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# The General's Daughter

By Christopher Bertolini

I hope everybody's ready  
to have a good time tonight.

**It's 8:**

and It's still a hot one ...

Detail, attention!

Present arms!

ID, please. First Sergeant White,  
please proceed.

I believe I will. Thank you kindly.

Now I give you a great general,  
a great friend ...

'Fighting' Joe Campbell.

At ease.

Thank you. My official retirement  
isn't until next week.

But this here, now,  
tonight, with you ...

... is my real retirement. Because  
you and I have known fear together.  
Shed blood together.

Battled pain and suffering -  
- and all of their foot soldiers.  
We know there's no glamour in death,  
and that no one ever wins a war.

That knowledge  
will bind us together forever.  
That, and a love for this country  
that no bayonet can pierce, -  
- no bullet shatter.

To you.

- Sergeant White here.

- Col. Kent, so drop the accent.

The only thing keeping me alive  
is that cheesy Southern accent.

- How's my guest detective doing?

- Bill, I love being undercover.

I spent the last two weeks sweating  
my ass off in that shitty houseboat.

- You got any sort of time frame?

- I'm meeting Billing tonight.

I'll arrest him

when we make the exchange.

- Good enough. Watch your back.

- Thank you. I believe I will.

Oh, man ...

- Out of gas?

- Yeah.

That's why I'm looking at  
a flat tyre with a pair of pliers.

- 'Uh-oh, she's a captain.'

- Uh-oh, she's a captain.

This looks like the work  
of ten chimpanzees.

The other nine got bored  
and went for a beer.

- I have a lug wrench, can I try?

- If you don't, I'll drag you over.

- Get the spare.

- Yes, ma'am.

Golly dang. If you like pia coladas  
and getting caught in the rain -

- I'll just have to marry you.

You'll have to take this in.

The spare's only good for 30 miles.

If a fella got courageous  
and wanted to send you -

- a 'thank you' notion or a basket  
of fruit, where might one find you?

- Psy Ops.

- How's that?

Psychological Operations.

I teach there.

What do you teach?

Mostly we fuck with people's minds.

Damn ...

There you go.

Genuine and made in the USA.

Give Dalbert and me 100,000 each  
and you'll see the guns on Sunday.

You get paid when I get the guns.

Listen to me, funny boy. How do  
I know you're not an army cop?

- I'm a freedom fighter.

- Well, check it out, Dalbert.

We got ourselves

Che Fucking Guevara there.

A freedom fighter!

Where's your kooky red hat, boy?

All freedom fighters got them hats.

- Listen to me, stupid ...

- Dalbert, I think it's Freudian ...

- Dalbert, you wanna hear a joke?

- No.

How many freedom fighters does  
it take to screw in a light bulb?

- I don't know.

- Come on, relax.

He don't sound like  
no criminal investigator to me.

You're all right, pal.

I'm sorry about that.

We get a little jumpy  
before an exchange.

We'll see you Sunday.

- I'll be there.

- Yeah, you be there.

Unclench your ass cheeks, Dalbert,  
the scary part is over.

You need your oil changed?

No. This is a token  
of my appreciation.

- These are strange chocolates.

- They're bath products.

- Bath products.

- Bath products?

- Should I take a hint?

- No. Everybody likes bath products.

- Do you?

- Yes, I do.

- Tell me what you like about them.

- I like the pink soaps ...

I like the skin softener, and I  
particularly like the bath beads.

Sometimes I fill the tub with  
skin softeners and bath beads.

I light a few candles, put on some  
Coltrane and soak my troubles away.

Very good, First Sergeant. I levied  
an accusation of sexism at you -

- and you took it three times  
around the dance floor.

Not really. I just dig bath beads.

Well, thank you.

Maybe I'll see you around.

- Am I being dismissed?

- Do you mind? I have a ton of work.

No.

I just came by to give you that.

Thank you. That was sweet.

How's the tyre?

- Still rolling, ma'am.

- I'm glad.

- Well, goodbye, First Sergeant.

- Goodbye, Captain.

Gen. Campbell is being considered for the vice-presidency.

Sources say presidential candidate Bill Post is poised to select him -  
- as his running mate. Earlier this year, Campbell spoke at West Point. Meant as a non-partisan appearance, it played like a stump speech.

Leading this country,  
that is your destiny.

Get way over to that car.

Take it into the door.

Backing out.

- Snagged.

- On what?

I don't know.

Let's take a look.

Phone call for Paul Brenner.

- What did you say your name is?

- Frank White.

- You military?

- I'm a sergeant at the armoury.

- CID Agent Brenner!

- Suddenly he's blasting away.

You military boys got stories more full of holes than a target range.

Sorry, Pop. It's Col. Kent.

Is there a Brenner here?

- I'm Brenner.

- I thought you was White.

I'm both.

Skunked you, Chief Yardley.  
Hey, Bill. No, it's over.  
Billing's dead.  
All right, I'll see you there.  
Hold on, soldier boy.  
Tell me about this Mr Billing.  
Soldier boy?  
Okay, Chiefy, if you have to know.  
I was planning to arrest him  
in the morning.  
But I guess he got wind  
I was with the CID. See you.  
- Good morning, sir. Where to?  
- Urban Warfare site.  
- You have business there?  
- Yes, I do.  
- Hey, Bill.  
- Hello, Paul.  
What have we got here?  
Tortured, raped and murdered.  
- Who found the body?  
- A bomb squad crew doing exercises.  
First on the scene  
was a PFC Robbins.  
- Is he a suspect?  
- She, so I sincerely doubt it.  
Six of my boys are securing  
the scene. Nothing's been touched.  
Oh, no ...  
- What is it?  
- I met her the other day.  
Damn ...  
What a shame.  
Lovely lady.  
All right, let's see.  
We got some rigor here.  
Petechial haemorrhaging,  
which is consistent with asphyxia.  
Strangulation, you think?  
I'm assuming that,  
but there's no tear in the panties -  
- and no obvious sign of semen.  
- Is that hers?  
- Yeah.

