

The Insider

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&

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1
All we can see is black filling the screen... Black on black... As we pull away from it, it starts taking on a shape, a definite shape, with more and more definition, until we recognize...two pools of black in a gash, pools from the depth of the soul, from some nether world... And as we come into FOCUS the slit moves and we realize it frames a pair of eyes...

2 INT. A JEEP, LEBANON - DAY 2

...and we see it's a face wrapped in a kuffiyah... And we're in a speeding SOVIET JEEP... Two men in front, shouldering assault rifles. HEZBOLLAH SOLDIERS... And there are three MEN in the back. A middle-aged Man wearing a tired suit and tinted sunglasses trying to hold on. And on either side of him, two Men, blindfolded. The man on one side is in his forties, hands pressed in the pockets of a well traveled black leather jacket... A stocky man, with the edge of a J.D. Salinger character, he's seen everything at least once. But even he has lost some of his self-confidence, here, turning his head, sensing the wind, a blast of Arabic music that disappears behind him... He's LOWELL BERGMAN. On the other side of the man in the tired suit is a lanky Man with a voltmeter around his neck, NORMAN.

3 EXT. THE BEQA'A VALLEY, BAALBEK, LEBANON - DAY 3

The Jeep races up narrow winding streets of a Lebanese village. It's shadowed by a Jeep in front, and in back, each carrying personnel armed with AK's and a few RPG's... And in the third Jeep are two blindfolded, not very threatening Lebanese soldiers. And as the speeding convoy passes a captured Israeli Armored Personnel Carrier covered with Arabic graffiti, looking down on them from huge murals are the stern visages of the Ayatollah Khomeini, and a Hezbollah religious leader, the Sheikh Fadlallah... And, suddenly the convoy skids to a stop... And blindfolded Lowell and Norman are roughly taken out, and pushed, stumbling, through the cloud of dust without sight... The lanky Cameraman is stopped, told to wait, while Lowell is pushed past armed men guarding a small stone house, and inside...

4 INT. A HOUSE IN LEBANON - DAY 4

A round-faced Man in his mid-forties, with large-framed glasses, black hair and a grey-black beard, wearing a dull bend, a turban, sits informally at a kitchen table...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

It's the Sheikh Fadlallah whose face stared out at us from walls. A Gunman cradling an AK-47 sits in an incongruous purple armchair in a corner. A torn poster of the Seychelles is on one wall. Another Gunman stands by a window. Lowell is sat down in a chair at the kitchen table...

THE SHEIKH

Coffee?

LOWELL

Yes... Thank you.

THE SHEIKH

How have you liked your stay?

LOWELL

(droll)

I like what I've seen...

The Sheikh smiles. And the smile passes as quickly as it came. A steaming cup of coffee in a small Arabic demitasse is put down. Lowell reaches to lift his blindfold.

THE SHEIKH

(dead cold)

Please to keep your blindfold on, Mr. Bergman.

The implication's obvious. Lowell feels for the tiny coffee cup, incongruous with his blindfold on.

THE SHEIKH (CONT'D)

You come to, what is for you, I think, a very dangerous place...

LOWELL

Hopefully, it will be worth it.

THE SHEIKH

Please to explain, why I should agree to interview...with pro-Zionist American media?

LOWELL

Because I think Hezbollah is trying to broaden into a political party right now. So you care how you're thought of in America. And in America, Hezbollah does not have a face.

(confident)

That's why.

And we've first realized this man is not a hostage; he's come here voluntarily. Then, his CELL PHONE in his jacket pocket RINGS, jarring...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

LOWELL

Can I answer that?

THE SHEIKH

Yes.

Lowell does. The incongruity of a phone while blindfolded...

LOWELL

Hello...?

(beat)

I'm here now. Yeah, Mike. No. Maybe.
I dunno.

(beat)

They're all up and running. Faxes, CNN,
the works. For right now, stay in New
York.

(impatient)

This is kind of a...bad time. Why don't I
call you back.

The Sheikh, finishing his earlier line of thought...

THE SHEIKH

(like a pointed gun)

You are Jewish, Mr. Bergman, yes?

LOWELL

Yes, I am a Jew.

(a beat, the point)

And when I'm sitting across from you, I am
a journalist.

