Kaffee/Jo/Sam

JO. No, they'd need a lawyer.

KAFFEE. Isaac, I'd like to say for the record that this is the least fun I've ever had at one of your staff meetings.

WHITAKER. *(to* **JO***)* Lt. Kaffee's generally considered one of the best litigators in our office. He's successfully plea bargained 44 cases in less than a year.

KAFFEE. One more and I get a set of steak knives.

*(***JO** *takes a large file out of her briefcase and hands it to*

Start Here

JO. One of the people you'll be talking to down there is the barracks C.O., Colonel Nathan Jessep, I assume you've heard of him.

KAFFEE. *(pause)* Sam?

SAM. He's been in the papers lately. He's expected to be appointed Director of Operations for the NSC. Golden boy of the Corps. Very big inside the DOD.

KAFFEE. How does somebody get very big inside the DOD? Is he touring, did he cut an album?

*(***JO** *hands* **KAFFEE** *a stack of letters.)*

JO. On top is an inventory of Santiago's foot locker on the night he died. Four pairs of camouflage pants, three long sleeve khaki shirts, three short sleeve khaki shirts, three pairs of boots, four pairs of green socks, four pairs of black socks –

KAFFEE. Commander?

JO. Yes.

KAFFEE. I'm not sure that socks and underwear are gonna figure too heavily into this defense.

JO. I'm saying we need to get his personal belongings to his family after they've cleared evidence.

KAFFEE. Sam, you're in charge of socks and underwear.

SAM. So it's a good thing I went to school for 21 years.

JO. *(ignoring)* These are letters that Santiago wrote in his eight months at GITMO –

SAM. *(to* **KAFFEE***)* Guantanamo Bay.

KAFFEE. I knew that one.

JO. He wrote to his recruiter, HQ Atlantic, the Commandant of the Marine Corps, even his senator. He wanted to be transferred off the base. Nobody was listening. You with me?

KAFFEE. Yes.

JO. Finally he wrote this letter –

(She hands it to **KAFFEE,** *who hands it to* **SAM.***)*

– where he offered information about Corporal Dawson's fenceline shooting in exchange for a transfer. This letter is the only physical evidence establishing a motive for Dawson to kill Santiago.

KAFFEE. Gotcha.

(beat)

And Santiago is who?

JO. *(beat)* The victim.

KAFFEE. *(to* **SAM***)* Write that down. *(to* **JO***)* Am I right in assuming these letters don't paint a flattering picture of Santiago's treatment by the Marine Corps?

JO. Yes, among other–

KAFFEE. And am I also right in assuming that a protracted investigation of the incident might cause some embarrassment for Sinatra?

JO. Who?

KAFFEE. The Base Commander, the guy who's hot at the Pentagon.

JO. Colonel Jessep, yes, but the point –

KAFFEE. Twelve years.

JO. I'm sorry?

KAFFEE. I'll get it knocked down to Involuntary Manslaughter. Twelve years. They'll probably be home in seven.

JO. You haven't talked to a witness or looked at a piece of paper.

KAFFEE. Pretty impressive.

JO. Either that or criminally stupid. Which do you guess I'm thinking it is right now?

Stop