



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

DRAMA

0411/12/T/EX

Paper 1

May/June 2017

COPY OF PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

2 hours 30 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the stimuli and on the extract from David Haig's play *Pressure* provided in this booklet.

This clean copy of the material is for you to use in your responses.



This document consists of **37** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

STIMULI

Choose **one** of the following three stimuli and devise a piece of drama based on it. You should work in groups of between two and six performers. Your piece should last approximately 15 minutes.

In the Written examination, you will be asked questions about your piece that will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

Stimulus 1

Quotation: *'How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!'*
From William Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors* [Act 2, Scene 1]

Stimulus 2

Grimms' Fairy Tales: *Hansel and Gretel*

Stimulus 3

Photograph: *Two people working in an organic farm shop*



EXTRACT**Taken from *Pressure*, by David Haig**

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

David Haig's play *Pressure* was first performed in Edinburgh in 2014.

The play is set in June 1944 and explores the true story of the tensions and disagreements between two professional meteorologists, James Stagg and Irving P. Krick, weather-forecasters whose job it was to advise General Dwight D. 'Ike' Eisenhower, the Allied Supreme Commander with sole responsibility for the D-Day landings. The 'D-Day landings' is a term used to refer to the allied invasion of German-occupied France, which was a decisive factor in bringing the Second World War to an end.

The drama centres on the widely diverging views of the forecasters as to the likely weather on the day of the landings, since the lives of thousands of people depended on there being good weather that day.

The play is in two Acts, and the extract consists of Act One, Scenes One and Two.

Characters in order of appearance

Lieutenant Kay Summersby	Ike's chauffeur, unofficial aide and confidante
Dr James Stagg	Chief Meteorological Officer for the Allied Forces
Flight Lieutenant Andrew Carter	A junior meteorologist, assisting Stagg
Naval Meteorologist	
General Dwight D. 'Ike' Eisenhower	Allied Supreme Commander with sole responsibility for the D-Day Landings
Colonel Irving P. Krick	Chief Meteorologist for the United States Armed Forces
Naval Rating	A Junior Ordinary Seaman
Captain Johns	A British Army Adjutant
Electrician	
General 'Tooey' Spaatz	Commander, United States Air Force in Europe
Admiral Sir Bertram 'Bertie' Ramsay	Commander-in-Chief, Allied Naval Forces
Air Chief Marshall Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory	Commander-in-Chief, Allied Expeditionary Air Force

ACT 1

Scene 1

1.00 p.m. Friday, 2 June 1944.

Southwick House, Portsmouth, England. Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force for the invasion of German-occupied France.

A large room dominated by floor-to-ceiling French windows leading out to a small balcony. From the balcony, a view of the staggering Naval armada packed into Portsmouth Harbour – battleships, destroyers and landing craft, rail to rail, as far as the eye can see. 5

A stiflingly hot, summer afternoon. The sun streams through the windows, dust motes in the air. The room looks ... transitional, as if waiting for someone to give it a purpose. Piles of wooden chairs, tables, a single telephone. There's a giant noticeboard, punctured by hundreds of drawing pins, but no notices. Leaning against this wall are two sets of library steps on wheels. There's an old upright piano in the corner. 10
15

LIEUTENANT KAY SUMMERSBY [*thirty-five years old*] sits at a table by the window, sorting through a huge pile of correspondence. She is attractive, vivacious, the daughter of an Irish cavalry officer. She is also General Dwight D. 'Ike' Eisenhower's chauffeur, unofficial aide and confidante. She is dressed in the uniform of the Motor Transport Corps. The uniform is worn out. 20

KAY, like all the characters in the play, looks unslept. She lifts her head to feed off the warmth of the sun, but her peace is disturbed by the sudden roar of a fleet of bombers passing overhead, heading for the French coast. Their shadows blot out the sun. 25

The noise of the bombers masks the sound of the door opening. An ordinary-looking man with a tidy moustache enters. He is dusty, sweaty and is wearing an ill-fitting RAF uniform. He carries a suitcase and a briefcase. This is DR JAMES STAGG, Chief Meteorological Officer for the Allied Forces. 30

He looks around him.

STAGG: I must be in the wrong room.

KAY jumps to her feet. 35

KAY: Good afternoon, sir.

STAGG checks the number on the door.

STAGG: Room six, first floor?

KAY: Yes, sir.

STAGG: Should you be in here? 40
 KAY: I beg your pardon, sir.
 STAGG: Should you be in here?

He takes a sheet of paper out of his pocket and checks it.

KAY: Room six. You'll need to clear your stuff out. 45
[demanding some sort of normal exchange] How do you do. I'm Lieutenant Summersby.
 STAGG: James Stagg. Is there only one telephone?
 I'll need more than that. Who should I talk to?
 KAY: I'll find out.
 STAGG: *[looking around him. Shocked]* This is just a room. 50
 KAY: I'll tell the General you've arrived.
 STAGG: Which General?
 KAY: General Eisenhower.

A moment as STAGG digests this.

STAGG: He knows I'm arriving today. 55
 KAY: Does he? It may have slipped his mind, he's a rather busy man.
 STAGG: It won't have slipped his mind.

*They stare at each other. STAGG, impassive. KAY, annoyed.
 She spins on her heel and leaves the room.*

STAGG immediately removes KAY's correspondence from her table, dumping it on the floor, then he drags the table further into the room. He does the same with the other table and places a chair behind each. 60

He takes out a handkerchief and mops his brow, then opens the French windows and goes out onto the balcony. Shielding his eyes from the sun, he looks up at the sky. 65

There is a knock on the door. STAGG returns from the balcony.

Come in.

A young man [ANDREW], excited and out of breath, enters in the uniform of a junior Air Force officer. 70

ANDREW: Welcome to Southwick House, Dr Stagg.
 STAGG: Thank you.

STAGG claims one of the two tables as his own and starts unpacking his briefcase.

ANDREW: It's a great honour to meet you, sir. 75

STAGG says nothing. He sets out mathematical instruments and an array of pencils and coloured pens on his table.

STAGG: I so enjoyed your paper on the Coriolis effect.
 It's a fascinating subject.
 ANDREW: I'm a great admirer of the Bergen School. Upper-air structures. 80

STAGG: You're on the right lines then.

A young NAVAL METEOROLOGIST hurries past the open door, but stops when he sees ANDREW. He hands ANDREW a piece of paper.

NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: Latest thermograms, sir. Stevenson screen two. 85
ANDREW: Thank you.

The METEOROLOGIST marches off. [Whenever the door is open, we're aware of voices, footsteps, doors slamming. A constant buzz of urgent activity.]

[To STAGG.] I'm seconded to you, sir, for as long as you're here, 90
if there's anything you need ...
STAGG: [tension in his voice] I need everything. Look at this room. I need
an anemometer, a Stevenson screen, thermometers, barograph,
barometer, telephones.

ANDREW: Admiral Ramsay has a forecast room downstairs, I'll see what I 95
can find.

STAGG: I'd be grateful.

The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST returns. He salutes sharply and hands STAGG a rolled-up chart.

NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: Synoptic chart, sir. 1300 GMT. 100

STAGG takes it.

STAGG: Very good. How frequently are you producing charts?

NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: Every six hours, sir.

STAGG: Normal synoptic hours?

NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: Yes sir. 0100, 0700, 1300 and 1800. 105

STAGG: And intermediates at 0400, 1000 and 1600?

NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: Yes, sir.

STAGG: Thank you.

The METEOROLOGIST leaves. STAGG wheels a set of library steps to the giant notice board and climbs the steps. 110

ANDREW: Shall I give you a hand, sir?

ANDREW wheels the other steps over and climbs them. STAGG hands him one end of the chart.

I'm Andrew Carter, by the way. From the Met Office. Flight-
Lieutenant Carter I should say. They plonked me in the Air Force, 115
I've no idea why.

STAGG: No. [A beat, then:] I'm a Group Captain, I've never been near an
aeroplane.

STAGG pins the top of the chart.

ANDREW: Good journey, sir? 120

STAGG: Eighteen miles in seven and a half hours. An average of 2.4 miles
per hour.

