

**ALYSON MOSS SIDE**

Edited from pgs. 52 - 54. To be read as a monologue. The italicized dialogue is for context only.

MOSS

Nothing about serving my country. Working for a higher cause. Learning a skill. Acquiring experience. Getting away from home. Getting equal pay for equal work. No, no, none of that. The reason I joined the Marines is because I'm a lesbian looking for a girlfriend!

Get your head out of your crotch, Russo. Look up and see the light.

*I heard you were a ball buster.*

Right. I'm a ball buster. I'm a lesbian, a bitch and a whore. I heard all that in boot camp. I've heard it all before! I've been here before! And you're a murderer.

*How's that?*

*(pause)* I was in Mortuary Affairs. I did the paperwork on McAlister. He went into a port-a-john with his rifle and blew his head off. You didn't hear about that? You didn't?

*...Maybe I heard something...*

I read his suicide note. He said he knew he wasn't good enough, that he was a shit bag Marine and he couldn't take it anymore. You drove a fat guy who couldn't run very fast to kill himself. Good for you.

*We're warriors. We put our lives on the line. We don't go into the shit can and shoot ourselves in the head because we got yelled at.*

He wanted to be up to it.

*But he wasn't. The Corps has standards. Why'd they accept him in the first place?*

Maybe he would have learned to run faster in time.

*What do you think this is? Camp Self Improvement? The rules are the rules. The rules are what make us Marines.*

They bend and twist the rules all the time when it suits their purpose. I'm not supposed to be in combat on the ground, but they need me so they send me in. And then, I'm in a fire fight they pretend I wasn't there.

*I thought we were talking about McAlister.*