

"ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN"

by

William Goldman

Based on the novel

"All The President's Men"

by

Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward

Pre-rehearsal version March, 1975

Start with as few credits as possible. When they're over--

FADE IN ON:

A TINY BLACK PIECE OF TAPE.

We see it in the center of the large, dimly lit screen. As the tape is pressed around a door--

BEGIN THE BREAK-IN SEQUENCE.

It's a major piece of action, running maybe five minutes and it's all as detailed and accurate as we can make it, with as many "if only's" included as possible. ("If only" the tape had been attached up and down instead of around the door, Wills wouldn't have spotted it and alerted the police; "if only" the first police car called had gone to investigate, Baldwin, watching from the Howard Johnson Motor Inn, would have seen their uniforms and radioed Hunt and Liddy in time for them to have gotten to the five burglars and then safely away.)

The break-in ends when Leeper arrests the five men. He thought he only had one guy, so when ten hands were raised he was surprised. The hands are all encased in Playtex rubber surgical gloves. HOLD on the hands a moment; then--

GO TO:

A DARK APARTMENT.

The phone rings. WOODWARD fumbles for the receiver, turns on the bed light. He listens a moment.

WOODWARD

No, no trouble, Harry, be right down.

(he hangs up)

Son of a bitch.

He lies back. The apartment is one room, a small terrace beyond. Not much of a place.

WOODWARD lies still, staring at the ceiling. He blinks, blinks again. HOLD...

CUT TO:

THE ENORMOUS FIFTH FLOOR OF THE WASHINGTON POST.

It looks, early of a Saturday morning, pretty deserted. Those reporters that are around are young, bright, and presently involved in nothing more taxing than drinking coffee and thumbing through the papers.

HARRY ROSENFELD surveys the scene from his office doorway as WOODWARD approaches, hangs his coat at his desk, not far from where ROSENFELD is standing.

ROSENFELD

Where's that cheery face we've come to know and love?

WOODWARD

You call me in on my day off because some idiots have broken into local Democratic Headquarters--tell me, Harry, why should I be smiling?

ROSENFELD

As usual, that keen mind of yours has pegged the situation perfectly.

(chomps on some Maalox tablets)

Except (a) it wasn't local Democratic Headquarters, it was National Democratic Headquarters--

(WOODWARD is surprised-- he hadn't known)

--and (b) these weren't just any idiots, these were special idiots, seeing as when they were arrested at 2:30 this morning, they were all wearing business suits and Playtex gloves and were carrying--

(consults a piece of paper)

--a walkie-talkie, forty rolls of film, cameras, lock picks, pen-sized tear gas guns, plus various bugging devices.

(puts paper down)

Not to mention over two thousand dollars, mostly in sequenced hundred dollar bills.

WOODWARD

Preliminary hearing at Superior
Courthouse?

ROSENFELD

(nods)
Two o'clock, work the phones 'til
you go.

CUT TO:

THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING.

WOODWARD hurries along, goes inside as we

CUT TO:

A CORRIDOR INSIDE. WOODWARD comes down it, looks around,
sees a door marked "Counsel's Offices" and heads toward it.
Now--

CUT TO:

A CLERK AT A DESK as WOODWARD comes up. Behind them, two
lawyers are clearly angry about something, talking and
gesticulating to each other.

WOODWARD

(to the COUNSEL'S

CLERK)

Could you give me the names of the
lawyers for the men arrested in the
Watergate.

CLERK

These two were appointed--
(indicates the angry
men)
--only now it turns out the burglars
got their own counsel.
(he starts to laugh)

FIRST ANGRY LAWYER

(to CLERK)

When you gonna stop thinking it's so
funny.

SECOND ANGRY LAWYER

(To CLERK)

We wouldda done a terrific job
protecting those guys.
(neither lawyer, by
the way, is Clarence
Darrow)

FIRST ANGRY LAWYER

You think we're not as good as some
hotshot fancy lawyer?--

CUT TO:

THE COURTROOM and business is booming. Muggers, pimp, hookers, their families and friends. In the scene that follows, a constant counterpoint is what's going on up at the front as an endless succession of petty criminals caught the previous night, the aforementioned muggers, pimps, and hookers, are shuttled in, given a quick appearance before a JUDGE who sets bond, and then shuttled out.

In the audience, one man stands out--DOUGLAS CADDY. He is extremely well-dressed and obviously successful. Beside him sits another smaller man, who is unshaven and squints. WOODWARD moves in, sits alongside CADDY.

WOODWARD

Mr. Caddy? My name's Bob Woodward,
I'm from the Post and I wanted to
ask about how you happened to come
on this case--

CADDY

--I'm not here.

WOODWARD

(nods)

OK.

He takes out a small notebook, writes, muttering aloud as he does.

WOODWARD

Douglas Caddy, the attorney of record,
when questioned about his presence
in the courtroom, denied he was in
the courtroom, "I'm not here," Mr.
Caddy said.

CADDY

(impatiently)

Clearly, I am here, but only as an
individual, I'm not the attorney of
record.

(indicating unshaven
man)

Mr. Rafferty has that position.
Whatever you want, you'll have to
get from him, I have nothing more to
say.

And as he gets up, walks off--

CUT TO:

THE WATER FOUNTAIN IN THE CORRIDOR. There is a small line.
CADDY waits at the end of it.

WOODWARD

(moving in behind him)
Mr. Rafferty was very helpful. Four Cuban-Americans and this other man, James McCord.

CADDY

Look, I told you inside--

WOODWARD

--you have nothing more to say, I understand that.

CADDY turns away; WOODWARD goes right on.

WOODWARD

What I don't understand is how you got here.

CADDY

I assure you, there's nothing mysterious involved.

WOODWARD

Probably you're right, but a little while ago, I was talking to a couple of lawyers who'd been assigned to represent the burglars.

CADDY

So?

WOODWARD

Well, they never would have been assigned if anyone had known the burglars had arranged for their own counsel. And that could only mean the burglars didn't arrange for their own counsel--they never even made a phone call.

(looks at CADDY)

So if they didn't ask for you to be here, how did you know to come?

Without a word, CADDY turns, leaves the line without getting a drink. Silently, WOODWARD watches. Now--

CUT TO:

CADDY seated as before beside RAFFERTY. WOODWARD's voice come from behind him, and as CADDY turns, WOODWARD is seated one row back.

WOODWARD

Did you know to come because one of the other men involved in the break-

in called you?

CADDY

(turning)

There is no reason to assume other people were involved.

WOODWARD

Your clients were arrested with a walkie-talkie; they didn't need that to talk among themselves.

CADDY looks at WOODWARD, turns back.

CADDY

(turning back)

They are not my clients.

WOODWARD

You're a lawyer and you're here--

CADDY

--I met one of the defendants, Mr. Barker, at a social occasion once--
(stops himself)

--I have nothing more to say.

WOODWARD

(leaning forward as
CADDY turns away
again)

A Miami social occasion?

(explaining)

Mr. Rafferty told me the Cubans were from Miami.

CADDY

(sighing)

Barker's wife called me at three this morning; her husband apparently had told her to call if he hadn't called her by then.

WOODWARD

It was really nice of you to come, since you'd only met him once.

CADDY

Are you implying you don't believe me?

WOODWARD

I have nothing more to say.

CADDY

You don't mind getting on people's nerves, do you?

WOODWARD considers this a moment. Then--

WOODWARD

Nope.

And on that word--

CUT TO:

THE COURTROOM as without warning, it quiets. There is suddenly a tremendous air of expectancy, you can feel it. Now we see why as five men in dark business suits are led in; they've been stripped of belts, ties, and shoelaces. McCord is taller than the others. They stand, facing the JUDGE, backs to the audience.

WOODWARD sits watching as the proceedings start, but it's hard to hear. He concentrates as the JUDGE starts speaking.

JUDGE

Will you please state your professions.

The five men do not move or reply. Then, after a long pause, Barker says--

BARKER

Anti-Communists.

JUDGE

Anti-Communists?
(perplexed)
That, sir, is not your average occupation.

WOODWARD starts moving forward now, down an aisle, moving past kids and whores and all the rest, trying to hear what the hell's going on. At the front of the spectator's section is a fence-like wooden barricade about three feet high. As he approaches it--

The JUDGE indicates the bald burglar.

JUDGE

Your name, please.

MCCORD

James McCord.

JUDGE

Will you step forward, sir.
(MCCORD obeys)

WOODWARD at the bench is leaning forward, trying to hear but it's hard.

JUDGE

And what is your occupation, Mr. McCord?

MCCORD

(softly)
Security consultant.

JUDGE

Where?

MCCORD

(softer)
Government. Recently retired.

JUDGE

Where in government?

MCCORD

(we can't really make
this out)
...Central... Intelligence...
Agency...

JUDGE

(he can't either)
Where?

MCCORD

(clearing his throat)
The C.I.A.

And on these words,

ZOOM TO:

CLOSE UP--WOODWARD leaning over the fence practically falling over it in a desperate straining effort to catch what's going on.

WOODWARD

(stunned)
Holy shit.

Now from the courtroom--

CUT TO:

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF WASHINGTON POSTS.

We are at the end of the press run, the papers are all assembled and being cabled and sent off by machine to various places. As the papers continue to roll past--

A UNION TYPE EMPLOYEE grabs a paper, looks at the front page.

The Watergate story, headlined whatever it was headlined, is

visible. The byline was by Alfred E. Lewis. The union type
Post employee glances at the article--

UNION POST EMPLOYEE

(reading half-aloud)
"Five men, one of whom said he is a
former employee..."
(stops reading, gives
a shrug)
Schmucks.

And he turns happily to the sports section--

CUT TO:

A CLOSE UP OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

It's new money and looks as if it's been recently ironed.
Someone is going through the cash, making a quick count.
During this--

FIRST VOICE (V.O.)

Hurry it, huh, Bachinski?

BACHINSKI

You said I could look at it--

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

We're in a room in a police station and two men are present.
One, a COP, is nervous as hell and constantly aware of the
door. The other, BACHINSKI, is taking hurried notes in a
reporter's type notebook as he examines the evidence.

COP

--I said look, not memorize--

BACHINSKI

--almost done, give it a rest, all
right...
(and he looks at an
address book, he
stops)

CUT TO:

THE ADDRESS BOOK. Beside the name "Howard E. Hunt" is the
notation "W.House." Now, BACHINSKI hurriedly opens the other
book to the letter "H" and there is the same name, "Howard
E. Hunt" and beside it, the letters, "W.H."

COP (V.O.)

What'd you find?

BACHINSKI (V.O.)

Beats me. These notebooks belonged
to Cuban guys?

COP (V.O.)

S'right.

BACHINSKI (V.O.)

It's gotta mean either White House
or whore house, one or the other.

We HOLD on the HUNT name, and the address notations. Then--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

The phone rings, waking him. He fumbles for the phone and
the light, finally gets them both.

WOODWARD

Bachinski?
(reaches for a notebook)
What?--hold it--
(gets it open, starts
to write)
--OK, go on, go on...

CUT TO:

A BOX OF MAALOX TABLETS.

ROSENFELD is opening them, we're in his office, WOODWARD
sits across the desk, holding the notebook we saw him writing
in.

ROSENFELD

...go on, go on...

WOODWARD

That's everything Bachinski had, I
think it's worth following up.

ROSENFELD

Don't know; who the hell's Howard
Hunt?
(crunches tablets)
It's probably nothing but check it
out. Just go easy, it could be crazy
Cubans.

HOWARD SIMONS sticks his head in the office.

SIMONS

Anything?

ROSENFELD

Woodward's onto a new wrinkle with
the break-in thing--absolute page
one stuff--

SIMONS

--in other words, you got nothing,
you're thumbsucking.

ROSENFELD

(shrugs)
Could develop.

SIMONS

Let me see what you get, but don't
jump--The New York Times thinks it's
crazy Cubans.

He moves on. ROSENFELD turns quickly to WOODWARD.

ROSENFELD

OK, get on this W.House guy and do a
better job then you did on McCord.

WOODWARD

I did all right on McCord.

ROSENFELD

Then how come the Associated Press
were the ones found out that Mr.
McCord is security coordinator for
the Committee to Re-elect the
President, otherwise known as CREEP?

WOODWARD

(getting it straight)
The head of security for the
reelection of a Republican President
got caught bugging the national
offices of the Democrats? What the
hell does that mean?

ROSENFELD

(hasn't the foggiest)
Mr. John Mitchell, the head of CREEP,
says it means nothing.

(reads)
"...This man and the other people
involved were not operating on either
our behalf or with our consent. These
is no place in our campaign or in
the electoral process for this type
of activity, and we will not forget
it or condone it."

WOODWARD

(getting up)
You can't believe that.

ROSENFELD

As a rough rule of thumb, as far as

I can throw Bronco Nagurski, that's
how much I trust John Mitchell...

Now--

CUT TO:

A MOON-FACED MAN RINGING A TRIANGLE.

CUT TO:

THE NEWSROOM as the triangle sound echoes.

HOWARD SIMONS leaves large Managing Editor's office, walks
past another office, knocks twice on the glass wall.

Inside the Executive Editor's office, BEN BRADLEE sits. As
SIMONS knocks, he turns, nods. He appears, for the moment,
deep in thought.

HARRY ROSENFELD on the opposite end of the room hurries out
of his office, following a bunch of editors, all of them
heading across the huge room. As he passes WOODWARD's desk
ROSENFELD pauses.

ROSENFELD

What'd you get on W.House?

WOODWARD

(massaging his neck)

Lotsa hints--

ROSENFELD

(not happy)

I can't sell hints to Simons--

(stops, looks at piece
of yellow paper)

--you called everyone you know?

(WOODWARD makes a nod)

Call someone you don't know.

WOODWARD continues to rub his neck as ROSENFELD hurries off,
all the editors still moving toward the place where the moon-
faced man intermittently rings the triangle.

WOODWARD picks up the sheet of yellow paper from his desk.
Lined, legal-sized, it is crammed with names and numbers and
addresses. They are in no neat order; looking at them it's
almost like following a path; chicken tracks in ink. WOODWARD
mutters "to hell with it" and reaches for a thick book, flips
it open.

NOW WE SEE THE BOOK: It's the Washington Phone Directory and
we're in the W's. As WOODWARD's finger stops, we can see
he's looking at the White HOuse entry number. There it is,
just like your name and mine. Listed.

Now WOODWARD starts to dial, visibly nervous, a fact he tries very hard to keep out of his voice tone.

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR (V.O.)

White House.

WOODWARD

(casually)

Howard Hunt, please.

Throughout the following call, we stay on WOODWARD's face, hear the other voices.

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Mr. Hunt does not answer.

WOODWARD is delighted he's even there.

WOODWARD

Thanks, anyway--

And he's about to hang up, when--

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'll bet he's in Mr. Colson's office.
Let me connect you.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Charles Colson's wire.

WOODWARD

(a little more excited)

Howard Hunt, please.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Mr. Hunt isn't here just now.

WOODWARD

Thanks, anyway.

And he's about to hang up again when--

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Have you tried Mullen and Company Public Relations? He works at Mullen and Company Public Relations as a writer. The number is 555-1313. I'm sorry I couldn't be more helpful.

WOODWARD

Listen, forget it.

He hangs up, sits there. His hands are a little twitchy...
HOLD. Now--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD hurrying (he always hurries) toward his office.
WOODWARD, looking for something in his desk throughout this scene, speaks to him.

WOODWARD

Who's Charles Colson?

ROSENFELD

(stops dead)

I would liken your query to being in Russia half a century ago and asking someone, "I understand who Lenin is and Trotsky I got too, but who's this yokel Stalin?"

WOODWARD

Who's Colson, Harry?

ROSENFELD

The most powerful man in America is President Nixon, probably you've heard his name.

WOODWARD, unfazed by anything, continues to open drawers, close them, as ROSENFELD rolls on.

ROSENFELD

The second most powerful man is Robert Haldeman. Just below him are a trio: Mr. Erlichman is Haldeman's friend, and they protect the President from everybody which is why they are referred to as either The German Shepherds or the Berlin Wall. Mr. Mitchell we've already discussed. Mr. Colson is the President's special counsel.

WOODWARD

(rising)

Thanks, Harry.

(looks at ROSENFELD)

Know anything about Colson?

ROSENFELD

Just that on his office wall there's a cartoon with a caption reading, "When you've got them by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow."

WOODWARD nods, heads back toward the files as we

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AT HIS DESK dialing the phone.

He's got the Colson file spread out now, and we see pictures

of the man and articles the Post had done on him. But basically what we see is WOODWARD plugging away on the goddamn phone and you'd think his finger would fall off from all the dialing and you know his voice is tiring as this montage goes on, you can hear it grow raspy. But a lot of what a reporter does he does on the phone, and that's what we're compressing here. The dialing never stops, the voices are continuous.

WOODWARD

Hello, I'm Bob Woodward of the Washing
Post and...

(beat)

Mullen and Company Public Relations?
Could you tell me when you expect
Mr. Hunt?

(surprised)

He is?

HUNT (V.O.)

Howard Hunt here.

WOODWARD

Hi, I'm Bob Woodward of the Post and--

HUNT (V.O.)

(impatient)

--yes, yes, what is it?

WOODWARD

I was just kind of wondering why
your name and phone number were in
the address books of two of the men
arrested at Watergate?

