FALSE WITNESS

WARNING: *The following storyline contains sensitive subject matter, regarding sexual assault and false accusations. The complete storyline will contain courtroom scenes where actual data, testimony from actual cases, and legal processes facilitated within the courtroom, is used to highlight the damage false accusations have on the women and men that have been assaulted, and how the system deters victims from reporting their assault. No actual assault scene is portrayed in this story, however, previous assault victims will refer back to what happened to them, without graphic representation. If this subject matter offends you, or acts as a trigger, then please scroll on, skipping this story. It is, and never will be, my intent to offend anyone. My intent in this storyline is to, within a fictional setting, bring some reality to the pain actual assault victims suffer, and to disclose how part of our political and legal system works against the victims. And as always, in my stories, how brave women, brave men, willing to risk it all, fight to help those that have been unjustly accused, or unjustly silenced. Thank you, and Bless you*

(scene opens at Quantico, small classroom, 15 Marines sitting in school desks, one man standing at the front, Lt Colonel Brandon Wilkes, in uniform, staring at the young soldiers, male and female, sitting at their desks, waiting for him to speak...Guidry and Micheals sitting next to each other at their desks, Gibbs standing at the rear of the room, by the door....Colonel Wilkes begins to speak)

Wilkes: “Over the last decade, the ethical fabric of the United States Marine Corps has degraded. It is not something I want to, or enjoy, saying, but it is something that is a fact....(pause) “..This fact is proven by the high rate of abuse, sexual assault cases filed against Marines, infidelity within Corp marriages, and the ultimate, most telling data point of all...the amount of suicides within our Corps”

(He pauses, allowing the words to sink in...He picks a manual up off the table...holds it up)

Wilkes: “This book is the assigned reading for this class...It is titled “The Marine Corps Value-Based Ethics Training”...)

(He lays the book down on the table)

Wilkes: “Since it is required, and since I am a Marine, I will follow orders and provide each of you a copy. Please read it in your own time”

(Gibbs watches the Colonel, listening.....)

Wilkes: “The book is a set of rules...Conduct rules....Do this, don’t do that, say this, don’t say that.....”

(He shakes his head....)

Wilkes: “The ethical fabric of a Marine is not woven by rules, it is woven within your character. It is a choice...Will you show, follow, and display the character worthy of a good man or woman? Will you make that choice and build it further once you take that oath and put on that uniform?”

(Wilkes pauses again.....then...)

Wilkes: “They say becoming a Marine builds character....I say that your character, you that have been chosen for this class because someone sees the ability to lead in you...I say the torn fabric of the Marine Corps will only be repaired by your character...Your choices...Your examples...Rules will not fix us, ladies, gentlemen....You will fix us....And we start...Now”

(scene switches to Guidry and Michaels leaving the classroom....Gibbs watching both of them...The two young men are both shaking their heads...)

Michaels: “Man...I expected a list of orders to follow..you know, like he said, step by step, do this, do that...”

Guidry: “Yea....it was...hell, brother...I don’t know what it was....”

(Gibbs steps up, addresses Michaels)

Gibbs: “Michaels...you think you can escort this man back to barracks?”

Michaels: “Yes Gunny!”

Gibbs: “Take over for me, Corporal...he’s in your hands...I’ll meet you there”

(Michaels and Guidry turn, exit....Gibbs walks back into the classroom...He gives Wilkes a quick salute, then shakes his hand)

Wilkes: “Gunny...it’s good to see you”

Gibbs: “Nice speech, Colonel...”

Wilkes: “Well...we’ll see...Remains to be seen if it changes anything...Hell, half of ‘em probably didn’t understand it”

Gibbs: “I know two that did”

(Wilkes thinks...nods...)

Wilkes: “Yea...one actor that I understand is outperforming trained Marines, and the other...”

Gibbs; “Michaels...Royal Michaels...He heard you”

(Wilkes stares at Gibbs...)

Wilkes: “Something on your mind, Gunny?”

Gibbs: “Yea...There is....”

(Scene fades out to Gibbs and Wilkes talking...)

(scene switches to Guidry and Michaels walking to the barracks...Marine Corps buildings and barracks line the concrete path they’re walking on...)

Michaels: “Think Gibbs and the Colonel are trading war stories?”

Guidry: “Hard to say....Gibbs doesn’t talk much, so if they are, it’s one sided”

(Silence for a few steps...then..)

Michaels: “We’re gonna miss you, brother...”

Guidry: “Yea...i’m going to miss you guys too....”

Michaels: “You did good...no one expected it...but you did”

Guidry: “Jesus, Royal...I didn’t expect it...all I wanted to do was, just....Hell, I don’t know what I wanted to do...fit in, don’t F up, don’t quit...maybe just see it through....maybe that’s it...”

Michaels: “You sure did that, Tom...and more”

(A pause.....)

Michael: “What about Samantha?”

(Guidry doesn’t answer....)

Michael: “You and her....it’s a thing now...And in 3 days...you’re leaving...How’s that working?”

Guidry: “It’s not”

Michael: “You want it to go on?”

Guidry: “Yes I want it to go on! I want it to ….(pause)…"

Michael: “Go on forever?”

(Guidry walks....then nods...)

Guidry: “Maybe....yea...no...not maybe....I do...”

(They are quiet.....then...)

Michael: “Then you have choices to make, brother....Can’t keep something like that alive with phone calls under the covers...”

(Guidry looks over at Michaels...surprised...Michaels smiles...)

Michael: “Yea...we know...”

Guidry: “Great...now I’m the lovesick guy talking sweet stuff under the covers...”

(Michaels laughs)

Michaels: “Brother, there’s not a one of us that hasn’t been there....It’s cool”

Guidry: “Doesn’t matter...I’ll be gone...You guys will get on with your lives...”

Michaels: “Doesn’t work that way, Tom....You proved yourself...the guys...me...we respect you. You became one of us....That doesn’t end with a change in geography.....Something happens out there?....You call....We’ll come”

(Guidry doesn’t reply....He looks around as he walks, watching other Marines, both male and female walking together, some laughing, some

talking...He pulls out his cell phone....punches in a text while walking...hits ‘send”...Michaels’s phone sounds an alert)

Michaels: “You just texted me? Dude! I’m right here!”

(Guidry grins...)

Guidry: “I just texted you my cell number”

Michaels: “I’ve got it, already!”

Guidry: “I texted you the real one....the one I answer”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in small apartment, Guidry sitting next to Samantha on a couch, Samantha crying and laughing at the same time...)

Samantha: “Tommy! This is crazy! You’re crazy! No....You’re insane!”

Guidry: “Look..I’ve thought it out...I’ve already had it cleared with your boss through the Marine PR department...They’re all over it!”

Samantha: “You called my boss? Mrs. Potter? Oh my god, Tommy!...”

(She’s quiet for a moment....then...)

Guidry“What did she say....when she found out about ….you know....”

Samantha: “Me and you?”

(She giggles, then nods...)

Samantha: “She started swooning...then she interrogated me...How do you kiss, what’s your body like....How was the...(pause)..”Uh..you know...that stuff...”

Guidry: “We haven’t done any that stuff....”

Samantha: “I know...she didn’t believe me....she looked at me...”

(flashback scene switches to Samantha and Mrs Potter, in her office...)

Potter: “I have to know...you and him...the horizontal bop...how is it....?”

(Samantha’s eyes get wide..shock...)

Samantha: "Mrs Potter! I would never talk about that!"

(Potter leans back....sly grin...)

Potter: "That good, huh...?"

Samantha: "Ma'am! I can't believe you're asking me that!"

Potter: "Have to, honey...I saw him in "Gangs of LA" and that scene when the gang girl tore off his shirt....my god...I got the screaming thigh sweats, right there in the theater.."

(scene switches back to the apartment...Guidry shakes his head...)

Guidry: "Well...that explains that..."

Samantha: "Explains what?"

Guidry: "Uh...your boss agreed to the leave of absence for you....If I did a pole dance for the office girls..."

Samantha: "OH MY GOD!"

Guidry: "My agent negotiated a settlement...We did a selfie, and I have to post it on Facebook, say how wonderful she is, how we're good friends..."

Samantha: "You've already done this?"

Guidry: "Yea...and that surprised look on my face?...That's right when she grabbed my butt and squeezed"

Samantha: "YOU ARE CRAZY! THIS IS ALL CRAZY!"

Guidry: "No, I'm just a guy that loves you....and I made a choice...At least part of it..."

Samantha: "But Hollywood? Tommy! I'm going to Hollywood? For a 4 whole days?"

Guidry: "No, Sam...you're going to Hollywood with me...there's a difference..."

(She squeals..then hugs him)

Samantha: "I don't care where it is! I get you for 4 whole days!..."

(Guidry hugs her back....)

Guidry: “You know what....I believe you actually don’t care where...”

Samantha: “I have to pack!”

Guidry: “We don’t leave for a week....why pack...”

Samantha; “Because you love me! That’s why!”

(She squeals again....Guidry smiles, watching her get up, start jumping up and down...)

Samantha: “I am so happy!....Wait...I have to call Caprice!”

(scene switches to Gordon House...Caprice on the phone, laughing with Samantha...the call ends...)

Caprice: “Jethro! Guess what?”

Gibbs: “Guidry’s taking Samantha to Hollywood”

(Caprice looks at him, face blank)

Caprice: “You knew? You knew and you didn’t tell me?...JETHRO! HOW COULD YOU?”

Gibbs: “Didn’t think it was that important....hell, Caprice...it’s just a trip...”

Caprice; “Just a trip? It’s true love! It’s a fairy tale! It’s....it’s....it’s....”

Gibbs: “It’s just a trip! 4 days!”

(She says nothing....then she sits down next to him at the table....she stares at him...)

Caprice; ‘I want to go”

(Gibbs looks at her, surprise...)

Gibbs: “What?”

Caprice: “You owe me, Jethro”

Gibbs: “FOR WHAT?”

Caprice: “Knowing but not telling me then acting like it’s nothing that you knew but didn’t tell me and you should have known that if you knew you should have told me”

Gibbs: “Oh...okay”

Caprice: “Are you sorry?”

Gibbs: “Oh yea....uh huh...you betcha...”

Caprice: ”Good...I hope you suffer”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at Quantico, 1st Platoon on the grenade training site...Each Marine lining up, each being issued one live grenade...The PSO, Position Safety Officer, lifts a grenade, one at a time, hands it to the Marine in line...Each Marine tucks the grenade into the pouch on the front of their uniform, pulls the flap over, pushes on the Velcro strap holding it down...Sgt Franks announces to each one..)

Franks: “Marines! This is a live test! Each of you has one grenade...You will advance to your pit! Each pit has a 4 ft wall of sandbags! Each pit has a trench dug out on the interior perimeter of the wall, therefore, you will be standing on a peninsula of dirt! You will pull your pin...you will throw your grenade at your target area! You will dive your happy ass into the pit, and you will cover your head! Do not...I repeat! Do not look at the grenade after you throw it, do not stand up to watch it go boom! You will have 7 seconds after the pin is pulled and you release the safety lever! If you do not throw that grenade after releasing the safety lever, we will be shipping you home in a zip lock bag! Do you hear me, 1st Platoon!”

All: “Yes Master Sargent!”

(Guidry , Michaels behind him, lines up at his assigned pit, and from a safe distance of 10 feet, watching each Marine before him, pull the pin, throw the grenade, turns his face away as instructed, then hearing the loud blast of the grenade exploding approximately 50 feet away from the pit....Gibbs, in fatigues, stands towards the rear of the exercise area, next to Sargent Franks. Guidry leans back to Michaels...)

Guidry: “Hey Michaels...these things ever go bad?”

Michaels: ‘Yea...someone freaks out, drops the thing, or they hold on too long and the grenade hits the sand bag wall...It happens”

Guidry: “Moral to the story.....?”

Michaels: “Don’t screw up”

(The Marines in front of them, one by one, go through the exercise...Michaels points to the one in front of Guidry)

Michaels: “Look,...look at Barnes....”

(He nods towards the Marine’s hands....they are visibly trembling)

Guidry: “He nervous?”

Michaels: “Scared crapless...it’s common...but I’d keep an eye on him....”

(Guidry watches as the Marine in front of hm walks hesitantly up to the pit...He stands on the raised up portion of ground, looks down at the 4 foot pit in front of him and on both sides of the walls...The PSO watches...)

PSO: “Marine...you got this?”

Marine: “Yes Sargent....I”m just...I’m...”

PSO: “Remember your training son...pull, throw, duck...”

Marine: “Pull..throw...duck...I can remember that, Sargent....”

(Guidry watches as the Marine takes his stance...he lifts up the flap to his pouch, pulls the grenade out, holds it in a death grip, his knuckles noticeably white....He takes his stance, the finger going through the pin loop trembling...He manages to get the finger in, then he pulls the pin....He looks at the grenade in his hand, still holding the safety lever down....He closes his eyes, stretches his arm back....and throws the grenade like a baseball, straight at the wall...The grenade hits the sandbags, bounces at an angle....)

PSO: “LIVE GRENADE!”

(The PSO dives into the trench, but the Marine stands there, paralyzed in fear, looking at the grenade as it lands at his feet...the lever has flown off as designed....)

Guidry: “BARNES!”

(Guidry dives forward, grabs the straps on the Marine’s back, yanks him sideways, both falling into the pit, just as the grenade explodes with a loud noise, throwing rocks, dirt, and sand into the air.....No one moves....Then the PSO raises his head, then scrambles towards Barnes and Guidry.)

Michaels: “Guidry! Sound off!”

(Nothing....then, slowly....they see two helmets rise up from the pit....Guidry peers over the top of the dirt...looks around...his eyes open wide, face white..)

Guidry: “That was really really loud!”

(Michaels, the PSO, Sgt Franks, all run to Guidry and the Marine, helping them up out of the trench....The Marine, ashamed, is led off the course by the PSO...Guidry sits on a sandbag...staring at the large hole in the ground where the Marine was standing before the blast....)

Michaels: “Dude! That was the dumbest thing I’ve EVER seen anyone do!”

(Guidry looks at Michaels...then at Franks, then at Gibbs....then at the hole...”

Guidry: “Yea...I really don’t....like...ever...want to do that again”

Michaels: “OH REALLY, HOLLYWOOD?”

(Then the backclaps, the ‘Well done’ ...all the plaudits coming from Marines that just witnessed it....He hears comments....)

“One of our own”

“We have each others backs…”

“The Marine way!”

(He listens...then he looks up at Michaels...and in a low, trembling voice...)

Guidry: “They’re calling me ….one of their own...”

(Michaels kneels down...takes Guidry’s head, pulls it to his chest...He can feel Guidry shaking....)

Michaels: “Yea...I hear ‘em too, Marine...I hear ‘em too”

(scene switches to the Bad Boys house...Sean and the others sitting on couches watching a movie....a woman walks into the room...They all stop watching the movie, stare at the woman..)

Sean: “Damn, Sheila...you look...you almost look...”

Sheila: “Respectable?”

(She stands in the doorway, brightly flowered sundress on, white sandals, a beaded necklace around her neck...Her makeup is tastefully done, her lipstick a subdued shade of pink....Her hair is pulled back in a ponytail, a white hairband between her bangs and the rest of her hair..)

Sheila: ‘I believe I clean up pretty nice....”

Sean: “Well yea...but you’re not attracting any customers like that....”

Sheila: “Oh honey....You'd be surprised how many men lust after the girl next door type...But...Why would Susan Smith, oh so proper, Susan Smith, want to attract anyone?...”

Sean: “Damn, woman....So...Friday Night?”

Sheila: “Uh huh...your favorite movie star leaves tomorrow to go back to Hollywood...And our poor Corporal Michaels has a tattoo appointment, just around the corner from a dark and private parking area, only 3 nights later....”

Sean: “We got all that from Barnes before he washed out?”

Sheila; “Sure did.....right before he nearly got himself blowed up by dropping a real live hand grenade...that boy...he never was able to control hisself..All my girls will tell you that”

(She laughs....then curtsies....)

Sheila: “It’s almost time for Susan to announce herself to the world...and to Corporal Michaels....”

Sean: “It’ll make that Hollywood boy mighty sad.....yes indeed....”

Sheila: “And he’ll never know it was you....Does that bother you, Sean?”

Sean: “No...so long as I know...that’s all that matters”

(she saunters over to Sean, sits in his lap)

Sheila: “My my...that’s evil....and it sure does make me tingle....how about you and me....?”

Sean: “Yea? On the house?”

(She kisses his neck)

Sheila: “I’m not Susan just yet, honey....That’ll be $100...up front if you don’t mind”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Samantha’s apartment...she sits on the couch, crying, talking on her phone)

Samantha: “Caprice, I can’t....can’t go....I was packing, and I walked into the bathroom, and I looked at myself in the mirror, and I tried...I really tried, Caprice....to see even cute...I’m not...and if I go to Hollywood with Tommy, and there I’ll be, standing next to him, and all those pretty girls....”

Caprice: “Samantha...stop it! You cannot, and will not stay home!”

Samantha: “I can’t....I can’t go....I know what I am, Caprice...I really know....”

Caprice: “Honey...I know how you feel....but it’s not true....Okay...let’s talk, girl to girl...okay?”

Samantha: “Okay...but...”

Caprice: “Now hush....I want you to think about two couples....Nell and Dil, then Dez and Cal....Now...describe those two men to me”

Samantha: “Beautiful, handsome, gorgeous....”

Caprice: “Now....describe Nell and Dez”

Samantha: “Beautiful, gorgeous....”

Caprice: “Stop...think...Nell is a geek, nerd, dresses funny, she’ll tell you herself, ‘boy body”...Right?..Now Dez...Her hair is just growing out...she had cancer...she was bald...and Cal fell smooth in love with her...with, mind you, having a double mastectomy....”

Samantha: “I know! It’s such...both of them...I don’t understand it, but it’s a wonderful thing to see”

Caprice: “Tell me what those two gorgeous men’s face look like when they look at their wives”

Samantha: “God, Caprice...they’re so in love with their wives..they look...(pause) “..Goofy?...”

Caprice: “Uh huh...what they see is the woman they love...and to them, there’s no more beautiful woman in the world....and yes, they look goofy...it’s precious”

Samantha: “I know! I’d give anything if Tommy looked at me like that!”

(Samantha hears the phone signal a text)

Caprice: “Now...look at the group picture I just sent you...the one we took from last weekend...”

(Samantha lowers her phone, opens the text...A picture of the entire group on the back patio, lined up, is seen...)

Samantha: “I remember that...it was so much fun...”

Caprice: “Honey....see everyone smiling for the camera?”

Samantha: “Yes..Especially Nell....”

Caprice; “Forget Nell for now...look at Tommy....is he looking at the camera?”

(A pause....)

Samantha: “No...he’s looking....”

Caprice: “See that little smile on his face?”

Samantha: “He’s...He’s looking at me....”

(Disbelief can be heard in her voice)

Samantha: “HE’S LOOKING AT ME!...(pause) “...and his face....”

Caprice; “Uh huh....and it looks like...?”

Samantha: “It looks kinda.....Goofy?..”

Caprice: “Yep...same face Dil, Cal, Torres, even Jethro if you can catch it before he realizes it...But honey...don’t you see now?”

(silence...then...)

Samantha: “But I don’t have anything to wear!”

Caprice: “Oh girl...Dez and I have already talked this over....We’re taking you shopping....Tomorrow night”

(scene shifts to Quantico...Guidry, Gibbs, and Sargent Franks standing in the Commandant’s office....Franks at rigid attention, Gibbs is leaning up against the wall....Guidry stands, next to Franks, at proper attention, as well...)

Commandant: “Mr. Guidry....(pause) “...what a pleasure it has been having you with us”

Guidry: “Thank you, sir...It’s been all mine, sir....the guys..uh...the other soldiers...They’ve been great sir...all of them, especially....”

Commandant: “Corporal Michaels?”

(Guidry grins....)

Guidry: “Yes sir...he’s been the best”

(The Commandant thumbs through a file on his desk....pulls out some papers...)

Commandant: “I have three requests here...one from Gunny over here, one from Colonel Wilkes, and one from....(looks at Franks)..”...Master Sargent

Franks here...all three recommending I send Corporal Michaels to OTS...Officer Training School...What's your opinion about that, Mr. Guidry?"

