

THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER

by

William Goldman

Based on the Novel
by Nelson DeMille

Based on a Christopher Bertolini Screenplay

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FADE IN ON

EXT. A HOUSEBOAT PARK - NIGHT

We are in the South.

Hot August night.

A word about the heat in this story. It is there.

Always and forever.

Enough said.

The houseboat park -- Serenity Shores -- has seen better days. A lot better. It is on a dark river. A few houseboats line the shore. There is a parking lot that is not remotely full. A chicken farm is next door.

We are looking, in other words, at crummy.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT - EARLY MORNING

It's a dump. The 'decor' is non-existent, paint peels.

MOVE TO:

THE BACK BEDROOM.

A clock ticks.

Five in the morning.

A MAN lies on the bed.

Wide awake.

Forties. Big enough to take care of himself. The staring eyes have seen many things.

LIEUTENANT FRANK WHITE is the name he goes by. Faint Southern accent. Hard to place.

The bed table is where the clock ticks.

Alongside a gleaming black gun.

And a large, very sharp hunting knife. As the alarm starts to scream --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSEBOAT PARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

White, in uniform, leaving the houseboat. He closes the door, locks it --

-- and then carefully places a thick piece of MONOFILAMENT across the door jam. And on that --

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT MACCALLUM - MORNING

FORT MACCALLUM as White drives up to it -- then into it -- then through it -- and as he does this --

CREDITS START TO ROLL.

The place is still half asleep. Not a lot of activity -- that will come later as it comes alive --

-- but what we get a sense of here is this: the size of it. And even at this hour, the stultifying heat.

As White drives up to an enormous building -- it's the Armory -- he parks, gets out --

CREDITS COME TO AN END.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ARMORY - LATER

Gloomy. Silent. White is with a not very bright man, SUPPLY SERGEANT ELKINS. Elkins stands behind a counter. White paces.

LT. WHITE

(clearly pissed)

I ever tell you how much I like being kept waiting? Ask me my two greatest joys in life and I'd say opening my presents Christmas morning and being kept waiting.

SGT. ELKINS

(the man is nervous)

Prob'ly got a good reason.

LT. WHITE

I don't trust anything about Belling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. ELKINS

He's giving us a hundred thousand each --

LT. WHITE

-- we haven't seen the money yet, have we? -- how do we know he's not one of those Criminal Investigation spooks?

BELLING (O.S.)

You don't --

And on that --

CUT TO:

THE DEPTHS OF THE ARMORY and a darkly tanned man moving toward them. THOMAS BELLING.

LT. WHITE

-- I'm not nuts about this transaction. You're getting M-16's and fifty grenade launchers -- How can I be sure no Americans are going to get killed on account of it.

BELLING

(sweet smile)

I'm a freedom fighter.

CUT TO:

WHITE AND BELLING. They are close to each other now.

BELLING

(and the smile is gone)

Now listen to me asshole -- you're in this just as deep as I am, so spare me your patriotic shit.

LT. WHITE

(looks at Elkins)

Ever tell you my third favorite thing in life?

(beat)

It's being called an asshole by an asshole.

BELLING

Lieutenant White, it's not important that we like each other, and that's good -- because it would give me genuine pleasure to gut you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And for a moment, White just thinks about things. And then he goes fucking nuts, backhanding Belling against a counter and before Belling can react, White is on him, choking him with one hand --

-- holding his hunting knife with the other.

LT. WHITE

(to Elkins -- his voice
remarkably calm)

Elkins, you ever gutted anybody? I'm
kind of inexperienced myself --

(the knife at Belling's
throat)

-- you think a slashing gesture would be
best? --

(he changes position with the
knife)

-- or would slicing and dicing be the way
to go?

CUT TO:

BELLING -- terrified, shouting it out.

BELLING

I'm sorry -- listen, I'm sorry -- I talk
too much, okay? -- please -- I'm real
real sorry.

White smiles suddenly.

LT. WHITE

You don't sound like a criminal
investigator to me --

(and he pulls Belling up,
gently starts brushing him
off)

-- you're okay, pal.

(starts to go)

Exchange tomorrow morning?

BELLING

(manages a smile)

I'll be on time.

LT. WHITE

(to Elkins)

See the value of a liberal education?

Belling holds his smile.

White goes.

HOLD on BELLING'S DEAD EYES. The smile is long gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORTH MACCULLUM - LATER

White, driving by himself through a deserted area of FORT MACCULLUM --

-- suddenly the car begins to move erratically. White pulls over to the side of the road, gets out, walks around to look.

Flat tire.

White studies the situation -- and takes it surprisingly badly.

A car comes driving by -- White rushes out toward it.

LT. WHITE

Hey -- could you give me a hand? --

-- no good, the car drives past. White is really depressed now.

CUT TO:

THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT as White takes out a pamphlet, opens it. The title is this: HOW TO CHANGE A FLAT TIRE.

CUT TO:

WHITE, a few minutes later, kneeling in the dust of the roadside, pamphlet open --

-- all around him it's chaos. Nuts and bolts and rims and he's doing his best, but it's not good enough. Now a FEMALE VOICE comes from the far side of his car.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Out of gas?

White stands, looks as we --

CUT TO:

ANN CAMPBELL, getting out of her car, walking to him.

We are looking at one of the golden girls. Mid to late twenties, piercing blue eyes, a body beautifully shaped by both genes and exercise. Oh, by the way, she is smarter than just about anybody.

She is also a Captain in the United States Army.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL
(looking at White's work)
What are you doing?

LT. WHITE
(causal shrug)
Just changing a flat, Captain.

There is a pause -- then she can't help it, breaks out laughing. White says nothing, but no question, he is beginning to color.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL
(trying to stop)
I shouldn't laugh, I'm really sorry.

LT. WHITE
I don't mind.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL
Are you embarrassed?

LT. WHITE
Humiliated -- and thank you for asking.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL
Here -- let me.

For just a moment, they look at each other -- and it's clear these two could be genuine friends. Now as she sets to work --

CUT TO:

ANN CAMPBELL and it's a few minutes later -- she's finishing up. Her movements fast and skilled.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL
So how long have you taught at mechanic's school?

LT. WHITE
(smiles)
You never let up, do you?

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL
(head shake)
This is just heaven -- y'see, in the Army, all you capital G Guys say we don't belong, we can't keep up, we can't do guy things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LT. WHITE

Obviously, you don't believe that.

She stands, brushes herself off.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

That should do it.

(starts off)

Luck to you.

LT. WHITE

You probably run Mechanic's school.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

Psyops.

(he doesn't get it)

Psychological Operations. I teach there.

LT. WHITE

What do you teach?

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

(getting in her car)

Mostly, we fuck with people's minds.

And on that, she flashes her wonderful smile, drives off.

White stands looking after her as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYOPS SCHOOL - DAY

It's later that day and White hurries up to the main building -- red brick, like the rest -- goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANN'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL'S office door as White knocks.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL (O.S.)

Open.

As he pushes it open --

CUT TO:

CONTINUED: (3)

White stands looking after her.

LT. WHITE
(softly)
Thanks...

And on that --

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYOP SCHOOL - DAY

It's later and White hurries up to the main building -- red brick, like the rest -- goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYOP SCHOOL - DAY

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL'S office door as White knocks.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL (O.S.)
C'mon in.

As he pushes it open --

CUT TO:

INT. ANN CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ann Campbell, sitting at her computer. For a moment she works away intently. White glances around her office, waiting. Lots of books about war and sex and violence. Then she finishes, sees White.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL
Want me to change your oil?

She smiles; so does he, shakes his head.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL
You hitting on me then, she asked hopefully?

LT. WHITE
I've taken a sabbatical from women.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL
Last relationship a bad one?

CUT TO:

WHITE. He nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- and gives him a soft kiss on the cheek.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

Thank you.

(looks at him)

A kind man...

(shakes her head)

I thought you were extinct. So why'd you have to come along now...?

They look at each other. And smile.

HOLD ON the two of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. SERENITY SHORES HOUSEBOAT PARK - EARLY EVENING

A few lights lit in a few of the other crummy houseboats.

White drives up, parks. Three other cars alongside. As he gets out --

CUT TO:

THE DOORKNOB. White examines it.

Untouched.

He unlocks the door and --

CUT TO:

INT. THE CRUMMY BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The TV is on mute. White channel surfs --

-- sports, soft porn, infomercials, political news --

-- now a photograph of A GENERAL flashes briefly.

- And of course you can't tell much about anyone from just a picture, but looking at this guy, you know if you went into battle, you want him on your side.

White takes off the mute.

We are looking at a Nightline type show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELECTION EXPERT

Well Ted, it's getting to be convention time and rumors about military heroes are always floated along about now. Powell, Schwartzkopf, I could name others.. But if these rumors are correct. I can't think of stronger Vice-Presidential candidate, can you?

Now again, the photo of THE GENERAL.

CUT TO:

WHITE, staring at the face. And alone in the trailer he does something we don't expect: he salutes. HOLD briefly --

-- and now we hear a sound that drowns out the TV -- a huge helicopter is flying low.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - SUNSET

THE HELICOPTER as it cuts through the quickly darkening sky, the final traces of the dying sun still there.

CUT TO:

EXT. A LANDING PAD AT FORT MACCULLUM

A convoy of vehicles are waiting as the helicopter lands. Clearly, someone of import is inside.

The door to the helicopter is thrown open.

Beat.

And here he is -- the man whose face we just saw on television, the man White just saluted --

-- GENERAL JOE CAMPBELL himself. One of the good guys. One of the men you'd trust your cash register with. They don't come a whole lot better.

He's an even more impressive figure in person than he was on television.

As he stands there looking at the men, salutes all around

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now one man goes to him. This is COLONEL GEORGE FOWLER.

Looks a lot like John Lithgow. Fifties, doing his best to suck in his belly. He has been General Campbell's top aide for twenty years --

-- and, since the General's wife died ten years back, his best friend.

And as Fowler guides the General toward the lead vehicle --

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT MACCULLUM - NIGHT

THE MOTORCADE, driving through the Post. All kind of splendid. And now --

CUT TO:

EXT. POST BUILDING - NIGHT

SOMETHING REALLY SPLENDID -- an enormous old building on post, southern in style, pillars, a regal feeling.

CUT TO:

THE MOTORCADE stopping and as Campbell and Fowler get out, stride into the impressive building --

CUT TO:

INT. A SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Fowler is finishing getting the General into his dress uniform. The General looks at him. Fowler nods.

There is a large double door in the far wall of the room. Fowler pushes it open and --

CUT TO:

INT. A BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Filled with officers in their dress uniforms. Stewards with white gloves move quietly among the officers, serving off silver trays --

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GENERAL IN THE DOORWAY. Fowler standing a step behind.
And as they enter the large room --

-- everyone goes nuts --

THE OFFICERS applaud as if their hands might bleed --

-- they pound their fists rhythmically on the tabletops.

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL, moving through the noise until he reaches the front. He raises his hands for silence.

Suddenly there is no sound.

THE GENERAL

(clearly touched)

Thank you all. As you know, my official retirement isn't till next week.

(beat)

But this, here, now, tonight, with you, is my real retirement.

(beat)

Because we have known fear together, spilt blood together, heard pain.

(ending now)

We know there is no glamour in sudden death. And that no one ever wins a war. And that knowledge bonds us forever.

(lifts a glass)

To you.

And as the fucking place explodes --

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT NOW

The only sound the deep, deep breathing of White.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSEBOAT PARK - NIGHT

All the lights in all the boats are out now.

CUT TO:

THE PARKING AREA -- Exactly as before --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- almost exactly as before --

-- four cars are parked now.

All of them dark. Lights out.

Nothing moves in any of the cars.

HOLD.

And now at last something does move. We can make out the head of a man.

Belling from the Armory.

Silently he opens the car door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSEBOAT BEDROOM - NIGHT

White in bed. Dead asleep. Breathing as before.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Belling. Out of the car now. Standing still. One of his hands is curled around a gun. He takes a step --

-- the crackling of a leaf.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSEBOAT BEDROOM - NIGHT

White in bed. Dead asleep. Breathing as before.

EXT. PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Belling. Another step. Another leaf snaps.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSEBOAT BEDROOM - NIGHT

White in bed. Breathing as before --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- only now his eyes are wide.

He lies there, still as a corpse.

THE SOUND OF A FOOTSTEP.

Right outside the trailer. And then White moves. Reaches under the pillow, pulls his gun out.

Over his head AN OPEN SKYLIGHT.

More footsteps; someone moving around the houseboat as... White vaults to a standing position on the bed. Then JUMPS. Grabs the edge of the skylight, curls his body up and --

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

-- OUT ONTO THE ROOF OF THE HOUSEBOAT.

As his FRONT DOOR swings open.

White, flat on the roof, looks down INTO THE BEDROOM. Aims his gun, waits.

And then suddenly, ghost-like, a SHADOW appears at the bedroom door. Then a gun. Aiming at White's bed.

White tries to get an angle, peering INTO THE SKYLIGHT. But he can only see the gun, no person beyond it. Everything is still. Then... the gun unexpectedly SHIFTS UP.

At the skylight. FIRES!

White jumps as BULLETS PIERCE the houseboat roof. He rolls to the edge, BULLET HOLES following him.

Then LEAPS, tumbling hard to the ground as...

DOORS OPEN AT OTHER HOUSEBOATS

People peer out. White runs at them, screaming:

LT. WHITE

Get inside --

But this leaves White exposed as we --

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLING, appearing around the corner of White's
HOUSEBOAT --

-- close by and firing and --

CUT TO:

WHITE, running into the river --

-- it's not deep -- he moves as best he can, turning,
firing back and --

CUT TO:

BELLING, ducking away from the gunfire and --

CUT TO:

WHITE, turning, starting toward shore --

-- and the river is shallow yes, but it also has rocks and
as White takes another stride he slams into a rock just
below the surface --

-- and he cries out in surprise, falls, then shouts 'shit'
--

-- his gun hand has hit the rock --

-- the gun falls into the dark water --

-- White stops, scrabbles down for it --

-- no good -- here comes BELLING --

-- unarmed now, White dashes out of the river, runs like
hell toward the nearest building, throws the door open,
rushes inside as we --

CUT TO:

INT. CHICKEN SHED - NIGHT

Where the hell we are and you've never seen anything like
this: we are in a gigantic chicken shed --

-- tens of thousands of chickens --

-- all of them making noise --

-- deafening --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

BELLING in the doorway, gun ready --

-- he reacts to the horrible noise -- slows --

-- other farm animals are in the shed too --

-- up ahead is a large cow --

-- something moves behind it --

-- without a second thought, BELLING FIRES AT IT --

-- the cow makes a terrible dying sound, falls quickly back --

-- pinning White beneath it.

CUT TO:

BELLING rushing forward and as he reaches the dead animal he slows, ready to fire as we --

CUT TO:

THE DEAD COW'S LEG -- it kicks out at Belling's ankles, spinning him down, and as the gun falls out of his hand --

CUT TO:

WHITE, releasing the animal's leg, scrambling for the gun --

-- Belling goes for it too --

-- White gets there first --

-- Belling goes for White's eyes --

-- White fires!

Belling dies.

And the chickens shriek --

-- on and on and louder and louder and --

-- drive you crazy.

HOLD...

CUT TO:

INT. CHICKEN SHED - NIGHT - HALF AN HOUR LATER

-- only now a lot of people mill around --

-- cops.

White talks with POLICE CHIEF YARDLEY.

This guy has seen In The Heat of the Night too many times.
A stomach that destroys buttons. No one to mess with.
Maybe it's the early hour, but he does not like Lt. White
much.

POLICE CHIEF YARDLEY

Go on about this Belling.

LT. WHITE

I was going to arrest him in the morning
during the weapons exchange -- said he
was a Cuban patriot but I knew different
-- Colombian drugs -- he must have found
out I'm with criminal investigation --

POLICE CHIEF YARDLEY

-- thought you CID guys were supposed to
be too smart to get caught out --

LT. WHITE

-- you've been reading our publicity
handouts --

CUT TO:

A YOUNG KID hurrying up with a mobile phone.