HUNT (V.O.)

(blind panic)

Good God!

And he bangs the phone down sharply--

--more dialing SOUNDS. Now snatches of conversation--

WOODWARD

I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Bennett,
but we're doing some investigating
of one of your employees, Howard
Hunt.

BENNETT (V.O.)

Well, if you've been doing some
investigating then obviously it's no
secret to you that Howard was with
the C.I.A.

WOODWARD

(he hadn't known)

No secret at all.

More dialing. Then--

WOODWARD

(tired, voice deeper)
Hello, C.I.A. This is R.W. Woodward,
of the Washington Post--get me
Personnel--

Dialing again. WOODWARD's voice is showing genuine fatigue.

WOODWARD

Hi, I'm Bob Woodward of the Washington
Post--and--what's that?--you've never
heard of me?--I can't help that--you
don't believe I'm with the Post?--
what do you want me to do, Madam,
shout "extra--extra"?

There is the SOUND of the phone being slammed down in his
ear. Hard. Now--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD AND SIMONS approaching WOODWARD who is working at
his desk. He has put in a lot of hours on this and looks it.

ROSENFELD

Whaddya got, whaddya got?

WOODWARD

Hunt is Colson's man--
(to SIMONS, explaining)
--that's Charles Colson, Nixon's
special counsel--
(SIMONS almost says
something, decides
against it)
--they both went to Brown University--
(consulting his notes)
--Hunt worked for the C.I.A. till
'70, and this is on deep background,
the FBI thinks he's involved with
the break-in.

SIMONS

What else have you got?

WOODWARD

According to White House personnel,
Hunt definitely works there as a
consultant for Colson. But when I
called the White House Press office,
they said he hadn't worked there for
three months. Then the P.R. guy said
the weirdest thing to me.

(reading)
"I am convinced that neither Mr. Colson nor anyone else at the White House had any knowledge of, or participation in, this deplorable incident at the Democratic National Committee."

He looks up at them.

SIMONS

Isn't that what you'd expect them to say?

WOODWARD

Absolutely.

ROSENFELD

So?

WOODWARD

(he's got something
and he knows it)
I never asked them about Watergate.
I only said what were Hunt's duties
at the White House. They volunteered
that he was innocent when nobody
asked was he guilty.

ROSENFELD

(to SIMONS)
I think we got a White House
consultant linked to the bugging.

SIMONS

(nods)
Just be careful how you write it.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD TYPING LIKE MAD, makes a mistake, corrects it, types
on muttering to himself, and--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD IN HIS OFFICE munching a handful of Maalox tablets
and--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD taking a sheet from his typewriter, hurrying off
and--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD taking the sheet from WOODWARD--

WOODWARD

Here's the first take--

ROSENFELD nods, shows him out and--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD BACK AT HIS MACHINE typing faster then before, makes another mistake, starts to correct it, glances around and--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD IN HIS OFFICE gesturing to somebody but not WOODWARD and--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD watching as BERNSTEIN appears in view from behind the wide pillar by WOODWARD's desk, heads toward ROSENFELD's office. WOODWARD shrugs, goes back to his typing, makes a typo immediately, glances over toward ROSENFELD's office, freezes as we--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD handing some papers to BERNSTEIN. They look, from this distance, suspiciously like WOODWARD's story.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN hurrying out of ROSENFELD's office, and--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD watching BERNSTEIN until he disappears out of sight behind the pillar. WOODWARD hesitates, finally goes back to his typing, makes another mistake, fixes it, makes still another, his temper is shortly to make itself known--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD as WOODWARD hands him another sheet of paper.

WOODWARD

This is all of it, Harry.

ROSENFELD NODS, takes it, immediately starts to read as we--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AT HIS DESK watching as ROSENFELD gestures again. There is a pause. Then BERNSTEIN appears from behind the pillar and--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD handing BERNSTEIN another sheet of paper. BERNSTEIN

nods, takes it, walks back toward his desk, disappears behind the pillar again. WOODWARD is starting to steam. Now--

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN AT HIS DESK typing magnificently, his hands rising and falling like Rubinstein's. Behind him is the pillar and for a moment there is nothing--then, very slowly, a figure peers out from behind the pillar--it is WOODWARD.

He watches. BERNSTEIN continues to type, then after a moment, rests, thinks, shifts around in his chair and as his glance starts toward the pillar--

CUT TO:

THE PILLAR. WOODWARD is gone.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN typing madly away.

THE PILLAR. WOODWARD is visible again, eyes very bright... now--

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN finishing typing, his hands moving majestically. WOODWARD comes up behind him, stands looking a second.

Then--

WOODWARD

We have to talk.

BERNSTEIN nods, grabs the papers both that he's been typing and that he's been copying from.

And as he rises--

PAN TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN walking silently out of the newsroom then turning left down a darker corridor, passing bulletin boards and wall lockers and it's all nice and quiet as they amble on, nodding to the few people they pass on their way and after a while they turn right and enter the coffee lounge which is empty; the walls are lined with Norman Rockwell reproductions and various kinds of vending machines are visible, selling coffee or milk or fruit or sandwiches and there are some plastic tables and chairs and the minute they are alone, the silence ends.

WOODWARD

What the hell were you doing rewriting my story--

BERNSTEIN

--I sure couldn't hurt it, could I?--

WOODWARD

--it was fine the way it was--

BERNSTEIN

--it was bullshit the way it was--

WOODWARD

--I have to stand here and listen to the staff correspondent from Virginia?--

BERNSTEIN

(a sore subject)

--what have you been here, nine months?--I been in this business since I was sixteen--

WOODWARD

--and you've had some fucking meteoric rise, that's for sure--by the time you turn forty you might be the head of the Montana bureau--

BERNSTEIN

--you only got the job because both you and Bradlee went to Yale--

WOODWARD

--Bradlee went to Harvard--

BERNSTEIN

--they're all the same, all those Ivy League places--they teach you about striped ties and suddenly you're smart--

WOODWARD

--I'm smart enough to know my story was solid--

BERNSTEIN

--mine's better--

WOODWARD

--no way--

BERNSTEIN

(handing them over)

--read 'em both and you'll see--

And as WOODWARD glances at the two stories--

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN watching. Now--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD. He glances from one story to the other. Then,
disconsolately--

WOODWARD

...crap...

And he sinks down in a chair.

BERNSTEIN

Is mine better?

WOODWARD nods.

WOODWARD

(handing the stories
back)

What is it about my writing that's
so rotten?

BERNSTEIN

(as he exits)

Mainly it has to do with your choice
of words.

And as he goes, leaving WOODWARD just sitting there--

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN, re-entering the newsroom, returning to his desk.
He starts to insert some papers into his typewriter,
hesitates, lights a cigarette. He inhales, as, behind him,
WOODWARD briefly is visible going to his desk behind the
pillar.

Finally BERNSTEIN inserts the paper, starts to type as

WOODWARD (V.O.)

(from behind the pillar)

Carl?

BERNSTEIN

(turns)

Yeah?

WOODWARD

(pushing his chair
briefly into view)

Fuck you, Carl.

And as he rolls forward again, out of sight--

CUT TO:

RICHARD NIXON ON THE TUBE.

(It's the June 22 Press Conference.) He talks on about something, it doesn't matter exactly what here, the point is, it should include that strange smile of his that kept appearing when the man should not have been smiling. Hints of pressure maybe, that's all, and once it's established--

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

WOODWARD sitting alone, gloomily staring at the set. We're in the Post Cafeteria, it's the next morning, and the place is pretty much empty. He sips the coffee, it tastes rotten. BERNSTEIN moves up behind him, carrying a cup of coffee of his own. He stands by WOODWARD briefly.

BERNSTEIN

You heard?

(WOODWARD glances up)

They put us both on the break-in thing. Simons liked the way we worked together.

(WOODWARD nods,

BERNSTEIN sits down)

Listen, I'm sorry I said your story was bullshit.

WOODWARD

It's OK; I'm sorry I called you a failure.

BERNSTEIN

Forget it, the main thing--

(stops)

--did you call me a failure?

WOODWARD

I was sure trying.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD, BERNSTEIN, AND NIXON. The way it's shot, it's almost as if they're watching each other; NIXON staring out from the TV set, answering questions. WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN sip coffee. We don't know yet--or better, they don't know it yet, but these are our adversaries.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN, without NIXON now. They sit at the table. Occasionally, NIXON is audible in the background.

WOODWARD

All right, what do we know?

BERNSTEIN

Let me lay a little theory on you--

WOODWARD

(cutting him off)
--I'm not interested in theory. What do we know? For example, Hunt's disappeared.

BERNSTEIN

Well, Barker tried to get blueprints of the Miami Convention Center and the air-conditioning system.

WOODWARD

And McCord was carrying an application for college press credentials for the Democratic convention.

(to BERNSTEIN)

The Times has got to be full of it-- it can't be crazy Cubans.

BERNSTEIN

What, though?
(points to Nixon)
It can't be the Republicans--he'd never allow something as stupid as this, not when he's gonna slaughter McGovern anyway.

WOODWARD

Right. Nixon didn't get where he got by being dumb--
(stops abruptly)
--listen, that was a Watergate question--

CUT TO:

NIXON ON THE TUBE. Serious now.

NIXON

The White House has had no involvement whatever in this particular incident.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN staring at the set thinking...

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN walking toward BERNSTEIN'S desk.

WOODWARD

Hey?

BERNSTEIN

Hmm.

WOODWARD

What do you think he meant, this particular incident? Were there others? How would we find out? You know anyone important?

BERNSTEIN

(sits, shakes his head)

I lived here all my life, I got a million contacts, but they're all bus boys and bellhops.

The reporter KEN RINGLE at the next desk watches them a moment. Then--

RINGLE

What do you need?

BERNSTEIN

Someone inside the White House would be nice.

RINGLE

(writes down phone number)

Call her. She worked for Colson, if that's any help.

As BERNSTEIN grabs for the phone--

CUT TO:

A SECRETARIAL POOL IN A LARGE OFFICE.

BERNSTEIN is talking off to one side with an attractive girl.

GIRL

Kenny's crazy, I never worked for Colson, I worked for an assistant. Colson was big on secrets anyway. Even if I had worked for him, I wouldn't have known anything.

BERNSTEIN

Nothing at all you can remember?

SECRETARY

(headshake)

Sorry.

(pause)

Now if it was Hunt you were interested in--

BERNSTEIN

--Howard Hunt?

SECRETARY

Sure. Him I liked, he was a very nice person. Secretive too, traveled all over, but a decent man.

BERNSTEIN

Any idea what he did?

SECRETARY

Oh, the scuttlebutt for awhile was he was investigating Kennedy--

BERNSTEIN

--Teddy Kennedy?

SECRETARY

Sure. I remember seeing a book about Chappaquiddick on his desk and he was always getting material out of the White House Library and the Library of Congress and--

And as she goes on, quickly--

CUT TO:

THE NEWSROOM.

BERNSTEIN is at his desk, telephoning. WOODWARD stands alongside.

BERNSTEIN

White House Library, please.

We hear the other end of this phone call clearly.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

One moment.

LIBRARIAN (V.O.)

(elderly-sounding
lady)
Library.

BERNSTEIN

Hi. Carl Bernstein of the Washington Post. I was just wondering if you remember the names of any of the books that Howard Hunt checked out on Senator Kennedy.

LIBRARIAN (V.O.)

I think I do remember, he took out a whole bunch of material. Let me just go see.

SOUND of the phone being laid down.

BERNSTEIN

--what do you think?--

WOODWARD

--Hunt doesn't seem like your ordinary consultant.

BERNSTEIN

Maybe a political operative of some sort--

WOODWARD

--a spy, you mean?

BERNSTEIN

It makes sense; Hunt worked for the C.I.A. and the White House was paranoid about Teddy Kennedy.

LIBRARIAN (V.O.)

Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

Yes, ma'am.

LIBRARIAN (V.O.)

What I said before? I was wrong. The truth is, I don't have a card that Mr. Hunt took out any Kennedy material.

(WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN
listen, and now there
is something in her
voice that wasn't
there before: fear)

I remember getting that material out for somebody, but it wasn't Mr. Hunt. The truth is, I've never had any requests at all from Mr. Hunt.

(beat)

The truth is, I don't know Mr. Hunt.

There is the SOUND of the phone being dropped into its cradle. BERNSTEIN continues to hold his. He and WOODWARD just look at each other. Now--

CUT TO:

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Now, as WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN get out of a cab, start inside-

CUT TO:

A MALE LIBRARIAN IN HIS OFFICE.

LIBRARIAN

You want all the material requested
by the White House?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN standing there. The nod. One of them
maybe says "yessir," the other maybe "please." The LIBRARIAN
moves out of his office into a corridor. They go with him.
No one else is around. The LIBRARIAN looks at them, quickly--

LIBRARIAN

All White House transactions are
confidential.

And just like that, he's back into his office, and as he
shuts the door--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN walking along through the Library of
Congress.

WOODWARD

You think they are confidential? I
don't know anything about how this
town works, I haven't lived here a
year yet.

BERNSTEIN

We need a sympathetic face.

On the word "face"--

CUT TO:

A BEARDED YOUNG-LOOKING CLERK. We're in the reading room of
the library, and WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN are with him.

YOUNG CLERK

You want every request since when?

BERNSTEIN

(to WOODWARD)

When did Hunt start at the White
House?

WOODWARD

July of '71.

BERNSTEIN

About the past year.

CLERK

(starts to smile)

I'm not sure you want 'em, but I got
'em.

Now--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN seated at a table with from anywhere between 10 to 20 thousand slips of paper. In front of them, seated at a high desk, the bearded clerk looks down on them, shaking his head. It's a staggering amount of work to thumb through.

CLERK

I can't believe you guys are actually doing this.

WOODWARD

(to the clerk)

You do a lot of things when you're on a story.

(to BERNSTEIN, quietly)

Can you believe we're actually doing this?

(BERNSTEIN can't)

Now we have a series of shots of the two of them going through the slips; it took them hours and hours, and the afternoon darkened as they worked. And they're tired. Now--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN getting back into a cab.

BERNSTEIN

That was fun.

(slams the door)

What now?

WOODWARD

I met a Presidential aide once at a social occasion.

BERNSTEIN

(stunned)

And you haven't called him?--

As the taxi pulls off--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD

reading an article by BERNSTEIN's desk. WOODWARD sits on an adjacent desk.

ROSENFELD

(to BERNSTEIN)

You got accurate notes on the White

House librarian?
(BERNSTEIN nods)
OK, we'll leave space for the White
House denial and we should be set.

Suddenly he gestures and we--

CUT TO:

BRADLEE STANDING ACROSS THE ROOM. Without a nod, he moves
toward ROSENFELD.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN, nervously watching BRADLEE come. As
soon as BRADLEE is within earshot, ROSENFELD starts his sell.

ROSENFELD

Benjy, we got a present for you.
Above the fold on page one for sure.
It may not change our lives one way
or the other. Just a good, solid
piece of American Journalism--
(beat)
--that The New York Times doesn't
have.

BRADLEE by this time has taken the story, grabbed an
unoccupied chair, sat down, started to read. His only response
to ROSENFELD is an intermittent "uh-huh, uh-huh."

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN, watching as the silence goes on.
ROSENFELD too. He wants the story too, but he doesn't want
it like WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN do. They were, as they said,
proud of their work. The silence goes on. Finally BRADLEE
looks up.

BRADLEE

You haven't got it.
(before they can reply)
A librarian and a secretary say Hunt
looked at a book.
(shakes his head)
Not good enough.

He begins editing the piece, slashing paragraphs out of it.

WOODWARD

I was told by this guy at the White
House that Hunt was investigating
Teddy Kennedy.

BRADLEE

How senior?

WOODWARD

(edgy)

You asking me to disclose my source?

Other reporters are watching now. BRADLEE is impatient, as always.

BRADLEE

Just tell me his title.

WOODWARD

I don't know titles.

BRADLEE

Is he on the level of Assistant to the President or not?

WOODWARD doesn't know. BRADLEE continues to hack at their piece. Done, he stands, walks away.

BRADLEE

Get some harder information next time.

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN watch him go, they are embarrassed, angry, crushed. HOLD on their faces. Then--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

He is in pajamas and lugging a flower pot out to the balcony, positioning it so it would be visible to anyone passing in the alley below. He takes a stick with a red flag, jams it into the flower pot. He's nervous and he makes several adjustments, making sure the red flag is secure and won't fall.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD down in the alley, staring up at his apartment. The flag is clearly visible. It's early. He checks his watch, hurries out of the alley.

CUT TO:

THE CITY ROOM - NIGHT

Deserted except for a few older Front Page types, reporters whose legs have given out, playing cards in a corner of the room. WOODWARD is working at his desk until he glances up at a wall clock. It's almost one on the button and as he rises--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD racing down the stairway of the Post; as he hits the lobby, he turns and we

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE POST - NIGHT

WOODWARD appears in the side exit, walks off. When he gets out of sight of the paper, he starts to run. Now--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD turning a corner, running on. Up ahead is a cab--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD IN THE CAB sitting forward tensely. Occasionally, various monuments are briefly visible, lit up in the b.g. WOODWARD takes out some money as we

CUT TO:

THE CAB stopping. WOODWARD pays, gets out. The cab pulls away. When it is out of sight, WOODWARD starts to run again.