(Guidry smiles big....)

Guidry: 'He's a leader, sir...the men...they follow him, they trust him...and he handles the responsibility well, sir...he's not looking to be a leader, sir...he's just naturally one"

(The Commandant nods his head)

Commandant: "The best leaders are that way, son....trust me..."

Guidry: "He'd be a fine example to any man or woman in the Corps, sir...."

(The Commandant nods....)

Commandant: "I'm approving it, Master Sargent Franks....and by the way...I've been over your record, Franks...."

(Franks, under his breath)

Franks: "Oh sh$^"

Commandant: "It seems you have some unorthodox methods, Sargent....But...they produce the best result we've seen in a long time...."

(The Commandant nods to Gibbs...Gibbs steps forward...the Commandant hands Gibbs a small wooden box...Gibbs turns to Franks...)

Gibbs: "Been too long in coming, Sargent Major Franks"

(Franks stares at Gibbs in disbelief....Gibbs opens the box, shows the red and gold Sargent Major patch, 7 stripes around a gold star...The highest rank any non-commissioned officer can reach...)

Commandant: "I agree with Gibbs, Sargent Major...but better late than never....Congratulation, Franks...you've earned it"

Gibbs: "It means you're buying tonight..."

(Franks looks at the patch...then at the Commandant...He snaps erect...salutes sharply...)

Franks: "Thank you, sir! I will do my best to be a credit to the corps....Sir!"

(The Commandant smiles....then he hands another box to Franks...Franks looks at it...opens it....then stares at the Commandant)

Commandant: “Unofficial, of course...but I think the young man has earned it...Don’t you Sargent Major?”

(Franks still stares at the Commandant in disbelief...then..)

Franks: “Sir! Yes sir!”

Commandant: “Then would you do the honors?”

Franks: “Yes sir!”

(Franks turns to a very confused and lost Guidry....Franks takes the item out of the box...and on Guidry’s fatigue shirt, he pins an emblem on it...A globe, with an anchor, an eagle on top...The official emblem of a soldier in the United States Marine Corps)

Guidry: “Sir...I...I....”

Gibbs; ‘You earned it son....well done”

(Guidry turns to Gibbs.....then back at the Commandant...)

Guidry: “Sir...permission to speak to you privately? …..Sir..?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Samantha’s apartment...Guidry shows Samantha the pin....and how he got it....She beams...)

Samantha: “I am so.....I am so proud of you!”

Guidry: “Thank you....that means more to me than you’ll ever know”

Samantha: “How was it saying goodbye to the other guys?”

Guidry: “Horrible...especially Michaels”

(He hangs his head....)

Guidry: ”Sam...I don’t know what to do.....”

Samantha: “I know...I wish I could help you more...”

(He looks at her for a moment....)

Guidry: “Samantha....do you love me?”

(She blushes....but nods)

Samantha: “Yes....yes and yes...I do...”

Guidry: “Would you love me if I weren’t a movie star?”

(She looks at him in surprise.....and nods...her tone is now serious)

Samantha: “Honestly, Tommy? I’d love you no matter what....but I’d sure love you a lot if you weren’t one”

(He looks at her...then nods...)

Guidry: “I believe you”

Samantha: “Why are you asking me that?”

Guidry: “I went to college...I got my degree....”

Samantha: “I know...so..?”

Guidry: “I’d go in as an officer...”

Samantha: “You mean the Marines? Oh god!....”

Guidry: “What then?..Would you still....”

Samantha: “The Marines? As an officer? Tommy! I can’t think of anything more wonderful than that!”

(He nods....)

Samantha: “Tommy....why are you talking about this?”

Guidry: “I’m trying to choose, Sam...I’m trying to choose between what everyone else wants and what I want. What it means financially, long term, shot term.....And I don’t know the answer....”

Samantha: “Well...look...I know I’m not part of that answer, but I promise...I’d love you no matter what...It’s you I believe in, Tommy...it’s that fine man you are inside, that man I respect so much....Either way, that man is still you....”

(He looks at her for along moment.....nods....)

Guidry: “Samantha Lewis....I look at you..and I see....”

(She turns her face away, embarrassed...)

Samantha: “Please don’t....”

Guidry: “I see the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen....I don’t know what you see in me, but I’m not going to question it...but you...god, Sam...I just can’t believe how beautiful you are...It’s..it’s overwhelming”

(She slowly turns back to him....her face in disbelief....She slowly replies)

Samantha: “Is that....what you see when you look at me?”

Guidry: “Oh yea...but if you weren’t so beautiful, I’d love you anyway....I’d love you no matter what...”

(She tries to reply...but can’t...her throat swells up, her vision blurs....)

Guidry: “And what you said, that you weren’t part of the answer?....Sam...you’re part of it...you might be the biggest part of all”

(scene fades to black and white)

FRIDAY NIGHT

(scene opens on DC street, late at night...Corporal Royal Michaels walks towards the parking lot for his car....He hears a scream...He starts trotting towards the voice...He looks down an alley...Two men have a woman on the ground....Michaels runs towards them...)

Michaels: “Hey! Get off her!”

(The two men run...The woman, crying, gets up, falls into his arms...)

Woman: “Help me...please help me....”

Michaels: “Ma’am...I will! I’ll...”

(She begins hugging Michaels, begging him to help her....Her hands are over his body...he pushes her away, telling her that he'll protect her....She starts crying, thanking him for saving her, then embraces him again....She sees two other men, drawn by her screams, enter the alley....She

immediately pulls back from Michaels, throws two small bags of white powder on the ground, then starts screaming..)

Woman: "I DON'T WANT YOUR DRUGS! I DON'T WANT DRUGS! STOP TRYING TO GIVE THEM TO ME!"

(The two men come running up.....)

Woman: 'He tried to sell me drugs! He has more in is pockets!"

Michaels: "Hey! I dont' know what she's talking about!..."

Man1: "Empty your pockets son! Let's see!"

Michaels: "Dude! Yea! I'll show you!"

(Michaels quickly reaches in his pockets, turns them inside out...)

Michaels: 'See!"

(He pales....He watches in sheer panic as he sees 4 packets of white powder come falling out of his pocket, hitting the concrete surface....)

Michaels: "It's not mine! It's not mine!..."

(More people enter the alley....the woman screams her accusation again....the two men start beating Michaels down, more join in....Sirens can be heard in the distance)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in California apartment, one bedroom, small....Guidry sweeps his arms around in a grand gesture.....)

Guidry: “Here you go, pretty lady...a Hollywood star’s apartment”

(Samantha looks around, smiling)

Samantha: “It’s nice!”

Guidry: ‘Nice? It’s a dump! It’s also $3500 a month, one bedroom, but gosh, there’s a Starbucks downstairs...so...what else can a guy need?...And it’s only 15 minutes to the studio”

Samantha: “$3500 a month! Oh my god! For....Ummm..”

Guidry: “This? Yea...welcome to Hollywood, Sam...and the apartment of a young man, as they say, on his way up. Not quite what you expected?...(pause) “Yea...me either”

(He walks to the living area window, opens the curtains....He points to a tall building across the street)

Guidry: “That’s your hotel...If you have high power binoculars, and the smog isn’t too bad, you can see my place from your balcony”

(She looks at the building....lowers her head...)

Samantha: “I’m sorry.....”

Guidry: “I’m not....”

Samantha: “You are being so sweet...getting me a hotel room....and not..you know...pressuring me to.....”

(He kisses her....smiles....)

Guidry: “Stop apologizing for being who you are....I kinda like it...Plus it means I didn’t have to go buy new sheets, clean my bathroom, fridge stocked with healthy food...You know...all that stuff a guy does to impress his girl”

(She giggles..looks around)

Samantha: “It is a guy’s apartment...”

(Guidry quickly goes the sofa, kicks an empty pizza box under the couch...looks at her innocently...)

Guidry: “What? I have no idea what you’re talking about!”

Samantha: “Tommy...I don’t care about your apartment, or how small it is...or the pizza box you just kicked...”

Guidry: “Pizza box? What pizza box?”

(He swiftly kicks a paper cup under the same couch...She giggles more...)

Samantha: “I’m here with you....that’s all that matters...”

(Guidry's phone signals a call....he looks at it...rolls his eyes...)

Guidry: "That's Ron...my agent...he's waiting downstairs to take us to the studio"

Samantha: "Oh god....Tommy....I hope your friend likes me....I haven't had time to change, or freshen up, or anything...."

Guidry: "First of all, he's my agent....He is definitely not my friend...His interest in me is financial...and..oh...this choice I'm trying make? The Marines? Don't mention any of it....Unless you want to see a full blown Hollywood agent meltdown, complete with every F bomb you've ever heard.....Now...Samantha...get ready to meet Ron...the most aggressive, fast talking, manipulating, evil, lying, friendly, man you'll ever meet"

Samantha: 'He's all that? And he's your agent? Why did you pick him?"

Guidry: "Because he's one of the better ones....Go figure...now come on...the elevator seems to be working today...let's get on it before it shuts down again....Or falls down...It's not Monday, so I think the rubber bands they put in it are still okay"

Samantha: (smiling) "I don't care! I'm with you...and because you're here, I love it here!...Without the falling elevator...you know...that's kind of a drag"

(Scene switches to DC Central Detention Facility....Michaels sits in a single cell, metal bunk, thin mattress, stainless steel sink and toilet combination against the wall....The guard approaches the barred door..)

Guard: "Hey...get up! Chow!"

(The guard unlocks the door....He places a tray on the floor...a thin peanut butter sandwich, then a thin bologna sandwich sits on the tray...)

Michaels: "I need my phone call! When do I get my phone call! I have to all the base!"

Guard: "Sorry boy...we're on lockdown...and you don't get to leave your cell....We've got problems and you're the problem...so eat...or don't...I don't give a damn"

Michaels: “I’m the problem? What are you talking about?”

Guard: “Are you kidding me? Black boy rapes a white woman? The Aryan Brotherhoods are going nuts trying to get at you...Son...you’re in trouble...and I don’t mean just legal...”

Michaels: “I didn’t rape her! I was trying to help her!”

Guard: ‘Tell it to the judge, son” (pause_ “...assuming you make it that long”

(Michaels sits on his bunk, staring at the wall...his face in anxiety and disbelief...The guard closes the cell door...leaving it unlocked)

Michaels: (to self) “I don’t understand this...I don’t understand it at all!”

(scene switches to Quantico...1st Platoon barracks...Sargent Franks hangs up his phone....he looks at the Lieutenant standing in front of him....)

Franks: “So at least he’s not AWOL....”

LT: “No Sargent...he’s in jail...Command post got the call from DC Metro an hour ago.”

Franks: “For rape? That’s not Michaels, LT...it’s just not him!”

LT: “Maybe not. But he’s there...What are you going to do?”

Franks: “Nothing yet....He’ll call...”

LT: “He’ll call you? Why?”

Franks: “Because he’s a Marine, LT...and I'm his Sargent....It’s how it works with all my boys....”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at the entrance to Guidry’s apartment complex...A black limousine sits outside, Samantha staring at in awe....)

Samantha: “Tommy?...Is that...thing....”

Guidry: “Yea...just wait until Ron pops out..”

(As if on ques, the rear door of the limo opens....and out comes a middle aged man, hair slicked back, Hawaiian shirt, white shorts, and sandals. With socks...He sees Tommy, opens his arms....and in rapid-fire speech...)

Ron: “Tommy Tommy Tommy, the conquering hero, boy that made it, the Marine that’s not a Marine, my boy, you.....look.....marvelous!”

(Ron runs to Tommy, gives him a hug....)

Guidry: “Ron...don’t do it...don’t...”

Ron: “Whatta you talkin’ about? Come here!”

(Guidry squints his eyes, scrunches his face....Ron grabs Guidry’s face, kisses both cheeks....)

Ron: “Big day ahead! Big Big day!...”

(Ron looks over, sees Samantha...his voice changes....)

Ron: “Who’s the broad?”

(Samantha smiles...waves her hand at Ron...Ron, hesitantly, gives a weak wave back...)

Guidry: “That ‘broad’, Ron, is my girlfriend....she goes with me”

(Ron looks her up and down....)

Ron: “Can we get her into makeup?”

Guidry: “Ron....one warning.....Don’t....”

(Samantha looks at Guidry, panic on her face....Then Ron starts chattering...)

Ron: “Okay okay okay....Wait...(he looks at Samantha)..”This can be good...this can be real good....Marine for a day finds girl next door, girl next door is an apple pie girl, Actor looks for the inner beauty....”

(Ron thinks...his face brightens up...He opens his arms to Samantha, hugs her)

Ron: “Honey! You’re going to be fabulous! Leave it to Ronnie Boy! I’m going to make you a star!”

(Samantha freezes...looks at Guidry in panic....)

Samantha: “But...I don’t want to be a star.....Tommy....?”

Guidry: “Ron...she’s not out here to be an actor...”

(Ron looks confused...)

Ron: “What? Doesn’t want to be a star? Is something wrong with her?”

Guidry: “Seriously, Ron...drop the sales pitch....okay?”

(Ron looks at Guidry, stares for a moment....)

Ron: “You’ve changed”

Guidry: “Yea Ron....I have....”

(Ron looks at Samantha, then at Guidry...shrugs...)

Ron: “Okay...but we still need to get her to makeup....”

Guidry: “RON!”

(Ron raises both hands...)

Ron: “Okay okay okay...I’ll be nice...I get it....”

(scene shows all of them getting into the rear of the limo...)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in 1st Platoon barracks...Sargent Franks on the phone....)

Franks: “Michaels! At ease, soldier! Now tell me what the hell is going on?”

(Franks listens...hangs his head....)

Franks: “Jesus, Marine...that’s a mess...It’s a civil criminal matter, so I can’t get you transferred here to our brig....and son,,,,that place you’re in...it’s not healthy for men like you”

(He listens....)

Franks: “Son...you’re going to have to settle down....you’re a marine...you’ve been trained to survive....”

(Franks listens...nods...)

Franks: “In your locker...post it note....You want me to call Guidry?”

(listens...nods...)

Franks: “At ease, Corporal...I’ll get the number and call him....What do you want me to tell him?”

(scene switches to DC City Hospital bed...Michaels in a bed, handcuffed to the rail...his face is battered, bruised, stitches on his scalp.....the nurse holds a phone to his ear....)

Michaels: “Tell him everything, Sarge...Tell him.....Tell him I need his help...”

(scene fades out to Michaels laying his head back down...he stares out the window, his face still in disbelief)

Nurse: “Times up....I’ll be back to check on you....sometime....”

(The nurse can be heard muttering to herself as she leaves the room)

Nurse: “When hell freezes over....Rape a white girl...You’ll get what’s comin’ to you...”

(scene shows the nurse walking in the hallway, cell phone to her ear....)

Nurse: “Yea...room 433..alone...handcuffed to bed...He’s not going anywhere...”

(She listens....small grin..and in a low tone...)

Nurse: “Amen, my brother...White is Right!”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Hollywood, Guidry and Samantha in Ron’s office....movie posters line the wall, replica’s of Movie and TV awards line the shelves..the office is ultra-modern, black leather S shaped chairs in front of Ron’s desk, a

glass and chrome fashion....Samantha is wiggling in her chair, trying to find out how to sit in it....)

Guidry: “Just fall back Sam...it’s the only way I can figure it out”

Ron: “Oh yea....just fall back, relax, you’re in Ronnie Boy’s crib now!...”

Samantha: “Sir....”

(Ron grins at Guidry)

Ron: “She called me sir....I like her....a little makeup...”

Guidry: “RON!”

(Ron holds his hands up, nods..)

Ron: “My bad my bad....she’s all natural, back to nature, in touch with the earth....(looks at Samantha, looking back at him wide-eyed)

Samantha: “If I don’t figure this chair out, I’m going to be in touch with the floor....”

(Ron claps his hands, throws them up in the air)

Ron: “TOMMY! I LOVE HER! She’s authentic, real, the public will eat her up! I can sell this!...It’s genius, Tommy boy! Genius!...Just a visit to the...”

Guidry: “Ron.....”

Ron: “Okay okay okay...I don’t know when to quit...I know it....”

Guidry: “You think?”

(Samantha is now seen laying on her side in the S shaped chair....She looks at Guidry, shrugs...)

Samantha: “It’s the only way I can keep from falling out!...This thing should come with seat belts!”

Ron: “So...Tommy...I got the videos from your training....The soldiers carrying you on their shoulders? The photos of you wheeling across that rope? The studio went nuts over that one, I’m here to tell you....and then the heroic

rescue of the schmuck that dropped the grenade? TOMMY! You're golden!..And....(grins) "Guess what....."

Guidry: "I'll bite...what...?"

(Ron gets a conspirator-like grin on his face...)

Ron: "They want you bad for the "The Few and The Proud"...real bad...."

Guidry: "Ron...we need to talk about this...."

Ron: "Up front money, soldier...big up front money..."

Guidry: "Ron....please...this movie....I might not.....jesus, Ron, I'm sorry...but..."

(Guidry's phone rings.....he see's the barracks phone number on the caller ID...Guidry gets up, walks to the other side of the room...)

Guidry: "Sargent Franks...Sorry..Sargent Major....what can I do for you...?"

(He listens...his face goes into shock....)

Guidry: "NO!...That's not him!"

(He listens more....wipes his face....)

Guidry: "Sargent Major...when you talk to him again...please...(pause, Guidry looks at Ron....) "Tell him I've got him....Tell him I've got him and it's going to be okay....Please Sargent....tell him....I've got to make a phone call...I'll call you back...But tell him!"

(Guidry ends the call...he scrolls through his contact list....pushes the number...)

(scene opens in NCIS bullpen....Gibbs standing, talking to Torres...Gibbs's phone signals a call...he looks at the caller ID)

Gibbs: "Hollywood..."

Torres: "Hey...he's doing okay, right?"

(Gibbs answers the call...)

Gibbs: "Yea...Gibbs..."

(He listens....Guidry is talking fast, non stop....)

Gibbs: “Guidry....settle down...You need what? Why do you need....?”

(Guidry interrupts him....)

Gibbs: ‘Someone in that kind of trouble? I’d get Allison Hart...she’s the best...”

(He’s interrupted again....)

Gibbs: “Guidry! Who and what? What the hell is going on?”

(Gibbs listens....head hangs...)

Gibbs: “Listen...I’ll check into it...yea...I’m texting you her number....Give me 5 before you call her...”

(He ends the call...starts looking through his contacts...)

Torres: “Gibbs...what’s going on?”

(Gibbs ignores Torres...the rest of the team is staring, waiting...Gibbs’s call goes through...)

Gibbs: (into phone) “Hey Hart....I need some help..Tom Guidry will be calling you....”(listens) “No...Tom Guidry the movie guy...(listens) “I don’t know, Hart! Just take the damn call!”

(Gibbs walks off, talking on the phone....He finishes the call, comes back...Bishop standing, waiting)

Bishop: “Gibbs....what is going on?”

(Gibbs goes to his desk....grabs badge and gun...)

Gibbs: “Corporal Michaels...he’s been arrested”

(Gibbs stops, turns....)

Gibbs: “Dawson...pull the arrest record from Metro....Bishop...help her out, start building a file on the accuser”

McGee: “Boss...it’s a civilian case...We would have been called in...”

Gibbs: 'It's a Marine, Tim....That's who we are. I don't give a damn about anything else"

McGee: "What was he arrested for?"

Gibbs: "Rape, McGee...He was arrested for rape..."

(Gibbs turns to Bishop..)

Gibbs: "Get Hart on the phone...Tell her he's at DC Hospital after being beaten in jail...Tell her I need him transferred to us!"

Bishop: "Calling now!"

Gibbs: "McGee! Torres! With me!"

(They both jump up, grab their gear...)

Gibbs: "Bishop, tell her to hurry...we're on our way there now....and we're taking him outa there with or without the court order"

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Ron's office....Ron and Samantha both watching Guidry....)

Samantha: "He's upset....I'm going..."

Ron: "Hey...just sit tight....."

(Samantha points finger at Ron, angry face...)

Samantha: "You! You stay out of this!"

