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Blind Allegiance

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Blind Allegiance

A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

By

Ebony Gilbert

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy
for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Screenwriting

Student: Ebony Gilbert Date: 12/04/14

Committee Co Chair (690): *Becky DeJ...* Date: 12/4/14

Committee Co Chair (691): *Ken Hopp* Date: 5/7/15

Advanced Screenplay Project Title:

Blind Allegiance

Criteria for advancement to candidacy:

Student has demonstrated sufficient ability and knowledge to complete the thesis project.

Approved to Candidacy

Not Approved to Candidacy

Comments:

ADVANCED SCREENPLAY PROJECT APPROVAL

The Advanced Screenplay Project submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Screenwriting submitted by the candidate fulfils the requirements and standards set forth in the University Bulletin by the Division.

Screenplay Title: Blind Allegiance

Student: Ebony Gilbert

Date: 12/04/14

Committee Co Chair: SCWR 690

BETH SERW

Signed: _____

Beth Serw

Date: _____

5/9/15

Committee Co Chair: SCWR 691

Karol Hoeffner

Signed: _____

Karol Hoeffner

Date: _____

5/7/15

Graduate Director:

Karol Hoeffner

Signed: _____

Karol Hoeffner

Date: _____

5/7/15

Dean: _____

Stephen Ullrich

Signed: _____

Stephen Ullrich

Date: _____

5/7/15

This feature length screenplay written by

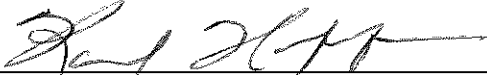
Ebony Gilbert

under the guidance of a faculty committee
from the School of Film & Television at
Loyola Marymount University, and approved
by the members of the committee, has been
presented to and accepted by the Graduate
School in partial fulfillment of the thesis
requirements for the degree of Master of
Fine Arts in Screenwriting.


Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:



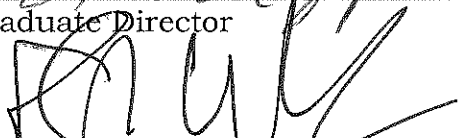
Committee Chair: SCWR 690



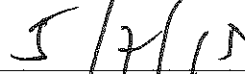
Committee Member: SCWR 691



Graduate Director



Dean, School of Film & Television



Date

5/7/15

BLIND ALLEGIANCE

Written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The moon's reflection sparkles over the vast ocean.

Waves splash alongside a massive ship as she travels through the calm waters.

Her name: USS FORT MCHENRY.

INT. NAVAL SHIP - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

The ship sways along the water, the sound of a CELEBRATION.

A young sailor walks briskly down a ramp and into:

INT. HALF-DECK - ROOM - NIGHT

...where the celebration lives.

A round table. On it, cards, poker chips and BEER. Lots of beer.

A small group of young and vibrant sailors sit around the table. Their smiles beaming in the dimly lit room. And among them, the loudest and the only female sailor, WHITNEY DUPREE, (20s), "one of the guys." Charming with a dash of mischief.

WHITNEY

I'd love to take all of your money
boys. But because we are going home-

The guys erupt in CHEERS. Toast with cheap beer.

YOUNG SAILOR

Hell yeah!

She slowly lays out a card at a time to reveal: a perfect hand.

WHITNEY

...I'll only take Jake's.

She raises an eyebrow at JAKE (20s), he reluctantly slides across wrinkled up dollar bills and coins.

WHITNEY

Sorry to take from the hooker funds
fellas but a girl's got to eat.

She stuffs the dollar bills in her pocket just as everyone freezes at once.

JAKE
(whisper)
You hear that?

No one moves. Listens. The sound of footsteps can be heard from beyond the door.

WHITNEY
Shit!

The group quickly discards the beer bottles and cans. Throw the cards and poker chips in a flowerpot.

SENIOR LIEUTENANT (O.S.)
Dry ship fellas.

INT. DECK - NIGHT

On the other end of the deck, a SENIOR LIEUTENANT (50s), firm and distinguished.

SENIOR LIEUTENANT
Let's conduct a room check just in case.

Before him a group of distinguished Lieutenants and Sergeants. Their dazzling medals pinned to their uniforms identify them except their warm smiles make them look just like one of the guys.

CALVIN
(thick Southern accent)
Room check?

SERGEANT CALVIN KANES (40s), a Southern charmer with a boyish smile stands out among them.

SENIOR LIEUTENANT
(stern)
Check.

SERGEANT MARCUS GRANT (40s), dignified, diligent, hardworking, flashes a grin towards Calvin.

The men SIGH as half go off to the right and half to the left.

CALVIN
(reluctantly)
Less than eighteen hours we will
be...

MARCUS
...home sweet home.

INT. HALF-DECK - NIGHT

The young sailors scurry out of the room and down the deck.

Jake and Whitney stand outside of the door.

JAKE
(whisper)
I'll walk you to your bunk.

WHITNEY
And that will be a bright idea
because?

He smiles at her. A quick kiss on the cheek and he turns to run off, catches up with the other guys.

Whitney runs off in the opposite direction towards the female sailors' quarters.

INT. FEMALE CABIN - NIGHT

...She runs inside an empty cabin. Closes the door and leans up against it. Releases a sigh of relief.

She touches her cheek, blushes. And clicks off the lights. Darkness.

INT. HALF-DECK - ROOM - NIGHT

Dominoes and cards cover the table.

Around it, Sergeants Marcus and Calvin throwing back the remainder of beer left behind by the careless sailors.

MARCUS
Just. Like. That.

Marcus throws down his last domino piece.

CALVIN
No!

Calvin covers his face in embarrassment.

MARCUS
Twenty years man.

CALVIN
...And I'm still letting you beat me.

MARCUS
Yeah, yeah. Shut up and pay up.

Calvin reluctantly slides across twenty-dollar bills. Takes another swig.

CALVIN
(sarcastically)
They really know how to pick a beer.

Marcus takes a swig from his can. Cringes at the taste.

MARCUS
Cheap and strong. Kind of like your exes.

The men grin, a bond for many years evident.

SENIOR LIEUTENANT(O.S.)
Check!

The two SIGH; throw the cans, cards, and domino chips in a nearby trash.

Marcus tosses the last beer can to Calvin who dumps it in the bin.

MARCUS
I'll take the left wing.

CALVIN
I got the right.

And they proceed out of the door.

INT. FEMALE CABIN - LATER

A door opens letting light into the dark, single cabin. And then it closes.

The entire ship now silent and the footsteps from a pair of patent leather shoes creak across the floor.

An unidentifiable male figure stands over her bed.

Whitney sleeps on her belly. Never turning over, or opening her eyes.

WHITNEY

Jake? Are you out of your mind?

Her groggy, sleepy voice echoes through the darkness.

WHITNEY

They will kill---

Just as she is about to roll over her head is pushed into the pillow.

The sheets yanked from over her revealing her T-shirt and underwear.

The male figure lays on top of her, her head pushed deeper into the pillow.

She struggles to reach back. Tries to throw punches behind her.

The sound of a TUSSELE on a SQUEAKY mattress. A belt falls to the floor.

The sound of a ZIPPER.

WHITNEY

Please...

The mattress SQUEAKS. Her underwear falls to the floor.

WHITNEY

(muffled)

...Stop.

The mattress Squeaks. And Squeaks. And Squeaks...

And then a jacket full of medals--symbols of courage, perseverance, and commitment--falls to the ground.

A soft KNOCK on the door before it slowly opens.

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - DAY

The US flag. A shelf full of plaques, trophies, and family photos.

A large framed degree: Master's of Arts in Clinical Psychology.

JODI (O.S.)

I read over your files and noticed an incident report. You were involved in a fight onboard the ship.

Across a large mahogany desk sits Navy psychologist DR. JODI GRANT (early 40s). Even in this dimly lit room her grace crystal clear. She is a beauty and a beast.

A handsome chiseled face, blonde hair, blue-eyed CHRISTOPHER WILLOW (20s), sits in a leather chair.

He wears a crisp, white Navy uniform and a black eye.

JODI

I noticed more than one incident report in fact and each involves the same sailor.

He nods.

JODI

Do you consider yourself an honest person, Mr. Willow?

He sits up straighter.

CHRISTOPHER

Yes Lieutenant, I do. I am aware my past behavior does not represent the United States Navy but I ensure you that I will carry myself and behave as a Sailor should. I believe working an IT will help keep me focus.

Jodi scribbles inside her pad.

JODI

I read your account of the confrontation. You sound like someone who is scorned. Someone in love.

She looks up from her notes. Christopher furrows his brows.

CHRISTOPHER

In love?

JODI

(straightforward)
The young man called you a faggot.

CHRISTOPHER
Lieutenant Grant, I don't know
where you are going with this but---

JODI
It is not the Navy's job to tell
you how to live, it is the Navy's
job to tell you how to serve--

CHRISTOPHER
---He hit me. And I kicked his ass!

Christopher grows hotter.

JODI
(calmly)
This isn't uncommon or unacceptable--

CHRISTOPHER
I kicked his ass!

Christopher now up out of the seat.

JODI
You're gay Christopher.

His fist hits the mahogany desk. His face reddens, his chest
heaves.

JODI
(calmly)
And in love---

This handsome young sailor transforms into rage. Jodi, calm
as ever.

JODI
And it's okay.

He stops.

Tears stream down his now blushed cheeks.

JODI
It was an act of passion, a lover
scorn. He said or did something,
perhaps in front of a crowd...

She now looks through her thorough notes.

JODI
...that made you feel rejected and
you snapped.

Jodi extends her arms.

JODI
Have a seat, Christopher.

Slowly. He obliges.

JODI
You do not have to be ashamed of
who you love or who you are. Not as
long as you're in my unit.

He looks as though he had waited his entire life to hear such words.

JODI
But if you ever hit my desk again,
I'm going to be the one to kick
your ass. Got it?

Her toughness and tenderness, the perfect mix.

The young sailor nods. She smirks.

JODI
I will recommend you be placed in
IT training this Thursday.
Dismissed.

CHRISTOPHER
You won't...

JODI
I won't.

He stands from his seat and with a shaky hand, he salutes her.

He heads off to the door.

JODI
And Christopher...

He stops in his tracks.

JODI
Quick jabs. Less knuckles.

He looks down at the scar on his left hand. Smiles. Exits.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

MISSY (40s) a red head with a New Jersey accent, and Jodi's assistant, watches as Christopher walks by and exits.

She smirks before moving from behind the receptionist counter and leaning in the doorframe of Jodi's office. Her curly mane nearly swallows her face.

MISSY
You did it again.

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jodi looks up from her note pad.

JODI
Did what?

MISSY
Break 'em down and build them back up.

Jodi smiles.

JODI
It's called a reconstruction of bullshit. A proven method.

Jodi raises an eyebrow.

JODI
Now let me reconstruct your bullshit.
(pleading)
Come to my annual barbecue.

Jodi spins to get out of her chair. Missy quickly walks away.

MISSY
No, no, no.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Missy returns to her desk, places a headset over her head.

MISSY
You are a Clinical Psychologist, a United States Navy Counselor with an impeccable track record but a matchmaker you are not.

Jodi stands at the desk.

JODI
What about Lieutenant Banks?

MISSY
Ironically, *Banks* had money issues.
And mommy issues.

JODI
Let me diagnose.

MISSY
I'm not coming to your annual
barbecue to be setup with another
obnoxious Navy man. Without the
uniforms, they are just assholes.

Jodi leans over, her voice softens.

JODI
Not true. And besides, this one is
not Navy.

Missy raises an eyebrow, she's listening.

JODI
He's JAG.

She throws up her hands.

MISSY
(sarcastically)
And yeah, that's a difference.

JODI
Wear the pink dress.

Jodi grabs a stack of files from the counter. Missy notices.

MISSY
Enjoy the weekend Jodi. And your
husband.

JODI
(smiling)
I will.
(serious again)
How's my week looking?

Missy scans the computer screen.

MISSY
A Whitney Dupree. New Sailor.

Jodi nods, heads to the door.