- Why is she here?  
- HQ called her.  
- Rape counsellor. Sarah Sunhill.  
- The victim can't use counselling.  
She's also a rape investigator.  
She was on her way to an assignment.  
- She agreed to stay on for this.  
- Aren't we lucky?  
Get Forensics, talk to Cal Seaver.  
Get a 50-yard grid around the body.  
Make resin casts of the boot prints.  
Let's see who was here, and when.  
We also need Capt. Campbell's  
personal and medical records.  
- I already did that.  
- Thank you.  
- Sarah Sunhill, Paul Brenner.  
- And book Sgt. Dalbert Elkins.  
He's the one  
who started the arms deal.  
She walked barefoot from here  
to where she died.  
There's smudge marks on her heels  
and the asphalt. Where did she live?  
- Where's Victory Gardens?  
- Off-post.  
- I have to go there.  
- I'll have the chief meet us there.  
I don't want to work with Yardley.  
You can't search a civilian house  
without a civilian search warrant.  
You need civilian authority.  
- We protect Brenner from himself.  
- Does she have family here?  
- Of course.  
- I suggest you notify them.  
- You're kidding, right?  
- Kidding about what?  
It's Elisabeth Campbell.  
She's his kid.  
- I thought you knew.  
- No, I didn't.  
The general's daughter.  
- What are you doing?

- I feel queasy.
- Well, hop on, I'll burp you.
- Drive the car, Paul.
- I thought you were queasy.
- Drive the car, Paul.
- I don't want this to be awkward.
- Why would it be awkward?
- You're pouting.
- This is not pouting.
- Okay, sulky petulance, then.
- Wrong again.

I'm just thinking about Brussels.

We'll always have Brussels.

- Where?

- The capital of Belgium.

Why?

Why is it the capital,  
or why will we always have it?

Why was she murdered?

Profit, revenge, jealousy,  
conceal a crime, avoid disgrace -

- or homicidal mania.

Right there in the manual.

Oh, boy ...

Hello,

we're here to see the general.

I'm Capt. Elby, the general's aide.

Col. Fowler, the general's adjutant,  
will take you in. Please wait here.

- He's cute.

- Oh, please ...

He probably practises his salute  
in the mirror ...

Please, come in,

and thank you for coming.

General,

the ClD investigators are here.

Warrant Officers

Paul Brenner and Sarah Sunhill.

- Our deepest condolences.

- Very sorry for your loss, sir.

Thank you.

Please, be seated.

First, I want you to know

you have my full co-operation -  
- and the co-operation  
of everyone on this base.  
- You understand the time element?  
- Time element? No, sir.  
After 36 hours, the FBI will send in  
a task force to investigate.  
The general can keep a lid on it  
through tomorrow.  
Once the FBI moves in, the media  
will be all over. My daughters ...  
They'll turn Capt. Campbell's death  
into a goddam circus.  
- We'll do everything we can, sir.  
- I'm sure you will.  
Let me be blunt. You'll have to  
decide on this one, Paul.  
Are you a soldier or a policeman?  
- I'm a soldier, sir.  
- I'm counting on it.  
- Sir, I met your daughter.  
- Really? When was that?  
It was just a coincidence.  
She helped me change a tyre.  
She could do almost anything.  
Her mother was the same way.  
Fix a tyre,  
bake a hell of a Key Lime pie.  
Speak five languages.  
Extraordinary woman.  
Two extraordinary women.  
Goddam waste.  
If there's anything else  
we can do for you at this time ...  
Just ...  
- Just find the son of a bitch.  
- Yes, sir.  
Sir ...  
When I enlisted I was under-age.  
They sent me straight to Vietnam.  
You were my commander.  
You were a captain.  
And I was so scared.  
One day, when I was on watch,

you came by and you saw the fear.  
You said, ''Where are you from?''  
I said, ''Boston.''  
You said, ''Did you know that  
last night Boston won -  
- against St Louis  
in the sixth game of the series?''  
I knew then  
that I was going to get through it.  
- Boston lost that series.  
- Yes, but I made it home.  
We'll find the son of a bitch, sir.  
Mr Brenner ...  
I understand  
you have special arrest powers, -  
- but I'd like you to notify me  
before you arrest anyone.  
Why is that, sir?  
We don't like our personnel arrested  
by outsiders without our knowing.  
There are three ways

**of doing things:**

The right way, the wrong way  
and the army way.  
See that, in doing it your way,  
you don't forget about the army way.  
Our job at Psy Ops is to blunt  
the enemy's will to fight.  
You must know  
the habits of the enemy, -  
-the anxieties and fears,  
to determine vulnerability.  
To engage the enemy,  
you must know him inside out.  
You must fill him with fear.  
And not just fear of dying.  
Fear of grotesque wounds  
is more terrifying.  
''Grotesque wounds''.  
I'll show you mine  
if you show me yours.  
Might I ask what you are doing  
in Capt. Campbell's office?

