Audition Materials
A FEW GOOD MEN
By Aaron Sorkin
FMCT, Spring 2022

Director: Matthew Dryburgh
Stage Manager: Nick Schons

DIRECTIONS.

Please bring a theatrical resume and recent headshot (if you have one) to your audition with you and arrive fifteen minutes before your audition time to sign in.

In addition, please prepare a one-minute contemporary monologue of your choice and a monologue from those provided below. After you present your two monologues, the director will give you an adjustment to play with in the room.

KAFFEE MONOLOGUE ONE

Colonel, however you may feel about the value of these Code Reds or the intent of my clients, on the night of the seventh, the fact is, none of it looks very good to the outside world. Now, I can't detain you or charge you with a crime, but on a slow news day, I could sure as hell piss on your National Security Council seat. So what I'm saying is this. Why don't you let me be your attorney. I'll draft you a statement and I'll make sure you're safe. Menwhile, my guys get a break and everyone's happy.

KAFFEE MONOLOGUE TWO

I trusted you! Two guys who were about to do six months are going away for two decades between them. Because I trusted you. But that was today: that was before I talked to Ross. Did you tell Aunt Ginny about your track record? Did you tell her that you've gone into court six times in your life, and that you lost each time? Your passion is compelling, Jo. It's also useless because Louden Downey needed a trail lawyer today. Anyway. That's that.

JO

I do know you. I know you went to Harvard Law on a Navy scholarship and I know that you're probably just treading water for the three years you've gotta serve, just kinda laying low till you can get out and get a real job, and that's fine and I won't tell anyone. But my feeling is that if this case is handled in the same fast food slick-ass Persian Bazaar manner with which you seem to handle everything else, something's gonna get missed. And I wouldn't be doing my duty if I allowed Dawson and Downey to spend more hours in jail than necessary because their attorney had predetermined the path of least resistance.

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. Wednesday, May 18th, we were on a PT run. I've fallen out on runs before for several reasons, such as feeling dizzy or nauseated, and on the 18th, we were running and I'd fallen back about 20 or 30 feet going down a rocky, unstable hill. My sergeant deliberately grabbed me and pushed me down the hill. Then I saw all black and the next thing I remember is hitting the deck. I was brought to the hospital where I was told I just had heat exhaustion and was explained to by the doctor that my body had trouble with the hot sun and I hyperventilate.

MARKINSON

They're giving you a lawyer. They're gonna move you up to Washington, D.C. and give you a lawyer who's gonna ask you some questions. I want you to remember something about these lawyers. They don't care about anything. They don't care about honor. Or loyalty. They don't care about the United States marine Corps. They don't even care about you. They're clowns. That's why, so help me God, they're the only ones who can save you right now. I want you boys to be smart. Talk to the lawyer.

KENDRICK

God is watching, Lance Corporal Dawson. And he helps those who help themselves. And so do I. Get your house in order, Lance Corporal. Unit, Corps, God, Country… and duty to self simply isn't part of the equation. Get your house in order, so that these men can believe in you again. Get your house in order… so that the Lord our God can look down and say "There is a United States Marine and I will stand at his side." Get your house in order… and don't let anybody ever tell you we're not at war.

ROSS

No, taking this to court would be bad for me. It'd be bad for the Marine Corps and I'd be held responsible. But you go to court, and the boys go away for thirty years. Are we *clear* on that?! We have to be clear on that. Once we go outside this room, I have to go all the way, they'll be charged with murder. And in a courtroom, you lose this case. Please, I'm the Judge Advocate and I'm telling you I don't think your guys belong in jail. But I don't get to make that decision. I represent the People. Without passion. You see? And the People have the case. If you could get me written statements from the defendants, they'd do six months. Without the statements it's seven years.

SAM

You object once to remind them his testimony hasn't been proven, but any more than that, and it looks like this great case we built was just a lot of fancy lawyer tricks. It's just the difference between paper law and trial– I'm sorry, I'm in a pissy mood.
They beat up on a weakling, and that's all they did. The rest is smoke-filled, coffee-house crap. They tortured and tormented a weaker kid. And it wasn't just that night, read the letters, it was eight months. And you know what? I'll bet it was his whole life. They beat him up, and they killed him. And why? Because he couldn't run very fast. I'm off duty now, don't ask me to be pals with these guys.

JESSEP MONOLOGUE ONE

Don't call the President. Maybe that's the wrong thing to do. Maybe we should consider this for a second. Maybe, instead of surrendering the fight because a Marine made a mistake, maybe we should train Santiago. What do you think, I'm just spit-balling, but maybe we, as officers, have a responsibility to see that the men charged with its security are trained professionals. Maybe we have that responsibility to other members of the Corps. Yes, yes, I'm certain I once read something like that. See, and now I'm trying to think about how I'd feel if some Marine got hurt or killed because a Pfc. in my command didn't know what the fuck he was doing.

JESSEP MONOLOGUE TWO

We live in a world that has walls. And those walls have to be guarded by men with guns. Who's gonna do it? You? I have a greater responsibility than you can possibly fathom. You weep for Santiago, and you curse the Marines. You have that luxury. The luxury of the blind. The luxury of not knowing what I know: That Santiago's death, while tragic, probably saved lives. And my existence, while grotesque and incomprehensible to you…saves lives. You can't handle it. Because deep down, in places you don't talk about, you want me on that wall. You need me there. We use words like honor, code loyalty. We use these words as a backbone to a life spent defending something. You use them as a punchline.