

Aiding the Enemy

Peg Tittle

© 2025 Peg Tittle

**List of characters:**

Ann Jones

Bareau

Rowdy #1

Rowdy #2

Rowdy #3

Rowdy #4

Delton

Anderson - highest ranking on site (male)

Campbell - high ranking on site (female) - below Anderson, but above the rest

Sharif

Another soldier (for black market scene)

Higher-ranking man (for black market scene)

Guard

Mr. McDonald

Judge

Mr. Tupper

Jones' mother ?

Talk Show Host

Liz Stanford (court reporter)

Anonymous Voice #1

Anonymous Voice #2

Anonymous Voice #3

**List of scenes: [additional scenes may be required for pacing]**

Several scenes to establish setting and characters

Several filler scenes

A rowdy night at the bar (presumably one of many)

The rowdies rape Jones

Jones sees a doctor off-site [optional]

Jones' conversation with Delton

Filler scene/s

Jones' conversation with Campbell (high-ranking female)

Campbell storms into Anderson's office

Jones overhears the rowdies' plan to rape Sharif

Jones' conversation with Bareau re the rowdies' plan to rape Sharif

Jones' visit to Sharif

Jones' conversation with Bareau re weapons sales

Jones in library (optional)

Jones sees black market on-site

Filler scene/s

The two black market rowdies report Jones for the Sharif visit (optional?)

Filler scene/s

Jones is arrested

'Engagement' with the 'real' enemy

Campbell's response to Anderson charging Jones

Jones' conversation with McDonald re plea

Filler scene/s

Court hearing for plea

Filler scene/s

Court trial - arguments

Court trial - verdict

Public response #1

Talk show clip #1

Court re sentence - arguments

Bareau visits Jones  
Campbell gets letter  
Filler scene/s  
Public response #2  
Talk show clip #2  
Campbell visits Jones  
Court re sentence - verdict  
Bareau helps Jones pack  
Talk show clip #3

## Several scenes to establish setting and characters

Truck carrying troop [?] of 15 [?] soldiers, including Jones, Bareau, and some of the rowdies

Jones (no make-up) sits near the front of the bus, initially looking serious and proud; same for Bareau.

The rowdies sit at the back of the bus and are, well, rowdy.

When the rowdies escalate, Jones and Bareau look to the back and show disgust or maybe just ignore it; it's clear that Jones and Bareau are 'cut from a different cloth' ...

Jones and Bareau develop platonic friendship; maybe they give brief details of their 'backstory' on the bus and later when they're on night patrol together; or maybe that would be too obvious, too formulaic.

Private Jones - model cadet, intelligent, dedicated, receives an award at graduation, conservative, very much impressed with the army and hopes to make a career of it (which will make reporting the rape hard, but the rape itself betrays her trust in the army and gets her rethinking everything she thought she knew ...), but I don't want to make it anything like a Hallmark movie; the movie isn't about her, it's about the issues.

### Several filler scenes

Stuff to get/keep interest of male audience so some men, guns, action ...

Stuff to get/keep interest of female audience so some sexism ...

Routine jobs - lifting, carrying

Weapons check - lots of 'lock and load'

Shooting practice - Jones scores highest, doesn't go over well

Hand-to-hand combat - one of the rowdies punches her hard, before she's ready,  
"Oh, sweetheart, you gotta be ready for me" guys laugh, Bareau is stone-faced

## A typical night at the bar (presumably one of many)

Classic bar - dim lights, loud music, raucous ...

There is a lot of male bro bonding and sexual innuendo among the rowdies; Delton (the only other woman present besides Jones), in full make-up and tight jeans, goes along with it, at one point wagging her ass in one guy's face or whatever.

The rowdies make passes at Ms. Sharif, one of the waiters; her complete lack of response, and perhaps mild irritation (mild because she doesn't want to anger them), indicates quite clearly that she's not interested.

Jones (no make-up, no tight jeans) and Bateau are sitting together, as outsiders; there is no indication of anything other than a budding friendship.

The rowdies make passes at Jones, but she is also clear about her lack of interest.

One guy gets pissed off at Jones' lack of interest:

The guy: You know what we call people like you?

Jones: Officer material?

Bateau, surprised and delighted, snorts his beer out his nose.

The guy (not realizing he's been outdone, persists): No, cunts and fags.

(but his comment has lost its bite because Jones has outdone him)

### The rowdies rape Jones

Jones is walking alone at night and Rowdies #1-#4 approach her, make yet another pass at her. She yet again rebuffs them. They grab her and despite her struggle/resistance, pull her into a storage shed [? it would be locked? so ... ?]



**Jones sees a doctor off-site [optional - she reports this later in court, so maybe we don't have to show it?]**

A routine (!) rape exam, including a test for sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV, and including the 'morning-after' pill.

### Jones' conversation with Delton

Jones approaches Delton. [where?]

Delton: Hey, how's it going?

Jones (after a moment): Not well.

Delton: No? It's a bit shit being a woman here, but you'll get used to it.

Jones: (again, hesitation) No, I don't think I will. I was raped last night.

Delton: And ... ?

Jones (surprised at her lack of surprise): What do you mean, "And"?

Delton: Well, all you're saying is you got hazed last night.

Jones (horrified at her trivialization): Is that what you call it?

Delton: Oh don't go all prissy. It's for your own good.

Jones looks at her in shocked disbelief.

Jones: For my own good?

Delton: Look, if you ever get taken POW [what language would be used?], what do you think they're going to do to you? This way, you'll be prepared, you won't fall apart. Consider it a training exercise.

Jones thinks about that.

Jones: Do they 'haze' each other?

Delton: Sure.

Jones (overlapping Delton's one-word response): Do they subject each other to training exercises? Involving rape?

Delton doesn't answer.

Jones gets up and starts pacing in frustration.

Jones: How am I supposed to trust the men in my unit now? How am I supposed to put my life on the line for—(said with disgust) them?

Delton: Oh please. Do you think you're special? Do you think you're the only one?

Jones' eyes widen as she realizes that Private Delton has also been raped by the men in their unit.

Jones: But—

Delton: Look. We report this, and we lose them. We can't afford to lose any more soldiers.