CUT TO:

A STREET as WOODWARD runs by. It's not the nicest area in the world. He is going faster now.

CUT TO:

A CAB GASSING UP AT A STATION. WOODWARD hurries to it, gets in and--

CUT TO:

THE SECOND CAB roaring along some Washington streets.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD INSIDE THE CAB. He looks at his watch, tries not to seem nervous. But his fingers are drumming, drumming and--

CUT TO:

THE SECOND CAB stopping, as WOODWARD gets out, pays. The cab starts off, but slowly. WOODWARD waits. The cab doesn't turn as the first one did. WOODWARD still waits. Finally the cab turns and the second it does, WOODWARD starts to run again and--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD turning a corner, running on and--

CUT TO:

ANOTHER CORNER as WOODWARD turns it, finally stops and catches

his breath as we--

CUT TO:

A GIGANTIC UNDERGROUND TYPE GARAGE

CUT TO:

WOODWARD ENTERING THE GARAGE. It's an eerie place, and his heels make noise and if you wonder is he edgy, yes he's edgy. He comes to the ramp leading down to lower levels, hesitates.

CUT TO:

THE RAMP. It seems to descend forever.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD starting down. HOLD on him as he walks. Down he goes, the shadows deepening, then disappearing, then covering him again. He continues on. He must be at least at the first underground level now but he doesn't stop, and we don't stop watching him as he continues to go down, turning, the SOUND of his shoes softer now and he's a smaller figure as we watch him circle around and around until we--

CUT TO:

ANOTHER LEVEL UNDERGROUND. Dimly lit. A few cars parked here and there. WOODWARD hesitates on the ramp, looks around.

THE GARAGE. Dark, dark, eerie.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD quietly stepping off the ramp, continuing to glance this way, that way. Now--

CUT TO:

TWO CARS PARKED BESIDE EACH OTHER.

Nothing unusual about that. But then some cigarette smoke appears, trailing up and disappearing from between the cars. As WOODWARD moves forward--

CUT TO:

A MAN SITTING ON HIS HAUNCHES BETWEEN THE CARS, smoking. He leans with his back against the wall.

DEEP THROAT

I saw the flag signal--what's up?

WOODWARD

Nothing, that's the problem--the story's gone underground.

DEEP THROAT

You thought I'd help out on specifics?

(headshake)

I'll confirm what you get, try to keep you on the right track, but that's all.

(looks at WOODWARD)

Are you guys really working?

(WOODWARD nods)

How much?

WOODWARD

I don't know maybe sixteen, eighteen hours a day--we've got sources at Justice, the FBI, but it's still drying up.

DEEP THROAT

Then there must be something, mustn't there. Look, forget the myths the media's created about the White House--the truth is, these are not very bright guys, and things got out of hand.

WOODWARD

If you don't like them, why won't you be more concrete with me?

DEEP THROAT

Because the press stinks too--history on the run, that's all you're interested in.

(inhales)

You come up with anything?

WOODWARD

John Mitchell resigned as head of CREEP to spend more time with his family. That doesn't exactly have the ring of truth.

(DEEP THROAT nods)

Howard Hunt's been found--there was talk that his lawyer had 25 thousand in cash in a paper bag.

DEEP THROAT

Follow the money. Always follow the money.

WOODWARD

To where?

DEEP THROAT

(shakes his head "no")

Go on.

WOODWARD

This man Gordon Liddy--he's going to be tried along with Hunt and the five burglars--we know he knows a lot, we just don't know what.

DEEP THROAT

(lights a new cigarette)
You changed cabs? You're sure no one followed you?

WOODWARD

I did everything you said, but it all seemed--

DEEP THROAT

--melodramatic?
(headshakes)
Things are past that--remember, these are men with switchblade mentalities who run the world as if it were Dodge City.

WOODWARD

What's the whole thing about--do you know?

DEEP THROAT

What I know, you'll have to find out on your own.

WOODWARD

Liddy--you think there's a chance he'll talk?

DEEP THROAT

Talk? Once, at a gathering, he put his hand over a candle. And he kept it there. He kept it right in the flame until his flesh seared. A woman who was watching asked, "What's the trick?" And he replied. "The trick is not minding."

DEEP THROAT shakes his head, walks off. WOODWARD stands alone now, watching. Now the shadows have the other man. Just his footsteps are audible. WOODWARD stands there... HOLD.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN.

It's morning and he's struggling to get his bike down the steps of his apartment building.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD driving up in his two-year-old red Karmann Ghia. He roars up alongside BERNSTEIN, waving a folded-up newspaper.

BERNSTEIN

What's that?

WOODWARD

The fucking New York Times.

CUT TO:

The Times spread somewhat tentatively over a mailbox. A small headline is visible, with the words "Barker," "Liddy," and "Telephone" in some kind of order. WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN look at it the best they can.

BERNSTEIN

Goddamnit--

WOODWARD

--see?--

BERNSTEIN

--I'm trying--

WOODWARD

--fifteen phone calls--

BERNSTEIN

---fifteen or more phone calls from the burglars in Miami to Gordon Liddy at CREEP--

WOODWARD

Why didn't we get that?

BERNSTEIN

Christ, and I even know somebody at the phone company--

WOODWARD

--you do?--with access to records?

As BERNSTEIN nods--

CUT TO:

A LITTLE CITY PARK.

A guy shells peanuts. BERNSTEIN hurries up.

BERNSTEIN

Why couldn't you have just dialed me from the office, Irwin?

IRWIN

'Cause I'm not calling out from the
phone company anymore--
 (drops his voice)
--I think the place is bugged.

BERNSTEIN

 (taking some peanuts)
So tell me about the Times article.

IRWIN

What do you want to know?

BERNSTEIN

No games, Irwin; give.

IRWIN

 (looks at BERNSTEIN)
My big civil rights buddy--
 (shakes his head)
--boy, if John Mitchell was after
your phone records, would you be
screaming.
 (eats)
What're you onto?

BERNSTEIN

Something maybe big.

IRWIN

And that makes anything you do OK,
is that it?

BERNSTEIN

Just tell me about the goddamn
article.

IRWIN

 (shelling away)
It was accurate, but I can't get a
fuller listing for you--all Barker's
phone records have been subpoenaed.

BERNSTEIN

Who by?

IRWIN

A Miami D.A. The guy doing the
investigating is named Martin Dardis.
 (finishes his peanuts,
 starts off)

BERNSTEIN

Irwin? I really feel bad, doing
something like this--you know that,
don't you?

IRWIN looks at BERNSTEIN for a long time. then--

IRWIN

Don't give me any more of your liberal
shit, OK, Carl?

He walks off, doesn't look back. Now--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD

at the water fountain on the 5th floor. He chews up a few
Maalox tablets, notices BERNSTEIN steaming up.

BERNSTEIN

Harry, I just talked to a Miami
investigator about Barker--

ROSENFELD

--so?

BERNSTEIN

I think it might be helpful if you'd
send me to Miami.

ROSENFELD heads for his office, BERNSTEIN pursuing.

ROSENFELD

I'm the one sent you to Toronto,
Bernstein--

BERNSTEIN

(trying to head him
off)

--that was awhile ago--

ROSENFELD

--"I think it might be helpful if
you'd send me to Toronto." That was
your spiel then. "The Lifestyles of
Deserters."

(whirls on BERNSTEIN)

I'm still waiting for it.

He enters his office, BERNSTEIN follows.

BERNSTEIN

Down to Miami and back--how much
damage can I do?

ROSENFELD

You're the fella who forgot he rented
a Hertz car, do I have to tell you
they didn't forget to send us the
bill?

And he looks unsympathetically at BERNSTEIN--

CUT TO:

SIMONS circling around the 5th floor. ROSENFELD falls into step. They keep moving throughout.

ROSENFELD

I can predict the next words you're gonna say: "anyone but Bernstein."
(SIMONS gestures for ROSENFELD to continue)
I want to send a reporter to Miami.

SIMONS

Anyone but Bernstein.

ROSENFELD

Howard--

SIMONS

--remember Toronto, Harry.

ROSENFELD

That was awhile ago.

SIMONS

I don't get it--you were the one who wanted to fire him.

ROSENFELD

I know, I did, but damnit Howard--
(SIMONS looks at him)
For the first time since I've known him, I think he's really humping...

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN'S APARTMENT.

A shambles. He is busy doing two things at once, studying notebooks and packing. Music plays, lovely stuff; the Bach Brandenburgs. As the phone rings--

BERNSTEIN

(answering)
Yeah?
(pause)
Yes, this is Carl Bernstein.
(stunned)
You're repossessing my bicycle?
(softer)
Listen, I'm sure I paid this month's installment, so why don't you check your records before you go around hassling people?
(pause)
Oh...

And as he stands there--

AN ATTRACTIVE, EFFICIENT-LOOKING WOMAN of BERNSTEIN's age.
She has just entered the apartment. Vivaldi is playing now.

BERNSTEIN

Hannah, I never would have bothered
you but I'm off to Miami and they're
gonna take away my ten speed unless
I get it straightened out fast.

HANNAH

(glancing around the
chaos)
Where are your bills, Carl?

BERNSTEIN

Oh, they're here.
(starts lifting debris
from his desk)
I'm keeping much better records now,
Hannah.
(grabbing a big manila
envelope)
See?
(hands it to her)

HANNAH

(looks inside)
Carl, it's a jungle.
(sits at his desk,
takes out a mass of
papers--glancing at
the top bill)
I suggest you either pay this
immediately or lay in a large supply
of candles.
(studies another bill)
You'd give a stranger the shirt off
your back--except it wouldn't be
paid for.

He smiles, gently begins massaging her shoulders as she
studies his finances.

BERNSTEIN

Hey... very tense.

HANNAH

(nods)
Lot of pressure at the Star.
(looking at the bills)
Carl, when we got married, you were
four thousand dollars in debt; when
we split, you were solvent. That may
prove to be the outstanding single

achievement of my life, and now look at this.

(sighs)

How much did the damn bike cost?

BERNSTEIN

Five hundred; six maybe.

HANNAH

(looking at paper)

You're two months behind--you got enough to cover?

BERNSTEIN

I think.

HANNAH

Give me your checkbook then.

BERNSTEIN

It's right under that pile.

He indicates a mound of papers. She pulls it out as he continues to massage her, more sensually now. She reaches back, puts her hand on his.

HANNAH

I thought you had to get to Miami.

BERNSTEIN

There's always a later plane.

HANNAH

You're a sex junkie, you know that, Carl?

BERNSTEIN

Nobody's perfect.

(more rubbing now)

I'm glad you're out of it, Hannah-- you're a terrific reporter and I turned you into a bookkeeper.

HANNAH looks at BERNSTEIN a moment; then she smiles gently, shakes her head.

HANNAH

Aw baby, you can get it up... I just wonder if you'll ever be able to get it together.

And quickly from that--

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN

seated perspiring on a hard bench in a stifling office. Outside: palm trees; we're in Miami. And judging from the number of cigarette butts strewn around the bench, BERNSTEIN's been there a while. Waiting. Nervous. And maybe he never will be able to get it together, who knows.

At the front, a SECRETARY sits filing her nails. Behind her are a number of closed doors to offices. No one passes without her OK. The clock hits three in the afternoon as BERNSTEIN gets up from the bench, goes to the SECRETARY.

BERNSTEIN

Hi, it's me. I'm still here.

SECRETARY

(couldn't be nicer)
I'm so glad.

BERNSTEIN

I'd really like to see Mr. Dardis.

SECRETARY

And you will.
(smiles)
But not now.

BERNSTEIN

I called him from Washington. He's the one who asked me to be here at eleven in the morning.

SECRETARY

I told you, he had to go out on a case.

CUT TO:

THE BENCH as BERNSTEIN slumps back down. He wipes his forehead with his sleeve, smokes a fresh cigarette, is kind of interested when a UNIFORMED COP walks up to the SECRETARY, who is now putting red polish on her nails.

UNIFORMED COP

Is it OK to go on back?

She nods.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN watching as the cop walks past the SECRETARY, enters an office behind.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK ON THE WALL. IT'S QUARTER OF FOUR NOW.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

BERNSTEIN, approaching the SECRETARY again. She is working on her right hand now.

BERNSTEIN

Could you reach Mr. Dardis by car radio?

SECRETARY

He is not in the car.

(Smiles; she's just so understanding)

Sorry.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER UNIFORMED COP walking by the SECRETARY's desk.

SECOND COP

Hey, babe.

He enters the same office the first COP did.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN. He lights another cigarette, puts it out, then lights another.

CUT TO:

THE SECRETARY

finishing her manicure. It is almost five o'clock now. BERNSTEIN, his bench a sea of cigarette butts, slowly gets up and goes to the SECRETARY.

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Dardis does call in every so often?

SECRETARY

Well of course.

BERNSTEIN

(quietly)

Good. Just tell him I was here, that I'm sorry I missed him--

He walks out the double doors.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN IN HALLWAY. He looks down the hall. At the end, opposite the SECRETARY's reception room, is a big glass door with a sign reading: Office of the Dade County Clerk. BERNSTEIN goes into a phone booth in the corridor from which he can see both offices. He puts in a dime, and dials.

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Dardis' office, please.

CUT TO:

SECRETARY. The phone RINGS and she punches the button on the phone console.

SECRETARY

Mr. Dardis' office.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN in phone booth.

BERNSTEIN

This is Mr. Tomlinson in the clerk's office. Could you come across the hall for a moment? We've got some documents your boss probably should see.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN watching from phone booth as the SECRETARY hurries across the hallway. As we see her open the door of the clerk's office, BERNSTEIN bolts out of the phone booth and runs into the reception room heading straight for the SECRETARY's desk.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN at her desk, looking at the telephone console, receiver in hand. He punches the button marked Intercom and we can hear it BUZZ somewhere.

VOICE (V.O.)

Dardis.

BERNSTEIN

Carl Bernstein's here to see you--I don't know why, but he seems angry--

CUT TO:

DARDIS emerging through one of the doors behind BERNSTEIN. BERNSTEIN see him.

BERNSTEIN

(to DARDIS)

Look, you've been jerking my chain all day. If there's some reason you can't talk to me--like the fact that you've already leaked everything to The New York Times--just say so.

DARDIS

Listen, I've got a dinner--can't we
do this tomorrow?

BERNSTEIN

(headshake)
I'm on deadline.

CUT TO:

DARDIS' OFFICE. He is fiddling with a combination lock at a
filing cabinet. BERNSTEIN is seated across DARDIS' desk.

DARDIS

You want Barker's phone stuff or his
money stuff?

BERNSTEIN

Whatever.

He hands BERNSTEIN some papers, glances at his watch.

DARDIS

I'll never get out of here in time.

BERNSTEIN

(flying through what
he's been handed)
The telephone calls... we know about
that.

DARDIS

The rest is Barker's bank records.
It's mostly the eighty-nine thousand
in Mexican cashier's checks--

BERNSTEIN

--yeah, that was in The Times this
morning.

BERNSTEIN continues to fly through the papers.

BERNSTEIN

(continuing stops)
What's this Dahlberg check?

And as it's mentioned--

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--CASHIER'S CHECK. It's drawn on the First Bank and
Trust Company of Boca Raton, Florida, it's dated April 10
and it's for 25 thousand dollars, payable to the order to
Kenneth H. Dahlberg.

DARDIS' VOICE

That the twenty-five grand one?--
Don't know--

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN starting to copy the check in a meticulous facsimile. DARDIS watches.

DARDIS

I never could figure just who this Dahlberg was.
(watching BERNSTEIN)
Think it might be anything?

BERNSTEIN

(casually)
This?
(shrugs)
Naw...

And from here quickly--

ZOOM TO:

BERNSTEIN IN A PHONE BOOTH in the lobby of the Justice Building. Wildly excited--

BERNSTEIN

--Woodward--Woodward, listen, I don't know what I got--
(holding the Dahlberg facsimile)
--and I think the Times has it too--
(big)
--but somewhere there's a Kenneth H. Dahlberg in this world and we've gotta find him--

And now comes

THE HUNT FOR DAHLBERG.

This is a compressed montage sequence in which we CUT from one reporter to the other, both of them desperately trying to locate a man names DAHLBERG.

WOODWARD is maybe in the reference room of the Post, sweating, surrounded by Who's Who and Dictionary of American Biographies and phone books from dozens and dozens of cities--

BERNSTEIN is maybe in the phone booth of the Justice Building, sweating, with a pile of dimes as he dials away.

This took them hours, and that effort should be visible to us. They tire, grow punchy, but they keep on, checking phone book and dialing numbers and God knows what else. The point is, we want to get to DAHLBERG in a reasonably short amount

of time, but we also want people to know there was effort involved.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD, bleary, in the reference room, a girl comes in, a researcher librarian type.

RESEARCHER

Were you after the Dahlberg articles
from the files?

(WOODWARD nods)

There aren't any, sorry.

And now she drops a piece of paper, a photo--

WOODWARD

Whazzis?

RESEARCHER

(shrugs)

Our Dahlberg file.

As she leaves--

CUT TO:

The photo.

It is a picture of Hubert Humphrey standing next to another man. The caption identifies that other man as KENNETH DAHLBERG. Now--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AT HIS DESK.

The room is reasonably quiet. ROSENFELD is visible in his office. As WOODWARD picks up the phone, gets Minneapolis information--

CUT TO:

ROSENFELD'S PHONE RINGING. He hurries in, grabs it.