COP WITH PHONE

-- sorry Chief Yardley, it's Colonel Kent
-- is there a Brenner here? --

POLICE CHIEF YARDLEY

-- no --

LT. WHITE

-- yeah -- Paul Brenner -- me --

POLICE CHIEF YARDLEY

-- thought you were White --

BRENNER

-- I'm both --

As he takes the phone --

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT MACCULLUM - EARLY MORNING

PAUL BRENNER driving slowly through the outskirts of Fort MacCullum.

Almost first light.

A WORD ABOUT THE MAN.

Brenner is his real name. (His alias, Lt. Frank White is now gone. The vague Southern accent is gone too.)

Brenner was born in Boston and every so often, a trace in a word reminds you of that. High school graduate, working class family, Army all the way. He is a top grade Warrant Officer. He wears civilian clothes.

And he is as good a detective as the Criminal Investigation Division has to offer.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE #6 - DAY

THE RANGE ITSELF.

It has been fixed to look like an urban European street. For the training of men who might suddenly be flown into Bosnia.

Old buildings, several stories high --

-- fiberglass men with guns are in some of the shattered windows. Narrow alleyways cut off from the main street.

It could be a ghost town, it is that strange. It is also this: spooky. At least in this light it is.

CUT TO:

A UNIFORMED MAN standing, waiting. COLONEL WILLIAM KENT is forty, handsome, icy blue eyes. He is Provost Marshal of MacCallum -- in other words, Chief of Police. He wears a white helmet, white pistol belt, spit-shined boots. He's got a deserved reputation as a solid man at his job.

Brenner parks, gets out, he and Kent start walking.

COLONEL KENT

I have six MP's securing the scene --
nothing's been touched.

BRENNER
That's a start.

COLONEL KENT
Paul?

Brenner looks at him.

COLONEL KENT
This could be a shitstorm, you know that?
Brenner does.

COLONEL KENT
And all the wind's blowing at you.
(beat)
Good luck on this.

CUT TO:

Up ahead, the six MP'S KENT mentioned -- four men, two women --

-- and something is on the ground, we just can't make out what it is yet.

BRENNER
Who found the body?

COLONEL KENT
A PFC Robbins.

BRENNER
He a suspect?

COLONEL KENT
She. And I sincerely doubt it.

As they move on --

CUT TO:

THE AREA.

A morning mist.

There are latrines, there is a Humvee parked not far away, there is, in the distance, the sound of morning birds.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. The 'something' is closer now. He slows, stops, takes a breath, getting ready --

-- for a moment he closes his eyes and quickly --

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. FORT MACCULLUM - DAY

ANN CAMPBELL YESTERDAY, as her wonderful face breaks into laughter at Brenner's attempt to change his tire -- it's a great laugh, it really is, and --

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE #6 - DAY

ANN CAMPBELL TODAY, lying dead on the ground.

Yes, she is the 'something'.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. And he's seen a lot, but still he is rocked -- a faint "aw no" escapes him.

It's not just that she's dead --

-- it's more obscene than that.

ANN CAMPBELL lies naked on her back, spread-eagled. Her wrists and ankles bound to tent pegs with cord. The pegs have been pounded into the earth. They are a green vinyl plastic, the cord green nylon --

-- both standard Army issue.

Around her throat is more of that green nylon cord; beneath the cord are her panties so the cord did not bite directly into her flesh.

COLONEL KENT

Tortured and raped and murdered.

Brenner nods, and during the next, he is beginning a quick examination of the corpse, looking at her feet, face, underarms. He loosens the cord around her neck, carefully examines the panties.

BRENNER

I just met her yesterday.

(shakes his head)

Wonderful young lady.

Kent nods, says nothing.

CUT TO:

ANN, as Brenner continues his brief exam. A series of QUICK CUTS to parts of her body. No more shock shots.

BRENNER

No rigor, underarms still warm, some lividity which would be consistent with asphyxia.

COLONEL KENT

Strangulation, you think?

BRENNER

I'm assuming that. No tear in the panties, no obvious signs of sperm.

(stands -- points off to the Humvee)

Hers?

Kent nods, they start toward it -- and now this next just rattles out of Brenner.

BRENNER

-- get forensics up from Fort Gillem -- we'll need a rape expert, I know a good one -- tape off those latrines, nobody in or out without my say-so, I want Captain Campbell's files, both personal and medical, set up a grid fifty yards around.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRENNER (CONT'D)

the body, pick up anything, butts,
buttons, bottles -- and mark where it
came from on the grid -- I'll need
plaster casts of all boot-prints, see who
was here and when --

. (almost to the car now)
-- and most of all, book a Sergeant
Elkins at the Armory -- throw away the
key for all I care -- he's the one
started the arms deal I was working on --

Kent nods and we --

CUT TO:

THE CAR. Brenner looks inside, a purse is visible on the
front seat. He takes out a handkerchief, carefully opens
the door, carefully opens the purse.

BRENNER

She walked barefoot from here to where
she died --

COLONEL KENT

-- why do you assume that? --

BRENNER

(going through the purse)
-- smudge marks on her heels --
(we should be realizing along
about now that Paul Brenner
sees things that escape the
rest of us)
-- Victory Gardens?

Brenner has taken out her car keys, is looking at the key-
chain attached.

COLONEL KENT

She lived off post.

BRENNER

She from around here? -- best to inform
family right away.

COLONEL KENT

Done.

(beat)

You better pay a visit yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRENNER
(looks at Kent)
I know the family?

COLONEL KENT
Ann Campbell was his kid, Paul.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, CLOSE UP. **Rocked.**

BRENNER
The General's daughter?
(beat, then soft--)
...what a shitty thing...

CUT TO:

INT. BRENNER'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Brenner, driving his car across the base -- it's a little later, still very early -- he picks up the phone, dials --.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(startled out of sleep)
Sunhill.--
(beat)
-- who is this?

BRENNER
Brenner.
(no reaction)
Paul Brenner?
(no reaction)
Criminal Investigation Department?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
That one, right.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNHILL'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

CYNTHIA SUNHILL, getting out of bed. Uniforms are hung in the background.

This is a smart looking woman, early thirties. Short hair, good face. Mess with me, her attitude often suggests, at your own peril.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER (V.O.)

Pack a bag, would you? Get down to MacCallum --

CYNTHIA SUNHILL

-- can you get someone else? I've just come off a case and I'm leaving on vacation with my sister.

BRENNER (V.O.)

Your sister?

CYNTHIA SUNHILL

We've been planning it a long time, it's important to me.

CUT TO:

INT. BRENNER'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

BRENNER. Strange look on his face.

BRENNER

Well, Miss Sunhill, this is important to me -- there's been a strange and violent death --

(beat)

-- the victim was Ann Campbell, only child of General Joe --

CUT TO:

INT. SUNHILL'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

SUNHILL, out of bed and moving.

CYNTHIA SUNHILL

Be there in two hours...

EXT. A HOUSE ON THE POST - MORNING

A nice one, large, sturdily built, no flourishes. But all the curtains are drawn, the blinds down.

It's a little later in the morning as Brenner drives up, parks in front, starts out, stops, takes a deep breath, gathering himself for the coming ordeal.

Then he is out of the car heading up the front walk, looking as if he didn't have a care in the world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door to the house opens and JOHN LITHGOW is standing there. (Really Colonel George Fowler).

BRENNER
(glad to see him)
You've lost weight.

COLONEL FOWLER
You lie magnificently --
(a smile)
-- never change.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM. They are not close friends -- they don't know each other that well -- but they worked together in the past, and enjoyed it a lot.

COLONEL FOWLER
You've seen Ann?

BRENNER
(he has)
Came straight here.

COLONEL FOWLER
Anything?

BRENNER
(sorry)
Way too soon.

COLONEL FOWLER
Jesus, Paul, what kind of a mind are we dealing with here?

Brenner shakes his head; he doesn't know.

COLONEL FOWLER
You'll want to pay your respects.

And he ushers Brenner inside --

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL CAMPBELL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Dark. A few lights on dotted here and there. Not a happy place just now. Fowler goes to a closed door, knocks softly, sticks his head in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLONEL FOWLER

General, the CID investigator's here.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. He stands straight; for whatever reason, it's clear he wants to look good.

The library door opens.

And we are looking at "FIGHTING JOE" CAMPBELL.

We've seen him before, of course -- on the TV set, giving the speech --

Well that guy -- the potential world leader -- forget about him. We are looking now at a shattered father who has lost his only child.

COLONEL FOWLER

You remember Warrant Officer Brenner, General -- he did that lovely job for us in Brussels. The drug situation.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Christ, George, I'm not senile.

(beat)

Hello, Paul.

BRENNER

Sir.

(looking for words)

A terrible --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(cutting him off --)

-- yes. Terrible. You've seen Ann?

BRENNER

Came straight here.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Anything?

BRENNER

(sorry)

Just getting started, sir.

CUT TO:

COLONEL FOWLER. Awkward for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLONEL FOWLER

You've got to finish by tomorrow night,
Paul -- we only have thirty-six safe
hours.

BRENNER

Doesn't feel like that kind of case, sir.
What happens after thirty-six hours?

GENERAL CAMPBELL

The FBI will send in a task force to
investigate.

COLONEL FOWLER

We've got to keep this an Army matter.
The General can keep a lid on it through
tomorrow.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Civilians don't understand our ways,
Paul. You know that as well as I.

Brenner nods.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

After the FBI moves in, the media will
move in.

(beat)

And my child's death -- Ann's death --
(hard to tell right now if he
can hold together)
-- they'll turn it into a sexual circus.

BRENNER

I know.

(to the General)

I knew your daughter, sir -- not well --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(cutting in)

How?

BRENNER

Nutty coincidence is all -- she fixed my
flat tire yesterday.

And on that --

CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL. CLOSE UP, and for the first time he's
alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GENERAL CAMPBELL

You must have loved that -- did she make
fun of you? -- I bet she did --

(turning to Fowler)

-- remember when we taught her? --

COLONEL FOWLER

(and he's into it too)

-- she was ten -- we were stationed in
Japan --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- her mother had taken a turn for the
worse and we were in the house --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- goddamn monsoon outside --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(more excited now)

-- and we spent the day in the garage
teaching her to do it --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- did she pick it up fast enough?

Wow --

CUT TO:

BRENNER, quietly standing there, watching them both, as the
bubble starts to break.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- great day -- just a great day --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- it was great all right --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(long pause)

-- we sound like Oscar and Felix --

(and suddenly he starts to
lose it)

-- what's hard is the memories.

(shakes his head)

What's hard is the memories.

Brenner excuses himself, goes to the door, stops.

BRENNER

I was underage when I enlisted and they
sent me to Vietnam and after a couple of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRENNER (CONT'D)

days I realized I wasn't going to be a superhero, and a couple days after that, I was sent to the front and we got shelled all that first night and I knew I was going to die.

(to General Campbell)

You were my commander, sir. You were a Colonel. And I was so scared. Of dying and being a coward and all the other fears.

(beat)

And then I had this crazy thought. I said it over and over to myself and it got me through the night. 'Colonel Campbell will never let me die. Colonel Campbell will never let me die.'

CUT TO:

THE DOOR as he opens it.

BRENNER

We'll dance on the fucker's grave, sir.

And he is out the door and gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANN'S TOWNHOUSE COMPLEX - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

Brenner's car pulls into the parking lot, pulls past #45. Parks. Brenner looks out. Then exits the car.

Brenner walks to THE BACK OF THE TOWNHOUSE.

Brenner peers through the BACK DOOR and into the KITCHEN. Sees NOTHING. He pulls the key out. Unlocks the DOOR. Lays on the doorbell by the back door. Peers inside again. No sound.

INT. ANN'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Brenner enters the kitchen.

Moves quickly through the house to... THE LIVING ROOM.

Neat, orderly. Brenner checks a CLOSET, a few coats. He moves to the stairs, MOVES UP slowly, hugging the wall.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR... Brenner MOVES TO THE BATHROOM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pushes the door wide, leads with the gun. No one. He checks the shower. Empty. No other place to hide.

THE BEDROOM... He leans in, gun outstretched. No one. Brenner crouches. Stares at the bed across the floor. No human form underneath it.

SLIDING CLOSET DOORS. He swings the doors back. Aims the gun at a rack of clothes, a line of shoes on the floor. NOTHING ELSE. He shoulders his weapon, mutters.

BRENNER

Like a goddamn realtor's model unit.

It is immaculate. Very few personal effects. A row of books in a bookcase, a writing desk, the desktop uncluttered.

A filing cabinet under the desk. He opens a drawer. FILES.

Brenner pulls a FILE out. Flips through the pages. They're transcripts of an INTERVIEW, questions and answers.

Brenner turns to the cover page. SUBJECT: ANTHONY MILLER. CONVICTED: THIRTEEN COUNTS OF RAPE AND SEXUAL ASSAULT.

He pulls up another file. SUBJECT: THEODORE CARSON. CONVICTED THREE COUNTS OF RAPE.

Brenner pulls up another file, and another. All interviews with prisoners convicted of sex offenses.

IN THE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brenner stands at the bottom of the stairs, staring. The room is large, extends in BOTH DIRECTIONS FROM THE STAIRS.

Brenner moves to the couch, runs his hands in the cushions. He pulls the couch out. Nothing. The end-tables are empty. His eyes search the room. It's as good as barren. No papers, no personal effects. No clues. Brenner heads

INTO THE KITCHEN.

Clean and orderly. A couple of appliances. And a DOOR in the corner. Brenner opens it, revealing...

A BASEMENT.

Brenner flicks a light switch on, illuminating the small space. He pulls his gun again. Listens, perfectly still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Then he bounds quickly DOWN THE STAIRS.

Lands in a crouch, gun aiming...

A few boxes, a worktable, some tools hang on the wall.

He stands quickly, forgets the ceiling is low. BANGS HIS HEAD against a PIPE running the length of the basement.

Obviously smarting, he stumbles into the HANGING LIGHTBULB.

It swings, causing Brenner to feel more dizzy, the light dancing in the room spookily.

Brenner stands at the bottom of the staircase, struggling to regain his equilibrium. And he notices the basement doesn't extend in both directions as the living room above had...

Confused, Brenner looks around. It's a small space. Too small. Too cramped, too confined. Claustrophobic.

He looks to the wall closest to him. At L-SHAPED BRACKET connecting the walls to the ceiling. They seem thoroughly unnecessary. Unless...

Brenner turns a pair of LIGHT SWITCHES on the wall. He flicks the first one. The LIGHTS SHUT OFF. PITCH DARK.

Brenner flicks the second switch. A slight GLOW emanates from the bottom of one wall. LIGHT barely bleeding through.

A FALSE WALL. Brenner moves to it. Pushes on different sections. HINGED, one section SWINGS OPEN. Brenner peers at

A HIDDEN ROOM.

Brenner STEPS IN, the door swings SHUT behind him. Brenner's confined in the tight space... Big BED nestled in the corner. A television and VCR.

Brenner looks around, a sinking feeling in his stomach as he spies an unobtrusive patch of BLACK PLEXIGLASS affixed to the wall. He heads to it. Pulls the plexiglass off.

A CUBBYHOLE. WITH A VIDEO CAMERA SET UP.

VIDEOTAPES stacked next to it. No labels on these.

Brenner takes a tape down. Pops it into the VCR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The bluish glow of the TV lights up the room... Ann Campbell having sex.

Brenner sits slowly, looks sickened. Then his eyes widen as the MAN with Ann turns... Brenner freezes the picture, recognizing the man's face.

Then Brenner punches a button on the VCR, FAST-FORWARDING the tape. Stops it. ANOTHER SEX SCENE, a different partner.

STAY ON BRENNER'S FACE...

As he punches the remote furiously, FAST-FORWARDS again. And again. A sickening collage of light and movement as he flies through the tape.

MELT THROUGH THE WALL. TO THE BASEMENT PROPER.

The light bleeding through the false wall reveals...

A MAN'S BOOTS. Someone there, right on the other side of the wall. Inches from Brenner, also listening intently. .

IN THE HIDDEN ROOM...

Brenner, unaware of the visitor, scans the room quickly. He grabs a pillow on the bed. Pulls the PILLOWCASE off. Starts shoving the videotapes into it. Then moves

OUT OF THE ROOM.