Jones: Yeah, well, then they shouldn't've—

Delton: (ignoring or not understanding what Jones is saying—that the rape may have had that very effect; Delton was thinking only of male soldiers, her own misogyny runs so deep) And if you can't think of your country, then go ahead and think of just yourself. You'll be known as a troublemaker. See who puts their life on the line for you.

Jones reacts. It's a good point. A very good point.

**Filler scene/s**

The scene showing Jones' conversation with Campbell shouldn't happen immediately after her conversation with Delton, so we need some stuff here ...

### Jones' conversation with Campbell

Campbell (professional-neutral throughout, but also, we can tell, sympathetic, so perhaps she struggles occasionally to be professional-neutral): Come in, Private Jones. You're one of our new recruits! How are things going?

Jones (hesitates): Fine, m'am. Thank you for asking.

Campbell: So what can I do for you?

Jones: Well, I'd like your advice. Suppose—and this is just a hypothetical—suppose that a friend of mine was raped by her fellow soldiers. As a training exercise. Allegedly.

Campbell's face reveals almost nothing—almost. There is a quick flicker of rage.

Jones: Should she report it? Officially?

Campbell: Did this friend seek medical care?

Jones: Yes.

Campbell: Okay, that's good. She received an examination, a test for STDs, including AIDS, and a 'morning after' pill?

Jones: Yes.

Campbell: Were there any witnesses?

Jones: Well, I guess they were—would be—witnesses to each other. But no third party witnesses.

Campbell: How many were there? Do you—does she know their names?

Jones: Four, and no. But I—she remembers them and could figure out their names in a few days. They're in my—her unit. [Is there just one unit at the location?]

Campbell: I see.

Jones: So ... would you advise my friend to make a formal report?

Campbell: Well, I'd encourage her to do so, so that we can start to address the problem, but—

Jones: The problem? It's happened before? How often?

Campbell (hesitates): I'm afraid I can't tell you.

Jones looks confused.

Campbell: It's classified.

Jones processes that, then eventually asks—

Jones: Why?

Campbell does not answer that question.

Campbell: But if you— If your friend does make a formal report, I can't promise there would not be negative repercussions. Perhaps if you waited until you were not longer part of this unit?

Jones: How long would I—I mean, does my friend have to report it within a certain period of time? And how long would it be before she is transferred to

another unit? Should she apply for a transfer now? If she's just started? Won't that look bad?

Campbell: [What are the answers to those questions?]

### Campbell storms into Anderson's office

Campbell: Since when is rape a training exercise?

Anderson (looks up from his desk at the nuisance that has just walked in): Excuse me?

Campbell: You heard me. I've received another complaint. Unofficial, of course.

Anderson: Yes, well ...

Campbell: 'Boys will be boys'?

He doesn't nod, but his assent is clear.

Campbell: George, this has to stop. Now.

He glares at her.

Anderson: I'll remind you who's in charge here, [rank] Campbell.

Campbell doesn't respond.

Anderson: Look at the numbers. We'd lose ten soldiers seeking amends for one. There are so few female soldiers, it's just not—

Campbell: It's just not what? Not worth it? They're not worth it? Is that what you're saying?

Anderson (ignoring her questions): And it'll stop when I say so. When they get the message.



Campbell: And what message would that be?

Anderson: The military is no place for women.

Campbell rolls her eyes.

Campbell: When was the last time a war was fought with hand-to-hand combat? With brute strength? [is the implication true?]

He doesn't reply.

Campbell: Sitting at a console operating drones requires superior hand-eye coordination and speed. [is this how wars are fought now?] Which women have. It requires sustained focus and attention. Which women have. Sometimes, it's even about diplomacy and reasoned negotiation, not threats and violence.

Anderson either ignores or looks at her with an amused expression on his face. But he says nothing. Eventually, in complete frustration, Campbell exits.

**Jones overhears the rowdies' plan to rape Sharif**

[Not sure how to write this scene; it comes off as unrealistic, any way I imagine them discussing it ... maybe we don't show it? next scene might suffice]

### Jones' conversation with Bateau re the rowdies' plan to rape Sharif

Ext. Jones and Bateau are walking and talking ...

Jones: So I was [where?] last night ... And I heard the rowdies talking— You know, we shouldn't refer to them as "rowdies". They're dangerous. They're adults. They're not just overactive kids having fun.

Bateau: Agreed. What did you hear?

Jones: They're planning to rape Sharif. The waitress at the bar?

Bateau: Yeah. I know.

Jones: You know who Sharif is or you know they're planning to rape her.

Bateau: Both.

Jones stops walking.

Jones: You know?

Bateau: Yeah. Friday night, right? It's a thing.

They resume walking.

Bateau: Every Friday. We all go—

Jones stops walking again.

Jones: Wait, 'we'? You're part of it?

Bareau: I go along. I pretend. If I didn't, I'd be next.

Jones looks at him, horrified, then resumes walking.

Bareau (adds, a miserable mutter): I don't actually ... partake.

They are silent, as Jones processes this.

Jones: Why do they do it? I mean, you can't say they just get carried away by the violence of the moment. It's not like discharging your weapon ten times when twice would do.

Bareau doesn't respond.

Jones: Plus, they're planning this.

Bareau: Well, some of them are pretty ... Aryan.

Jones: You're saying this is ethnic cleansing?

Jones processes this.

Jones: But that doesn't make any sense. They're making kids that will be half whatever—

Bareau: You're assuming it's a rational thing. It's not. It's an insecurity thing. It's about power. Power over others. Women. (pause, as he thinks of himself)  
Mostly.

Jones doesn't respond; she's thinking, nodding ...

### Jones' visit to Sharif

Inside her modest apartment, Sharif is busy doing something inconsequential. She hears a knock at her door, and goes to answer it. Jones is standing there, in uniform.

Sharif: Yes?

Jones: I wonder if I might come in for a moment.

Sharif (puzzled): Is there a problem?

Jones: Not exactly. But I would like to speak with you. I'm alone. I'm not here on official business.

Sharif: But you are in uniform.

Jones: Yes. I suppose I shouldn't be. [would she make such a mistake? need she make that mistake? Sharif would know her from the bar as an American soldier ... and if not in uniform, could she still be charged with 'aiding the enemy'?]

Intrigued, and just a little less cautious, Sharif lets Jones in. Jones stands awkwardly in Ms. Sharif's living room.