BERNSTEIN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Harry--I know how to get Dahlberg--

ROSENFELD

--Woodward's talking to him know.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN, drenched. There are no dimes left. He listens a moment more, then nods, hangs up, leans back against the glass, takes a deep breath, closes his eyes as we

CUT TO:

WOODWARD on the phone.

WOODWARD

--this should take only a minute,
Mr. Dahlberg, but we're doing a follow-
up on the break-in--

(pause)

--and I was kind of curious about
your check.

DAHLBERG (V.O.)

...check...?

WOODWARD

The twenty-five thousand dollar one.

(silence)

The one with your name on it.

(silence)

In Bernard Barker's Florida account.

(still nothing)

Bernard Barker, the Watergate burglar--

DAHLBERG (V.O.)

(struggling)

...you're definitely doing a story...?

WOODWARD

Yes, sir.

DAHLBERG (V.O.)

I'm a proper citizen, I'm a decent
man, I don't do anything that isn't
decent or proper.

(WOODWARD waits, pen

ready; tense as hell)

I know I shouldn't tell you this...

WOODWARD's lips are going "tell me, tell me."

DAHLBERG (V.O.)

That twenty-five thousand dollars is
money I collected for Nixon in this
year's campaign.

WOODWARD

I see. And how do you think it reached
Miami?

DAHLBERG (V.O.)

I don't know; I really don't. The
last time I saw it was when I was in
Washington. I gave it to the Finance
department of the Committee to Re-
Elect the President. How it got to
that burglar, your guess is as good

as mine.

WOODWARD

(trying to keep his
voice level)
That checks out with our finding,
thank you, Mr. Dahlberg.

CUT TO:

AN ARTICLE WITH WOODWARD'S NAME ON THE BYLINE.

ROSENFELD holds it.

ROSENFELD

CREEP financed the Watergate break-
in, Jesus Christ.

He starts off.

WOODWARD

One sec'--

WOODWARD takes the story, scrawls BERNSTEIN's name in front
of his on the byline. ROSENFELD watches. As WOODWARD finishes,
he takes the story again, hurries off. Now--

CUT TO:

THE HEADLINE OF THEIR STORY:

"Campaign Funds Found in Watergate Burglar's Account."

Now--

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

that it isn't exactly a gigantic headline piece. As a matter
of fact, as more and more of page one appears, we see that
their story is tucked away at the bottom and as bigger and
bigger headlines are visible--

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

--the whole first page. Plastered across the top in giant
letters is the following: "EAGLETON RESIGNS." And as you
look at the whole page now, you can barely make out the tiny
piddling Watergate story. The point is abundantly clear:
nobody cared a whole lot.

CUT TO:

THE TRIANGLE

being rung like crazy. And as it SOUNDS--

CUT TO:

THE BUDGET MEETING

SIMONS

--OK, last go-round. Foreign, anything else?

The foreign editor, an enormously thoughtful-looking and respected man, indicates "no."

SIMONS

(to another editor)
National?

NATIONAL EDITOR

I'll stand with the Eagleton follow-ups and McGovern not being able to get a replacement--that's your page one stuff right there, Howard--

SIMONS

--Metropolitan?--

ROSENFELD

--you are ignoring the importance of the Dahlberg repercussions--

NATIONAL EDITOR

--nobody gives a shit about the Dahlberg repercussions--

ROSENFELD

(to NATIONAL EDITOR)
--quit equivocating, say what you mean--
(to SIMONS and BRADLEE)
--our story got Government Accounting to start an audit on CREEP's finances--

BRADLEE

--and we printed that, didn't we, Harry? And when the frigging audit's done, we'll print that too--

NATIONAL EDITOR

--let me tell what happened when I was having lunch today at the Sans Souci--

ROSENFELD

--correction--when you were drinking your lunch at the bar of the Sans Souci--

NATIONAL EDITOR

--this White House guy, a good one, a pro, came up and asked what is

this Watergate compulsion with you guys and I said, well, we think it's important and he said, if it's so goddamn important, who the hell are Woodward and Bernstein?

ROSENFELD

Ask him what he's really saying--he means take the story away from Woodstein and give it to his people at the National Desk--

NATIONAL EDITOR

--well, I've got some pretty experienced fellas sitting around, wouldn't you say so?--

ROSENFELD

--absolutely--and that's all they do, sit sit sit--every once in a while, they call up a Senator, some reporting--

NATIONAL EDITOR

--well, what if your boys get it wrong--

BRADLEE

(after a beat)

Then it's our asses, isn't it?

SIMONS

(indicates the meeting
is over)

And we'll all have to go to work for a living.

As the men rise and head for the door, the FOREIGN EDITOR moves toward BRADLEE and SIMONS who remain seated as before.

FOREIGN EDITOR

I don't think either Metropolitan or National should cover the story.

(BRADLEE and SIMONS
look at him)

I don't think we should cover the story, period.

BRADLEE

Go on.

FOREIGN EDITOR

It's not that we're using unnamed sources that bothers me, or that everything we print the White House denies, or that almost no other papers are reprinting our stuff.

SIMONS

What then?

FOREIGN EDITOR

I don't believe the goddamn story,
Howard, it doesn't make sense.

BRADLEE

It will, it just hasn't bottomed out
yet, give it time.

FOREIGN EDITOR

Ben, Jesus, there are over two
thousand reporters in this town, are
there five on Watergate? Where did
we suddenly get all this wisdom?

BRADLEE and SIMONS say nothing. They respect this guy.

FOREIGN EDITOR

Look--why would the Republicans do
it? --my God, McGovern is self-
destructing before our eyes--just
like Muskie did, Humphrey, the bunch
of 'em.

(sits on the table,
talks quietly on)

Why would the burglars have put the
tape around the door instead of up
and down unless they wanted to get
caught? Why did they take a walkie-
talkie and then turn it off, unless
they wanted to get caught? Why would
they use McCord--the only direct
contact to the Republicans?

BRADLEE

You saying the Democrats bugged
themselves?

FOREIGN EDITOR

The FBI thinks it's possible--the
Democrats need a campaign issue,
corruption's always a good one.

(rises, starts out)

Get off the story, Ben--or put some
people on McGovern's finances; fair
is fair, even in our business.

He leaves. BRADLEE and SIMONS stay where they are, both of
them flattened by what the guy's said. Because they're not
sure he's wrong... HOLD. Now--

CUT TO:

THE PAPERS POURING OUT OF THE ASSEMBLY LINE.

We're back with the UNION GUY from before. He pulls out a paper again, looks at a story on the front page--

CUT TO:

THE WOODWARD/BERNSTEIN STORY that said the GAO found that CREEP has mishandled over \$500,000 in campaign funds.

UNION GUY

(to another UNION GUY
who's reading over
his shoulder)
What'd'ya think?

SECOND UNION GUY

Politics as usual, someone just got caught with his hand in the cookie jar, that's all.

UNION GUY

(he's not so sure)
Big fuckin' cookie jar.

As he turns to the sports section--

CUT TO:

GETTING THE CREEP LIST SEQUENCE.

Either they get it as it is now, or as they really did, from a Post researcher who knew someone. In ant case, we see the list, with the columns of names and numbers meaning offices and phone extensions.

We also see the two of them working, first, making long attempts at figuring out who worked for whom at CREEP.

Then, once they have that, they begin using the cross-reference phone books, which are not familiar to moviegoers. And from these, they begin to get the home addresses of the various small-fry people who work for CREEP.

Near the end alphabetically, there is a common female name, Jane Smith or something like that. As BERNSTEIN runs his finger down the addresses, something strikes him as familiar, and as he reaches for the phone--

CUT TO:

A CRUMMY-LOOKING BAR - MID-DAY.

BERNSTEIN enters, looks around, then smiles and moves to a lovely girl with a sweet face who probably weighs 200 pounds. She is sitting alone in a corner booth. She nods to BERNSTEIN, can't quite pull off a smile.

BERNSTEIN

(sits across)

This is practically a high school reunion for us, Jane--I would have sprung for a classier place.

JANE

Anyplace really public, they'd know about it--they know everything at the Committee, Carl--

BERNSTEIN

--you don't really think you're being followed?

JANE

This girlfriend of mine at the Committee, the other day she went back to the D.A. to tell the things the FBI didn't ask her. That night, her boss, he knew what she'd done. They control everything; that's how they know it all.

BERNSTEIN

FBI too?

JANE

You don't believe me? Well, I was working the weekend of the break-in and my God, all the executives were running around like crazy--you had to practically wait in line to use the shredding machine--and when the FBI came to investigate, they never even asked me about it.

BERNSTEIN

If you don't like it down there, why don't you quit?

JANE

I don't know what they'd do to me.

BERNSTEIN

(reaching over)

Hey, easy...

JANE

(headshake)

We're a long way from high school, Carl...

(she looks at him)

...and I'm scared.

HOLD on her frightened face a moment. Then--

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN

riding home on his bicycle. He gets to his building, starts lugging it up when--

JANE'S VOICE (O.S.)

They found out I saw you--
(BERNSTEIN stops,
glances around)
--they wanted to know everything.
(louder)
Don't call me again.

BERNSTEIN

(moving toward her
voice)
I can help if you'll--

JANE (O.S.)

--stay away from me, Carl!

CUT TO:

JANE IN THE DARKNESS. If she was scared earlier, it's panic-time now. She turns, hurries off.

BERNSTEIN watches her. Suddenly a SOUND comes from the darkness behind him. He whirls. It was nothing but from the way he jumped when it happened you can tell the fear is spreading.

Now from Washington, in darkness--

CUT TO:

ESSEX HOUSE IN MANHATTAN - BRIGHT SUNSHINE.

WOODWARD comes hurrying along, and as he enters the hotel--

CUT TO:

A DESK CLERK shaking his head at WOODWARD.

CLERK

We have no one by the name of Mitchell registered.

WOODWARD

My mistake, sorry.

And as he goes--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD out on the street, in a phone booth near Essex House.

WOODWARD

Get me John Mitchell, it's urgent.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

That would be room 710, I'll connect you.

WOODWARD waits anxiously as the connection is made.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

The Mitchells.

WOODWARD

Can I speak to Martha Mitchell, please.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Who is this?

WOODWARD

I've met Mrs. Mitchell in Washington, I'm Bob Woodward of the Post and tell her--

And the phone clicks dead--

CUT TO:

AN ELEVATOR, the numbers of the floors being lit as it rises. 4--5--6-- WOODWARD stands alone in the elevator. As it reaches seven and the doors slide open, he steps out and

CUT TO:

THE MARRIOTT SUITE. It's numbered 710. WOODWARD approaches but as he does the door begins to open so he whirls, knocks on the door nearest him. Now 710 is wide open and several maids leave, watched by a large black man.

FIRST MAID

We'll be back after lunch.

BLACK MAN

(it's the voice from
the phone)
We'll be here.

WOODWARD waits by his door as 710 slowly closes. The maids look at him a moment. He knocks again, louder.

SECOND MAID

I think they went out.

WOODWARD

(shrugs)
I don't mind waiting.

The maids nod, move out of sight. WOODWARD stands tense and still, watching the closed door numbered 710... Now--

CUT TO:

NATIONAL AIRPORT IN D.C. - LATE AFTERNOON.

People are getting off the shuttle, WOODWARD among them. BERNSTEIN waits.

BERNSTEIN

(as WOODWARD reaches him)
See her?
(WOODWARD nods)
Get anything?

WOODWARD

For the paper, no; for us, plenty.
(The two of them head for the terminal)
I waited a long time and finally this big guy--I guess a bodyguard--he left and I knocked and she remembered me, we talked awhile.

BERNSTEIN

And?--And?--

WOODWARD

(looks at BERNSTEIN)
--she was panicked, Carl--every time I mentioned Watergate, you could tell.

BERNSTEIN

Were you eyebrow reading?

WOODWARD

(shakes his head "no")
It was there. I just don't get it; a CREEP secretary being scared, that's one thing. But what does the wife of one of the most powerful men in America have to be afraid of...?

They look at each other, neither has a clue. HOLD. Now--

CUT TO:

THE RED KARMANN GHIA

moving along a residential area in Washington. It's later that night.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR - NIGHT. WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN driving along.

BERNSTEIN

Left up ahead.

WOODWARD nods.

WOODWARD

Who's first?

BERNSTEIN

Alphabetically, on the CREEP phone list, Miss Helen Abbott of South George Street.

As WOODWARD turns left.

BERNSTEIN

Now hang your second right--
(explaining)
--this was my turf when I was a kid.

And on those words--

CUT TO:

A DEAD END SIGN. We hear BERNSTEIN explaining--

BERNSTEIN (V.O.)

I brought you over one street too many--go back and hang a left again.

Now on those words--

CUT TO:

ANOTHER DEAD END SIGN.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN pulled over to one side. BERNSTEIN, baffled, stares around; WOODWARD looks at a map with the aid of a flashlight.

BERNSTEIN

I don't get it... this really was my turf...

WOODWARD

(concentrating on the map)
You're not a kid anymore.

BERNSTEIN

(shaking his head)
My first day as a copy boy I was

sixteen and wearing my only grown-up suit--it was cream colored. At 2:30 the head copy boy comes running up to me and says, "My God, haven't you washed the carbon paper yet? If it's not washed by three, it'll never be dry for tomorrow."

(WOODWARD is getting interested in the story now)

And I said, "Am I supposed to do that?" and he said, "Absolutely, it's crucial." So I run around and grab all the carbon paper from all the desks and take it to the men's room. I'm standing there washing it and it's splashing all over me and the editor comes in to take a leak, and he says, "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" And I said, "It's 2:30. I'm washing the carbon paper."

(BERNSTEIN looks at **WOODWARD**)

Just wanted you to know I've done dumber things than get us lost, that's all.

WOODWARD goes back to his map. BERNSTEIN continues to smoke, staring around at the night.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD - AT THE FRONT OF A HOUSE. A sweet old lady is looking out at him.

WOODWARD

Hi. I'm Bob Woodward of the Washington Post and I hate to bother you at home--

SWEET OLD LADY

--I already get the Post. I don't need another subscription.

WOODWARD

No, I'm a reporter. I wanted to talk to you about the Committee to Re-Elect.

SWEET OLD LADY

The what to what?

WOODWARD

You work there, Miss Abbott.

SWEET OLD LADY

I'm not Miss Abbott.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER LADY - IN HER DOORWAY. This time both WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN are there.

WOODWARD

Miss Abbott?

MISS ABBOTT

Yes?

WOODWARD

We're from the Washington Post and we wanted to ask you some questions about the Committee.

ZOOM TO:

CLOSE UP - MISS ABBOTT

MISS ABBOTT

I'm sorry--

And from nowhere, suddenly she bursts into tears.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN as her door slams in their faces.

They just look at each other, bewildered. And a little bit upset; their upset increases as the rejections go on.

CUT TO:

WHOLE SERIES OF FACES

in quick succession--they're all in various doorways, men, women, young, old. The only thing in common is their fear.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(literally trembling)

God, it's just so awful--

And as he closes the door

CUT TO:

A YOUNG GIRL

--I can't--I'd like to but--
(that's all she'll
say)

And as her door starts to shut

CUT TO:

OLD MAN

--go--you've got to go before they
see you--please--

And as he almost starts to beg

CUT TO:

OLD WOMAN

--no... good...

She stands there, shaking her head back and forth, back and forth, pathetic and sad. Now--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD.

He is seated alone staring at his coffee cup, surrounded by junk food debris. We are in a Hot Shoppe, it's night, and as BERNSTEIN comes up with food, they're dressed differently from before. BERNSTEIN puts more junk food and coffee down.

BERNSTEIN

You had the Mighty Mo and the fries
without gravy, right?
(WOODWARD shrugs)

BERNSTEIN passes over some food. They both look bleary and in foul moods. Silently, they start to eat, something they continue doing throughout. They're not hungry, they just eat.

WOODWARD

This is terrific work, if you like rejection.

BERNSTEIN

I never scared anyone before.

WOODWARD

It's not us, they were scared before
we got there.
(looks at BERNSTEIN)
What do we know?

BERNSTEIN

Facts or theory?

WOODWARD

Anything you've got.

BERNSTEIN

We know there's got to be something
or they wouldn't be so panicked.

WOODWARD

And that something's got to be more than just Hunt, Liddy, and the five burglars--those indictments are gonna be bullshit when they come down. What else do we know?

BERNSTEIN

I just wish we knew when someone would talk to us, that's all.

The continue to eat, bleary and numb, as we

CUT TO:

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN--

--kind of an honest, hard-working face.

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN are standing in her doorway.

WOODWARD

A friend at the Committee told us to contact you--

WOMAN

--who was it?

BERNSTEIN

We never reveal our sources, which is why you can talk to us.

WOODWARD

It's safe, try it, you'll see.

She doesn't talk at first, but she doesn't slam the door either.

BERNSTEIN

We understand your problem--

WOODWARD

--you believe in the President, you wouldn't ever want to do anything disloyal.

BERNSTEIN

We appreciate your position--really.

And now she starts, at last, to talk, and they expect it to be their first breakthrough, but when it turns out to be the most withering onslaught yet, they are stunned.

WOMAN

You people--you think that you can come into someone's life, squeeze what you want, then get out.