Swings the door shut, the dim light from the room providing an eerie glow. Brenner, pillowcase in hand, flicks the light switch OFF. The basement plunges again into PITCH BLACK.

Brenner takes a step... And then hears a CREAK.

He freezes, eyes searching... But, it's dark, the light at the top of the stairs seems distant and gray.

Brenner reaches back to the light switch, still spooked, not seeing anything clearly. Hand on the light switch... And everything happens at once!

BRENNER FLICKS THE BASEMENT LIGHTS ON.

And as the light flashes on, a HAMMER SMASHES the hanging LIGHTBULB.

Brenner reacts, grabbing for his gun...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

As the hammer falls ON HIS HEAD, a horrible THUD, knocking him over, his gun scattering away in the dark as...

THE PILLOWCASE FULL OF VIDEOTAPES DROPS.

Brenner tumbles hard, greeted by a new sound. A SCRAPING... A SHOVEL. Dragged across the concrete floor as... Brenner nearly out, struggles to his feet.

Met, as she stands, with the FACE OF THE SHOVEL. Which sends him reeling again, crashing back to the floor.

And all he can make out in the dark is the point of the shoving COMING AT HIS THROAT.

He spins out of the way as the shovel CLINKS into the concrete, Brenner barely avoiding the unwanted tracheotomy.

Brenner does a quick scissor lock on the man's legs. Brings him down. A distinct CRASHING in the dark.

And Brenner jumps up, about to pounce again. But the shovel swings from below with enough force to send Brenner sprawling as... The man GRABS AT THE PILLOWCASE.

Brenner finds his gun on the floor, reaches out an unsteady hand, grabbing it, spinning, FIRING as we see...

The FORM OF A MAN, clattering pillowcase in hand, disappearing up the stairs.

Brenner runs unsteadily, a herculean effort, halfway up the stairs peers into the kitchen... No one. Gun leading, he heads INTO THE KITCHEN. Peers out the back door. Nothing.

HOLD ON Brenner. Then --

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE #6 - DAY - LATER

The Urban European street -- and a lot has changed. Technicians are all around; serious work has started getting done.

ANN'S BODY is now covered by a sheet.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, driving up near the latrines, getting out of his car. Kent waits there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And so does Cynthia Sunhill.

BRENNER
Miss Sunhill.

SUNHILL
Paul Brenner, wasn't it?

BRENNER
You have a wonderful reputation.

Brenner nods, moves with her and Kent inside as we --

CUT TO:

INT. THE LATRINES - DAY

Shockingly clean. Concrete floors, two stalls, two urinals. Brenner glances around, stops as we --

CUT TO:

A SINK. And a single hair strand. Black. Short. Curly.

BRENNER
(to Kent)
Was there unit firing at this range yesterday?

COLONEL KENT
Everyday. Till late afternoon.

BRENNER
When I enlisted, we cleaned up after usage.

COLONEL KENT
Still do. A detail would have been assigned.

BRENNER
So between late afternoon yesterday and the discovery of her body this morning, someone was here.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP.

BRENNER
Guess what, boys and girls, we've got
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER (CONT'D)
 ourselves a clue.
 (starting out)
 Who said detective work was hard?

And on that --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RANGE ITSELF - DAY

More specifically, the body and the sheet. Brenner, Sunhill and Kent move toward it.

BRENNER
 (waving to someone up ahead)
 Seiver's the best forensic man around --
 (soft)
 -- but no remarks about his hair.

And from those words --

CUT TO:

CAL SEIVER. A HUMPTY DUMPTY shaped guy. Young and super bright --

-- oh yes his hair. Well, he has some but here's the deal -- the part is over by his ear and he combs it long across his skull, which conceals his baldness about as well as an "I am bald" sign would have done -- plus when he's outside in the wind, like now -- it tends to blow up off his skull, standing straight up as if it were at attention.

As Brenner and Seiver talk, Sunhill kneels by Ann, pulls the sheet down, studies her.

BRENNER
 Hair in the latrine sink -- guard it with your life.

Seiver nods.

BRENNER
 Talk to me, Cal. Any luck with her clothes?

SEIVER
 Not so far. I figured you'd want space, so I commandeered an empty hangar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER

Good man. I want everything taken there.

The wind has kicked up -- Seiver's hair has gone into partial lift off.

SUNHILL (O.S.)

This is the strangest rape I ever saw.

CUT TO:

SUNHILL, standing now.

BRENNER

I couldn't spot any semen.

SUNHILL

It's more than that -- I know it looks like rape -- but her bra isn't bent or broken --

(gesturing)

-- zero signs of a struggle, and she was a strong woman. I couldn't find a trace of dirt under her fingernails.

(pointing now)

And look -- look at her face --

(beat)

-- I think those are tears...

CUT TO:

BRENNER. And now he kneels, stares down at Ann's face.

CUT TO:

ANN. You can see the dry spots on her cheeks --

-- but this is not what Brenner is about.

In the silence, he continues to stare at the dead girl.

HOLD A MOMENT. THEY continue to stare at each other.

Then Brenner stands, gestures for Cal to remove the body.

SEIVER

You always do that, don't you?

BRENNER

(nods)

A last bond -- so I won't forget. Helps.

(soft)

Me, not her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He gestures for Sunhill to accompany him.

CUT TO:

BRENNER AND SUNHILL, walking toward their cars.

BRENNER

That was good work back there -- the
tears.

Sunhill nods, says nothing.

They walk in silence.

Brenner glances over at her, starts to speak, decides
against it.

Sunhill does the same.

A few more steps in silence --

-- and if it's not clear by now, something is sure going
on. Then --

BRENNER

(very casual)

Folks okay?

Sunhill nods.

BRENNER

Mine too.

(shrugs)

Still waiting for me to grow up I guess.
Get hitched, make them grandparents.

SUNHILL

Work on growing up first.

BRENNER

Good advice.

Now the silence again. But not for long as we --

CUT TO:

SUNHILL. CLOSE UP. Whirling on him.

SUNHILL

You can be so charming it makes me want
to puke --

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRENNER. A charming smile.

BRENNER

There's the girl I knew and loved --

SUNHILL

(raging now)

Loved? Loved?

(moving in on him)

You deserting bastard --

Yes, they knew each other before. And well.

BRENNER

-- Cynthia, I did not desert you --

SUNHILL

-- without a word -- you just fled --

BRENNER

-- well, if I did, and I admit I may have, it's because your retard muscleman finance threatened to rip my arms off --

SUNHILL

-- you could have fought him -- I thought you were brave, you've been decorated, for chrissakes --

BRENNER

-- I was younger and dumber and I charged up a fucking hill -- but this would have been suicide -- he hated me, he would have killed me, Cynthia --

SUNHILL

(nods)

-- agreed, but my decision would have been made for me.

BRENNER

You should have left that fool.

SUNHILL

He never lied to me, Paul.

BRENNER

Well, then you made the right choice --

SUNHILL

-- no, I made the wrong choice, we're practically divorced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Beat.

BRENNER

(brightening)

Great. That gives us another chance to screw up our lives.

SUNHILL

(a smile at Brenner)

There's that charm again. Barf.

(she lets it die)

I should have let him rip your arms off.

And on that --

CUT TO:

EXT. A VERY HIGH LOOKOUT TOWER - DAY

Brenner and Sunhill climb quickly up.

Sunhill does anyway.

Brenner labors behind her. It's a long climb and from the look of things, she's maybe in better shape than he is. As they continue to climb --

CUT TO:

A YOUNG WOMAN. Maybe twenty, certainly southern. Powerful. But throughout this, she is finding to keep her emotions under control.

Far below, FORMATIONS OF SOLDIERS move by.

PFC ROBBINS

Five o'clock. Five this morning. That's when I found her body.

BRENNER

And you went to the rifle range why?

PFC ROBBINS

The headlights...

(beat)

I hated that it was her.

SUNHILL

You knew her then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PFC ROBBINS

No... but Captain Campbell was... she was
real good to... to female enlisted.

SUNHILL

How so?

CUT TO:

PFC ROBBINS. Getting harder and harder for her.

PFC ROBBINS

...meetings... she'd organize meetings
for us... there's a lot of shit... I
mean, if you're a woman in the service...
there's stuff you put up with... a lot of
people don't like that we're here... but
she encouraged us... A Captain, a
General's daughter, taking time to do
that...

(now she loses it, starts to
cry)

...Sorry...

BRENNER

(quietly)

You're allowed to cry, Private.

Beat, Robbins gets control.

BRENNER

What was it about the headlights? Could
have just been someone driving home
needing to use the latrine.

PFC ROBBINS

That's what I thought...

(long pause)

...the first time...

CUT TO:

BRENNER AND SUNHILL. Leaning in now.

SUNHILL

You've got our interest, Private.

PFC ROBBINS

Well, the first time I saw the headlights
was at four. They went away but then
they came back at half past four.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PFC ROBBINS (CONT'D)

Then they went away again and came back at five.

(looks at him)

I wish I could be more help.

BRENNER

You've helped plenty -- we may not have any answers yet but at least we've got a question --

(looks at Sunhill)

-- why in the world would someone come and go there three times...?

Neither of them knows...

CUT TO:

ANN CAMPBELL. CLOSE UP.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

Our job here at Psyops is to panic the enemy, to blunt his will to fight.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. ANN CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Brenner and Sunhill are there, going over the place. Brenner has inserted one of her teaching tapes and they are watching it. It is from a lecture she gave. We can see an audience of Officers below the podium where she stands.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

We must fill him with fear -- and not just fear of dying.

(beat)

Fear of grotesque wounds is much more terrifying.

SUNHILL

(shutting off the tape)

Spooky -- what's a grotesque wound?

BRENNER

(shrugs)

I guess where you're most afraid of being hurt --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUNHILL

(as they continue to examine
the room -- playfully)
-- tell me yours? I'll tell you mine.

BRENNER

I don't want to go there, thank you very
much.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What are you people doing in Captain
Campbell's office?

And on those words --

CUT TO:

COLONEL CHARLES MOORE. We'll find out he was Ann's
superior office at Psyops School. And very close to her as
well. But what we see now is a man of forty, with a kind
face. And a sharp mind.

BRENNER

I'm Warrant Officer Paul Brenner. This
is Lieutenant Cynthia Sunhill -- we're
with the Criminal Investigation
Department. And who are you, Colonel?

COLONEL MOORE

I'm Captain Campbell's Superior Officer
here at the school, Colonel Charles
Moore. What are you investigating?

BRENNER

The murder of Captain Campbell.

CUT TO:

MOORE. CLOSE UP. Clubbed by the news.

BRENNER

We have to talk to you, Colonel.

COLONEL MOORE

Of course.

(and suddenly he is in tears)

But not now.

And as he stumbles out of the room --

BRENNER

(staring after him)

I like his hair...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And on that --

It might be noted that Moore has a full head of hair -- all of it short and curly and black...

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE 6 - DAY

Brenner and Sunhill, in his car, approaching Rifle Range 6. The change is again significant -- more and more technicians and soldiers searching the grid --

-- and the body of ANN CAMPBELL has been removed.

Brenner parks, they get out.

BRENNER

I can't get his reaction out of my head -
- the guy is either the greatest actor
since Bela Lugosi or he didn't know about
it.

SUNHILL

I wouldn't bet on anybody yet -- our guy
isn't just a killer, he's a premeditated
killer. He put together a rape kit --
tent pegs and ropes -- and he used it.

Brenner is silent.

SUNHILL

What a waste, a woman like that -- you
watch her in the lecture? -- to me it
looks like she had it all.

Brenner says nothing.

SUNHILL

What?

BRENNER

This isn't my best day Cynthia -- I've
killed somebody and I've been mugged and
it's not even lunch time yet, so I have
to be careful how I say things --

(beat)

-- but she didn't have it all.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE RANGE as they come closer to Seiver and Colonel Kent who are where the body was.

BRENNER

She had a secret sex room in her basement -- she was videotaping men -- there were a bunch of tapes -- they were grainy and the men were seen from behind. I only caught glimpses of a couple, one most clearly -- then someone clipped me pretty good and got away with them. I would guess they are destroyed by now.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP.

BRENNER

That's lethal evidence, you understand?

(beat)

Having sex with an officer like that is immediate grounds for Court Martial and Dishonorable Discharge. Anybody we catch, their life is over.

(looks at her)

And that is one helluva motive for murder.

CUT TO:

SUNHILL, as they are closing in on Kent and Seiver.

SUNHILL

The one you saw best, was that Moore?

BRENNER

(indicating)

I think it was Colonel Kent. Hello, Colonel Kent.

COLONEL KENT

What do you think was?

BRENNER

(shrugs)

Shop talk is all.

CUT-TO:

KENT. He studies Brenner a moment. Then hands over a folder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLONEL KENT

Per your request.

BRENNER

(surprised)

This is her entire record file?

COLONEL KENT

Why would I hold out on you?

And now Brenner studies Kent a moment.

BRENNER

(gives them to Sunhill)

Be brilliant.

(to Seiver)

Cal, do me a favor -- there's a Colonel Moore at Psyops School -- with short black curly hair. Get his prints too while you're at it.

SEIVER

Done and done.

BRENNER

(to Kent)

You have any notion how close Moore was to Ann Campbell?

CUT TO:

KENT.

COLONEL KENT

Very.

Brenner gestures for him to go on --

COLONEL KENT

How could they not be? They taught together, spent time together, both attractive, both unattached --

(beat)

-- now I'm not trying to bury him --

SUNHILL

(-- cutting in)

-- said the Colonel, burying him --

COLONEL KENT

(pissed, whirling on Sunhill)

-- what did you say, Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRENNER

She says what she means, Colonel.

COLONEL KENT

I'd control her, Mister Brenner.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, watching the two of them.

BRENNER

If I could control Miss Sunhill, we'd
have been couple of the week for years...

But his voice trails off as he is clearly distracted,
staring off at something --

CUT TO:

THE LATRINES, with technicians all around processing them.
Nothing unusual happening.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, still staring, then suddenly breaking into a run
toward them as we --

CUT TO:

THE LATRINES -- and now we see what he saw -- on top of one
of the latrines, every so often something is flapping
and --

CUT TO:

BRENNER. He bumps his way through the crowd of
technicians, seemingly oblivious to them. Keeping his eyes
on that slight movement.

Arriving at the latrines, he turns a heavy, wire-mesh
GARBAGE CAN over. Climbs onto it.

The technicians are quiet now, curiously watching Brenner,
who grabs the roof edge, pulls himself up, over, rolling
ONTO THE ROOF, faced with

A GREEN TRASH BAG.

The wind flapping a corner of it. Brenner pulls out his
trusty handkerchief, opens the bag up with it. CLOTHES.
He pulls out DOG TAGS. CAMPBELL, ANN LOUISE.

He looks out, over the roof edge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

A SEA OF MILITARY PERSONNEL: Forensics techs, MP's, Army PR. All standing below, all staring at Brenner.

HOLD ON BRENNER. Then --

CUT TO:

INT. MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Book lined. You get the sense that he's read them all. And understood them. Very bright. And kind. We are looking then at that rare species nowadays, a gentleman. Right now he sits at his desk, a trifle embarrassed. Brenner sits across from him.

COLONEL MOORE
Ridiculous behavior earlier. I'm sorry.

BRENNER
We didn't exactly let you see it coming.

COLONEL MOORE
Ann was more or less my protégé -- at least I liked to think she was.

BRENNER
You worked together on a daily basis.

COLONEL MOORE
Absolutely.

BRENNER
(beat)
Did you play together?

CUT TO:

MOORE. He considers this a moment. Then, surprisingly, he's excited --

COLONEL MOORE
What a truly excellent question.
(he grabs a pen, makes a quick notation)
You see, here at Psyops that's one of the things we teach -- threatening quietly.
(looks at Brenner)
Think of the echoes inherent in those four words, 'did you play together?'
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLONEL MOORE (CONT'D)

(ticking them off)

-- did you go out with her? -- did you have sex with her? -- did you love her and if you did, did you love her so much you murdered her? --

BRENNER

(smiles)

I just meant did you play golf or go bowling?

COLONEL MOORE

(laughs, then --)

No, you didn't.

BRENNER

(beat)

No, I didn't.