Jones: I don't really know how—I think you—I thought you might need this.

She takes a gun out of an inside vest pocket. Sharif steps back in some alarm.

Jones: Please—take it.

She extends her hand, holding the gun handle out, toward Sharif.

Jones: I have reason to believe that tomorrow night, you might have need of it.

Sharif looks at Jones with confusion and seems reluctant to take the gun.

Sharif: But ...

She then takes the gun, looking at it uncomfortably. Jones misunderstands her reluctance and discomfort.

Jones: Would you like me to show you how to use it?

Sharif: No. (she grimaces) No, I know how to use a gun.

Sharif sets the gun onto the living room table, then walks over to a desk, opens a drawer, and takes out a box, which she opens. There is a gun inside. She holds the open box out toward Jones.

Sharif: You see, I already have one.

Private Jones is surprised, confused, and feeling a little stupid. Why shouldn't Sharif have a gun? It's a time of war. Jones takes the gun out of the box and examines it, out of habit. She is, after all, accustomed to handling guns. But then she sees the engraving and is suddenly very disturbed. She looks up at Sharif.

Jones: Is this a stolen gun?

Sharif: No. It is government issue. Every household was provided with a gun by our government several weeks ago.

Jones: It wasn't obtained on the black market?

Sharif: No. I had to go to military supplies, at our Defence Department, to pick it up in person. To sign for it. That was the regulation. [is this plausible?]

Jones: I see.

Still confused, Jones hands the gun back to Sharif. Sharif hands Jones' gun back to her. Awkwardly, Jones leaves, putting her gun back into her pocket as she does so.

Rowdies #1-#4 are there when she exits through Sharif's door, suggesting she'd gotten the night wrong. Shock and surprise all round; they all sort of freeze, nothing is said, then she leaves in one direction, the rowdies leave in the other.

### Jones' conversation with Bateau re weapons sales

The scene as is starts mid-conversation. [No need to have us hear her explain to him what just happened?]

Jones: How would she come to have a gun made in the U.S.? The black market?

Bateau: Sure. Or even the white market.

She looks at him as if to say 'What?'

Bateau: Weapons manufacturers are companies. They sell to the highest bidder. It's just business to them. (said with disgust)

Jones: Even when we're at war with—the buyer?

Bateau: Maybe hence the black market. Companies sell through third parties when the buyer is ... questionable.

Beat.

Bateau: But it wouldn't surprise me. Companies selling directly to countries that— Maybe we're not at war with them at the exact time of purchase, but ... (he shrugs) I mean, it would be like a version of the black market: indirect, but instead of going through a third party, they go through a ... time lapse. (he grins at the idea)

Jones: Wouldn't there be a law against that? Direct sales, I mean. To countries with whom we are at war.

Bateau: In good old mega-capitalist U. S. of A.? (he snorts) 'Congress shall make no law prohibiting the free exercise of the pursuit of profit.' (he laughs, bitterly)



Beat.

Bareau: Besides, who can predict who we'll be at war with on any given future day?

Beat.

Bareau: I mean, for a while, the U.S. got involved in wars to prevent the spread of communism. But now? Seems to me it's whenever someone has what we want. Oil. Fresh water. Whatever.

Jones: You really believe that?

Beat.

Bareau: I don't know.

Beat.

Jones: Then why are you here?

Bareau: Only way I can get a degree. You?

Jones: I'm not sure. Anymore.

She begins to leave, then stops, and turns around.

Jones: Did tonight's "weekly entertainment" get changed to last night?

Bareau: I don't think so. Why?

Jones: Because the rowdies saw me come out of her apartment. It looked like maybe they had come to—never mind.

She starts to leave again.

Bareau: No, wait. They saw you come out?

Jones: Yeah, why.

Bareau: That's not good.

Jones: Why?

Bareau: I might've told them they should stop that shit. That one of these days someone's brother or uncle would pull a gun on them.

Jones thinks about that.

Jones: So? I mean, why would they think I was going to provide the gun? (She forgets she was putting her gun away as she stepped out of the apartment.)

Bareau: Well, because, you know— (He knows they raped her.)

Jones: You know? How?

Bareau: They bragged about it.

Jones: Of course they did. (She thinks this through.) But I didn't report it.

Bareau: But you could. At some future time.

Jones: Even so. What if they do think I went to her apartment to give her my gun. What are they going to do about it?

Bareau: (shrugs) Rape you again?

Beat.

Jones: Then good thing I didn't give her my gun.

Neither has anything more to say. They go their separate ways.

**Jones in library [optional]**

**[would there be an on-site library with computers? where they're stationed?  
accessible to her? we could delete this scene without difficulties]**

Jones in library at computer (doing research as to how the gun could've been  
made in USA ... discovers weapons trade ...)

### Jones sees black market on-site

Jones is walking by [where?] and happens to see a group of men—Rowdy #1, Rowdy #2, another soldier, and a higher-ranking man—unloading guns from crates clearly marked "Made in U.S.A." and reloading them into unmarked crates. She stops, trying to make sense of what she's seeing.

Higher-ranked man: Can I help you, Jones?

Jones: No, sir. I was just— (trying to think quickly) Can I help you?

Higher-ranked man: No thanks, we've got this covered. Why don't you go to the mess hall and see if they need help with the baking?

The other three men laugh.

Jones hurries away.

**Filler scene/s**

because it would be weird if they reported her right away

**Rowdy #1 and Rowdy #2 report Jones for the Sharif visit**

Anderson's office.

Anderson: Come in boys, what can I do for you?

Rowdy #1: We'd like to report something ... suspicious, sir.

Anderson: And what is that?

Rowdy #1: Well, sir, we saw Private Jones exiting the apartment of Ms. Sharif, sir. We think she was giving Sharif a gun.

Anderson: Why would she be doing that?

They both shrug.

Anderson: You have evidence?

Rowdy #1: Yes, sir. We both saw it with our own eyes. She came out of the apartment. She was putting her gun into her pocket.

Anderson: Did anyone else see it?

Rowdy #1: Yes, [Rowdy #3] and [Rowdy #4] were with us.

Rowdy #2 nods.

Anderson: And why were you all at Ms. Sharif's apartment, may I ask?