- ANDREW: The roads are impossibly busy.
- Short silence.*
- STAGG: Apparently, there are so many extra tanks and troops in the country, only the barrage balloons stop Britain from sinking. 125
- ANDREW: Aye, so I heard. It's a fine, sunny day, I should have walked. Bit warm for walking, sir. We have a screen in the grounds. The midday reading was 92.4.
- STAGG *has finished pinning the chart.* 130
- STAGG: You can let go.
- They release the chart which unrolls down the noticeboard. It's a massive synoptic weather chart, stretching from Newfoundland in the west to Central Europe in the east, from Greenland in the north to the North African Coast in the south. Written along the top is the caption: '1300 GMT FRIDAY JUNE 2 1944.'* 135
- For STAGG, a new weather chart is like a Christmas present. He is instantly absorbed. ANDREW could be a million miles away. STAGG gently touches the chart, then traces his finger along one of the finely drawn lines.* 140
- The chart could be big enough to be seen clearly by the whole audience.*
- A high-ranking American officer appears in the open doorway below them. He looks up at STAGG.*
- IKE: Good news? 145
- STAGG is too absorbed to reply. He glances briefly at the American officer, then turns back to the chart. ANDREW, on the other hand, scuttles down his library steps and slams to attention.*
- ANDREW: Sir!
- STAGG continues to examine the chart, he places his hand over the Arctic Circle.* 150
- STAGG: [*half to himself*] Full of menace ...
- He climbs down a few steps and places his hand on the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.*
- ... these are formidable ... 155
- He climbs off the steps and pushes them to one side. He places his hand over the Azores at the bottom of the chart.*
- ... this is gentler ... but interesting.
- IKE: Good prognosis?
- STAGG: When Colonel Krick arrives, we'll confer, then I believe I report to General Eisenhower. 160
- IKE: I am General Eisenhower.

GENERAL DWIGHT D. 'IKE' EISENHOWER, *Allied Supreme Commander with sole responsibility for the D-Day landings.*

ANDREW *remains rigidly at attention. STAGG looks genuinely amazed.* 165

STAGG: I thought your voice was familiar. It's seeing you in the flesh, rather than just speaking to you on the telephone ... and in your photographs you seem to have more hair than you actually have.

IKE *cannot find a suitable response.* 170

ANDREW: [to STAGG] I'll see what I can find downstairs, Dr Stagg.

ANDREW *leaves. IKE closes the door. The buzz of voices in the corridor is muted.*

IKE *takes a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket.*

IKE: You got an ashtray in here? 175

STAGG: I've got very little of anything in here.

IKE: Not a problem. What do you need?

STAGG: Everything. A forecast room is a specific environment, this is just a room. It's certainly not good enough for the purpose.

IKE: Give Lieutenant Summersby a list of what you want. 180

IKE *walks towards the balcony.*

I need you to be close. I'm a couple of doors down.

Suddenly his right knee buckles under him.

Dammit!!

He grabs one of the tables to support himself. 185

I have a knee. Damn!

IKE *gently flexes his leg.*

Boring! Cartilage. Football injury.

Gingerly, IKE takes a couple of steps.

STAGG: Not talking about soccer, Dr Stagg, I'm talking about American football ... more like your 'rugby', am I right? You ever play rugby? 190

IKE: On occasion, sir.
If we ever get a spare moment, you're gonna tell me what in heck is going on in that game. I saw a match once and I sure didn't know. 195

IKE *limps out onto the balcony.*

What a beautiful day. Flaming June!
What part of Scotland are you from?

- STAGG: Dalkieth, sir. A wee town by Edinburgh.
 IKE: I just love that city! First time I saw the castle on the rock – man! 200
 I'm from Kansas, I didn't see a hill till I was twelve years old.
- IKE looks down at Portsmouth Harbour.*
- Seven thousand Naval vessels, Dr Stagg.
- He turns back to STAGG.*
- Seven thousand vessels, one hundred and sixty thousand ground 205
 troops, two hundred thousand Naval personnel, fifteen hospital
 ships, eight thousand doctors, four airborne divisions. The biggest
 amphibious landing in history. And let me tell you, every piece of
 the jigsaw is in place. Every man and woman involved is ready
 and waiting. There's no more to learn. It's time to run with the ball. 210
*But ... there is still one uncertainty, one imponderable that can
 stop this thing happening ... that's why I've put you in this room. I
 want you right beside me for the next four days.*
- STAGG: I worry ...
 IKE: Not your job. 215
- But STAGG persists.*
- STAGG: I worry that what you require of me is scientifically impossible.
- IKE waits for STAGG to continue.*
- Long-term forecasting is only ever informed guesswork.
 IKE: Monday isn't long term, for Pete's sake. 220
- STAGG checks his watch.*
- STAGG: Sixty-five hours to go. In this part of the world, anything more than
 twenty-four hours is long term.
- IKE: You listen to me, soldier. Your Met Office tells me you're a genius,
 you're tearing up the rulebooks. I don't care how you do it, but I'm 225
 relying on you and Colonel Krick to tell me if the weather's gonna
 be good on Monday.
- STAGG: And on Sunday I will be able to offer you a degree of certainty.
 IKE: Sunday's too late, you understand? I need to know *now*. You got
 me? 230
- STAGG is silent.*
- We've got one chance, Dr Stagg. One chance only to get this
 right.
- IKE walks towards the door, still limping slightly.*
- Ask them to bring up a bed, you're gonna need it. 235
- IKE is almost out of the door, then he turns back.*
- For the next four days, you're part of the family. Same team, same
 'end zone'. Pardon me, wrong game. What would you call the end
 zone?

STAGG:	The try line?	240
IKE:	Sounds good. Same team, Stagg, same try line.	
	<i>IKE leaves, closing the door. STAGG mops his brow again. Another fleet of bombers roars overhead.</i>	
	<i>STAGG opens his suitcase and takes out a framed photograph of a heavily pregnant woman holding a child. He stares at the picture for a moment, then sits at his table, placing the photo in front of him.</i>	245
	<i>He concentrates on the chart on the wall and starts to make notes.</i>	
	<i>A knock on the door.</i>	250
STAGG:	Come.	
	<i>KAY enters.</i>	
KAY:	I've brought the 'little blue book'.	
	<i>She flicks through to the correct page.</i>	
	If we lost this, the Allies would probably lose the war! Your first meeting will be at 1500 hours. General Eisenhower, Air Chief Marshal Leigh-Mallory, Admiral Ramsay and General Spaatz will be present. They would like to meet you here. In this room.	255
	<i>STAGG nods, concentrating on the chart. He changes pencil and draws a series of lines.</i>	260
STAGG:	Does that give you enough time? If Krick arrives soon.	
	<i>Silence. STAGG continues to draw lines, rub them out, refine them, make notes. KAY watches him work. KAY is not sure whether STAGG is talking to her, but suddenly he expresses his thoughts out loud.</i>	265
	What he ignores is the third dimension, vertical structures, the upper air. This jet is thin, rapid, straight. No meandering, no Rossby waves. Freezing tongues of disruption pushing south. Vicious extrusions of cold air. He cannot ignore that.	270
KAY:	Who's ignoring it?	
	<i>STAGG looks up, surprised. He had forgotten KAY was in the room. He stares at her, then returns to his work.</i>	
STAGG:	Sooner or later, the Arctic air will penetrate the westerly flow. Low 2 and Low 3 will be reinvigorated. But he won't see it.	275
	<i>STAGG falls silent again, making further notes. Then, suddenly:</i>	
	I sent Flight Lieutenant Carter in search of equipment. There's been	

- no foresight at all, the set-up's amateur! These tables should have sloping tops, I need paper, ink, pencils, thermometers, barograph, barometer ... telephones, I must have more telephones. 280
- KAY: I'll see what I can do.
- STAGG: It's urgent.
- KAY: Everything, Dr Stagg, is urgent. I'll do my best.
- It's at this moment that KAY notices the correspondence she was working on, piled up on the floor. She marches over and starts to pick it up, placing it on top of a filing cabinet. She is furious, but her tone is controlled and polite.* 285
- Dr Stagg, this is the Supreme Allied Commander's personal correspondence. These are heartfelt, handwritten letters, sent from all over the world to General Eisenhower ... 290
- The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST enters and hands STAGG some papers.*
- NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: Radio soundings for the past twenty-four hours, sir. From the weather ships.
- KAY continues brightly: 295
- KAY: ... As soon as I find another room in which I can work, I will do so.
- STAGG: [to the METEOROLOGIST] Thank you. I'd like all readings relating to Low 5 and the Azores anti-cyclone to be isolated and telephoned directly to me.
- NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: Yes, sir. 300
- KAY: In the meantime, for a few more hours, I would appreciate it if I could leave all this here. Somewhere safe ... and not just ...
- The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST leaves, closing the door.*
- ... dumped on the bloody floor.
- STAGG looks up, surprised by KAY's sudden vehemence. 305
- STAGG: I'm sorry, what was your name?
- KAY: Lieutenant Summersby, sir.
- STAGG: Lieutenant Summersby, this is a forecast room.
- A short icy silence.*
- KAY: Do you ever smile, Dr Stagg? 310
- STAGG: Smile?
- He considers the question deeply.*
- I hope I do. If there's something to smile about.
- The door opens. A good-looking, but overfed man in his late thirties, breezes into the room. He has luxuriant hair and a well-trimmed moustache. This is COLONEL IRVING P. KRICK, Chief Meteorologist for the United States Armed Forces and STAGG's 'second-in-command'.* 315