- That depends on who you are.  
- Colonel Robert Moore.  
Capt. Campbell's commanding officer.  
And you are ..?  
Criminal Investigation Division.  
Sunhill and Brenner.  
- And you're investigating ..?  
- The murder of Capt. Campbell.  
And now that we know who you are,  
we'll need to speak to you, Colonel.  
I just have ...  
I have a meeting.  
We can file Col. Moore  
under ''last to know''.  
- Are you married?  
- None of your business.  
She wasn't a hypochondriac,  
she didn't dye her hair -  
- and she keeps her method  
of birth control somewhere else.  
Or she required her men  
to wear condoms.  
Haven't you heard they're  
in fashion again because of disease?  
Nowadays you have to boil people  
before you sleep with them.  
My ... This was one  
squared-away soldier.  
Equally prepared for a military ball  
or the next war in the jungle.  
Liz, hi. Pick up, It's Robert.  
I haven't heard from you,  
so call me, please.  
Robert.  
Surprise, surprise ...  
Paul.  
Move aside. Man with a gun.  
There's nothing here. Let's go.  
There's a false wall.  
This is it.  
Oh, God ...  
What have we got here?  
Ten bucks says these are not  
the lost ''Honeymooners'' episodes.

Well, how she died does appear to be linked to how she lived. We need to hold on to these tapes until we need them. We send this all to the ClD lab -  
- and take our chances with the local police.  
- Is this Paul Brenner speaking?  
- Career army officer, not the cop.  
- Her killer might be on that tape.  
- This evidence can ruin lives. Including the general's. We take the tapes, use them when we need them, let ClD do their job -  
- and keep all non-military out of this. Okay?  
Okay.  
I'll call Kent.  
- All right. Here.  
- Thanks.  
The phone's down.  
I'll use the cell in the car.  
Paul? Paul!  
- Did you make out a face?  
- Flat, steel, used to clear snow. Come on!  
Did you marry that guy you were seeing on the side?  
- This isn't exactly the time ...  
- Humour me. I'm near concussed.  
- Did you or did you not marry him?  
- I was seeing you on the side.  
Fine ...  
So how is the boy major?  
He was annoyed when I saw him in Brussels with a gun in his hand. Make a hole!  
Identification, please.  
- You're working on the murder case?  
- Yes, and this is my father.  
- What happened to you?  
- I went off-post without authority.  
- Per your request.  
- Is this her entire record file?

- That's it. Come up with anything?
- Just a preliminary suspect list.
- Already? Who?
- Everyone.
- You ought to start getting alibis.
- Okay, how about you?

Home in bed when the tower called.

Where were you last night?

- I was busy killing someone else.
- A likely story. And you?

I worked on my report until midnight and then I went home.

- No witnesses.
- Pathetic, the both of you.

If you'd invited me up to your room, we'd have an alibi.

I would rather be a murder suspect.

- Don't encourage her.
- By the way, Cal Seavers here.

Don't say anything about his hair.

He doesn't have any.

- Cal, shouldn't you wear a hat?
- What the hell happened to you?

Not everybody loves me as much as you do. This is Sarah Sunhill. The entire world walked around this body. There's 50 boot prints.

- Have you found the clothes yet?
- No. I found us an empty hangar.
- Good. Have everything taken there.
- Any trace of semen?

I can't find any. The coroner will run vaginal, oral and anal swabs.

- It is a strange rape.
- Why do you say that?

Our guy wasn't just a rapist, he was a premeditated killer.

He set up a rape kit, tent pegs and rope, and he used it.

There are no signs of a struggle.

She was strong, but there's no dirt under her fingernails.

And how did he hold a gun and tie the ropes? Unless he wasn't alone.

What are those marks on her cheeks?  
Those were tears. The panties under  
the rope to protect her neck ...

What's a little rope burn  
if you're going to kill somebody?

- Sunhill's good.
- Oh, yeah. Sunhill has spoken.
- Could you see the body from here?
- No, but I saw the headlights.
- The headlights?
- I hated that it was her.
- You knew her, then?
- No, but ...

Capt. Campbell was real good  
to female enlisted.

- How so?
- She organised meetings for us ...

There's a lot of shit,  
if you're a woman in the army, -  
- that you got to put up with. Some  
people don't like that we're here.  
But Capt. Campbell encouraged us ...

- I'm sorry.
- You're allowed to cry.

Didn't you think the headlights were  
someone coming home or something?

Sometimes  
people go out there to fuck.

Pardon my French.

But that's what I thought  
the first time.

The first time I saw the headlights

**was at 03:**

They went away,  
then they came back at 03:30.

Then they went away again  
and came back at 04:00.

Thank you.

What's going on, Bill?

What are you doing here, Yardley?

- You got a lot of explaining to do.
- What is your official business?

My official business here is to ask

why MPs are hauling furniture -  
- out of an off-post residence  
belonging to a murder victim.  
The family of the deceased asked me  
to transport those items here.  
Remind me to call Gen. Campbell and  
suggest that I transport the items.  
- Jesus, Paul ...  
- You know what you need, Chief?  
A pair of mirrored sunglasses  
for you and the little one.  
That would really  
complete the picture.  
So, did you ever marry  
Major What's-his-name with the gun?  
Yes, I did.  
Congratulations. I'm very happy  
for you and wish you both the best.  
- I filed for divorce.  
- Good.  
Thank you.  
Two club sodas, please.  
- You should see her records.  
- There's your new boyfriend.  
Valedictorian in high school. Super  
athlete. West Point, like her dad.  
There's a guy who knows  
how to have a good time.  
Paul, look at me.  
I think something happened there.  
She went to shit her sophomore year.  
She barely got through school.  
She got a degree,  
but she was never quite the same.  
- I thought you hated these places.  
- Yes, but the murderer may be here.  
Sitting all smug and shiny,  
until we walked in.  
Now, maybe he's a little less smug  
and a little less shiny.  
And that's pretty cool.  
Don't you think?  
And you? I hope Brussels wasn't  
the last time you had a woman.