Rowdy #1: Several of the men were giving her a hard time at the bar, so we just wanted to make sure she was okay.

Anderson: I see. Well ... thank you.

The rowdies leave.



**Filler scene/s**

## Jones is arrested

[I don't know where or how this would happen; she'd be taken to a cell somewhere?]

Maybe show the rowdies shunning her but also showing some remorse; they don't want her executed for godsake, they hadn't even known about 'aiding the enemy', they just intended to ... what? Make sure she doesn't report her rape? 'Teach her a lesson' for interfering with their Friday night 'entertainment'? Make sure she stays quiet about their black market activities? Just make trouble for her? Have her get shitty assignments? Maybe get her transferred to another unit?

Maybe show Delton also shunning her, in solidarity with the rowdies—she's trying so hard to be 'one of the boys'

### **'Engagement' with the 'real' enemy**

[This should happen not immediately after the black market scene but soon enough after that the audience wonders if the enemy guns are in fact American-provided American guns]

[I have no idea how to show this skirmish? battle? in a realistic manner]

### Campbell's response to Anderson charging Jones

Campbell storms into Anderson's office.

Campbell: You arrested Jones? Are you insane?

Anderson: She gave a gun to a civilian. And I'll thank you to watch your tone. Need I remind you once again that I outrank you?

Campbell: Did you ask her why?

Anderson: Doesn't matter. She gave a gun to a civilian. On the other side.

Campbell: The fuck it doesn't matter. Your 'boy's were probably intending to rape her.

Anderson: Doesn't matter.

Campbell: It doesn't matter that our—your—soldiers were intending to rape a civilian?

He doesn't respond.

Campbell: They're men, George. They're adults. And by not holding them accountable for their actions, you're enabling them. Do you understand what that means?

[It means he's the one aiding the enemy; we want to lead the audience to that. Would adding "you're helping them" be too heavy-handed?]

He doesn't respond.

Campbell: You do realize that aiding the enemy is punishable by death, yes?

Anderson: I don't write the laws.

Campbell is speechless.

Campbell (playing what she thinks is her ace): If you don't retract the charge, I'll charge almost every male in your unit for sexual assault.

Anderson (stands): You do that and I'll have you on charges of insubordination so fast— Repeated counts of Disrespect of a Superior Officer. And I hereby order you not to press those charges. I'll put that in writing, signed, sealed, and delivered as soon as you walk out this door. So we can add Intentional Disobeying of an Order.

Campbell realizes she's been an idiot.

Campbell: You wouldn't ...

Anderson: Try me.

They have a staring match.

Anderson: This is why the military never should have allowed women into our ranks.

Campbell (she's recovered): No, this is why the military never should have allowed rapists into our ranks.

Anderson: Are you serious? Such a policy would decimate our forces.

Again, Campbell is speechless. She just turns and leaves.

**Jones' conversation with McDonald re plea**

**[definitely have a lawyer go over this scene]**

Wherever Jones is being incarcerated

Guard: Private Jones, you have a visitor.

The Guard leads her to a visiting room.

She stands behind the table.

Mr. McDonald enters.

McDonald: Hello, Private Ann Jones?

She nods.

McDonald: I'm Matt McDonald.

He reaches out; Jones shakes his hand.

McDonald: I've been appointed as your lawyer.

**[Is this what happens? Does the army provide a defence lawyer? If not]**

**McDonald: Your mother arranged for my services.**

**[If we go with the alternate, then maybe have a few phone conversations between Jones and her mother.]**

Jones nods.

McDonald: Okay—shall I sit?

Jones nods again. They both sit.

McDonald: Okay, first, are you okay? Are you being treated well? Food, water, medical treatment if applicable ... ? No abuse? Are you safe?

Jones: I'm fine.

McDonald: Okay, good. Second, do you understand the charge?

Jones: More or less. It kinda came out of nowhere—

McDonald: Okay, let me explain. Under the U.S. Code Section 903b, Article 103b, Aiding the Enemy—with which you have been charged—refers to any person who aids, or attempts to aid, the enemy. With arms, ammunition, supplies, money, or other things.

He pauses.

McDonald: That covers your alleged crime, but it also includes knowingly harboring or protecting the enemy and providing intelligence, military education, military training, or tactical advice to the enemy.

He pauses.

McDonald: The penalty is death or "such other punishment as a court-martial or military commission may direct". That last bit is extremely important. It means the judge has discretion. Execution is not a given. Do you understand?

Jones: Yes.

McDonald: Okay, you were charged because two men in your unit reported seeing you come out of the house of a Ms. [first name] Sharif, tucking a gun into your pocket. For some reason, they assumed you had attempted to give it to her.

Jones nods. Ah. Now she understands why she was charged.

McDonald: Okay, let's talk about your plea. The hearing [?] is a few days hence, [plausible?] so you have time to think about it.

Jones: Well, I'm guilty. I mean, I did it. What they say I did.

McDonald: Okay—

Jones: But—

McDonald: But?

Jones: But I'm not guilty. I mean I wasn't helping the enemy. I was helping Ms. Sharif. Some of the guys from my unit were planning to rape her.

McDonald takes notes; he plans to come back to that.

McDonald: Yes, but as a citizen of the enemy country, she is the enemy. In the army's eyes.

Jones: I— Of course. (She nods.)

McDonald: If you plead 'guilty', that plea will probably be accepted [is this true?] [will it necessarily be accepted?], then a while later, a sentencing hearing will take place, at which we will present information relevant to whether you—  
Relevant to your sentence.

Jones nods.



McDonald: However, if you plead 'not guilty', then a while later, a trial will take place, at which we will provide your defence. The burden of proof is on the prosecuting attorney, but we will be ready with responses to whatever evidence they present. [need to establish whether it's a trial by judge or jury; if the latter, we have possibilities for more scenes ... jury deliberation]

Jones nods.

McDonald: Do you understand?

Jones: Yes.

McDonald: Any questions?

Jones: What do you advise?

McDonald: 'Not guilty'.

Jones: But I did it.

McDonald: Yes, but we can argue that you didn't know she was the enemy.

Jones: But I did know.

McDonald: Well, surely we can come up with something ... You didn't consider her an enemy ...

Jones (considers that): That's true ... But couldn't we just present that at the sentencing hearing?