KRICK:	Man, it's hot out there!	
	<i>KRICK wipes the sweat off his brow.</i>	320
	Dr Stagg, I presume! Do we salute each other? I don't think so, do you?	
	<i>They don't.</i>	
	Fascinating to attach a face to the voice.	
	You're taller than I imagined.	325
STAGG:	You're rounder than I imagined.	
	<i>A momentary beat as KRICK digests STAGG's bluntness/ rudeness. KRICK looks around him.</i>	
KRICK:	Do they call this a forecast room?	
	<i>KAY steps forward.</i>	330
KAY:	Sir.	
	<i>KRICK smiles. He embraces KAY and kisses her on the cheek.</i>	
KRICK:	Hey! Kay Summersby! Long time, no see. Kay and I are old buddies. [To KAY.] Right, sweetheart? August '39, Stagg, David Selznik calls me in California, he's shooting a movie. Wants a forecast for a three-day period in Beverly Hills. The scene is the burning of Atlanta. Wants to burn the stage set to the ground. And of course he does <i>not want</i> precipitation. Great movie! Kay drove me and Ike to the London premiere. True, sweetheart?	335
KAY:	Correct, sir.	340
	<i>At this point, the NAVAL METEOROLOGIST and a RATING enter pushing trollies, laden high with large black leather folders – perhaps as many as a hundred. Each folder has a series of dates on it. E.G. 'MAY-JUNE 1912', 'MAY-JUNE 1923', etc.</i>	
KRICK:	[to the METEOROLOGIST] Put 'em over there.	345
NAVAL METEOROLOGIST:	Sir!	
KRICK:	Selznik said to me: 'Irv, I don't want to see a drop of rain for three days.' MGM give me dates, I forecast a dry spell, they shoot the scenes – beautiful weather, movie's a hit, I'm on the front page of the <i>LA Times</i> and I get to meet Clark Gable. Movie called <i>Gone with the Wind</i> . You see it, Stagg?	350
STAGG:	No.	
	<i>The METEOROLOGIST and RATING leave.</i>	
KAY:	Did you meet Vivien Leigh?	
KRICK:	I did.	355
KAY:	What was she like?	
KRICK:	Cute, of course. Kinda ... remote ... beautiful skin, but too fragile for my taste, she looked breakable.	
KAY:	How exciting!	

STAGG *picks up one of KRICK's folders.* 360

KRICK: [explaining the folders] Analogues.
 STAGG: I realise that.
 KRICK: I guess you know, Kay, Staggs and I have been talking on the telephone since the middle of March. This is the first time we've actually met. 365

STAGG: Shall we start? The meeting is at 1500 hours.

The phone rings. STAGG answers it.

[On phone.] Staggs ... one moment please ...

STAGG *grabs paper and pencil.*

KRICK: [to KAY] You still driving Ike round in a Buick? 370
 KAY: No, the Buick died, the gears went haywire.
 STAGG: [on phone] 40.2 north ...

KAY *focuses on STAGG as she and KRICK talk.*

KRICK: What do you drive now?
 KAY: A Packard Clipper. 375
 STAGG: [on phone] 46.7 west ...
 KRICK: Good motor car?
 KAY: The brakes are a perfect bore, I spend my life attaching bleeder hoses to the wheel cylinders.
 STAGG: [on phone] 1011 millibars ... rising ... 2 knots. Thank you. 380

STAGG *puts the phone down.*

Low 5 is moving north.

STAGG *goes to the chart and, with a red crayon, adjusts the position of storm Low 5 a fraction further north.*

A British Army Adjutant in his forties, CAPTAIN JOHNS, appears at the door. 385

CAPTAIN JOHNS: Lieutenant Summersby?
 KAY: Would you excuse me, Colonel?
 KRICK: Irving, please.

KAY *gets a card out of her pocket. She gives it to STAGG.* 390

KAY: [to STAGG] Please ring this internal extension if you need to speak to General Eisenhower. He'd like you to call at any time, day or night, if it's important.
 STAGG: Is this a direct line to General Eisenhower?
 KAY: No, sir, it's a direct line to me. 395

They hold each other's gaze for a moment. STAGG pockets the card. KAY marches smartly out of the room, followed by CAPTAIN JOHNS.

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

STAGG: [checking his watch] Sixty-four hours. We should start. 400

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

A family of four low-pressure centres, four aggressive storms, stretching from Jutland, Low 1 –

He points to Low 1 on the chart.

– across the Atlantic Ocean to Low 4 south of Nova Scotia. A fifth storm, Low 5, lurks here. 405

He points to Low 5.

KRICK: Already on the move.

STAGG: Aye, but yet to be drawn into the bosom of the family. We also have a formidable, unforgiving mass of high pressure extending a third of the way round the Arctic Circle, from the Rocky Mountains to the White Sea. 410

KRICK: Sure.

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

He points to the anti-cyclone over the Azores. 415

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 ... 420

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 weather ... 425

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 damn weather, will ya?

Tense silence. 430

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.* 435

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. 440

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. 445

KRICK: Who says?

STAGG: *[on his way to answer the door]* 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. 450

STAGG *opens the door, the NAVAL METEOROLOGIST hands him some papers.*

NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: More signals from the weather ships, sir.

The METEOROLOGIST leaves.

STAGG: Colonel Krick, you think two-dimensionally. *[Glancing at the papers.]* Low 5 is still moving. 455

He puts the papers on his table.

You know as well as I do that upper-air structures determine weather at surface level.

KRICK: To an extent. 460

STAGG: And the jet stream is no exception. It is now moving very straight and very fast ...

KRICK: Sure, but at twenty-eight thousand feet.

STAGG: ... driving storms 2, 3 and 4 at great speed towards Europe.

KRICK: Not from twenty-eight thousand feet it isn't. 465

STAGG: Because of the energy of this current, our storms are moving more rapidly than the surface chart would imply. Low 2 will move east or south-eastward. Low 3 will follow quickly, east-north-east to the latitude of Lerwick.

KRICK: Where's Lerwick, for crying out loud? 470

STAGG: *[pointing it out on the chart]* The capital of the Shetlands.

KRICK: Which is a thousand miles north of the English Channel.

STAGG: The speed of movement of these depressions ...

KRICK: A thousand miles, Stagg!

STAGG: ... will bring to southern England and the English Channel, 475
a stream of humid air with considerable amounts of low cloud, substantial rainfall and, at times, strong winds.

KRICK: I don't think so.

STAGG: This weather is likely to last at least two to three days. Saturday, Sunday, and most likely Monday ... D-Day. 480

KRICK: I don't agree.

STAGG: The poor weather on D-Day, will, I suggest, make the landings extremely problematic, if not impossible. Low cloud, base five hundred feet, seven to nine-tenths complete cover. Poor visibility. Considerable swell. Waves six to ten feet. Wind speeds, force 485
five to six, occasionally, force seven.

STAGG *has finished.*

KRICK: You done?

KRICK *takes a chart from his black-leather folder and hands it to STAGG.* 490

Okay. This is the weather chart for June 2nd, 1923. And I could have given you June 3rd 1919, or June 10th 1926, all three identical to the chart on this wall.

STAGG: Not identical.

KRICK: Virtually. 495

He points to the main chart on the wall.

Same depressions in the Atlantic. Same ridge of high pressure over the Arctic Circle. And *most* importantly, the same high pressure over the Azores ... here.

He taps the Azores on the chart, then hands STAGG another analogue chart. 500

... now move forward three days ... to June 5th 1923, D-Day if you like, but twenty-one years ago.