You avoided a confrontation with my fianc, like I wasn't worth it. He threatened to kill me. Discretion is the better part of valour.

- Weren't you decorated for valour?

- Oh, please ...

Sometimes you have to fight for what you want ... if you want it.

I was decorated for charging up a hill that I didn't need or want.

Besides, I don't remember getting any encouragement from you.

Maybe I wanted you

to take me away from him.

That's telepathy, not communication.

Let's talk about this next week.

- Just one more thing.

- Is this next week?

You're such a sharp detective, but you don't know a thing about women.

You know, you're very cute when I'm mad at you.

However, if you'll excuse me, I'll take my anger out on someone else.

- Ridiculous behaviour earlier.

- We didn't let you see it coming.

Liz was my protge.

At least, I like to think she was.

We were very close.

- Please, sit down.

- You worked together regularly?

- Absolutely.

- Did you play together?

What a truly excellent question.

That's one of the things we teach here at Psy Ops.

Threatening quietly. Think of the echoes inherent in those four words.

'Did you play together? '

Did you go out with her?

Did you fuck her?

Did you love her? If you did, did you love her enough to murder her?

I meant, did you play

golf or tennis or something?

- No, you didn't.

- No, I didn't.

Now we both know we're smart guys.

Do you think I'm involved in this?

- One way or another, yes, I do.

- I happen to know a good attorney.

**Two problems:**

There are no good ones.

Second, you're not a civilian.

You have no right to an attorney.

You have no right to remain silent.

If you don't co-operate,

I'll put you in jail.

- You see what you're doing here?

- Looking for answers.

But how?

You're trying to make me like you.

And you know what?

It's working. I do.

Do you see what I'm trying to do?

I'm trying to make you like me, too.

- Do you like me yet?

- Why did you strangle her?

Wrong, sorry.

Not up to your standards.

- Did you go to college?

- What do you think?

- I think you did not.

- Did I make a mistake in grammar?

Even if you had, I wouldn't be

rude enough to point it out.

You have this chip on your shoulder.

A big one. Makes you good

at your job, though, I imagine.

Holds you in good stead when you see

those commissioned officers -

- just waiting for you,

the scoundrel in the rumpled suit, -

- to bring them down. Am I right?

No, I'm just here to kick ass.

Sleep till noon.

And you cover your inadequacies

by condescending to the more robust.

- How am I doing?

- Not bad. Robust, even.

- When did the event transpire?

- **04:**

- My segueway back to the case.

- Subtle. Where were you?

- Snug in bed.

- With the wife, girlfriend, hooker?

I'm divorced. I have no girlfriend,

I live alone and don't use hookers.

I actually have

absolutely no alibi whatsoever.

- Does that make me a killer?

- It makes you lonely and unpopular.

Very good.

Condescending and clever.

No, thank you.

You called her machine. You were

concerned. Jealousy, perhaps?

Perhaps not.

Liz was my friend. I hadn't

heard from her in a couple days ...

Was she involved with anyone?

You mean sexually?

She was seeing a civilian.

A fellow named Yardley.

Police Chief Yardley?

No ... No.

The son. His deputy. Wes.

Wes. Okay.

They'd been seeing each other

off and on.

It's obvious you were very close

to her. What does 'very' mean?

It means ... very.

I was Liz' mentor.

There was a trust.

She was a passionate young woman, -

- but had I ever

taken advantage of that -

- I would have lost the trust.

Did I kill her? Of course not.

Did I love her?

I loved her very much.

Make of that what you will.

- This is what made him famous?

- Yeah, the Ledgeworth City riots.

The whole city was in chaos.

The general quelled it.

Then he brought in his own daughter  
to prove it was safe.

She looks terrified.

- Excellent work.

- I'm heading down to the morgue.

- The report should be in. Coming?

- I have to talk to Cal first.

- So how's Moore?

- Complicated.

Cal, we got the dog tag report.

The prints belong to someone else.

- Who's that?

- Robert Moore.

Smells good.

- What are you doing here?

- I came to ask a question, Bobby.

And the question is?

Why were you so stupid as to  
leave your fingerprints everywhere?

- You panicked.

- I teach panic, remember?

Obviously I didn't plan for things  
to work out this way. Paul ...

I so enjoy it when you take  
the liberty of calling me Bobby.

We're still trying  
to outsmart each other.

Obviously, I cannot tell a lie and  
say I know nothing about all this.

I also, sadly,  
cannot tell the truth.

Silence won't save your ass.

My ass is already in a sling,  
is it not?

You mean the sex tapes?

You're good.

You're good ...

Great question.

Almost any answer incriminates me.

So let's cut the bullshit. We both know I'm pretty much destroyed.

Can you think of any reason why Liz should be destroyed with me?

Can you? I can't, Paul.

I watched the two of you on one of her tapes.

I don't think so. Bluffing is the last desperate act of the weak.

I'll not help you ruin that girl.

She's suffered enough. Leave it.