McDonald: I suppose we could. It's just ... more risky. For you. To plead 'guilty'.

Jones: But if I plead 'guilty', mightn't the Judge be lenient because I'm taking responsibility for my actions?

McDonald: Maybe. Maybe not.

Jones: It all just seems so ... crazy.

McDonald nods.

McDonald (trying to help her think it through): If you plead 'guilty' and are found 'guilty', whatever the sentence, I suspect your military career would be over.

Jones: I think it's already over.

McDonald: Maybe so. But if it's just a dishonorable discharge— [is that possible?]

Jones looks at him as if to say, 'Just'?

Jones: You know, I joined the army to help people. To protect people ... [she trails off]

McDonald: If you plead 'not guilty', you may be found 'not guilty'. And then—

Jones: How often does a plea of 'guilty' somehow end up with a finding of 'not guilty'?

McDonald: Not often. [Never?]

Jones: And a plea of 'not guilty'?

McDonald: More often.

Jones: Even though—

McDonald. Even though.

Jones considers that.

McDonald: Any more questions?

Jones: I don't think so.

McDonald: Okay, here's my card. There's my number. Take some time to think about it, then call me when you've made a decision.

Jones: I don't need any time to think about.

McDonald raises his eyebrows at her.

Jones: I'll take your advice. I'd like to plead 'not guilty'.

McDonald: Okay then.

He gets out a recorder and sets it on the table between them.

McDonald: Tell me everything that happened that night. Don't leave anything out. Then tell me anything you think is relevant that happened before that night and since that night.

**Filler scene/s**

## Court hearing for plea

[Again, please have all court scenes examined by someone who knows the rules, procedures, protocols, etc.]

Jones is brought in by a guard. She joins McDonald at his table. Tupper sits at the other table. Campbell is present. Anderson is present. Bateau is present. The rowdies are not present, nor is Delton.

Court clerk: All rise.

Judge enters.

Court clerk: This session is now in order. Private Ann Jones is hereby charged with Aiding the Enemy [details]. How do you plead?

Jones: Not guilty.

Judge: Plea of 'not guilty' is so entered. We'll set a trial for ... [date]. (He looks up for confirmation from both McDonald and Tupper, and receives it.) Court is adjourned. (bangs gavel)

Court clerk: All rise.

Judge rises and leaves.

Jones is led from the court by the guard.

Everyone else stands and ... leaves.

**Filler scene/s**

perhaps a scene with Bateau visiting Jones

perhaps a scene with Campbell visiting Jones

## Court trial - arguments

[Again, would she be tried by judge or jury?]

[If by jury, we can show jury deliberations ... though, per this scene, not much to deliberate; most of the interesting arguments are presented with respect to sentencing, and no jury for that, right?]

Jones is brought in by a guard. She joins McDonald at his table. Tupper sits at the other table. Campbell is present. Anderson is present. Barea is present. The rowdies are not present, nor is Delton. Court reporter Liz Stanford is present. [Are court reporters allowed to be present?]

Court clerk: All rise.

Judge enters.

Court clerk: This session is now in order.

Jones is called to the stand.

Tupper: Did you or did you not visit Ms. [first name] Sharif as her residence at [address] on the evening of [date]?

Jones: I did.

Tupper: And did you do so in order to give Ms. Sharif a gun?

Jones: Yes. But—

Tupper: Nothing further, your Honor.

Judge: Mr. McDonald?

McDonald stands to question Jones.

McDonald: When Mr. Tupper asked you about giving Ms. Sharif a gun, he cut you off. Could you please finish your sentence?

Jones: I was going to say that yes, I did go to Ms. Sharif's residence to give her a gun, but I didn't actually give a gun to her. She already had a gun.

Tupper: Objection, relevance. The law clearly states "aids or attempts to aid".

Judge: Sustained.

McDonald: Did you know for sure that Ms. Sharif was a [country] citizen?

Tupper: Objection. Section 1 of the law doesn't require certain knowledge. In fact, it doesn't even require knowledge. It is Section 2 that stipulates "knowingly". Perhaps Mr. McDonald is confused about the law.

Judge: Objection sustained. Watch your tone, Mr. Tupper.

McDonald: Why did you offer a gun to her?

Tupper: Objection, relevance.

Judge: Sustained.

McDonald: Nothing further, your Honor.

He returns to his table.

Judge (turns to Jones, still on the stand): Private Jones, given what we've heard today, how is it you plead 'not guilty'?



Jones: I guess it depends on your definition of 'enemy'. Sir.

Judge: You did not believe Ms. Sharif to be the enemy?

Jones: No, sir, I did not.

Judge: I see. But the Code clearly defines the term with reference to the crime.  
(he says this more to McDonald than to Jones)

Jones: Yes, sir.

The judge considers this. Perhaps he notes to come back to this at the sentencing hearing.

Judge: Mr. Tupper. Closing?

Mr. Tupper: Military law clearly defines Ms. Sharif as the enemy, and by her own confession, Private Jones attempted to give her a gun. Prosecution rests.

Judge: Mr. McDonald?

McDonald: I'd like to emphasize that upon discovery that Ms. Sharif already had a gun, Private Jones clearly retracted her attempt. She didn't just say 'Well, take it anyway, you can never have too many guns.'

Judge: Thank you, Counsel. We'll adjourn early. All parties shall return after lunch, at which time I expect to have my decision.

## Court trial - verdict

As before.

Judge: Private Jones, please stand.

Jones stands, as does McDonald.

Judge: I hereby find you guilty of the charge of Aiding the Enemy. [get correct language for this]

Tupper looks satisfied; Jones and McDonald look disappointed, but not altogether surprised.

Judge: I'll hear arguments relevant to sentencing in ... [consults his calendar] ... two weeks. [Is that plausible?]

Both Tupper and McDonald nod.

Judge: Court adjourned. (he bangs gavel)

Court clerk: All rise.

Judge rises and leaves.

## Public response #1

At first, I imagined a protest outside Jones' cell, but I guess that wouldn't be allowed.

How much of the court proceedings would the public know about?

Bareau visit Jones in her cell. He has his phone with him.

Bareau: Hey, you're becoming a celebrity.

Jones: What do you mean?

Bareau (he waves his phone): Lots of people have lots to say ... (he starts scrolling, pausing to read aloud every now and then): "'Aiding the Enemy' Are you fucking nuts?"