He uses the main chart to demonstrate.

The ridge of high pressure over the Azores has strengthened and pushed north-eastwards, pressing Low 2, 3 and 4 northwards towards Iceland, thereby *protecting* the English Channel from any direct onslaught by the Atlantic storms. 505

STAGG: Because the storms in 1923 were less intense.

KRICK: Not true. It's a classic battle between good and evil! And let me tell you, Stagg, 'good' will prevail, as it did in 1919, '23 and '26. The proof is in the past. I anticipate calm seas and clear skies on Monday – perfect conditions for the Normandy landings. 510

Complete impasse. The two men stare at each other.

STAGG: In less than half an hour, I have to present an agreed forecast to General Eisenhower. How can I do that when you predict a glorious sunny day, and I predict storm-force winds and rain. For the sake of the three hundred and fifty thousand men who will cross the Channel on Monday, is there no room for compromise? 515

KRICK: You tell me.

STAGG: Nothing would please me more than to agree with you, but I can't. Your system is flawed ... 520

KRICK: Garbage!

STAGG: You have to think three-dimensionally. Surface weather is not enough on its own. 525

KRICK: Let me tell you something, thousands of lives were saved in the Torch campaign, using analogues.

STAGG: You were lucky.

KRICK: [*incensed*] I was not lucky! The Air Force and the Army needed long-term predictions – and they got them, and the predictions were right – every time. 530

STAGG: Except, of course, at Anzio. On that occasion your analogues were completely inaccurate, if they had followed your advice not mine, the landings would never have happened.

	KRICK <i>and</i> STAGG <i>are boiling with frustration.</i>	535
KRICK:	We need to compromise. Compromise requires movement on both sides.	
	STAGG <i>gestures to</i> KRICK's <i>leather folders full of weather charts going back fifty years.</i>	
STAGG:	Where are those charts from?	540
KRICK:	What do you mean, 'where are they from'?	
STAGG:	They come from Washington DC. Drawn up by men and women who've never even been to Europe, let alone stood on a beach on the south coast of England. Have you ever done that, Colonel Krick? Have you ever been to the beaches of Hastings, or Brighton, or Portsmouth?	545
KRICK:	I'm a physicist, Stagg, not a tourist.	
STAGG:	Ten o'clock in the morning it's baking hot, the beach is packed. By midday, there's a howling wind and the Punch and Judy man has packed up for the day.	550
KRICK:	For crying out loud!	
STAGG:	By two o'clock, the rain is horizontal, but by four o'clock ... the sun is beating down again and it's eighty degrees. Nothing is predictable about British weather, that's why we love to talk about it.	555
KRICK:	So, I have to get wet to know why it's raining?	
STAGG:	We're not on a film set in Beverly Hills, we are in northern Europe. Your analogue charts do not even begin to replicate what we have here.	
KRICK:	In identical scenarios in the past ...	560
STAGG:	Not identical ...	
KRICK:	... high pressure over the Azores repelled similar storms ...	
STAGG:	Lesser storms.	
KRICK:	... and drove them north. Scotland may have terrible weather on D-Day, the Channel will be fine and sunny.	565
	<i>Impasse again.</i>	
STAGG:	Colonel Krick, it's Friday. The invasion is on Monday. What we decide now, <i>together</i> , will determine whether the invasion goes ahead or not. Let's remember why we've been picked. You're American. I'm British. If D-Day fails because of a bad weather forecast, it fails because of an <i>Allied</i> blunder, no <i>one</i> side must be seen to be blamed. Hence the need for us to agree – [<i>Urgent.</i>] on – some – level.	570
	<i>Long silence. KRICK doesn't budge an inch. STAGG checks his watch.</i>	575
	[<i>Suddenly on his feet, active.</i>] I've decided to meet the Commanders-in-Chief alone.	
KRICK:	You can't do that.	
STAGG:	The last thing Eisenhower needs at the moment is uncertainty.	
KRICK:	Or a mistake.	580
STAGG:	Final decision.	
KRICK:	He needs to know there's more than one possible outcome.	

STAGG: The forecast for D-Day is my responsibility.
 KRICK: I'm gonna talk to Spaatz.
 STAGG: By all means. 585
 KRICK: Have you any idea of the consequences of postponement?
 STAGG: Of course I have.
 KRICK: Can you imagine the effect on morale?
 STAGG: I am offering the C-in-Cs a weather forecast in good faith. It's up to them how they choose to respond to it. 590
 KRICK: [*deliberately*] Which is why they should be made aware of both arguments.

A final impasse.

 STAGG: We'll reconvene at midnight for the next chart.

A beat in which KRICK decides whether to object further. He doesn't. He goes to the door and opens it, he's confronted by ANDREW coming the other way, laden with meteorological equipment. KRICK barges past him. ANDREW staggers into the room, dumping the equipment on the floor. 595

STAGG appears oblivious to ANDREW's presence, absorbed in his own thoughts. 600

 ANDREW: We've done rather well, sir ... Where shall I put these?
 STAGG: [*suddenly active, urgent*] Come and look at this chart with me.

STAGG practically drags ANDREW to the chart.

 ANDREW: I want your opinion. 605
 STAGG: I don't think I'm ...
 STAGG: I want to know what you think. Will this anti-cyclone over the Azores extend and deflect 2, 3 and 4?
 ANDREW: I don't really think I'm the one to ...
 STAGG: I want to know what you think. 610

ANDREW leans nervously into the chart.

 ANDREW: I think it ... I think it could go either way.
 STAGG: It could, so what would tilt the balance one way or the other?

ANDREW looks reluctant to be drawn in, but carries on.

 ANDREW: I would look at the intensity of the Atlantic storms ... 615
 STAGG: Aye, and ...?

The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST and the NAVAL RATING enter, carrying more equipment.

 NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: [*to STAGG*] Where do you want these, sir?
 STAGG: On the floor. Anywhere. [*To ANDREW.*] And ...? 620
 ANDREW: I would look at the strength of the pressure gradient ...
 STAGG: Aye.
 ANDREW: ... and the thickness charts ...
 STAGG: Good. [*To the METEOROLOGIST.*] That'll be all. [*To ANDREW.*] What else? 625

ANDREW: ... the velocity of the upper winds.
 STAGG: Exactly!

STAGG picks up the papers that were delivered earlier in the scene. He reads out a series of figures.

Look at these. 22,000 feet – 115 knots. 26,000 feet – 120 knots. 28,000 feet – 135 knots. Extraordinary readings. Readings you'd associate with December not June. 630

ANDREW: They could have a huge impact on the speed of the storms.
 STAGG: But how do I convince someone who doesn't even believe the jet stream exists? How do I persuade General Eisenhower that the man he trusts relies on a fallacious, archaic system? 635

ANDREW: I'm sure you'll find a way, sir.
 STAGG: Are you? I'm not. And should I be trying to persuade him anyway? There's only one other date this year when spring tide coincides with first light, and on that night there's no full moon. Can he afford to postpone? He may *have* to go on Monday. 640

ANDREW: They should listen to you, of all people.
 STAGG: Why? Would you, in their shoes? Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath of wind. The last thing they want to hear is what I've got to tell them ... [*A sudden change of tone, honest.*] And I may be wrong, his anti-cyclone is a plausible theory, he's always been lucky. I'm a scientist, not a gambler. But that's what they're making us do ... gamble, with three hundred and fifty thousand lives at stake. 645

ANDREW: [*disappointed in his hero*] It's more than gambling, sir. 650

STAGG picks a barometer off the top of the pile of equipment and hangs it from an exposed nail on the wall. STAGG taps the glass and adjusts the brass arrow.

STAGG: Set up the barograph, will you?
 ANDREW: Sir. 655

A sixty-year-old civilian ELECTRICIAN appears in the doorway, carrying two telephones and a mass of cable.

ELECTRICIAN: Two telephones.
 STAGG: How long will it take?
 ELECTRICIAN: Five minutes. 660
 STAGG: If you're quick.

A sudden thought strikes STAGG. He takes KAY's card out of his pocket and rings her internal extension.

STAGG: [*on phone*] Lieutenant Summersby ... I need a typewriter urgently ... for goodness sake, do you really care if I say please or thank you every time I ask you for something? This isn't an English tea party! 665

KAY obviously stands her ground, because:

... Please!