JODI
See you there, Missy. Pink dress.

...and exits.

MISSY
I'm not coming!

EXT. KEY WEST, FL BASE - DAY

Palm trees line the clean streets of a quaint neighborhood.

A burgundy SUV cruises by crème colored homes, all sharing the very same design and landscape.

The car cruises by a mini-market, a shopping plaza, and a small school.

Young mothers in jogging suits push their infants in strollers. They wave.

This is the Navy base and for many of these residents, all the world they need.

From the vehicle, a smiling Jodi waves.

The SUV pulls up to a packed parking lot.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jodi removes the key from the ignition. Adjusts the rear view mirror.

She stares back at her reflection, fixes her collar, her pins, secures her neat bun.

She turns to the car's handle when...

She looks in the mirror once more; opens the glove department and applies a coat of blush lipstick.

Nothing too special but her EXHALE reveals that it's the perfect touch.

EXT. NAVAL BASE - DAY

Jodi joins a large crowd of men and women, young children and infants.

She navigates through the crowd. Sailors salute her. She returns the gesture.

Jodi tiptoes through men with bouquets of flowers, mothers with babies on their hips.

A large United States Ship sways on the Florida waves. Navy men and women depart.

Jodi looks out. Her smile fades, eyes narrow as she continues closer to the dock.

At the dock COMMANDER AND CHIEF BAINES, 60, hair a beautiful ice white, dignified, shakes the hands of the sailors as they exit the ship.

Jodi stops, salutes him.

BAINES
Lieutenant Grant.

He shakes hands of more sailors. A sailor runs into the arms of a woman.

JODI
Welcome back Commander Baines.

BAINES
Knowing you have been holding down the base, I am certainly happy to be back home.

He shakes a female sailor's hand. She smiles.

BAINES
Run along. I know you didn't come here to talk to me.

Jodi grins. Salutes and continues on her search.

An OLDER SAILOR, (30s), greets her.

OLDER SAILOR
See you Monday?

Jodi looks over his shoulder.

JODI
Yes Carl, my office.

MARCUS (O.S.)
You may need to reschedule.

The sailor smiles, walks away.

Jodi stops as she takes in the deep voice.

She turns to find a smiling Sergeant Marcus Grant dressed in a crisp tan uniform full of shiny medals.

A scar across his face reveals a troubled past, the glimmer in his eyes reveals who saved him.

For a moment they do not move or even say a word. Jodi cracks a smile before falling into his embrace.

JODI
My baby's home.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jodi and Marcus burst through the door of their bedroom. They eagerly unbutton each other's clothes in between passionate kisses.

JODI
Macaroni salad.

Marcus takes off her jacket.

JODI
Hot dogs? Yes, let's do hot dogs.

She unzips his pants.

They fall onto a perfectly made up bed, pictures of them in their navy uniforms and wedding portraits adorn the walls.

Marcus straddles her.

MARCUS
Let's skip the barbecue.

Marcus kisses Jodi deeply.

JODI
Skip it?

Jodi pulls back from his embrace. Straddles him.

MARCUS
Yeah.

He goes in for a kiss--

JODI

You know we do this every time you come home. I cook your favorite dinner; I beat you at bowling---

MARCUS

Let's do something intimate this time.

JODI

A big barbecue with everyone, and a lot of sex is intimate.

Marcus SIGHS. Jodi holds his face, searches his eyes.

JODI

Are you okay, Marcus?

MARCUS

Yeah.

He kisses her. And then looks at her as if he knows what she's thinking, and how she's diagnosing him in her head.

MARCUS

Can we skip the doctor part and have a lot of sex instead?

Jodi runs her hands down his cheek, past his scars as they fall beneath the white sheets.

MISSY (PRELAP)

No show.

INT. OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

Jodi exits from her office. Looks at her watch.

Missy looks up from the computer screen. Shakes her head.

MISSY

She was scheduled for eight am.

Jodi grabs the no show's file from the counter-top. She's clearly not pleased.

JODI

(reading)
A Whitney Dupree?

Jodi reviews the file, closes it.

JODI
It's always the ones who need it
the most.

She heads to the door.

MISSY
Where are you going?

JODI
My sessions are mandatory. No
exceptions. For anyone.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Tied to the dock, USS Fort McHenry and all its magnificence
sways along the Florida waters.

INT. SHIP - MAIN DECK - DAY

Jodi enters the ship. Officers and sailors salute her.

She returns the gesture though she moves purposefully through
the main deck.

INT. COAL CELLAR - DAY

It's dark down here. And hot. It's apparent from the sweat-
drenched T-shirts that the group of rookies wears as they
shovel coal: a rookie's task.

JODI (O.S.)
Whitney Dupree?

A group of sailors turn to Jodi and part ways to reveal the
"no-show."

JODI
Everyone out please.

The group quickly put down their shovels, heads off. Jodi
stops Whitney in her tracks.

JODI
Let's sweat it out.

INT. COAL CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Whitney sits on a stool. Sweat trickles from her forehead.

Her eyes no longer vibrant but sunken in, reflective of perhaps sleepless nights. If it was not for her uniform she may as well belong to a different world, a dark and scary one.

JODI (O.S.)
Your session is twenty-five
minutes.

Jodi, sitting on a stool, looks at her watch.

JODI
And for the last twenty you've said
nothing.

Jodi stares at the stubborn girl before her. Still. Nothing.

She knows what it's going to take with this one. She closes her note pad and leans forward, like a friend.

JODI
I remember my first year in the
Navy. I was scared too. I didn't
have any friends and this felt
bigger than I had imagined.

Jodi digs in her bag, pulls out a picture: A younger Jodi surrounded by a group of smiling sailors all with medals, all happy.

JODI
But when I opened up, I saw how
intimate this big place could feel.
And now I don't just have friends,
I have a family.

Whitney studies the photo.

Jodi leans back, like a "doctor" again.

JODI
Why didn't you show up, Whitney?

Whitney looks up, slowly.

WHITNEY
Because...

A small smirk on Jodi's face. She's done it again: *Break 'em and build them back up.*

WHITNEY
Because you're husband told me not
to.

The smirk fades from Jodi's face immediately.

Just then another group of noisy rookies enter the cellar.

WHITNEY

I believe my twenty-five minutes
are up.

Jodi eyes dart to her watch: It is. Jodi for the first time
looks lost for words.

She finds some. Clears her throat.

JODI

My husband?

Whitney stands from her stool. Jodi follows.

JODI

You are required to see me for a
minimum of three more sessions.

The noisy rookies shovel. Their OVERSEER walks towards Jodi.

OVERSEER

Lieutenant Grant! What are you
doing down here?

Jodi ignores him, watches as Whitney heads off.

JODI

It's an order not a request.

Whitney stops and turns to her.

JODI

An order.

Off of Jodi as she watches Whitney disappear, the steam grows
behind her.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jodi stands in front of her mirror, puts on a pair of
earrings.

Behind her in the reflection, Marcus admires her beauty.

JODI

Why did you tell her not to see me?

She turns to him.

JODI
Whitney Dupree.

His smile fades. Stands from the bed.

JODI
She was in your unit. I looked it
up---

Marcus shrugs, he holds up a beer in one hand. Takes her hand
with the other.

MARCUS
She is in my unit but I did not
tell her not to see you. In fact, I
highly recommend you.

He wraps his hand around her waist.

MARCUS
As wonderful as you are Lieutenant
Grant, some people are just a bit
intimidated. She probably used that
as an excuse not to see you.

JODI
Intimidated?

She folds her arms. Looks intimidating.

MARCUS
I'm practically shaking in my boots
right now.

She can't help it, she smiles.

MARCUS
You know what? We should cancel.

He smirks.

MARCUS
We really need to talk about this.

JODI
Slick but not slick enough. We are
not cancelling the barbecue.

She turns back to the mirror.

MARCUS
You trust me?

She looks at both of their reflections.

JODI
More than you'll ever know.

INT. JODI'S HOME - NIGHT

Jodi and Marcus' home overflows with people.

Military wives carry pies and casseroles, sailors with beer talk loudly in front of the BLARING television, kids runs wildly throughout the home.

Jodi sits across Marcus' lap.

JODI
No! I refuse to accept Drew Carey as the host. The Price just isn't right anymore.

MARCUS
You just have a weird obsession with Bob Barker.

Marcus glances over at a thin, gray-haired man.

MARCUS
(points)
Bob, I'm watching you.

LAUGHTER. The group admires their chemistry, their teenage charm.

Jodi smiles so incredibly bright it nearly illuminates the room. She takes in the moment and how she's not surrounded by colleagues or even friends, but family.

The doorbell rings.

Jodi, holding a blue-eyed baby on her hip, walks over and opens the door to an unfamiliar face, Navy lawyer BROOKS BASTERNS (40s).

He holds a bottle of wine. His posture reveals a man of little confidence.

Jodi greets him with a smile.

BROOKS
(uncertain)
I bought Merlot. Hope it's okay?

He extends the bottle of wine.

JODI
Merlot is perfect.

Jodi takes the bottle and escorts him inside. With more drinks flowing, the room grows louder.

JODI
Hey! Hey.

Some pay attention.

JODI
Everyone welcome Brooks Bastrens...

Smiles, waves.

SERGEANT BRYSON , (40s), a Navy man with a frat boy spirit, waves more eagerly than a sober person would.

Next to him his wife and Jodi's best friend CARA, (40s), beautiful if she had time for herself. She's clearly annoyed by her husband.

BRYSON
(drunk)
Welcome my man!

JODI
...a Navy lawyer. JAG.

Everyone's smile fades. Some clear their throats. It's clear Navy lawyers aren't easily welcomed around these parts. The code.

Jodi tries to cover the awkwardness and turns to her husband.

JODI
Brooks this is Sergeant Marcus
Grant, my husband of twenty years.

She drapes her arm around his.

JODI
Yes, I know what you're thinking:
Who gets married at ten years old?

LAUGHTER.

Marcus extends his hand. Jodi takes note of his cold demeanor.

JODI

(points)

Carl, Kimberley, Jim, Ben and
Kenny. Sam is from another unit but
that's a long story. Willis is a
big man trapped in a little man's
body....

WILLIS (40s) flashes Jodi a playful glare.

JODI

Some other people are rummaging
through my fridge and who knows
which kid belongs to whom.

(beat)

And this is the family.

Just then, a hand drapes around her shoulder.

CALVIN (O.S.)

And she's the one who keeps us all
together.

Jodi smiles without even turning to Calvin.

JODI

This is Sergeant Calvin Kanes. He
and Marcus are best friends and
have served together since the
beginning of their careers.

She turns to Calvin.

JODI

And he's a pain in my ass who
always show up late and empty
handed to my barbecues.

Calvin reveals a grocery bag. Opens it.

Inside beer and ice cream.

CALVIN

Empty handed?

Bryson comes over, grabs a beer.

BRYSON

My man!

Jodi pulls out one of the ice cream miniatures, reads the
label.

JODI
 Rum raisin? The only person who
 likes this is...

JODI CALVIN
 Marcus. Marcus.

She turns in the direction of Marcus except he's not there.
 She looks confused.

JODI
 Anyway.

Jodi turns back to Brooks who remains awkward.

JODI
 And that is Missy. Wearing a
 beautiful. Pink. Dress.

On the edge of a love seat, Missy shakes her head at Jodi.
 Just then, the baby spits up on Jodi.

CARA
 Oh! Benjamin.

Cara rushes over, takes the baby from her arms.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jodi runs hot water over a cloth. Dabs it on her blouse.

She looks up to find Marcus alone on the patio, throwing back
 beers. And in deep thought.

She turns off the running water.

CARA (O.S.)
 Did it come out?

Jodi turns to Cara.

JODI
 Out?

She looks down at her blouse.

JODI
 My mother bought it. The baby can
 ruin it.

Cara LAUGHS. And then looks at her drooling toddler.

CARA

Between this new baby and the baby
I married, I'm exhausted all the
time.

Jodi nods although her attention returns to Marcus.

Just then Calvin enters with a tray of beef patties.