They look at each other a moment -- now they both know they're both smart.

COLONEL MOORE

You think I'm involved in this?

CUT TO:

BRENNER. Charming as can be.

BRENNER

One way or another, oh my yes.

COLONEL MOORE

Then wouldn't it be smart if I got a lawyer -- I know a good one.

BRENNER

It would be brilliant except for one thing --

(beat)

-- you've been watching too many civilian movies, Colonel -- this is the Army. You have no right to an attorney and you have no right to remain silent. If you refuse to cooperate, then I might have to read you your rights. And put you in jail.

(all this is said lightly)

I don't know if I could forgive myself if I did that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLONEL MOORE

(makes another note -- more
excited than before)

You see what you're doing?

BRENNER

Just after some answers is all.

COLONEL MOORE

Of course that, but how? --

(leaning in)

-- you're trying to make me like you and
you know what?

(he means this)

It's working. I do.

(beat)

Now do you see what I'm doing? I'm
trying to make you like me too --

BRENNER

-- you mean the flattery?

COLONEL MOORE

Of course. Is it working?

BRENNER

(he means this)

I do kind of like you, Colonel.

(almost laughs)

Why'd you strangle her?

CUT TO:

MOORE. Shakes his head.

COLONEL MOORE

Wrong, sorry, not up to your standards.

(looks at Brenner)

Did you go to college, I don't think so.

BRENNER

I make a mistake in grammar?

COLONEL MOORE

Of course not -- but that question, the
fake laughter -- it tells a lot, it tells
why you're probably very good at your
profession --

(beat)

-- that invisible chip on your shoulder -
- stands you in good stead, doesn't it --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COLONEL MOORE (CONT'D)

(smiles)

-- when you see all us upper class guys
just waiting for you to bring us down.

(beat)

You haven't even ascertained if I have an
alibi? When did it happen?

BRENNER

We think around four.

COLONEL MOORE

Where were you at four?

BRENNER

I was killing someone, thank you. Where
were you?

COLONEL MOORE

Snug in bed.

BRENNER

Any witnesses? Wife, girlfriend,
roommate, hooker?

COLONEL MOORE

I'm divorced, I'm between girlfriends, I
live alone, and I don't use hookers. I
have no alibi whatsoever.

(holds his wrists out close
together -- suddenly a Mafia
type accent)

"Put the cuffs on 'em, Louie."

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM.

BRENNER

That wasn't up to your standards,
Colonel. Now I know you were very close
to Ann Campbell. I'm just trying to find
out what very means.

COLONEL MOORE

Kent must have told you that. Figures.

BRENNER

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

COLONEL MOORE

(angry)

Colonel Kent would fuck a snake -- and undoubtedly has on any number of occasions.

(out of his chair now)

He has no concept of true friendship. I was Ann's mentor. There was a trust. She was a passionate young woman as she should have been -- but if I had taken advantage, I would have lost the trust.

(looking at Brenner now)

So did I kill her? Of course not. Did I love her? Of course I loved her.

(beat)

Make of that what you will...

HOLD ON THE TWO OF THEM.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICER'S CLUB - DAY

Crowded. CAMERA moves through.

SUNHILL (O.S.)

Thought you hated places like this.

BRENNER (O.S.)

Like going to the dentist --

We see them now -- Brenner and Sunhill sitting at a table by the bar -- inside is the dining room. An OLD BARTENDER handles things. Lunchtime is ending -- mid-afternoon. Many officers are leaving now, some with their wives.

Brenner and Sunhill sit a respectable distance from one another. There is a tension between them. They are clearly working out what their relationship is going to be -- if anything at all.

BRENNER

-- all the careful bullshit, the being nice to your superiors, the being especially nice with your superior's wives --

SUNHILL

(trying for a smile)

-- then why, O Great Chan, are we here?

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CLUB. Pretty full. Dozens and dozens of men.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP.

BRENNER

Because I think the murderer's in this
room --

CUT TO:

THE ROOM AGAIN. And now we realize this: a lot of men are very much aware of Paul Brenner's presence. Glances, looks.

BRENNER

-- and whoever he is, I think my being here scares him, maybe just a little -- how many of these shiny guys were on those tapes I wonder?

SUNHILL

(she has the file of Ann's
military records)

I wonder why she was sleeping with them at all. They were Officers under her father's command -- what's that about?

Now they both stop, and --

CUT TO:

A STUNNINGLY SEXY WOMAN of maybe 30. For a moment she is standing by herself --

-- then Colonel Kent moves to her, escorts her out of the room. Kent is concentrating totally on the woman --

-- until at the very last, unable to help himself, Kent glances back to where Brenner is seated. Then he is gone.

BRENNER

I suspect Mrs. Kent was not Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard.

SUNHILL

Well, Ann Campbell could have been -- you should see her records -- valedictorian in high school -- super athlete -- she picked West Point, where her father went.

(beat)

Paul, look at me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He does.

CUT TO:

SUNHILL. Very serious now. The file in her hands.

SUNHILL

I think something happened to her there.

BRENNER

She was there four years, right? Let's hope something did.

SUNHILL

She was tops in her class the first two years -- then she went all to shit. Barely stayed in school. Senior year was better and she got her masters, but she was never quite the same.

BRENNER

(waves her away)

I don't care about what happened back then -- I've got a lot more immediate problems -- one: why did the rapist pick an open spot like Range 6? There are thousands of acres here with cover.

(beat)

And more important: why did he go back and back and back?

(to Sunhill)

Could he have started and lost his nerve and come back and done it and then come back again and killed her?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hard at work?

And on that --

CUT TO:

COLONEL FOWLER, standing by the table. Pleased to see them.

COLONEL FOWLER

(to Cynthia)

You must be Miss Sunhill. Colonel Kent said you were helping us.

SUNHILL

Is that all he said?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COLONEL FOWLER

(smiles)

I never swear in front of ladies --

(beat)

-- at least not my lady -- do I dear?

And then we realize he isn't alone as we --

CUT TO:

MRS. HENRIETTA FOWLER. A genuine lady indeed --

-- at least she was once.

Probably she's had a stroke; something. She moves and speaks with difficulty. Frail. A step above being crippled.

But she looks at him with love in her eyes --

-- and he looks at her with pride.

MRS. FOWLER

(very s - l - o - w)

Never -- once --

(tries a smile)

-- and -- how -- many -- women -- can --
say -- that -- today?

COLONEL FOWLER

Not many.

(to Brenner)

Have you a moment?

BRENNER

Of course, sir.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM, as Brenner rises, moves a step away.

COLONEL FOWLER

I need a favor.

Brenner nods.

COLONEL FOWLER

The General -- not the best of days for
him.

BRENNER

Understood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

COLONEL FOWLER

When you get something -- and you will,
Paul, we have such faith in you --

BRENNER

-- I'm just waiting for test results --
should be in any time --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- well, when you get news, will you
bring it to him first? -- let him feel as
if he's involved -- it would take his
mind off...

(beat)

...you know, the situation.

(a hand on Brenner's
shoulder)

What I guess I'm saying is this, Paul --
The General wasn't just a hero for you;
that's something we share --

(sad)

-- and the man could use a piece of good
news...

(now he moves back to his
wife, takes her arm)

Come along now, Dolly -- let me take you
home.

They start off --

CUT TO:

BRENNER watching Fowler lead his little lady out; with
difficulty, yes, but with dignity too. Brenner looks at
Sunhill then, speaks quietly.

BRENNER

You think she looked like a 'Dolly' once?

SUNHILL

Hope so.

BRENNER

(beat)

What if you hadn't been engaged?

SUNHILL

That was part of the fun, wasn't it?

BRENNER

(thinks)

I guess.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BRENNER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Why did I find that so appealing?

SUNHILL

'Cause you're fucked up, Paul.

BRENNER

I knew it was something.

(glances to where Fowler and
his wife are just leaving)

Would you take care of me like that?

SUNHILL

(considers this -- then,
right hand raised)

I refuse to answer, your honor...

And on that --

CUT TO:

ANN CAMPBELL'S OFFICE AGAIN

Brenner stands with Sunhill, studying Ann's desk as we --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

--- we are not in her office at all but rather --

INT. DESERTED AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

-- and what we have been looking at is a recreation of the
office -- furniture and files placed carefully in exactly
the same laces --

-- and right next to the office is the main floor of her
house, also being recreated as we watch, technicians
working away --

-- all without walls, of course. Brenner can simply take a
few steps from one to the other, from the office to the
home -- which is what he and Sunhill do.

CUT TO:

BRENNER AND SUNHILL, standing in her 'home', staring at a
framed photo --

-- the cover of Time. General Campbell is in an American
city, holding hands with Ann --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- she may have been six.

SUNHILL

This is what made him famous, isn't it?

BRENNER

(nods)

Riot in a southern city, forget which.
He quelled it. Took her through to prove
the place was safe.

CUT TO:

THE PHOTO OF THE MAGAZINE COVER. CLOSE UP.

BRENNER (O.S.)

She looks terrified.

Guess what? In CLOSE UP you can tell. Brenner's right.

CUT TO:

SEIVER now, as he begins to string plaster casts in long
lines.

Watching all this is COLONEL KENT -- silently. And not as
relaxed as he might be.

KENT

Why do you go through all this bullshit?

BRENNER

(cheerily)

What particular bullshit are you
referring to, Colonel?

Kent gestures to Seiver.

BRENNER

(to Seiver)

Explain.

SEIVER

These casts? -- tell us who was at the
range and when.

(to Brenner)

We got lucky --

(points to one particular
cast)

-- guard -- he was there at five -- very
distinctive cast -- bubble gum on one
foot. Anybody beneath him has a lot of
explaining.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KENT

(to Brenner)

-- isn't it about time you started doing things? -- why aren't you out questioning people, isn't that your job?

BRENNER

I've probably seen too many Columbo's, Colonel.

(a long, long pause -- he is
staring dead at Kent)

You do know what we're setting up next?

KENT

No idea.

BRENNER

(casual)

Captain Campbell's basement.

And no question, there is a reaction to the word 'basement'.

KENT

(trying for casual)

She had one?

BRENNER

She did indeed -- I'm kind of interested in everything that might have been down there, aren't you?

(staring at Kent)

Actually, I paid a visit down there earlier. Ran into a little trouble.

KENT

(a shrug)

Shit happens.

And it's all very polite -- only it isn't.

BRENNER

Where were you last night, Colonel? Say four in the morning.

CUT TO:

KENT. Kind of laughs.

KENT

Oh, I'm a suspect now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRENNER

Why not?

KENT

You really want to know where I was?

BRENNER

It was your idea, you said I should start asking people questions. Well, you're a people and that's a question, where were you?

KENT

With my wife, Mister Brenner. All cuddly night long. Anything else?

Brenner shakes his head; Kent turns then, walks off. Sunhill comes to him.

SUNHILL

What was all that about?

BRENNER

(beat --)

I hope guilt -- guilt and fear --

And now a voice calls his name out loud -- "Paul" --

CUT TO:

CAL SEIVER, hurrying in from the far end of the hangar --

-- excited as hell, and all but racing to Brenner, and when he gets there, says four words --

SEIVER

The hair was Moore's!

On the name --

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL CAMPBELL'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

General Campbell and he is doing a very unusual thing -- he is hugging Brenner -- who is the least bit embarrassed.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

THE GENERAL'S HOUSE, immediately after. We are on the lovely back porch that overlooks woods and hills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is early evening, the sun is going down -- there is a tray of iced tea and glasses --

-- the change from the morning is palpable -- relief is very much the order of the moment.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(releasing Brenner)

Forgive my enthusiasm.

(letting Brenner go, starting to walk up and down)

I can't say I'm shocked about Moore. Their relationship was too close, at least for me -- I don't believe in fraternizing with your superior officers.

COLONEL FOWLER

I always thought he was a decent fellow --

(sad fellow)

-- one learns, I suppose.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

There's no question on any of this? -- his hair in the sink, his prints on her clothes?

BRENNER

No doubt at all.

But somehow, he is not as excited as he might be.

COLONEL FOWLER

And she was not raped?

BRENNER

No signs of it.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

I suppose somehow there's good news in that. At least her passage wasn't as savage as it might have been.

CUT TO:

FOWLER. He goes to the General and this next exchange is rapid fire -- they are kind of Oscar and Felix. Brenner moves to the porch rail, sits, stares out at the dying day.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- I want to bury Ann next to her mother. In Michigan. I think Ann would like that. I know her mother would --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLONEL FOWLER

-- I'll start making arrangements in the morning --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- thank you, George --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- but I really think I should alert Washington now --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- let it wait --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- the Senator needs to know -- that it's settled --

BRENNER

-- may I ask what about Washington?

COLONEL FOWLER

Well, as you must know the senior Senator from Pennsylvania has made inquiries as to how the General would feel about entering politics -- when all this happened, I felt I had to alert them --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- I wish you hadn't --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- I only wanted what was best for you --

CUT TO:

BRENNER, watching them, moving closer.

COLONEL FOWLER

(to Brenner)

-- I have to swear you to secrecy --

Brenner nods.

COLONEL FOWLER

-- well, the Senator's advisors suggest Ann's murder might not damage the General in any way.

(almost embarrassed)

His ratings are even higher now.

Brenner says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GENERAL CAMPBELL
Why did you ask, Paul?

BRENNER
Because you said everything was settled.

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL.

GENERAL CAMPBELL
Well, of course that was anticipatory --
we realize there has to be a trial and
all that --

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP. Takes a breath. He doesn't much want
to say this --

BRENNER
Gentlemen, I haven't even arrested
Colonel Moore --
(beat)
-- and unless he pisses me off, I have
absolutely no plans to arrest him.

CUT TO:

THE THREE MEN. And they stare at each other. It's not so
nice on the porch now.

COLONEL FOWLER
(trying for calm)
May I ask why? --

BRENNER
(shrugs)
-- 'cause I don't think he's guilty --

COLONEL FOWLER
-- but the prints and the hair --

BRENNER
-- no-no, he's involved somehow -- but
placing him at the scene does not
automatically mean he's a murderer -- I
saw his face when I told him about the
death -- he-did-not-know --

COLONEL FOWLER
-- but there's enough evidence to arrest
him --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRENNER

-- more than enough -- but not for me --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- you can close this case -- right
now --

BRENNER

-- I could put him in jail -- but what's
the point of that? -- I'm sure the
murderer's still out there --

COLONEL FOWLER

(suppressing anger)

-- who for God's sakes --

BRENNER

-- someone mugged me this morning -- I
think he's our killer --

CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL. He looks out at the sunset.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Oh young man, young man.

(turns to Brenner)

You're having a splendid career. If we
close this case, if we keep it among
ourselves, well of course it's a terrible
thing, but it's our terrible thing.

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL. CLOSE UP.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(staring at Brenner)

You have the most important decision of
your life to make, Paul.

(beat)

What are you? Are you a soldier? Or a
policeman?

CUT TO:

BRENNER. And no question, this is not a happy time for
him.

BRENNER

(beat)

You may not believe in fraternizing with
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BRENNER (CONT'D)
superior officers but I have to tell you,
General, and I don't like doing it, that
your daughter was fraternizing with at
least some and maybe a lot of superior
officers --

The General is rocked.

COLONEL FOWLER
(exploding)
How can you say such a thing? And to
him?

BRENNER
Because I saw. That's what the mugging
was about. I don't know why she was
doing it. But this is not your ordinary
case.

CUT TO:

BRENNER.. CLOSE UP.

BRENNER
You think I wouldn't love to close this?
And please you? And go out and feel real
good about myself for once?
(beat -- bigger)
But it doesn't work that way. And I
won't back off. Can't. Never have.

CUT TO:

BRENNER AND THE GENERAL.

BRENNER
Wish I could... I really wish I could...

HOLD. Then --

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR - EARLY EVENING

Brenner's car pulls up. Sunhill drives. She stays behind
the wheel as Brenner climbs out.

BRENNER
You can take the car to the VOQ. Get
checked in. I'll walk back. Meet up
with you tonight.

SUNHILL

You don't need any help?

BRENNER

No. Not for this. I'll see you later.

Brenner turns and disappears through the shade of the hangar door. Sunhill stares after him a long beat before driving off.