I'm all you've got.

- Wrong again. Hello, Captain.

- Hello.

Capt. Goodson is my lawyer.

- What you want to say to him ...

- ... I'll say to him.

- You can't bully my client.

- You're under arrest, Bobby.

Conduct unbecoming an officer, accessory after the fact, -

- conspiracy,

making false statements.

And you're close to non-compliance with procedural rules.

- Can I help you, ma'am?

- Just taking another look.

Was the bag

with the victim's clothes -

- going to be picked up

by her killer or by a third party?

- Five Charlie, do you copy?

- This is Five Charlie.

Maybe she was here

for a secret rendezvous.

A tryst.

Maybe the rape fantasy

was part of the thrill.

We all know she had a predilection for the gamier side of sex.

Did she pick a public place because it presented an element of..?

Hold that bitch down!  
Let me get in there.  
This is the army, so tell Brenner  
you don't shit on your brothers.  
Rape investigator, huh?  
Want to know what it feels like?  
Maybe it'll make you better  
at your job.  
Number five.  
- Got yourself a colonel this time?  
- Shut up, Elkins.  
You were acting as her shrink,  
were you not?  
The Elisabeth I met  
was not the woman on the tape.  
There's a direct connection,  
isn't there?  
Are you going to pull  
my fingernails out now?  
What happened sophomore year  
at the Point?  
Murder or accessory to murder!  
Either way, you get burned.  
Nobody's going to bail you out.  
It was awful.  
It was awful. Go ahead.  
- She cheated, she lied, what?  
- Worse.  
- Drugs.  
- Worse.  
Rape.  
- Worse.  
- What's worse than rape?  
When you find that out,  
you'll know everything.  
Tell me  
what the hell happened, Bill.  
The MP says he was ordered to leave  
his post. No record of the call.  
- I'm going to take it further.  
- I'm pulling up, talk to me later.  
- She's fine.  
- Who did it?  
Stupid, Elby. Take off identifying

jewellery before an attack.  
What are you talking about?  
I was in the 'O' club all night.  
She's crazy, and you're crazy.  
Sorry about that. You just can't  
get good Styrofoam these days.  
Let's change the subject. What can  
you tell me about Capt. Campbell?  
She was raped and killed.  
You know what rape usually is?  
It's a woman  
who changes her mind afterward.  
Would you classify your relationship  
with her as an intimate one?  
- You mean, was I fucking her?  
- Yeah, that is what I mean.  
Yeah, I was.  
I only took it for sport fucking.  
I didn't think she'd tell him.  
The bitch told the general. She's  
a freak, and that's what freaks do.  
- Were the general and her close?  
- No. You like your dad?  
He was a drunk and a gambler.  
I worshipped him.  
I think I've said enough.  
Co-operate, and maybe  
we'll keep it out of the report.  
With Elisabeth gone, the general has  
a clear field to settle some scores.  
And I'll be given  
the opportunity to resign.  
Maybe I can save my marriage.  
Great, a Mrs Elby. What does she do,  
aside from waking up and screaming?  
- What do you mean, settle scores?  
- I am done talking to you!  
We just got started. I'll charge you  
for the assault on Agent Sunhill.  
See how you like 40 years  
of sport fucking in prison.  
Okay, dare me.  
Go ahead, motherfucker, dare me.  
I'm going to ask you one more time.

- What do you mean, settle scores?

- Okay, okay ...

When she was alive -

- he couldn't touch her

without embarrassing himself.

He couldn't touch any of us -

- because he knew

she would spill all.

How would it look? The general's daughter, banging his whole staff.

- Everybody. At least, most of them.

- What about the sheriff's son?

No, that was just for show.

She pulled a military train that went through the general's staff, -

- the Judge Advocate,

and people like me in key positions.

What about Col. Fowler?

He once told me

he knew all about this.

And that I was part of the problem.

I think he meant that he wasn't.

- What do you think about this?

- I think it's insane.

Elisabeth once told me -

- she was conducting a field experiment in psychological warfare.

And that the enemy was Daddy.

- You okay?

- I've been better.

I know. Most of them are married, it's grounds for court martial ...

Their lives are over. But it's a hell of a motive for murder.

- Our suspect list is multiplying.

- Now we know who's on the tapes.

Yeah, a bunch of creeps

risking it all for a piece of patch.

Sorry, I get back on the base and it dredges up my alpha male behaviour.

- What's next, lighting your farts?

- Maybe, after we see more.

Where is he?

- Bill, where's Moore?

- He was released.

- Restricted to quarters.

- On whose orders?

Mine. It looked like he was having a coronary. His lawyer complained. He's a murder suspect!

His prints were all over the tags. You never informed us. He was held for conduct unbecoming, not murder. I had no choice.

Moore?

I'm going in.

Oh, my God.

The organics on Elisabeth Campbell came back. There's no sign of rape.

- What are your thoughts on this?

- Apparent suicide.

Close contact wound ...

and I don't buy it.

I'll check his hands for gunpowder residue.

I'll let you know if I find any inconsistencies.

Col. Kent!

Were you aware of Capt. Campbell's extracurricular activities?

- How do you mean?

- You know what I mean.

There were rumours, innuendo.

I always took it as false bravado.

Soldiers bragging,

and that sort of thing.

There was more to it than that.

Mr Brenner.

We'll meet with the general about releasing the official findings.

- What are you talking about?

- Moore was overwhelmed with guilt.

We need to close up shop. We'll give a statement about Moore's suicide.