CALVIN

I'm going to grill the burgers,
boys! Southern style.

He stops in his tracks when he notices Jodi staring out
through the glass doors.

JODI

(still looking at Marcus)
Talk to him.

CALVIN

Of course.

Calvin places the tray on the counter-top. Pulls back the
sliding door to enter the patio.

Jodi turns back to Cara. Snaps out of it and back to the
superwoman she is.

JODI

Bryson is not a jerk. He's just
insecure.

Behind her:

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Nothing can be heard between the two best friends. But
conflict is loud and clear.

Marcus stands from his seat. And leans over Calvin.

Calvin then stands from his. Both men in each other faces.
Fury in Marcus' eyes.

Calvin calmly drapes his arm around his shoulder.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cara nods.

CARA

Insecurities? Well, he has had some
"issues" in the bedroom.

JODI

Well that is more information than
I had or wanted but it all makes
sense. Be a little bit more
emphatic with your husband.

CARA

Yeah, like you are with yours.
Relationship goals.

Cara smiles in the direction of the patio as the two men come
inside.

Marcus' kisses Jodi on the cheek before proceeding to the
living room where the rest of the party is.

MARCUS

Bryson! Please don't show us your
"how to get her pregnant" move
again.

Cara follows him.

CARA

You are such a jerk, Bryson! And
believe me that move sucks.

Jodi smiles, turns to Calvin.

CALVIN

I know...

JODI

... You're the best brother he
never had.

He smiles, exits.

Jodi leans over the kitchen's island. She eats a scoop of rum
raisin ice cream as she looks over the party at an overly
flirtatious Missy and an uncomfortable looking Brooks.

And at the happy, LOUD, Navy members huddle up in her living
room.

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - DAY

Whitney removes her sailor cap to reveal thinning hair.

Missy places her file on top of Jodi's desk. Exits.

JODI

Stressed?

It seems as if it takes everything within her to speak.

Nothing. And then:

WHITNEY

Is that what my file says?

JODI

It's what you say.

Jodi sits her folder inside her desk.

JODI

After tracking you down, I finally have you here. I spoke with your CO and OIC so they all know that you should be here. And despite what you may think, I'm not *intimidating*.

She smiles.

JODI

So let's talk.

WHITNEY

With all due respect, please understand that I am here by duty not choice.

Whitney lowers her eyes, regrets the words that she allowed to escape her lips.

JODI

Three. Three required sessions and you're free. But they only count if I learn more about you than what your file says. So if you don't want to turn three sessions into thirty I suggest we talk.

WHITNEY

Let me save you the trouble. I was raised by an ex-drug addict, my first boyfriend was abusive, and I had two abortions and one miscarriage. Are we done?

Jodi writes what looks like bullet points.

On a paper she writes: *Smart-ass. I like her.*

JODI

No.

She looks up from her notes.

JODI

You said that you didn't have a choice to be here. What was the first time you felt that way Whitney? Like you didn't have a choice?

Whitney sits back. This won't be easy so...

WHITNEY

It was the summer of 94.

Jodi's all ears.

WHITNEY

That was when I was born. I didn't have a choice to be in this world. I just came.

Jodi leans back in her chair.

JODI

If you had a choice, you think you would have? Chosen to be in this world?

Whitney looks down at her hands. Her fingernails bitten down to the beds.

WHITNEY

I don't know. I'm not sure.

Jodi writes on a paper: *Reclusive.*

INT. GRANT HOME - NIGHT

Jodi turns on the lights in the home.

It is quiet, clean, calm. Very different from the liveliness that filled this place days before.

WHITNEY (V.O.)

Can I ask you a question, Lieutenant?

(beat)

(MORE)

WHITNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What happens to you when the very
things you believed in fails you?

She heads up the staircase.

JODI (V.O.)
You find something else to believe
in.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jodi neatly removes her uniform.

Opens her closet to reveal a row of more neatly ironed
uniforms.

JODI (V.O.)
I want to see you again for our
next session. Remember you don't
have a choice.

She closes the closet door.

INT. BASE - DAY

Jodi walks briskly. Her folders in one hand, a bag over her
shoulder.

Calvin, two other Lieutenants, and Commander Baines lead two
other guest officers down the hall. All of them LAUGHING at a
joke.

Baines notices Jodi.

BAINES
Lieutenant!

Jodi forces a smile, she's clearly in a rush. She tries to
free her hand to salute.

BAINES
No need.

He turns to the two dignified officers.

BAINES
(proudly)
Officers this is one of our finest.
She is a clinical psychologist and
the one I give credit to for
keeping my sailors levelheaded.

She smiles at the men. Their expressions emotionless. Her and Calvin exchange a look: *Who the heck are these men?*

BAINES

My unit is as clean as a whistle
and it starts from the bottom up
and in every fraction of a unit.

The men nod. Maybe impressed but it's hard to tell.

JODI

Nice to meet you gentlemen but I
have an appointment.

CALVIN

See, always dedicated.

BAINES

Indeed.

He pats her on the back as the men proceed. Baines sounding like a proud father.

BAINES (O.S.)

How many units can say they have
someone like her on staff?

Jodi hurries down the hallway.

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

Jodi storms through the door. Missy behind the desk.

JODI

Did I miss her?!

Missy shakes her head.

MISSY

No, she's in there.

Jodi looks shocked. Proceeds into:

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - DAY

The dimly lit room. Whitney cares not to turn around.

WHITNEY

Have you ever felt that you were
surrounded by strangers?

Jodi slowly walks around to her desk. She faces Whitney and finds her eyes red from hours of crying, perhaps worry. She holds a framed photo of Jodi and her "family".

JODI

No. Not in a very long time,
Whitney.

Jodi slowly sits. This is more than she was prepared for.

JODI

Is that how you feel? Like you're
surrounded by strangers? Here?

Nothing.

JODI

Whitney, remember what we talked
about. About trusting our voice.

WHITNEY

No. I don't feel that way.

Clearly that's not the answer she had expected.

WHITNEY

Worse.

JODI

And what's worse than strangers?

Whitney looks lost...in a memory... a dark one.

WHITNEY

Monsters.

Whitney's eyes close. Tears fall softly down her cheeks.

JODI

Tell me about the monsters.

Jodi leans over towards her.

JODI

Tell me about the monsters,
Whitney? I'm here with you and I
won't let them hurt you.

Whitney opens her eyes, stares deeply into Jodi's.

WHITNEY

But you're one of them.

Jodi slowly leans away.

WHITNEY
(crying)
He hurt me.

Her eyes are closed again. A painful memory.

JODI
Who? Who hurt you?!

WHITNEY
It was too dark. I couldn't see. I
couldn't scream.

JODI
Who? What couldn't you see?

WHITNEY
I just remember his jacket.

JODI
What jacket?

She opens her eyes, points at the framed photo.

WHITNEY
One of them raped me.

Her eyes fixed on photo of all Jodi's colleagues, dressed in
their officer uniforms.

WHITNEY
I can't see you again.

Jodi looks drained and out of control for the first time.

JODI
But you must Whitney especially
now. I will help you.

Whitney stands from her seat.

WHITNEY
My time is up.

Jodi looks at the clock. *Shit, if only she had been on time.*

Whitney leaves.

JODI
Whitney stay.

Jodi stands from her seat.

JODI
Whitney this is an order--

Whitney is already gone.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A chandelier glimmers over the table for two. Jodi looks breathtaking with her hair pulled up in a tight bun, red lipstick, and a black dress that shows off the woman underneath the uniform.

Across from her Marcus. Her husband senses her distance.

MARCUS
Do you remember how we met?

She toys with her food.

JODI
Of course I do.

He takes her hand.

JODI
You were a jackass.

He smiles.

MARCUS
You came into our orientation meeting and asked for my seat in the front.

JODI
(annoyed)
I wore glasses and didn't have contacts yet.

MARCUS
You were a spoiled daddy's girl who was used to getting your way.

She takes a bite of her food. Looks at him: *Where is this going?*

MARCUS
I told you that I had just attended an orientation the day before and was told that "there were no men or women in the Navy; only Sailors." And if a man had asked me to give him my seat, I wouldn't.

JODI
Like I said, Jackass.

MARCUS
But do you remember what you told
me later?

She smiles.

JODI
That I sat behind you infuriated.
(beat)
And I knew instantly that I was
staring at the back of my husband's
head.

He kisses her hand.

MARCUS
What's wrong?

JODI
She never came back.

MARCUS
Who?

He stops himself, he already knows: A client.

MARCUS
You said that you wouldn't drive
yourself insane if you couldn't
"fix" someone.

JODI
I've never been in a situation
where I couldn't.

She waves for the waiter. He heads over with a bottle of
wine.

JODI
Anyway, I filed a report.

MARCUS
A report?

The waiter shows them a bottle of Pinot.

JODI
(to waiter)
This will do. Thanks.

She holds out her glass as he pours.

JODI
She was raped.

The waiter nearly over-pours the wine. Marcus looks shock.
Jodi pays no attention. Gulps back the drink.

INT. NAVAL BASE - DAY

The bright sun beams over the naval base neighborhood. United States flags dangle from the porches of homes.

INT. NAVY BUILDING - DAY

Jodi, coffee in hand, walks down the hall when Brooks hurries behind her.

BROOKS
Lieutenant Grant!

Jodi turns to find an awkward Brooks.

BROOKS
Dr. Grant?

JODI
(smiling)
Jodi.

Brooks passes her a folder.

BROOKS
Came by your officer earlier to
drop these off. Didn't want to
leave confidential material behind.

Jodi raises her eyebrow as she takes the file.

JODI
(playfully)
Did you see Missy?

BROOKS
Yeah. She's...aggressive.

Jodi smirks and then:

JODI
(looking at report)
The report already?

They continue down the hall. Brooks lowers his voice as to signal proper etiquette with matters as such.

BROOKS
(lowers voice)
You can look it over. But the case was closed.

JODI
Closed? I noted that further evidence would be added before full review.

Jodi sips from her coffee.

JODI
Is there at least an explanation included in here?

BROOKS
When you have the signature of the Commander, there's not a lot of explanation you need.

Her cool demeanor slowly dissipates as she flips through the pages.

BROOKS
A superior officer took it to him for review.

JODI
And who would this superior be?

They lock eyes.

INT. GRANT HOME - DAY

Jodi and Marcus stand in the middle of their living room.

JODI
Who in the hell are you to interfere with my job?! And why did you tell her not to see me?

Jodi looks at Marcus, not like as husband but a suspect.

MARCUS
Jodi, you are overreacting.

JODI
And you are over stepping your boundaries.

Marcus heads to the kitchen. Jodi close on his tail.

JODI

I have never crossed you?

He turns immediately at that comment.

MARCUS

Crossed you? You think this is crossing you?

He shoots her a glare.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marcus opens the fridge, grabs a beer.

MARCUS

Like when you try to diagnose me?
Cross like that? Or when you told
the doctor to increase my
depression medication?

Jodi leans against the counter. Speechless.

Even though he's angry, hurting her is just not worth it. He softens.

MARCUS

Listen baby, look at us.

He puts down his beer on the counter. Takes her by the waist.

MARCUS

We are arguing about a girl. A girl
who we don't even know is telling
the truth---

JODI

I believe her.

MARCUS

And all I did was try to expedite
the process. I took it to Commander
Baines and he threw it out. You
trust his judgment don't you?

Jodi looks into Marcus' eyes. She only finds sincerity.

JODI

Of course, I do.

A kiss.

MARCUS

Listen, I work with people like her
in a different capacity--people
with troubled pasts. And when
anyone is available to listen
they'd fill their ears with
whatever brings them comfort when
the military becomes too tough.

Jodi stops, it seems like she thinks about all she knows
about Whitney, all her past troubles.

MARCUS

Keep your promise...

MARCUS

And not be like a married
couple.

JODI

(reluctantly)
..Like a married couple.

EXT. JODI'S BEDROOM BALCONY - NIGHT

Jodi leans over the balcony. Her long flowing silk robe
tussles in the night's breeze.

