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DAWSON, DOWNEY

→ 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.

DAWSON. These statements are true and factual to the best of my knowledge.

*(Lights up on KAFFEE's office.)*

*(SAM is entering. KAFFEE's in a hurry.)*

SAM. Danny -

KAFFEE. I'm late.

SAM. You know what I just saw?

KAFFEE. No, but I'm genuinely late.

SAM. There's a lady lawyer from internal affairs wandering around the hallway.

KAFFEE. What's she doing?

SAM. I don't know.

KAFFEE. Is she stealing things?

SAM. No.

KAFFEE. Tell me why I care.

SAM. Ordinarily, when internal affairs sends a lawyer around to talk to the lawyers, it means someone's screwed up.

KAFFEE. Do you think it's you?

SAM. No.

KAFFEE. Have you done anything wrong?

SAM. No.

KAFFEE. You sure?

SAM. Yes I'm sure. I think so. I don't know, I've been very tired lately. Look, do me a favor, would you?

KAFFEE. Sure.

SAM. If she talks to you, if she mentions anything about DeMattis -

KAFFEE. Who?

SAM. DeMattis. The engineer. Remember, my guy who was littering in the admiral's tulip garden. I may have cut a few corners. Would you cover me?

KAFFEE. Sure.

SAM. Yeah?