

Side 5 -  
Stagg  
and Krick

I [REDACTED] perfect bore. I spend my life attaching  
bleeder hoses to the [REDACTED]

S [REDACTED]  
you.

High pressure [REDACTED] Azores.

A British [REDACTED] JERINS,  
appears at the [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] by, General  
Eisenhower would [REDACTED]

KAY. Would [REDACTED]

KAY [REDACTED] out of her pocket. She gives it to STAGG.

[REDACTED] if you  
[REDACTED] to call at  
any time, [REDACTED]

K [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] each other's gaze for a moment. STAGG pockets  
the card [REDACTED] by

KRICK. Now we can actually see each other, maybe things'll  
improve.

STAGG. We should start. First let's establish what's new.

*STAGG stands in front of the chart and begins his analysis.*

A family of four low-pressure centres, four aggressive  
storms, stretching from Jutland, L1 -

*He points to L1 on the chart.*

- across the Atlantic Ocean to L4 south of Nova Scotia.

KRICK. Already on the move.

STAGG. We also have a formidable mass of high pressure extending a third of the way round the Arctic Circle, from the Rocky Mountains to the White Sea.

KRICK. Sure.

STAGG. Finally, an area of high pressure over the Azores.

*He points to the anti-cyclone over the Azores.*

KRICK. That's what interests me.

STAGG....gentler than its polar cousin, it's moving lethargically...

KRICK. Your word, not mine.

STAGG....north-eastward towards Europe. What you see on this chart is precisely what I anticipated...

KRICK. I'm not interested in what you anticipated.

STAGG. I mention that I was correct, as a statement of fact...

KRICK. But you had to tell me.

STAGG....To support the forecast I'm about to give.

KRICK. Just talk about the goddamn weather...

STAGG. You diminish yourself, Colonel Krick...

KRICK. Talk about the weather not yourself, okay?

STAGG....By accusing me of self-interest.

KRICK. Talk about the fucking weather, will ya?

*Tense silence.*

STAGG (*voice trembling with intensity*). If we continue like this, we will fail. We – will – FAIL. And thousands of men will die because of our failure.

KRICK. What is your forecast for D-Day?

STAGG *collects himself and begins his forecast.*

STAGG. My forecast is not only based on weather at the surface...

*There's a knock on the door. STAGG tries to ignore it.*

...I've also considered upper-air currents within the troposphere, at the tropopause, and in the lower stratosphere...

*Another knock on the door.*

One moment! The most powerful of these currents, measured two hours ago at twenty-eight thousand feet, is three hundred miles wide and three miles deep. I'll refer to it as the jet stream...

KRICK. There's no proof the jet stream exists.

STAGG. It definitely exists.

KRICK. Who says?

STAGG (*on his way to answer the door*). Only last week two B17s flying from New York to Prestwick found the jet stream and cut their travel time by one third. The tail wind was measured at 120 knots.

KRICK. You're taking the word of two pilots? That's not proof, goddammit!

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] NAVAL ME [REDACTED] ST

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] GIST. More sig [REDACTED] and

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] ce level.

KRICK. To all [REDACTED]

STA [REDACTED]. It is now moving

[REDACTED] feet.

[REDACTED] Europe

KRICK. [REDACTED] feet?

[REDACTED]