She sips on wine. There's a lot on her mind.

And then she sees the bright lights of flashing sirens.

EXT. NAVAL HOME - NIGHT

Ambulances and patrol cars rush down the neighborhood street.
The loud SIRENS disturb this otherwise peaceful block.

A few families gather outside of their lawns.

A young female sailor, ELIZABETH CANTON, (20s), petite and
innocent looking, sobs in the arms of an EMT. She shakes
uncontrollably.

INT. NAVAL HOME - NIGHT

A bright camera flash illuminates the dark home.

Another quick camera flash, and the light captures a glimpse
of a young woman in a chair...slouched over...with a bullet
wound to her temple.

With his hand protected by a plastic glove, an EMT carefully
lifts up her chin to reveal:

Whitney.

A camera flash.

EMT

She's gone.

Her limp body is lifted onto a stretcher and out of the doors towards the red flashing lights.

Next to a chair, stained in blood, a rifle lays on the floor.

INT. EATING QUARTERS - DAY

Eggs. Muffins. And orange juice. High-ranking officers fill the eating quarters; partake in an early morning meal sans the sailors.

An air of superiority fills the room.

A group of male officers huddle together. Marcus and Calvin, among them.

Jodi joins them. Her petite frame looks swallowed up in this group of tall and muscular men.

JODI

What's on the menu?

They open up their circle making room for her.

JODI

What are you gossip queens talking about now?

She's small but her presence mighty. And respected.

OFFICER

Last night on the base.

Marcus moves in closer to her.

MARCUS

We should talk about this in your office.

Jodi disregards him, more curious now.

JODI

(to Officer)

Yes?

OFFICER

Sailor found dead.

Marcus turns to the officer.

MARCUS
(stern)
We're talking in her office.

JODI
(even more stern)
Who was found dead?

The officer nervously looks back and forth at both Marcus and Jodi, unsure of which to appease. But he's smart:

OFFICER
(to Jodi)
It was an E-1 sailor. Whitney?
Whitney Dupree.

Both Calvin and Marcus, seem to sense her pain.

Off of Jodi, devastated.

EXT. POINCIANA - DAY

Withering palm trees stacked between wooden logs and rotten coconuts.

A sad hound dog chained to a rickety gate.

Jodi looks up at to find a trailer park home. And a lime green mailbox, the only unique quality amongst the other homes.

She continues to the door. KNOCKS.

No reply as the sad dog HOWLS out from his restricted spot.

She KNOCKS again.

Through the screen door a silver mane, wrinkly face, a floral muumuu dress. MAYBELLINE, 70s, with a broom in her hand.

MAYBELLINE
Leroy is dead!

She slams the door.

Jodi, clearly uncomfortable, knocks again.

MAYBELLINE
Can I help you?

Maybelline opens the screen door. Now in full view: A hard, lonely, maybe even a resentful life shows up on her face.

MAYBELLINE

I told you. My husband Leroy died over forty years ago. No need for you to show up on my steps unless you have a check for me.

Just as she is about to close the door...

JODI

This isn't proper protocol for me to be here and if my Commander found out he would be pissed as hell. But I know what it's like to have soldiers show up on your front porch and tell you that you lost someone you love. My father died in the military. I knew Whitney and I wanted to tell you in person how special your granddaughter was.

She looks over Jodi. Her eyes reveal that she's not senile; she's in denial.

JODI

May I come inside?

INT. MAYBELLINE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Jodi sits on a floral couch covered in plastic.

Jodi watches as Maybelline walks to the fridge.

Attached to magnets pictures of Whitney in a prom dress, as a baby, Whitney in uniform. In these pictures she looks vibrant, happy, full of purpose.

MAYBELLINE

You like lemonade?!

Jodi looks around the home.

JODI

No, thank you. I'm fine.

Maybelline returns with two tall glasses of lemonade anyway.

She sits, sips from her cup.

MAYBELLINE

Just give it to me. Drowning?
Alcohol poisoning?

JODI

The cause of death--gunshot wound
to the head.

Maybelline pours cheap liquor in her lemonade. Drinks.

MAYBELLINE

So what does that mean?

Jodi doesn't want to say it.

MAYBELLINE

She shot herself? Self-inflicted?

JODI

(afraid to say)
I cannot release the details until
the reports are finalized but---

Maybelline presses her.

MAYBELLINE

Are you telling me my granddaughter
committed suicide?

JODI

(regretfully)
---The initial report indicates...
that she did.

Maybelline leans back in an old recliner.

MAYBELLINE

My grandbaby did not kill herself.

Jodi sits there, respectfully waits as this news penetrates
Maybelline's heart.

MAYBELLINE

My husband did not amount to shit
and he had joined the military.
Came home in a box. A box of shit.

She sips. Jodi uncomfortably does the same.

MAYBELLINE

But I never thought my grandbaby
would come home to me this way.

She's broken now. Words can barely leave her.

MAYBELLINE

She only joined because she wanted to make me proud. She did not want to be like her parents and even got away from her good-for-nothing ex-boyfriend; even found somebody better.

She sits her lemonade on a past due bill. Shakes her head.

MAYBELLINE

This is my fault.

Jodi becomes the counselor.

JODI

Of course it's not. It is not your fault.

Jodi stands from the seat.

JODI

(clears throat)

Two uniformed servicemen will be here to give you the news.

Maybelline smokes from a cigarette.

MAYBELLINE

Lieutenant Grant. Thank you.

JODI

I tried to do all I could to help her.

She exits.

EXT. MAYBELLINE'S HOME - DAY

In her car, Jodi pulls away from the home just as two SERVICEMEN approach.

INT. JODI'S CAR - DAY

Jodi watches as the servicemen, stone-faced, emotionless, hold a folded flag. Knock at Maybelline's front door.

She pulls off.

INT. NAVAL BASE COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

A lavishly decorated room. Navy officers dressed in uniforms, their significant others dressed elegantly.

People toast with champagne glasses, hold small talk around tall gathering tables.

Calvin, with a beautiful, attractive woman on his arm, approaches Marcus and Jodi.

CALVIN

The further up Baines get in the CNO's ass, the nicer these banquets get.

Jodi shakes her head at Calvin as he smacks on finger foods.

CALVIN

Oh forgive me. This here is the lovely, attractive...

Forgetting her name.

CORAL.

Coral.

His date, CORAL (40s) extends her hand to Jodi and Marcus.

CALVIN

Yes, Coral is a widower. Her husband served in Hawaii.

MARCUS

Nice to meet you.

Calvin winks at Marcus.

CALVIN

Well I'm going to let you two get back to whatever you were doing and I'm going to go dance with my beautiful attractive date, Cara.

CORAL

Coral.

Jodi and Marcus watch as Calvin dances with an annoyed looking Coral.

MARCUS

Are you okay?

JODI

I'm fine.

People walk by, wave. A Senior Lieutenant approaches the podium. A round of applause.

SENIOR LIEUTENANT

Ladies and gentlemen, honorable men and women of the United States Navy I would like to thank you all for yet another successful voyage. It is with great pleasure that I announce that this unit has earned yet again the Humanitarian Service Medal. This time for your contributions to the Thailand Relief Operation.

The room erupts in APPLAUSE.

SENIOR LIEUTENANT

I will like to personally present this to the man behind such a unified and committed unit and who has served and protect the United States waters for over forty fives years and whose motto is " mind your p's and q's." Your very own, Commander Scott Baines.

Baines approaches the podium.

A standing ovation. All except, Jodi who scans the faces of those who applaud around her.

INT. NAVAL BASE COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER

Everyone dances. A happy celebration.

Jodi looks lost in deep thought. Marcus approaches her, extends his hand.

MARCUS

Let's dance Jodi.

She looks at him. Deeply and then:

JODI

No. I'm fine.

MARCUS

Oh. Okay. I'll get you more champagne.

Marcus goes off. Jodi watches as the party is in full-swing.

WILLIS

(tipsy)

Lieutenant Grant! Dance with me.

Jodi playfully shakes her head as Willis heads her way with arms outstretched.

She gives in. Laughs as he drunkenly dances with her.

From afar, Marcus, holding a champagne glass, watches Jodi happily dance on the dance floor with her fellow Navy officers.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Soft drizzles fall over a damp lawn.

POW!

Men in blue, red, and white uniforms walk with perfect precision. They aim and fire from large rifles.

POW!

Rows and rows of people sit before a large portrait of Whitney. The wind gently sways her photo.

POW!

On the front row, Maybelline and besides her, Jodi.

A pastor gives what appears to be a passionate sermon though he falls completely mute.

MAYBELLINE

They could have used a better picture of her.

Jodi, straight-faced, looks uncomfortable with Maybelline's "etiquette."

MAYBELLINE

I like her with her hair down.

The mourners behind them clear their throats.

Jodi reaches over, opens the bible that sits on Maybelline's lap as to signal to be quiet.

She turns through the pages as the Pastor does the same.

PASTOR

The lord, God almighty, said
rejoice with those who rejoice,
weep with those who weep.

And then her face nearly turns to stone.

JODI

(quietly)

When did you get this?

Inside the pages of Maybelline's bible: an autopsy report.

The mourners clear their throats, this time at Jodi.

MAYBELLINE

That came yesterday. Two shots
through the temple.

Maybelline looks ahead at the military men lowering Whitney's
body into the ground.

A bugler plays a SOMBER MELODY.

JODI

It says it was a M16.

MAYBELLINE

Yeah I know. I read it over a
hundred times.

The casket disappears beneath the ground.

JODI

Do you know what a M16 looks like,
Maybelline?

Jodi looks over at the sailor holding their M16 rifles in the
air.

POW!

EXT. BAINES OFFICE - DAY

Baines stands outside of his office, before him the same two
dignified officers from before.

And Calvin at his side.

BAINES

It is the very same theory that has yet to fail us: *An unbreakable bond is the weapon that will defeat even the most fierce enemy.*

The men nod. Without a doubt, they are impressed.

GUEST OFFICER

Impeccable leadership, Baines.

The men all shake hands before Baines heads into his office.

INT. BAINES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Baines closes the door behind him. Releases a heavy breath of air. Closes his eyes.

He looks like a man, not a Commander and Chief, or an "impeccable leader", but just a man.

He loosens his tie and walks towards a cupboard behind his desk.

Just then soft knocks. And Jodi enters.

She notices his lax appearance...

JODI

Forgive me Commander.

...turns to leave.

BAINES

(stopping her)
Jodi, please.

She closes the door. He extends his hand out towards his chair.

BAINES

You care for a cup of Joe?

He turns to open the cupboard behind his desk, reveals rows of Whisky.

He sits out two glasses on his desk. Pours Bourbon.

This relationship is clearly special, and if he was her father, Jodi would be his favorite daughter.

JODI

I'm fine.

She shakes her head at the glass of Bourbon before her.

BAINES

No, you're not. What's wrong Jodi?

He sits aside the glasses.

JODI

Whitney Dupree didn't commit
suicide.

He's listening, drinks from his glass now.

She pulls from her pocket an autopsy report. Baines looks
over it.

BAINES

Who gave you this?

JODI

Her grandmother, sir.

He furrows his brow. She knows what that means.

JODI

I think we should look into this.

She sits up straighter in the oversized seat.

JODI

A gunshot wound to her head with a
M16 rifle doesn't add up. This
isn't a suicide.

He looks serious now.

BAINES

Then what is it?

JODI

If we reopen the case you closed we
will be one step closer to figuring
that out.

BAINES

For one, there are no true
implications that this is not a
suicide and for two, there is no
evidence linking the closed rape
report to this incident.

JODI

Commander, if in fact, this is proven to be foul play then they must have had a motive. I think reporting that a high-ranking officer raped you is one.

Baines looks at her as if he's shocked those very words just left her mouth.

BAINES

Who are you doing this for? Her grandmother?

JODI

And for me.

BAINES

Suicide...

He holds his hand up trying to be as sympathetic to the situation as possible.

