

#3

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 fenceline 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.

---