INT. HANGAR

Most of the forensic techs have gone home for the evening. Cal Seiver is at the far end of the hangar, head buried in his work as he labors with the plaster casts. Brenner doesn't disturb him.

Brenner pads through recreation of Ann's living room. Takes a long look at the photos on the wall. Studies them. Studies her.

Photos of a younger Ann. High school graduation in her father's embrace. As a teenager, on a horse. As a little girl, with a striking woman who must be her mother.

Ann's smiling in all the photos. There are no recent pictures, a fact not lost on Brenner. He touches the silver frame of one of the photos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a bar next to the stereo. Brenner selects a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY and TWO GLASSES. The forensic guys really went out of their way to recreate everything.

Brenner hits eject on the CD player, and the TRAY SLIDES OPEN, revealing a DISC. He reads the label and nods, smiling. He likes Ann's taste in music. Brenner hits "play" and a soft Billie Holiday melody croons from the speakers.

The music echoes through the cavernous hangar.

Brenner sits on the couch, lays the two glass on the coffee table in front of him. He fills both. He raises one glass and takes a long pull.

As the soothing warmth spreads through his system, he closes his eyes, listening to the sultry jazz -- perhaps the last music Ann heard.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - EARLY EVENING

An Army CHAPLAIN leads the choir of men and women through a hymn.

The CAMERA PASSES OVER rows of singers, and we HOLD ON Colonel Fowler in the third row. His voice holds the strain on a particular verse, but breaks, just for a second.

A SINGLE TEAR rolls down his cheek. He continues to sing, unaffected.

CUT TO:

INT. POST GYMNASIUM - EARLY EVENING

Two FENCERS locked in combat. Faces obscured behind mesh helmets. Their foils are a blur. The two men GRUNT AND GROAN with each thrust and parry. Metal rings as the FOILS CLASH. It's a furious duel.

Suddenly, one of the fencers lashes forward in a rage, his foil SLASHING AND CUTTING THROUGH THE AIR. Driven. Maniacal.

His opponent can hardly counter, retreating, until the fury of the other man's attack knocks him backwards on his ass. The foil stabs at his heart. An electronic BUZZ sounds, signaling victory.

The downed man throws off his helmet.

LOSER

Jesus, Bill! Lighten up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The victor removes his helmet, revealing Colonel Kent. His face is red, and he's breathing like a wild animal. Anger in his eyes.

COLONEL KENT

Let's go again.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL CAMPBELL'S STUDY - EARLY EVENING

Oak paneled walls host photos and memorabilia collected from a career that spans nearly half a century. Bookshelves are lined with biographies of famous soldiers and generals. Thick tomes on war and battlefield tactics. A few classics. Machiavelli's *The Prince*. Sun Tzu's *The Art of War*.

On several tables, MINIATURE HISTORIC BATTLEFIELDS are laid out in precise and exacting detail. Centuries of man's love affair with war and conquering. Hastings. Waterloo. Gettysburg. The Marne.

General Campbell leans over a diorama of tree-dotted plain. Painted lead miniatures of Austrian, Prussian and Italian troops square off in a battle from the Seven Weeks War.

The General wears a pair a special magnifying bifocals as he uses a fine paintbrush to lovingly touch up the uniform on a Prussian field commander.

Lost in his work.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HANGAR - NIGHT

Cal Seiver works alone.

There are washing lines strung all over --

-- hundreds of plaster casts --

-- the wind blows through the open door nearby --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- the plaster casts make a sound like wind chimes.

But hollow. Strange.

CUT TO:

SEIVER. The man is exhausted. He stretches, grabs his coat, head toward the open door.

Flicks out the lights.

Leaves the place, locking the door behind him.

The hangar could be a scene from another planet now...

CUT TO:

INT. MOORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A DINING ROOM TABLE. Dinner has been set for two. Suddenly we hear Brenner's voice, giving a "Gong Show" sound.

BRENNER (O.S.)

ANNHHHH! -- wrong answer.

CUT TO:

MOORE'S HOUSE -- Moore is preparing dinner. Steak tartar, salad, red wine. Brenner is seated at one of the two places, watching him carefully --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- the cat and mouse tension that was between them before
is here again -- only thicker --

COLONEL MOORE

I didn't say anything.

BRENNER

That's what was wrong, Charley -- the
question was, why were you so stupid as
to leave your fingerprints everywhere?

(beat)

My answer: you panicked.

CUT TO:

MOORE. For a moment he stops chopping up food, scowls.

COLONEL MOORE

I teach panic, remember.

BRENNER

(gesturing for more)

And?

COLONEL MOORE

(chopping again)

Well, obviously, I didn't plan for things
to work out this way.

BRENNER

(quickly)

Define 'things'.

(no reply -- big)

Define 'things.'

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM.

COLONEL MOORE

Look, Paul --

(smiles)

-- may I call you Paul? -- I liked it
when you called me Charley -- we are, I
assume, still trying to out-smart each
other.

Brenner nods for Moore to go on.

COLONEL MOORE

Obviously I cannot lie and say I know
nothing about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLONEL MOORE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I also cannot tell the truth.

BRENNER

Because you think silence will save your
ass?

CUT TO:

MOORE. CLOSE UP.

COLONEL MOORE

(sad smile)

We both know I'm pretty much destroyed.

(back to work)

There is no reason for Ann to be
destroyed along with me.

(hands Brenner a taste of
steak tartar)

What does it need?

CUT TO:

BRENNER; tasting -- it's delicious.

BRENNER

I'm lucky you had enough --

COLONEL MOORE

(quickly)

-- I always order too much food -- I
suppose part of me still thinks I'm
married. And yes, I realize Ann's dead -
- I was speaking of her reputation.

BRENNER

You mean the sex tapes.

CUT TO:

MOORE. Just breaks out laughing.

COLONEL MOORE

Great question. Almost any answer
incriminates me --

(out of the blue)

-- sit.

Brenner glances around, confused until we --

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A CAT. Kind of a ragamuffin. It hops onto a chair, sits immediately, stays there. Watching silently.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. He can sense he's getting through. His voice takes on a greater urgency now.

BRENNER

I watched the two of you.

COLONEL MOORE

(bullshit)

Like hell you did.

BRENNER

Well, anyway, Kent was having a ball.

CUT TO:

MOORE -- frustrated --

COLONEL MOORE

(big)

-- look -- you play the hand you're dealt
-- and I will not help you ruin that girl
-- she suffered enough -- leave it
there --

BRENNER

(urging now -- he can sense)
-- you help me, I'll forget the tapes --
I swear I'll never mention them again --

COLONEL MOORE

-- I-cannot-trust-you --

BRENNER

-- I'm all you have --

COLONEL MOORE

(and suddenly Moore makes the
"Gong Show" sound)

-- ANNNHHH --

Brenner surprised, looks around and we --

CUT TO:

THE DOORWAY -- a young CAPTAIN stands there --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

COLONEL MOORE
(going right to him)
Captain Goodson is my lawyer.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP. Silent. Shocked.

CUT TO:

GOODSON. A big powerful guy.

GOODSON
(stumbling at first as
Brenner just stares at him)
Yes, yes I am, and I don't like the way
you've been treating my client --

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP. Silent as before.

CUT TO:

THE THREE OF THEM.

GOODSON
I'm Captain Goodson from the Judge
Advocates Office -- and from now on,
anything you have to say to Colonel
Moore --

CUT TO:

BRENNER -- CLOSE UP. Close to eruption now.

BRENNER
-- I'll say to Colonel Moore --

GOODSON
-- don't think you can bully my client --

CUT TO:

BRENNER -- and here it comes --

BRENNER
(nods)
Right, I'm done bullying --
(now, whirling on Moore)
Colonel Moore, you're under arrest.
Conduct unbecoming an officer --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CUT TO:

MOORE AND GOODSON. Hard to tell which is the more stunned.

BRENNER

(roaring right on)

Plus Article 134, disorders and neglects.
Accessory after the fact. Conspiracy,
making false statements --

(to Goodson now)

-- and Captain, you are on the verge of
Article 98, noncompliance with procedural
rules.

Dead silence in the room.

BRENNER

Out of here!

And he pulls Moore out the door --

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

We are in the Post Provost Marshal's Building --

-- Brenner leads Moore down a corridor of HOLDING CELLS.

BRENNER

(shoving Moore in a cell)

No more charm, Charley.

(locking it)

You're either a murderer or an accessory
to murder. They're gonna burn you at the
stake. I advise you to think about
cooperating.

(he turns, starts to go --

half turned -- suddenly)

What happened to Ann sophomore year?

CUT TO:

MOORE. Surprised, can't hide it. Before he can reply --

CUT TO:

THE NEXT CELL. Elkins, the not very bright Sergeant in the
armory is held there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELKINS

Wow, that's a Colonel you're throwing in here --

BRENNER

-- shut up, Elkins --

(back to Moore)

You were acting as her shrink, weren't you? Well, the Ann I met was all bright and shining. The woman on the tapes --

(beat)

-- different lady. There's a direct connection, isn't there?

Beat -- Moore nods.

BRENNER

And you know what it is?

Beat -- Moore nods.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, moving in --

BRENNER

This is your life, Colonel -- and I'm the only lifesaver you've got -- now for Chrissakes, grab hold. What made her fall apart?

ELKINS

(listening, fascinated)

Who we talking about?

CUT TO:

BRENNER, frustrated, shouting at Elkins.

BRENNER

I don't want to hear anything more out of you, got that?

(to Moore)

Charles, listen, help me for chrissakes -
- help Ann -- what made her fall apart?

COLONEL MOORE

(soft)

It was awful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRENNER

So is life some mornings -- we get on with it -- did she steal, did she get caught cheating?

COLONEL MOORE

Worse.

BRENNER

Drugs?

COLONEL MOORE

Worse.

BRENNER

Rape?

COLONEL MOORE

Worse.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM as Brenner moves close to the barred door.

BRENNER

What's worse than rape?

COLONEL MOORE

(slowly shakes his head)

When you know that, you'll know everything...

And he moves away, in despair, and lies down on the cot, face to the wall. Brenner, wildly frustrated, leaves him, hurries off and we --

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOCK-UP SERGEANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Brenner sticks his head inside.

BRENNER

Sergeant?

The LOCK-UP SERGEANT looks at him.

BRENNER

Colonel Moore? --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOCK-UP SERGEANT

-- the conduct unbecoming guy, right --

BRENNER

-- he's not taking this well -- go
easy --

LOCK-UP SERGEANT

Understood, yessir.

As he turns, goes out into the corridor --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HANGAR - NIGHT

Cal Seiver. Upset as hell.

SEIVER

(gesturing sharply)
Show you something --

And on that --

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM, driving up to the hangar.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HANGAR - NIGHT

THE DOOR OF THE HANGAR as Cal throws it open.

They step in --

-- everything is exactly as before --

-- except this: all the plaster casts have been destroyed.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, stunned, as he walks through the mess, boots
crunching as he goes.

BRENNER

Who had access?

SEIVER

Could have been anybody. Nobody was
spotted though. Who gained by it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER

Maybe Moore, maybe Kent, god knows who else.

(angry)

Just... shit.

CUT TO:

THE WHOLE PLACE. A weird mess.

Brenner storms out and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. A RESTAURANT IN THE TOWN - NIGHT

Brenner stands by his car, looking in the window --

-- MRS. KENT, the stunningly sexy woman we saw earlier at the Officer's club is showing some customers to a table.

Sunhill slips out of the restaurant; Brenner goes to her.

SUNHILL

Getting pretty interesting.

(talking quickly)

Kent's phone records? -- he called Ann Campbell at home constantly --

BRENNER

-- and where was Mrs. Kent during these chats?

SUNHILL

Mrs. Kent moved out on him, took a place in town -- rumor is his philandering got to her.

(beat)

Today at lunch? -- that was the first time they've been back together.

BRENNER

Why don't I think they sound devoted?

SUNHILL

You mean like us?

They look at each other, say nothing --

CUT TO:

BRENNER. Taut and strained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER

She blown Kent's alibi yet?

SUNHILL

(head shake)

Not quite -- but we're becoming really good friends. She'll tell me the whole truth eventually.

(beat)

Will you ever do the same?

BRENNER

It's a good thing I think you're gorgeous, because if you weren't, you're such a pain in the ass I'd never speak to you.

SUNHILL

(going back inside)

The sad thing is, you probably consider that compliment.

She waves, heads back inside as he gets back into his car, guns off.--

CUT TO:

INT. MOORE'S JAIL CELL - NIGHT

-- empty --

CUT TO:

BRENNER. For a moment, he just stares --

-- then he whirls, starts running again as we --

CUT TO:

INT. LOCK-UP SERGEANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Sergeant is at his desk as Brenner rushes in.

BRENNER

Where's Colonel Moore?

LOCK-UP SERGEANT

Uh, well... He was released. Restricted to quarters.

Brenner looks up slowly. Lethally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOCK-UP SERGEANT

The guy looked like he was having a heart attack. His lawyer came in making a stink. I mean, you don't put an officer in common lock-up.

BRENNER

He's a murder suspect! Are you on this base? Have you heard that Ann Campbell's been murdered?

The Sergeant blanches now. But is angry as well.

LOCK-UP SERGEANT

You never informed me he was a suspect in the murder. He was being charged with conduct unbecoming. Not murder.

Brenner is silenced, seeing his error. He turns, goes and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. MOORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Brenner's car pulls to a stop. He's out of it, heads to the front door. Rings the bell... No answer. He rings again. And again. Then looks to the window next to the door...

Mini-blinds are shaking gently. As if someone just peeked out of them.

BRENNER

Moore!

He pounds on the door again.

BRENNER

Open the goddamn door.

Still NO RESPONSE. Brenner steps away from the door, plasters himself against the window, tries to peer around the mini-blinds. Can't get a glimpse inside, though.

But as he's staring, the BLINDS ARE AGAIN DISTURBED from within, they sway slightly.

Brenner moves AROUND THE CORNER of the house trying to peek into successive windows. All with mini-blinds drawn.

He arrives at THE BACK OF THE HOUSE. THE BACK DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brenner pounds on this door now, almost immediately his eye catches a glimpse of a WINDOW next to the door. This mini-blind also ROCKING gently.

Brenner raps on the window. The mini-blinds move again. Brenner, confused, waits. The mini-blinds shake and shake until finally...

A CAT'S HEAD APPEARS.

Pushes the mini-blinds aside. MEOWS through the glass. Brenner, disappointed, starts to turn away as the cat, still MEOWING, scratches a paw at the window pane...

LEAVES A BLOODY STREAK ACROSS THE WINDOW.

Brenner's eyes widen. He bounds for the back door. BURSTS IT WIDE in one thrust of the shoulder.

INT. MOORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bolts into the house.

The cat, alarmed, runs from the window, leaving BLOODY PAW PRINTS across the kitchen counter.

Brenner stops short in THE LIVING ROOM.

Moore sits on the couch, gun in hand, head thrown back, revealing a GAPING WOUND...

The cat MEOWS feverishly, curls around Brenner's leg. Then jumps onto the couch, walks through a POOL OF BLOOD.

CUT TO:

BRENNER -- and it's all beginning to collapse on him.

He turns away from the body --

-- and there's the DINING AREA --

-- the dishes and food still as they were, just a few hours before.

Brenner stares in sad silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brenner sitting in his car. In despair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is still in front of Moore's house --

-- loaded with M.P.'s now. And an ambulance.

The front door out the house opens and MOORE'S BODY -- covered by a sheet -- is carried from the house to the ambulance.

Brenner watches the sad journey -- then damn near jumps as the phone rings. He picks it up.

BRENNER

Brenner.

KENT (V.O.)

Sorry about your boot-prints.

BRENNER

Where are you?

KENT (V.O.)

Waiting for you, Paulie?

BRENNER

Where do I meet you?

KENT (V.O.)

(he may have been drinking,
hard to tell)

Where else...?

(beat)

Scene of the crime.

And he hangs up --

CUT TO:

A TITANIC BOLT OF LIGHTNING THAT RIPS THE SKY APART.

A gigantic blast of thunder follows --

-- a summer storm is swirling in --

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. BRENNER'S CAR - NIGHT

Brenner, driving fast on a crummy, deserted road.