BAINES

...is hard to accept. Especially for someone in the military because people expect you to save lives, not take your own. I know Jodi. My own brother took his life and I wanted every reason to believe that he hadn't.

JODI

But what if he hadn't? Wouldn't you want someone to bring him justice even in his death?

BAINES

You are a counselor, not an investigator.

She thinks she is about to get shut down when...

BAINES

But I will do it.

...he reopens the case.

She stands from her seat. Takes her drink and throws it back.

He shakes his head at her. Like a father would his daughter.

BAINES

But on one condition, you give me a hell of a reason to believe it was foul play. And if you can't do that, promise me Jodi you will accept this for what it is.

He looks at her concerned now.

JODI

I'll accept it.

She turns and exits, leaving a half drank glass of whiskey and Baines in the office.

INT. JODI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jodi, her Navy jacket partially unbutton, sits at the kitchen's table.

Before her piles and piles of files. She scribbles away.

MARCUS (O.S.)

What's this?

Jodi looks up to find Marcus gazing over the documents.

JODI

Baines agreed to reopen the case. I was kind of shocked. I mean I love him but everyone knows he's stubborn...

Marcus picks up one of the documents.

MARCUS

Did he?

Jodi studies him for a moment. He places down the document and walks over to the fridge.

On the counter-top sits a bottle of depression medication, Cymbalta.

JODI

I talked to some old colleagues of mine.

MARCUS

(smirks)

Colleagues? Or clinical physicians?

Jodi stands from the table.

JODI

Depression is something that comes back and you don't have to me ashamed of that---

MARCUS

Depression is not my issue Jodi. You are.

He looks at her. Anger seeps from his eyes.

MARCUS

Are you going to pursue this? Or our marriage?

Jodi looks stunned.

JODI

And why are those options even competing? I'm getting justice for my patient.

MARCUS

She's not longer your patient. She killed herself, Jodi.

JODI

Did she?

A moment.

JODI

Baines reopening up this case is one step closer to getting some answers. I will never give up on what I have to do for my clients. And if anyone should understand that, it should be you.

MARCUS

Us or her, Jodi?

JODI

Don't you ask me that, Marcus?

He looks like he's nearly breaking. Takes her hand.

MARCUS

Us...or her?

Jodi can't look him in the eyes. Gives him nothing.

He drops her hands and walks away. She's made a decision.

Jodi stands in the kitchen alone. The table covered with Whitney's file behind her.

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - DAY

At the door of her office, Jake.

JAKE
Lieutenant Grant, you requested to
see me?

He removes his hat.

JODI
Sit.

He sits. She opens her note pad.

JODI
Jake, do you consider yourself an
honest person?

JAKE
(clears throat)
Yes Lieutenant, I do.

JODI
Good.

She looks up from the note pad.

JODI
You were on the ship with Whitney
Dupree the night your ship docked.
Is that correct?

JAKE
Yes, it is.

JODI
And that was also the same night
you all were gambling and drinking?

They share a look.

JODI
I already have the answers, Jake. I
just want to know if you're an
honest person.

He clears his throat.

JAKE
(hesitantly)
Yes, it was.

JODI
That was also the same night
Whitney was sexually assaulted.

Jake looks taken aback...

JAKE
Wait, what?

JODI
You were the last person seen with
her?

...Now offended.

JAKE
Listen, I didn't know that happened
to her. What happened to her?

He's clearly disturbed by this information.

JODI
We know what happened to her. She
was raped on the ship and now she's
dead.

He leans in towards her as if he has nothing to lose,
everything to prove.

JAKE
I know that we are not allowed to
date within our unit. And I may
have violated that rule.

JODI
May have?

JAKE
I did. But I did not ever violate
her.

JODI
And how do I know that?

JAKE
Because I loved her.

Jodi stops.

JAKE

We were planning to get married.
March 2018.

Now Jodi looks slightly taken aback.

JAKE

I knew she was different, and she
was distant when we came back. But
I swear I didn't know that she was
raped. And I swear I didn't hurt
her.

JODI

I believe you Jake.
(beat)
I just need you to tell me if you
weren't the last person to be seen
with her then who was?

JAKE

(helplessly)
I don't know. I'm sorry.

Jodi nods. He stands to leave when:

JAKE

I don't believe it either. That
Whitney would take her own life.
(beat)
I wish I could help.

JODI

You just did.

Jodi closes her folder.

JODI (PRELAP)

She had something to live for.

EXT. GOLFING RANGE - DAY

A golf ball soars in the air. Lands short of the hole.

BAINES (O.S.)

Shit!

Baines, in a baseball cap, swings a golf club in the air.
Besides him, Jodi dressed in uniform.

JODI

Not only is her cause of death not lining up but a young lady with a future, a wedding date, doesn't take her life.

Another swing, another miss. Baines turns to Jodi.

BAINES

She was also engaged in a relationship with another sailor. Something that is not permitted in the Navy. That doesn't make her very trustworthy.

Baines swings at another ball. Jodi watches as he scores.

BAINES

I take one Saturday out of the month to golf. And yet you've managed to find me.

JODI

You told me to bring you back a reason to look into this case. I've brought you two.

BAINES

Do you know what you are asking me to do?

JODI

Only to keep your word.

Baines nods.

BAINES

Okay. I will look into this. Now, you continue with your work and not bring more attention to this than it needs.

Jodi releases a sigh of relief.

JODI

Baines.

BAINES

(bothered)
Yes, Lieutenant?

JODI

If you widen your stance, you'd get more range.

Jodi heads off. Baines reluctantly spreads his legs.

INT. CALVIN'S HOME - DAY

Though a Navy home, this home clearly belongs to a bachelor. No family photos, a lot of "sexy" magazines.

Sans the Navy uniform, Calvin looks like an everyday country boy in his faded jeans and T-shirt.

He props his feet up on the coffee table, listens only partially as he takes in the sports game.

JODI

I need you to talk to him.

CALVIN

(mouthing to the TV)

Move the ball, motherfucker.

Jodi takes the remote. Switches off the television.

CALVIN

Hey! Do I come in your home and disturb your peace?

JODI

Only for the last two decades.

He SIGHS. Removes his feet from the coffee table.

CALVIN

Maybe it's a mid-life crisis? The guy is getting gray hairs by the second.

Calvin flashes a charming smile. Jodi ignores it, she's serious.

She pulls from her bag two bottles of Cymbalta. Hands it to Calvin.

CALVIN

They're full.

JODI

Exactly. He's not taking them.

CALVIN

Maybe he doesn't need to.

She shoots him glare.

JODI

Like he didn't need them five years ago when it got so bad he almost lost his career?

Calvin's serious now.

CALVIN

Okay. I'm listening.

JODI

He's distant and angry.

CALVIN

I will talk to him.

Jodi stands. Mission accomplished.

CALVIN

But I'm not sure what you're trying to accomplish here.

JODI

I need to find out what is going on with Marcus. He's becoming a stranger.

CALVIN

And this is about his depression, right?

JODI

(uncomfortably)

Yes. What else would it be about?

He looks at her for a moment too long. Nods. And turns back to the TV as Jodi exits the home.

CALVIN

Move the ball, motherfuckers!

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - RECEPTIONIST AREA - DAY

Missy, headphones around her head, trials Jodi as soon as she heads for the door.

MISSY

You're leaving early? Again.

She hands her a folder of her next patient. Jodi hands it back.

JODI

Push it back, Missy. I have to follow-up with the medical examiners.

Missy looks taken aback.

MISSY

But these are new patients. And you never---

Jodi continues through the door.

EXT. UNITED STATES NAVY MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

A large grand building. The parking lot nearly empty except for a few cars.

INT. EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jodi sits in a bright, white room. DR.NURKO (60s) sits across from her.

JODI

She was raped on June 25th. Within three days I filed a report. Twenty four hours later she was dead. Are you telling me it's possible to still collect evidence?

Her phone rings. She silences it.

DR.NURKO

Yes, maybe not strong evidence. And maybe none at all. But there is always the possibility that some DNA will still be present in the victim within seven to ten days of the rape.

Jodi scribbles down all the information. Her phone rings again. She silences it.

DR.NURKO

But after that all evidence is pretty much eradicated. So if you want to gather anything, you do have a ticking clock.

Jodi phones rings again. This time she looks at the screen.

It's Missy. Work's calling.

JODI
Thank you, doctor.

He looks up at her.

DR.NURKO
Forty-eight hours.

She takes that in and heads out the door.

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - DAY

Jodi walks behind her desk, dials.

JODI
Hello.

She flips through files. Her desk looks more like a lawyer's than a psychologist's.

JODI
On this autopsy report, it says she had ligature marks around her wrists...

KNOCKS.

Jodi holds the phone away from her ear.

JODI
Missy, I will resume appointments at 1800.

The door opens. Baines enter.

BAINES
Is that what we are doing now?
Neglecting our responsibilities.

Jodi stands from her chair instantly.

JODI
I'll call you back.

Hangs up the phone.

JODI
Commander Baines, I was not expecting you.

BAINES
May I?

He motions to the chair.

JODI

Please.

They both sit.

BAINES

I thought I would come and tell you myself because I have a deep connection and respect for you then I do of other people, Lieutenant.

Jodi listens.

BAINES

I thought about what I said and I kept my word about revisiting the case.

Jodi looks relieved.

BAINES

And I closed it for a reason. This is becoming more obvious that this is a passion project.

JODI

Commander Baines---

BAINES

There is no evidence that lends itself towards this case.

JODI

I have hours worth of conversations, I spoke with her, her boyfriend, her grandmother.

BAINES

The grandmother that you went to see without my permission.

She stops.

BAINES

I research too Lieutenant.

He stands from his seat.

BAINES

I need you to get back to work.

He exits.

Missy stands in the doorframe, hesitant.

MISSY

You're appointment is here. Should I cancel?

Jodi looks up at her, defeated.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Brooks looks over the documents. Shocked at what he's reading.

BROOKS

This is ground for an immediate investigation.

JODI

I know. The cause of death is not consistent with the injuries.

BROOKS

And why didn't you not come to me with this sooner?

He removes his glasses and looks at her.

Jodi looks as though she understands just what he means: JAG is the "enemy."

Brooks closes the file and hands it back to Jodi. Stands to leave.

JODI

Wait, where are you going?

BROOKS

Why do you want my help now?

Jodi stands too. The bistro looks their way.

JODI

Listen.

(she lowers her voice)

I was told that I am making this too personal and to stop this and let it be. But if I do, I may lose the opportunity to get the evidence that Baines can't dispute. The DNA.

BROOKS

So you need me?

JODI

Yes, Brooks from JAG. I need you.
We both know that you have the
authority to push this case along
if you find the evidence
substantial. So do you?

She stares him down. The bistro watches, serves drink.

JODI

Do you find the evidence
substantial?

Brooks gives in but:

BROOKS

You can't go back.

JODI

What do you mean?

BROOKS

Once we open this case and decide
to pursue this, you can't go back
even if you wanted to. This is
choosing a side and you will have
to give up everything. Your
allegiance.

Jodi looks down at the report.

JODI

(confidently)

This is the right thing to do. When
Baines sees the DNA evidence, he
will understand that this is about
justice for Whitney. And nothing
else.

Brooks opens his briefcase, pulls out a form, and sits it in
front of Jodi.

BROOKS

Have a family member sign this.

Jodi takes the paper, reviews it and looks up at Brooks.

BROOKS

We're pulling up the body.

Jodi EXHALES.

INT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A crane. News reporters. And drizzling rain.

A white casket, with patches of dirt, lifts from the ground.

REPORTER

The body of twenty-year old Whitney Dupree, a former United States Navy sailor, is being exhumed today. Her cause of death--suicide. But recent speculations look to something else.

The reporter turns back at the casket being removed from the rope of the crane. Cameras flashing, rain drizzling.

INT. JODI'S HOME - DAY

Jodi stands in front of a television. Headline: Rape Case Investigation

She turns it off.

A CRYING baby on a frustrated Cara's hip. She wipes his running nose.

CARA

It's all over the news. On every channel.

Jodi sips from a half glass of wine.