(to BERNSTEIN)
You don't appreciate a goddamn thing,
mister.
(to WOODWARD)
And you don't understand nothing.
(voice rising)
But the Committee's briefed us on
you--so get the hell out of here--
(big)
--do you like scaring the life out
of decent people?--'cause if you
don't, in the name of God--stop it!

And she slams the door--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN, slowly walking back in silence back
to the car.

WOODWARD

At Yale once, they held an auction.
There was this woman and her name
was Lulu Landis. Her postcards came
up for sale. She had 1400 postcards
written to her and I'd never heard
of her before but I knew I had to
have those cards, I had to know why
anyone would get so many messages. I
paid sixty-five dollars for them...
I got all crazy trying to work it
out and first it was just a maze but
then I found that her husband killed
himself in Dayton, and once I had
that, it all began to open, an
evangelist had come to Dayton and
his horses hit Lulu Landis at the
corner of 13th and Vermillion and
she was paralyzed. Permanently, and
her favorite thing til then had been
traveling and all her friends,
whenever they went anyplace, they
wrote her. Those cards, they were
her eyes...

They continue to walk; slowly.

CUT TO:

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN--IN HIS DOORWAY

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I know who you are and I'm not afraid
but that don't mean I'll talk to you
either--you're just a couple Democrats
out to stop Nixon getting re-elected.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN, staring at the man.

WOODWARD

Democrats?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

That's right.

BERNSTEIN

I hate both parties.

WOODWARD

And I'm a Republican.

The middle-aged man looks at him.

BERNSTEIN

(surprised, turns to

WOODWARD)

Republican?

WOODWARD

Sure.

BERNSTEIN

Who'd you vote for?

WOODWARD

When?

BERNSTEIN

'68.

WOODWARD

Nixon.

BERNSTEIN stares at him in silence as we--

CUT TO:

ANOTHER SERIES OF CREEP EMPLOYEES.

Only they aren't slamming doors, they're sitting in various rooms of their houses and apartments. We don't see the reporters or hear their questions but the answers they receive make it self-evident. We start with the middle-aged man seen above.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Mitchell never left the Committee--
he resigned, sure, but he was there
as much as before--

CUT TO:

YOUNGER MAN

--oh, don't worry, Gordon Liddy will be happy to take the fall for everyone because, well, it's not that Gordon's crazy, he's...

(pauses, looking for the right word)

...weird. I'll give you some Committee people who know about him--only don't tell it was me--

CUT TO:

YOUNGER WOMAN

--of course we were briefed on what to say--and never to volunteer anything--

CUT TO:

OLD WOMAN

--oh, we were never alone with the FBI, there was always someone from the Committee right there--

Smiles, talks on as we--

CUT TO:

RICHARD NIXON'S SOMBER VISAGE.

NIXON

...No one in this administration, presently employed, was involved in this very bizarre incident...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

BERNSTEIN and WOODWARD in a crummy cafeteria, watching the evening news on the TV set high on the wall. WOODWARD eats a hamburger, BERNSTEIN smokes, sips coffee. It is night, as usual now.

CUT TO:

NIXON--on the tube.

NIXON

...What really hurts in matters of this sort is not the fact that they occur, because overzealous people in campaigns do things that are wrong. What really hurts is if you try to cover it up.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN as the news commentator come on, begins introducing another story.

WOODWARD

Did he just say what I think he said?

BERNSTEIN

You voted for him.

He gives WOODWARD a big smile. WOODWARD eats his hamburger in silence...

CUT TO:

A DIFFERENT TIME, A DIFFERENT PLACE--EARLY EVENING.

BERNSTEIN gets out of his car, walks up, and knocks on the door of a small tract house in the D.C. suburbs. A woman opens the door.

BERNSTEIN

Hi, I'm Carl Bernstein of the Washington Post and--

WOMAN

--oh, you don't want me, you want my sister.

(calls out)

For you.

And we--

CUT TO:

THE BOOKKEEPER approaching the door. She's younger than the cliché version of a bookkeeper. As she looks at her sister--

BOOKKEEPER'S SISTER

This here is Carl Bernstein--

BOOKKEEPER

--omigod, you're from that place, you've got to go.

The sister is smoking and there is a pack on the dinette table.

BERNSTEIN

Could I bum one of your cigarettes?--

As the sister starts for the pack--

BERNSTEIN

--don't bother, I'll get it.

And he crosses ten feet inside the front door.

BOOKKEEPER

You've really got to go.

BERNSTEIN

Just let me get a match.

He goes into the living room area, picks up a book of matches. This whole scene moves slowly, the tension building under it-- it's not like news people talking, nothing overlaps here.

BERNSTEIN

But I want you to know that I understand why you're afraid--a lot of good people down there at the Committee are afraid. I'm really sorry for what you're being put through.

BOOKKEEPER

All those articles you people write-- where do you find that stuff?

BERNSTEIN

We don't tell anyone that. Which is why you can talk to us. And if we can't verify what you say someplace else, we don't print it. That's another reason you can relax.

BOOKKEEPER

(tense)

I'm relaxed--light your cigarette.

BERNSTEIN lights the cigarette.

BERNSTEIN

You were Hugh Sloan's bookkeeper when he worked for Maurice Stans at Finance, and we were sort of wondering, did you go work for Stans immediately after Sloan quit or was there a time lapse?

BOOKKEEPER

I never worked for Sloan or Stans.

BOOKKEEPER'S SISTER

(out of the blue; to

BERNSTEIN)

Would you like some coffee or anything?

As the BOOKKEEPER winces.

BERNSTEIN

(like a shot)

Please, yes, thank you.

(he looks at the
BOOKKEEPER)
Can I sit down for a minute?

He is by a couch.

BOOKKEEPER
One minute but then--

BERNSTEIN
--right, right, I've got to go.
(he sits)
Why did you lie just then?

The **BOOKKEEPER** kneads her hands together silently. **BERNSTEIN** watches.

BERNSTEIN
I was just curious--you don't do it well, so I wondered. Have you been threatened, if you told the truth, is that it?

BOOKKEEPER
...No... never in so many words...

BERNSTEIN
(gently)
It's obvious you want to talk to someone--well, I'm someone.

He takes out his notebook.

CUT TO:

The **BOOKKEEPER**. And she does want to talk. But the notebook scares her terribly and she can only stare at it.

BERNSTEIN
I'm not even going to put your name down. It's just so I can keep things straight.
(beat)
Start with the money, why don't you?

BOOKKEEPER'S SISTER
(returning with coffee)
How do you like it?

BERNSTEIN
Everything, please.

BOOKKEEPER'S SISTER
(going again)
I won't be a minute.

BERNSTEIN

(to the BOOKKEEPER,
quietly)
The General Accounting report said
there was a 350 thousand cash slush
fund in Stans' safe. Did you know
about that from the beginning?

BOOKKEEPER

(about to fold)
There are too many people watching
me--they know I know a lot--

BERNSTEIN

--it was all in hundreds, wasn't it?

BOOKKEEPER

A lot of it was. I just thought it
was sort of an all-purpose political
fund--you know, for taking fat cats
to dinner, things like that.

BERNSTEIN

Could buy a lot of steaks, 350,000
dollars.

BOOKKEEPER

(her words are coming
faster)
I can't be positive that it was used
for the break-in but people sure are
worried.

BERNSTEIN

Which people?

BOOKKEEPER

The ones who could disburse the money.

BERNSTEIN

Who were they?

BOOKKEEPER

There were a group of them--I think
five, I don't know their names.

BERNSTEIN

Sloan knew which five, didn't he?
(she nods)

BOOKKEEPER'S SISTER

(back with cream and
sugar)
Here we are.

BOOKKEEPER

I don't want to say anymore.

BERNSTEIN

(indicating coffee)
It's awfully hot--
(smiles)
--and you haven't finished telling
me about the money--

BOOKKEEPER

(long pause; then--in
a burst)
--omigod, there was so much of it,
six million came in one two-day period--
six million cash, we couldn't find
enough places to put it. I thought
it was all legal, I guess I did, til
after the break-in, when I remembered
Gordon got so much of it.

BERNSTEIN

(heart starting to
pound)
Gordon Liddy, you mean?

BOOKKEEPER

(nods)
It was all so crazy--the day after
the break-in he gave us a speech,
bouncing up and down on his heels in
that loony way of his--Gordon told
us not to let Jim McCord ruin
everything--don't let one bad apple
spoil the barrel, he said. You just
know that when Gordon Liddy's calling
someone a bad apple, something's
wrong somewhere.
(more and more moved
now)
...It's all so rotten... and getting
worse... and all I care about is
Hugh Sloan. His wife was going to
leave him if he didn't stand up and
do what was right. And he quit. He
quit because he saw it and didn't
want any part of it.

BERNSTEIN

Think Sloan's being set up as a fall
guy for John Mitchell? Sometimes it
looks that way.

There is a pause. Then--

BOOKKEEPER

If you guys... if you guys could
just get John Mitchell... that would
be beautiful...

And now, as long last, she begins to cry. HOLD on her tears, then--

CUT TO:

A TYPEWRITER

clicking away. The words "INTERVIEW WITH X. SEPT. 14" are visible. There is music in the background, really blasting away, Rachmaninoff or worse.

We are in WOODWARD's apartment and BERNSTEIN is dictating notes from the BOOKKEEPER interview. It's very late, and BERNSTEIN has notes on everything, matchboxes, and it's hard for him to read. They're both really excited, BERNSTEIN from his coffee jag, WOODWARD by what BERNSTEIN's dictating.

BERNSTEIN

I couldn't believe what she told me. Eight cups of coffee worth.

WOODWARD

Go on, go on--

BERNSTEIN

--we've got to find out who the five guys are--the five with access to the slush fund--they were aware of the break-in.

WOODWARD

Then tomorrow's grand jury indictments will just be bullshit.

BERNSTEIN

It goes very high--we've got to find out where--

WOODWARD

--we will--

BERNSTEIN

--she was really paranoid, the bookkeeper.

WOODWARD

That happens to people.
(he goes over, turns
the hi-fi on even
louder. Shouts--)
OK, go on.

The noise blasts away as BERNSTEIN and WOODWARD hunch over the typewriter. It's a moment of genuine exhilaration. Paranoid, sure, but for the first time, they're really on to something; it's all starting to split open...

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN

They are driving through McLean, Virginia, a development of identical imitation Tudor houses.

BERNSTEIN

How do you want to handle Sloan?

WOODWARD

You mean, who's going to play the mean M.P. and who's going to be the nice one?

(BERNSTEIN nods;
WOODWARD shrugs)
Whichever.

BERNSTEIN

He's another Ivy Leaguer so he'll probably expect you to be understanding--might surprise him if you're not.

WOODWARD

You want me to be the bastard.

BERNSTEIN

(nods)
And I'll just shitkick in my usual way.

As they drive on--

CUT TO:

A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN standing in the doorway of one of the Tudor houses. She is very pregnant. She knows instinctively who they are, and she dominates them in a genuinely proud female way. What I mean is, it's her scene, and they're suddenly embarrassed to be bothering her.

WOODWARD

To see Mr. Sloan.

MRS. SLOAN

He's out.

(There is a pause.
She studies them--)
You're those two from the Post, aren't you.
(they nod)
I'll tell him.

BERNSTEIN

(as she's about to
step back inside)

This must be a difficult time for
the both of you.

MRS. SLOAN

This is an honest house.

WOODWARD

That's why we wanted to see your
husband.

She studies them still; more silence.

MRS. SLOAN

That decision is up to him.

BERNSTEIN

(conspiratorially)
Maybe you could put in a good word.

WOODWARD

We've got another appointment tonight
in this area--we'll just stop back
later, all right?

MRS. SLOAN

It's a free country--
(beat)
--in theory.

They nod, start back down the walk. She watches them.

MRS. SLOAN

(calling out)
Be careful--

They turn, look back at her.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--MRS. SLOAN

MRS. SLOAN

--you can destroy lives.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN watching her. She seems like a terrific
girl. And maybe they've upset her. Or maybe what she has
said, coming from her, has more impact than otherwise.
Quietly, they turn back, walk in silence toward the red
Karmann Ghia...

CUT TO:

THE McLEAN McDONALD'S--DINNERTIME. Lots of very noisy, happy
children. WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN sit surrounded by their
usual array of junk food.

WOODWARD

Think Sloan's back?
(BERNSTEIN seems lost
in thought)
What's wrong?

BERNSTEIN

Nothing--I just found out that Jeb
Magruder from CREEP is a bigger bike
freak than I am.
(sips coffee)
I never like it when the other guy's
human...

They continue to sip coffee; outside it continues to rain.
Now--

CUT TO:

A YOUNG, SLENDER GUY answering his door.

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN stand outside, their jackets over
their heads, protecting themselves from the rain which is
harder now.

WOODWARD

Mr. Sloan?

SLOAN

(nods)
My wife told me to expect you.
(softly)
As you know, I haven't talked to the
press.

BERNSTEIN

We were hoping that maybe now you
could. We know why you left the
Committee. We know you're not guilty
of anything. But we know you know
who is--

It has begun to rain even harder.

SLOAN

--look, come in. We'll have to be
quiet--my wife's asleep.

CUT TO:

A CHRISTMAS CARD from the Nixons, they are standing in front
of the White House Christmas tree. It is signed "To Hugh and
Debbie Sloan, with thanks, Richard M. Nixon, Patricia Nixon."

PULL BACK

and we're in the living room. More coffee is being drunk;
SLOAN endlessly stirs his.

SLOAN

I'd like to talk to you, I really would, but my lawyers say I shouldn't until after the Watergate trial.

WOODWARD

You handed out the money. Maybe there's a legitimate explanation for the way it was done--

BERNSTEIN

--then again, maybe things are even worse than we've written--

SLOAN

--they're worse. That's why I quit.

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN wait as SLOAN is clearly going through a struggle with himself. Then--

SLOAN

Try and understand this. I'm a decent Republican. I believe in Richard Nixon. I worked in the White House four years--so did my wife. What happened on June 17 I don't think the President knew anything about. Some of his men I'm not so sure of.

BERNSTEIN

Do you think the truth will come out at the trial?

SLOAN

That's another of the things I'm not so sure of.

BERNSTEIN

Because people at the Committee were told to lie to the prosecutors?

SLOAN

We were never told flat out "Don't talk." But the message was clear.

BERNSTEIN

To cover up?

SLOAN

Well, they sure didn't ask us to come forward and tell the truth.

WOODWARD

Does "they" mean the White House?

SLOAN

As opposed to the Committee? The Committee's not an independent operation. Everything is cleared with the White House. I don't think that the FBI or the prosecutors understand that.

WOODWARD

The report on the cash in Maurice Stans' safe, the three hundred fifty thousand, that's true?

SLOAN

No. It was closer to seven hundred thousand.

WOODWARD

And as treasurer, you could release those funds?

SLOAN

(nods)

When so ordered.

WOODWARD

We're not sure we've got all the guys who could order you, but we know there were five.

(SLOAN is silent)

BERNSTEIN

(ticking them off)

Mitchell, Stans, Magruder, they're obvious--

SLOAN stirs his coffee.

WOODWARD

--there had to be a White House overseer--

BERNSTEIN

--Colson.

SLOAN

Colson's too smart to get directly involved with something like that.

WOODWARD

(to BERNSTEIN)

Haldeman.

(to SLOAN)

Right?

SLOAN

I won't talk about the other two.

BERNSTEIN

But they both worked at the White House?

SLOAN

(softly)

I will not talk about the other two.

BERNSTEIN

(out of the blue)

Kalmbach--Nixon's personal lawyer.

SLOAN is shocked at the mention of Kalmbach.

SLOAN

I can't say anything, I'm sorry.

(He starts to rise)

WOODWARD

One thing I'm not completely clear on--when you gave out the money to Liddy, how did that work?

SLOAN

Badly.

(and now for the first time, he almost smiles)

You don't realize how close all this came to staying undiscovered--I gave Liddy the Dahlberg check and he gave it to Barker who took it to Miami and deposited it.

BERNSTEIN

Right.

SLOAN

Then Barker withdrew the 25 thousand in hundred dollar bills and gave it back to Liddy who gave it back to me and I put it in the office safe which was crammed.

WOODWARD

Go on.

SLOAN

Well, when Liddy came and asked for money for what turned out to be the break-in funds, I went to the safe and gave him--out of this whole fortune--I happened to give him the same hundreds he gave me--banks have to keep track of hundreds. If the money had been in fifties, or if I'd

grabbed a different stack, there probably wouldn't have been any Watergate story.

BERNSTEIN

Ordinarily, though, what was the procedure?

SLOAN

Routine--I'd just call John Mitchell over at the Justice Department and he'd say "go ahead, give out the money."

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN just look at each other--they hadn't known it, not remotely. SLOAN stands and as they head for the door--

CUT TO:

THE THREE OF THEM heading across the foyer.

BERNSTEIN

What happens when the baby comes?

SLOAN

We're moving.

(beat)

I've been looking for a job but it's been... hard. My name's been in the papers too much. Sometimes I wonder if reporters understand how much pain they can inflict in just one sentence. I'm not thinking of myself. But my wife, my parents, it's been very rough on them.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN and WOODWARD looking very uncomfortable as SLOAN goes on.

SLOAN

I wish I could put down on paper what it's like--you come to Washington because you believe in something, and then you get inside and you see how things actually work and you watch your ideals disintegrate.