-- up ahead is a curve -- sharp -- Brenner adjusts for it too late and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

THE CAR, wheels screeching, almost out of control, but not quite.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, driving slower now, taking a breath --
-- the phone rings again. He grabs it.

BRENNER

Two minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SUNHILL, in the phone booth of the restaurant.

SUNHILL

Paul? --

BRENNER (V.O.)

-- thought you were Kent --

SUNHILL

-- why I'm calling -- Mrs. Kent told me
his whole alibi was bullshit -- which is
good but this isn't -- she also called
and told him. He knows we know.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. BRENNER'S CAR - NIGHT

BRENNER. Slowing down now.

BRENNER

Cynthia? Listen one second? -- if I die?
We really fucked up.

And he puts the phone down --

INT. BRENNER'S CAR - NIGHT

Brenner, driving fast -- he's on a deserted road as the
sound of the THUNDER builds -- now he pulls up sharp --

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE #6 - NIGHT

The sign: RIFLE RANGE #6.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. He stops the car, gets out, starts walking forward.

CUT TO:

THE SPOT OF GROUND where Ann Campbell was killed.

Kent sits there now, legs crossed, chin in his hands, waiting. He sees Brenner, smiles, waves.

COLONEL KENT

Right on the dot.

BRENNER

Again?

COLONEL KENT

(stands, brushes himself off)
Well, once my good sweet wife called, I knew you knew I had no alibi, I figured you for a visit.

BRENNER

And here I am.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM. Still a good distance apart -- too far for a revolver to be effective.

BRENNER

-- I think the two of us ought to go back to your office, talk awhile.

COLONEL KENT

I've always been an out of doors guy -- let's talk here.

(beat)

That is, if we've got anything really important to talk about.

BRENNER

Stop dancing.

CUT TO:

KENT, suddenly screaming in the night --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLONEL KENT

I should have killed you --

BRENNER

-- when you mugged me? --

COLONEL KENT

-- yes, when I mugged you, of course when I mugged you, you were down and I had the weapon and I thought about it --

(beat)

-- but I'm not a violent man. And I figured once I destroyed the tapes, I was safe.

(shrugs)

Just goes to show you.

(snaps his fingers)

Almost forgot, you armed?

BRENNER

(warily)

I am.

COLONEL KENT

Can I see?

Brenner opens his jacket, revealing his shoulder holster and the butt of his gun. Kent breaks out laughing.

COLONEL KENT

This is what I called being armed.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, watching as Kent pulls a gorgeous pistol.

COLONEL KENT

Baretta M-9.

(pats it)

My pal.

Brenner says nothing, looks at the powerful gun a moment, then takes a step forward.

CUT TO:

KENT. Holding up a hand.

COLONEL KENT

Paulie? How about staying right where you are?

Brenner stops, waits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLONEL KENT

I have to tell you this -- I'm really not a big fan of yours -- if you'd been satisfied with Moore -- and it's dollars to doughnuts he did it -- I would have been just fine.

BRENNER

You didn't kill Ann.

CUT TO:

KENT. Shakes his head.

COLONEL KENT

I only fucked her.

(beat)

And that's a Court Martial offense -- and a Dishonorable Discharge to follow --

(beat)

-- you'll never understand something, but all these years. I've felt privileged to serve in the greatest Army in the world -- every damn day -- you'll laugh, but the Army gave me everything --

(starting to lose it)

-- and what do I do after my dishonorable? --

(raging now)

-- guard a fucking K-Mart the rest of my life?

(and now there are tears in his eyes)

That's what you did to me.

BRENNER

(having none of it)

You did it to yourself.

(takes another step forward)

Let's get going.

CUT TO:

KENT. Almost happy now.

COLONEL KENT

I'll make it easy for you --

(and now he does a surprising thing -- he throws his gun away)

I'm all yours.

Brenner hesitates, takes another step. Then another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COLONEL KENT

Before you walk any further, don't you want to know where you're standing?

BRENNER

Where am I standing?

COLONEL KENT

In a minefield.

Beat. Kent stares, his face utterly blank.

BRENNER

Come on, Colonel.

COLONEL KENT

I buried some Bouncing Bettys. Anti-personnel. You buy that?

Brenner involuntarily scans the dark grass around him. It is unmowed and thick enough for concealed dug earth.

COLONEL KENT

Remember how the Betty works? First man trips the primary. Mine shoots up. Rest of the column walks into the blast. Their heads are removed. Or limbs. Whatever.

Brenner starts to move for Kent. Then he sees it... The upright SHAFT OF A SHOVEL jammed in the earth.

COLONEL KENT

You could turn around. Walk out the way you came in. But can you be sure where you stepped?

Brenner begins walking to Kent, his shoes crushing into the grass.

BRENNER

There are no mines, Colonel. You'd be in the kill radius, too.

COLONEL KENT

I want to be in the kill radius.

Brenner wills himself ahead, nerves drawn tight, looking down watching for signs of disruption in the grass.

COLONEL KENT

Amazing what a load of shrapnel will do
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

COLONEL KENT (CONT'D)
to flesh and bone. Take it clean off --
well, not clean at all, actually. You've
seen the casualties.

Brenner meets eyes with Kent. And suddenly the fear
leaves. He sees Kent for what he is, a sad loser playing a
bluff.

Kent sees the realization pass in Brenner's eyes. His
goading smile disappears, stripped from him.

BRENNER
It's over, Colonel.

Brenner moves for him. And then his shoe hits something.
He freezes. Fear pumps sharp. His eyes bore into the
grass.

And he feels it, just under the rise of ground, the steel
of it, recognizes it...

BRENNER DIVES... In a running leap as the mine is
triggered, the primary charge cracking.

The MINE LEAPS up from the grass in a spray of sod.

Brenner sprints, skidding belly down in a headlong dive.

CUT TO:

-- KENT standing there, in the spot where Ann --

-- then he just disappears --

-- the explosion flashes into the sky -- shards of shrapnel
are everywhere --

CUT TO:

BRENNER, shoulder cut, watching, horrified.

He closes his eyes. Tight. His bleeding goes on as we --

CUT TO:

INT. A SMALL ROOM IN THE POST HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Brenner has been stitched up. He's resting till he gets
his strength back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks worse than we have ever seen him -- it's all beginning to collapse on him now. He is on his way to getting very drunk.

SUNHILL sits with him. She holds a liquor bottle, gives it to him as needed.

BRENNER

(voice dead)

I fucked up.

SUNHILL

You sure did.

BRENNER

If I'd only told that Sergeant that Moore was a murder suspect, it all would have been different.

SUNHILL

You fucked up...

BRENNER

(drinks)

And I liked Moore.

SUNHILL

(looks at him)

I'm tired of that song. Moore was a soldier -- he chose to fall on his sword -- that was his right -- Kent's too.

Brenner. Desolate, drinks again. Sunhill takes the bottle, holds it.

BRENNER

You know the worst?

(looks at her)

I don't know for sure either of 'em did it --

(beat)

-- but I've got no case left.
Everybody's dead.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. In despair.

BRENNER

I let it slip away...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Paul?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Brenner straightens as we --

CUT TO:

COLONEL FOWLER, standing there. Behind him is General Campbell.

COLONEL FOWLER

Could you spare a moment?

CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL, and he's wiped out too. He goes to Brenner who stands, struggles very hard to be sober.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

I promise no hugs this time.

Brenner tries for a smile.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

But I will write you a commendation. The results speak for themselves.

BRENNER

I wish I felt the same.

COLONEL FOWLER

You're too close to it, Paul --

CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL. CLOSE UP. Soft. Vulnerable.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- I understand your frustration --
suicide's such a terrible thing.

(soft, vulnerable)

Mrs. Campbell took her own life... when
the cancer became more than she could
bear. Ann and I tried to help her fight.

(beat)

We've got to move on, Paul.

(sad)

We all have a lot of healing to do. I
leave tomorrow night to bury my child. I
hope our paths cross again.

And he and Fowler leave, slowly -- two very sad men --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VISITING OFFICER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Sunhill and Brenner get out of his car. She's been doing the driving. Now she helps him to the front door.

SUNHILL

I reserved rooms for the night.

BRENNER

(not remotely sober)

That was nice. You're nice. I'm not nice. Why aren't I nice?

SUNHILL

Oh shut up.

BRENNER

That wasn't nice.

He started to giggle as she hauls him inside --

CUT TO:

INT. A PLAINLY FURNISHED BEDROOM - NIGHT

She leads him to the bed where he collapses.

BRENNER

I was thinking...

SUNHILL

Then we're all in trouble.

BRENNER

What if you hadn't been engaged?

SUNHILL

You wouldn't have come near me.

BRENNER

(does his best to consider this)

Hmmm.

(beat)

That would mean I was a sick asshole kind of guy.

SUNHILL

Sick asshole is good.

BRENNER

We could try again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUNHILL
We'd just screw it up worse.

BRENNER
(almost out)
...thank you for your support...

And he is dead to the world --

CUT TO:

INT. PLAINLY FURNISHED BEDROOM - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Brenner has not moved --

-- but the light wakes him. He sits, hung over, mutters to himself, blinks, looks around --

CUT TO:

THE ROOM. Exactly as it was --

-- except for this: a large envelope has been slipped under the door.

Brenner staggers to it, lifts it up, stares --

CUT TO:

THE ENVELOPE -- it's the rest of Ann Campbell's Army and Medical records -- Brenner opens it --

CUT TO:

BRENNER, flipping through, stopping now, staring --

BRENNER
Thank you, Jesus --

And as he rushes out the door --

CUT TO:

BRENNER WALKING ALONG --

We can't quite tell where yet -- but he is dressed in his warrant officer's uniform and he has shaved and done his best but the effects of the last day are still very much in evidence --

-- and he seems, at least for now, oddly ill at ease --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

We are at the eye of the storm -- WEST POINT. And it's perfect. The sky is perfect and the grass is perfect and all the young men walking by are perfect and of course their uniforms are perfect --

-- Brenner in these surroundings, feels a little ratty, a little out of place.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OF A BUILDING - DAY

Brenner stops, knocks. The door opens --

-- and Jimmy Stewart is standing there. The Liberty Valance guy -- a bad limp, trouble hearing, a terrible toupee -- but all the good things too. This is COLONEL DONALD SLESINGER. And you won't find many better men.

SLESINGER

(squinting out)

Mister Brenner?

Brenner nods -- Slesinger gestures him in.

SLESINGER

Come in, sir; come in and talk loud.

(muttering)

Terrible thing for a shrink to lose -- can't hear some of my patients half the time.

(gesturing for Brenner to sit down)

'Course, considering some of my patients, maybe that's not such a terrible thing.

INT. SLESINGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Plain. Pictures of Lucy giving advice for 5 cents are framed on the wall.

BRENNER

(edgy)

Colonel Slesinger -- you prefer Colonel or Doctor? --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLESINGER

-- I prefer Donald and I'm assuming you
didn't fly up from MacCallum to
bullshit --

BRENNER

-- I told you on the phone --

SLESINGER

(interrupting)

-- yes, yes, Captain Campbell -- and I
told you on the phone I can't talk about
Captain Campbell -- nothing has
changed --

CUT TO:

BRENNER, taking out the file that was under his door from
his briefcase.

BRENNER

(taking out the folder that
was under his door)

-- you were her psychiatrist --

SLESINGER

(nods)

-- and a poor one at that --

BRENNER

-- and she came to see you at the end of
her Sophomore year -- she would have been
twenty -- she was in a serious
depression --

SLESINGER

-- I take it from your presence here
Ann's in some trouble again --

BRENNER

-- not now --

SLESINGER

(smiles)

-- oh that's good --

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP. Silence.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE TWO OF THEM. The silence goes on. Slesinger studies Brenner. Then finally it dawns.

SLESINGER

(so sad)

She's too young to be dead.

BRENNER

Mock-raped and strangled.

And on those words --

CUT TO:

SLESINGER, in a sudden shocking fury --

SLESINGER

Fuck me -- just fuck me --

(roaring on)

-- I couldn't help her, don't you see --
I tried but I could not unlock her enough
to trust me --

CUT TO:

SLESINGER. CLOSE UP.

SLESINGER

-- who killed her? --

(beat)

-- stupid question, if you knew, you
wouldn't need an old fart like me -- I
still can't talk about her, but guess
what?

(leaning in)

-- I'm angry now, and when I'm angry
guess what? --

CUT TO:

BRENNER, waiting, hopeful now.

SLESINGER

-- sometimes I talk to myself out loud --

(shrugs)

-- and if you happen to be in the
vicinity, well, it's still a free
country --

He gets up shakily, heads for the door and we --

CUT TO:

A FLAT STONE BOUNDING OVER WATER.

We are --

EXT. POND - DAY

-- at a quiet pond on this beautiful day. Slesinger has a handful of stones, skips them as he talks.

Could not be a lovelier setting.

SLESINGER

She sets the place on fire, our Annie
does -- top woman here, pretty as hell,
outdoes most of the men in the training
runs -- The General's Daughter --

He skips a stone -- one two three skips, then the ripple widens --

AS THE RIPPLES WIDEN --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NIGHT MANEUVERS - NIGHT

What we see first is not much at all -- a very dark night --
- we hear breathing, sense movement --

-- now flares --

-- the illuminate the night and we can make up literally
hundreds of camouflaged men, moving through the night --
armored vehicles are there, adding to the noise and the
smoke and madness --

-- we hear SLESINGER'S VOICE.

SLESINGER (V.O.)

-- end of sophomore year, big night
exercises, a thousand involved --

(beat)

-- AND NOW, IN THIS ENTIRE DREAMLIKE MOMENT, WE SEE HER,
ANN --

-- and we see the surroundings from her point of view --

-- and you can't make out shit --

-- when it's dark, obviously; but when the flares come they
bring yellow smoke and the men are impossible to identify.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLESINGER (V.O.)

-- Ann got separated from her group --
found herself with half a dozen men -- a
very dark night, the men are not only
unknown to her, they are also wearing
camouflage paint --

(beat -- looks at Brenner--)

-- such a shitty thing --

Now from ANN'S POINT OF VIEW, the men surprise her, attack
her, bring her down, kick the shit out of her --

CUT TO:

EXT. POND - DAY

BRENNER. Waiting. He is almost coming apart inside but
outside, he's just casually waiting.

CUT TO:

SLESINGER. Getting through this next as unemotionally as
he can -- just flat, the facts --

SLESINGER

-- they raped her almost to death --
raped her all night long, taking turns --
stripped her, spread-eagled her, nailed
her to earth with tent pegs, and just had
a whale of a time. Tied her underwear
around her throat, threatened to kill her
if she talked.

BRENNER

(soft)

This happen on a rifle range?

SLESINGER

(it did)

How'd you know that?

Brenner gestures for the old man to go on.

EXT. NIGHT MANEUVERS - RIFLE RANGE - NIGHT

NOW WE SEE ANN AFTER.

JUST BRUTALIZED.

SEVERAL SOLDIERS find her, release her, do their best to
help --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLESINGER (V.O.)

Several men found her later, did their best to help. Ann was hospitalized, treated for venereal disease, treated for pregnancy.

CUT TO:

EXT. POND - DAY

SLESINGER. Quieter now, his awful story told.

SLESINGER

When I got her, she'd gone away inside.
(shakes his head)
She never let me get close.

CUT TO:

BRENNER -- moving close to the old man now --

BRENNER

Who did it? --

SLESINGER

-- you nuts? -- how would I know a thing like that --

CUT TO:

BRENNER, and now he lets loose --

BRENNER

You were right -- I didn't come up here to bullshit --

(bigger)

-- but I didn't come up here to be bullshitted either --

(all he has)

-- you said you still couldn't talk about it -- even after you knew she was dead --
you know what that means to me? --

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP. And this is it --

BRENNER

-- it means you must have had another patient -- and he talked about what happened to Ann -- I need that name --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

SLESINGER, turns away, shakes his head.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, tracking the old man.

BRENNER

(Slesinger says nothing)

-- he not only destroyed her, he got away
with it -- now I need a name --

(last chance)

-- you couldn't help her then, but don't
you see, God's smiling on you -- you can
help her now --

CUT TO:

SLESINGER. Shakes his head.