He slams down the telephone. 670

ELECTRICIAN: Where d'you want them?

STAGG *taps KRICK's table.*

STAGG: On this table.

STAGG *sits at his table and starts writing his forecast for Eisenhower.* 675

The ELECTRICIAN places the phones on KRICK's table. He extends cable from the phones to a point on the wall.

CAPTAIN JOHNS *pops his head round the door.*

CAPTAIN JOHNS: The C-in-Cs have arrived. They'd like to start in ten minutes.

CAPTAIN JOHNS *goes.* 680

ELECTRICIAN: Can't come a moment too soon for me, mate.

STAGG: I'm sorry, what can't?

ELECTRICIAN: The invasion. The sooner the better.

The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST returns with more equipment: paper, pens, pencils, ink, etc. 685

NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: [to STAGG] And these, sir?

STAGG: On the table please.

While the ELECTRICIAN talks, ANDREW sets up the barograph, STAGG writes and the METEOROLOGIST drops off the equipment and leaves again. 690

ELECTRICIAN: They phoned me a week ago, I live in Portsmouth, they said could I come up to Southwick House and put in some extra telephone lines.

STAGG: [not interested, he concentrates on writing his forecast] Really?

ELECTRICIAN: I said yeah if you want, I've given it all up really, but I'll do it if you pay me. They told me the hourly rate, I thought blimey I've never been paid that before, so I said yes. I couldn't work out why they picked me. I know now of course. Anyway I come up here and I put the extra lines in, in an office just down the corridor from here as it happens, and on the wall there's a huge, coloured map of Normandy, you know with tiny wooden boats crossing the Channel to these beaches, and all the beaches are labelled: Juno, Sword, is it? I can't remember the other names, but ... anyway I thought: aaah, so that's where it's going to be. It's Normandy, not Calais at all. So I finish putting in the lines, pack up my stuff, go to the door, open it and there's two of them military police waiting for me, and they say: sorry, you can't go home, apologies for the inconvenience but you know too much, you're officially detained here till after the invasion. I said when's that? They said: none of your business. 700

STAGG: [not listening] Really?

ELECTRICIAN: I bumped into the lads who put up the map of Normandy actually, they're here! Chad Valley the toy manufacturers made the map and sent these two chippies in to put it up and they were detained 705

710

too! They've been here longer than me. I wish they'd hurry up and invade, I wanna go home. I know why they picked me of course, I'm sixty, retired, no wife, no kids, no one'd know I'm missing. They had it all worked out. There you are, mate, all done. 715

He lifts the receivers on both phones and listens for the dialling tone. 720

All working. Internal calls only, of course, till after the invasion. What's your job?

STAGG *says nothing.*

All right, fair enough.

At this moment, KAY walks in, carrying a typewriter. 725

Let me know if there's any problems.

The ELECTRICIAN picks up his tools.

[To KAY.] All right, love?

KAY: Yes thanks.

The ELECTRICIAN leaves. 730

STAGG: One typewriter.
He didn't stop talking from the moment he walked in to the moment he left.

KAY: What about?

STAGG: I've no idea. I wasn't listening. 735

STAGG takes the typewriter from KAY. He puts it on a table. He mumbles under his breath:

KAY: Thank you.
Not at all.

STAGG examines the typewriter. He needs paper and carbon paper. He finds paper in his briefcase. ANDREW brings him carbon. The phone rings. STAGG answers it. 740

STAGG: [on phone] Stagg. One moment ...

STAGG hands the phone to ANDREW.

Take this down, will you. 745

ANDREW grabs paper and pencil.

ANDREW: [on phone] Hello ... 41.2 north. Yes. 46.1 west. 1010. Thank you. Falling. 2 knots. 71 degrees.

STAGG tries to sandwich carbons between paper and insert them into the typewriter. 750

ANDREW *puts down the phone.*

STAGG: Low 5?

ANDREW: Yes, sir.

STAGG: Mark it up, will you.

ANDREW: Me?

STAGG: Aye.

755

ANDREW *goes to the chart and adjusts the position of Low 5. The storm is creeping northward.*

STAGG *is battling with the typewriter. The first pieces of paper are a disaster, crumpled up before he's even started.*

760

He rips them out, scrumples them and throws them on the floor. The second attempt is just as bad, he rips them out and throws them away. He's becoming increasingly frustrated.

KAY: Would you like some help?

STAGG *presses a key and the carriage shoots across to the left. He pushes it back to the right and types a couple of words.*

765

STAGG: This machine's out of the Ark! I should have been allocated a typist as soon as I arrived.

KAY: Will I do?

STAGG: Do you understand these machines?

KAY: More or less. I'm getting better.

770

The carriage shoots across again. STAGG despairs.

STAGG: It has a life of its own.

CAPTAIN JOHNS *knocks and enters.*

CAPTAIN JOHNS: They're ready for you, sir.

775

STAGG *stands up, pushing the typewriter away and scraping his chair back. CAPTAIN JOHNS leaves. STAGG walks to the French windows and stares out at the late-afternoon sun, at the serene sky.*

He turns back to KAY.

780

STAGG: The weather gods are toying with us.

A beat, then:

KAY: Four copies?

STAGG: Is that possible?

KAY: We can try.

785

KAY *sits at the table and pulls the typewriter towards her. Efficiently, quickly, she sandwiches three carbons between four sheets of paper. She inserts them into the typewriter.*

STAGG *walks to the table and pushes a piece of paper, the handwritten forecast, towards her. She puts on a pair of reading glasses and starts to type.* 790

STAGG *is astonished by her typing speed. Her fingers fly over the keys. For a moment he and ANDREW watch her in silence. Then:*

ANDREW: Anything else I can do, sir?
STAGG: Will you see that all upper-air data, in or out of synoptic hours, is sent directly to me. I want to be notified of any changes in upper-wind velocity. 795

ANDREW: Yes, sir.
STAGG: What is your extension? 800

ANDREW: 231. 800

STAGG: I'll telephone you if I need you ...

ANDREW: Good luck, sir.

ANDREW *slips out of the room. KAY is typing away. STAGG notices her hands are black.*

STAGG: Your hands. 805

She holds them up in front of her face and wiggles her fingers for a second.

KAY: Oil. Impossible to get it off.

She returns to her typing. STAGG checks his watch. Silence, save the clack of the typewriter. 810

STAGG *goes to the chart and examines it. He talks [half to himself, half to the absent KRICK] as KAY types.*

STAGG: 1010, 1013, 1014, it's not enough! [*Questioning himself for a second.*] Is it? Surely not. If the jet was further north you might have a point. No, not even then! Use your eyes, man, use your bloody eyes! Look at Low 2, for heaven's sake. 815

KAY *finishes typing. She removes her specs, pulls the paper out of the typewriter and extracts the carbons. She examines the fourth carbon copy.*

KAY: The fourth is rather faint. Give it to Leigh-Mallory, make him work for his supper. 820

KAY *hands the four copies to STAGG.*

STAGG: They won't like the forecast.
Nor do I.

KAY *checks her watch, then goes to the door.* 825

KAY: I'll tell them you're ready. Don't take anything Leigh-Mallory says personally, he's got even worse manners than you.

She leaves, closing the door. STAGG sets out some chairs, then

stands in front of the chart, clutching his notes. He waits ... and waits. 830

Eventually the door opens. IKE leads the way, followed by GENERAL 'TOOEY' SPAATZ, ADMIRAL SIR BERTRAM 'BERTIE' RAMSAY and AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR TRAFFORD LEIGH-MALLORY.

STAGG is extremely nervous. 835

IKE: *[introducing everyone]* Group Captain Stagg – this is Admiral Ramsay, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Naval forces, Air Chief Marshal Leigh-Mallory Commander-in-Chief Allied Expeditionary Air Force, and General Spaatz, Commander United States Air Force in Europe. General Montgomery is not attending, he assures me he's ready to go, whatever the weather. 840

IKE gets out a cigarette and is about to light it.

LEIGH-MALLORY: Ike?

The cigarette sits unlit in IKE's mouth.

IKE: *It's so difficult to concentrate in a room full of smoke.* 845
LEIGH-MALLORY: *For you, Trafford, we'll open the windows.*
Cigarettes destroy one's mental acuity.

SPAATZ flings open the French windows, then paces impatiently at the back of the room.