(Ron looks at her in shock....Samantha rolls off the chair, ends up on the carpet...She frowns, looks at the chair, then at Ron, same angry face..)

Samantha: "And your chair pisses me off"

(She gets up, walks to Guidry....he's talking...)

Guidry: "Yes ma'am...Gibbs told me you were the best....and this guy, Royal Michaels...ma'am..he'd never do it....I know him...."

(listens more...hangs his head...)

Guidry: "Your retainer....how much is it...."

(listens...eyes get wide....then...)

Guidry: “Ma’am...can you give me 5 minutes? I’ll call you right back....yea...thank you”

(He turns to Samantha...his face in anxiety....he explains what he’s just learned about Michaels...)

Samantha: “Tommy...he’s your best friend....”

Guidry: “He’s more than that...and we made a promise to each other...if we’re in trouble, we call....”

Samantha: “So...what do you need from me?”

Guidry: “A promise”

(She looks at him, confused....)

Guidry: “I’ve got some money in the bank, but not enough to handle this...And Ron....the movie....”

Samantha: “He said up front money....”

Guidry: “Yea....but that means I have to sign up for the movie...and that means....”

Samantha: “How long?”

Guidry: “It’s a 3 month shooting schedule..But...it’s being filmed at Quantico...So,,,you...me....”

(Samantha cocks her head.....questioning look on her face...)

Samantha: “Are you asking if a decision like that would make a difference to me? About you...?..Tommy....”

Guidry: “I’m sorry...I know I’ve talked about....”

(She places a hand on his chest....)

Samantha: “Tommy...I love the man in there...I told you, I’d back you no matter what....You do what you need to do...(pause) “Be the man you are, Tommy.”

(Guidry looks away.....)

Guidry: “I don’t know what to say...Sam...jesus....You deserve so much better than me....”

Samantha: “There is no better than you...Tommy...do what you need to do. I’m here...(she pats his chest) “The only one doubting me is you...”

(He stares at her for a moment....then nods..He takes her hand, squeezes it....then looks at Ron....)

Guidry: “How much upfront and how fast can I get it?”

(Ron jumps up, screams...)

Ron: ‘YES! RONNIE B. GOODE is making a movie!”

(Samantha looks at Guidry...)

Samantha: “Ronnie B Goode?”

(Guidry shrugs....)

Ron: “Up front? My main man, we’re talking 250, maybe 300 to start....I can get more...There’s already Oscar buzz about you and we haven’t even shot the movie! It’s magic my boy!.”

Samantha: “Tommy...that’s not very much money...I have some in the bank...”

Guidry: “He means $250,000, honey....”

(Samantha’s eyes get wide...)

Samantha: “Oh...”

Guidry: “Ron...I need it now....I need $50,000 wired...now...to an attorney...”

Ron: “OH MY GOD! Are you in trouble?...Wait...we can spin this...Bad boy, wrong place at wrong time, falls in love with girl next door, girl next door waits tables to get his bail money...”

Guidry: ‘No Ron...it’s for a friend....He’s been accused of rape...He’s innocent...”

(Ron gets serious, instantly...)

Ron: “You’re helping someone accused of rape? In this town? Bubkis....I’ll send $50k anywhere you want, right now...but Thomas...this? They’ll crucify you in this town”

Samantha: “HE DOESN’T CARE! He’s helping a friend!..You’re supposed to be his friend! Be one!”

(Ron’s face shows shock...Guidry hits ‘dial back’ on his phone...)

Guidry: “Ma’am, I’m going to give the phone to my girlfriend...she’s sharp...give her the wire instructions....”

(Guidry hands the phone to Samantha....she puts the phone to her ear, begins talking...writes down information on a Ronnie B. Goode memo tablet...She ends the call, pushes the piece of paper in Ron’s face....He takes it, quietly...then he says to Guidry)

Ron: “Bubkis...this girl...she’s got chutzpa, this one....you know that makeup trailer...”

Guidry: “RON! Stop saying she needs makeup! I love her! I’m marrying her! So, stop it!”

(Samantha looks in shock at Guidry....)

Samantha:(whispers to self) “Marry?”

(Guidry closes his eyes....his face falls...)

Guidry: “Oh god...it just slipped out....”

Samantha: “Okay”

Guidry: “I’m so sorry...”

Samantha: “Okay”

(Guidry looks at her....Ron is watching this, back and forth, smiling...)

Guidry: “Uh...Okay what....?”

Samantha: “Okay....whatever...”

Guidry: “I really screwed up there.....”

Samantha: “Did you?”

Guidry: “Well..no...but yes.....I know it’s quick..It’s stupid....I’m sorry...”

Samantha: “Tommy?”

Guidry: “Yea...”

Samantha: “Okay...”

Guidry: “Okay what?”

Samantha: “Okay I’ll marry you...”

(Guidry’s eyes get wide.....)

Guidry: “You will? I mean, seriously?”

(She nods her head up and down, again and again...then her tears start...)

Samantha: “Yes...yes.....”

(Ron claps his hands...)

Ron: “This is magic! No...it’s the magic of the magic! The hero falls in love with the girl next door, and the girl has chutzpah! There’s fire in that fluffy!...”

Samantha; “Fire?....Fluffy?”

(Ron looks seriously at Guidry....)

Ron: “Don’t screw this one up, Tommy boy....She’s a keeper...Now...PR department....I can get you to recreate that scene, tell people I caught it on my office security cams.....MAGIC! This is magic!...”

Guidry: “Ron....the money..?”

Ron: “Did I say $300k? With this, I can get half a mil up front! And renegotiate your contract, get you a percentage of the gross...The falling on the grenade...Magic!”

Guidry: “I didn’t fall on the grenade Ron...”

Ron: “A technicality! After I’m through, you will have gotten up, saved the governor’s cat, then made a gluten free tofu burrito!!...All with a hole in your stomach! I LOVE SPECIAL EFFECTS!...hate tofu, but love special effects”

(Guidry rolls his eyes....he sees Samantha giggling....)

Guidry: “Uh...that’s just Ron...he’ll be okay”

(Ron keeps talking to himself, rambling, dialing numbers.....Guidry turns to Samantha...)

Guidry: “You’ll really marry me?”

Samantha: “Yes...I’ll really marry you.....(turns to Ron) “He can even be a groomsman...I kinda like him...he’s cute...I don’t like his chair, but he’s okay””

(They both look at Ron....he’s jabbering on the phone....)

Ron: “Hey kid! We’re in business.....Oh.....”

(He turns to see Guidry and Samantha, embraced, kissing.....Ron shakes his head...)

Ron: “Now...That’s magic...That’s the real magic....”

(Ron looks at the picture of a young woman, 50s era...he wipes a tear from his eye with a monogramed handkerchief)

Ron: “Jewel...If only you could see this...they’re just like we were....It’s magic, Jewel honey...They’re magic...God I wish you were here to see them”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at DC Hospital, hallway outside Michael’s room...the policeman guarding the door to the room sees two men coming down the hall, both have shaved heads...The officer nods to them....The two men stop....they look down the far end of the hallway, see three men hurrying to the room...They both turn around, walk away....)

Gibbs: “Hey!”

(The officer turns to the voice)

Officer: “Yea?”

(Gibbs, McGee, Torres, flash their badges)

Gibbs: “We’re transferring this prisoner into NCIS custody”

Officer “I don’t think so....”

Gibbs: “I don’t care what you think....we’re going in the room....you can move, or I can move you”

(The officer looks at Gibbs....then at McGee and Torres...both are staring at him, both show no fear....)

Officer: “I’ll need to get a release...”

Gibbs: “Go get it”

(The officer steps away, walks down the hall....Gibbs turns to McGee...)

Gibbs: “McGee...see if he makes a call....”

(McGee is looking at the large circular mirror on the ceiling in the hallway outside...)

McGee: “Ahead of you, boss....”

(Gibbs turns to the mirror...they can see the guard, cell phone to ear, talking as he walks away)

Michaels: “Sir? Agent Gibbs?”

Gibbs: “Yea son....we’re here to get you out”

Michaels: “It’s over? I’m going back to base?”

Gibbs: “Afraid not, Marine...we’re transferring you to our custody...you’ll still be locked up, but you’ll be safe, and you’ll be where we can talk...”

Michaels: “Sir...I called Guidry...he might call you....”

Torres: “Hey amigo...you need to catch up...”

Gibbs: “Yea, Corporal...Hollywood’s been working...”

Michaels: “Sir? I don’t understand....”

Gibbs: “You’ll meet your attorney at our place...Name’s Melissa Hart...”

Michaels: “Attorney?..Sir...I can’t afford an attorney....is she a public defender?”

(Gibbs chuckles)

McGee: “No, Michaels...she’s the meanest lawyer you ever met and she doesn’t come cheap....”

MIchaels: “I can’t afford a lawyer like that!”

Gibbs; “No son....but your buddy can....He just wired her $50,000 to represent you.....”

(Michaels’s face is in shock)

Michaels: “HE WHAT?”

Gibbs: “Yea...something about if you’re in trouble, call?...Well you called...and he answered....”

(Michaels falls back on his pillow...covers his face with his hands...)

Gibbs: “Come on son...let’s get you outa here”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS Interrogation Room...a closed file sits in front of her, DC METRO POLICE printed on front, his name also on the folder...)

Hart: “You okay, Michaels?”

Michaels: “Yes ma’am”

Hart: “You do know I'm your attorney...right?”

Michaels: “Yes ma’am...grateful for you..”

Hart: “Don’t thank me, soldier...”

Michaels: “I know...Tom...I don’t understand it, but I’m grateful...I’ll pay him back...somehow...”

Hart: “What don’t you understand?”

Michaels: “Why....why he’d do it”

Hart: “You called him didn’t you? Or rather, you had your Sargent call...”

Michaels: “Didn’t know what else to do....He and I...during his time with us....We became (pause) “..I don’t know, ma’am..I guess friends is as good a term as any...”

(Hart stares at the soldier...notices he is looking straight at her...)

Hart: “Did you do it, Marine?”

(He doesn’t hesitate)

Michaels: “No ma’am...I did not”

Hart: “You’re aware that my investigative team...the ones gathering evidence..is Gibbs and his team?”

Michaels: “Ma’am?”

(She looks at him...then...)

Hart: “You really don’t know...do you?”

Michaels: “Ma’am...there’s so much I don’t know right now, I don’t know where to start...so yes ma’am...it’s safe to say I don’t know”

Hart: “You’re a Marine...the job of NCIS is to gather evidence, determine guilt or innocence, find the why, the what, the how....So...if you could...what would you say to them right now? Help me prove I’m innocent? Something like that?”

(Michaels stares at her, his face curious...)

Hart: “Soldier...do you understand the question?”

(He nods)

Hart: “So....what’s your answer? What would you ask them to do?”

Michaels: “Ma’am....I understand the question, I just don’t understand why you ask it....I’d ask them to just find out the truth...”

(Hart studies him..then)

Hart: “Royal...just for the record, you should know I think Gibbs is the most arrogant, stubborn, difficult, exasperating man I’ve ever known...but he...his team...they’re the best there is at what they do...”

Michaels: “Good...Good to know, ma’am”

Hart: “But you should also know....If you’re innocent, they’ll find out...but if you’re guilty....(pause) “God help you, Michaels...they’ll crucify you...So...with that being said, do you want me to feel the D.A.s office out for a plea bargain?...There was no physical harm done to the plaintiff, no actual sexual act, nothing that wouldn’t allow me to get a light sentence, 3, maybe 4 years....and since..)

Michaels: “No!”

(She stops...)

Hart: “Why not?...Prison is a scary place, Royal...”

Michaels: “Prison doesn’t scare me ma’am....I don’t mean to say that I’d look forward to it...It just doesn’t scare me...”

Hart: “Then what does?”

(He looks off to his right...closes his eyes....then turns back to her...)

Michaels: “One minute, one year, 5 years...it doesn’t matter...Any of those...they don’t matter..”

Hart: “Then what does matter?”

(He sits up straighter...he holds his head up high....)

Michaels: “No longer being a Marine...that, ma’am....that terrifies me”

Hart: “So....what would you tell NCIS, soldier....?”

Michaels: “Like I said, ma’am...and you can tell them for me...Just go find the truth....And tell them, I’m grateful for everything they’re doing....No matter what they find”

(Hart taps her pen on the desk.....then she gets up....)

Hart: “I’ll be right back...sit tight”

Michaels: “I’m sure I’ll be right here, ma’am...”

(Scene shifts to Hart and Gibbs in the hallway outside the room....She glares at Gibbs....)

Hart: “Damn you Gibbs!”

(Gibbs stares....)

Hart: “Damn you and NCIS and the Marines, and Tommy Guidry!”

(Gibbs says nothing....continues to stare....)

Hart: “You gave me an impossible case with no evidence to prove him innocent!.....(pause..she points to the door to the Interrogation Room...) “And you gave me an innocent man!..Now I’ve got to do something about it!...(raises her voice) “You asshole!”

(Gibbs gives a small grin....kisses Hart on the cheek...)

Gibbs: “Have fun”

(He turns and walks off.....Hart watches him, fuming....)

Hart: “Asshole....”

(She turns, enters the Interrogation room....she sits, looks at Michaels....)

Hart: “For what it’s worth, Marine..I believe you...Now...let’s get to work....Start at the beginning....tell me everything....”

Michaels: “Ma’am...sorry...but you said you believe me...that’s worth a lot to me right now....(pause) “..just so you know, ma’am”

(Hart stares at him, shakes her head.....)

Hart: “Michaels.....”

Michaels: “Yes ma’am?”

Hart: “We’re going to get through this....You, me, NCIS, your buddy....we’re going to get through this....”

(He doesn’t reply...she can tell he’s having trouble hiding his fear...he finally nods....)

Michaels: “Thank you ma’am...I....(his throat tightens...) “...I believe you, too...Now ma’am...you said we needed to get to work...”

(scene fades out to Hart talking with Michaels..)

(scene shifts to Los Angeles, Hollywood movie set, Universal Studios...Guidry and Samantha standing at rear of set, inside a building, police station mockup...Actors are going through a filming...)

Guidry: “This is what I do....and how it happens....what do you think?”

Samantha; “I think it’s incredible!

Guidry: “Are you getting hungry yet?”

Samantha: “Am I? Am I! It’s only 11 here, but my stomach is still on DC time...!”

Guidry: “Good...we can to the commissary....”

Samantha: “Oh my god! That’s where all the stars eat?”

Guidry: “Yea...if they’re in a hurry....food’s not that good, but it’s handy...And...(he grins) “You might get lucky and see a movie star!”

(She smiles...takes his hand)

Samantha: “I’m already with a movie star....”

Guidry: “No, baby...you’re with an actor....”

(A deep rumbling voice interrupts them...)

Voice: “Hey amigo...mind if I join you for lunch? Ron told me you’d signed on to “The Few and the Proud”...I’m on board too....”

(Samantha looks up...her eyes get wide....the man introduces himself...)

“Sam Elliot, ma’am...pleasure to meet you”

(Elliot looks at Samantha...then at Guidry)

Elliot: “Congratulations, you two....I heard...”

Guidry: “Thanks, Sam...much...(smiles) “I’m pretty excited about it...”

Elliot: “Hey...you two mind if my comprade’ joins us? He’s signed on too...we could palaver about the film....”

(Another hand is thrust towards Samantha....her eyes widen even more....)

“Brad Pitt, Samantha...and yea, congratulations to you...(nods to Guidry) “We’re proud of our boy here...he did all us fakers here proud....”

Samantha: “Fakers?”

Pitt: “Yea...phonies...your boy here...he did the real deal....”

(Pitt looks at Guidry)

Pitt: “You really fell on that grenade?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the NCIS Interrogation Room...Hart and Michaels still talking, Hart writing notes, clicky clacking on laptop....)

Hart: “Okay...that’s enough for today...I’ve got what I need for now”

Michaels: “Wish I could help you more, ma’am...There’s just not any more”

Hart: “I know, Royal...But there’s no ‘why’....Why would this woman set you up? Why go through all the details, the planning, everything it took,,,,just to do this? That’s what I need...I need a ‘why’..”

Michaels: “It’s that important, ma’am?”

Hart: “yes...it’s everything...Motive, soldier...I need motive...Who would have a reason to do this to you...”

(Michaels looks off....then back...)

MIchaels: “I don’t know...I stay to myself, all my friends are Marines...I spend my spare time training....trying to get better at what I do...”

Hart: “And go get tattoos....”

(He shakes his head....)

Michaels: “I wish I’d never done it....Never wanted that tattoo...”

Hart: “Me too, Marine....”

(Michaels is quiet for a moment....then...)

Michaels: “Thank you for that”

Hart: “For what?”

Michaels: “You keep calling me Marine...or soldier...I just get the feeling...(he looks away....)…"sorry ma’am....”

(Hart stares at him.....then..)

Hart: “Royal....We’re going to get through this...and people are going to be calling you Marine for a long, long time...”

(He nods, blinks...)

Michaels: “Hope so ma’am...”

(scene shifts to NCIS Bullpen...Gibbs, Torres, Bishop, McGee at big screen...image of Susan Smith on the screen....)

Gibbs: “Torres?”

Torres: “Squeaky clean, Gibbs...no record, no priors...she’s boring...”

McGee: “I’ve searched everywhere, boss...without a warrant to look into her personal finances,….there’s nothing...and there are over 500 Susan Smiths in DC, over 100 that fit her age and description....I can’t even pin her social media accounts down....”

Gibbs; “Yea...I know....”

(Hart walks into the bullpen....Gibbs turns to her)

Gibbs: “Anything?”

(She shakes her head)

Hart: “Nothing except the more I talk to him, the more I believe he’s innocent...And he’s scared to death”

(She looks at the screen)

Hart: “Susan Smith?”

Gibbs: “Yea...”

Hart: “Anything?”

Torres: “Just the girl next door...Next door to Mr. Rodgers....”

Hart; “That clean?”

Torres: “Yea...”

(She studies the image....)

Hart; “Nobody’s that clean....but I’ll find out...I’ll be on my way to her deposition in a few hours..I’ll have a chance to question her...with the D.A. present, of course...I won’t be able to ask everything I want...Not now”

Bishop: ‘Will she have to testify?”

Hart: “Not on a rape charge....but...”

Gibbs: “But..what, Hart?”

Hart: “I’ve got an idea....and don’t bother asking me what it is...I’m still hashing it out?”

Gibbs: “What’s your idea?”

(Hart looks at Gibbs...scowls....)

Hart: “I want her to testify....I’ve got to work the court to get there. I’m going to ask to have the charges reduced to attempted assault...that way I can get her on the stand...Rape? The courts protect the victim....”

Gibbs: “We need more on her....McGee..Where’s Dawson? We need her DC Metro contacts”

McGee: “She dropped Terrance off at school boss...she should be here....”

Dawson: “Any second!”

(Dawson comes running in, sets some files on her desk...)

Dawson: “Sorry...it ran late at the school.....”

(Dawson looks at the image on the screen....studies it....)

Dawson: “NCIS investigating hookers now?”

Gibbs: “No, Dawson...this is the woman that accused Michaels of rape”

Dawson: “What’s her name?”

Gibbs: “Susan Smith...why?”

(Dawson looks at the image again...then sits at her desk, clicky clacks....waits...everyone staring at her....then....)

Dawson: “That’s not Susan Smith”

Gibbs: “What?”

(She turns her monitor around....)

Dawson: “That’s Sheila Turnbull....I’ve arrested her twice, myself...”

(The image on the screen shows a mugshot of Sheila....)

Dawson: “She runs the girls for the Bad Boys prostitution operation....Guys....that woman is NOT Susan Smith. That woman is the head hooker for the head haters!”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at Hollywood Commissary...Guidry, Samantha, Elliot, Pitt, sitting, eating, laughing....)

Pitt: “That chair? Christ, man!”

Elliot: “I almost sued the son of a bitch over that chair...I was tryin’ to get comfortable...and like you, little lady....fell right on my ass....pardon the french, ma’am”

Pitt: (laughing) “You really told Ron his chair pissed you off?”

Samantha: “Well...it did! I told him it should come with seat belts!”