SLESINGER

Sorry -- medical ethics --

(beat)

-- but I'm gonna skip stones for awhile -
- I can't tell you what to do, this being
a free country and all -- but if you were
to go back to my office -- key's under
the matt -- and look up Ann's files,
there might be an additional notation
with a man's name on it -- might be worth
your while to snoop, up to you, I'm busy.

And on that --

CUT TO:

BRENNER, taking off like a streak the way they came.

CUT TO:

SLESINGER, shouting after him.

SLESINGER

Sorry I couldn't help.

Now he mutters to himself, thinks a minute, nods, takes out
another pebble, throws it on the quiet water --

CUT TO:

THE PEBBLES... skip... skip... skip...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUT TO:

THE OLD MAN. In tears, HOLD.

CUT TO:

INT. SLESINGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Brenner -- on the phone -- bad connection -- finishing up -
- a bunch of notes are open on the desk before him --

BRENNER
(really taut --)
-- you got everything? --

SUNHILL (V.O.)
(barely audible)
-- think so --

BRENNER
-- get over to Benning -- I'll meet you
back at MacCallum --

As he talks --

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ARMY HELICOPTER - DAY

Sunhill peers out of a window at an expanse of land and
buildings below -- it's Fort Benning.

BRENNER (V.O.)
-- Bransford's at Benning now --

SUNHILL (V.O.)
-- I'm out the door --

BRENNER (V.O.)
-- Cynthia? --
(beat -- he closes the
folder)
-- nail the bastard.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT BENNING QUAD - DAY - LATER

Sunhill walks past a sign: FORT BENNING ADMINISTRATION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stops a WOMAN IN UNIFORM.

SUNHILL

Excuse me, Lieutenant. Building J?

The Lieutenant points across the quad.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING J - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

-- IT'S AN INDOOR POOL.

Sunhill walks around it. A bunch of men swim, screw around. They stop for a moment, look at her.

Not even a blink from Sunhill. As she rounds a corner --

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The door is open.

Sunhill knocks anyway, calls out:

SUNHILL

Captain Bransford.

And enters.

CUT TO:

A BUNCH OF MEN sitting around, some of them dressed, some of them naked under towels, laughing.

Stops at a DOOR: CAPTAIN H. BRANSFORD. Knocks, hears:

BRANSFORD

Yes, honey, what can I do for you?

(beat)

He said hopefully.

Quiet laughter from the others.

SUNHILL

Well, dear, you can ask these other men to excuse us.

Bransford studies her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUNHILL

Yes, that's a CID badge you're looking at.

No more laughter.

BRANSFORD

(a good smile)

Looks like I picked the wrong woman to 'honey.'

SUNHILL

Looks like.

THE OTHER MEN shuffle out.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

Later, Hank.

The door closes. They're alone. It should be noted here that Bransford is a particularly handsome young man -- Brad Pitt five years ago.

The towel is still around his body.

SUNHILL

I'm Cynthia Sunhill, Captain. I'm a rape investigator for the CID.

BRANSFORD

(just fascinated)

Wow, that sounds like interesting work.

SUNHILL

We need to talk about Ann Campbell.

And on the mention of the name --

CUT TO:

BRANSFORD. CLOSE UP. His face just lights up.

BRANSFORD

Annie? We were classmates at the Point, you know. Shared some of the same classes.

(admiringly)

Genius type.

(to Sunhill)

Don't see what help I can be though -- haven't been in contact with her since graduation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRANSFORD (CONT'D)
(the smile again)
Fire away.

CUT TO:

SUNHILL. Studying him.

SUNHILL
I've really only got one question.

CUT TO:

SUNHILL. CLOSE UP. Taking her time.

SUNHILL
How scared are you right now?

CUT TO:

BRANSFORD. Really confused by this.

BRANSFORD
Miss Sunhill, is it possible you're in
the wrong office?

SUNHILL
You shitting in your pants yet?

BRANSFORD
I think that's enough --

And he gets up --

SUNHILL
(big)
Get your ass back down.

He sits, waits.

CUT TO:

- THE TWO OF THEM.

SUNHILL
I know you weren't the leader.

BRANSFORD
(the smile)
If you say so.
(leaning in toward her)
Though I have to add I do not know what
in the world you are referring to --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SUNHILL

(going right on)

-- you're too weak to have started it --
you're just a guy who's gotten through
with your smile and your charm -- but you
could never lead a rape --

BRANSFORD

(mock relieved)

-- whew -- that's sure good to know --

SUNHILL

-- you can't turn your charm off, can
you?

BRANSFORD

You got anything substantial to say?

SUNHILL

Ann Campbell was murdered thirty-six
hours ago, staked out on a rifle range,
so let me ask you my question again,
Captain -- how scared are you now?

CUT TO:

BRANSFORD, and she's chipping the edges away --

BRANSFORD

-- I was right here on the post, lady --

SUNHILL

-- but you were right there seven years
ago on maneuvers --

(big)

-- you were right there for the rape --

BRANSFORD

-- you can't prove shit --

SUNHILL

-- that's not what Doctor Slesinger's
records say --

CUT TO:

BRANSFORD, and now the fear is out in the open.

BRANSFORD

Sure I went to see Slesinger -- but I
went to see him for a friend!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRANSFORD (CONT'D)

(beat)

-- that's what his records say -- a
friend of mine needed some answers so I
paid a couple of visits --

(bigger)

-- and that's all I did --

CUT TO:

SUNHILL. CLOSE UP. And now she does something we hadn't
expected -- she opens her purse --

-- and slowly reaches inside --

-- and takes something out and places it on the desk
between them.

CUT TO:

BRANSFORD. Staring.

BRANSFORD

What is that?

SUNHILL

What does it look like?

BRANSFORD

(hard to say it)

...underwear... women's underwear...

CUT TO:

SUNHILL, watching him.

SUNHILL

Ah. But whose...?

She lets the ensuing silence go on and on. Then --

CUT TO:

BRANSFORD. Staring.

CUT TO:

SUNHILL. Soft now.

SUNHILL

Amazing scientific changes the last
years, Captain. Wouldn't you agree?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BRANSFORD

I wouldn't know.

SUNHILL

Certain fields, it's been incredible.

BRANSFORD

(it's like the noose is
tightening -- voice flat)
If you say so.

SUNHILL

Like DNA.

(beat)

If it's there, it's there forever. But
then you probably knew that.

CUT TO:

BRANSFORD. Beat --

BRANSFORD

Those are hers, aren't they?

CUT TO:

SUNHILL.

SUNHILL

What difference would it make if they
were?

She says nothing more, she doesn't have to.

CUT TO:

BRANSFORD -- and for awhile he cannot take his eyes off the
underwear --

-- for a moment he clings to his charm --

-- and then his face just falls apart --

BRANSFORD

(soft, fast)

...I tried to stop it... I did everything
I could... but the others, they hated
her... they hated that she thought she
was smarter... they hated being out there
with someone who had to squat to piss...
I tried to save her... I did everything I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BRANSFORD (CONT'D)

could... but I couldn't make them stop...
Ann was my friend...

(and it's over -- whispered
now)

...no one could have done more than me...

HOLD ON Bransford, then --

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT MACCALLUM - LATE AFTERNOON

Brenner, late afternoon now and he's back at MacCallum, driving along a street of very small homes -- junior officer's quarters. Dozens of them close together. As Brenner parks, gets out, the front door of the nearest house opens --

CUT TO:

CAPTAIN GOODSON, Moore's lawyer, standing there.

GOODSON

I've got a lot on my plate just now --

BRENNER

(keeps walking)

-- won't be but a minute, just stopped by to say thank you.

GOODSON

For what?

BRENNER

For slipping the medical records under my door.

Goodson hesitates a moment, then gestures Brenner inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GOODSON'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The LIVING ROOM. Small, as you'd expect, but the decorations are not -- athletic trophies all over. And pictures of Goodson, competing, winning, football, basketball, tennis.

GOODSON

How'd you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER

Moore would have been the logical one to have them. He was kind of her doctor --
(looks at Goodson)
-- did he instruct you to give them to me?

GOODSON

Not in so many words -- but I think I know what his wishes would have been -- anything that might help Ann. I'm sure you know he loved her.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP. He nods. He did know. Long pause. Then, quietly --

BRENNER

But not as much as he loved you.

CUT TO:

GOODSON. CLOSE UP. A lot goes on behind his eyes. Then, quietly --

GOODSON

No, not as much as that.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM. A heavy silence in the room. The wonderful pictures of Goodson smile at them from the walls.

GOODSON

How did you know?

BRENNER

The surprised way you came in that night, his too quick answers when he said he always ordered too much food --
(sad smile)

-- you weren't coming over as his lawyer, you were just coming to dinner.

GOODSON

(nods)

What are you going to do now?

BRENNER

Not a thing -- except tell you how sorry I am about Moore and ask for your help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUT TO:

BRENNER. Delicate now.

BRENNER

I know how raw this must be for you --

GOODSON

-- no you don't --

BRENNER

(hands up)

-- sorry, bullshit question, of course I don't -- may I start again? --

(nods)

-- the recreation of the original rape --

GOODSON

-- I suppose that's what it was --

BRENNER

-- Moore's idea? -- to help her somehow, cleanse her of the past? --

CUT TO:

GOODSON, and his voice gets louder now.

GOODSON

-- no, Jesus no -- it's what destroyed him -- not what we were, and all that would come out at the trial --

(in despair)

-- she thought it up, Ann thought it up -
- bet he let it happen -- he couldn't talk her out of it, but worse, he aided and abetted. don't you see? --

(shakes his head)

-- he felt he killed her, so of course he had to die --

BRENNER

-- were you with him some of that evening? --

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM. Goodson in despair, Brenner, more tired even now than before.

GOODSON

...he came here... from the rifle range...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRENNER
(watching close)
-- that was his only part of it, he was
done then?

GOODSON
No. Not done.
(pointing to the telephone)
He had to make the call...

HOLD ON THE TWO OF THEM. Then --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MAIN BUILDING OF CAMP MACCALLUM - EARLY EVENING

Imposing, as you would expect. Square and dark and somehow
forbidding. It's early evening now.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, parked in his car in front of the place.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP. His eyes closed. He takes a breath --
-- he might be praying --
-- then suddenly he is out of the car, briefcase in hand,
moving fast and we --

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF MAIN BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

General Campbell. Standing in the doorway of his office.
He looks a little better than the last time we saw him.
But this is still a man who has suffered a terrible loss.

In the background, as always, Colonel Fowler is with him...

GENERAL CAMPBELL
Paul, come in, please; thanks for
stopping over.

And he gestures for Brenner to enter --

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

And it is enormous.

All the accouterments of power. Photographs of the General dot the walls -- with Presidents and statement --

-- and with family too. Many shots of Ann growing up and many shots of his wife growing frail.

-- Campbell himself, graduating from West Point and then later, on a battlefield, being carried on a stretcher, half dead, wounds open, blood everywhere --

-- we notice more of the room as the scene comes on, but this is clearly a very impressive place. And General Campbell is very much at ease here. It's as if it was his real home.

BRENNER

I just wanted to say good-bye -- I'll be driving back to Headquarters in the morning.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

I'll be leaving tomorrow too -- taking Ann up to Michigan and her mother.

COLONEL FOWLER

Thanks for everything you did -- I wish we'd met this time under different circumstances.

BRENNER

(sadly)

So do we all.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, stopping by the General's desk. Two photographs flank it -- one of the General with THE PRESIDENT. In the other he is with several officers, most notably THE GENERAL OF THE ARMY, with four stars -- and an arm around Campbell.

BRENNER

What's it like to have this kind of power? I wonder about that sometimes.

COLONEL FOWLER

The General never sought power -- it just follows after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER

(to General Campbell)

You're going to enter politics, then?

GENERAL CAMPBELL

The jury's out. I've served my country my entire lifetime -- but emotionally, I'm not sure if I'm up to a major task right now.

BRENNER

(opening his briefcase)

Just a few odds and ends, if you don't mind.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Of course, Paul.

He sits at his desk.

BRENNER

(to Fowler)

When you thanked me for what I did I wanted to say 'but I didn't really do anything.' At least not anything right.

(shakes his head)

But I sure did a lot of things wrong.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Like not realizing about Moore quickly enough?

BRENNER

Let's just talk about that -- obviously, we all know Moore did it, killed Ann, and took his own life once he realized he'd been exposed.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

I think we're all in agreement.

BRENNER

The proof is PFC Robbins -- she's the fine young lady who found the body -- she saw headlights at four, again half an hour later, and the last time half an hour after that.

They nod.

BRENNER

That was a big help -- I figured Moore
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRENNER (CONT'D)

took her out at four, panicked, came back at half past, attempted the rape, for whatever reason didn't go through with it, panicked again, then realized he was done for if he left her alive, killed her at five.

CUT TO:

FOWLER. Gently, to Brenner.

COLONEL FOWLER

Do we need the detail, Paul?

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP.

BRENNER

Well, I've been thinking? -- what if I was wrong? -- what if it wasn't the same car three different times but instead, what if it was three different cars?

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL. Considering this.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(to Fowler)

Certainly an interesting theory.

(now to Brenner)

But what difference does it make now, since Moore's dead?

CUT TO:

BRENNER. He shrugs.

BRENNER

Probably none at all. But it sent me back to Ann, sir, and what she told me she taught: 'mostly we fuck with people's minds,' she said.

CUT TO:

THE THREE OF THEM.

BRENNER

Tell me about the rape, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GENERAL CAMPBELL

But she wasn't raped -- it was just made to appear that way.

CUT TO:

BRENNER: Long pause. He is, after all, talking to a General.

BRENNER

(quietly)

I've just come from West Point.

(beat)

Tell me about the rape, General Campbell.

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL. Another long pause. Then --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Well, of course, we tried to keep it quiet.

COLONEL FOWLER

It was best for Ann that way.

BRENNER

You were in Germany when it happened.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(nods)

Stationed there.

(beat)

We came back as soon as we heard --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- flew all night --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(remembering)

-- the storm? --

COLONEL FOWLER

(the same)

-- flew right through it -- the pilot, he suggested turning back or going around --

(indicating Campbell)

-- the General said 'nosir' -- nothing, no power on earth or Heaven would keep him from her bedside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRENNER

You went right there from the airport.

COLONEL FOWLER

Of course.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. Watching them. None of this is easy, none of this is fun.

BRENNER

I thought the meeting came first.

CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL AND FOWLER. A glance.

BRENNER

Ann's psychiatrist's records indicate you came to her after a meeting.

CUT TO:

BRENNER watching. Another glance between them.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

I think Paul's right, perhaps it did come first --

COLONEL FOWLER

(nods)

-- the details get confusing -- it was seven years ago --

BRENNER

-- go on about the details --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- it was nothing, just a quick conference in a motel near the Point -- we were there, Sonny, I think and his Aide de Camp.

BRENNER

"Sonny"?

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(indicating the photo of his desk, the General of the Army with his arm around him)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GENERAL CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

General Sonnenberg -- we went through the Point together.

(breathing deep now)

He told me he was heartsick; what a terrible thing.

And now something new -- those last four words are echoed by another man and we --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

GENERAL SONNENBERG --

-- and yes he's talking --

-- and yes, we're back in the cramped motel room seven years ago -- The General and Fowler are there, and so is General Sonnenberg and his AIDE. The tension is terrible in the room. And the sense of it is furtive and fast.

SONNENBERG

What a terrible thing, Billy. I'm heartsick.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

I'll get them --

SONNENBERG

-- of course you'll try -- but there are such problems -- it was night, they wore camouflage, there were a thousand men out there -- I've asked my top security people -- they say no chance --

(beat)

-- and sometimes, personal vendettas miss the point --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- I just want justice for my daughter, Sonny --

SONNENBERG

-- I would give anything for this not to have happened -- but it did, and I'm trying to tell you the reality of the situation -- we'll never find them -- so we'll never know who did it --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONNENBERG (CONT'D)

(boring in)

-- but we do know this:

(long pause)

-- if word gets out -- a General's daughter -- West Point will be blown apart, the Army will be blown apart, and worst of all for people like Ann, women in the service will be forever damaged.