Jones: Is that for or against?

Bareau: Don't know. (he continues scrolling) "Women are too naïve to be soldiers. Sharif could have shot Jones as soon as she opened her door."

Jones: Hm. That's for and against.

Bareau: Yeah, logical consistency is seldom— Oh, this is harsh.

Jones: What?

Bareau: "Kill the bitch. Slowly."

Jones' eyes widen at that one.

Bareau: "Chin up, Jones!"

She grimaces at that one.

Bareau: "She didn't say whether the gun was loaded." Ha-ha. Wait— (He suddenly sees the possible defence.) Was it?

Jones: Of course. [Do soldiers keep their guns loaded at all times?]

Bareau: Hm. (resumes scrolling) "Re the army's definition of 'enemy'—classic black-and-white thinking."

Jones: That's a good one.

Bareau: "It's not like she's sold nuclear missiles to Iraq—no, Iran— Who are we at war with now?" (beat) That's a good one.

### Talk show clip #1

[If Liz is a court reporter, we can have the Talk Show Host introduce her as such. But if the press isn't allowed in the court, can/should we make her another soldier, a whistle-blower soldier? Or perhaps Bateau contacted someone to report and agitate...?]

Talk show host: So, Liz, there's been some weird shit going on at the [name] army base. Can you fill us in?

Liz: Well, Jim, a Private Ann Jones has been charged with "Aiding the Enemy" for allegedly giving a gun to a civilian, a woman, living in [name of town], where the occupying base is situated.

Talk show host: Why? I mean, why did she give her a gun?

Liz: We don't know. Maybe that'll come up at the sentencing hearing.

(beat)

Liz: But the bizarre thing is that the sentence, the maximum sentence, for the crime is execution.

Talk show host: What? Are you fucking serious?

Liz: Well, she pleaded 'not guilty', but the Judge found her 'guilty', essentially because she confessed to doing it.

Talk show host: Then why did she plead 'not guilty'?

Liz: Well, she says she doesn't consider the woman to be the enemy.

Talk show host: But by army definition, she is, right?

Liz: Yes. And that's the thing. I don't see how the Judge can not decide for the maximum penalty. And that would be some really weird shit.

Talk show host: Okay, well, keep us posted. Next, we talk to ...

### Court re sentence - arguments

As before. However, word has gotten out and the room is crowded with press.  
[Would they be allowed to attend?]

Court clerk: All rise.

Judge enters.

Court clerk: Court is now in session.

All are seated.

Judge: Private Jones (she rises immediately, as does Mr. McDonald), you have been found guilty of Aiding the Enemy. As you are aware, this crime is punishable by death, but judiciary discretion is allowed. We are here today to hear arguments relevant to your sentence. [What language would be used?] Mr. McDonald?

McDonald: Thank you, your honor. I'd like to call Private Jones to the stand.

Private Jones takes the stand.

Judge: You understand you are still under oath.

Jones: Yes, sir.

McDonald: Private Jones, you were not drafted. Rather, you enlisted; you joined the forces voluntarily. Is that correct?

Jones: Yes, sir.

McDonald: You graduated near top of your class in the Academy [military college?], correct?

Jones: Yes, sir.

McDonald: In fact, you come from a long line of military. Both of your parents, your grandparents ...

JONES: Yes, sir. I'm proud to— I would like to— I would've liked (she struggles to hold it together) to serve my country with pride.

McDonald: Thank you.

Tupper: If I may, Judge?

Judge nods.

Tupper: Private Jones, earlier, you have said that you didn't know whether Ms. Sharif was actually a citizen of [name of country].

Jones: Correct.

Tupper: So you didn't know her all that well.

Jones: No, sir.

Tupper: So she could have been part of a resistance movement. And you wouldn't have known this.

Jones (hesitates because this hadn't occurred to her, and she is dismayed that it didn't—how could she have been so stupid?): I suppose so.

Tupper: And yet, you are sure she is not the enemy? How so?



Jones: I had reason to believe that several men of my unit intended to rape her, which would make her a potential victim in need of protection. Not an enemy.

Tupper: She could have been both.

Jones nods.

Tupper: Furthermore, you could've just warned Ms. Sharif. Advised her to acquire defence on her own.

Jones nods. That hadn't occurred to her. So stupid.

McDonald (to Tupper and the Judge): I suggest that time was of the essence. As is proven by the appearance of the would-be rapists the very moment Private Jones exited Ms. Sharif's residence.

(beat)

McDonald: Further, I suggest that Private Jones' inclination to serve and protect is so strong, it temporarily eclipsed what might have been the better course of action. We should be honored to have such a soldier in our forces.

The Judge nods his acceptance of these explanations.

Tupper sits down.

Judge indicates that McDonald can proceed.

McDonald: Private Jones, you've stated that you had reason to believe that several men of your unit intended to rape her. What reason did you have?

There is some scuffling at the back of the court; everyone turns to look. A dozen women crowd into the courtroom, all in uniform, all very respectful, all silent, but clearly standing with Jones. [consider carefully where to put this; better impact closer to Campbell's testimony? here it detracts from Tupper's good point?]

Campbell glances at Anderson, a grin flickers across her face for just a moment.

Jones: I overheard a few of my—(she was about to say 'colleagues' but clearly she doesn't regard them as such anymore)—I overheard a few of the men in my unit plan to rape her.

McDonald: And you had reason to believe they were serious? I mean, it wasn't just male posturing?

Jones: Yes.

McDonald: Why? Why did you believe they were serious?

Jones: Well, first, my—Private Bareau explained the 'Friday night tradition'. Of choosing a target for rape. [maybe put the entrance of the women here?]

There is some reaction among those in the court—dismay, disbelief.

Jones: And second, they had previously raped me.

There is further reaction among those in the court—dismay, disbelief.

McDonald: You reported this? Officially?

Jones: No. I was led to believe, by Private Delton, that it would not be in the best interests of our unit, nor our country, nor in my own best interest, to do so. (beat) I went to a doctor to make sure they hadn't given me HIV. And to make sure they hadn't made me pregnant.

McDonald: I see. Your Honor, I'd like to call additional witnesses to corroborate.

Judge: Proceed. Private Jones, you may step down.