(The actors laugh out loud....)

Pitt: “Wish I had seen that....”

Samantha: “Well...I figured it out...”

Elliot: “How?”

Samantha: “We stopped on the way home and I bought a fold up lawn chair...I’m bringing my own chair next time we go there....”

(More laughter from the men....Samantha, embarrassed, hides her face in her hands....)

Elliot: “Gal...don’t hide that face...it’s the prettiest face in here....”

(Samantha turns beet red under her hands...)

Pitt: “Have to agree with Sam....it’s a good face, Samantha...don’t let Ron talk you into the makeup trailer....”

Guidry: “Oh god....he won’t stop trying....”

(Elliot and Pitt get up from their chairs...)

Elliot: “We gotta run, Guidry...Set’s waiting on us....”

Samantha: “You two...thank you so much!”

Pitt: “For what? Lunch? Your boy here bought lunch...”

Samantha: “No...thank you for being so nice....you didn’t have to...”

Elliot: “Young lady....it was easy...You’re the best thing to hit this town in a long long time...”

Pitt: “Ditto, Samantha...it’s been our pleasure....and your boy here?...Tell him if things get bad because of his friend back in DC...Call us...We’ll back him up”

(Guidry looks at them in shock....Elliot nods...)

Elliot: “Yea...we know...bold move amigo...but you believe in your friend...”

(Elliot turns to a slack jawed Samantha)

Elliot: “Ma’am...we don’t know his friend...But we know Tommy here...He’s good people...If he needs us, we’ll be there...”

(The two actors walk off...Guidry and Samantha watching, both in shock...)

Samantha: “Tommy....that was...that was....”

Guidry: “Unbelievable....I don’t understand it.....”

Samantha: “Would they really help you? I mean, stick up for you? Here...in Hollywood? Do you remember what Ron said?”

(He nods....still looking at Elliot and Pitt walk out of the Commissary, all eyes on the two stars...)

Guidry: “Those two? They’re A-listers...top of the food chain...They’ve got enough clout to pull off whatever they want....and they have one more thing....”

Samantha: “What’s that..?”

(Guidry shakes his head....)

Guidry: “They don’t give a damn what other people think...and Sam...in this town, what others think is everything....”

(Samantha stares at Guidry....)

Samantha: “They think you’re a good person, Tommy....and that does mean everything...”

Guidry: “Sam....you need to get ready....”

Samantha: “For what?”

Guidry: “Things are about to get out of control....”

Samantha; “I don’t understand.....”

(Guidry looks around the cafeteria...he notices several people staring at him, unfriendly looks on their faces....)

Guidry: “People know....people know I’m backing an accused rapist...It’s going to get ugly....”

Samantha: “Tommy....”

(He looks up....Samantha is standing next to him...she leans down, kisses him on the lips...She stands back up, Guidry looking at her in shock)

Samantha: “I wanted every one of those mean people to know....That I love you...and that I believe in you”

Guidry: “Sam...maybe that’s not a good....”

(She kisses him again, harder....)

Samantha: ‘It’s a great idea....”

(She holds his face in her hands....stares into his eyes..)

Samantha: “I’ve got you, Tommy...I promised you that....”

(He stares back, awed....)

Guidry: “God, I love you....”

Samantha: ‘Good...that’s what's going to get us through this, Tommy....That...and friends...good friends...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS bullpen...more images on the screen...all of Sheila Turnbull.)

McGee: “Dawson! I couldn’t find any of those records!”

Dawson: “That’s because the input team she provides girls for archived them...What I pulled up is the archive, not the current record”

Gibbs: “Archive?”

Dawson: “Yea...someone gets arrested, then the cops find out they don’t have a case....It gets put into the “No Crime” archive....It’s not on public record to protect the department from defamation lawsuits....I pulled up the archive..”

Hart: “That’s what they do with rape cases too....”

(They all turn to Hart....her face is hard....)

Hart: “They can place the rapist in the ‘Acquitted’ file...that shows they were charged, but found innocent....”

Dawson: “Or they can kill it...file it under “No Crime”....”

Hart: “And it’s gone....unless you can pull up the archives”

Gibbs; “Hart....this can clear Michaels....but you’re not going there...why...?”

(She pulls out her phone....pulls up Enterainment Daily website....hands the phone to Gibbs...the screen shows a headline...)

OSCAR NOMINATED ACTOR BACKS ACCUSED RAPIST!”

(Gibbs looks at the image....closes his eyes...then opens them...)

Gibbs: “Aw...hell...”

Hart: “Yes...hell...No matter what the outcome....it’s going to be hell for that Marine. And for Tom Guidry”

(Gibbs thinks.....then he turns to Hart...)

Gibbs: “What are you thinking?”

Hart: “It would be up to Michaels...it’s his life, Gibbs...”

Gibbs: “Yea....So..what do you want to do?”

Hart: “I want to bury that bitch....and I want that Bad Boys gang...I want both of them bad"

Gibbs: “How?”

(Hart gives Gibbs a grin...)

Hart: “I want to withhold evidence....I want to pretend I never saw this information....There will be news crews at the trial, Gibbs....”

Gibbs: “You want the world to see it...don’t you?”

Hart: “Oh yea....I want them to see what kind of damage is done when innocent men are charged with rape...I want to the world to see how it hurts the real

ones, the women that are really hurt. I want the world to see how many women don't report their rape because of what false accusations do....and I want it bad, Gibbs....I want it real bad...."

Gibbs: "Bad enough to risk your license?"

Hart: "One year suspension...that's all it would be....IF..I got caught"

(Gibbs thinks....)

Gibbs; "Then let's go talk to Corporal Michaels....like you said..."

Hart: "I know...It's his life..so....What are you doing, Gibbs?"

(Gibbs picks up his phone, starts dialing....)

Gibbs: "He'll want someone else there..."

Hart: "Sargent Frank?"

Gibbs: "Yea...Pappa Bear..."

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Ron Goode's office...Ron sitting, Guidry standing in front of his desk...)

Ron: "Tommy! I swear! I said nothing! To no one!"

Guidry: "Then how? How is it on the web this quick?"

(Ron's phone buzzes.....he hits the intercom)

Ron: "Sarah! I'm busy!"

Sarah: (on intercom) "Not too busy for this, Ron! It's about Tommy! Turn to channel 11!"

(Ron looks at the phone, then he picks up the remote..clicks the TV on....an image of an entertainment reporter, on the set of a movie...interviewing...)

Reporter: "Brad, do I have this right? You and Sam Elliot are supporting this?"

PItt: “Supporting a friend…Like we said, Mandie…We know Tommy Guidry…he’s good people…If he believes that Marine is innocent, then we’re sure in favor of supporting a friend”

Elliot: “Mandie…Guidry’s good people….hell, if I were in trouble, I’d sure want his help…He’s the real deal…”

Reporter: “There you have it….two of the biggest names in Hollywood, backing their friend….But some don’t share the feeling….Here’s a clip from earlier…”

(image shifts to street interview, young pop star…)

Pop Star: “We have to believe her! And I say to everyone out there….BOYCOTT GUIDRY! CANCEL GUIDRY!”

(Ron clicks the TV off….)

Ron: “Well…that’s where it came from….damn….”

(Guidry is still staring at the blank screen…..then Ron stands up….)

Ron: (whispers) “Magic…it’s magic….”

Guidry: “Ron..stop…”

Ron: “NO! I’m not stopping! Two of the biggest names in this town just stood up for you! Are you serious?….”

Samantha: “Excuse me sir….but don’t you represent Mr. Pitt and Mr. Elliot?”

Ron: “Sure do, honey….”

Samantha: “Won’t they come after you too?”

(Ron sits….he looks over at the picture of his deceased wife….)

Ron: “Yes, they will”

Guidry: “I assume you’ll drop me then…..You can’t take that kind of publicity, Ron….I know how this town works….”

(Ron taps his pen on the table…..looks at the picture again….)

Ron: “Tommy boy….My wife would never forgive me if I did that….”

Guidry: “Ron...it’s your career....”

Ron: “Yours too, son”

Guidry: “Yea...but honestly...I don’t really care....You see....I needed to talk about this to you, anyway....”

Ron: “Talk later”

Guidry: “What?”

Ron: “We have planning to do”

Guidry: “What planning?”

(Samantha is smiling....Ron looks at her...smiles back....)

Ron: “Your girl over there, Tommy....she knows....Don’t you, little lady?”

Samantha: “I think so....You’re going to fight this, aren’t you?”

(Ron pops up from his chair)

Ron: ‘FIGHT IT? HELL YES!...The loyal friend backs the Marine he became best friends with....The actor defies the Cancel Culture! The Maines storm Hollywood!”

Guidry: “Ron! The Marines aren’t going to invade Hollywood!”

(Ron looks at him...then nods...)

Ron: “Right right right.....but what a scene that would be! It would be magic! Magic I tell you!”

Guidry: “Ron...I appreciate it....but you don’t have to do this!”

Ron: “Yes I do, Tommy boy....yes I do...”

Guidry: “Why?”

(He nods towards the picture of his wife...)

Ron: “Jewel...it’s what she would have wanted....and...”

Guidry: “And what? I don’t believe this!”

(Ron nods towards Samantha....)

Ron: “That girl over there...the one that doesn’t want to be a star....She challenged me to be your friend....and by god, I’m going to prove to her I can be your friend...”

(Guidry looks back at Samantha....she’s hiding her face in her hands...face and neck beet red...She lowers her hands, runs to Ron...She hugs him fiercely....)

Samantha: “Thank you! Thank you so much!”

(Ron looks at his wife’s picture....)

Ron: “Honey...she’s just a friend....”

(Samantha looks at the picture, talks at it...)

Samantha: “Yes ma’am....I’m getting married to Tommy...so...Ron’s all yours!”

(Ron claps his hands, throws them in the air)

Ron: “I LOVE THIS GIRL!”

Samantha: “Hey Ron...”

Ron: “Yes dear?”

Samantha: “That movie stuff you keep barking out? You can add…”

(she smiles at Ron...)

Samantha: “Brave Agent Producer takes on Hollywood...”

(Ron’s eyes open wide....Samantha imitates Ron, claps her hands...and shouts out)

Samantha: “IT’S MAGIC!”

(Samantha covers her face, embarrassed at her outburst...Ron looks at his wife’s picture...)

Ron: “Jewel honey....you would have loved this girl”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS Interrogation Room...Michaels on his side of the desk, Hart sitting, Gibbs and Sargent Major Frank standing towards back)

Michaels: “Ma’am....that’s a lot to take in”

Hart: “I know, Royal...I could end this today....”

Michaels: “But the people...they wouldn’t know, would they?”

Hart: “They’d know the charges were dropped...but they wouldn’t know everything...”

Frank: “Son...The Corp...you’d be back, no questions asked...None necessary”

Michaels: “They’d think someone got paid...There are movie stars involved now...they’ve got money...”

Hart: “That’s a possibility”

Michaels: “If we go through with this....is there a risk I could be....”

Hart: “No...you’re innocent...we know that...and we have proof...but you would have to go through a trial, and it would be coming up quick....The Grand Jury already indicted you...they want to be out front of this...”

Michaels: “I’d have to listen to the evidence against me”

Hart: “And I’d have to get the woman to confess she set you up”

Michaels: ”Can you do that?”

Hart: “I think so...yes....”

Gibbs: “Son...you don’t have to do this”

Hart: “He’s right...you don’t...I make one phone call to the D.A....and you’re walking home...today”

(Michaels thinks....then looks up at Hart...)

Michaels: “But those men...the haters....Bad Boys....they get off....”

Hart: “Yes...Unless I expose this in court, there’s no evidence against them”

Michaels: “And the woman....what happens then?”

Hart: “Honestly? She gets offered a deal...5, 6 years in prison...but she turns state’s evidence...she tells what she knows about the gang’s operations, the players...”

Michaels: “You can do that?”

Hart: “No....DOJ does that...They cross state lines, so it’s federal”

Gibbs: ‘Corporal...Destiny Bosworth takes it from there...She’s one of us”

Michaels: “She any good?”

(a few chuckles....)

Hart: “She’s mean as a snake, Marine...and brave enough to take them on”

(Michaels looks at Sargent Frank....)

Michaels: “Sargent Major....if I walked today....The Corps...they’d take a hit”

Frank: “Yes son...but we’re Marines...we can take it”

Michaels: “Marine Corps takes an accused rapist back....That’s not good, Sargent Frank”

Gibbs: “The Corp will back you son....it’s our way”

Michaels: “Yes sir...I see that...but....”

Hart: “But what, Marine?”

(Michaels looks at Hart...)

MIchaels: “I want the Corps name cleared ma’am...I can’t do that to them, to Guidry for backing me....to those two actors that are taking a risk? Ma’am....too many people have stepped out for me....I need to step out for them...and...”

Hart: “And what?”

Michaels: “Ma’am...women that have been raped...or assaulted...They really do get hurt if I walk...If people don’t know what happened...Some of them won’t report what happened to them....”

Hart: “Yes...that’s true..but this is your life...Not theirs..”

(Michaels shakes his head)

Michaels: “No ma’am...That’s not what Marines do. It’s not what I do...If I don’t climb that hill...Who will?”

Frank: “Son...That’s a steep hill to climb”

Michaels: “Yes Sargent Major...I know...but I’m a Marine...if I...If we don’t help those women....who will?”

Hart: “So?”

(Stern face from Michaels...He faces Hart directly)

Michaels: “Let’s go get them ma’am....We can do this”

(Gibbs stares, raises one eyebrow)

Gibbs: (whisper) “Well...Semper Fi...”

Frank: (whisper) “Oorah, Gunny.....Oorah...”

(scene fades to black and white)

THE TRIAL

(scene opens in courtroom, every seat taken, TV cameras sit at the back of the room...The NCIS team is in attendance, in the gallery...Hart and Michaels sit at one table in front of the courtroom, the Assistant D.A. for the State of Virginia sits at another table, his assistant, a young woman, sits next to him....)

Bailiff: “ALL RISE!..The honorable Judge William Adcock is now presiding...”

(The judge, an older black man, black robes, enters, sits...)

Bailiff: “In the case of the State of Virginia vs Royal Michaels, court is now in session”

(The judge nods to the bailiff....then to the attorneys...)

Judge: “Counselors, please let it be written into the record that the original charge of Rape in the 1st degree has been changed to Attempted Sexual Assault, upon the request of the counsel for the defense..The State?”

D.A. “We have no objections, your honor”

(The DA sits...the assistant leans over to him....)

Asst: “I don’t understand this...why did she request that change?”

DA: “I don’t have a clue...Hart is sharp, Melanie...She doesn’t do anything without a reason...But we have no penetration, no exposed anatomy, no nothing...I was glad to agree....”

Asst: “Because we can’t prove a rape, can we?”

DA: “No...her request works in our favor”

Asst: “And that’s why you’re the Asst DA...right?”

(The DA grins, nods his head)

DA: “And with the help of those TV cameras, I’ll be elected the next DA...just watch!”

(The judge is seen addressing the attorneys...)

Judge: “Ms. Hart, State...Both parties have agreed to a swift and speedy trial...you have had 10 days to prepare...Ms Hart, do you still feel you’ve had enough time to properly defend your client?”

(Hart stands)

Hart: “We do, your honor....I would only ask the court’s grace that I be allowed some flexibility to add additional witnesses and evidence to those already on file...The investigation, though thorough, may turn up additional evidence as this trial proceeds...”

Judge: “I understand NCIS is acting as your investigative body?”

Hart: “Yes and no, your honor...NCIS’s sole interest is in collecting evidence sir...they are not in my employ, nor should they be”

(Hart looks straight at the judge...)

Hart: “1965, Virginian State Supreme Court Ruling in the case of Abernathy versus....”

Judge: “I’m aware of the case, counselor...request granted”

Hart: “Thank you, your honor”

(Michaels leans over to Hart)

Michaels: “Is there more coming?”

Hart: “No...but the DA doesn’t know that...look at the two of them...”

(The DA and the Asst are furiously going through documents, transcripts...)

Hart: “They’re trying to figure out why I’ve requested the change in the charges...and now, they want to know who else I’m calling as a witness”

Michaels: “A distraction?”

Hart: “Yes...”

Michaels: “We’re trained to do that on the battlefield”

Hart; “Corporal, you’d be surprised how much courtroom tactics resemble battlefield tactics”

Michaels: “I’m glad you’re my attorney...ma’am...thank you...”

Hart: “You can thank me once it’s over, Marine....In about an hour, I’ll trigger the first ambush...but now, the state’s going to present their opening statement to the jury”

Michaels: “Your first ambush?”

(She gives Michaels a small smile)

Hart: “Corporal...before this is over, the state is going to feel like Iraq during Desert Storm”

Michaels: “Shock and Awe, ma’am?”

Hart: “Damn right...they’ll be shocked, then you’ll be awed”

Michaels: “Already awed by you ma’am...just so you know”

(Scene shows the DA standing before the jury...)

DA: “Ladies and Gentlemen, please accept my congratulations on being part of the easiest decision a jury will ever to make....Our evidence is unquestionable...the facts are unquestionable...and due to the wisdom of our legal scholars, the victim herself is also unquestionable...”

(Hart listens, a small smile on her face...The DA finishes his opening statement...)

DA: “We have the travesty of all offenses before us today...A strapping Marine...a helpless, innocent woman...and he dared to threaten to violate her, and only due to the intervention of the good people nearby, his intent to harm, then (voice raises) “SEX! WITHOUT CONSENT! IT”S CALLED RAPE!..(calms)..”was not accomplished”..(pause) “How many times have we seen this...How long can hashtag Me Too be ignored? Guilty, ladies and gentlemen...guilty...you will arrive at that verdict, not just for Ms. Smith..but for a nation of women....”

(The jurists start nodding their heads...)

Hart: “God, he’s a prick....preening for the cameras, spouting hashtags….”

(The DA finishes….then sits, very satisfied with himself..)

Judge: “Ms. Hart...is the defense ready to present an opening statement?”

(Hart stands, smiles....)

Hart; “Yes your honor...”

(She approaches the jury...She looks at them, 5 men, 7 women...crosses her arms over her chest, starts shaking her head....She holds up one finger...)

Hart: “Would you excuse me for one second, please?”

(The jurists look at her curiously....Hart turns to the DA...)

Hart: “As always, Terry...a wonderful performance...It’s a shame you didn’t have time to have your makeup done for the cameras...”

(Hart bows to the DA...he glares at her as the audience chuckles..Hart turns to the jury...her face changes....serious)

Hart: “I cannot speak for you...But I can speak to you,...and in looking at each of you, some of you are quite offended...This man, a capable attorney, certainly, has just told you what to think, do, speak, and decide..before any evidence is presented...I was embarrassed for him, and offended for you...I am truly sorry you were subjected to such a manipulative and disrespectful opening statement,...that man...(points to DA) “...assumes he can dictate what you think....My god...What an insult to your intelligence...what an insult to your sense of fairness....What an insult to justice....”

(She pauses...the jury is thinking..several of them nodding their heads in agreement...other jurists are glaring at the DA...)

Hart: “So...this is where I tell you that all I need to do is present Reasonable Doubt...or I tell you that after I present evidence to contradict the prosecution, that you’ll find my client innocent.....”

(She pauses)

Hart: “I’m not going to do either...I’m going to respect your intelligence...and the Reasonable Doubt thing?....No...I’m not going to give you any reason to doubt.....(leans her hands on the jury railing....her voice softer...The jurists lean forward to hear her...)

Hart: “I’m going to destroy the state’s case...I’m going to prove that a crime has been committed....But....”

(Jury’s eyes widen...)

Hart: “..the crime committed was not committed by my client....Ladies...Gentlemen...I’m going to prove that this is a false accusation, that this was planned, it was carried out with precision, and that....”

(She turns to Michaels...)

Hart: “..this man...this good and honorable man....Is innocent of any and all charges....”