BERTIE RAMSAY: *[to STAGG]* Did you get the equipment you needed? 850
STAGG: *Most of it, yes, sir.*
BERTIE RAMSAY: *You could always use one of my forecast rooms. If you don't think this room is suitable.*
IKE: *No he couldn't.*

Outside, the familiar sound of a Spitfire overhead. 855

I want Stagg right here. Give him everything he wants, Bertie, but he stays here.
BERTIE RAMSAY: *[looking out of the French windows]* It is an enviable view.

KAY has walked in with a tray of coffee.

STAGG: *These ...* 860

He coughs to clear his throat. His voice trembles.

These are copies of my – [Coughing again.] my forecast.

STAGG hands out the copies of the forecast. SPAATZ looks at his copy of the forecast vaguely, but seems uninterested.

KAY puts down the tray of coffee and starts to leave. 865

IKE: Lieutenant Summersby, where you going? Stay. Keep the coffee flowing.

This familiarity, intimacy, does not go unnoticed.

SPAATZ: Ike, you know I'd trust Kay Summersby with my life, but is it appropriate she stays? 870

IKE: Too right it is. I've given up keeping secrets from Kay. Anybody want sugar?

LEIGH-MALLORY: *[raising a hand]* Two.

IKE: Okay, Stagg, what have you got for us?

SPAATZ: Where's Krick? 875

STAGG: *[hesitating]* ... He's not attending, sir.

SPAATZ: Why the hell not?

STAGG: I represent the Allied Meteorological Unit.

SPAATZ: Dr Stagg, I'm in command of over five thousand American aircraft. I've worked with Irving Krick since July '42. I wouldn't contemplate making a strategic choice without hearing his view. I want him here. 880

IKE: In future I'd like you both to be present. Okay, what have you got?

STAGG turns to the chart.

STAGG: We are faced with four ... *[He hesitates.]* We are faced with four ... 885

SPAATZ: Speak up.

STAGG: ... four, soon to be five, storms in the Atlantic of unprecedented intensity for the time of the year. Although ... *[Clearing his throat again.]* there exists the seductive notion that this ridge of high pressure over the Azores could extend and deflect the storms, the Allied Meteorological Unit does not believe this is likely. 890

SPAATZ: 'Allied'? That include Irving Krick? What does he think?

STAGG: Colonel Krick and I have discussed this in considerable detail and these are the conclusions of the AMU. 895

SPAATZ: Okay, I'll take your word for it.

SPAATZ looks sceptical, but STAGG battles on.

STAGG: My forecast, therefore, for Monday 5th June, the proposed D-Day, is as follows: Wind: west-north-west. Strong. Reaching force five to six, possibly force seven. 900

BERTIE RAMSAY: *[shocked]* Seven? Are you sure?

STAGG: That is my estimate.

BERTIE RAMSAY: Throughout the day?

STAGG: It's more than likely. Cloud: Low. Base 500 to 1000 feet. 7 to 9 10ths cover. Visibility: Poor. Rain: Very likely. The sea: Waves 6 feet to 10 feet, possibly increasing to 12 feet. Swell: Height 10 feet, wave length 750 feet. Confidence: Poor, falling to very poor through Monday 5th to Tuesday 6th. 905

STAGG looks up. The Commanders-in-Chief are gloomy to a man. 910

SPAATZ: I do not believe this! 6 foot 1 of Stagg. 6 foot 2 of gloom.

And as if to mock everything STAGG is suggesting, the sun dips

lower outside, allowing a serene, golden light to pour into the room.

- I'm not a weatherman, Dr Stagg, but you expect me to believe your forecast? Look out the window! 915
- STAGG: As I'm sure you know, sir, the weather in this part of the world can change very rapidly.
- SPAATZ: It's been like this for six weeks, I'm sure it'll last another three days. 920
- STAGG: I wish that were the case, sir.
- BERTIE RAMSAY: [to STAGG] Will the force-six winds continue through Tuesday and Wednesday?
- STAGG: Any forecast beyond twenty-four to thirty-six hours is an informed guess ... 925
- IKE: Not according to Colonel Krick.
- STAGG: No. Colonel Krick is enviably ... certain. If I had to guess, I would say 'yes'. The force-six winds will probably continue through Tuesday and Wednesday.
- BERTIE RAMSAY: You say 'poor visibility', how poor? 930
- STAGG: Less than a mile.
- LEIGH-MALLORY: What will conditions be like for my heavy bombers taking off early on Monday morning?
- STAGG: 7 to 8 10ths stratus cloud. At 3,000 feet – thick. As I said, base 500 to 1000 feet. 935
- LEIGH-MALLORY: And above the stratus?
- STAGG: Considerable cloud between 8 and 12,000 feet.
- LEIGH-MALLORY: What will the enemy have for their aircraft?
- STAGG: Inland over France, weather will be better than over England. But on the coast – much the same as us. 940
- Silence.*
- IKE: Thank you, Stagg. Tooey?
- SPAATZ: We should 'go' regardless. The lives we'll save by shortening the war, will far outnumber the lives lost on D-Day. If we sit on our backsides on this side of the Channel, the war could go on another five years. Get the men onto the beaches, somehow. Anyhow. 945
- BERTIE RAMSAY: [a dose of reality] General Spaatz, I can't land one hundred and sixty thousand men in a force-seven gale.

Scene 2

5.00 p.m. Friday, 2 June 1944. 950

The room has emptied. STAGG looks pale and exhausted. He is slumped in a chair, holding the photograph of the pregnant woman and child. That's how KAY finds him when she returns to collect the empty coffee cups.

- KAY: [encouraging] All right, sir? 955
- STAGG: Aye, I'm fine.
- KAY: [brightly] Coffee cups.
- STAGG: Aye.

KAY starts to clear up the cups.

KAY:	You look as if you've seen a ghost.	960
STAGG:	I'm fine.	
KAY:	Is that your wife?	
STAGG:	Aye.	

He's about to put the photo back on the table.

KAY:	May I see?	965
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A beat, then STAGG hands her the photo.

STAGG:	Is that your daughter?	
	Son.	
KAY:	Oh, I'm sorry.	
STAGG:	He needed a haircut.	970
KAY:	How old is he?	
STAGG:	Four.	

The phone rings. STAGG picks it up.

Stagg ...

He listens attentively and jots down some figures. 975

Thank you.

He puts down the phone, goes to the chart and makes an adjustment.

KAY:	Your wife ... is she ...?	
STAGG:	Eight months pregnant. She had our son, Peter, early. So it could be any day.	980

KAY picks up the note of anxiety in STAGG's voice. She smiles at the photo.

KAY:	It's a lovely photograph.	
STAGG:	Could you put it back on the table.	985

KAY replaces the photo. Silence. STAGG works on the chart, then asks a question which takes KAY by surprise.

	Do you have children?	
KAY:	[<i>never self-pitying</i>] No! Not me! The war rather got in the way. I'm not even married. It would have been nice. Too late now.	990
STAGG:	Is it? Why?	
KAY:	Various reasons. [<i>American accent.</i>] 'Not a problem' – as the Americans would say.	
STAGG:	You're young, fine looking, plenty of time.	

KAY is astonished by the compliment. STAGG continues to work. 995

KAY:	What's your wife's name?
STAGG:	Elizabeth.

KAY: She'll be fine, Dr Stagg.
 STAGG: There's no certainty of that. Childbirth doesn't agree with her.

STAGG picks up a wooden slatted box, one of the instruments brought in by ANDREW. 1000

KAY: I'm going to set this up. In the grounds.
 STAGG: What is it?
 STAGG: A Stevenson screen. Keeps instruments dry, keeps the air circulating. 1005

He walks to the door, then stops.

KAY: What if Krick's right? What if summer's here to stay?
 That would be good, wouldn't it?

STAGG nods slowly, then leaves the room. KAY walks out onto the balcony, untucks her blouse and flaps it to cool down her body. She lifts her face to the sun, closes her eyes and feels the heat on her eyelids. 1010

She doesn't hear IKE open the door. He stands in the open doorway watching her.

Eventually, KAY senses his presence and turns to face him. 1015

IKE: I didn't know England ever got this hot.

KAY tucks in her blouse.

KAY: Where's Stagg?
 Setting up equipment in the grounds.

IKE closes the door. He takes a key out of his pocket and locks the door. 1020

IKE: Five minutes.
 KAY: Five whole minutes.

They stand, eyes locked, on opposite sides of the room.