(beat)

The people inside, the people in the White House, they start to believe they can suspend the rules because they're fulfilling a mission. That becomes the only important thing--the mission. It's so easy to lose perspective. We want to get out before

we lose ours altogether.

SLOAN opens the front door. WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN pause, nod, almost an embarrassed pause. Then as they hurry out into the rain--

CUT TO:

A NERFBALL

flying toward a basket cupped to a picture window. When we

PULL BACK

we're in BRADLEE's office, SIMONS and ROSENFELD are also there, along with WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN. BRADLEE plays nerfball mostly; he hasn't got the worlds's longest attention span.

BERNSTEIN

Look--five men controlled that slush fund as CREEP--three of them we've got, Mitchell, Stans, Magruder, and we're pretty sure of Kalmbach.

WOODWARD

We'd like to wait til we have all five before we print it.

BRADLEE

This is a daily paper, we'll explain it tomorrow.

(looks at them)

You're certain on Mitchell?

WOODWARD

He approved the payments to Liddy while he was still Attorney General--

And all this now goes fast--

ROSENFELD

--you got more than one source?--

BERNSTEIN

--yes--

SIMONS

--has any of them got an ax?--

ROSENFELD

--political, personal, sexual, anything at all against Mitchell?--

WOODWARD

--no--

SIMONS

--can we use their names?--

BERNSTEIN

--no--

BRADLEE

--goddamn it, when's somebody gonna go on the record on this story--

ROSENFELD

--who you got?--

WOODWARD

--well, Sloan--

BERNSTEIN

--and we got a guy in Justice--

BRADLEE

--Deep Throat?--

WOODWARD

--I saw him. He verifies.

BRADLEE

OK.

(now after the burst
of talk, a pause)

You're about to write a story that says that the former Attorney General-- the man who represented law in America-- is a crook.

(throws the nerfball)

Just be right, huh?

As WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN leave the office--

BRADLEE

Leave plenty of room for his denial.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN AT HIS DESK ON THE PHONE. He has some papers in front of him and a notepad and pencil in his free hand. He is tired and very, very nervous. It is dark outside. In what follows, BERNSTEIN takes notes.

OPERATOR'S VOICE (V.O.)

Essex House, can I help you?

BERNSTEIN

John Mitchell, please.

There is a BUZZING SOUND. Then--

JOHN MITCHELL'S VOICE (V.O.)

Yes?

BERNSTEIN

Sir, this is Carl Bernstein of the Washington Post, and I'm sorry to bother you but we're running a story in tomorrow's paper that we thought you should have a chance to comment on.

MITCHELL (V.O.)

What does it say?

BERNSTEIN

(starting to read)
John N. Mitchell, while serving as US Attorney General, personally controlled a secret cash fund that--

MITCHELL (V.O.)

--jeeeeeeesus--

BERNSTEIN

--fund that was used to gather information against the Democrats--

MITCHELL (V.O.)

--jeeeeeeesus--

BERNSTEIN

--according to sources involved in the Watergate investigation. Beginning in the spring of 1971--

MITCHELL (V.O.)

--jeeeeeeesus--

BERNSTEIN

--almost a year before he left the Justice Department--

MITCHELL (V.O.)

--jeeeeeeesus--

BERNSTEIN

--to become President Nixon's campaign manager on March 1, Mitchell personally approved withdrawals from the fund--

MITCHELL (V.O.)

--all that crap, you're putting it in the paper? It's all been denied. You tell your publisher--tell Katie Graham she's gonna get her tit caught in a big fat wringer if that's published. Good Christ! That's the

most sickening thing I ever heard.

BERNSTEIN

Sir, I'd like to ask you a few--

MITCHELL (V.O.)

--what time is it?

BERNSTEIN

11:30.

MITCHELL (V.O.)

Morning or night?

BERNSTEIN

Night.

MITCHELL (V.O.)

Oh.

And he hangs up.

CUT TO:

BRADLEE and BERNSTEIN at BERNSTEIN's desk. BRADLEE is going over BERNSTEIN's notes.

BRADLEE

He really made that remark about Mrs. Graham?

(BERNSTEIN nods)

This is a family newspaper--cut the words "her tit" and run it.

And now suddenly--

THE PRESSES OF THE POST

rolling the story. They're modern and gigantic and

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN. They're in the lobby of the Post at night and through a thick-pane of glass they're watching their story roll and on their faces is something you don't expect to see: panic.

BRADLEE comes up behind them, looks down at the presses, starts to talk.

BRADLEE

Once when I was reporting, Lyndon Johnson's top guy gave me the word they were looking for a successor to J. Edgar Hoover. I wrote it and the day it appeared Johnson called a press conference and appointed Hoover

head of the FBI for life... And when he was done, he turned to his top guy and the President said, "Call Ben Bradlee and tell him fuck you."

(shakes his head)

I took a lot of static for that-- everyone said, "You did it, Bradlee, you screwed up--you stuck us with Hoover forever--"

(looks at WOODWARD

and BERNSTEIN)

--I screwed up but I wasn't wrong.

They all watch the presses now.

BRADLEE

You guys haven't been wrong yet, is that why you're scared shitless?

(as WOODWARD and

BERNSTEIN nod, BRADLEE

starts away)

You should be...

CUT TO:

THE PRESSES continuing to roll. The SOUND is incredible. Now--

CUT TO:

A TELETYPE MACHINE

clacking away like crazy. We can read the words, "The Senator finished by saying that although he was..." and from there--

DISSOLVE TO:

A SENATOR and while the words "although he was" are still very fresh in our minds--

SENATOR

Although I am a Republican, I would like to state in a pure bipartisan spirit that I feel only sadness that a once fine journal of record like the Post would have become merely the hysterical spokesman for the equally hysterical left wing of the Democratic Party--

The SOUND of the teletype doesn't stop in this little part and we see three people and it's very important that their voices are immediately recognizable and distinct. One, the SENATOR is from the West and will have that twang. The next two whom we are about to meet are PUBLIC RELATIONS PEOPLE from CREEP and the WHITE HOUSE. The CREEP voice is very southern, the WHITE HOUSE GUY sounds like an NBC announcer. The WESTERN SENATOR will be seen in a corridor of the Senate

office building, talking to reporters, the CREEP P.R. SOUTHERNER will be talking to reporters in front of the CREEP office doors and so identified. The WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN will be standing on a platform with a flag visible off to one side. As the teletype goes on--

CUT TO:

THE SOUTHERN CREEP P.R. MAN

CREEP P.R. MAN

(in mid-sentence)

--hearsay, innuendo, and character assassination. I can only conclude that the so-called sources of the Washington Post are a fountain of misinformation--

CUT TO:

THE WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN

--the White House has long since stopped being surprised at this type of reporting by certain elements of the Eastern liberal press--

CUT TO:

BRADLEE'S OFFICE

A lot of activity. BRADLEE is at his desk reading the teletype dispatches. SIMONS and ROSENFELD are there, WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN, too. A kid comes in with more teletype stuff. The editors look at it.

SIMONS

(reading)

Same kind of crap--

BRADLEE

(glancing through;
nods)

--all non-denial denials--we're dirty guys and they doubt we were ever virgins but they don't say the story is inaccurate.

BERNSTEIN

What's a real denial?

BRADLEE

If they ever start calling us goddamn liars--

(little pause)

--it's time to start circling the

wagons.

CUT TO:

THE UNION GUYS IN THE POST

looking at a new headline:

NIXON ELECTION AIDES CONCEALED FACTS FROM GOVERNMENT PROBERS

FIRST UNION GUY

You think they know what they're
doing on the fifth floor?

SECOND UNION GUY

I got eight kids to support--they
better.

They start for the sports section, only this time, they stop,
go back, stare at the headline again. From them watching--

CUT TO:

SIMONS

walking WOODWARD to the elevators.

WOODWARD

What do you think Mrs. Graham wants
to see me for?

SIMONS

Maybe to fire you--since you two
started on this story, the Post stock
has dropped, what, 50 percent?

(WOODWARD pushes for
the elevator)

And the word is some Nixon people
are challenging her TV licenses. I'm
not saying she's going on relief,
but I don't think it's unreasonable
for her to want to meet you.

WOODWARD

You think she wants us to ease up on
the story?

SIMONS

(shrugs)

I don't know, but I don't think that's
unreasonable either, do you?

The elevator opens. WOODWARD shakes his head "no" and steps
inside as we

CUT TO:

MRS. GRAHAM in her office as a SECRETARY lets WOODWARD in. He's nervous. She's standing by the window, he crosses to her.

MRS. GRAHAM

I'm so glad you could come, Mr.--

WOODWARD

--I'm Woodward.

She nods. There's a pause. He waits. She's trying to say something, get something started, but it's difficult. Silence. She stares out again, quietly starts to talk.

MRS. GRAHAM

You know, the paper was my father's and my husband's when they were alive and I was thinking back a year or two ago when Ben called me and said he wanted to publish the Pentagon Papers the next day. The Times had already been stopped from publishing anymore of them and all my legal counsel said "don't, don't" and I was frightened but I knew if I said no, I'd lose the whole fifth floor. So we published, and that night, after I'd told Ben to go ahead, I woke up in the darkness and I thought, "Oh my Lord, what am I doing to this newspaper?"

(She looks at WOODWARD)

I woke up again last night with that same question.

(WOODWARD says nothing,
waits)

Are we right on this story?

WOODWARD

I think so.

MRS. GRAHAM

Are you sure?

WOODWARD

No.

MRS. GRAHAM

When will you be, do you think?--
when are we going to know it all?

WOODWARD

It may never come out.

MRS. GRAHAM

Never? Please don't tell me never.
(beat)

Ben says you've found some wonderful sources.

WOODWARD

Some Justice Department lawyers and an FBI man, and some people from the Committee to Re-Elect, yes ma'am.

MRS. GRAHAM

And the underground garage one.

(WOODWARD, more nervous
now, nods)

Would I know him?

WOODWARD

I couldn't say.

MRS. GRAHAM

But it's possible.

WOODWARD

(throat very dry)

It is.

MRS. GRAHAM

You've never told anyone who he is?

(WOODWARD shakes his
head)

But you'd have to tell me if I asked you.

(WOODWARD nods)

Tell me.

WOODWARD

(he is dying)

I would, if you really ever wanted to know.

MRS. GRAHAM

I really want to know.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD caught between a rock and a hard place. He is silent until there is the SOUND of light laughter and we--

CUT TO:

MRS. GRAHAM. The laughter came from her.

MRS. GRAHAM

I wasn't serious. I have plenty of burdens to carry around, I don't need another.

WOODWARD tries not to exhale too audibly.

MRS. GRAHAM

We're going to need lots of good
luck, aren't we?

WOODWARD

Nobody ever had too much.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--MRS. GRAHAM as abruptly she reaches out, touches
WOODWARD on the arm.

MRS. GRAHAM

Do better.

WOODWARD makes a nod. HOLD. Then--

CUT TO:

BRADLEE

in a state of anger, pacing around the tiny teletype room.
WOODWARD hurries in.

WOODWARD

What?

BRADLEE says nothing, just points to the AP teletype. WOODWARD
looks at it, clearly is upset.

BRADLEE

I thought you guys were supposed to
be working on this story--

(to BERNSTEIN who
tears in--)

--you think I like being aced out?

BERNSTEIN

--what?--

WOODWARD

--The L.A. Times has a huge interview
with Baldwin--

BERNSTEIN

--the lookout in the Motor Inn?--

(WOODWARD nods)

--he say anything we don't know?--

WOODWARD

(headshake)

--just that a lot of reports were
sent to CREEP, but he doesn't name
who, not here anyway--

BRADLEE

--it would have been nice to have

had this, I sure would have liked to
have had this--

BERNSTEIN

--there's nothing new in it--

BRADLEE

--it makes the break-in real--it's a
major goddamn story--

(starts out)

--I'm not going to kick ass over
this, but I'd like you to know I
hate getting beat, I just hate it--
don't forget that I hate it--

And he stalks out. WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN stand staring at
the teletype which keeps on clacking and clacking as the
L.A. Times story keeps getting longer.

BERNSTEIN

Goddamn it--

WOODWARD

--shit--

BERNSTEIN

--we gotta top the Times--

WOODWARD

--I know, I know--

BERNSTEIN

--if we could name the guys got the
reports, we'd be ahead again--

WOODWARD

--shit, who do we know?--

BERNSTEIN

--I know a lawyer at Justice--

WOODWARD

--has he got an ax?--

BERNSTEIN

--almost every source we've used has
been Republican, this guy's a card-
carrying Democrat.

WOODWARD

Then he's got an ax.

(beat)

Call him anyway.

As BERNSTEIN nods, takes off out of the room--

CUT TO:

THE UNION GUYS

studying the front page, on which one headline indicates that they're named the guys at CREEP who got the reports.

FIRST UNION GUY

Who is this Woodstein?
(points to paper)
Two stories on the front page.

SECOND UNION GUY

If he can't pick a winner at Pimlico,
to hell with him.

CUT TO:

A HOT SHOPPE.

WOODWARD is stirring his morning coffee as BERNSTEIN comes in, spots him, hurries over. BERNSTEIN is maybe more excited then we've yet seen him.

BERNSTEIN

--I want you to shut up and listen
to me--

WOODWARD

--I haven't said anything--

BERNSTEIN

--for the first time I'm beginning
to feel like a fucking reporter--
Woodward, I got a tip. A guy called
me up with a tip--
(carefully)
--someone named Donald Segretti
contacted a bunch of lawyers and
asked them if they'd like to go to
work with him screwing up the
Democrats, dirty tricks, shit like
that. The FBI knows about Segretti--
Howard Hunt made a bunch of phone
calls to him--they interrogated him,
but on account of Segretti wasn't
involved with the break-in, they
didn't follow through. But Segretti
did a lot of traveling--he called
these lawyers from different places,
and he told them the Republicans
knew what he was doing.

WOODWARD

How high up, which Republicans?

BERNSTEIN

That's what we've got to find out,

but Segretti went to Southern Cal.
and so did a bunch of Nixon men--

WOODWARD

--Haldeman I know, who else?

BERNSTEIN

Dwight Chapin, Nixon's appointments
chief--he knew Segretti in school.
Maybe I'm crazy, but this is the
first time any of this starts to
make sense. What were the three
theories?

WOODWARD

The burglary was done by Cubans or
Democrats or Republicans.

BERNSTEIN

Now the reason no one believed the
Republicans is because there wasn't
any reason, they were so far ahead.
But Segretti was talking to these
other lawyers a year before the break-
in.

WOODWARD

So maybe Watergate wasn't really
about Watergate--maybe that was just
a piece--

BERNSTEIN

--because a year before, the
Republicans weren't ahead, not in
the polls, Muskie was running ahead
of Nixon then. Before he self-
destructed.

WOODWARD

If he self-destructed.

Now, from the two of them--

CUT TO:

A MAZE OF CREDIT CARD RECEIPTS IN VARIOUS FILES.

There is the SOUND of bad guitar music, which as we

PULL BACK

we see is BERNSTEIN playing. We are in his apartment, it's
night, and the two of them, bleary, are studying the maze of
receipts.

WOODWARD

Segretti criss-crossed the country

over ten times in six months--and
never stayed anyplace over a night
or two.

(glancing up)

Switch to another station, huh? You're
driving me crazy with that.

BERNSTEIN

Segovia begged me for me secret but
I said, "No, Andres, you'll have to
try and make it without me."

He switches to another song which sounds a lot like the one
he just finished playing.

WOODWARD

(pointing to the
thickest stacks)

California, Illinois, Florida, New
Hampshire--all the major Democratic
primary states.

(whirling)

Why does everything you play sound
the same?

BERNSTEIN

--'cause I only know four chords--

CUT TO:

THE CREDIT CARDS. The camera moves across the travels of
Donald Segretti. There is the SOUND of BERNSTEIN's guitar.
HOLD for a moment, then--

CUT TO:

TINY, BABY-FACED MAN

standing in his doorway.

BERNSTEIN (V.O.)

Donald Segretti?

SEGRETTI

That's right.

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN--OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT DOOR. We are, it will soon
be clear, in California now, Marina Del Rey.

BERNSTEIN

I'm Carl Bernstein.

(SEGRETTI nods)

My paper sent me out to see if I
couldn't persuade you to go on the
record.

SEGRETTI

You can't.

BERNSTEIN

Mind if I try?

SEGRETTI shrugs, and as they enter his apartment--

CUT TO:

INSIDE. They walk across to a small terrace outside, where they sit. The terrace has a glorious view of the water and lots of girls in bathing costume, below.

BERNSTEIN

According to what we've been able to verify, you've been busy.

SEGRETTI

I've got a lot of energy.

BERNSTEIN

Listen--we know you're involved in this--we're going to get the story, why not help?

SEGRETTI

They never told me anything except my own role--I had to find out the rest in the papers.

BERNSTEIN

By "they" you mean...?

He waits; SEGRETTI just shakes his head.

BERNSTEIN

By "they" you mean the White House, don't you?

(SEGRETTI makes no reply)

Your buddy from USC, Dwight Chapin-- he works for the White House.

SEGRETTI

I know where Dwight works.

BERNSTEIN

When did he hire you?

SEGRETTI shakes his head, stares out at the girls.

BERNSTEIN

Do you feel much about the things you did?