CARA

And Bryson won't stop talking about it.

She switches the baby to her other hip.

CARA

(hesitantly)

They're saying it's you. That you're the one who had her body dug up?

Jodi puts down her glass.

JODI

I know.

CARA

Now the entire unit is under a microscope. Do you know that too?

JODI

I'm not the one who did this to her. I'm not the enemy.

CARA

My husband is in that unit. And your husband too. Did you remember that?

She straps her child into a stroller. Turns back to Jodi.

CARA

I have a family that I care about and as much of a jerk that Bryson is, he's still my husband and the father of my child. I don't need the world looking at him as if he has anything to do with this.

JODI

And if he didn't then he has nothing to worry about.

She looks as though she regrets the words as soon as they trickled from her lips.

CARA

If?

JODI

(regretfully)
Cara...

Cara whips the baby bag over her shoulder.

JODI

I'm not looking to demonize my unit. I'm looking for justice for this girl.

CARA

Well clearly those two things conflicts.

The baby's CRIES intensify as she pushes the stroller off towards the door.

An empty wine glass sits in front of Jodi.

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - DAY

Jodi enters her office. Turns on the computer. Plays her voicemails.

VOICEMAIL
 (filtered)
 You have four voice messages.

Jodi scans through a stack of work as she waits for the computer to load.

CALLER
 (filtered)
 Your gym membership expires in ten--

Jodi quickly...

VOICEMAIL
 Message Deleted.

BROOKS
 (filtered)
 Jodi. Dr.Grant---

Jodi smirks at his awkwardness.

On the computer, Jodi opens her email.

BROOKS
 The medical examiner's office
 called...

JODI
 (to herself)
 Okay?

BROOKS
 ...and they found DNA evidence.

Jodi mouths drop. Not because of the Brooks' news. But because of what's on her computer screen:

Whitney slouched over in a chair. Her eyes wide opened but empty. Blood dripping from her skull.

JODI
 Oh... God.

Jodi presses the keys to power off. Why isn't it powering off! She presses and presses. Whitney staring back at her....

Black.

Jodi breathes heavily in her chair.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jodi walks down the hall, paranoia in her eyes as she past wondering eyes.

Lieutenants look at her. Sailors. Their stares piercing.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jodi walks briskly through the parking lot, cell phone at her ear.

JODI
(on phone)
The medical examiners found signs
of rape?

She crosses by cars exiting the parking lot.

JODI
(looks concerned)
Brooks, why would you send me
pictures from the scene?

She stops in her tracks.

JODI
You didn't?

Jodi quickly picks up her pace.

JODI
I'll call you later.

Ends the call and continues towards a red pickup truck. Opens the passenger's door.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Jodi enters the car. In the driver's seat Calvin.

JODI
Thank you for ---

He leans in to hug her. She releases a breath as though she needed that more than air.

CALVIN
(in her ear)
Stop this.

She pulls back. Looks shocked.

CALVIN

I know you and you are relentless.
And that's why I admire you.

She looks out through the windshield.

JODI

But...

CALVIN

But what's going to happen if it is
Marcus?

She looks at him. Clearly, this has been her biggest fear.

JODI

Is it?

Calvin only looks at her.

She turns to get out of the car. The door's locked. She turns
to Calvin.

He releases the lock.

CALVIN

Stop this, Jodi.

She's out of the truck.

INT. JODI'S HOME - NIGHT

Jodi sits on the edge of the bed. Marcus on the other.

The distance between them couldn't be greater.

She rubs lotions over her damp body. He removes his bedroom
slippers.

JODI

The results will be released in a
couple of days.

She closes her eyes, anticipating his wrath.

But nothing.

They both turn towards each other at the same time.

She searches his eyes.

JODI

You know what happened to Whitney,
don't you?

Marcus looks at her but gives her nothing.

JODI

I need to know Marcus. I can't
pretend like I think what's going
on with you is just your
depression. I know it's something
more and I'm not sleeping in this
bed another night without you
telling me what that is.

He turns away from her.

MARCUS

Jodi, you think you know everything
don't you?

JODI

No. If I did, I'll know why my
husband told a girl who was raped
not to see me and no Marcus, I
don't believe you, I believe she
was telling me the truth.

He gets up.

MARCUS

I'm sleeping on the couch.

She stands up.

JODI

Was she telling the truth?

Marcus moves in towards her.

MARCUS

Yes.

Jodi stands her ground but seems scared in his presence.

MARCUS

I told her the night she was raped
not to tell anyone. Especially you.

Jodi shakes her head. Stunned at his confession.

JODI

Marcus?

MARCUS

I came in her room that night.

She looks like her heart's breaking.

He closes his eyes. Confessing to his wife...

MARCUS

When Calvin raped her.

...but betraying the code.

MARCUS

At first I lied to protect my
friend. And then I lied to protect
you. Don't you see what they did to
her? What makes you think they
won't do the same to you?

Jodi stands stiff as the revelation to what she's risking
hits her.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Calvin, in handcuffs, walks towards the doors of a police
precinct. Two officers at his side.

JODI (O.S.)

Calvin!

Jumping out of the doors of her SUV, Jodi walks briskly
towards him.

Calvin calmly turns to her; the two officers stand behind
him.

JODI

This entire time you had me
thinking it was Marcus.

CALVIN

(coldly)

So aren't you relieved that your
husband's not the rapist?

Jodi looks at him and his matter-of-fact demeanor.

JODI

No. I'm not relieved.

She looks at the officers, uncomfortable to talk in front of
them.

JODI

(quietly)

The evidence is black and white,
Calvin. Now you can make this
process a lot easier by confessing
that you killed her for telling.

Calvin smirks.

CALVIN

(mockingly)

Lieutenant Grant.

He clearly cares to not be discreet in front of the officers.

CALVIN

Let me tell you what's going to
happen. I'm going to walk through
the doors of that precinct. See my
old friend, Sebastian, who's going
to "book me" and then escort me to
the nearest cell. I'll sleep in
here overnight. And then go home
and catch up on the Walking Dead
until this blows over.

(beat)

I'll see you at work, Lieutenant.

Calvin turns and leads the officers in through the doors of
the police precinct.

A speechless Jodi watches as the doors closes shut.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

A dull lamp illuminates a small room of the prison.

Calvin sits at a table eating a microwavable dinner.

In walks, Baines.

CALVIN

(surprised)

Commander.

Calvin wipes his mouth. Stands from his seat.

BAINES

Sit Sergeant.

Calvin obliges, sits back in the steel seat. Baines joins him
at table.

CALVIN
I appreciate you coming down here,
sir.

Calvin looks like a child in the presence of his father.

BAINES
I'm not releasing you.

Calvin furrows his brow.

CALVIN
But Willis is?

BAINES
Willis is not coming down here
tonight either.

Baines stares at Calvin's microwavable meal.

BAINES
That stuff is bad for you.

Calvin looks down at his meal.

Baines picks up the plastic fork, sticks it in the meatloaf.

BAINES
It disturbs your system.

Calvin looks more and more uncomfortable.

BAINES
You've disturbed my system.

He looks up at Calvin.

BAINES
Willis is not coming down here
tonight. Or tomorrow. Or the night
after that.

CALVIN
What are you saying?

BAINES
I'm saying I'm not saving you.

Baines stands from his seat turns to leave.

Calvin, chest heaves, as he sits in the steel chair.

CALVIN
What do you want me to tell them?

BAINES

Tell them that you raped and killed
a sailor. That you have a problem.

Baines moves to open the door when:

CALVIN

Or how about I tell them that we
have a problem.

The door closes. Baines turns around faces Calvin, his anger
boiling as he looks up at Baines.

CALVIN

Should I tell them that? That I'm
not your *only* problem. Was Jack
Peterson a problem? Was Lieutenant
Blackman? Or how about Kevin, who
not one time, or two times, but
three times "messed up." Were they
all problems too?

BAINES

They didn't leave a dirty trail.

Baines shakes his head. Laughs.

BAINES

M16 rifle. M16 rifle.

Laughing.

Calvin grows more uncomfortable.

BAINES

M16 rifle!

Baines taps his forehead.

BAINES

I tell you to deal with this. To
fix this and your master plan was
to blow her brains out. On my base!
With a M16 rifle?

Baines looks down at Calvin with disgust.

BAINES

You should have known better on how
to cover this up.

CALVIN
 (pleading)
 Baines, I did not know what to do.
 She was talking and I was scared--

BAINES
 You are a liability. And I don't
 have that type of insurance.

A GUARD enters.

GUARD
 Is everything okay Commander?

BAINES
 It is. How about you give him
 another one of those dinners.

Baines turns to leaves. Calvin sits in the dully-lit room,
 gasping for air.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Jodi sits on the side of a medical bed.

JODI
 (regretfully)
 Maybelline, I'm not sure what's
 going to happen---

Maybelline dresses herself. She throws the hospital gown
 behind the bed. Jodi, confused, picks it up.

JODI
 Should you be getting dressed?
 Should you even be leaving?

Maybelline removes the cords attached to her, unravels the
 cords.

MAYBELLINE
 I don't need to sit around and wait
 on them to tell me the same thing
 they always tell me.

She buttons up her muumuu style dress over her bra.

MAYBELLINE
 That I'm old and that I'm sick.

JODI
 Maybelline--

MAYBELLINE

And I didn't call you here to pity
me either. I called you here
because my car is a piece of shit.

Maybelline gets out of the bed. Pulls back the curtains and
proceeds out.

Jodi stalls. And then..she's off behind Maybelline.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nurses and sick patients walk by.

MAYBELLINE

Don't make eye contact just keep
walking.

Jodi walks briskly behind her. Looks nervous as she tries to
keep up.

MAYBELLINE

I swear these place feels like
prisons. And believe me I know.

JODI

What type of sickness could you
have walking like this?

Jodi catches up with her.

MAYBELLINE

It's getting my grandbaby justice
that keeps me going.

That seems to hit Jodi even harder.

She goes through the doors.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Maybelline turns to Jodi.

MAYBELLINE

Now what were you trying to tell
me?

Nothing. Jodi tries to say something but can't bear telling
her that helping Whitney may be harder than she thought.

JODI

I--

RING.

Jodi reaches in her bag, answers the phone.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Calvin leans up against the wall. The phone pressed to his ear.

A heavy depression lingers over him. A sadness, a regret.

JODI (O.S.)

Calvin?

He stares into nothingness. A moment and then:

CALVIN

I'm ready to talk.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Maybelline leads the way towards Jodi's SUV.

JODI

And why now?

CALVIN

Like you said...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

He presses his head against the receiver before putting it back to his ear.

CALVIN

...It's black and white. I might as well confess.

A guard eyes him like a hawk.

CALVIN

(watching the guard)

Come down here as soon as you can
and I'll tell you everything.
Everything that I know.

INT. JODI'S CAR - DAY

Jodi sits at the driver's wheel.

JODI
(on phone)
Calvin. Thank you.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

He hangs up the phone. Stares at the gray walls.

INT. JODI'S CAR - DAY

Jodi sits at the driver's wheel. Turns to Maybelline as she buckles up.

MAYBELLINE
So...

JODI
We're going to get justice for your
granddaughter.

She starts the ignition and pulls off.

INT. NAVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Quiet. The Naval office nearly empty. A janitor mops the hallway.

INT. BAINES OFFICE - NIGHT

Soft KNOCKS before Jodi enters Baines' office.

JODI
Commander?

She stands shyly in front of him.

JODI
I came to apologize.

He's listening.

JODI
I came to apologize for neglecting
some of my responsibilities to
pursue this case.

He stands from his seat. And walks slowly from around his desk.

JODI

And I also came to tell you that
I'm done.

He stops.

JODI

There's nothing else to do.

He releases a sigh a relief...

JODI

Because Calvin has decided to
confess. He said that he will tell
everything. About the rape. About
the murder.

Baines suppresses his anger.

JODI

(proudly)

I know you told me to leave this
alone and let it be what it was.
But I knew in my heart that it was
something more. I know this is a
lot for everyone. This entire unit.
And I'm losing a colleague and a
friend because of it. But it's
right thing to do. The only thing
to do.