You don't understand. This is my investigation, and it's still open.

Who the hell do you think you are?

It's over. Over!

- You'd better think of your career.  
- You'd better think of yours.  
You're running a lunatic base here.  
You want to mess with me, Colonel?  
Let's start gauging away.  
You've been warned.  
Move out.  
What are you doing here, Yardley?  
Shouldn't you be out  
night-sticking the coloured folk?  
Wait in the car,  
I want to talk to him.  
Your son Wes,  
we've got to speak to him.  
He was involved with the victim,  
but you neglected to mention it.  
He was on duty when it happened.  
We got tapes of his radio calls.  
Just the same,  
we'll be in touch.  
- Good night.  
- Asshole.  
- What is that?  
- The gods have smiled on you.  
It's a West Point psych report  
and pages from her medical file.  
- What does it say?  
- It says we're going to West Point.  
Yes?  
- Brenner and Sunhill, sir.  
- Come in.  
And talk loud.  
Terrible thing for a shrink to lose.  
Can't hear my patients half  
the time. Considering my patients, -  
- maybe it's a blessing.  
Col. Slesinger ... Do you prefer  
being called Colonel or Doctor?  
I prefer Donald. And I'm assuming  
you didn't fly here to bullshit.  
No, sir.  
It's what I told you on the phone.  
And I told you I can't talk about  
Capt. Campbell. Nothing has changed.

- You were her psychiatrist?

- And a poor one, at that.

And she was at the end of her sophomore year when she came to you.

- She was in a serious depression.

- I take it she's in trouble again?

- Not now.

- That's good.

Well, she's too young to be dead ...

She was strangled, sir.

Mock raped and then strangled.

Goddammit! Goddammit!

I couldn't help her.

I tried, but I couldn't unlock her enough to trust me.

But I still can't talk about her.

No, you can't.

- But you're angry, yes?

- Of course.

Sometimes when I'm angry

I talk to myself out loud.

Do you ever do that,

just sort of rant?

Yes, sometimes.

If you were to rant, and we

happened to be in the vicinity ...

- Free country.

- My thoughts exactly.

She sets the place on fire.

Top woman here.

Pretty as hell. Outdoes most

of the men in the training runs.

At the end of her sophomore year-

- there was a big night exercise.

There must have been

thousands involved.

Lizzy got separated from her group.

Found herself with about

a half a dozen men.

A very dark night. Not only

were the men unknown to her, -

- but they were also

wearing camouflage.

They raped her almost to death.

Raped her all night long.  
Taking turns.  
Stripped her.  
Spread-eagled her.  
Nailed her to the earth with  
tent pegs. Had a whale of a time.  
Threatened to kill her  
if she talked.  
Tied her underwear  
around her throat?  
Lizzy was hospitalised.  
Treated for venereal disease.  
Treated for pregnancy.  
By the time I got to her,  
she had gone away inside.  
- Never let me get close.  
- Who were they? I need a name.  
No. Sorry. Medical ethics.  
I'm going to finish my work here.  
I can't tell you what to do ...  
But you better go back to my office.  
The key's under the mat.  
In her file, you might find  
a notation with a man's name on it.  
It might be worth your while.  
It's up to you. Free country.  
Sorry I couldn't help.  
Beginning our descent  
to Fort Benning, ma'am.  
Now, ranger! Let's go!  
Female on the floor!  
- Capt. Bransford?  
- That would be me.  
What can I do for you, honey?  
Better yet, what can you do for me?  
Well, dear, you can ask  
these other men to excuse us.  
Yeah, that's a CID badge  
you're looking at.  
Looks like I picked  
the wrong woman to ''honey''.  
I'm Sarah Sunhill,  
I'm a rape investigator.  
We need to talk about

Elisabeth Campbell.

Liz and I were classmates  
together at the Point.

I only have one question:

How scared are you right now?

I'm sorry, Miss Sunhill. Is it  
possible you're in the wrong place?

Your heart's racing a little faster.

There's a ball in your throat.

- I think that's enough.

- You can sit your ass back down.

I know you weren't the leader.

- I don't know what you mean.

- You're too weak to have been.

You're just a guy who's got by  
on his smile and his charm.

- You could never lead a rape.

- That's good to know.

Elisabeth was murdered 36 hours ago.

Staked out with tent pegs  
and strangled.

So I'm going to ask you again:

How scared are you right now?

- I was here on the post, lady.

- But you were there for the rape.

- You can't prove shit.

- Dr Slesingers records say I can.

Okay, I went to see Slesinger.

And I told him a story  
that I had heard.

That's what his records say.

It was just a story.

Somebody else's story.

And that's it. Understand?

- What is that?

- What does it look like?

It looks like underwear.

Women's underwear.

Amazing scientific changes  
in the last few years, Captain.

Certain fields,  
it's been incredible.

- If you say so.

- Like DNA.

If it's there, it's there forever.  
But then,  
you probably already knew that.  
Those are hers, aren't they?  
I tried to stop it.  
I did everything I could.  
But they hated her.  
They hated her so much.  
They hated that she was smarter than  
them, that she had to squat to piss.  
I tried to save her,  
but I couldn't make them stop.  
Who were the others?  
It was my recon squad.  
Their names are in the yearbook.  
Liz was my friend.  
Thank you for your co-operation.  
Someone from CID will be in touch.  
What are you doing?  
What about the DNA?  
What DNA?  
I bought those an hour ago.  
So long, honey.  
- That's a positive match?  
- It's only a partial print.  
But it's definitely Fowler's,  
and it's right next to the body.  
We only have today,  
then the Feds will be all over us.  
- I got a lot on my plate just now.  
- I just want to thank you.  
For leaving the medical records  
in the car.  
- Did he instruct you to do it?  
- Not in so many words.  
I knew his wishes. Anything to help.  
You know how much he loved her.  
- Not as much as he loved you.  
- What do you mean?  
The way you came in that night,  
the extra care in making dinner.  
- What do you plan on doing?  
- Not a thing.  
Other than to say I'm sorry

and ask for your help.

