

JO. Yes sir.

WHITAKER. I hate internal affairs.

JO. Yes sir.

WHITAKER. And you're a woman.

JO. Yes sir.

WHITAKER. Well that's all right.

JO. Thank you, sir.

WHITAKER. You were the one who recycled those 14 B Misdemeanors last winter.

JO. That may have been me.

WHITAKER. 14 B Misdemeanors. Drunk and Disorderlies. We had 'em closed.

JO. No sir, you didn't. The blue copies of the charge sheets weren't filed to Division with the IC-1.

WHITAKER. *(pause)* Who gives a shit??!!

JO. My boss, the Judge Advocate General.

WHITAKER. He doesn't care any more than I do, it was *you*.

JO. There are rules, sir, I'm sure you understand.

WHITAKER. You had my guys working Christmas day, filling out charge sheets in long hand. Christmas day, Commander.

JO. It was in the interest of justice, sir.

WHITAKER. Okay, are you here to bother anybody?

JO. Absolutely not. No, sir. Not at all. Only if necessary.

WHITAKER. What can I do for you?

JO. Two prisoners are being held in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. They pleaded guilty to Murder 2, Conspiracy to Commit, and Conduct Unbecoming. Over the weekend, I petitioned Captain Bronsky to deny the guilty pleas, and to order the prisoners moved here to Washington to be assigned council.

WHITAKER. What was the problem with the guilty pleas? Somebody mis-spell Conspiracy?

JO. No sir, but the prisoners confessed to murder at three o'clock in the morning during a twenty minute interview at which neither had an attorney.

WHITAKER. So Bronsky's bringing 'em up to Washington.

JO. You'll be receiving a memo from Division instructing you to assign an attorney from your department. Which brings me to why I'm here.

WHITAKER. Yes.

JO. I'd like a favor.

WHITAKER. Good luck to you.

JO. Thank you.

WHITAKER. What's the favor?

JO. Tell Division you want to assign a lawyer *outside* your department.

WHITAKER. Why?

JO. Because I'm a lawyer outside your department.

WHITAKER. And don't think I'm not grateful.

JO. I've brought a letter of recommendation from Captain Bronsky.

WHITAKER. You're an investigator, why do you want to get mixed up in grunt work.

JO. I don't consider it grunt work, sir.

WHITAKER. It's a five minute plea bargain and a week of paperwork.

JO. I'd look forward to it with relish, sir.

WHITAKER. And can I ask, do you always talk as if your dialogue was written by someone who's not very good at it?

JO. I'm sorry if my over-eagerness is grating.

WHITAKER. It's not, it's endearing. You could have a career as a cartoon squirrel.

JO. I want to make sure this is handled properly.

WHITAKER. Have you done litigation before?

JO. My first year with the JAG Corps.

WHITAKER. How many cases did you handle?

JO. Altogether?

WHITAKER. Yes.

JO. Six.

JO. I do know you. And I know who your father was. And I know you went to Harvard Law on a Navy scholarship and that you're probably just treading water for the three years you've gotta serve, just kinda laying low till you can get out and get a real job. And if that's the case, that's fine, I won't tell anyone. But my feeling is that if this case is handled in the fast-food, slick-ass, Persian Bazaar manner with which you seem to handle everything else, something's gonna get missed. And I wouldn't be doing my job if I allowed Dawson and Downey to spend anymore time in jail than absolutely necessary because their attorney had pre-determined the path of least resistance.

KAFFEE. (*pause*) I may be picking the wrong time to ask you this but are you seeing anyone right now? – 'cause I think you and I would be perfect together. It's clear that you respect me and that's the foundation for any solid—

JO. Shut up.

KAFFEE. Yes ma'am.

JO. I don't think your clients murdered anybody.

KAFFEE. Well, we're gonna have to take their word for it, don't you think?

JO. I mean I don't think there was any intent.

KAFFEE. The doctor's report says Santiago died of asphyxiation brought on by acute lactic acidosis, and that the nature of the acidosis strongly suggests poisoning. I don't know what most of that means, but it sounds pretty bad.

JO. The doctor's wrong.

KAFFEE. That's a relief. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to use the Liar, Liar, Pants on Fire defense.

JO. Kaffee —

KAFFEE. Look, rest assured, I'm completely on top of the situation with Dawson and Donnelly.

JO. Downey.

KAFFEE. Then maybe you should drink a little.

JO. We go to Randolph. Right now. We get a 24 hour continuance.

KAFFEE. Why would we do that?

JO. To subpoena Colonel Jessep.

KAFFEE. *(pause)* What?

JO. Listen for a second –

KAFFEE. No.

JO. Just hear me out –

KAFFEE. No. I won't listen to you and I won't hear you out. Your passion is compelling, Jo. It's also useless. 'Cause Louden Downey needed a trial lawyer today.

JO. You walk away from this now, you have sealed their fate.

KAFFEE. Their fate was sealed the moment Santiago died.

JO. You have to call Jessep.

KAFFEE. I don't have to do shit.

JO. Why did you ask for the transfer order?

KAFFEE. *(beat)* What are you –

JO. In Cuba. Why did you ask for the transfer order. Why did you ask nicely.

KAFFEE. What does it matter why I –

JO. Why?!

KAFFEE. I wanted the damn transfer order!

JO. Bullshit! You could've gotten it by calling any one of a dozen departments at the Pentagon. You didn't want the transfer order. You wanted to see Jessep's reaction when you asked for it. You had an instinct, and it was confirmed by Markinson. Now dammit, let's put Jessep on the stand and end this thing.

KAFFEE. What possible good will come from putting Jessep on the stand?

JO. He told Kendrick to order the code red.

KAFFEE. He did? Why didn't you say so. I assume you've got proof. No, wait, I forgot, you were sick the day they taught law at law school.