Baines continues towards her. Jodi watches as the space
between them lessens. He reaches for her and....locks the
door behind.

BAINES

Don't want any interruption.

He walks back toward his desk. Sits.

BAINES

You don't have to apologize. I do.

(beat)

Sit. Please.

She obliges.

BAINES

You know Lieutenant, we have a lot
in common. Like you, I don't have
any children. Don't have much of a
family at all. But this unit is my
family. And when anyone is accused
of such things, I am resistant.

(MORE)

BAINES (CONT'D)
Because I'm a father. You could
understand that right?

Sincerity in his eyes. Jodi buys it.

JODI
Of course I can.

BAINES
But I wasn't a good father. I was
too busy trying to negate the
evidence for one "child" that I
wasn't protecting another.

She's emphatic.

BAINES
What Sergeant Calvin Kanes did was
despicable.

JODI
But at least he has the courage to
get on the stand and speak about
it. It's not a lot of redemption in
that but that's one way to look in
the mirror at night.

He nods. Stands. He's heard enough.

BAINES
Most people would have never put
themselves out there and risk it
all...their reputations, safety...

Jodi eyes him.

BAINES
But most people aren't like you
Lieutenant. Courageous.

A smile. Behind it, something sinister.

He extends his hand. Jodi extends her. And she shakes to
something she may not be aware of.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Jodi enters the police precinct. It's quiet and the door
creaks as she enters.

At the receptionist counter, SEBASTIAN, (60s).

JODI
 Good morning, Sebastian. I'm here
 to see Sergeant Calvin.

Jodi proceeds when:

SEBASTIAN
 Imma need for you to sign in.

Jodi, offended, stops in her tracks. Walks back to the counter.

JODI
 Sign in?

She takes the pen. Scribbles quickly on the clipboard. Leaves.

SEBASTIAN
 Imma need to see your badge.

She turns to him.

SEBASTIAN
 It's procedure that we record badge
 numbers.

Jodi walks back to the counter. This time slower.

Never leaving his eyes, she pulls out her badge.

JODI
 Lieutenant--Jodi--Grant.

Places the badge on the counter-top. He slowly takes in, her glare piercing.

JODI
 How's your wife? Is she better from
 her knee surgery?

His face full of guilt.

SEBASTIAN
 (shamefully)
 She's fine. Better.

He hands back her badge.

JODI
 (pointedly)
 Anything else?

Nothing. She takes it and walks off.

SEBASTIAN
Lieutenant.

She EXHALES. Turns around.

SEBASTIAN
(sorry)
It's just protocol.

JODI
Of course it is.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jodi continues down the hallway. Her pace just as brisk as it always is. The cells are all empty. But what else would one expect from a prison on a base.

She continues down when she stops at a cell.

The breath from her body seems to have been sucked away from her as she GASPS and GASPS for air.

Her body trembles. And then:

A CRINGING SCREAM.

Her chest heaves uncontrollably. Sebastian comes running down the hall.

SEBASTIAN
Lieutenant Grant! What's wrong?

And then he sees what she sees:

INT. CELL - DAY

Dangling from the ceiling Calvin's. Limp. Body.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The early morning. This place so very far from everything and everyone.

No playgrounds. Or trials. Just trees. And fallen leaves.

JODI
That was it.

Brooks sits besides Jodi on a crumbling wooden bench but she may as well be talking to herself.

JODI
That was the last and only chance.

For the first time, Jodi, always strong and sure, broken.

JODI
And he's dead.

BROOKS
He killed himself but he can't hurt anyone else.

JODI
Do you really think that Brooks? Do you really think he killed himself? You and I both know that Calvin didn't take his own life.

The morning breeze fills the empty space between them.

Jodi reaches in her jacket pocket, passes him a knife.

JODI
Someone left it on my front porch.

Brooks examines it. Her latest threat.

JODI
I wiped off the blood.

She leans back on the bench. Brooks mimics the fear in her eyes.

JODI
We couldn't meet in my office. Or yours. Or at a coffee shop. I couldn't risk anyone on that base seeing us together.

She passes him a folder.

JODI
I'm turning this back over to you. Notes from our sessions. Her letters to Jake. I don't need it anymore.

The folder dangles in her hand.

BROOKS
I'm not taking it.

JODI
It's over Brooks.

He reaches down into his briefcase, pulls out a folder of his own.

She takes it. Opens it.

A lengthy list.

BROOKS

And these are just transfers from
the last five years.

She flips through the pages. Then looks up at him.

JODI

(shocked)

They all reported sexual assaults.

BROOKS

This is how you get justice for
Whitney, by getting justice for all
of them.

(beat)

It's not over.

Off of Jodi, *It's not.*

INT. MAYBELLINE'S HOME - NIGHT

With the pile of documents and the piles of Maybelline's
crap, this place is way too crowded.

Jodi sits legs folded on the floor. Papers laid out in front
of her. She's back at it.

Maybelline scrolls in with a tall glass of iced lemonade.
Without looking behind her, Jodi reaches for the glass, sips.

They have a routine down pack. Research and lemonade.

KNOCKS.

Both of their heads dart up. And stare at the door.

MORE KNOCKS.

Jodi slowly stands. Walks steadily towards the door. Looks
back at Maybelline. Fear in her eyes.

BROOKS (O.S.)

A trailer home is your definition
of an office?

In walks Brooks.

JODI

Do you have any better options?

He holds up Chinese. Notices Maybelline.

BROOKS

Hi.

MAYBELLINE

Hi, I'm Maybelline, the owner of the "trailer home-office."

An embarrassed Brooks holds up the Chinese.

MAYBELLINE

I'm sickly. I don't need that amount of grease.

She walks away. He looks even worse.

JODI

(to Brooks)

Meet Maybelline.

MAYBELLINE

But save me the fortune cookies.

Brooks sits on the plastic cover couch. Opens the folder, ready to work.

BROOKS

These are the number of rapes reported.

He passes her the documents.

BROOKS

And these are the number of prosecutions.

Passes her more docs.

JODI

(reading)

This is ridiculous. Less than two percent.

She holds up the paper.

JODI

And less than that were convicted.

BROOKS
(smirks)
So you see a pattern.

Jodi knows what she holds in her hands is dangerous.
She turns back to the research.

JODI
Wait, what's this?

She flips through the stapled pages.

JODI
Unit BB61?

Brooks watches, no clue what she's discovered.

JODI
Commander Baines' unit.

Jodi breathes a bit heavier as she flips through the pages.
Highlights. And highlights. And highlights.

JODI
He's been doing this for years.
Covering all of these cases up.

She sits down the page. The realization hits her hard. And personally.

MAYBELLINE
You see a pattern?

Jodi's frozen.

BROOKS
Come on Jodi. We got to finish
this. Remember, no turning back.

But Jodi looks concerned.

JODI
No one followed you, right?

BROOKS
No.

The both share a look--that they're putting it all on the line.

JODI
Okay. Pass me the 2010 records. And
the duck sauce.
(MORE)

JODI (CONT'D)

(beat)

We got to get this to Congress.

The team--a Navy Lieutenant, a reclusive JAG lawyer, and a 70 year-old grandmother--build their case against the United States Navy.

INT. MAYBELLINE'S HOME - DAY

Brooks, head back, mouth open, his snores intense as he lays asleep on the plastic covered couch.

On the floor, Jodi. Her face stuck to various documents.

MAYBELLINE (O.S.)

Breakfast!

Brooks and Jodi jump awake.

Maybelline holds a tray with oven-baked biscuits, scrambled eggs, and her version of orange juice: two cans of orange soda.

MAYBELLINE

I'm out of bacon.

She places the plates on the coffee table. Jodi removes a paper glued to her face by saliva.

JODI

(groggily)

What time is it?

MAYBELLINE

Seven am. Food been ready since six.

Jodi stands from the floor, gathers her belongings. Brooks does the same.

JODI

0700!

MAYBELLINE

But your breakfast?

JODI

I'm late Maybelline.

She grabs a biscuit from the plate. Brooks graciously and awkwardly does the same.

BROOKS
I got to get going too.

He stuffs the biscuit in his mouth, folders rest under his armpit.

Jodi phones RINGS.

JODI
(bothered)
Marcus.

Jodi heads towards the door.

MAYBELLINE
Well at least take a fortune
cookie.

Jodi quickly takes it and turns towards the door.

MAYBELLINE
Open it.

Jodi, annoyed, unwraps the cookie. Cracks it open.

JODI
(annoyed)
*You can see more with our eyes
open. You can see everything with
your heart open.*

Jodi turns to Maybelline. She gets the message.

JODI
(softer)
I'll be back Maybelline. I have
work to do.

And exits.

EXT. MAYBELLINE'S HOME - DAY

Brooks and Jodi approach their cars.

JODI
Same place?

Brooks pulls out his keys.

BROOKS
(smiles)
Same trailer-office.

They both enter their cars. Pull off.

INT. JODI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Her phone BLARES as she heads down the road.

She answers.

JODI
 (on phone)
 Marcus. I was working. Yes. I can't
 tell you where.

On the passenger's seat: The working case.

JODI
 I'm not sure we are at that place
 yet.
 (beat)
 Or if we will ever be there again.
 Bye.

She regretfully ends the call.

She turns the steering wheel, dials a number.

JODI
 Missy. Get me an appointment with a
 Elizabeth Canton. Today.

The old Jodi's back.

JODI
 Yes... it's mandatory.

Jodi pulls the phone away from her ear.

JODI
 Missy. I have another call coming
 in. See you soon.

She presses a button.

JODI
 (stern)
 Yes, Marcus.

INT. BROOK'S CAR - DAY

Brooks smile as he steers.

BROOKS
(on phone)
It's Brooks.

JODI (O.S.)
(filtered)
Sorry.

BROOKS
Hey, I was thinking. Maybe you
should try and see some of those
women. You said you recognized some
of the names.

INT. JODI CAR - DAY

Jodi steers.

JODI
(on phone)
Already on it. Just set a meeting
with Elizabeth Canton.

INT. BROOK'S CAR

Brooks smiles.

BROOKS
(on phone)
Of course you are.

JODI
(filtered)
Apparently she filed a case less
than six months ago.

BROOKS
Really? And no response, no
prosecution?

INT. JODI'S CAR - DAY

Jodi looks concerned.

JODI
(on phone)
Of course not.
(beat)
Hey Brooks, you're sure no one
followed you to Maybelline's,
right?

She presses at her squeaky brakes.

INT. BROOKS CAR - DAY

Brooks turns. Through the windshield, the open road except for one pickup truck.

BROOKS
No, not that I know of. Why?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A red car zooms around the slow driving pickup truck and swerves into Brooks' lane.

INT. BROOK'S CAR - DAY

Brooks frantically tries to stop. His feet push onto the brake paddle but....

CRASH!

JODI
(filtered)
Brooks?! Brooks, are you okay?

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

Jodi walks into the office. Closes the door. And leans up against it.

Closes her eyes.

MISSY (O.S.)
Your eight am, Elizabeth Canton...

Jodi opens her eyes to find Missy coming from behind the counter ready to berate her.

MISSY
She's gone. Waited an hour and a half--

Jodi exhaustively heads to her office. Missy behind her with a folder in hand.

JODI
Reschedule.

MISSY

She's not the only appointment
you've missed. Tasha Henderson,
Matthew Schlissel, Nick---

JODI

Reschedule!

Jodi closes her eyes. Turns to Missy. Hurt in her eyes.

JODI

Missy, I'm sorry. I just left the
hospital--

MISSY

I'm your assistant. Not your mat.
Not one of your patients. And not
one of your enemies.

Jodi's speechless.

MISSY

Unlike everyone else around here,
I'm actually one of the ones still
supporting you. And covering your
ass when officers come and in out
of here inquiring about
whereabouts.

JODI

Missy, I'm sorry.

MISSY

Me too.

She removes her headsets. Grabs her purse from behind the
counter.