(beat)

They'll never take their rightful place side by side alongside men.

(looks at Campbell)

And you know what I'm saying is true.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPBELL'S OFFICE AGAIN - EARLY EVENING

GENERAL CAMPBELL

What he said was true -- it would have permanently damaged women in the military.

BRENNER

That what you told Ann?

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Not immediately, of course -- she was in no condition for that then. I just told her that I loved her -- I loved her so much --

And on those last words again the echoing effect --

CUT TO:

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - SEVEN YEARS AGO

Campbell stands alongside Ann's bed.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- daddy loves you --

Ann, numb, lies still. She has been beaten brutally -- her face all but unrecognizable -- and she holds to his hand, kneading it with her own. Throughout this, while he talks, she just listens. Speech would be difficult for her, her face is that swollen, so forming words would cause even more pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- he loves his little girl so much --
he's so proud of her --

(gently)

-- rest now...

(sitting on the side of the
bed -- long pause)

...and don't think about this anymore --

CUT TO:

ANN, blinking, trying to understand, licks her lips, gets
ready to talk --

CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL. Stroking her hair now.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- shh, baby, just listen -- I'm only
interested in what's best for you --

(looks at her)

-- do you trust me? -- like you always
did? --

She manages a nod.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- then don't ever think about this. It
was a bad thing, a terrible thing, but
thinking about it won't help.

(beat)

Close your eyes now...

(whispered)

-- it never happened, darling -- none of
this ever happened --

She is crying out of control, staring at him.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- rest, my baby -- and don't you
worry --

(kissing her forehead)

-- daddy will protect you...

CUT TO:

INT. THE GENERAL'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

General Campbell has gotten up, gone to the window, stares
out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Not my finest hour --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- you were just doing what you said,
trying to protect her -- think if the
scandal had gotten out --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(turning)

-- I did what I did -- but this much I'm
sure of -- we never would have found
them.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, jotting something briefly on a piece of paper,
handing it to the General.

BRENNER

Here you are, sir.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

What is this?

BRENNER

The name of one of the rapists.
Sunhill's collecting the others right
now.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. Staring at the General.

BRENNER

It was apple pie, sir.

And on that --

CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL. Starting to come to pieces now.

BRENNER

I asked Moore once what was worse than
rape. Now I think I know.

(quietly)

Betrayal.

COLONEL FOWLER

I think you better go, Paul.

Brenner nods, starts to pack up his stuff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRENNER

We can do the phone call business tomorrow if you'd prefer. Before your flight.

COLONEL FOWLER

What phone call?

BRENNER

I have excellent reason to believe that Moore phoned the General about quarter past four the night of the murder.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Why in the world would he do that?

BRENNER

Well, if I'm right, this whole recreation was Ann's idea -- God knows why she came up with it -- maybe because she knew you were entering politics and she'd never have another chance quite like this -- but I think she got Moore to put her in exactly the same position the rapists did. And I think she did it so you could see first hand. You weren't in Germany this time. And if I'm right, she would have wanted you to be there --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- never happened.

Brenner shrugs, locks up his case, starts out.

BRENNER

(stops)

I didn't think it did.

(then he takes a small tape recorder out of his pocket)

Gift from Moore's lawyer.

He flicks it on --

COLONEL MOORE (V.O.)

(disguised, but you know it's him)

Ann's naked and spread-eagled for you on Range 6, General -- like she was before--

CUT TO:

THE OFFICE. And the time for lying is done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GENERAL CAMPBELL

(very logically)

Well, I had to go, didn't I? I couldn't let my child be seen like that. I had to protect her from herself --

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE 6 - THAT NIGHT

And the echoing. Ann lies there as the General comes toward her from his car --

ANN

-- Daddy still going to protect me? --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- you're crazy, you know that? -- what in hell do you hope to accomplish? --

ANN

(huge)

-- it happened -- I want to hear you say it happened -- I **need to hear that** --

The General takes a step toward her -- another -- then he shakes his head, turns, runs, she shrieks after him.

ANN

-- coward -- COWARD -- LIVE WITH THAT!

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Fowler tries to console the General.

BRENNER

The General was the second car, so you must have been the third.

COLONEL FOWLER

(nods -- forthright --)

You couldn't expect the man to deal with his own child when she was screaming such vituperations at him -- of course not -- so he came to my house and asked me to release her and of course I did --

(shakes his head)

-- but it was too late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER

Moore came back before you could get there.

COLONEL FOWLER

Yes. I went back home and asked the General should I report the murder?

GENERAL CAMPBELL

I decided she would be discovered immediately anyway.

(looks at Brenner)

-- the truth is, I was frightened of anyone finding out -- they would never understand --

BRENNER

(sad for him too)

I have a feeling this is going to get out, sir -- I wouldn't run for office if I were you.

(turns)

Good-bye, General.

(at the door)

Colonel Fowler, a contingent of Military Police will be here shortly.

COLONEL FOWLER

For what?

CUT TO:

BRENNER, turning, shaking his head.

BRENNER

Didn't I mention the fingerprints?

COLONEL FOWLER

You did not.

BRENNER

A lot on my mind I guess -- anyway, Cal Seiver? -- he's my genius technician -- he called me just before I came in here--

(beat)

-- your fingerprints are all over the rope that strangled her. I'm sure you have a wonderful explanation.

CUT TO:

FOWLER. He looks at Brenner a moment. Then the General.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Silence in the room. Heavy and profound. Finally --

CUT TO:

FOWLER. CLOSE UP.

COLONEL FOWLER

She owned my heart, you see.

(wistful now)

I helped bring her up. Saw her become
such a beauty. Dreamed of her.

(remember, we are looking at
John Lithgow)

I used to think I was a very passionate
man -- before Mrs. Fowler became ill --
we haven't --

(hesitates)

-- been together in a very long time and
I knew Ann was growing out of control, I
knew about Kent, and when she came after
me, I knew there was some reason --

(beat)

-- but then I saw -- or thought I saw --
that I could actually have her. Of
course, I knew it was madness.

(beat)

But she owned my heart.

(very quiet now)

And on the range I told her the truth --
that we could be together -- we would run
off and have such happiness --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RANGE - THAT NIGHT

And Ann, hysterical, tears rolling down her cheeks, as
Fowler pleads with her.

COLONEL FOWLER

-- we could be so happy -- I could make
you so happy -- just give me the chance--

ANN

-- he sent you -- to shut me up again --
this time I won't be quiet -- this time I
tell everything, about him and about
you --

COLONEL FOWLER

-- this has nothing to do with any of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLONEL FOWLER (CONT'D)

that -- this is our chance, Ann -- we can
leave this madness behind, find peace,
make such tender love --

ANN

-- have you looked in the fucking mirror?
-- You're old -- and you've got a
crippled wife --

(bigger)

-- wait till I tell her -- she hasn't had
many laughs lately -- but she'll love
hearing about this --

And now, Fowler goes closer to her, kneels down --

ANN

I want you to watch while I tell her -- I
want you to fucking be there when I
tell her --

And now, he pulls the rope tighter and tighter around her
throat --

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

COLONEL FOWLER

(just before he breaks down)
...the things we do for love...

CUT TO:

BRENNER AND THE GENERAL, standing together, staring.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

What they are staring at: it's Fowler. And he's being led
away by HALF A DOZEN MP'S. Brenner and General Campbell
stand at a window in the office, as Fowler, outside, is put
into a military vehicle, driven away.

A moment of silence in the room. Then the General moves
from the window.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Drink, Paul?

BRENNER

I'm still on duty.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER (CONT'D)
(pause, then --)
A triple would be fine.

CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL. He takes a bottle of whisky and glasses out of his wall secretary, pours two stiff drinks.

GENERAL CAMPBELL
Same for me.
(hands a glass to Brenner,
starts to pace)
Christ it's quiet in here.

It is. He drinks.

Brenner sips his drink, moves back to pick up his stuff.

GENERAL CAMPBELL
George had been with me what?... must be
a quarter of a century.
(beat)
Lot of memories.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, watching the other man.

GENERAL CAMPBELL
I don't hate him, you know. What do you
think of that?

BRENNER
I'm not sure the situation calls for
hate. Understanding, maybe.

GENERAL CAMPBELL
Do my best to find some.

General Campbell drinks.

BRENNER
You'll have a copy of my report just as
soon as possible.

GENERAL CAMPBELL
You're a good man, Paul.
(sad smile)
So was George, really. A good man and a
good soldier --
(long pause)
-- he'll do what needs to be done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRENNER

(long pause)

And what is that, sir?

CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL. At his desk now, by the flags and the photos, the center of power.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Why, say Moore called him, of course.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. Staring.

CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL. CLOSE UP.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

When he does that, I won't be involved --
and I'm sure he'll say that's what
happened -- he'll do that for me -- Moore
might have even meant to call him --
everyone makes mistakes under pressure.

(beat)

After all, nothing's gained by my
involvement.

CUT TO:

BRENNER. Opening his briefcase, takes something out.

BRENNER

Here, sir.

(and he hands over the small
tape recorder)

Now there's no evidence against you at
all.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

I was going to ask you for it.

(taking it)

Thank you for being so considerate, Paul.

Brenner turns smartly, goes to the door.

GENERAL CAMPBELL

Remember I asked once were you a cop or a
soldier? You're a soldier, Paul. And a
good one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CUT TO:

BRENNER. At the door. His back to us. Frozen for a moment. HOLD ON Brenner. Then he whirls --

BRENNER

(on fire)

No -- wrong -- I'm a horrible soldier.

(bigger)

Because everyone will know about you.

(huge)

And I'm going to tell them.

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL, watching, as Brenner moves toward him --

BRENNER

You don't get it yet -- the only mind Ann really wanted to fuck with was yours and you still don't get it --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- I didn't do anything wrong --

BRENNER

-- Christ, General, you betrayed your daughter for a star -- you had two stars when she got raped, a month later, you picked up a third --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- I deserved it -- I was due --

BRENNER

-- you sure got it awful fast -- were you promised it in that motel room? -- if you went along? -- was there a deal? --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- Christ no, nothing like that --

- CUT TO:

GENERAL CAMPBELL, moving away now --

GENERAL CAMPBELL

-- but if you're saying was my career important to me, well it had to be, I had to lead men, save lives, and if Ann got lost in the shuffle a bit, I always made

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GENERAL CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
up for it when we were together -- but
that's not a sin, I committed no sin --
name me one thing I did wrong --

CUT TO:

BRENNER. CLOSE UP.

BRENNER
(huge)
You killed her -- and you goddamn well
know you did -- in that hospital room
seven years ago -- when you hung her out
to dry!

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL. Rocked.

GENERAL CAMPBELL
(soft now)
Fowler killed her.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, shaking his head.

BRENNER
Fowler only put her out of her misery.

CUT TO:

THE DOOR AS BRENNER heads for it, opens it, turns one final
time --

BRENNER
I said I'd dance on that fucker's grave,
sir.
(one last look)
I never thought the fucker would be
you...

And he is gone.

HOLD ON The General. Alone. Alone and, behind his eyes
now, haunted...

KEEP HOLDING. Then --

CUT TO:

For the last time, Ann Campbell's office --
-- and as we watch, this happens: a wall falls away.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. HANGAR - MORNING

We are back in the hangar, the 'office' is being dismantled, and why not, it isn't needed anymore. Technicians hurry to finish up.

Case closed.

Morning.

Brenner, looking like death, stares at the dismantling process. Cal is with him.

Brenner is packed for travel.

There is a sense of sadness now -- they may see each other again in a week -- or never.

BRENNER

(pointing to what's left of
the room)

Didn't get a single idea out of this.

SEIVER

Paul, you detectives never get ideas --
you just mumble around asking stupid
stuff till I come in and save the day.

(packing up boxes)

Lucky for us Fowler caved --

BRENNER

-- think so? --

SEIVER

-- would have been hard to nail him
otherwise.

BRENNER

Probably what made him talk was his
fingerprints on the rope.

CUT TO:

SEIVER. Just stunned. He looks at Brenner.

SEIVER

You can't get fingerprints from rope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER

I know that and you know that...
(fingers to his lips)
...but he didn't know that.

SEIVER

(really impressed)
You did something without me.

BRENNER

Our secret.

CUT TO:

SUNHILL, walking up. Like Brenner, packed for travel.

SUNHILL

Secret what?

BRENNER

Silly stuff.
(indicating her bags)
So you're off.

CUT TO:

CAL. Watching them. And yes, there is considerable
emotion buried there.

SUNHILL

Yup, yup.

BRENNER

Vacation with your sister I suppose.

SUNHILL

(beat)
You got it.
(shakes with Cal)
A pleasure.

SEIVER

Same. That was good, what you did with
that guy at Benning.
(shakes his head)
But where did you find her underwear from
seven years ago?

SUNHILL

It was my underwear.
(to Brenner)
Nice working with you again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And now she starts walking toward the hangar door.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, watching her.

CUT TO:

SUNHILL. Still walking. Maybe a little slower.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, still watching her, then this bursts out of him.

BRENNER

-- you don't have a sister -- and you
know I know you don't --

CUT TO:

SUNHILL. She turns, sighs, comes back to him.

CAL SEIVER, watching them.

SUNHILL

All right, Paul, I lied. Because I
realized, no matter how positively I
might feel toward you, that essentially
you were still too immature for a
committed relationship. You'd just panic
and run again.

(beat)

Oh yes, I did lie -- but it's the only
one I've told you. Ever.

SEIVER

(to Sunhill)

Your husband just called --

SUNHILL

(under her breath)

-- shit --

BRENNER

(staggered)

-- what? --

(whirling on Cal)

-- when? --

SEIVER

-- couple minutes ago, said he was gonna
be detained for a few days --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRENNER

(now whirling on Sunhill)

-- you're still with musclehead? -- I thought you were practically divorced.

(imitating her)

-- 'it's the only lie I've told you, Paul. Ever.'

SUNHILL

(angrily)

We are practically divorced.

(softer)

I just haven't alerted him to the situation yet.

BRENNER

Oh, right, and I'm too immature.

CUT TO:

SEIVER. Looking at them, -shakes his head.

SEIVER

It's weird -- I give you guys A plus at work, why do you both flunk life?

SUNHILL

(quiet)

I wish I knew.

BRENNER

(quiet)

Always have.

They wave, he waves back, and they head out of the hangar.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR - MORNING

Brenner and Sunhill, by their cars.

BRENNER

(doesn't know what to say)

That was terrific work you did.

SUNHILL

(neither does she)

Congratulations to you on Fowler.

And suddenly they are going to separate and they both know it. The time for dancing is done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENNER
(hard for him)
Let's give it a whack.

SUNHILL
(a wreck)
I want to, but it's so damn complicated
and if I do and you leave again, I've got
nothing --
(beat)
-- I know it's nuts but I guess I want a
sign, something that says it's right for
us to be together this time.

BRENNER
You mean like the skies should open?

SUNHILL
(sad smile)
That would be nice.

BRENNER
I can't make that happen, sorry.
(beat)
Good-bye, Cynthia.

SUNHILL
(gets into her car)
Good-bye, Paul.

Miserable, they wave, drive off, Brenner in the lead.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE - MORNING

The Rifle Range, and each time we've seen it, it's been
different --

-- well guess what, it's different again -- now it's full
of SOLDIERS, firing their weapons --

-- learning to kill each other. Now from that --

CUT TO:

EXT. A DESERTED PART OF THE POST - MORNING

BRENNER AND SUNHILL.

A deserted part of the post --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- the road splits --

-- he peels off one way, she the other.

CUT TO:

SUNHILL, sadly watching him as he goes. Then --

SUNHILL

Damn --

She pulls quickly off the deserted road, gets out, walks around her car --

-- she's got a flat tire.

She looks totally helpless and defeated.

CUT TO:

BRENNER, pulling up, getting out, going to her.

He looks at the flat.

SUNHILL

I need your help.

Brenner just breaks out laughing.

SUNHILL

What's the joke?

BRENNER

We are, Miss Sunhill.

And now his arms go around her.

BRENNER

You don't know it yet... but the skies just opened.

He continues to hold her.

Then her arms go around him.

Let's leave them like that.

FINAL FADE OUT.