

CAPTAIN MORONI: Pahoran. Chief Judge Pahoran. To the traitor Pahoran...

CHOIR: *(Softly.)*
NO. GENTLY.

CAPTAIN MORONI: *(To himself.)* Gently.
(To STENOGRAPHER ONE.)

Start again. To Pahoran, Chief Judge. There's no point pretending otherwise. We are losing this war. Our men are being killed every day. My men are dying, and their blood is on your hands, coward, enemy, traitor, because you will not give us the support that we ...

CHOIR:
NO.

CAPTAIN MORONI: *(A pause. A deep breath.)* No.
(He starts again.)

Let's start again.

STENOGRAPHER ONE: Yes sir.

CAPTAIN MORONI: Chief Judge Pahoran. My men are dying. And I need to know why we haven't received the reinforcements and supplies that we need so desperately. I have written to you, I have implored you, I implore you now... To provide us ... To provide us with...

(With rising anger.)

You people back there sit on your thrones in a state of thoughtless stupor, you knock off work at 5 o'clock, and enjoy a pleasant evening at home with your families,

CHOIR:
NO.

CAPTAIN MORONI: ... have your cocktail parties and your fancy dress balls and in the meantime my men are dying.

CHOIR:
NO.

CAPTAIN MORONI: ... they are being slaughtered, I see them lying there, my friends, my comrades...

CHOIR:
NO.

CAPTAIN MORONI: No.
(Tries again.)

I'm sorry. Start again.

STENOGRAPHER: From where, sir?

CAPTAIN MORONI: You sit on your thrones, and you do not seem to realize just how desperate our situation is here in the field. We are losing as many men to disease and to hunger as we are to the swords of our enemies, and all because you people cannot be bothered to ... Cannot be bothered to ...

CHOIR: *(Sings.)*
NO.

CAPTAIN MORONI: No.
(Tries again.)

I'm sorry. Let's go back.

STENOGRAPHER ONE: Yes sir.

CAPTAIN MORONI: All because you, my beloved brethren ... I do wish I could feel that you are our brothers in this, that you take this cause as seriously as our men in the field are doing. I wish you could see them. I wish you could see how they suffer. And yet every attack, they strap on their armor, and they ... they're so weak they can hardly stand up, but they pick up their swords, and they defend you, and they defend their families, and their comrades in arms. God is with them. I know He strengthens them. Is He with you? Because if you think that their deaths are in any possible way to be blamed on God, or on their own sins, or any such foolishness...

CHOIR:
NO.

CAPTAIN MORONI: You are in the wrong. And you are killing us.

CHOIR:
NO.

CAPTAIN MORONI: Oh yes. Yes.

STENOGRAPHER ONE: Sir?

CAPTAIN MORONI: Send it just like that. Just like that.

(She seals his letter as PAHORAN stops reading it. PAHORAN turns to STENOGRAPHER TWO.)

PAHORAN: Take a letter.

STENOGRAPHER TWO: Yes sir.

PAHORAN: Moroni. You have said some very harsh things to me in your letters. Very harsh. Just who do you think you are, to make those kinds of accusations towards the duly elected officials of the state?

CHOIR:
NO.

PAHORAN: You have absolutely no business writing to me like that. Do you seriously think ... ?

CHOIR:

NO.

CAPTAIN MORONI: Their deaths are on your hands, and God will find you guilty. He will condemn your laziness ...

PAHORAN: You are under my orders, mister, and you will not accuse me.

CHOIR:

NO.

CAPTAIN MORONI: He will condemn your idleness, he will condemn your treachery and your lying, and he will strike you down!

PAHORAN: If your people, so called, are dying you might want to look at your battlefield tactics...

CAPTAIN MORONI: I am coming after you, I am sending an army to the capital city and we are taking you out ...

PAHORAN: You are dismissed, mister, you are relieved of command...

BOTH TOGETHER: Traitor! Enemy! Coward!

CHOIR: *(almost whispering.)*

NO.