JODI

Missy. Don't...

She's out of the door.

JODI

Leave.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Jodi walks into the dark and steamy cellar where E1 sailors
rake coal.

JODI

Elizabeth Canton?

The sailors step aside to reveal a petite Elizabeth Canton. She looks no more than sixteen with her innocent face.

JODI
May I see you please?

The other sailors clear out. They've seen Jodi clear this room out before.

Elizabeth says nothing. Jodi's been here before.

JODI
I was hoping we could talk.

ELIZABETH
In here?

Her voice as innocent sounding as she looks.

JODI
It's not a lot of private places
around here.

Elizabeth sits. Jodi joins her.

JODI
I'm Lieutenant Jodi Grant, a Navy
psy---

ELIZABETH
I know who you are.

Elizabeth shyly puts her head down.

JODI
And I was hoping to talk to you
about a report you filed six months
ago.

Elizabeth stands.

ELIZABETH
(nervously)
I don't want to talk about that.

JODI
I want to help you.

ELIZABETH
Like you helped Whitney?

She covers her mouth.

ELIZABETH

Sorry.

She turns blushed red. Scared of what her repercussions would be.

JODI

I'll probably lose my job for telling you this but by now I know this isn't a secret. Whitney Dupree filed a rape report, just like you, and it was covered-up. Just like yours.

ELIZABETH

Except she's dead.

JODI

She is.

ELIZABETH

Whitney was my roommate. I never knew that happened to her and then again I never told her what happened to me. We just went on like it never happened. But when the rumors leaked, I knew it was true.

Jodi looks hopeful.

JODI

And this is why I need your help. You and Whitney are two of many women.

ELIZABETH

(a bit bolder)

And when she was found dead in the same home that I shared with her. I knew I would have the same fate if I said anything more.

She holds a flimsy hand at her head. Ready to salute.

ELIZABETH

If you may, Lieutenant?

Jodi...

JODI

Dismissed.

She salutes and walks away.

JODI
Elizabeth?

She turns.

JODI
I used to think that my patients
needed me. Now I know I need them
just as much.

Elizabeth put her head down. Opens the doors of the cellar as
the light beams inside.

The door closes. And Jodi, alone in the dark and steamy
cellar.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A crappy hotel. Jodi sits on the side of the bed with a stack
of highlighted names and a phone to her ear.

JODI
(on phone)
Yes, Rigvedita Nigam. I'm Navy
Counselor, Lieutenant Jodi Grant.
Hello? Hello?

Jodi slams down the phone.

Maybelline enters from the bathroom.

MAYBELLINE
This place is nice.

JODI
This place is crap.

Maybelline sits on the side of the bed.

MAYBELLINE
So where are we?

JODI
Called over fifty units no
response, no one wants to
cooperate. And apparently I'm
"famous."

Maybelline smiles.

MAYBELLINE
How's Brooks?

JODI

He's better. Of course, he wants to work from his hospital bed but trying to recover from a concussion and build a case against the Navy--

MAYBELLINE

Is exactly that same.

Jodi smiles. It quickly fades.

JODI

Sorry I had to take you away from your home.

MAYBELLINE

Honey, my house is on wheels. I told you we could have taken it with us.

A laugh. This time it sticks.

MAYBELLINE

You're not going to give up, huh?

JODI

I think it's too late for that. My eyes are open now.

MAYBELLINE

Well alright.

Maybelline claps her hands.

MAYBELLINE

Let's start calling.

Jodi picks up the phone. Maybelline grabs the other one on the opposite nightstand.

JODI

(on phone)

Hi, I'm looking to locate a Karol Hoeffner?

MAYBELLINE

(on phone)

Honey, this is a long-distance call I'm going need for you to search a little faster.

INT. JODI'S OFFICE - DAY

Jodi searches through her office cabinets. She moves more fearfully, quickly as she searches for documents.

Pulls a few files. Sits them in a folder marked: JW (Justice for Whitney)

She pulls the very top cabinet open when a picture captures her attention.

It's the framed photo she showed Whitney... Of her "family." Now dissipated.

The door KNOCK startles her.

JODI

Come in.

Two officers enter. Emotionless as robots.

JODI

Gentlemen?

Jodi tries to cover her nerves but fails.

One hands her a paper. She reluctantly looks over it.

JODI

Discharged?

OFFICER ONE

Yes, Lieutenant Jodi Grant you are being discharged. Effective immediately.

JODI

On what grounds?

OFFICER ONE

Unsuitability.

Jodi scowls them.

JODI

Without any warnings? No notifications that I was "unsuitable"?

OFFICER ONE

(harshly)

If you were ever at your office Lieutenant, you would have found the many attempts.

Nothing.

Jodi shakes her head, reaches to grab her folder labeled JW when the other officer stops her.

OFFICER ONE
That's property of the US Navy.

Jodi looks at him and back at the second, younger officer with his hand over the file.

She snatches her bag and dashes out of the door.

INT. LADIES BATHROOM - DAY

At the bathroom sink. Jodi turns on the faucet to capacity.

And releases the heaviest CRY. The running water unable to conceal her WEEPING.

She looks up at herself. The tears, the medals, the woman she'll have to become all over again.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
He didn't rape me because I was
pretty or because he wanted to have
sex with me; he raped me because he
could.

Jodi stares at Elizabeth's reflection behind her, standing at the bathroom's stall.

ELIZABETH
I wanted to tell someone that for
the last six months.

Jodi turns to her.

JODI
Thank you.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The United States Navy emblem.

A long, mahogany table. Around it men, only men. In Navy uniforms.

The powerful group takes part in a high priority meeting with charts and research packets laid out before them.

Storming through the door, Jodi.

A frantic SAILOR GUARD (20s) runs in behind her.

SAILOR GUARD
(scared)
I tried to stop her!

The men all stare at her.

JODI
Commander, I need to see you.

Baines, at the head of the table, looks over Jodi.

BAINES
Lieutenant, I'm going to ask you to
see me at another time.

He turns back to his packet.

BAINES
(to group)
Carry on.

JODI
I won't have a another time.
Remember?

A few CLEAR THEIR THROATS.

Baines looks up from his papers, this time he's livid. Tries to hid it under a cool demeanor.

BAINES
You know this is not proper
protocol--

JODI
Fuck your protocol! I need to see
you now.

GASPS.

Baines stand from his chair.

BAINES
Gentlemen. I will resume shortly.

He follows Jodi out of the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Baines walks briskly behind Jodi.

BAINES
And where are you taking me?

JODI
To talk.

She turns to him.

JODI
Unless you want to talk in front of
your respectable colleagues.

She didn't think so.

They turns and continue down the hallway.

Sailors, Lieutenants, Sergeants of all rankings watch as the
two walk hastily by.

INT. PARKING LOT - DAY

An empty parking lot except for a few parked car.

JODI
We can talk freely out here. No
people. No protocol.

BAINES
What?

JODI
You know they made me sign-in?

Baines agitation grows. So does his confusion.

JODI
At the police precinct. Apparently
they make everyone sign-in. *It's
protocol.*

BAINES
Get to it.

JODI
You were the last person to see
Calvin alive. I checked.

Baines smiles. But it's chilling.

JODI

You and the other two officers who came with you would not have anything to do with Calvin's mysterious death? Or the mysterious death of Whitney Dupree that Calvin is recorded on tape saying he wanted to talk to me about? You know those calls are recorded don't you?

A drizzle of rain falls. Baines unmoved.

Just then a young sailor runs out.

SAILOR GUARD

Commander Baines, are you okay?
Would you like for me to remove her from the premise?

Eyes still on her:

BAINES

No. Leave us.

The sailor looks up at the darkening clouds. Hands Baines the umbrella and leaves.

BAINES

What else do you have?
Fingerprints? Witnesses?

JODI

I'm exposing the cover-ups in this unit just like the thousands of others in this military.

A laugh. A true, sincere, and heavy laugh.

BAINES

(laughing)
This is getting good.

The rain starts to fall now.

Jodi looks like she's breaking in his presence. His eerie calmness.

BAINES

That's your master plan? And all this time I thought I probably had something to worry about.

His smile fades. His eyes nearly burn through her.

BAINES

You think you're the first person who tried this? Tried to be the big hero? No. You're not that special Jodi Grant.

She scowls him. But can say nothing. The rain soaks her.

He opens up the large black umbrella, covers them both.

Now confined to this limited space, the tension is thicker.

BAINES

Military culture is a very traditional one. And at the very top, sits a lot of powerful, wealthy men and women. Who, unlike you, understands what this is really about. If you really think the congress is going to release news that the Navy is a sexually threatening place for a woman to work than you are sadly mistaken.

Jodi shrinks in his presence.

BAINES

This is a business. And as long as women are enlisting, someone is making a profit. And your little movement is not going to move anywhere but under the rug.

(beat)

Yes, I manipulated some reports, buried others but I did it for a purpose and narrowed-minded people like you will never be able to comprehend that.

He removes the umbrella from over her, allows her to get soaked.

BAINES

Now I like you. I still do. But you are disturbing the system. Dismissed Lieutenant.

He turns and walks away.

Jodi watches as he enters the building. She jogs to her SUV.

INT. COURTHOUSE - ROOM - DAY

The bright light bounces off of the white walls of this tiny room.

A finger, the nail painted an apple-red, presses PLAY. The hand belongs to fierce ATTORNEY BETH SERLIN (50s).

RECORDING:

BAINES (O.S.)

(filtered)

This is a business. And as long as women are enlisting, someone is making a profit. And your little "movement" is not going to move anywhere but under the rug.

(beat)

Yes, I manipulated some reports, buried others but I did it for a purpose and narrowed-minded people like you will never be able to comprehend that.

END RECORDING.

Across the table, Brooks in an arm splint, Elizabeth, and four women, one man. All victims.

At the very end, the woman who has come to rescue them: Jodi Grant.

JODI

I was never scared of rain that much in my life.

They smile.

SERLIN

Job well done.

The attorney stands from the table.

SERLIN

They will see you all very soon.

She winks before exiting the room.

JODI

(to Brooks)

Where did you find her?

BROOKS
 (proudly)
 I had to pull out my connects.

Jodi gives him a look.

BROOKS
 Okay. I researched. And begged. And
 Missy referred her.

A smile.

Barging through the door, loud as ever, Maybelline.

She has a small box.

MAYBELLINE
 Those jackasses would not let me
 bring Kaci in?

She sits down, pays no attention to the nervous energy in the room. Or maybe she does and it's just her way of eradicating it.

She slides across the small box to Jodi. Jodi looks inside.

A pink cupcake.

MAYBELLINE
 I take it we can't lite a match in
 here.

KNOCKS.

A petite SECRETARY (30s) enters.

SECRETARY
 It's time.

INT. COURTROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jodi leads the way as the resilient survivors, all wearing their white, tan, and blue navy uniforms, trail her.

Off in the back, stands Marcus.

They both share a moment. A stare that only a husband and a wife who shared more than twenty loving years together would understand:

That they love each other but can't be together.

Jodi turns back towards the brown, huge double doors...

JODI
(to herself)
Happy Birthday Whitney.

...as they open to flashing lights, the US flag, and the United States Navy emblem engraved in the wall.

FADE TO BLACK.

A 2012 Pentagon survey found that 26,000 women and men were sexually assaulted in the United States military.

Of those, 3,374 cases were reported.

97.5% of all Military rapes are not punished.

The power to try a case is in the sole power of the commander.

This film is dedicated to:

Lavena Johnson- a Private First Class in the United States Army whose death, officially ruled a suicide, has attracted international attention amid allegations that her death was actually the result of rape and murder

Pfc. Tina Priest of Smithville who died in Iraq the Army botched its care for her after a rape claim that was followed by her apparent suicide.

Maj. Gloria Davis, 47, an 18-year Army veteran, mother and grandmother, was found dead of a gunshot wound on Dec. 12, 2006, the day after she reportedly talked at length to an Army investigator about corruption in military contracting.

And the thousand other victims.

"Blind Allegiance."

FADE OUT.