

figures mean?

Can you explain the figures to me?

Still. STAGG concentrates on the chart.

much and
but

prejudiced.

KAY. What does this curve mean?

STAGG. British weather

Azores. This is the thin lines are
isobars. Mean sea level pressure.

No difference between the red curve

and the north-
predicted.

KAY. So the weather will be on Sunday?

It does surprise me that the curve is so
probable.

*Suddenly the door is flung open. IKE is in the room. He
slams the door closed. His face is beetroot red, the veins
stand out on his forehead. This is the legendary Eisenhower
temper.*

IKE. Stagg, what in hell is going on?! Jesus H Christ! I wanna
know now. Was the forecast you gave us the view of
American and British forecasters?

STAGG is silent. IKE is striding round the room, limping
heavily.

Answer the goddamn question!

STAGG. It was the view of the Allied Meteorological Unit.

IKE. Don't play games with me, you son-of-a-bitch! Because I've just had Spaatz on the telephone telling me that Krick's team think it's gonna be a beautiful, fucking summer's day on Monday.

STAGG. Colonel Krick had no right to divulge...

IKE. He had every right to confer with his superior officer if he thought it would affect the outcome of the invasion.

The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST appears in the doorway.

Not now, goddammit!

The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST looks uncertain...

Get out!!

NAVAL METEOROLOGIST. Sir.

The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST hurries out.

STAGG. If you feel you can put greater trust in Colonel Krick...

IKE. You think I'm a goddamn child, Stagg?

STAGG. I didn't think uncertainty would be useful.

IKE. Jesus Christ, you listen to me. Over the last two years Krick has saved thousands of lives because of his forecasts. Again and again he gets it right. Why do you think he's wrong now?

STAGG *is silent.*

Listen, fella, you are gonna explain to me what that goddamn chart means and why I should trust you and not one of the unsung American heroes of this war. Why is Krick wrong?

No answer.

Why!

STAGG. I respect Colonel Krick as a scientist...

IKE. Answer the fucking question!

STAGG *hesitates, then:*

STAGG. He's been lucky.