IKE: You look so tired. 1025
 We're all tired. Even your uniform looks tired. Would you like a new one?

KAY: Yes please!
 IKE: Soon as we get to Paris, we'll have one made.

KAY's face lights up. 1030

KAY: Paris! Imagine us in Paris.

Short silence. The sound of a ship's hooter from the harbour below. IKE walks over to the chart.

IKE: Do you understand it?
 KAY: [joining IKE in front of the chart] Not really, do you? 1035

IKE: I'd like to, I'd really like to.

They stand side by side, a few feet apart, staring at the chart.

If Stagg's right, the landing craft will capsize. Fifty, sixty, seventy thousand men will drown before they even get to the beaches. Not exaggerating, Kay, these are fair-weather vessels, they don't even have a keel, and some of them are twenty years old. If the cloud is low, the airborne won't know where to land, bombers won't see their targets, civilians will be killed. The weather has got to be good ... And we have no back-up. 1040

I don't know if it's positive thinking or foolishness, but we have no Plan B. 1045

Another silence. KAY pulls a chair over to IKE.

KAY: Sit.

IKE is obedient and sits.

IKE: How is your knee? 1050
[shrugging] It's just a knee.

KAY pulls another chair over and places it beside IKE's. She sits next to him. IKE checks his watch.

KAY: How long?

IKE: Three minutes. 1055

Their hands hang loosely between the two chairs. They sit in silence for a moment, then almost tentatively, IKE takes KAY's hand. They sit in silence for a moment.

I have a surprise for us. As rare as nylons.

IKE reaches into his pocket and takes out ... an orange. 1060

KAY: An orange! How smashing!!

She takes it from IKE and smells it.

Mmmmmmm! Where did you get it?

IKE: A secret admirer.

KAY: You can have as many admirers as you like if they bring you oranges. 1065

KAY starts to peel the orange. Silence, then IKE continues to unburden himself of the day's problems.

IKE: Rommel ... has doubled his beach defences in Normandy ... Why now? Why not in Calais? Why the specific stretch of sand where we want to land? It cannot be a coincidence. He knows, Kay. [Needing an answer.] Do you think they're waiting for us? 1070

KAY: Do you?

Silence. Eventually:

IKE: [truthful] I don't know. I really don't know. Sixteen months we've kept this secret. 1075

KAY has peeled the orange. Her hands are covered in juice. She holds up a large segment in front of IKE's mouth. IKE opens his mouth. KAY pops the segment in. She pops one into her own mouth too. 1080

KAY: That is ... so ...
 Mmmmmmmm! Mmm! Mmm!
 IKE: Delicious! Oh, wow!
 KAY: That is the best ... orange ... I have ever ...

She feeds them both another segment – and another. They eat in silence for a while, relishing the heavenly taste. 1085

IKE: We need a full moon, and dry beaches at low tide for half an hour after touchdown. Those conditions only exist on the 5th. I can't bring D-Day forward, I can't delay it, and Staggs tells me we should expect force-seven gales on Monday. We're trapped. When did a coach ever rely on one play to win a match? 1090

KAY hands IKE a handkerchief. He wipes orange juice off his chin.

The ship's hooter sounds again. A solitary aircraft passes overhead. 1095

KAY: And Winston wants to watch the invasion from *HMS Belfast*.
 Really?
 IKE: Can you believe that? I said to him, 'I cannot sanction you taking that risk.' He said, 'As a Minister of Defence I have a duty to take part.' 'Bull!' I said. He said, 'I will circumvent your authority and go as a crew member.' Winston Churchill! A member of the crew?! 'Dammit!' I said, 'It's D-Day minus three, haven't I got enough on my plate without having to worry about the Prime Minister's safety?' 1100

KAY: What will you do? 1105

IKE: Done it. I mentioned Winston's plan to the King.

KAY: What did he say?

IKE: The King sent a handwritten letter from Buckingham Palace to Ten Downing Street, saying that of course, as King, he would never interfere in the affairs of the Prime Minister, however, should the PM carry out his intentions, then as King, he would likewise feel obliged to witness the invasion as titular head of Britain's armed forces. 1110

KAY: You are very brilliant!

IKE: Winston read the letter and told me he was bitterly disappointed and resentful. He said to me: 'If I do defer, which I assure you is by no means certain, I will be deferring to the Crown, not to you, General Eisenhower.'

KAY: He won't go. He can't risk the King's life.

IKE looks at his watch. 1120

- IKE: Time's up. More than up.
- IKE gets up. His knee gives way for a step or two towards the door, but then recovers. He unlocks the door and pockets the key. His hand is on the doorknob, he's about to leave, but he stops. Throughout the next speech he's facing the door, not KAY.* 1125
- [Difficult to say, hesitant.] Kay ...*
- I don't know what I'd do without you ... truly I don't ... you work ... so hard ... you are so ... special to me ... if we win this war ... and History gives me some of the credit ... it will be in no small measure down to you. 1130
- IKE opens the door and leaves. The tears well up in KAY's eyes. She looks around for something to do. She pushes the two chairs back against a wall. The door opens. STAGG returns. STAGG and KAY look at each other in silence. The silence is broken by one of the phones ringing. STAGG picks it up.* 1135
- STAGG: Yes ... yes ... one moment ...
- STAGG mimes to KAY to take dictation from him. KAY finds paper and pencil.*
- [Dictating.] 42.3 north. 15.4 west. Pressure sea level: 1029 millibars.* 1140
- KAY: M?
- STAGG: M for ... Methuselah.
- KAY: *[a glimmer of a smile]* Methuselah?
- STAGG: Barometric change: plus 10. 1145
- Tendency: Rising.
- Wind Speed: 3 knots.
- Direction: South-west.
- Temperature: 78 degrees.
- [Into phone.] Thank you.*
- STAGG puts down the phone. KAY gives him the dictated information. STAGG reads it, takes a red crayon and goes to the weather chart.* 1150
- He adjusts the curve of an isobar on the map north-east of the Azores. He draws a new red curve [visible to the audience] which stretches further to the north-east, towards the English Channel.* 1155
- KAY: What do the figures mean?
- STAGG doesn't answer.*
- Can you explain the figures to me?
- Still no answer. STAGG concentrates on the chart.*
- Dr Stagg! I suspect you don't have much time for the English, but I'm not English, I'm Irish. We're both Celts, so don't take your prejudice out on me. 1160

- STAGG: I'm not in the slightest bit prejudiced.
- STAGG *is still looking at the map.*
- KAY: What does the red curve mean? 1165
- STAGG *answers KAY's original question.*
- STAGG: We have a British weather ship north-east of the Azores. This is their latest reading. All the thin lines are isobars. Measurements of barometric pressure.
- STAGG *points to the barometer on the wall.* 1170
- No different from that barometer on the wall. The red curve is Colonel Krick's finger of high pressure pushing north-eastward towards the English Channel ... as he predicted.
- KAY: So the weather will be good on Monday?
- STAGG: I don't believe so. You can never be certain, but I don't believe he's right. It does surprise me that the curve is so pronounced. 1175
- 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?! I wanna know now. Was the forecast you gave us the view of American *and* British forecasters? 1180
- STAGG *is silent. IKE is striding round the room, limping heavily.*
- STAGG: Answer the damn question!
- IKE: It was the view of the Allied Meteorological Unit. 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 summmer's day on Monday. 1185
- 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. 1190
- The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST appears in the doorway.*
- Not now, dammit!
- The METEOROLOGIST looks uncertain ...*
- Get out!!
- NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: Sir. 1195
- The METEOROLOGIST hurries out.*
- STAGG: If you feel you can put greater trust in Colonel Krick ...
- IKE: You think I'm a damn child, Stagg?
- STAGG: I didn't think uncertainty would be useful.
- IKE: Uncertainty! 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? 1200

STAGG *is silent.*

Listen, fella, you are gonna explain to me what that damn chart means and why I should trust you and not one of the unsung American heroes of this war. Why is Krick wrong? 1205

No answer.

Why!

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

IKE: Answer the question! 1210

STAGG *hesitates, then:*

STAGG: Colonel Krick ... has been lucky.

IKE: Good, I like luck, don't you? Why lucky?

STAGG: [*nervous but strong*] Lucky because the weather systems when he made his forecasts were stable, so his analogous charts fitted conveniently. When patterns are predictable, charts from the past can be useful. 1215

IKE: Damn right they're useful. In North Africa, he never made a mistake.

