

SAM,  
KAFFEE  
AND JO

KAFFEE. Yeah.

*(stands)* They're not guilty.*(silence)*

RANDOLPH. Enter a plea of not-guilty for the defendants. We'll adjourn until ten-hundred, one week from today, at which time this court will re-convene as a general court-martial. I'll see counsel in my chambers. Now.

*(RANDOLPH raps his gavel and stands.)*

SERGEANT AT ARMS. Ten-hut.

*(The M.P.'s lead DAWSON and DOWNEY out. KAFFEE stops them.)*

KAFFEE. Say, boys?

DOWNEY. Yes sir.

KAFFEE. Don't look at me and say "Yes sir" like I just asked you if you cleaned the latrine. You're not in the Marines right now, you're in jail. Get some rest and don't speak to anyone but the three of us. They're dismissed.

*(The M.P.'s take DAWSON and DOWNEY off. The room's empty except for the three lawyers. JO and SAM have been standing in a state of shock.)*

SAM. Danny —

KAFFEE. They were following an order.

SAM. An illegal order.

KAFFEE. You think these guys know what an illegal order is? I don't know what an illegal order is.

SAM. Any decent human being would've known you don't —

KAFFEE. They're not permitted to question orders. Period.

SAM. Then what's the secret? What are the magic words? I give orders every day and *nobody* follows them!

KAFFEE. We work where there are softball games and marching bands. They work where you gotta wear camouflage or you might get shot.

*(And now KAFFEE can no longer stand the fact that JO's been staring at him and smiling.)*

What are you lookin' at?

JO. What made you change your mind?

KAFFEE. Not you.

SAM. The law says you can't do what they did, it's as simple as that.

KAFFEE. It's not as simple as that. We're defense counsel, we position the truth, what'd they teach you.

SAM. To tell the truth, not position it.

KAFFEE. They taught you wrong.

JO. We're wasting time.

KAFFEE. Hey kitten? I'll decide how time is spent and how it's wasted. You got a problem with that, Downey can stand separate trial.

JO. You're still an asshole, you know.

KAFFEE. We'll work at my place every night, seven o'clock. Jo, before you come over tonight, pick up a carton of legal pads, a half dozen boxes of red pens, a half-dozen boxes of blue pens. Sam, get a couple of card tables and some desk lamps. I'm gonna start on the medical profile and I'll need the pro-con reports on Dawson, Downey and Santiago.

JO. I'll get them.

KAFFEE. Sam, you're gonna prepare Dawson. Razor-sharp order taker. Stepford Marine.

SAM. Okay.

KAFFEE. (to JO) Work with Downey two hours a day. Get him to stop squinting when he talks, he looks shifty.

(KAFFEE starts to head for the door.)

All I've got at my place is Yoo-Hoo and Sugar Smacks, so bring whatever you want. And don't wear that perfume, it wrecks my concentration.

JO. Really?

KAFFEE. I was talking to Sam.

(JO and SAM exit. KAFFEE's left alone.)

(pause) So this is what a courtroom looks like.

(blackout)

End of Act I