Jones leaves the stand.

McDonald: I call [name of Rowdy #1] to the stand.

He takes the stand and is sworn in.

McDonald: [Name], did you conspire with others to rape Ms. [name] Sharif?

Rowdy #1: No, sir.

McDonald: You understand that you are under oath to tell the truth?

Rowdy #1: Yes, sir.

McDonald: [Name], did you rape Private Jones on the night of [date]?

Rowdy #1: No, sir. She consented.

McDonald (the second response momentarily distracts him): I see. Thank you.

Rowdy #1 leaves the stand.

McDonald: I call [name of Rowdy #2] to the stand.

He takes the stand and is sworn in.

McDonald: [Name], did you conspire with others to rape Ms. [name] Sharif?

Rowdy #2: No, sir.

McDonald: You understand that you are under oath to tell the truth?

Rowdy #2: Yes, sir.

McDonald: Did you rape Private Jones on the night of [date]?

Rowdy #2: No, sir. She consented.

McDonald: Of course. Thank you.

Rowdy #2 leaves the stand.

McDonald: I call [name of Rowdy #3] to the stand.

He takes the stand and is sworn in.

McDonald: [Name], did you conspire with others to rape Ms. [name] Sharif on the night of [date?] or on the night prior?

Rowdy #3: No, sir.

McDonald: You understand that you are under oath to tell the truth? That you commit the crime of perjury if you do not tell the truth?

Rowdy #3: Yes, sir.

McDonald: [Name], did you rape Private Jones on the night of [date]?

Rowdy #3: No, sir. She consented.

McDonald(he glares at Rowdy #3): Nothing further. (He will not say 'Thank you' to another one of these liars.)

Rowdy #3 leaves the stand.

A faint smile crosses Anderson's face.

McDonald: I call [name of Rowdy #4] to the stand.

He takes the stand and is sworn in.

McDonald: [Name], did you conspire with others to rape Ms. [name] Sharif on the night of [date?] or on the night prior?

Rowdy #4: No, sir.

McDonald (very frustrated by now): Do you understand the penalty for perjury?

Rowdy #4: Yes, sir.

McDonald: [Name], did you rape Private Jones on the night of [date]?

Rowdy #4: No, sir. She consented.

McDonald just gestures for him to get off the stand. He's had quite enough.

Rowdy #4 leaves the stand.

McDonald: I call Private Bateau to the stand.

He takes the stand and is sworn in.

McDonald: Private Bareau, do you recall telling Private Jones about the 'Friday night tradition'?

Bareau (after a long pause): No, sir. I don't recall.

McDonald (surprised): Did you ever hear other men in your unit plan a rape?

Bareau: I don't recall.

McDonald: Did you ever see other men in your unit carry out a rape?

Bareau: I don't recall.

McDonald: You don't recall whether you witnessed a rape?

Bareau: No, sir. I don't recall.

McDonald (almost raising his hands in surrender): Nothing further, your Honor.

Private Bareau leaves the stand. He pauses as he passes Jones, wanting very much to apologize, to explain, but—

McDonald: I call Private Delton to the stand.

She takes the stand and is sworn in.

McDonald: [rank] Delton, do you have any knowledge of rape within your unit?

Delton: I don't recall.

McDonald: You don't recall whether you have such knowledge?

Delton: No sir, I don't recall.

McDonald: Has it ever happened to you? Were you ever raped by men in your unit?

Delton: No, sir. I consented.

McDonald: Of course you did.

Tupper: Objection!

Judge: Sustained. Mr. McDonald.

McDonald: I apologize. (He says it but doesn't mean it; he doesn't even make eye contact with Delton.)

Delton leaves the stand. Delton doesn't meet Jones' eyes as she walks past.

McDonald: I call [rank] Campbell to the stand.

She takes the stand and is sworn in.

McDonald: Are you aware of men in your unit raping women?

Campbell: Yes. I do recall—(she glares at Bateau and Delton)—hearing evidence to support this. Not just once. Not just twice. Not just three times.

McDonald: How many times?

Campbell: At least a dozen times in the past year. [is this a plausible figure?]

McDonald: And what evidence would you be referring to? Have there been a dozen official reports made?

Campbell: No. That's the problem. Women won't make an official report because they fear—and I emphasize that their fear is justified—negative repercussions. Professionally—bad assignments, refused promotions [what else could/would happen?]. And personally—further aggression from the named men. Instead, they just transfer out of the unit. That's what I advise, when they come to me for advice. Under the guise of a hypothetical friend who has been raped.

McDonald: And so you believe that Jones was raped.

Campbell: Yes, I do.

McDonald: Do you further believe that Jones had good reason to believe that the men were planning to rape Sharif.

Campbell: Yes, I do. Without a doubt.

McDonald: Thank you.

She leaves the stand.

Judge: All right. I accept that Private Jones had good reason to believe that Ms. Sharif was in need of protection. Mr. McDonald? Are there any other extenuating circumstances relevant to your client's sentence?

McDonald: Yes. I'd like to call Private Jones back to the stand.

Jones takes the stand again.

McDonald: When you discovered that Ms. Sharif already had a gun, one obtained from her government's supply stores, what else did you discover?

Jones: That the gun was engraved. 'Made in the U.S.A.'



Some shock and confusion is expressed by those present.

McDonald: And ...

Jones: I get that it's possible that she got the gun through the black market, but it's also possible that she got it through the white market. It's my understanding, now, that American weapons manufacturers have often sold weapons to countries that have been our enemy.

Anonymous voice #1: Iraq.

Anonymous voice #2: Saudi Arabia.

Anonymous voice #3: Afghanistan.

Judge: Order!

He indicates that Jones is to continue.

Jones: So if I'm to be executed for aiding the enemy—

Anonymous voice #1 (beats her to it): If she gets the death penalty, then every CEO of every weapons manufacturer that has ever sold to an enemy should get the death penalty. Every single one of them!

[If reporters are not allowed in the court, have Jones say: : So if I'm to be executed for aiding the enemy, the CEOs or whoever arranged those sales should also be executed.]

There is silence in the court. Then one person starts applauding, slowly. Others join in, and very quickly, there is wild cheering.

Judge: Order!

Anonymous voice #2: You want us to name them? We can. The CEO of—

Judge: Order!