(Turns back to the jury)

Hart: “Without any doubt at all....Reasonable or otherwise”

(She pauses)

Hart: “And then I’m going to show you how false accusations are not just a crime committed against men or women, like my client, Marine Corporal Royal Michaels, who just, by the way, will be entering Officer Candidate School directly after this travesty of a trial is over, but.....I’m going to show you the crime of false accusations....Is a crime against all women that have been assaulted, attacked....raped...I’m going to show you this accusation kills the soul of innocent victims everywhere...Then...after I’m done...you make the call...You think it through....then...my friends...let me know what you decide”

(She walks to her seat...She catches the eye of the victim, Susan Smith, aka Sheila Turnbull...Hart mouths silently to the woman...)

“Be afraid”

(Turnbull pales....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in large hangar type building on filming set...tables and counter set up to resemble a restaurant area...To the side, another set is being set up...A bedroom, bathroom, living room...Guidry explains to Samantha, as they watch)

Guidry: “The restaurant scene is a big one....it’s for the TV soap “The Young Nurses”...the other one is also a TV soap opera..networks are sharing the studio for health reasons....The leading man is going into his girlfriend’s bedroom, looking for evidence that his wife has been there with her boyfriend, which is the leading man’s brother, but he’s not really his brother, because their mother kidnapped him as a baby, because she needed to be pregnant by her husband, who is actually the girlfriend’s uncle”

(Samantha looks at the set...then at Guidry...)

Samantha: “Who thinks that stuff up? Is there a scorecard they look at?”

Guidry: “I don’t know...personally, I think drugs are involved...”

Samantha: “Lots of drugs....wow....”

Guidry: “And you’re about to see the most feared event in TV....”

Samantha: “What?”

Guidry: “The soaps? They’re behind on filming due to the virus....they’re shooting both of them live...the actors are panicking....Especially since there’s a watch party on Twitter for each soap...3 million people will be tweeting live as the shows go on...”

Samantha: “Really? How cool!”

(Guidry looks over, sees Ron....)

Guidry: “Hey...Ron’s over there...I need to talk with him for a second...you okay here by yourself? The guys standing next to you are part of the set décor setup...they’re cool people...”

Samantha: “Yes! This is fascinating!”

(Guidry kisses her cheek, then leaves to walk to Ron....Samantha, looking at the set, sees the director inspecting the set...The director opens the bathroom door, looks in...turns around...)

Director: “This does not look like a bathroom! AT ALL! REALITY PEOPLE! I WANT A REAL BATHROOM!”

(The director looks around...he sees the setup people...he runs over, grabs Samantha’s arm, pulls her onto the set)

Director: “Do your job! Make it look like a woman’s bathroom! Jesus people!”

(Samantha stares, panicked...)

Samantha: “But I’m not....sir....”

Director: “5 minutes! Get it done!”

(The director runs off towards the cameras....Samantha stands, paralyzed....the real setup people are paralyzed too, all slack jawed...)

Director; “MISSY! GET TO WORK!”

(Samantha looks around….she sees a makeup table with a woman brushing another actor’s cheeks…She panics, runs to the table…)

Samantha: “Quick? Where are your throw aways? Your empties!”

(The makeup artist, looking at her client….points to a bucket by the table…it’s filled with empty mascara tubes, lipstick tubes, brushes, empty lotion bottles…)

Samantha: “THANK YOU!”

(She grabs the bucket….She runs towards the set bathroom….She passes a wardbrobe rack….She stops…)

Samantha: “Oh my god oh my god oh my god…..”

(She sees several pairs of black yoga pants in the rack…she snatches them off, and with bucket of makeup empties and yoga pants, dashes for the bathroom…)

Samantha: “Oh my god oh my god oh my god…..Tommy’s going to kill me….”

(she enters the bathroom, slams the door shut…She dumps the makeup tubes on the sink counter, throws the yoga pants over the shower curtain rod….she arranges some of the tubes on the counter…looks….)

Samantha; ‘No…that’s too neat….no woman is that neat…”

(She scrambles the tubes up, knocks over several lotion bottles….looks again…)

Samantha: “Yea…that’s what a woman’s sink looks like….oh god…oh god…I’m so freaking out!….I’m gonna wet myself!”

(She looks at the toilet…)

Samantha: “Oh thank you jesus!”

(She closes the bathroom door…locks it….)

(scene shifts to Guidry walking back to the set, Ron with him…Guidry looks for Samantha, then at the set prop group….)

Guidry: “Hey...have you seen....”

(One of them, face still jaw dropped...points to the set bathroom...Guidry looks, curious...and sees Samantha exiting the bathroom.....she sees him, runs to him....)

Samantha: “I tried my best!”

Guidry: “What? What best?”

(They are interrupted by the director....)

Director: “Okay, no screw ups, we’re live people.....and...ACTION!”

(The actor enters the bedroom, cameras following....he looks around, he spies the closed bathroom door....He stealthily walks to the door, camera following...then flings open the bathroom door....)

Actor: “AH HA!”

(The actor is stunned...He’s opened the door, and the camera shows the newly decorated by Samantha bathroom....makeup tubes scattered on the country, lotion bottles, tights hanging on the shower rod.....)

Samantha: (whisper) “I think he thought I worked here....”

(Guidry is looking at the bathroom, wide eyed...Ron is wide eyed...the prop people are crying.....The actor, stunned.....says nothing...then finally....)

Actor: “I guess no one’s in here..”

(He closes the door, turns, looks at the camera, then away from it....The director is hiding his face in his hands.....)

Actor: “I guess I was wrong....”

(music comes up...Director screams “CUT!..WHO DID THIS BATHROOM?”

Guidry: “Oh god....”

(An assistant runs to the director...shows him her phone.....tweets are pouring in....)

@fanclub: A Real Woman’s bathroom! Kudos!

@groupie: ‘An Emmy for the bathroom!”

@womanpower: “Genius! Bathroom genius!”

(The list goes on and on, more pouring in……The director looks at the setup crew....nods...)

Director: “Thank you….good work....jesus...I’m going to go throw up....”

Ron: “Magic...Told you, Tommy! She’s magic!”

(they hear another voice yell)

Voice: “Hey! WHO THE HELL USED THIS TOILET! IT”S A PROP!”

Samantha: “Oh god...I didn’t know....Tommy…we need to go....like right now....”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in courtroom....Hart and Michaels sitting, listening to the DA go through the evidence....a DC Detective is on the stand….)

DA: “So, detective, it seems there is not much room for doubt here...this is a clear cut…”

Hart: “OBJECTION! The witness is not qualified to determine guilt or innocence...”

DA: “Goes to experienced opinion, your honor”

Hart; “But does not go to an expert’s opinion on guilt or innocence...He’s already told the jury what to think, now he’s telling a detective to be the jury too?”

Judge: “Ms Hart….enough....objection sustained…”

DA: “I’ll rephrase the question…..Detective Samuels….in your ‘experience’...did you find any evidence that would acquit the defendant?”

Detective: “No....I did not...”

DA: “Thank you, detective....(looks at Hart, smiles...) “Your witness”

(Hart gets up...has notepad in hand....she approaches the detective...)

Hart: “Detective Samuels...how long have you been a detective?”

Detective: ‘23 years”

Hart: “Served honorably?”

DA: “OBJECTION! Inconclusive question!”

Judge: “Sustained...please rephrase your question, Ms Hart”

Hart: “That’s okay your honor....I don’t think this detective has served honorably one day out of those 23 years...”

DA: “YOUR HONOR!”

(Hart waves a hand in the air...)

Hart: “My bad...my bad...sorry, your honor....”

(She turns to the detective)

Hart: “How many complaints have been filed against you in your career....say....(pause) “..let’s just count the racial discrimination complaints...How many, Detective?”

(The detective glares at Hart...she gives him a sly smile back....she looks at her pad...)

Hart: “Too big a number to count?...Let me help you....let’s see...42....(looks at the detective) “My my....42 complaints alone regarding racial profiling discrimination, and abuse of force?”

Detective: “I don’t know.....exactly....”

Hart: “I do, Detective...”

(Dawson can be seen slowly sliding down in her seat...)

Hart: “In fact...I have a report..(looks up at the detective) “you are familiar with the Internal Affairs Department?.. oh my...You must have frequent appearance miles...My gosh, detective, your file must weight...what...10 pounds?”

Detective: “HOW DID YOU GET THAT?”

DA: “Objection! Privileged information!”

Judge: “Sustained! Ms Hart! You know better than to do that!”

(Hart smiles....)

Hart: “My apologies, your honor...”

(She walks to her table, holds the file up...drops it...It lands with a loud noise, proving the thickness of the file....The jury notices....)

Hart: “I withdraw the question, your honor”

Judge: “Jury! You are instructed to disregard that...that..the sound of that file!”

Hart: “Now, detective....let’s get back to more public information on you....There are (looks at her pad) “..17 complaints filed against you for racial discrimination? 8 charges of abuse of force on people of color?...And...let’s see...oh...here it is...You’ve been sent for sensitivity training what...3 times in the last 5 years?...What’s the problem, Detective....didn’t get it the first time?”

DA: “Objection! Badgering the witness!”

Hart: “Not at all, Terry....I haven’t even begun to badger your witness!”

(Hart turns to the beet red detective...his anger is obvious)

Hart: “Detective....”

(Her voice hardens...)

Hart: “You have a problem with race! You have been warned about racial profiling 12 times! These are facts, detective! Not presumptions!...Detective...Can you, without laughing...tell me...tell the jury...Hell, detective, can you tell the TV cameras.....”

(She raises her voice)

Hart: “DID YOU EVEN TRY TO FIND EVIDENCE THAT WOULD ACQUIT A BLACK MAN? DID YOU EVEN TRY?...YOUR RECORD SAYS YOU DID NOT!”

(The detective stands up...)

Detective: “YOU BITCH!”

(scene erupts into chaos, the judge is banging his gavel, the courtroom is loud, the jurists are glaring at the detective....)

Judge: “ORDER! ORDER IN THE COURTROOM! MS HART! THAT JUST COST YOU A $1000 FINE FOR DISRUPTION!”

(Hart walks to her table, opens a file....she pulls out a check....walks it to the judge...hands it to him....)

Hart: “I’ve got plenty more....”

(The courtroom erupts again.....the DA goes beserk.....the jury is smiling at Hart....)

Judge: “COUNSELORS...IN MY CHAMBERS NOW!”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Hollywood, Guidry and Samantha standing side by side, watching the soap opera filming, live...Samantha keeps peeking around Guidry, looking over at the other set, watching....)

Guidry: “I still don’t understand how all that happened! The director grabbed your arm and dragged you into it?”

Samantha: “Yes! It was horrible! I was scared to death to say no, so I....kinda improvised....”

Guidry: “Well...In any case, you’re a hit!...Actually, your bathroom is a hit....so far, over 92,000 tweets in less than an hour...”

(He shakes his head...Then a familiar voice is heard...)

Elliot: “Hey little lady....I saw your bathroom on Twitter...nice work”

(Samantha turns, sees everyone staring at them...Sam Elliot has walked up....)

Samantha: ‘Mr. Elliot! How are you?”

Elliot: “I’m fine...Pitt told me tell you good job, Sam...”

Samantha: “I didn’t know what else to do!...”

(In the distance, the director of the soap can be heard, yelling...)

Director: “She didn’t show? WHAT?...It’s just a bit part! Someone get me a girl that can act! We have 3 minutes! Hell....”

(The director looks over, sees Sam Elliot, A list actor, standing next to Tom Guidry, Oscar nominee....and Elliot is pointing down to Samantha, unknown by her....The director rushes to them...shakes Sam’s hand then Guidry’s....Then to the shock of Samantha, he pulls her by the arm....)

Director; “Okay, it’s a piece of cake, sugar! Just listen to the actor say bad things to his mom, then act naturally...you get up, tell him he should be nicer to his mom, then walk off...Easy Peasey, no problemo...and remember, we’re live...So...”

(Samantha looks back at Guidry....panicked...)

Samantha: “TOMMY! HELP!”

Guidry: “Too late honey.....you’re going to do great! Just be you!”

(Ron has come up now....laughing....then sees what’s happening....)

Ron: “Tommy boy! What have you two done with my girl?”

Guidry: “Ask Sam, Ron....”

Elliot: “Hey...she’s a natural...did you see her bathroom?”

(Samantha is plunked down at the table, two people behind her at another table, a young man and older woman....before she can protest, the director yells out...)

Director: “ACTION!”

(Samantha freezes.....)

Samantha: “Oh god oh god oh god...be me...just be me.....”

(She hears the young man start talking to his ‘mother’)

Son: “Mom...I’ve grown up...I don’t need you interfering in my life anymore”

Mother: ‘Son…you’ll always be my baby boy….”

Son: “No mother…I’m not …not anymore….please go back to the hospital…You own it mother…go run it…”

Mother: “Bobby…I only own it because your father cheated on me with that little nurse. That was sleeping with the medical director……I got it in the settlement….But Bobby…that girl you’re in love with…I know her! She’s bad news!”

Son: “MOTHER! I DON”T NEED YOU! GET OUT OF MY LIFE!”

(Samantha’s eyes fly open…..she gets up, stands right beside their table, wags a finger at the young man….)

Samantha: “That is a horrible thing to say to your mother! No one should say that ever!”

(The two actors look at her in shock….no one speaks…)

Director: “Oh jesus…someone talk…”

Son: “Uh…you don’t know my mother…?”

Samantha: “I don’t have to know your mother! She carried you for 9 months, wiped up your spitty uppy and cleaned your poop! You owe her! Now….treat your mother better!”

(The mom is looking at Samantha…the mom, a pro, goes with it…)

Mom: “Yes son….she’s right…and I’m damned glad someone finally said it!”

Son: “But….but….(looks at Samantha) ..”I send her flowers on Mothers Day!”

Samantha: “You send her flowers! Once a year! You should be ashamed! For a mom like you have? Every day should be Mother’s Day!”

(The mom stand up….)

Mom: “Damn right! You ungrateful little turd!”

Director: “CUT! COMMERCIAL! CUT CUT CUT! Oh jesus help me……”

(Samantha looks at Guidry, big smile….)

Samantha; “How did I do?”

(Elliot is bent over, laughing.....Ron is clapping his hands, yelling out “magic”....Guidry is looking at her, smiling, shaking his head....Samantha covers her face with her hands.....)

(scene shifts to Twitter.....hundreds of tweets register immediately..)

@fanggirl: “She’s the bomb!”

@momgirl: “Every day should be mothers day! Yes!”

@yellowbird: “Love her!”

(more tweets scroll.....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in the judge’s chambers...Hart in one chair, the DA in the other...The judge is furious....he looks at Hart...)

Judge: “Ms Hart! What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

Hart: “What I set out to do....I just discredited the State’s witness....”

Judge: “With privileged information! You brought a file from the Internal Affairs? Christ, Hart!”

Hart: “What file?”

DA: “The one you threw on your table! Stop playing games, Allison!”

Hart: “Oh...that file?”

DA: “YES! And I want to see it!”

Hart: “Nope”

DA: “Give it to me! It’s evidence and I have a legal right to it!”

Hart: “No”

DA: “YOUR HONOR!”

Judge: “Ms Hart....is that file introduced as evidence?”

Hart: “No, your honor, it is not”

Judge: “Are you going to present it as evidence?”

Hart: “No need to, your honor. The jury already has it in their minds what’s in it”

Judge: “Then, counselor...you do not have a right to it”

DA: “She used it to cross examine my witness!”

Hart; “Did I?”

DA: “DAMMIT HART!”

Hart: “Yes, Terry?”

(The DA falls back in his chair, looks up at the ceiling....)

DA: “What’s next, Hart...”

Hart: “I have a new witness to call”

(The DA looks at her sarcastically)

DA: “What...you calling the mayor as a witness?”

Hart: “No....the Chief of Police”

(Both the judge and DA look at her....)

Both: “WHO?”

(scene shifts to the courtroom....DC Chief of Police Maynard White sits in uniform, dignified, in the witness chair...Hart approaches the Chief...)

Hart: “Chief White....can you tell me the number of rape cases your department processed last year?”

Chief: “143 convictions...and damn proud of it”

Hart: 'I'm sorry, Chief...that's convictions....How many were processed? What I mean is, how many rape accusations were taken by the DC Police Department?"

(The Chief stares at Hart....then...)

Chief: "I do not know the exact number, counselor"

Hart: "I'm sure you don't...it's not something you'd know....but I can help you...According to your records department...."

(Dawson seen looking to the side, then up, then around....)

Hart: "You took in 621 aggravated sexual assault charges last year....But...(looks at pad) "Are you aware only 316 made it to the file system? That means, there are hundreds of cases....hundreds of women, last year....that your department felt were not solid enough to prosecute...."

Chief: "That's not exactly.....accurate"

Hart: "No? Please Chief...tell us why"

Chief: "Well..the accuser drops the charges....."

Hart: "That was 57 of them....what else?"

Chief: "We did not feel there was sufficient evidence to make a case..."

Hart: "Gosh Chief...that's another 32...I've got a couple of hundred more here....These women complained, filed....but no one seems to know that....These complaints are not on record? Why is that?"

(The Chief looks at the DA...)

Hart: "He can't help you....look at me, Chief..."

(The Chief glares....)

Hart: 'Let me help you.....Would you care to explain to the jury what the "No Crime" file is?"

(The Chief looks over at the judge...The judge is resting his chin on his hand, grinning...)

Judge: “Answer the question please”

Chief: “I don’t have to! That file is private!”

Hart: “No, Chief White..it’s a secret…it’s hidden, but no statute, law, ruling, or process protects that file….”

Chief: “Your honor! Tell her she can’t do this!”

(The judge smiles…)

Judge: “She can…and is doing it…and I’m quite curious about it myself….Proceed Ms Hart…”

Hart: “The No Crime file….this occurs when there is a rape or assault accusation, and your detectives decide there is not just a lack of evidence, there is actually no crime committed…So…instead of the charge going on the record of the accused, even if they are acquitted….it goes into the No Crime file…It doesn’t even show up on someone’s record…….And did you know, Chief…that the number of cases in that file aren’t counted in any crime statistics?”

Chief: “Yes…I know that”

Hart: “And did you know 218 sexual assault complaints were placed in that file, right before the elections last year? Wait…oh my god! That was when the mayor campaigned on lower crime statistics, especially rapes! Could it be those cases were moved into that file to make the rape statistics look better? Gosh…Chief? Are you the one that decided to move those cases?”

Chief: “I’m pleading the 5th…”

Hart: “Oh…because your answer could incriminate you?…”

Chief: “I’m not answering any more questions without an attorney”

Hart: “Good thought, Chief…because…..”

(She looks at the jury….they are transfixed….she turns back to the chief..)

Hart: “You’re going to need one….and as of right now, before you, this court, this jury….and those TV cameras….Before God Himself…”

(she pauses...)

Hart: “I want every one of those cases opened....and I want them investigated thoroughly! And .....I WANT THOSE WOMEN TO GET JUSTICE! LIKE I WANT MY CLIENT TO GET JUSTICE!...(Hart screams out) “HE DID NOT DO IT AND I CAN PROVE IT!”

(The judge bangs the gavel as the courtroom erupts again...)

Judge; “ORDER!”

Hart: “My client has no evidence against him....His case was handled by a bigoted, hate filled detective...in a department that hides crime statistics....and the victim.....let’s see what she has to say”

(Hart turns to the courtroom just as the DA’s eyes open in shock)

Hart: “Your honor...I would like to call Susan Smith, the accuser, to the stand”

(The DA jumps up)

DA: ‘OBJECTION! In this state, victims cannot be forced to testify! That is a hard and fast rule!”

Hart: “Yes it is....in the charge of rape....But, Terry...remember? You agreed to change the charges to attempted sexual assault....and under that charge....(she smiles) “I sure as hell can call her to the stand....”

DA: “YOUR HONOR! PLEASE!”

Judge: “I’m afraid she’s right, counselor....maybe you should read up on the law some more....It seems Ms Hart sure knows it”

(A woman stands up...screams...)

Susan: “You told me I wouldn’t have to testify! I’m not going to do it!”

Judge: “Ma’am...you do have to and you will....either that or you’ll be jailed for....”

(scene switches to Susan...Destiny seen handing Susan an envelope...)

Dez: “open it, candy britches”

DA: “She has to be subpoenaed! I do know that!”

(She rips it open...pulls the papers out...)

