

Lawyer/Military Officer Scene:

Setting: the foyer of the court house. Glenn CHARLES, an attorney is leaving, case in hand. Cpt. PHILLIPS approaches him and stops him.

PHILLIPS: Charles? Glenn Charles?

CHARLES: Yes.

PHILLIPS: You're representing PFC Fisher, right? In there?

CHARLES: And you are...?

PHILLIPS: Cpt. Phillips. I'm the boy's C.O. How's it going in there?

CHARLES: Not good. He was caught with a large cache of drugs in the car he was driving. Not to mention the fact that there was a murder involved. And you know what really doesn't help? He's not likable. I mean not even by me and I'm his damned lawyer.

PHILLIPS: He's not a bad kid. I know him. He's just having a rough time.

CHARLES: You know what? I'll just have to take your word for that.

PHILLIPS: You don't have to like him. Just understand that he's important.

CHARLES: I can tell. That's probably why I haven't heard from his family during this. They're stunned silent by his sheer importance.

PHILLIPS: What is your problem, Charles?

CHARLES: I thought I made it pretty clear. He's an ass, he was found speeding in a car-

PHILLIPS: Someone else's car-

CHARLES: -with a military issue weapon and enough drugs in the trunk to start a small gang, driving away from a murder scene, then he gave me attitude. A lot of attitude.

PHILLIPS: He obviously doesn't respect you. Let me talk to him, set him straight. I can guarantee he'll cooperate after I have five minutes with him.

CHARLES: Why is this kid so important to you?

PHILLIPS: He's one of the kids that we're shipping out to Afghanistan. The platoon needs him. Every one of those boys is important to me. If you had ever served, you'd understand that.

CHARLES: Wow. So you need me to get him out of jail as soon as possible so you can send him to get killed. That's the plan, huh?

(Beat)

PHILLIPS (firm, trying to contain himself): Look, Mr. Charles, you don't have to like him. You don't have to like me. You don't have to agree with the politics of what we have been ordered to do. What you have to do is get that boy out with the greatest possible expedience, so the other men that you have witty wise cracks about *don't* die. (Direct) Can you understand that?

CHARLES: Oh, I get it. It's the greater good. Support our troupes by sending this one to fight with those other ones against that other group. Can I offer another perspective?

I don't have to like you or him or what you are ordered to do. What I have is a responsibility. And it's to that kid in there, not his team or your cause or any greater good. I have a responsibility because I believe he's both innocent and hiding something. Now if you can loosen that out of him, that's great, but if you ever feel the need to come here and remind me he's needed to risk his life, might I suggest you save your gas?

(Beat)

PHILLIPS: You know what? I can see why he doesn't respect you.

CHARLES: That your best shot?

PHILLIPS: I'll talk to him. Just do me a favor and don't be there when I do. It wouldn't help either of us if my elbow accidentally slipped off the table into your smug face.

END