STAGG: Of course he didn't. He only forecasts if he's absolutely certain and in Morocco and Algeria in the summer, he was as safe as houses. This is northern Europe, sir. Look at the chart: one, two, three, four, five storms which could, at any moment, erupt into terrible violence over the British Isles. 1220

IKE: [*pointing at the chart*] Why is that curve red? 1225

STAGG: It's a more recent reading.

IKE: What does it mean?

STAGG: It means ...

STAGG *trails off.* IKE *pounces.*

IKE: I can't hear ya, soldier. 1230

STAGG: It means that high pressure from the Azores is pushing north-eastwards.

IKE: As Colonel Krick predicted it would. High pressure means good weather? Right?

STAGG: Usually. Not always. 1235

IKE: In this case?

STAGG: The weather within the red curve would be calm, yes.

The phone rings. STAGG lets it ring.

IKE: Go ahead, answer it.

STAGG: [*answering the phone*] Staggy ... thank you ... 1240

He picks up a pen and jots down a message.

46.5 north. 12.3 west ... 1028 ... thank you.

He puts down the phone.

IKE: Interesting?

STAGG: I'll adjust it later. 1245

IKE: Do it now, I'm fascinated.

STAGG *freezes.*

[*Steely.*] Do it – *now.*

STAGG *takes his red crayon to the chart. His back hides what he's drawing. When he's finished, he steps away. A second red curve of high pressure, i.e. calm weather, stretches from the Azores even further north-east. Even nearer the English Channel.* 1250

Krick's good weather is on the move. Am I right?

STAGG: Weather is always on the move.

IKE: And moving in the right direction, as he predicted. 1255

STAGG: These are readings from one weather ship. Because of stormy seas, new readings from the Atlantic will take longer to come through.

IKE: When's the next chart due?

STAGG: One o'clock, tomorrow morning. 1260

IKE: That should clarify things?

STAGG: I hope so.

IKE: One of you is right.

STAGG: Yes, sir.

IKE: Before this game kicked off, it was decided the Chief Meteorological Officer should be British. 1265

STAGG: So your hands are tied?

IKE: There's no question of Krick taking over, but you know as well as I do that Allied unity is essential.

Short silence. IKE walks to the chart and stares at the mass of curves, lines and figures. 1270

STAGG: Sir ...

IKE *turns back to* STAGG.

British weather is uniquely complex and erratic.

IKE: I wouldn't want to book a holiday in advance. 1275

STAGG: I lived for two years on a weather ship off the west coast of Scotland. I witnessed winds of one hundred and thirty miles per hour, summer temperatures of ninety degrees, I measured a wave of sixty feet between the Isle of Arran and the Ayrshire coast. It's a climate of surprises ... of twists and turns ... you have to sense the rise and fall on the hall barometer before the arrow even moves. It's a science governed by instinct and experience as much as formulae. You'll have to trust that my instincts are good. 1280

Silence. 1285

IKE: You know Ayrshire well?

STAGG: I do.

IKE: You know Culzean Castle?

STAGG: Very well.

IKE: You ever watched the geese flying in from the west? 1290

STAGG: Often.

IKE: What a sound. Primeval. Fundamental.

- STAGG: It's a sound I'd welcome on my deathbed. Geese will tell you as much as a barometer. 'When the geese pass over Kintyre, bring in the peats, stock up the fire.' 1295
- Long moment. IKE walks up close to STAGG.*
- IKE: If there is divergence, I want to know. Is that clear?
- STAGG *doesn't answer.*
- [*Frightening intensity.*] Is – that – clear?
- STAGG: Dr Stagg? 1300
Aye, it is.
- IKE leaves. Silence. STAGG thinking, KAY watching STAGG. A phone rings. STAGG answers it.*
- STAGG: [*on phone*] ... Stagg ... Yes ...
- A second phone rings.* 1305
- 50.5 north ...
- STAGG *gestures to KAY. She grabs paper and pencil and answers the second phone.*
- KAY: [*on phone*] Lieutenant Summersby ... yes ... yes ...
- STAGG: [*on phone*] ... 32.7 west ... 1310
- KAY: [*on phone*] I'll pass that on to him ...
- STAGG *glances at KAY, a flicker of interest, nothing more.*
- STAGG: [*on phone*] 1016 ...
- KAY: [*on phone*] No.
- STAGG: [*on phone*] 1010 ... 1315
- KAY: [*on phone*] Dr Forbes? ...
- For STAGG, the name of the doctor is like an electric shock. His attention instantly switches to KAY's call. He gestures to her, mouthing the words: 'I want to speak to him.'
- Yes I will ... yes ... yes ... 1320
- STAGG *realises he hasn't heard his caller's last figures.*
- STAGG: [*on phone*] I beg your pardon, could you repeat that ...
- KAY: [*on phone*] Where is she ...?
- STAGG: [*on phone*] 2 knots ...
- KAY: [*on phone*] I see. Can we contact her? ... 1325
- STAGG: [*on phone*] 2 knots rising ... aye ...
- KAY: [*on phone*] That seems excessive ...
- STAGG: [*on phone*] I'm sorry, could you ... repeat ... 4 knots, thank you ...
- STAGG *struggles to focus on his call. He looks pale, frightened.*

KAY: [on phone] Surely you can give me a telephone number? ... 1330
 STAGG: [on phone] 998 ...
 KAY: [on phone] It's a hospital, not Ten Downing Street!
 STAGG: [on phone] 1001, aye ...
 KAY: [on phone] Well, please let us know, as soon as you hear anything
 ... I'd be grateful ... 1335

STAGG *gesticulates for KAY to keep the call going – too late.*

Thank you ... goodbye.

She puts the phone down, STAGG's call trickles on. KAY waits for it to end.

STAGG: [on phone] North-north-east ... 3 knots ... 1010, east-south-east 1340
 2 knots rising ... thank you. Goodbye.

STAGG is repeating the figures but failing to write them down. The call ends. He looks at KAY desperately.

KAY: Your wife left a message with the Met Office in London ... Your 1345
 baby's on the way.
 STAGG: I knew this would happen.
 KAY: She's on her way to hospital.
 STAGG: Which one?
 KAY: Southampton General.
 STAGG: [extremely anxious] I need to talk to her. Did they give you a 1350
 contact number?
 KAY: I'm afraid 'security' blocked it.
 STAGG: I need to see her.
 KAY: She'll be in safe hands.
 STAGG: What did they say about Dr Forbes? 1355
 KAY: He's been informed.
 STAGG: I need to speak to him, there must be a way of contacting the
 hospital, I may have his telephone number.

He hurries to his suitcase and opens it.

KAY: You won't be able to call him, Dr Stagg. 1360

STAGG is rummaging through his case.

STAGG: Trunk calls are forbidden. They're going to leave a message with
 the Met Office as soon as there are any developments.
 Dr Forbes has all the information about our son Peter's birth ... 1365
 it was not straightforward ... not at all straightforward ... did they
 say how long Liz had been in labour?
 KAY: She'll be fine.
 STAGG: You know *nothing* about it! There is no certainty she will be fine,
 none whatsoever!

*STAGG looks distraught. The phone rings again. STAGG appears 1370
 paralysed. KAY has to answer it.*

KAY: [on phone] Thank you ... 54.2 north ... 28.6 west ... 1014 ...

The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST enters. He holds out papers for STAGG.

NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: New weather ship signals, sir. 1375

STAGG looks at the METEOROLOGIST blankly, as ... a second phone rings. KAY covers her receiver with her hand.

KAY: Dr Stagg!

Eventually, STAGG picks up the phone, his hand is trembling. The following dialogue overlaps. 1380

STAGG: [on phone] Stagg ...

KAY: Rising ...

STAGG: 44.3 north ...

KAY: South-south-west ...

The NAVAL METEOROLOGIST places the papers on STAGG's table, as the third phone rings. 1385

STAGG: 18.5 west ...

KAY: 3 knots ...

KAY points at the third phone. The METEOROLOGIST picks up the phone. 1390

STAGG: 1016 ...

KAY: Drizzle and fog ...

NAVAL METEOROLOGIST: [on phone] This is Group Captain Stagg's Office ...

STAGG: West-south-west 3 knots ...

KAY: Visibility, poor ...

STAGG: Visibility, good ...

1395

The phone calls continue as the lights fade.

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