Tupper (struggles to be heard): Objection! Surely those sales did not occur when the country in question was in fact an enemy!

Anonymous voice #1 (with fake indignation): Surely not!

Anonymous Voice #2 (with heavy sarcasm): Never happens.

Tupper (ignoring the anonymous voices and still struggling to be heard amid the shouting): It's possible we sold to an ally who then sold to an enemy. (It's plausible, but it sounds like he's grasping at straws, not willing to accept ...)

Judge: Order! I call order in this court!!

He bangs gavel. Eventually the courtroom becomes quiet.

Judge: I will take today's arguments into consideration and hand down [is that the language that would be used?] my decision a week hence. [is this what would be done?]

Jones is led back to her cell.

**Bareau visits Jones**

Bareau: I'm so sorry. For what I said. What I didn't say. In court.

Jones: It's okay. I get it.

They are silent. There really is nothing more to say.

**Campbell gets letter**

Campbell is in her office. She opens a letter. Reads it in silence.

Campbell (mutters in rage): That mother-fucker!

**Filler scene/s**

It's too soon to have Bateau back with Jones.

## Public Response #2

Bareau visits Jones, with his phone, as before.

Bareau: So, you're even more of a celebrity now. "How can she be top of her class and yet be so stupid?"

Jones grimaces.

Bareau: "Of course, she'll cry rape!"

Bareau: "I'd like to know who reported her! I think we can all guess!"

Bareau: "The testimony of those four soldiers positively screams 'We did it'. They bring shame to us all."

Bareau: "You did the right thing, Private Jones!"

Bareau: "Quit now. There are other ways to serve and protect."

Bareau: "Weapons sales are always a risk. You never know whether or how often they're going to be resold—or to who. There is no black market and white market. There is only a gray market."

Jones: That one's interesting.

Bareau: "There's weapons and then there's weapons." And that one's true.

## Talk show clip #2

Talk Show Host: Liz, welcome back. So word is you and a bunch of others were ejected from the Jones trial yesterday. Care to explain?

Liz: I'd love to explain, Jim. But first, to follow up ... Jones' reason for giving Sharif a gun was so she could protect herself. Allegedly, several men in her unit were planning a rape.

Talk Show Host: You're kidding.

Liz: Nope. It was the 'Friday night entertainment' or 'Friday night tradition' or something.

Talk Show Host: Wow.

Liz: There's more. The gun she offered to Sharif wasn't needed because Sharif had her own gun that was—wait for it—made in the U.S. of A.

Talk Show Host: Seriously?

Liz: Seriously. And the reason we got tossed out by the Judge was that a bunch of us helpfully provided elaboration on Jones' comment that American weapons companies routinely sell weapons to enemy countries. Indonesia, Romania, Saudi Arabia, United Arab Emirate, Qatar, Iraq, and Afghanistan.

[mention specifics of sales? what was sold and for what price?]

Talk Show Host: But were we actually at war with those countries when the weapons were sold to them?

(beat)

Liz: Does it actually matter?

[I've used these as sources, but I don't know how accurate the information is:

<https://247wallst.com/special-report/2023/09/28/30-countries-buying-the-most-weapons-from-the-american-army/>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List\\_of\\_wars\\_involving\\_the\\_United\\_States](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_wars_involving_the_United_States)]



## Campbell visits Jones

Campbell: How are you doing?

Jones: Okay, I guess.

Campbell: Look, I don't know how this is going to turn out, but I'm pretty sure you won't get the death penalty. The army couldn't survive the fall-out.

Jones looks up at her, hopeful.

Campbell: And if you decide to remain in the forces—

Jones: Would that even be possible?

Campbell: I think it will be, yes.

Jones considers this information. She'd assumed her career was over, if not her life.

Campbell: If it ends up being possible and you decide to stay, I'd like to invite you to transfer to Unit [number?]. [Or have Campbell head up some special forces department or some such?] I've been re-assigned. And promoted. Anderson wants to get rid of me, but he also wants me to keep quiet. The promotion is a sort of bribe, I think. Anyway, I'd like you to join me, Private Jones. Things will be different there. I'll make sure of it. In fact, the women you saw in court? I'm going to invite every one of them as well.

Jones struggles to re-imagine her future. To imagine a future.

Campbell: Private Jones, you are officer material. Without a doubt. And I would be honored to have you in my unit.

### **Court re sentence - verdict**

As before.

Court clerk: All rise.

The Judge enters.

All sit.

The Judge nods to Private Jones and McDonald, both of whom stand.

Judge: The verdict of guilty stands, but I am suspending sentence. [language?]  
Private Jones, you are free to go.

[Is that decision plausible? Would he instead order a dishonorable discharge? Is that a penalty that is ordered by a judge?]

### **Bareau helps Jones pack**

Bareau: So I guess you're pretty damn happy about your sentence. Maybe not your verdict, but—

Jones: Actually, I'm not sure. If it meant that the CEOs were also executed, maybe my own death would've been worth it. In fact, I can't think of a more heroic death.

### Talk show clip #3

Talk Show Host: We're joined by Liz Stanford again, after today's sentencing of Private Ann Jones. Your thoughts on the matter? Liz?

Liz: Well, I think Jones is on to something and I think the Judge knows it. Hence his decision: a suspended sentence.

Talk Show Host: Hm.

Liz: And you know what? I'd argue that Jones didn't go far enough. I mean, weapons for self-defence, sure. But in what universe are nuclear bombs and napalm defensive? Better to focus on surveillance and interception, shielding, ...

Talk Show Host: So not just the CEOs.

Liz tilts her head as if to say it's worth considering.

Liz: And I think we've got it backwards.

Talk Show Host: Got what backwards?

Liz: It's not that war needs the weapons industry. It's that the weapons industry needs war.

OR

The weapons industry doesn't exist because of war. War exists because of the weapons industry.

[I rejected this version because even without the weapons industry, we could have wars—with baseball bats. And we could have trade wars. But maybe I'm being too influenced by the current U.S.-Canada situation.

**Regardless, we need to carefully consider these last lines.]**

END

after credits

black screen: It's not that war needs the weapons industry; it's that the weapons industry needs war.

OR

The weapons industry doesn't exist because of war. War exists because of the weapons industry.

too heavy-handed?