

WHITAKER. How do you know?

SAM. She just looks like she has something to say.

WHITAKER. She's fourteen months old, what could she have to say?

KAFFEE. We've got a pool going if you want to get in on it. Ten bucks. Pick a word off the grid.

WHITAKER. What's left?

KAFFEE. Rosebud.

JO. Captain, with all due respect -

WHITAKER. Let's get started. Danny, Commander Galloway's here 'cause you've been detailed by Division.

*(“Oooh’s” and “Ahhh’s” from the other LAWYERS.)*

KAFFEE. Detailed to do what?

WHITAKER. Detailed to handle this.

*(WHITAKER hands him some files.)*

Everybody listen up: Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. A Marine PFC named William Santiago writes a letter claiming he knows the name of a Marine on the base who illegally fired a round from his weapon over the fenceline. Santiago ends the letter by saying he wants a transfer off the base in exchange for the identity of the Marine.

KAFFEE. What's a fenceline?

WHITAKER. Sam?

SAM. A big wall separating the good guys from the bad guys.

KAFFEE. Okay.

WHITAKER. The man who fired over the fenceline was Santiago's squad leader, Lance Corporal Harold Dawson. The fenceline shooting, however, is completely beside the point.

KAFFEE. What's the point?

WHITAKER. Santiago's dead.

SAM. What happened?

WHITAKER. Dawson and another member of the squad, PFC Louden Downey, went into Santiago's room, tied his hands and feet and stuck a rag into his mouth. The doctor said the rag must have been treated with some kind of toxin.

KAFFEE. They poisoned the rag?

WHITAKER. Not according to them.

KAFFEE. What do they say?

WHITAKER. Not much. They're being brought up here tomorrow morning. Thursday at oh-six-hundred you'll catch a transport down to Cuba for the day to find out what you can. Commander Galloway's gonna fill you in on the rest. Any questions so far?

KAFFEE. Was that oh-six-hundred in the morning, sir?

WHITAKER. Division wants me to assign back-up. Any volunteers?

SAM. No.

WHITAKER. Sam.

SAM. Sir, I have a pile of work on my desk that –

WHITAKER. Work with Kaffee on this.

SAM. Doing what?

WHITAKER. Various administrative...you know...things. Back up. Whatever.

SAM. In other words I have no responsibilities whatsoever.

WHITAKER. Right.

SAM. My kinda case.

JO. Lt. Kaffee, how long have you been in the Navy?

KAFFEE. I'm sorry?

JO. How long have you been in the Navy?

KAFFEE. Going on nine months now.

JO. Have you ever been in a courtroom?

KAFFEE. I once had my driver's license suspended.

JO. Alright. Captain this is absurd –

WHITAKER. Danny. Commander, if this thing ever went to court, those Marines wouldn't need a lawyer, they'd need a priest.