- What do you need to know about?
- The recreation of the rape.
- I suppose that's what it was.
- Was it Moore's idea to do this?
- To cleanse her of her past?
- Jesus, no. She thought it up.
- He couldn't talk her out of it.
- He felt so bad he killed himself?

We both know

that's not how it happened.

That's where they screwed up,  
whoever did this.

They didn't know about Bob and me.

Bob could never have killed himself.

These types don't understand that.

Affairs of the heart  
are beyond them.

Okay, so he staged this thing.

Tied her up, got rid of her clothes?

And he had to call the general,  
play him the tape.

The tape?

General ... Brenner.

Paul, come in, please.

Just wanted to say goodbye, sir.

I'm leaving in the morning.

I'm leaving tomorrow, too.

I'm taking Elisabeth to Michigan -

- to be buried next to her mother.

Thank you for everything you did.

I understand

you're still going into politics?

The jury's still out. We'll see.

When you thanked me for what

I had done, what I wanted to say -

- was I really didn't do anything.

Not anything right. I did

a lot of things that were wrong.

You're not responsible for Moore's

death. You followed your instincts.

I'd like to talk about that, sir.

- We all know Moore did it.

- Then we're all in agreement.

But what if it wasn't one car three times, but three different cars? What difference does it make, since Moore is dead? It got me thinking about your daughter, and what she taught. 'Mostly we fuck with people's minds,' she said. Thank you, Brenner. You can go now.

- Tell me about the rape.
- But she wasn't raped.

It was just made to appear that way. The rape at West Point. It was kept confidential for the good of the academy. And the army. And it was best for Elisabeth.

- You were in Germany?
- Berlin. I was stationed there.
- I came back as soon as I heard.
- You went straight from the plane?
- Of course.
- No meeting first?
- Mr Brenner is very well informed.
- It was in her psych records, sir.

It didn't happen that way. George, he's right. The meeting did come first. It was seven years ago. The details get confusing. It was nothing. A quick briefing in a hotel near the Point. General Sonenberg. He was very sympathetic. I want justice for my daughter. I would give anything if this had never happened. But it did. I'm telling you the reality of the situation. We'll never find them. But we do know that a co-ed academy is a good and necessary call. Better one unreported and unvindicated rape -

- than to shake the foundations  
of West Point.

To cast suspicion on a thousand  
soldiers who did not gang-rape her.

All we have to do

is convince your daughter -

- that she, the Academy,

the army and the cause of equality -

- would be best served if she

just forgot about the whole thing.

These are the times we live in, Joe.

He was right.

If it had gone public, -

- it would have permanently  
damaged women in the military.

- It would've destroyed West Point.

- Is that what you told Elisabeth?

Not in so many words, no.

She was in no condition

to understand that then.

I simply tried to tell her

that I loved her.

I loved her very much.

Daddy loves you.

And he's so proud of you.

Rest now.

Try not to think about it anymore.

Listen to me.

I only want what's best for you.

Trust me.

Do you? Like you always did?

Then don't ever think about

any of this again.

I know. It's an awful thing.

A terrible, terrible thing.

But thinking about it won't help it.

So ...

Close your eyes.

It never happened.

None of this ever happened.

Not my finest hour.

You were just doing what you said,

trying to protect her.

I did what I had to.

What I thought best  
for everyone concerned.  
Nothing else could've been done.  
They never would have found them.

- Here you are, sir.

- What is that?

The names of the perpetrators,  
found with a minimum of trouble.

- That's just brilliant.

- Each man will get 20 years.

- I think you'd better go now.

- Fine.

We'll deal with the phone call issue  
tomorrow, before your flight.

What phone call issue?

I have reason to believe Moore  
phoned you the night of the murder.

Why would he have done that?

I think the whole recreation  
of the rape was Elisabeth's idea.

You were going into politics. Maybe  
she thought it was her last chance.

She got Moore to put her in the  
same position that the rapists did.

You weren't in Germany. She wanted  
you to see what you covered up.

- That never happened!

- A gift from Moore's lawyer.

Dad, this is Elisabeth. I need to  
discuss something urgent with you.

Meet me at the mount site  
no later than 03:30 hours.

I have an answer to your ultimatum.

You can't argue with a recording.

I'm sure it was part of her plan.

What does she mean by an ultimatum?

I gave her two options:

Resign her commission,  
or agree to some sort of therapy.

If she rejected both, I'd instruct  
the staff judge advocate -

- to draw up charges

for a general court martial.

- That must seem callous to you.