Dez: “Your honor...the witness has been served by a duly appointed officer of a federal court”

Susan: “NOOOOOOOOO!”

(Hart smiles.....)

Hart: “Your honor?”

Judge: “Bailiff...will you please escort the witness to the stand?”

(scene fades to black and white)

scene opens in courtroom, morning...Hart and Michaels sitting, waiting...)

Michaels: “Ma’am...what are they doing?”

Hart: “The DA requested some time to speak with your accuser”

Michaels: “They can do that without you?”

Hart: “She’s technically the State’s witness...and since the judge gave me leeway on calling the Chief of Police, and now her, he’s pretty much obligated to give the DA some leeway too”

Michaels: “The judge trying to be fair?”

Hart: “No, Corporal...he’s trying to avoid a mistrial...See those TV cameras? Every legal expert on the planet will pick this trial apart...”

(Hart looks over to Michaels...)

Hart: “You holding up okay?”

Michaels: “Oh..yes ma’am...I’ve got a front row seat to watching you pick the enemy off, one by one....Yes ma’am...I’m fine”

(Hart gives Michaels a small smile...then...)

Hart: “Royal...what’s coming up won’t be so kind to you”

Michaels: “Ma’am?”

Hart: “They’ll put her on the stand...in this state, the prosecution goes first...The DA will ask her to tell the court what happened, step by step...and none of it will be nice...All of it will be damning you, everything said...”

(He raises a hand....stopping her...)

Michaels: “I know ma’am...but they’ll be lies...I’m not afraid of lies...”

Hart: “Royal...some people will believe them...Some people will believe a lie because it fits what they want to believe”

Michaels: “Can’t help that, ma’am...they’d be that way no matter what...So..it’s going to be okay ma’am...don’t worry about me”

(Hart stares at Michaels.....)

Hart: “You’re a brave man, Marine...I don’t think I could do what you’re doing..You’re sitting here, listening to them crucify you....and the worst is coming...”

Michaels: “Ma’am...Lies can only hurt me if I let them hurt me. I know the truth...And ma’am...?”

Hart: “Yes?”

Michaels: “I disagree with you....I don’t have a doubt in my mind that you would do the same thing...For what it’s worth, ma’am...I believe in you”

(Hart stares at him....then turns away...)

Hart: “Thank you, Royal...It’s been a long time since someone said that”

(She pauses...)

Michaels: “Ma’am...if you don’t mind me asking...it seems, (pause) “..it just seems this...all this....it’s personal to you....”

(Her face pales for a moment.....then....)

Hart: “Today is about you, Corporal....Not me....”

(Both their heads turn to the door by the jury box....the DA walks in, a very angry Susan Smith follows....The DA escorts her to the witness stand....she sits...the bailiff begins swearing her in....”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Ron’s office...Ron behind his desk, Brad Pitt and Sam Elliot sitting across from him, both in fold out chairs...Ron looks at them....shakes his head...)

Ron: “Boys...boys...you’re really hurting my feelings...”

Elliot: “Hell Ron...I’ve been afraid of that damn chair for years....”

Pitt: “Ditto man...bad mojo trying to navigate that thing”

Ron: “It’s a chair! What could be so difficult?”

Elliot: “Our girl says it pissed her off....says she told you it did....”

(Ron grins...)

Ron: “She got up off the floor, stood there, all 5 foot 2 of her, shook a finger at me....”

Pitt: “Naw...she did not!”

(Ron places hand on heart)

Ron: “God’s own truth! She shook a finger at me, face determined as it could be, and told me...”This chair pisses me off!”

(Laughter in the room....)

Ron: “i love that girl....”

Elliot: ‘Good woman...her boy, Tommy...he’s good people too”

Pitt: “I’m with you, Sam...but this town...they’re threatening to picket the set...”

Ron: “Why? Because the boy supported a friend? The world needs more of Tom Guidry!”

Pitt: “Don’t disagree, Ron...but it’s not how they see it...”

Elliot: “To hell with ‘em....”

(Pitt and Elliot both look at Ron...)

Pitt: “Your call man....it’s mostly your money backing this movie”

Elliot: “He’s right, amigo....”

(Ron looks at them both....shakes his head...)

Ron: “I don’t know boys....I know what I feel...but it could blow up in my face....”

(They are interrupted by Guidry and Samantha walking in....)

Guidry: “Sorry we’re late....”

Samantha: “We weren’t technically late...we where here, but got to talking with Sarah out there in the front, and one thing led to another, and then another led to more, then.....”

(she pauses, looks at Ron...)

Samantha: ‘I didn’t know Sarah was your granddaughter!”

Ron: “Oh yea!...My princess.....She’s young, but she’s smart....”

Samantha: “She’s a doll!”

Ron: “That she is, Samantha, that she is! Now...we’re here to work! We’re here to pick the other actors! We're here to create....”

Pitt/Elliot: “Magic...”

(Ron stops...looks at them both....Guidry shaking his head...Samantha giggling...)

Ron: “You really are.....hurting...my....feelings...”

Elliot: “You’re fulla crap, Ron....you don’t have any feelings”

(Ron clasps his heart dramatically...)

Ron: “Low blow, Sam...that one hurt....”

(Samantha walks to Ron, gives him a quick hug...)

Samantha: “Don’t let them fool you, Ron....your granddaughter loves you, so there’s a lot of good in you”

(Ron points to Samantha...)

Ron: “What did I tell you? I LOVE THIS GIRL!”

Samantha: “Oh....one more thing....”

Guidry: “Sam...you don’t have to do this....”

Ron: “Do what?”

Samantha: “Sarah assured me she wouldn’t do anything rude to me....you know, like hooker deluxe or anything....and it might be fun!”

Ron: “Sarah’s wonderful with makeup! She’s magic!”

(Samantha blushes, looks at Guidry...)

Samantha: “I promise I won’t let her do too much....”

(Guidry shakes his head....looks at Ron...)

Guidry: “She says it’s good practice...”

Ron: “Practice? For what?”

(Samantha smiles....)

Samantha: “For the Academy Awards, silly! Tommy’s going to win it! And it’s going to be the best movie you’ve ever made!..You’re going to win an Oscar too!”

Guidry: “Yep...she says she’d have to have makeup when the cameras turn to me and there she is, right next to me....”

(Elliot and Pitt turn to each other grinning...Then Pitt kicks Ron’s desk, hard....)

Pitt: “So big man....we making this movie...or not?”

(Ron looks at Samantha, then at the two actors)

Ron: ‘Of course we are! It’s gonna win an Academy Award! How can we not?”

Pitt: “And the picket lines....?”

(Ron leans forward....whispers to both of them....)

Ron: “Magic...We’re going to make magic, boys....F@%& the picket lines”

(scene shifts to the courtroom....Susan is on the stand, answering questions, explaining in detail how the event unfolded....She dabs an eye with some Kleenex....)

Susan: “It was horrible....I was so scared....”

DA: “Thank you, Ms. Smith...I know that was hard for you...”

Susan: “It was....it was so...(sniffs) “..I shouldn’t even be up here...”

(Hart turns to Michaels....)

Hart: “She’s good...the jury’s buying into her”

(The DA turns to Hart...)

DA: “Your witness, counselor...but please...”

(Hart stands....)

Hart: “Please what, Terry? Be nice? Be kind?...She’s as good an actor as you are”

Judge: “MS HART!”

(Hart turns back to her table, opens the file folder, pulls out another $1000 check...hands it to the judge on the way to the witness stand...)

Hart: “I know...I know....”

(The judge takes the check, glaring at Hart...Without missing a beat, Hart approaches Susan, her trademark legal pad in hand.....)

Hart: “Susan....Susan Smith.....”

Susan: “Yes...that’s my name...”

(Hart looks at her pad)

Hart: “Just for the record, Miss. Smith...It is Miss...isn’t it?”

Susan: “Yes”

Hart: “No husband, no live in, no one, singular, lucky man in your life?”

DA: “OBJECTION! IRRELEVANT”

Hart: “It is quite relevant…if there is another man in her life, it goes to the suffering not only she feels, but him too...”

Judge: “Overruled...continue...”

Hart: “So, Susan....?”

Susan: “No...no one...”

Hart: “No ‘one’?...Or no one special...?”

Susan: “Neither”

Hart: “Okay...fair enough....Tell me, Miss no one in your life Smith...”

DA: “OBJECTION!”

Judge: “Sustained! Miss Hart!”

Hart: ‘My apologies, your honor....So, Miss Smith...tell me about the men you are attracted to...”

DA: “YOUR HONOR!”

Hart: “Goes to state of mind of the witness during the alleged attack.....Assault victims suffer varying trauma depending on the similarities between the alleged attacker and the victim’s experience with men...”

Judge: “You are correct, Miss Hart....Miss Smith...please answer the question...”

Susan: ‘Okay....I suppose like any woman....”

Hart: “Before you answer, I’d like to clarify a few things.....You just testified to the description of the men that, as you say, “came to your rescue”....You said, and I quote, “4 men, one was black”

Susan: “Yes...that is correct”

Hart: “When you gave your statement to the police responding, you said, “That black man did it”...”

Susan: “Yea...so?”

Hart: “Any of the 4 rescuers…were any tall? Short? Fat? Skinny?...When describing your attacker, why didn’t you describe Corporal Michaels as tall? Fit?...He’s 6 foot 5, ma’am....”

Susan: “I don’t know.....”

Hart: “Just chose the first thing that came to mind? The skin color?”

DA: OBJECTION! LEADING THE WITNESS!”

Judge: “Miss Hart..please rephrase your question....”

Hart; “Of course....”

Susan: “Look! I just went with the first difference I saw!”

(Hart gives a confused look...)

Hart: “Difference? What was different?”

Susan; “Anything other than normal….you know....”

(The DA hangs his head….4 of the black jurors glare at Susan....)

Hart: “Ah...normal...What then is normal to you, Miss Smith?”

Susan: “Normal...just about everyone is white, so when someone’s not white, they stand out...that’s just a fact....Can’t help facts..”

Hart: “I see....Let’s move on....”

DA: (whisper) “Please move on”

(Hart turns to Michaels...gives him a wink....then turns back to Susan...)

Hart: “Are you attracted to bad boys, Susan?”

Susan: “Of course not! Why would I go out with a gang member?”

(Hart turns back to Michaels...he looks back at her, mouths...”boom”...She turns to Smith)

Hart: “Funny answer, Miss Smith...I meant bad boys in general..you know...women are attracted to bad boys? But you...you referred directly to a White Supremist gang...the Bad Boys....Now...I wonder why you did that?”

(Hart turns, winks at the DA....He has his face in his hands, shaking his head)

Hart: “Your honor, I have no further questions for this witness at this time...I’d like to request a recess please, before presenting material data that applies to this witness....”

Judge: “One hour”

Hart: “Oh...your honor...I’d like to reserve the right to recall this witness...I do have some more questions for her....”

Judge: “So ordered...Miss Smith, you are excused for the moment, but stay in the courtroom...”

(Susan gets up...she looks at Hart....Hart mouths...”be afraid”...Susan mouths back an expletive....Hart walks back to the table...)

Michaels: “Ma’am....that was brilliant....”

Hart: “No soldier, it was only smart...The DA is losing it...he knows his witness is now a racist....And so does the jury”

Michaels: “Ma’am...I don’t want to win this because of race....”

Hart: “We’re not...We’re going to win it on the truth, Marine....the pure, ugly, beautiful...truth...You deserve it....you deserve it, young man....”

(Michaels stares at Hart...she looks back to him...)

Michaels: “Ma’am...you do too....whatever it is...none of my business...but you deserve it too”

(Hart gives him a small smile, sad eyes....)

Hart: “Too late for me, soldier...but it’s not for you”

(She begins gathering her files together, then sits....Michaels looks over at her....cocks his head....)

Michaels: “Ma’am...it’s never too late”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens Ron’s office...Guidry, Elliot, Pitts sitting at small conference table in the room..Ron standing by whiteboard, names listed...)

Ron: “Brad! Why don’t you want him in the film! He’s a great supporting actor!”

Pitt: “He’s an asshole...”

Ron: “He’s a sweetheart! How can you say....”

Elliot: “He hit on Angelina”

Ron: “You’re not together anymore! Why does it matter?”

(Pitt holds out one hand, waggles it back and forth..Ron looks surprised)

Ron: “You’re back together? Why didn’t I know this?”

Elliot: “Don’t feel bad Ron, Angie doesn’t know it either”

Pitt: “She will!...Maybe...”

Ron: “Okay...well...what about that CIA guy in the last Bond movie...John.....”

Elliot: “No..not him either”

Ron: “What? He hit on her too?”

Elliot: “Nah...but he did hit on Jennifer”

(Ron looks over at Pitt...Pitt shrugs...)

Pitt: “Hey...so I hold a grudge...sue me”

Ron: “What? Brad! You thinking of....Jennifer again.?”

(Once again, Pitt holds his hand out, waggling it back and forth)

Elliot: “Jen REALLY doesn’t know....”

Pitt: “Sam! Seriously?”

Elliot: “I keep telling you...you need to settle down, amigo...”

Pitt: “I find a woman like Katherine, I will...but...”

Elliot: “Not too many of those around, compadre..”

Pitt: “Tom found one!”

Elliot: “Yea...Guidry found him a real one...but there’s not too many of those in Hollywood...”

Pitt: “So, you’re saying I need to date waitresses...clerks...yea..that would work real well....”

Elliot: “Hey Guidry...your girl got any friends?”

(Guidry laughs)

Elliot: “Yea, Tom....Samantha got any nice lookin’ girlfriends? Brad here needs a woman”

Pitt: “I do NOT need any help in finding a girlfriend! Jesus...a woman! You two have me talking like some teenager!”

Guidry: “I don’t know...but there are some good looking Marine girls I met...”

Pitt: “No no no no.....I’m not going out with a girl that’s been trained to use a machine gun”

Elliot: “Good choice, amigo....You’ll live longer”

(They are interrupted by Sarah walking in the office....she is dabbing her eyes with a Kleenex...Ron sees her...immediately goes to her...)

Ron: “Sarah honey?...What’s wrong...?”

(Sarah shakes her head....)

Sarah: “Nothing....(sniffs)…"Samantha....”

Guidry: “Sarah! Is she okay?”

(Samantha enters the room....make up done tastefully....she is blushing...timidly looking at Guidry.)

Samantha: “I don’t think it looks bad....Tommy...?”

(Ron stares at her....)

Ron: (whispers) “Penny”

Elliot: “Pitt..you seeing this?”

Pitt: “Yea, Sam...jesus....”

(Samantha looks at Pitt and Elliot...then at Ron....)

Samantha: “Sir...did I do something wrong?....I’m so sorry....”

(Guidry walks to her...kiss her cheek...)

Guidry: “You didn’t do a thing wrong...you look beautiful....”

(Ron continues to stare....He looks at Sarah...his granddaughter looks back at him, nodding her head...then starts to cry....Ron looks at Samantha)

Ron: “Honey...you look ...”

(Ron turns...walks towards another door....)

Ron: “LA smog...hell on the eyes....”

(Samantha looks around the room...horrified...)

Samantha: “I need to take this makeup off! Sarah..please....”

Sarah: “No....don’t....”

(Elliot walks up to Sarah....hugs her....)

Elliot: “I’m sorry, baby....”

Guidry: “Samantha...honey...you haven't’ done anything wrong...I promise....”

Sarah: “No! You’ve done something.....wonderful...”

Pitt: “Samantha....(looks at Elliot) “You want to get it, brother?”

(Elliot nods, moves towards Ron’s desk...)

Sarah: “I was just a baby....mom and grandma had gone to Phoenix to see my great grandmother in the hospital....they were on their way back...”

(Elliot pulls a picture out of Ron's desk drawer....)

Guidry: "Honey...they had an accident on the way back....both of them were killed..."

Sarah: "Mom was grandad's princess...he told me he used to call her...Magic..."

Samantha: "Oh my god...that's horrible...I'm so sorry....but....but what...."

(Elliot hands the picture he took out of Ron's drawer to Samantha..She looks at it....)

Samantha: "This is...I guess...Penny?"

Sarah: "Yes...my mother. I don't remember her, I was so young...but I have pictures...."

Samantha: "She was beautiful....."

Elliot: "Samantha..come over here, girl...."

(Elliot leads her to a mirror....He holds the picture of Ron's daughter up in the mirror..)

Pitt: "Now, Samantha...look in the mirror..."

(Samantha does...then seeing the picture of Penny, side by side with her....A hand flies over her mouth...)

Elliot: "Spittin' image, darlin'....you could be her"

Sarah: "You could....Samantha...you could be my mother's twin!"

(A voice is heard...)

Ron: "Yes you could...I'm sorry, honey.....it just caught me by surprise....."

(Ron has walked out of the bathroom, wiping his eyes....Samantha starts crying, runs to Ron...hugs him...)

Samantha: "I'm so sorry...I'm so sorry...You've been so good to Tommy and me...I'd never want to hurt you...."

(Ron returns the hug....)

Ron: “No honey....I knew....I think I knew all along...I just didn’t want to see it....”

Samantha: “She’d be so proud of you, Ron....i know she would...She’d be so proud to see this good man you are....”

(Ron holds her closer, starting to tear up again.....)

Ron: “I hope so, I hope so.....”

Elliot: “Damn, Pitt...this is powerful mojo....”

(Pitt does not answer....Elliot looks over, sees Pitt has his back turned, wiping his eyes....Pitt holds up one hand...)

Pitt: “Don’t, Elliot...don’t even....”

(Elliot grins at Samantha....hooks a thumb in Pitt’s area...)

Elliot: “He’s sentimental....just don’t tell anyone....”

Pitt: “Elliot! Don’t!...I’m warning you!”

Elliot: “Cries at weddings...he’s a regular soft hearted guy....”

Pitt: “ELLIOT!”

Samantha: “Well, I think it’s wonderful!...Brad Pitt, I think you are a wonderful man! And Sam Elliot, (points a finger at Elliot) “ don’t you make fun of him!”

Pitt: “Yea, asshole...don’t make fun of me!...and look out...she just did the “The chair pisses me off” thing at you”

(Samantha moves to Guidry...leans up against him....)

Samantha: “I feel horrible and happy all at once”

Guidry: “Honey....do happy...Ron hasn’t looked at that picture since it happened...or at least as long as I’ve known him.”

Samantha: “But....what if he doesn’t want....”

(They see Ron, take the picture off the table by the mirror...he walks over, puts it on the desk by his wife’s picture....Then he hugs Sarah....)

Ron: “I miss your mom so much.....”

Sarah: “I know, pappaw...I know you do...I think she knows...”

Ron: “I raised you the best I knew how....I’m sorry for the mistakes I made...”

Sarah: “You didn’t make one mistake, pappaw...I love you....I’ve always loved you....”

(Pitt walks over to Samantha and Guidry....knudges Guidry...points over to Elliot, watching Sarah and Ron....Elliot’s wiping tears off his cheeks...)

Pitt: “Hey Elliot...!”

Elliot: “Don’t amigo! I’m warning you!...”

(Pitt whispers loudly to Samantha)

Pitt: “He cries at weddings....I can’t take him anywhere...”

Elliot: “PITT! DAMMIT!...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in courtroom....Everyone present, court back in session...)

Judge: “Attorney for the Prosecution...do you have any further witnesses?”

DA: “No your honor...the Prosecution rests”

Judge: “Miss Hart?”

Hart; “Yes, your honor...I’d like to recall Detective Samuels to the stand..”

DA: “OBJECTION! He has been questioned and he has answered”

Hart: “He is, your honor, as the DA has explained to us, experienced...I’m not cross examining, I’d like to show the court some statistics, and he is he most qualified to validate or rebut the evidence....and I call into evidence, exhibit A...”

Judge: “Keep it to what you’re stating Miss Hart....Bailiff...please bring Exhibit A to the courtroom...”

(The DA scrambles through the court docs.....he looks at his assistant...whispers to her.)

DA: “It’s called....(pauses) “...the McDowell model?”

(The Bailif is seen bringing an easel out...a hard cardboard canvas is placed on the easel...the jury can read it easily....Detective Samuels has taken the stand....Hart walks to the jury box...leans on the railing....then addresses Samuels)

Hart: “Detective...have you ever heard of the McDowell model?”