SEGRETTI

I didn't do anything wrong.

BERNSTEIN

Tell that to Muskie.

SEGRETTI

Oh, maybe nickel and dime stuff.

BERNSTEIN

During the Florida primary, you wrote a letter on Muskie stationery saying Scoop Jackson had a bastard child. You wrote another that said Hubert Humphrey was out with call girls.

SEGRETTI

Sometimes it got up to a quarter maybe--

(to BERNSTEIN)

--off the record.

BERNSTEIN

You wrote the Canuck letter--the one where you claimed Muskie slurred the Canadians.

SEGRETTI

I didn't.

BERNSTEIN

But you know who did.

SEGRETTI

When you guys print it in the paper, then I'll know.

(closes his eyes)

I'm a lawyer, and I'll probably go to jail, and be disbarred, and what did I do that was so awful?

BERNSTEIN says nothing, waits.

SEGRETTI

None of it was my idea, Carl--I didn't go looking for the job.

BERNSTEIN

Chapin did contact you then?

SEGRETTI

Sure--off the record.

BERNSTEIN

On the orders of Haldeman?

SEGRETTI

I don't know anything about Haldeman, except, Dwight's frightened of him--everybody's frightened of him--Christ, I wish I'd never gotten messed around with this--all I wanna do is sit in the sun; sit, swim, see some girls.

BERNSTEIN

It gets interesting if it was Haldeman, because our word is that when Chapin says something, he's gotten the OK from Haldeman, and when Haldeman says something, he's gotten the OK from the President.

SEGRETTI

Can't help you.

BERNSTEIN

At USC, you had a word the this--screwing up the opposition you all did it at college and called it ratfucking.

(SEGRETTI half-smiles,
nods)

Ever wonder if Nixon might turn out to be the biggest ratfucker of them all?

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--SEGRETTI staring at the girls and the blue water.

SEGRETTI

What would you have done if you were just getting out of the Army, if you'd been away from the real world for four years, if you weren't sure what kind of law you wanted to practice, and then one day you got a call from an old friend asking you to go to work for the President of the United States...?

HOLD on the question, then--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN

back in D.C., walking through the airport.

BERNSTEIN

What would you have done?

WOODWARD

You asking would I have been one of

the President's men?
(beat)
I would have been.

As they continue on--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD

alone in the underground garage. Tense, jumpy. He looks at his watch, paces around. It's all eerie as hell. Then, from the ramps, footsteps.

CUT TO:

DEEP THROAT moving out of the shadows, smoking, as always.

DEEP THROAT

My turn to keep you waiting.
(approaches)
What's the topic for tonight?

WOODWARD

Ratfucking.

DEEP THROAT

In my day, it was simply called the double cross. I believe the CIA refers to it as Mindfuck. In our context, it simply means infiltration of the Democrats.

WOODWARD

I know what it means--Segretti wouldn't go on the record, but if he would, we know he'd implicate Chapin. And that would put us inside the White House.

DEEP THROAT

(nods)
Yes, the little ratfuckers are now running our government.

WOODWARD

Who?--be specific. How high up?

DEEP THROAT

You'll have to find that out, won't you.

WOODWARD

The slush fund at CREEP financed the ratfucking, we've almost got that nailed down, so--

He stops as suddenly DEEP THROAT dives down behind the nearest car.

WOODWARD dropping beside him.

WOODWARD

What?

DEEP THROAT

Did you change cabs?

(as WOODWARD nods)

It didn't work, something moved there--

And as he points

CUT TO:

THE SHADOWS BY THE RAMP. You can't see a goddamn thing. But there is the SOUND, faint but distinct, of breathing.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD standing, staring into the darkness. He is scared, wipes his mouth. He doesn't move for a moment. Then he walks directly into the darkness and as he's gone--

ZOOM TO:

A HORRID FACE IN CLOSE UP, red eyed, unshaven, beaten--there are half-formed scabs and cuts. He is leaning against a wall, shivering. He looks, for all the world, like a perpetual drunk.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD in the shadows, coming closer.

CUT TO:

THE DRUNK. He blinks slowly, tongue lolling outside his mouth. He watches WOODWARD approach.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD coming still closer.

CUT TO:

THE DRUNK. He blinks very slowly now. Maybe he isn't even certain WOODWARD's there.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD stopping in front of the drunk. They look at each other for a long time. Then:

WOODWARD

Who are you?

CUT TO:

THE DRUNK. Nothing, no reaction.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD studying the other man.

CUT TO:

THE DRUNK. And he blinks again, then slowly, shivering, begins sliding down the wall. WOODWARD reaches for him, holds him up.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD managing to get out his wallet, take out some bills. He starts up the ramp with the drunk, and as they disappear up the ramp out of sight, he gives the drunk the money.

WOODWARD

Here.

(softly)

Forget your troubles and just be happy.

CUT TO:

DEEP THROAT pacing and smoking. He is visibly upset; scared maybe. He glances over as WOODWARD comes back down the ramp alone.

DEEP THROAT

(self-mocking)

I hope you noticed how coolly I behaved under the threat of discovery.

WOODWARD

(impatiently)

Do Justice and the FBI know what we know, and why the hell haven't they done anything about it?

DEEP THROAT

They know, but they focused on the burglary--if it didn't deal with the break-in, they didn't pursue it.

WOODWARD

Why didn't they?--who told them not to?

DEEP THROAT

Someone with authority I'd imagine, wouldn't you?

(coughs)
Don't you know what you're onto?
Come on.

WOODWARD

Mitchell knew then.

DEEP THROAT

Of course--my God, you think something
this big just happens? The break-in
and the cover up, of course Mitchell
knew, but no more than Ehrlichman.

WOODWARD

Haldeman too?

DEEP THROAT

You get nothing from me about
Haldeman?

And from this tone, you know HALDEMAN scares him.

WOODWARD

Why did they do all this for
Chrissakes?--what were they after?

DEEP THROAT

Total manipulation. I suppose you
could say they wanted to subvert the
Constitution, but they don't think
along philosophical lines.

WOODWARD

Talk about Segretti--

DEEP THROAT

--don't concentrate on Segretti or
you'll miss the overall scheme too.

WOODWARD

There were more then.

DEEP THROAT

Follow every lead--every lead goes
somewhere--

WOODWARD

--the Canuck letter--was that a White
House operation--

DEEP THROAT

(nods, bigger)
--don't you miss the grand scheme
too.

WOODWARD

How grand?

DEEP THROAT

Nationwide--my God, they were frightened of Muskie and look who got destroyed--they wanted to run against McGovern, and look who they're running against. They bugged, they followed people, false press leaks, fake letters, they canceled Democratic campaign rallies, they investigated Democratic private lives, they planted spies, stole documents, on and on--don't tell me you think this was all the work of little Don Segretti.

WOODWARD

And Justice and FBI know all this?

DEEP THROAT

Yes, yes, everything. There were over fifty people employed by the White House and CREEP to ratfuck--some of what they did is beyond belief.

WOODWARD

(stunned)

Fifty ratfuckers directed by the White House to destroy the Democrats?

CUT TO:

DEEP THROAT

DEEP THROAT

I was being cautious.

(inhales)

You can safely say more than fifty...

SILENCE in the garage. HOLD... then--

CUT TO:

THE FIFTH FLOOR OF THE POST

and it's noisy. Not as noisy as it's going to get, but there is more tension around just now than there has been previously.

CUT TO:

AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN IN HER MID-30s. On her desk is her name, MARILYN BERGER. She is watching BERNSTEIN who is standing by the water cooler nearby. As she gets up--

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN drinking water.

BERGER

Do you guys know about the Canuck letter?

BERNSTEIN

(nods, drinks)

Um-hmm.

(stops, looks at her)

Why?

BERGER

I just wanted to be sure you knew who wrote it.

As she speaks--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD working at his desk, suddenly looking up as a SCREAM comes from the direction of the water cooler and as everyone turns to see, here comes BERNSTEIN dragging BERGER over to WOODWARD's desk.

BERNSTEIN

(hysterical)

Tell him what you just told me.

BERGER

Just than Ken Clawson--he used to be a reporter here before he went to work for Nixon--I had him over for a drink a few weeks ago and he told me he wrote the Canuck letter.

(she looks from one of them to the other)

You did want to know, didn't you?

And now from her--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN in a corner of the room, talking low and fast.

BERNSTEIN

You think we're being set up?--Christ, Deep Throat tells you last night that the letter came from inside the White House and up traipses Marilyn naming names.

WOODWARD

It makes a crazy kind of sense--remember that initiation rite they have at the White House? Each new

member of the President's staff has
to prove his guts by getting an enemy
of Nixon.

BERNSTEIN

You think this was Clawsen's
initiation?

WOODWARD

Could have won him a fraternity paddle
with a White House seal.

(beat)

God knows it worked.

CUT TO:

A FROZEN SHOT OF MUSKIE IN THE SNOW in tears, standing on
the flat-bed truck. This was in the New Hampshire primary,
just after the Canuck letter was published.

WOODWARD (V.O.)

You claiming it was all a
misunderstanding, Ken?

CLAWSEN (V.O.)

Absolutely--Marilyn's gotten it
totally wrong--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD ON THE PHONE

WOODWARD

She's an awfully good reporter--I
can't remember her getting too much
wrong before, can you?

CLAWSEN (V.O.)

That's a bullshit question, that's a
question straight out of Wichita,
Kansas.

WOODWARD

Sorry, Ken; listen, one last thing:
where did your talk with Berger
happen?

CLAWSEN (V.O.)

Where?

(beat)

What do you mean, where?

WOODWARD

Well, was it in a bar, her apartment,
some restaurant--

CLAWSEN (V.O.)

--I've completely forgotten where it was, except I know it wasn't her apartment.

There is a sound of him hanging up the phone. Hard. WOODWARD hangs up quietly, rubs his eyes, calls out to BERGER who is at her desk--

WOODWARD

Non denial-denial, Marilyn--

BERGER is about to answer when her phone rings. She picks it up, turns to WOODWARD, mouths "it's him" and we

CUT TO:

BERGER ON THE PHONE. Again Clawson on the other end.

CLAWSON (V.O.)

For Chrissakes, don't tell them I came to your place.

BERGER

I already told them.

CLAWSON (V.O.)

Oh, that's terrific, that's just so terrific, I'm thrilled you did that.

BERGER

I have a clear conscience.

CLAWSON (V.O.)

Marilyn, I have a wife and a family and a cat and a dog.

Now from this--

BRADLEE IN HIS OFFICE GESTURING

And we

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN heading toward the office. As they enter--

BRADLEE

I got Clawson on hold--

WOODWARD

--his dialing finger must be falling off--

BRADLEE

--what do you think?--

WOODWARD

--he went to her apartment and he told her--

BERNSTEIN

--if he did it or just said he did it, God knows.

BRADLEE

I could care less about where it happened; what happened is what counts.

(calling out to his

SECRETARY)

Put him on.

(picks up the phone)

Ken, I'm sorry, it was Goddamn Beirut and they were having a crisis, what's up, kid?

(pause)

Slow down, Ken, you sound frazzled.

(pause)

A wife and a family and a cat and a dog, right, Ken.

(pause)

Ken, I would never print that you were in Marilyn's apartment at night-- unless, of course, you force me to.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--BRADLEE. He is genuinely enjoying himself. Now, he puts his hand over the receiver--

BRADLEE

It's like they taught us at Harvard: few things are as gratifying to the soul as having another man's nuts in a vise...

Now, as he goes back to talking--

CUT TO:

A BIG HEADLINE IN THE POST READING: NIXON AIDES SABOTAGED DEMOCRATS.

Now we HOLD on that headline as the three deniers are visible through it in the same places they spoke before.

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN

The story is based entirely on hearsay and--

CREEP P.R. MAN

--we at the Committee are continually amazed at the creativity shown by

the Washington Post--

WESTERN SENATOR

--although I am a Republican, I would like to state in a pure bipartisan spirit that I am happy that this latest onslaught against the intelligence of the American people will be wrapping fish tomorrow. I offer my condolences to the fish...

And now, the headline fades as we

CUT TO:

SIMONS IN ROSENFELD'S OFFICE

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN hurry in.

ROSENFELD

Speak.

BERNSTEIN

We've just been talking to Young--

SIMONS

--which Young?

WOODWARD

Larry Young, a California lawyer--

BERNSTEIN

--he was going to go into law practice with Segretti.

ROSENFELD

And?--

WOODWARD

--and he says Chapin hired Segretti--

SIMONS

--well and good, but when will he say it on the record.

WOODWARD

He just did.

BERNSTEIN

He'll give us a sworn statement.

WOODWARD

We're inside the White House now.

ROSENFELD and SIMONS just look at each other. They should be happy, and maybe they are. But at the moment more than anything else they look scared... HOLD. Then--

THE MONTPELIER ROOM OF THE MADISON HOTEL.

It's a very fancy restaurant and BRADLEE is at a corner table as WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN sit down. They are exhausted.

BRADLEE

Look, I wanted to talk because things are getting really hairy and there's a couple of things we've got to be careful of because--

A waiter is nearby.

BRADLEE

--either of you want a drink or should I order?--
(They don't)
--because--

And suddenly he lapses into perfect French with the waiter, ordering lunch ann salad and as the waiter nods and goes

BRADLEE

--because our cocks are on the chopping block and you've got to be sure that you're not just dealing with people who hate Richard Nixon and want to get him through us. You see, I don't give a shit who's President--I really don't, it's an adversary situation between them and us and it's always gonna be. I never had a closer friend than Jack Kennedy and once I printed something that pissed him off and for seven months I didn't exist.

A wine steward appears, hands BRADLEE the list. As he examines it, a man walks up to the table, stands there...

MAN

You none of you know who I am, do you?
(they don't)
You screw me up good, you don't even know what I look like.

BRADLEE

OK, you've had your preamble; who the hell are you?

MAN

Glenn Sedam--you wrote about me last week, you said I was one of the guys at the Committee who was sent reports. You were wrong.

BERNSTEIN

Baldwin told the FBI it was you.

SEDAM

Baldwin told the FBI it was someone whose first name sounded like a last name. They showed him a list and he picked me but it wasn't me, it was Gordon Liddy.

(looks at the reporters)

My phone hasn't stopped ringing, my wife's hysterical, my kids think I'm mixed up with the burglary, my friends don't like me around all of a sudden.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--SEDAM

SEDAM

You fucked around my life, you two.

(starts off)

I just wanted to say thanks.

BRADLEE watching WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN, who are clearly upset.

BRADLEE

That didn't sound to me like a non-denial denial; could you have been wrong?

(they nod)

You had a good source?

(nod)

Did he have an ax?

(pause. Then another nod)

CLOSE UP--BRADLEE

BRADLEE

All right, you made a mistake maybe, we all have, just don't make another. And watch your personal lives, who you hang around with. Someone once said the price of democracy is a bloodletting every ten years.

(beat)

Make sure it isn't our blood...

Now from BRADLEE--

CUT TO:

HUGH SLOAN

holding a broom and dustpan at his front door.

SLOAN

I really can't talk now--

BERNSTEIN

--this'll only take one second--

SLOAN

--my wife just had the baby, my in-laws are arriving, I'm trying to get the house in some kind of shape.

WOODWARD

A boy or a girl?

SLOAN

A girl. Melissa.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE HOUSE. WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN are helping SLOAN with the housework. WOODWARD has a dust mop, BERNSTEIN a dust cloth. We are mostly in the living room throughout, and also throughout, the three guys beaver away tidying.

WOODWARD

(holding up a cup)
Where does this go?

SLOAN points to a shelf. WOODWARD moves to put the cup in its proper place.

WOODWARD

--That cash fund that financed the sabotaging of the Democrats--five guys had control--

BERNSTEIN

(ticking them off)
--Mitchell, Stans, Magruder, Kalmbach--

WOODWARD

--we're working on the last guy now and we're going all the way--that fifth man was Haldeman.

SLOAN

--I'm not your source on that--

BERNSTEIN

--it's gotta be Haldeman--someone from the White House had to be involved--

WOODWARD

--and it wasn't Ehrlichman or Colson

or the President.

SLOAN

No, none of those.

BERNSTEIN

--that leaves Haldeman, period.

SLOAN

I'm not your source on that.

He picks up a dust pan, starts sweeping it full.

WOODWARD

(taking the dust pan,
helping out)
--look, when the Watergate grand
jury questioned you, did you name
names?

SLOAN

Of course--everything they asked--

BERNSTEIN

--if we wrote a story that said
Haldeman controlled the fund?--

SLOAN

--let me put it this way: I'd have
no problem if you did.

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN look at each other while SLOAN empties
the dust pan into the trash and from there, quickly--

CUT TO:

A LONG LONG LONG SHOT OF A COUPLE

walking in the park.

We can't really make them out clearly, we never do in this
little sequence. But the guy is wearing a windbreaker and
has a crew cut and the woman with him is dressed casually
too. He has his arm around her, and they are deep in
conversation.

WOODWARD'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hey?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN sitting on a park bench swilling down
a six-pack.

WOODWARD

I think that's him.

BERNSTEIN

Who?

WOODWARD

Haldeman.

CUT TO:

THE COUPLE walking along. We just can't quite make them out.
But it might be.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN staring after the couple, trying to focus.

BERNSTEIN

Nah.

(squints hard)

Maybe.