- You drove out to the mount site?  
Of course. I needed an answer.  
Here's the answer  
to your damn ultimatum.  
Do you see what they did to me?  
Do you see?  
Don't turn away. Come closer.  
See what they put me through!  
What the fuck  
do you hope to accomplish?  
There's a rope around my neck.  
Strangle me or cover it up again.  
Have you gone  
completely out of your mind?  
It happened.  
It happened!  
I want to hear you say it happened!  
I don't give a damn what  
happened to you seven years ago.  
Whatever hurts you  
makes me stronger.  
You can't hurt me anymore.  
- We're even.  
- That's fine with me.  
You never helped me!  
Daddy, please don't go.  
Come back. Please.  
Please ...  
Daddy ...  
So you were in the second car.  
Which means Col. Fowler  
must have been in the third.  
You couldn't expect a man  
to deal with his own child.  
She was screaming  
such vituperations at him.  
Of course not.  
So he called me.  
And he asked me to deal with it.  
I went ... and I found her dead.  
- You found her dead?  
- Of course.  
But you will never get me  
to testify against the general.

What?

I've been by Joe Campbell's side  
too many times.

Looked death in the face with him  
too many times.

- I'll not back down now.

- What are you talking about?

It wasn't like

she didn't give him reason.

- George, for Christ's sake!

- And when we realised ...

... she was fucking everybody ...

... from Bill Kent to Jake Elby,

it was too late for official action.

Col. Fowler!

You'd have to ask for

all their resignations.

- Strangulation, you think?

- And then resign ourselves.

You need civilian authority.

What happened to you?

- You had no choice, sir.

- You think I killed my daughter?

- It'll die with me, Joe.

- You sorry son of a bitch!

- Bill, where's Moore?

- He was released.

Cal, it's me.

Let me speak to Sunhill.

She got in an hour ago,

then went out to the crime scene.

She took the big dog with her.

Capt. America himself.

Kent. It was his idea.

He wants you to meet him there.

Of course he does.

Sunhill!

We've been through this place

a dozen times before.

- Paul?

- Sure, sure ... Paul.

The three of us need to go back

to your office and talk.

Why don't we talk here, if we have

anything important to talk about?

I thought you'd pin it on Moore  
and move on.

- Oh, God.

- I forgot you were a nasty rat.

- Just goes to show you.

- Why did you do it?

Why?

You tell me, you're the expert.

She gave it out all over the post.

The one man who cared about her, -

- the one willing to risk it all,

is the person she doesn't want.

And that's because

she couldn't want anybody.

I just wanted to be with her.

She owned my heart.

She tormented me.

She became my obsession.

So I followed her,

and found her on the range.

On display.

- Elisabeth?

- Get the fuck out of here.

He'll come back. You can't be here.

You'll ruin it all.

- What's all this about?

- Did my father send you?

- Did he send you to shut me up?

- No.

Well, this time I won't be quiet.

This time I'll tell everything.

About him, about you.

I'll tell your wife, your kids ...

Don't touch me!

Get your hands off me!

You repulse me! You're a disgrace!

You're not a soldier. You're not

even a man. You're just a fuck.

I fucked you!

Oh, Christ!

Bill, let's get going.

Come on.

I'm all yours, Paulie.

Before you come closer, don't you  
want to know where you're standing?

- Where am I standing?

- In a minefield.

I buried some Bouncing Betties.

Anti-personnel.

You're reasonably safe,

but little Miss Can't-be Wrong ...

She's deep in the hurt locker.

You remember how the Betty works?

First man trips the primary, -

- the rest of the column walks into  
the blast. Heads, limbs ...

Backtrack.

What shrapnel does

to flesh and bone ...

- Sarah, you're fine.

- God!

- Scared you, didn't I?

- You're an asshole, Kent!

Come on, Bill, it's over.

Yeah, it's over.

But not the way you think.

Attention!

Present arms!

The human eye

can distinguish 16 shades of grey.

A computer,

analysing a fingerprint, -

- can distinguish 256 shades  
of grey, which is impressive.

The human heart,

mind and soul, however, -

- can distinguish an infinite number  
of emotional and moral shadings.

In Psy Ops we deal with the blackest  
of black and the whitest of white.

At ease, soldier.

- Is Col. Fowler coming?

- He's taking much-needed R&R.

He's a good man.

A good man and a good soldier.

Sometimes the lines get blurred,  
but when push comes to shove ...

- He'll do what needs to be done.  
- And what is that, sir?  
Say Moore called him,  
and that I was never out there ...  
He'll do that for me,  
even if it means his career.  
Like a good soldier.  
Nothing is gained by my involvement.  
A letter of commendation  
will be inserted into your file.  
In recognition of  
your exemplary work on this case.  
Remember when I asked you  
if you were a cop or a soldier?  
You're a soldier, Paul.  
And a damn fine one.  
General Campbell ...  
- You're wrong. I'm a bad soldier.  
- Oh? And why is that?  
You really don't get it, do you?  
The only mind Elisabeth  
wanted to fuck with was yours.  
- And you still don't get it.  
- I've done nothing wrong.  
- You killed her.  
- What did you say?  
Seven years ago, when you told her  
to forget about it, you killed her.  
- Kent killed her.  
- He just put her out of her misery.  
I once asked Moore what was  
worse than rape. Now I know.  
Betrayal.  
I loved Elisabeth, but there were  
larger issues to consider.  
You traded her trust  
for your career. You made a deal.  
You kept silent,  
and they gave you another star.  
I'm going to say in my report  
that you left her out there to die.  
- You don't have the balls.  
- Oh, you're wrong, sir.  
- That's just about all I have left.

- You can kiss your career goodbye.  
I'll have you court-martialled, sir.  
Conspiracy to conceal a crime.  
When this all started, I told you  
we'd find the son of a bitch, sir.  
I never expected that  
the son of a bitch would be you.