Samuels: “Can’t say I have....”

Hart: “Let me help you...”

(Hart begins...)

Hart: “1980 to 1984..in the Air Force...Rape accusations increased by over 600%...The Air Force wanted to know why....so they called in an independent team of investigators, and in that investigation, over a 4 year period, they were able to study some 1200 rapes...There were a number of false accusations, enough to determine patterns in the false accuser....”

(She looks at the detective...)

Hart: “Ringing any bells now, Detective...?”

Detective: “Some...”

Hart: “it should...this is part of your sensitivity training.....which you took...3 times...”

DA: “OBJECTION!”

Judge: “Sustained! Miss Hart! Your point!”

Hart: “Let’s go back to....what is her name...? Yes...Miss Smith....in her testimony, she....”

(Hart points to False Accuser Indicator #1..)

Hart: “She suffered no bruising, scratches, or injury....”

(Hart points to False Accuser Indicator #2)

Hart: “There is no physical evidence of a rape or an assault....”

(Hart points to #3)

Hart: “Miss Murray does not, nor did know, Corporal Michaels previous to the incident....”

(Hart points to #4)

Hart: “When describing the details to us, here in the court, she did so with great detail, never changing emotional status, in other words...She gave us the ugly details, without any remorse, fear, or any evidence of reliving the event as a traumatic experience.....”

(She pauses)

Hart: “Well...that’s not true...after her imitation of a charm school teacher, she pulled out Kleenex and wiped a tear that wasn’t there....”

DA: “YOUR HONOR!”

(Hart holds up a hand...walks to her table...pulls another check out....)

Judge: “You’ll need two this time, Miss Hart...”

(Hart does a dramatic “whatever!”...pulls out another check, hands both to the judge, enjoying the laughter from the courtroom...)

Hart: “Now...detective...would you say, in your expert experience, that Miss Smith’s case closely follows all the indicators of a false accusation?”

Detective: “Some...but each case is different...We didn’t just have the testimony of the victim, we also had the eyewitness accounts of the men that came when Miss Smith screamed”

Hart: “Yes..the rescuers....(looks at her pad) “I saw the woman beating on the man...”...Another one, “She was screaming, pointing at the man..”...One more, Detective..”She told us to kill the...”...”

(Hart looks up at the judge...)

Hart: “Is it sufficent to say the victim told the rescuer to kill the...N word?”

(The judge looks over the transcript....he nods....addresses the jury)

Judge: “The jury is instructed to understand there is a racial slur used by the accuser”

Hart; “Thank you, your honor....Now...Detective...Let’s summarize...You have a victim that uses race to determine the differences in human beings...”

DA: “YOUR HONOR! PLEASE!”

Judge: “Counsel for the defense has created a scenario where race may or may not play a role in the victim’s credibility...I’ll allow it...Continue, Miss Hart”

Hart: “Detective...your victim uses race as the predominant trait to describe a person...The men that came to the scene did not witness any assault by the defendant towards the victim, in fact, they testified that the victim was attacking the defendant...”

Detective: “Wouldn’t you fight back?”

Hart: “If I was injured, or assaulted....? Yes...maybe...but I’m looking at the hospital report, and there is no evidence of any injury on the victim, whatsoever...There is, however, ripped buttons on the defendant, scratches on his neck, and more evidence, that shows....”

(She looks at the detective in mock horror...)

Hart: “My god, detective....who assaulted who?”

(The detective squirms...the courtroom can be heard murmuring....)

Hart: “Detective...with all this in front of you....with the victim matching all the characteristics of a false accusation...and the evidence showing the same...Why didn’t you pursue that avenue further?”

(The detective is silent.....then....)

Detective: “I suppose we should have”

(Hart stares at the detective.....)

Hart: “Yes...you should have...but here we are...a man sits over there, my client, accused of a crime that could ruin his life, ruin his career....and will stay with him forever....all because you suppose you should have looked further....”

(She turns and walks away...)

Hart: “No further questions, your honor”

(The detective sits....head hangs....)

Judge: “Detective...you may step down....Miss Hart...do you have any more witnesses to call?”

Hart: “Yes, your honor...I call Miss Susan Smith...one more time...to the stand...”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Samantha’s hotel room...her and Guidry sitting on the couch in the living area of the suite)

Guidry: “We leave tomorrow....how do you feel about that?”

Samantha: “I’m ready to get back home...”

Guidry: “You are?”

(She nods...)

Samantha: “You know...growing up, even as a grown up...I dreamed of being a movie star, or hob-knobbing with celebrities...but...as much fun as I’ve had, and as much as I love Brad and Sam....”

Guidry: “...and Ron?”

(She laughs...nods her head)

Samantha: “Gotta love me some Ronnie..”

(She pauses...)

Samantha: “Sam...Mr. Elliot...he’s different....”

Guidry: “Yes..he is...very”

Samantha: “He and his wife...and gosh, I wish I’d got to meet her...Katherine Ross...she is so pretty....”

Guidry: “You know that down home reputation she has?”

Samantha: “Yes...”

Guidry: “It’s the real deal...Her and Sam had an agreement...they do their work, they star in films, mostly Sam, but anyway....and they stay out of the public eye....It’s a lot like Mark Harmon and his wife...”

Samantha: “I know...I don’t know....Are you asking me if I’d live like that? After you know....we’re....like...”

Guidry: “Married?”

(She blushes...nods her head)

Samantha: “I keep waiting for you to tell me it was just something that flew out of your mouth”

Guidry: “No, Sam...it wasn’t....and these last few days, I’ve fallen in love with you even more...I’ve gotten to see how life would be with you...”

Samantha: “Ruining bathroom sets? Telling an actor off? On live TV?”

(She hides her face in her hands....)

Samantha: ‘That was so.....”

Guidry: “Wonderful...all of it...but....”

Samantha: ‘Okay..here comes the ’but’...”

Guidry: “Yes..there is a ‘but’..”

(He pulls her close to him...her head on his chest...)

Guidry: “But I only thought I could love you....and I found out what I felt was only a small part of how much...”

(She tenses...)

Samantha: “Tommy...I don’t understand what that means...”

Guidry: “I watched you this last week....Ready to catch you when you fell...”

Samantha: “Oh god...I was such a klutz...”

Guidry: “No Sam....you were wonderful....Ron started out with “Who’s the broad?”.....and he ended up loving you as a daughter...”

Samantha: “He is so sweet....”

Guidry: “Brad and Sam? Two of the most powerful actors in the world....Everyone wants to get close to them, to be friends...or more..So they push people away...They don’t let them in....”

Samantha: “But they were so nice to me....”

Guidry: “Honey...they love you....they honestly love you....I watched you win them over without trying....Heck, honey...you won them over just being you....And now...I promise...they’re your friends for life....”

Samantha: “I like them...they’re everything I thought they were and they’re nothing like I thought they were...That sounds dumb....”

Guidry: “No..it doesn’t sound dumb at all...They took a risk, Sam...and they showed themselves to you...That’s kinda big...”

Samantha: “But they love you! I can see that!...So does Ron!”

Guidry: ‘Yea...they do...and I don’t know why...but I know I will never take it for granted, or ever abuse it....”

Samantha: “So...what did you learn about us?”

(He smiles...)

Guidry: “That marrying you would be the best thing I could ever do....That I need to earn you every day...I need to do something to make you fall in love with me every day....”

(She moves even closer)

Samantha: “I love you, Tommy Guidry....I don’t care if it’s here, or in the Marines, or anywhere....I promise, I’ll love you no matter what...Just...just love me back...”

(Guidry is quiet for a moment...then...)

Guidry: “I promise...I promise I’ll love you back every moment of your life”

(She nods...then..)

Samantha: “I’ll miss Sam and Brad...I’ll even miss Ron....”

Guidry: “Why?”

Samantha: “We’re leaving....”

Guidry: “Honey....the movie is being filmed on Quantico....Brad, Sam, Ron...they’re coming to DC just after we get there!”

(She pops up...her face bright....)

Samantha; ‘REALLY?”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in courtroom...the easel with the pasteboard still standing in front of the jury..Susan Smith on the stand...Hart sits at her table, staring at Smith....)

Michaels: “Ma’am...?”

Hart: “I know...”

(She gets up....the courtroom is silent....Hart approaches the stand...)

Hart: “Are you aware, Miss Smith....what the damage is when a woman falsely accuses a man of rape?”

Smith: “I’m sure it’s horrible”

Hart: “Yes..it is...”

Smith: “But that’s not the case here”

Hart: “You know...normally, I’d ask the judge to instruct you to just answer my questions...but...I think today....I’m going to give you some rope, Miss Smith...”

Smith: “Hoping I’ll hang myself? (chuckle) “Not likely”

(Hart smiles...)

Hart: “Maybe not...I guess we’ll have to wait and see, won’t we?”

Smith: “Wait and see all you want...it’s not happening”

(The DA hangs his head...shakes it....)

Hart: “Your honor?...”

(The judge looks at the witness...then at the DA....The DA nods his head...)

Judge: “The defense is about to ask me if she can treat the witness as hostile...Jury members, once a witness displays an antagonistic demeanor, non-compliant, the counselor is then given more leeway in questioning the witness....Yes, Miss Hart..you’ve adequately looped the witness into proving she is indeed hostile...You may proceed with a more....hostile line of questioning....”

Hart: “Thank you, your honor...I imagine that will save me some money”

(The courtroom laughs...Smith turns red...Hart gets directly in front of Smith...)

Hart: “Do you know the penalty for perjury? Let me help you! 10 years minimum! And I’ll make sure you spend every year of it...”

Smith: “But I haven’t lied!”

Hart: “We’ll see, Miss Smith...we’ll see...fortunately for you, I have other plans in mind....For the moment, anyway...then you and me....We’ll dance, Susan Smith....”

(Hart leans closer to Smith...she mouths...”I own you”)

Hart: “Now....the false accusation of rape....”

(She walks to the jury...faces them and speaks...)

Hart: “National Statistics...measured and validated over and over again....”

(She leans towards the jury)

Hart: “Only 2% of all rape accusations are false”

(The jury...all of them...blink...)

Hart: “Now...why would I say that?...Because it’s true...only 2% of reported rapes are deemed not to be credible. 98%? The real deal.....Now....let’s talk about another stat....The estimate is....”

(She turns to the courtroom)

Hart: “The amount of rapes that go unreported is 8 times the number that are reported....That means, ladies, gentlemen....that over 300 rapes...are not reported....(pause) “Sound like a small amount? What if I told you that 300 rapes, 98% of which are credible, are not reported...(leans forward, raises her voice...) “EACH DAY!”

(She lets the statistic sink in....)

Hart: “300 rapes, sexual assaults, an assault of a man upon a woman...every day....do not get reported....Anyone care to guess why?”

(She waits...there is no answer...She turns to the jury)

Hart: “The largest reason is due to the fact that the police either don’t believe the woman, or they tell the woman to calm down and think about it, or they ask the woman if they brought it on themselves..(voice raises) “..THEY ASK IF THEY DESERVED TO BE RAPED!”

(She leans against the jury box...takes some deep breaths....)

Hart: “And the main reason they are not believed are due to false accusations”

(She points to Smith...)

Hart: “Like this one”

(She walks to Michaels...)

Hart: “Royal Michaels....you are a good man...you saw a woman being beaten, and you came to help....I’m so sorry you’re going through this...”

(She turns to the jury)

Hart: “Every time a false accusation is made...and trust me, the media plays the hell out of it...Every time a false rape allegation is made, and discovered as false...The reports of rape drop by over 17 percent....and that drop in rate lasts for over 6 months...”

(She takes some steps towards the gallery)

Hart: “Women don’t get believed as it is....and after a false accusation is made, they are believed so little, so few times, that they give up and don’t report it...They know what they’ll face at the police station...They’ll face ridicule, marginalization, disbelief, and sometimes they’re laughed at....That...ladies and gentlemen, is what a false accusation does to an already almost hopeless charge against a man..A hopeless charge, when 98% of the time, the woman is telling the truth”

(She crosses her arms...walks to Smith)

Hart: “Miss Smith...Did you falsely accuse Corporal Michaels of rape?”

(Smith stares....)

Smith: “NO!”

Hart: ”LIar”

DA: OBJECTION!”

Judge: “OVERRULED!”

Hart: “Miss Smith! Did you falsely accuse Corporal Michaels of rape?”

Hart: “I told you no, bitch!”

(Hart walks swiftly to the easel, flips the pasteboard over...)

Hart: “YOU”RE NOT EVEN SUSAN SMITH! YOU ARE SHEILA TURNBULL, YOU RUN PROSTITUTION FOR THE BAD BOYS WHITE SUPREMACY GANG, YOU PROVIDED PROSTITUTES TO THE METRO POLICE TO CHANGE YOUR IDENTITY, AND YOU SET THIS MAN UP TO GET REVENGE!...THIS IS THE REAL YOU!”

(The other side of the pasteboard shows a mug shot of Sheila Turnbull....the charge...Prostitution)

Smith/Sheila: “THEY MADE ME DO IT!”

(The courtroom erupts in chaos.....the judge is banging his gavel, yelling at the bailiff to take Turnbull into custody.., the DA is yelling about withholding evidence...The judge continues to bang his gavel... Michaels sits, calmly smiling at his attorney....a proud look on his face..he nods to her...Hart stands, arms crossed...nodding back to Michaels.....tears running down her cheeks...She mouths to him over the uproar)

Hart: “Thank you....thank you for being so brave”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS bullpen, morning, Torres and Bishop pulling badges and weapons out of the desk drawers)

Torres: “We meet them at the hotel, one hour, then to the movie set. You have the route?”

Bishop: “Yep...”

Torres: “You have the keys to the car?”

Bishop: ‘Uh huh”

Torres: “So.....”

Bishop: “Nope”

(Torres rolls his eyes....)

Torres: “Bish!...I hate your driving! You go too slow!”

Bishop: ‘No, Torres, I drive safe! You evidently took your driving lessons from Ziva!”

Torres: “Hey..that’s no bueno....My driving record is perfect!”

Bishop: “And the wake of destruction you leave behind from people dodging you and running off the road?”

(Torres thinks.....)

Torres: “They should be more watchful...you know? So...”

(They are interrupted by another voice...)

“Stood up again....Torres...I’m beginning to think you’re seeing someone else...”

(Torres and Bishop snap their heads around, see Dil standing outside the bullpen...Torres looks up at the ceiling, eyes close tight)

Torres: “Oh no..Amigo...I forgot....We had training today at the base!”

Dil: “Uh huh...rock climbing....and I was gonna whip your butt...again...”

Bishop: ‘What?..You two have a date? “Nick…Dil...is there something I need to know here?”

(Torres looks at Bishop, cocks head, curious...Dil looks at Bishop, cocks head, curious look....Bishop looks at them side by side....eyes open wide...)

Bishop: “Oh...my...god...You two are turning into each other.....”

Torres: (high pitch voice) “What? Me?...Turning into him?...No way, Bish!”

Dil: “And I refuse to lower my standards, so El...I think you better rethink that...”

(Dil and Torres both cross their arms over their chest, stare at Bishop, waiting for an answer....she looks, starts laughing....)

Bishop: “Of course...what was I thinking....Hey, Dil...We’re babysitting a movie star and Sam....you want to tag along....?”

(pause)

Bishop: “You know….you two can sit in the back seat, compare biceps….”

(Dil holds his truck keys up…..dangles them…)

Dil: “That was funny, Bishop….I’ll drive…you and Torres can sit in the back seat and compare biceps….”

(Dil looks at Torres…grins…)

Dil: “He might win that contest….for once..”

(Torres looks at Dil in shock….)

Torres: “Oh no you did not just say that! My biceps are much bigger than yours! Aye carumba….”

(Torres continues to rattle of foreign language insults…Bishop shakes her head, starts walking towards the elevator….)

Bishop: ‘Dil….you do drive safely…right?”

Dil: “Uh….define safe…..”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens outside DC Municipal Courts building…Gibbs and McGee parked in front of the building in a ‘no parking’ zone, standing by the NCIS sedan, waiting….Traffice cop comes up, both flip their badges, cop waves, turns around…They see Hart exit the building, she starts walking down the long granite steps…and she sees them…she stops…stares at them…then continues walking down the steps to them…)

Hart: “Gibbs…McGee…To what do I owe this honor?…I’m busy right now…so make it quick”

Gibbs: “There’s a hit out on you”

(Her eyes widen for a moment…..)

Hart: “Okay…that was quick…So..Brooks wants me killed? Already? I just filed the complaint!”

(Gibbs stares at her a moment....)

Gibbs: “Brooks?”

(Hart thinks...)

Hart: “Who then?”

McGee: “The White Supremacists...2nd in command....Andy Murtaugh”

Hart: “Why?”

Gibbs: “Why do you think, Hart? Revenge, make a statement, take your pick....You just made them Public Enemy number 1”

Hart: “And you’re here to protect me?”

Gibbs; “No, Hart, we’re here to paint a bullseye on you....(pause) “Hell yes, we’re here to protect you!”

Hart: “No...I can take care of myself”

(Gibbs stares for a moment....then...)

Gibbs: “Works for me....Come on, McGee....”

(Gibbs walks around the car to the driver’s door of the car....McGee stands still, waiting....Hart crosses her arms over her chest, stares at Gibbs...He has stopped, staring back at Hart....)

Hart: “At least tell me what I’m facing....”

Gibbs: “Then get in the car, Hart...”

Hart: “You are such an ass, Gibbs....”

Gibbs: “Yea...that’s why we get along so well, Hart....Now...get in the car before you get us all shot...I don’t like sharing your bullseye”

(scene shifts to winding road leading to DC Park, high hills, cliffs on the side of the road...Guidry and Samantha driving in a new Cadillac, rented by the studio, Dil, Torres, Bishop following a distance behind, Dil driving, Torres in front passenger seat, Bishop in back, holding onto hand lever above the rear truck door...)

Bishop: “DILBERT! SLOW DOWN!”

Dil: “We were late! We have to catch up! Just hold on, Bishop!”

Bishop: “DIL! I’M A MOTHER! I HAVE A BABY!”

Torres: “Yea dude...I mean...I never wanted to tell you, but your driving...It’s so no bueno, dude....”

Dil: “What? Torres!”

Torres: “Dude...I’m sorry man...I didn’t want to hurt your feelings....you know...”

Bishop: “Didn’t want to hurt his feelings? Torres! What is up with you two?”

(Torres turns around, looks at Bishop...)

Torres: “He is very sensitive....I mean, if I wanted to, I could make him cry”

Dil: “You are so full of it! There’s no way you could....”

Torres: “Your truck is ugly man....”

(Dil gets quiet...looks over at Torres.....)

Torres: “I been meaning to tell you...”

Dil: “I love this truck....”

Torres: “I know...it’s like, you know...part of you...”

Dil: “I designed it....”

Torres: “You ordered options, dude....that’s not designing it”

Dil: “I put on the lift kit....”

Torres: “That’s like a woman putting on a padded bra, amigo...sorry....”

(Dil gets quiet....looks ahead at the road, winding, tires screeching as they take the curves...)

Dil: “We’ll talk about this later....”

(Bishop is watching, jaw dropped....then they take a curve, and can see the Cadillac ahead....)

Torres: “Hey! There they are!”

(Dil says nothing...then...)

Dil: “Your gun is for wusses..even your wife has a bigger gun”

Torres: “WHAT? My gun is muy dangerous, bro! A deadly weapon in the hands of a deadly weapon!”

Dil: “Wuss gun”

Bishop: ‘Guys! We have work to do? Cadillac? Guidry? Samantha? Death threat?”

Torres: “Hey...they’re pulling over....what’s up...?”

(scene shifts to the Cadillac...Guidry driving, pointing out Samantha’s window...both windows down, scenery out the windows scenic...)

Guidry: “Look at that Sam! It’s beautiful!”

(He pulls the car over on a bend, drives slightly off the road, stops the car...to the side, approximately 30 feet away, a cliff...and beyond that, a view of a large, scenic valley....)

Samantha: “Tommy! We’re by a cliff!”

Guidry: “I know! It’s awesome!”