WOODWARD

What if I went up and introduced myself--think he'd slug me?

BERNSTEIN

Well, we are trying to ruin his life.

WOODWARD

It's nothing personal, though.
(looks troubled)

BERNSTEIN

What's the matter?

WOODWARD

Same as Magruder, I don't like it when they turn out to be human.

BERNSTEIN

(nods)

I wish we were investigating Attila the Hun.

WOODWARD

Maybe we are...

CUT TO:

THE SLOW-WALKING COUPLE. They continue on. We still don't see them quite clearly. HOLD... then--

CUT TO:

A PUDGY LITTLE MAN HALF-HIDDEN BEHIND A MAGAZINE.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A DRUGSTORE-TYPE PLACE. WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN are at the adjoining table.

PUDGY MAN

--Goddamnit, I'm not gonna say it again--you get nothing about Haldeman outta me--

WOODWARD

--we don't need it now, because tomorrow's story is about the FBI--

BERNSTEIN

--about how all you supposed experts really blew the whole investigation--

FBI GUY

(stung)

--we didn't miss so much--

WOODWARD

--you never knew Haldeman had control of the slush fund--

FBI GUY

--it's all in our files--

BERNSTEIN

--not about Haldeman--

FBI GUY

--yeah, Haldeman, John Haldeman.

And he gets up quickly, goes. WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN savor the moment but only briefly as it hits them--

BERNSTEIN

--Jesus--

WOODWARD

--he said John Haldeman, not Bob Haldeman--

And as they take off after the agent--

CUT TO:

BRADLEE'S OFFICE.

WOODWARD, BERNSTEIN, BRADLEE, SIMONS, ROSENFELD. Wild tension. The editors have a long story and they all read and pace, read and pace; the reporters look traumatized with fatigue. All this goes fast.

BRADLEE

(staring at the typed

story)
--I don't know, I don't know, it
feels thin--

SIMONS

--Christ, I wish I knew if we should
print this--

ROSENFELD

--listen, we didn't make them do
these things--once they did, it's
our job to report it--

SIMONS

(to the reporters)
--go over your sources again--

WOODWARD

--Sloan told the Grand Jury--he
answered everything they asked him--
that means there's a record somewhere--

BERNSTEIN

--and the FBI confirms--what more do
you need?--

ROSENFELD

(whirling to BERNSTEIN)
--listen, I love this country, you
think I want to bring it down?--I'm
not some goddamn zany, I was a hawk--

SIMONS

--Harry, weren't you just arguing
the opposite way?--

ROSENFELD

--maybe I'm tense--

BRADLEE

--well shit, we oughtta be tense--
we're about to accuse Mr. Haldeman
who only happens to be the second
most important man in America of
conducting a criminal conspiracy
from inside the White House--
(beat)
--it would be nice if we were right--

SIMONS

(to the reporters)
--you double-checked both sources?--

They nod.

BRADLEE

--Bernstein, are you sure on this

story?

BERNSTEIN

Absolutely--

BRADLEE

(to WOODWARD)

--what about you?--

WOODWARD

--I'm sure--

BRADLEE

--I'm not sure, it still feels thin--
(looks at SIMONS)

SIMONS

(to WOODWARD and
BERNSTEIN, after a
pause)

--get another source.

Now quickly

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN huddling outside BRADLEE's office.

BERNSTEIN

How many fucking sources they think
we got?--

WOODWARD

--Deep Throat won't confirm--I never
thought he was scared of anyone, but
he's scared of Haldeman.

BERNSTEIN

I know a guy in the Justice Department
who was around the Grand Jury.
(looks at WOODWARD)

WOODWARD

--We got twenty minutes to deadline--

And as he speaks

CUT TO:

BERNSTEIN talking softly from a relatively private phone in
the newsroom. The voice of the lawyer is also whispered and
scared to death.

LAWYER'S VOICE (O.S.)

(barely audible)

...You shouldn't ever call me like
this, Carl...

BERNSTEIN

Will you confirm that Haldeman was mentioned by Sloan to the Grand Jury?

LAWYER'S VOICE (O.S.)

...I won't say anything about Haldeman... not ever...

BERNSTEIN

(desperate)

All right--listen--it's against the law if you talk about the Grand Jury, right? But you don't have to say a thing--I'll count to ten--if the story's wrong, hang up before I get there--if it's OK stay on the line till after, got it?

LAWYER (O.S.)

Hang up, right?

BERNSTEIN

Right, right--OK, counting: one, two--
(he inhales deeply)
--three, four, five, six--
(now he's starting to get excited)
--seven, eight--
(inhales deeply)
--nine, ten, thank you.

LAWYER (O.S.)

You've got it straight now? Everything OK?

BERNSTEIN

(on a note of triumph)

Yeah!

And on that shout

CUT TO:

A HEADLINE IN THE POST--A PHOTO VISIBLE OF HALDEMAN:

"TESTIMONY TIES TOP NIXON AIDE TO SECRET FUND"

CUT TO:

THE WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN

On the record let me say just this: the story is totally untrue. On background, I'd like to add that Bob Haldeman is one of the greatest public

servants this country has ever had
and the story is a goddamned lie.

NOW FAST ZOOM TO:

BRADLEE

roaring out of his office doorway.

BRADLEE

Woodstein!

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN tearing into BRADLEE's office--he stands scowling at the TV set in a corner of the room--outside, it is raining like hell.

CUT TO:

THE TV SET. SLOAN is walking along toward a large office building, he is flanked by a lawyer. A TV Reporter (it was DANIEL SCHORR) is walking alongside, mike in hand.

SCHORR

Mr. Sloan, would you care to comment
on your testimony before the Grand
Jury.

SLOAN

My lawyer says--

SLOAN'S LAWYER

--the answer is an unequivocal no.
Mr. Sloan did not implicate Mr.
Haldeman in that testimony at all.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN. They look sick. Desperate, tired, stunned, confused; there is nothing to say.

CUT TO:

BRADLEE glaring at them. HOLD ON BRADLEE... then

CUT TO:

THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

in the rain, and

CUT TO:

A CORRIDOR IN THE BUILDING AS THE PUDGY FBI MAN retreats down the hall. WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN, soaked, chase after him.

FBI MAN

--I'll deny everything--everything--
I never talked to you about Haldeman--
I never talked to you about anything--
I'm not talking to you now--

BERNSTEIN

--what went wrong?--

WOODWARD

--for Chrissakes just tell that--

PUDGY FBI MAN

--fuck you fuck you fuck you--

And he tears into an office, slams the door and as we hear
it lock--

CUT TO:

**THIS IS WHERE THE SOURCE BURNING SCENE WOULD COME BUT I AM
NOT WRITING IT FOR THIS VERSION.**

My reasons are as follows: (1) it is a complicated long scene to put down; (2) we are terribly late in our story; (3) it would mean, here, two hours into the movie, we are bringing in an entirely new character; the FBI agent's head to whom they go, and I think that is unnecessary and confusing; and (4) most important, I think the characters have been abused enough in this version--we have added the Sedam scene and they are berated more in this version by the CREEP people before things turn. (5) Finally, all this can show in reality is that they are desperate, and I would rather let the actors give that to us. I feel that it would be a genuine error at this time in the flick to go into the convolutions of how it's bad manners for a reporter to burn a source, if we've got anything going by this point, I can't conceive of much an audience will be less interested in than the reporters misbehaving.

However, if the scene is requested next time through, I shall be only too happy to oblige.

What I would like to do is cut from the FBI saying "fuck you fuck you fuck you" and locking his door to the following:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN walking in the rain. It's pouring as they leave FBI Headquarters and they are in anguish.

BERNSTEIN

(after a while)

Woodward?

WOODWARD

Hmm?

BERNSTEIN

What was the mistake? Do you think it's been rigged, all along the way, leading us on so they could slip it to us when it mattered? They couldn't have set us up better; after all these months our credibility's gone, you know what that means?

WOODWARD

(nods)

Only everything...

They are soaked, Nearby is a garbage can, they grab papers, hold them over their heads, start to walk. Now--

CAMERA MOVES UP HIGHER TO REVEAL

The papers they grabbed were the Post front page. (This happened.) And as they walked, the Haldeman story was on their heads. HOLD on the reporters walking miserably through the rain. Now--

CUT TO:

THE POST.

A tremendous pall has settled on the city room. People walk by, glancing at WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN, who sit almost immobilized at their desks, wet, whipped; no energy left.

CUT TO:

BRADLEE'S OFFICE. SIMONS sits across from BRADLEE as ROSENFELD enters quietly with a bundle of teletype paper.

SIMONS

(indicating the papers)

More denunciations?

ROSENFELD

(nods)

One Senator just gave a speech slurring us 57 times in 20 minutes.

BRADLEE has started typing something brief. When ROSENFELD's done, so is he. He hands it to SIMONS.

SIMONS

What's this?

BRADLEE

My non-denial denial.

ROSENFELD

We're not printing a retraction?

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--BRADLEE. He is thoughtful for a while. Then, spinning around, staring out towards the newsroom:

BRADLEE

Fuck it, let's stand by the boys.

And he stands, spins out of the room as we

CUT TO:

THE FLOWER POT ON WOODWARD'S TERRACE.

The rain has stopped. The apartment is dark. It's late at night. Inside, the phone RINGS and

CUT TO:

WOODWARD'S APARTMENT in the dark as he manages to knock the phone off its cradle.

WOODWARD

Hello?

BERNSTEIN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What'd you find?

WOODWARD

Jesus Christ, what time is it?

BERNSTEIN

You overslept?

WOODWARD

Goddamnit!--

He fumbles for the lamp, as it falls with a CRASH--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD--MOVING. Hair wild, clothes half-buttoned, he runs through the dark Washington streets as we

CUT TO:

TWO WELL-DRESSED MEN in the shadows across the street, going in the same direction and

CUT TO:

WOODWARD spotting them, picking up the pace and

CUT TO:

THE TWO MEN moving faster too and now

CUT TO:

A BUNCH OF CABS. WOODWARD jumps into the first and as it roars off

CUT TO:

THE TWO MEN getting into a cab also, roaring off in the same direction and

CUT TO:

WOODWARD'S CAB taking a corner fast and as it goes on, HOLD until the second cab takes the same corner, faster, and now

CUT TO:

WOODWARD jumping out of his cab, fumbling into his pockets for change as we

CUT TO:

THE TWO MEN getting out of their cab, paying, and as their cab drives off

CUT TO:

WOODWARD diving back into his cab and in a moment it is roaring again through the night and we

CUT TO:

THE TWO WELL-DRESSED MEN standing on the sidewalk, watching as WOODWARD disappears into the night and then suddenly,

ZOOM TO:

DEEP THROAT IN CLOSE UP AND MAD.

DEEP THROAT

--you were doing so well and then
you got stupid, you went too fast--
Christ, what a royal screw up--

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

DEEP THROAT and WOODWARD in the underground garage.

WOODWARD

--I know, I know, the pressure's off
the White House and it's all back on
the Post--

DEEP THROAT

--you've done worse than let Haldeman
slip away, you've got people feeling
sorry for him--I didn't think that

was possible. A conspiracy like this--
the rope has to tighten slowly around
everyone's neck. You build from the
outer edges and you go step by step.
If you shoot too high and miss, then
everybody feels more secure. You've
put the investigation back months.

WOODWARD

We know that--and if we were wrong,
we're resigning--were we wrong?

DEEP THROAT

You'll have to find that out, won't
you?--

CUT TO:

WOODWARD exploding.

WOODWARD

--I'm tired of your chickenshit games--
I don't want hints, I want what you
know!

CUT TO:

DEEP THROAT. He blinks for a moment. Then he begins to
whisper.

DEEP THROAT

It was a Haldeman operation--the
whole business--he ran the money,
but he was insulated, you'll have to
find out how--

WOODWARD takes a breath, nods.

DEEP THROAT

--wait--
 (almost a smile)
--there's more...

And from his weathered face

CUT TO:

WOODWARD

walking up to his apartment house later that night. He sees,
and then we see, BERNSTEIN, asleep at the front door. He
comes awake as WOODWARD approaches.

WOODWARD

We gotta go see Bradlee--I'll fill
you in in the car.

CUT TO:

BRADLEE IN HIS DOORWAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

It's a house with a lawn and from somewhere there is the SOUND of dogs barking.

BRADLEE

You couldn't have told me over the phone?

CUT TO:

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN moving up the walk to BRADLEE.

WOODWARD

We can't trust the phones, not anymore. Deep Throat says so.

As WOODWARD beckons for him to move out into the lawn--

BRADLEE

We can't talk inside either?

WOODWARD

(headshake)
Electronic surveillance.

CUT TO:

THE THREE OF THEM MOVING OUT ONTO THE LAWN. It's October now. You can see their breaths as they speak.

BERNSTEIN

I finally got through to Sloan--it was all a misunderstanding that we had: he would have told the Grand Jury about Haldeman, he was ready to, only nobody on the Grand Jury asked him the goddamn question.

WOODWARD

So I guess you could say that we screwed up, but we weren't wrong.

BRADLEE

Anything else from Mr. Throat?

WOODWARD

Mitchell started the cover-up early, everyone is involved in the cover-up, all the way to the top. The whole U.S. intelligence community is mixed in with the covert activities. The extent of it is incredible.

(little pause)

And people's lives are in danger,

maybe including ours.

CUT TO:

BRADLEE. He nods again, starts walking the two reporters back toward WOODWARD's car.

BRADLEE

He's wrong on that last, we're not in the least danger, because nobody gives a shit--what was that Gallup Poll result? Half the country's never even heard the word Watergate.

CUT TO:

THE RED KARMANN GHIA as the three approach.

BRADLEE

Look, you're both probably a little tired, right?

(They nod)

You should be, you've been under a lot of pressure. So go home, have a nice hot bath, rest up fifteen minutes if you want before you get your asses back in gear--

(louder now)

--because we're under a lot of pressure, too, and you put us there-- not that I want it to worry you-- nothing's riding on you except the First Amendment of the Constitution plus the freedom of the press plus the reputation of a hundred-year-old paper plus the jobs of the two thousand people who work there--

(still building)

--but none of that counts as much as this: you fuck up again, I'm gonna lose my temper.

(pause; softer)

I promise you, you don't want me to lose my temper.

(shooing them off)

Move-move-move--what have you done for me tomorrow...?

And as they get back into the car--

CUT TO:

THE NEWSROOM--EARLY MORNING

and it's empty pretty much, except at their desks sit WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN, typing away. They type on and on and as they do, voices are HEARD, the same voices we've become familiar

with, the WESTERN SENATOR, the CREEP P.R. MAN and the WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN.

WESTERN SENATOR (O.S.)

Although I'm a Republican, I would like to state in a pure bipartisan spirit tht the greatest political scandal of this campaign is the brazen manner in which, without benefit of clergy, the Washington Post has set up housekeeping with the McGovern campaign...

CREEP P.R. MAN

For twenty years, the Eastern liberal press has been trying to smear Dick Nixon. Fortunately, the American public is too smart to be fooled by...

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN

I have been informed reliably by John Dean that no one connected with the White House...

WESTERN SENATOR

(coming in, overlapping)

It is only our pathetic Post that deliberately tries to infuse the Watergate caper with a seriousness far beyond those shenanigans that have been the stock trade of political pranksters ever since...

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN work on. And now, as the voices continue condemning, we see them--all the President's men--as their faces flash on the screen for an instant--only these aren't fashion portraits we're looking at, these are the mug shots of the men taken when they went to jail and they flash on, the mug shots and the name and across each the word CONVICTED. There's VIRGILIO GONZALES--CONVICTED, and EUGENIO MARTINEZ, CONVICTED, and FRANK STURGIS, CONVICTED, and BERNARD BARKER, CONVICTED, and JAMES McCORD, CONVICTED, and HOWARD HUNT, CONVICTED, and GORDON LIDDY, CONVICTED, and DONALD SEGRETTI, CONVICTED, and DWIGHT CHAPIN, CONVICTED, and now the denunciations are louder, shriller, briefer.

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN

An insult to the American public--

CREEP P.R. MAN

--the deplorable tactics employed by the Washington Post--

WESTERN SENATOR

--I have been given access to evidence in possession of the White House and

that evidence--

WOODWARD and BERNSTEIN type on. Their machines are the only SOUND in the enormous room. And now more mug shots appear--

JEB MAGRUDER, CONVICTED, EGIL KROGH, CONVICTED, JOHN DEAN, CONVICTED, JOHN EHRLICHMAN, CONVICTED, CHARLES COLSON, CONVICTED, HERBERT KALMBACH, CONVICTED, and LARUE and PORTER and MITCHELL and HALDEMAN--all, all the President's men-- CONVICTED. Now--

THE CAMERA STARTS TO MOVE toward the pillar, the one that separates the two reporters, and the denunciations are still going on, but not so loud now, not so fierce.

WESTERN SENATOR

Well, if I was wrong, I sure the hell wasn't alone--

CREEP

--the fact remains that except for Watergate, we ran one hell of a great campaign...

The CAMERA is almost at the pillar now.

BERNSTEIN bums a cigarette from a cleaning lady. WOODWARD kicks his typewriter. Then they both go back to work.

Now we're at the pillar. That's all we see. Just that. And all we HEAR is the two reporters working away, on and on until--

FINAL FADE OUT:

THE END