



## **A Few Good Men: You CAN'T Handle the Truth!**

Judge Randolph: \*Consider yourself in Contempt!\*

Kaffee: \*Colonel Jessep, did you order the Code Red?\*

Judge Randolph: You \*don't\* have to answer that question!

Col. Jessep: I'll answer the question!

[to Kaffee]

Col. Jessep: You want answers?

Kaffee: I think I'm entitled to.

Col. Jessep: \*You want answers?\*

Kaffee: \*I want the truth!\*

Col. Jessep: \*You can't handle the truth!\*

[pauses]

Col. Jessep: Son, 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? You, Lt. Weinburg? I have a greater responsibility than you could possibly fathom. You weep for Santiago, and you curse the Marines. You have that luxury. You have 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 don't want the truth because deep down in places you don't talk about at

**TURN OVER**

parties, you want me on that wall, you need me on that wall. We use words like honor, code, loyalty. We use these words as the backbone of a life spent defending something. You use them as a punchline. I have neither the time nor the inclination to explain myself to a man who rises and sleeps under the blanket of the very freedom that I provide, and then questions the manner in which I provide it. I would rather you just said thank you, and went on your way, Otherwise, I suggest you pick up a weapon, and stand a post. Either way, I don't give a damn what you think you are entitled to.

Kaffee: Did you order the Code Red?

Col. Jessep: I did the job I...

Kaffee: \*Did you order the Code Red?\*

Col. Jessep: \*You're Goddamn right I did!\*