Samantha: “Cliff Tommy! Fall over? Hit? Splat?”

(Guidry unbuckles his seat belt...he unsnaps hers...opens his door)

Guidry: “I’ve got to get some pictures! Come on!”

Samantha: “Oh no..not me...I’m sitting my klutzy butt right here where it’s safe!”

(He pokes his head back into the car, smiles...)

Guidry: “You have a beautiful butt....I’ll be right back....Don’t go anywhere”

Samantha: “I’ll be right here...don’t worry...In the car...away from the cliff...I can’t be trusted near anything that might go wrong....”

(Guidry laughs, pulls his phone out, starts walking towards the edge of the open area...some rocks, gravel, bare dirt....)

(scene switches to dirt road, up the hill that borders the highway....a black Hummer is seen driving on the dirt road, then stopping....Sean King gets out of the huge vehicle, shades his eyes, looks down the steep hill at the scene of the Cadillac stopping, then a man exiting the car...)

Sean: “Perfect...couldn’t be better if I’d planned it.....”

(He re-enters the Hummer...he backs it up, turns the wheel...then the huge vehicle, cast iron grill guard on front, starts pulling off the dirt road, then down the hill.....The Cadillac can be seen through the windshield, almost a 100 yards ahead....The Hummer bounces over ruts, swerves in between trees....then enters the clearing, only 50 yards from the Cadillac....He smiles to himself...He hits the radio button....AC/DC’s ‘Thunderstruck’ begins blaring throughout the cab of the Hummer.....Sean’s eyes get wide as the Cadillac draws closer....then a smile forms on his face)

(Scene shifts to Dil’s truck...they start to pull over as they see the Cadillac....)

Torres: “Man..Guidry is way too close to the edge...”

Dil; “Sam’s in the car...smart girl....”

(Bishop looks around....then up the hill to the left, she sees the Hummer hurtling towards the Cadillac.....)

Bishop: “THREAT! 10 O’CLOCK!”

(scene shifts to the Cadillac....Samantha hears an engine roar....she looks out the driver’s door window, and sees this huge vehicle bearing down on her....She screams....Then her world turns to chaos as the Hummer crashes into the driver’s door, driving the Cadillac towards the edge of the cliff and her into the driver’s seat)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in NCIS sedan, Gibbs and McGee finish filling Hart in....Hart, in the back seat, is silent...looking out the window...)

Hart: “So, now I’ve got to worry about two of them...”

McGee: “Two? Who’s the other...?”

Hart: “Carter Brooks”

McGee: “Attorney Carter Brooks?”

(Hart nods...)

Hart: “You’ll read about it online soon enough...might as well tell you...”

Gibbs: “Ya think, Hart?”

Hart: “Shut up, Gibbs!...”

(Gibbs shakes his head....Hart turns to both of them sitting in the front of the car)

Hart: “I filed rape charges on Brooks...from 20 years ago....”

Gibbs: “20 years? Jesus Hart...”

Hart: “It’s your fault, Gibbs....”

Gibbs; “My fault?”

Hart: “Yes..you....If you hadn’t saddled me with Royal Michaels...”

(silence)

Hart: “He showed me how brave someone can be...”

(They arrive at Hart’s car.....Gibbs stops the sedan...)

Gibbs; “Give McGee your keys....”

Hart: “What? I don’t need a driver, Gibbs!”

McGee; “Check the car, boss?”

Gibbs; ‘Yea...mirror’s in the trunk”

(McGee exits...trunk pops open....McGee starts looking under the car with the mirror...Gibbs turns to Hart...)

Gibbs; “Hey....I don’t know what you’re facing....but you know, Allison...I’ll help you...”

(Hart stares at Gibbs...)

Hart: “Don’t do it Gibbs....Just don’t...”

Gibbs: “Do what?”

Hart: “The ‘I’ll help you thing...” ..I’m perfectly comfortable despising you, then you switch gears and become a nice guy....I hate it when you do that...”

Gibbs; “Hart...Like it or not, you’re one of us...(he shrugs) “We take care of our own”

(Hart looks out the window...eyes moisten...Gibbs reaches back, takes her hand...she squeezes his hand back...)

Hart: “Thank you”

Gibbs: “Truce? We get past this, then you can go back to despising me again?”

(Hart fights the smile, but the smile wins....)

Hart: “I hate you, Gibbs....”

Gibbs: “Yea..I’m a hateable fellow!”

(She squeezes his hand again....)

Hart: “Thank you”

(McGee comes back...)

McGee: “All clear...nothing I can see....”

Gibbs: “We’ll follow you to your house...McGee can do a sweep, then he has some gatchedy stuff he wants to put in your place....”

Hart; “Gatchedy stuff? Gibbs...do you mean hi-tech surveillance, video, digital visual and online firewalls?”

(Gibbs looks at McGee...McGee nods to him...)

Gibbs: “Yea...that’s what I said!”

(Hart chuckles.....gets out of the car....Gibbs exits also....Hart watches as she sees Gibbs and McGee both scanning the parking lot....She whispers to herself..)

Hart: “They’re serious.....”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Dil’s truck...They see the Hummer hurtling towards the Cadillac....Dil slides the truck to a stop on the gravel, just as the Hummer crashes into the Cadillac...Samantha’s screams can be heard over the crunching of metal then the roar of the Hummer’s engine as it continues to push the car towards the edge of the cliff...Guidry sees the Cadillac coming towards him, instinctively, he jumps out of the way...)

(scene shifts to Dil’s truck)

Dil: “BISHOP! TAKE THE DRIVER! TORRES! HOOK ME UP!”

(Bishop pulls her weapon, runs towards the Hummer, firing two shots at the passenger door window...cracks appear, no penetration...the Hummer stops as the Cadillac reaches the edge of the cliff, the rocks in the soft dirt start to give way under the weight of the car.....Samantha is climbing towards the open driver’s door window, the massive bumper guard pulling away, getting ready to ram the Cadillac again)

Bishop: “BULLETPROOF!”

(she runs towards the Hummer.....)

(Scene shifts to the Cadillac...Samantha is halfway out the driver’s window, then the car slides..the edge gives way...then the car slowly slides over the cliff....she screams.....and hears...)

Guidry: “MY WRIST! GRAB MY WRIST!”

(Guidry reaches the car, dives in the air towards her extended arms, grabbing one of them by the wrist....just as the car falls over the edge, hurtling 900 feet downward, Samantha sliding out the window, held by Guidry's grip, both of them on the ground....)

(scene shifts to Bishop...Sean King has exited the Hummer, automatic weapon in hand, running towards Guidry....)

Sean: "DIE TRAITOR!"

(Sean stops, takes aim.....)

(Bishop runs...sights while running....two round leave her weapon just as Sean pulls the trigger....6 geysers of dust and rock spew up next to Guidry....then Sean King falls to the ground, the gun falling out of his hands....)

(scene shifts to Guidry and Samantha....Guidry can be seen laying on the ground, face down, arm extended over the edge of the cliff....Samantha, holding onto his wrist, dangles downward, hanging over the edge...a thousand feet of space below her....)

Guidry: "I WON"T LET GO! I WON"T LET YOU GO!"

(The ground beneath Guidry starts to crumble....the weight of Samantha is pulling him over the cliff....Samantha looks up at him...her face full of terrible fear..)

Samantha: "I'm pulling you down! Tommy! I'm pulling you down!"

Guidry: "DON"T YOU DARE LET GO! NO!"

(Her face calms....she looks at her hand, holding his wrist....then up at him....Guidry can see her thoughts...He screams...)

Guidry: "NO! I WON"T LET GO! I"LL NEVER LET GO!"

(She gives him a sad smile....)

Samantha: "I know..."

(Guidry's body slides more, small pebbles fall onto Samantha's shoulders...)

Samantha; "I love you Tommy Guidry....I love you so much..."

(Then she opens her grip on his wrist....He clenches his hand more...but the sweat is slippery....and her wrist, then her hand, slips out of his grasp...and then his hand is empty)

Guidry: “NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

(She looks up at him, mouths..”I Love you”...then closes her eyes as she falls....Guidry’s screams fill the valley, echoing)

(scene shifts to Dil and Torres....Torres has expertly dropped the climbing rig over Dil’s shoulders, pulls the straps tightening it...Dil turns around, hears the click as Torres attaches the climbing rope to the back of the harness with the metal latch...Dil sprints towards Guidry and Samantha)

Dil: “The ledge won’t hold! SPOT ME, TORRES!”

(Dil sprints...the black climbing rope trailing behind him...Torres grabs the end of the rope and begins twirling it around his forearm....Torres runs towards the edge of the cliff, stops. Digs heels into the ground, then sits, further pressing the heels of his boots into the gravel and rock....Dil and Torres both can see Guidry holding Samantha as she dangles over the edge....then just as Guidry screams Samantha’s name, Dil reaches the edge of the cliff, jumps straight up, then turns his body downward. Like an olympic diver....and flies off the edge....Torres watches as the climbing rope races off the ground, Dil’s body swiftly carrying it with him as he falls...Torres takes a breath, and waits...He grips the rope as tight as he can....Then the rope suddenly snaps tight.....Torres screams as the rope tries to pull out of his hands and arms, his boots sliding as Dil’s momentum and body weight hit the end of the rope...)

(scene switches to Dil...He’s reached the edge of the cliff, and he sees Samantha is going to let loose of her grip....He instantly calculates the angle, where she will be in 5 seconds...He dives off the cliff at an angle below her....The side of the cliff races by him as he falls...He can see her....she’s falling, eyes closed, waiting to die...He approaches her fast...he extends his arms....And pounds into her, instantly wrapping his arms around her, pulling her into him, then the rope snaps tight....the sudden stop of momentum causes her to fly out of Dil’s grip...He darts one hand out, catches her flailing wrist as it flies by his face....and he has her....dangling by one hand, being held by something....She

looks up, in shock.....and sees Dil, swinging on a rope latched to his back, facing down..holding her....He gives her a smile...)

Dil: “Don’t let go again!”

(She looks down....then up at him....)

Samantha: “DON”T WORRY! I WON”T!”

(Then they fall a foot. Samantha lets out a shriek....Dil looks up...gravel is falling off the edge of the cliff above them)

(scene shifts to Torres....the ground gives way under his boots...his body slides a foot....He desperately tries to dig his boots into the ground, desperately trying to stop his slide towards the edge....He can’t....He screams...)

Torres; “NO! NO!”

(He feels himself sliding more....Then another pair of boots lands by his thighs....)

Bishop; “I GOT YOU NICK!”

(Bishop sits quickly on the ground behind him....her legs on both sides of him, her own boots digging in, trying to stop the slide....She presses her heels deeper into the ground....The edge of the cliff is only 5 feet away....and they stop....)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in Hart’s house...McGee looks around, admiring the furnishings....)

McGee: “Nice house, ma’am...”

(Hart looks around....)

Hart; “It’s home...”

Gibbs: “McGee...her office is through those French doors....”

(McGee looks at Gibbs curiously.....Gibbs rolls his eyes...)

Gibbs; “Yes, McGee...I’ve been here before....No, McGee...not for that!”

(Hart stares at Gibbs....raises her eyebrows...)

Hart: “Gibbs...if you were the last man on earth, and the survival of the human race depended on us producing children.....”

(Gibbs looks at her in mild surprise)

Gibbs: “I’d say no....I don’t care how much you begged”

(Hart stares back...then laughs.....)

Hart: “Come on Gibbs...Show McGee around...I’ll get us some bourbon...”

Gibbs; “Trying to get me drunk, Hart?”

(Hart laughs...)

Hart: “No...It’s for me...damn Gibbs...the thought of you and me? (pause) “I need a drink...”

(McGee watches the exchange, shaking his head....He heads for her office....Hart comes back with a bottle of bourbon, three glasses....Gibbs takes two...Hart fills all three....Gibbs slams down both his....)

Hart: “Gibbs! One was for McGee!”

Gibbs; “He’s working...can’t drink”

(Hart nods....)

Hart: “Okay...works for me”

(McGee is seen going through Hart’s computer.....)

Hart: “You’ll need my password, McGee”

McGee: “Uh huh”

Hart: “It’s.....”

McGee: “LawBitch101...I got it...”

(Hart looks at McGee in shock....McGee grins...)

McGee: “It was predictable ma’am....sorry”

(McGee clicky clacks.....stares at the computer screen....)

McGee; “Miss Hart?”

Hart: “Yes?”

McGee: “Why do you have your TripFinder linked to your calendar?”

Hart: “My what to my what?”

McGee: “It’s major exec software...it reads your calendar, then plans the best route for where you say you’re going..it links your contacts, previous map searches....it’s designed for executives to help them with time management...”

Hart: “I don’t have any such thing! It sounds useful though.....”

McGee; “Well, you have it...installed 2 days ago...”

Hart: “I didn’t! No one has touched my computer but me...”

Gibbs; “McGee...what else does it do?”

McGee; “It can also be used to anticipate where you’ll be going....It can give whoever is looking at the software, where you’re going to be before you get there...”

Gibbs: “Tracking?”

McGee: “No...Tracking allows someone to follow her....this will allow the person to be waiting on her before she gets there.....(pause) “Boss....”

Gibbs “Yea...I know...”

McGee; “This is showing them where they can kill her”

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens at cliffside....Torres, Bishop, Guidry pulling on the rope...Finally, a wearied Samantha is tossed over the edge of the cliff, landing on her

back.....One of Dil's arms is seen coming over the edge....Torres runs to the edge, grabs Dil's other arm....pulls him up....Dil sits on the ground, breathing hard....)

Torres: "Dude! You are crazy!"

Dil: "I almost missed her....."

(Samantha looks at Guidry....he is staring at her....Bishop stands, next to Guidry, one hand on his shoulder, dusting her pants...Guidry, shaking, finally speaks to her)

Guidry: "Don't....don't ever....let go....again..."

(She shakes her head.....her arms are hugging her own body....then her eyes open wide....in the background, Sean King can be seen getting up off the ground, bleeding, but alive....he has the automatic rifle in his hands....)

Samantha; "TOMMY!"

(Guidry turns, sees Sean...)

Guidry: "NO!"

(Guidry snatches Bishop's weapon out of her hip holster...He sees Sean staring at him aiming...screaming)

Sean: "WHY WON"T YOU DIE?"

Guidry: "You tried to kill her....."

(Guidry relaxes...then fires off a round...it hits Sean in the chest...Guidry walks towards him....fires another shot...Sean looks at his stomach...blood pours out...)

Guidry: "SHE WAS GOING TO DIE FOR ME!"

(He fires again....and again....Sean's body jerks at the impact of the slugs...then he falls...Guidry fires again....the bullet hits the dead body, causing it to jerk...Guidry fires again....'click'...the gun is empty....He stands shock still...gun still aimed at the body, his hand now starting to tremble...He feels a soft hand over his gun hand....)

Bishop: “He’s dead this time….it’s over….”

(Guidry looks at Bishop…his face terrified….he releases the gun to her….)

Bishop: “Tommy…she needs you….”

(Guidry turns towards Samantha…she is 10 feet away, standing by Dil…)

Samantha; “Mr. Dil…is he…is he okay?”

Dil: ‘I don’t know…He watched you die for him…then he just killed a man….I don’t know if he’s okay or not”

Samantha: “He needs me….doesn’t he?”

Dil; ”Yea….you both are going to need each other….”

(Scene switches to Guidry and Samantha, facing each other, still apart…)

Guidry: “Don’t…don’t ever let go again, Samantha…I watched you die…I watched you die for me…and at that moment…I’d have rather died with you than lived without you….Don’t let go…ever again….”

(She shakes her head….)

Samantha; “I’ll promise you so much, Tommy Guidry…but I can’t promise you that…(pause) “If it had been you hanging…instead of me….Would you have let go? Or would you have held on and pulled me with you?”

(He stares at her….his face starts to break….as does hers…..then they finally embrace, holding each other, pulling each other close, refusing to let go…Neither one speak….they just hold onto each other)

(scene fades to black and white)

(scene opens in small electronic workshop…Andy Daughtery, Sean King’s right hand man, stands, talking to an older man, tinkering with a computer…)

Andy: “Doc..tell me again…how does it work?”

Doc: “Simple...but brilliant...I’ve looked at her calendar, she has daily travel habits...I’ve read the onboard computer of her car...(chuckles) “OnStar is a beautiful thing, but easy to hack...She’s predictable...She starts her car with remote start...that arms the C4 pack I gave you...”

Andy: “Yea..it’s in the air filter box....like you said to do”

Doc: “No one checks there, young man...they look under, over, trunk, under dash, even under the hood..but no one takes things apart....”

Andy: “Okay..it’s armed...what triggers it?”

Doc: “Why...the opening of the driver’s door, of course....simplest timer starter there is...”

Andy: “Timer?”

Doc: “Yes...we do want her to get in the car don’t we?”

(Andy smiles....)

Andy: “Oh yea....The engine will be blown right through her body....”

Doc: “10 seconds after she opens the door....Boom...Bye bye bitch....”

(scene shifts to outside the NCIS HQ building...Gibbs, Caprice standing with him, McGee, Torres, Bishop, Dil, standing next to Hart....waiting...Guidry and Samantha standing near the building, Guidry still holding Samantha)

Hart: “Gibbs..you don’t have to provide me Valet service....”

(He shrugs)

Gibbs: ‘We needed to make sure it wouldn’t blow up, Hart....”

(Hart looks at him in surprise)

Hart: “What about the man driving it? Gibbs!”

Gibbs; “MPs swept it....it’s clean...”

(Hart’s Cadillac can be seen pulling up to the curb....an MP gets out, exits quickly....)

Hart: “He looks nervous”

(The MP runs up, hands Hart her valet key...)

Hart; “We’ll talk later, Gibbs...but an agent?”

Gibbs: “You’ll have two NCIS agents with you....they’ll be following you in another car....Now, we have debriefing to do with Hollywood and his girl....There was another attempt”

(Hart looks over at Samantha and Guidry...both are still in shock...She nods....)

Hart: “Thank you Gibbs...McGee? You’re kind of amazing....thank you too”

McGee: “Just doing my job, ma’am...”

(Torres steps forward....)

Torres; “Ma’am...and since you’re under our protection..please... allow me to start your car and get it ready)

(Hart laughs....She pulls out her remote fob, presses a button....the car starts...)

Hart; ‘Remote start Torres..but thank you...”

(Torres takes the fob out of Hart’s hand...presses ‘unlock’....)

Torres; “Hey..it’s the least we can do....”

(Torres walks to her car, opens the door for her....he does an exaggerated bow...)

Torres: “Ma’am..your chariot awaits....”

Bishop: “Torres..you are so goofy....”

Torres; ‘Hey....which reminds me.....I need to thank you for saving me...us....”

(Torres grins, walks towards Bishop)

Hart: “Thank you all...again....”

(The world explodes....the car blows upwards, the explosion knocking all of them over...Torres, the closest, gets picked up and tossed through the air like a ragdoll in a storm...He lands on the grass, on his back...eyes closed...Gibbs sits up, yells out)

Gibbs; “EVERYONE OKAY?”

(They all start to get up....then Bishop screams....)

Bishop: “NIIIIICKKK!”

(Bishop runs to Torres....she falls on the ground by him....rocks him...)

Bishop: “NICK!”

(She feels for a pulse.....She immediately starts compressing his chest...she screams loud)

Bishop; “HELP ME! HE”S NOT BREATHING! HELP ME! SOMEONE HELP ME!”

(Caprice lands next to Bishop...she places a finger on Torres’s neck....Shoves Bishop to one side, clasps her hands together, then begins pounding violently on Torres’s chest...his body jerks each time from the impact....)

Bishop: “CAPRICE! YOU”RE HURTING HIM!”

Caprice; ‘His heart has stopped!”

(Bishop screams)

Bishop: ‘NO! HE’S NOT DEAD! HE’S NOT DEAD!”

(scene fades out to Caprice pounding Torres’s chest, Bishop crying, holding Torres’s head, begging him to live....approaching sirens can be heard in the background.....)

(scene fades to black and white)

THE END OF “FALSE WITNESS”

THE STORY WILL CONTINUE IN THE SEASON 28 PREMIER,

“THE SMALLEST BRIDGE”