it you would have been extremely impressed. And I said, “Kim, what are you doing? You shouldn’t stay up so late just for me. We can talk after lunch or something.” But, the Supreme Leader told me that even at two in the morning, which is very early in North Korea, he couldn’t sleep. The man couldn’t sleep, not without thanking me personally, very strong thanks, for our team getting his sister to safety during that terrorist attack... (winks and laughs.) So, I guess it goes without saying, gentlemen, we won’t be seeing anymore Korean turds splashing into our Hawaiian swimming pools, am I right, boys?

EVERYONE

That’s right, Mister President.

POTUS

You bet your ass I’m right. And as for you, *Captain* Johanson. That’s right, I just promoted you (snaps) just like that. I can do that, you know. What are we doing for the Captain again, Dan?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

The CMH, Mr. President.

POTUS

Sugar? What the fuck’s she gonna do with sugar, Dan?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

The Congressional Medal of Honor, sir.

POTUS

I knew that, I was just testing you. I gotta keep these boys on their toes. Anyway, they're telling me you'll be the first *woman* in at least a hundred years, some tell me several hundred years, to ever receive the C&H - the top medal you can win in the entire military, which by the way, is a huge *win* for every young, attractive, entrepreneurial, American woman out there, right Mick? I give Mick a hard time, he's one of my three feminist amigos, or amigas I believe they call em, but they're doing a fantastic job on all our women out there trying to break through those glass... platforms. (gives a thumb's up) So, Captain Johanson, it's my deep-felt pleasure to welcome you into America's most exclusive club, congratulations.

(Applause. Special agents Kim and Ogimachi look at one another with discomfort.)

POTUS

Thank you. It really is a fabulous deal. So, we're all flying out to my Waikiki property, first class, everything 5 star, all the amenities, and I'll just meet you there and I'll pin it on you myself, you know, pin it right on your chest. Sound like a plan?

LT. JOHANSON

Thank you sir.

POTUS

Alright, Janis, aloha, looking forward to it.

LT. JOHANSON

Aloha, sir.

LIGHTS FADE.

(An Ukulele plays. Hear CHANTING in Olelo Hawaii.)

LIGHTS UP ON:

## A HAWAIIAN FUNERAL

(Everyone is present: uncles, aunties, the entire cast, a choir of school children, Marines in their Dress Blues. Young and old alike have come to say goodbye to Gunnery Sergeant, Nathan Ohelo'ai Moore. Moore's body is dressed in his Dress Blue uniform and covered in leis.)



EVERYONE

(sings)

*Ua mau, ke ea o ka aina, i ka pono, o Hawai'i*

*Ua mau, ke ea o ka aina, i ka pono, o Hawai'i*

(Uncle Robert closes the lid of the casket. Four men in traditional Hawaiian dress cover it with a Kingdom of Hawaii Flag. Pallbearers lift the casket high and slowly march up the aisle. In the crowd, wearing her dress blues and a Congressional Medal of Honor around her neck, Captain Johanson reaches out and touches the casket as it passes by. She watches the procession for a moment, then turns and walks away.)

FIN