

DAWSON. I, Lance Corporal Harold W. Dawson, have been informed by Special Agent R.C. McGuire of the Naval Investigative Service, that I am suspected of Murder, Conspiracy to Commit Murder, and Conduct Unbecoming a United States Marine in the matter of Private First Class William T. Santiago. I have also been advised that I have the right to remain silent and make no statement at all.

DOWNEY. Any statement I do make can be used against me in a trial by court-martial or other judicial or administrative proceeding. I have the right to consult with a lawyer prior to further questioning.

DAWSON. I am presently assigned to Rifle Security Company Windward, Second Platoon Delta, NAVBASE, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

DOWNEY. I am a PFC in the United States Marine Corps assigned to Marine Rifle Security Company Windward, Second Platoon Delta. I will have been in the Marine Corps ten months as of August.

DAWSON. I entered Private Santiago's barracks room on the evening of 6 July, at or about 23:50. I was accompanied by PFC Loudon Downey.

DOWNEY. I was accompanied by my squad leader, Lance Corporal Harold W. Dawson.

DAWSON. We tied his hands and feet with rope.

DOWNEY. We tied Private Santiago's hands and feet with rope and we forced a piece of cloth into his mouth.

DAWSON. We placed duct tape over his eyes and mouth.

DOWNEY. I have read this two page statement that Special Agent McGuire has prepared for me at my request, as we discussed its content. I have been allowed to make all changes and corrections, initializing those changes and corrections.

WHITAKER. Kids –

KAFFEE. Excuse me, sir. Ma'am, do you have some sort of jurisdiction here that I should know about?

JO. I'm special counsel for internal affairs, Lieutenant, my jurisdiction's pretty much in your face. Read the letters. *(to WHITAKER)* Thank you for the time, Captain.

WHITAKER. You're not leaving already, are you?

JO. Yes sir. I need to audit the paper work on an engineer who was found littering in the admiral's tulip garden. Someone may have forgotten to dot a few "i"s.

(JO exits.)

KAFFEE. Hey, Sam, I think she was talkin' about you.

SAM. You think?

WHITAKER. The two of you, don't get cute down there. The Marines in Guantanamo are fanatical.

KAFFEE. About what?

SANTIAGO. *Dear Sir,*

WHITAKER. About being Marines.

(Lights up on SANTIAGO.)

SANTIAGO. My name is PFC William T. Santiago. I am a Marine stationed at Marine Barracks, Windward, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. I am writing to inform you of my problems and to ask for your help. I have been mistreated since the very first day I arrived. I've been punished for passing out on runs when the doctor says I just have heat exhaustion. This is just one incident of mistreatment and I could say many more but I do not want to take more of your time than I am allowed to. I've written many letters and gotten no response back so I must try something else. I know of an illegal fence line shooting that took place four nights ago. A member of my unit illegally discharged his weapon into Cuban territory. I will give his name in exchange for a transfer. I ask you to help me. Please, sir, I just need to be transferred out of RSC.