The Sheikh takes that in.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

THE SHEIKH

Perhaps you prove your journalism objectivity and I see questions first. Then I decide if I grant interview.

LOWELL

(blunt)

We don't do that.

(beat)

You've seen "60 Minutes" and Mike Wallace. So you know our reputation for integrity and objectivity. You also know we are the most respected, highest-rated, investigative news magazine in America.

The Sheikh quietly looks out his glasses at him, studying him. And Lowell "closes":

LOWELL (cont'd)

So. Mr. Wallace. Should he get on a plane or not?

The Sheikh thinks it over and then...

THE SHEIKH

Tell him I will meet him day after tomorrow.

LOWELL

That works.

(after a beat)

I wondered...I know this is kind of an odd question...but what hotel in Beirut would you recommend these days?

It's quiet...too quiet...

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Sheikh...?

(no answer)

Hello, Sheikh...?

Silence. He hesitates, starts to lift his blindfold... He lifts it. And he sees the Sheikh, and his gunmen, are gone. The house empty. Only his Cameraman, the lanky man, left there, standing by the door still in his blindfold...

LOWELL (cont'd)

Take off the blindfold, Norman.

The lanky man does and we see the cameraman is Asian-American.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Having fun...?

Norman gives Lowell an ironic look and tests the local current at an electrical outlet.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4)

NORMAN

Fluctuating all over the place. Anywhere we shoot, here, it's portable gennies and we'll run cable...

Lowell nods and walks out the door and looks past the kids from this commanding height. Baalbek and the Beqa'a Valley below gold-domed mosques. A moment of triumph. He dials his cell phone...

LOWELL

(into phone)

It's me. We're on...

AND WE HEAR PEOPLE LAUGHING AND ENCOURAGING "GO AHEAD... OPEN IT..."

5 INT. A LABORATORY, BROWN AND WILLIAMSON, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY 5
- DAY

We're in a SCIENCE LABORATORY... OUT OF FOCUS LAB TECHNICIANS, in white lab coats, celebrating a heavyset Black woman's birthday... Half her presents are opened. Balloons, incongruous, floating above the lab... And there's a sense that somebody is watching... And from the waist up, a disembodied figure comes into FOCUS behind a glass partition, as if quarantined, isolated, an expressionless MAN in his late forties, watching them...

6 INT. JEFFREY WIGAND'S OFFICE - DAY 6

The office soundproofed, he watches the people laughing, their lips moving. His hair not yet settled on grey, his face is changing, always interesting. Born in the Bronx, educated in Upstate New York, he retains little of the accent and much of the directness. He's JEFFREY WIGAND. He turns to resume gathering things from his desk...some technical books, a medical text on asthma...putting them in his briefcase. And as he leaves the office, the silent party like a bizarre mime behind him...

7 INT. EXECUTIVE WASHROOM, BROWN AND WILLIAMSON - DAY 7

Jeffrey, standing at a sink, washes his hands. And a Man in his forties in a good suit, a round-faced man with thinning hair and pale eyes, who looks older than he is, approaches the sink from a stall. He's THOMAS SANDEFUR. Without a word exchanged, he stands next to Jeffrey, washing his hands. The two men at the separate sinks, looking straight ahead, their reflections in the mirror, neither looking at the other, giving no recognition. Sandefur's first to finish. He silently dries his hands with a towel. Without a word, leaves. And as Jeffrey stands at the mirror, staring at himself...

8 INT. LOBBY, BROWN AND WILLIAMSON BUILDING - DAY

8

Briefcase in hand, Jeffrey appears from the elevator from ABOVE, from WIDE and in FRONT, his eyes, frozen pools... And like a bad dream, a broad-shouldered Man, leaning against the wall near the reception island in a suit he's not comfortable in, wearing an earphone, saying something into a lapel microphone after Jeffrey's passed. The quiet's broken by the air conditioning kicking on...

9 INT. WIGAND'S CAR, LOUISVILLE - DAY

9

Light mottled through trees reflects off the car window... Jeffrey's face goes in and out of the tunnel of light and shadow...down this tasteful, suburban Louisville street of neat houses and manicured lawns... He pulls into driveway behind a 3 series BMW. It's a grey french provincial replica...

10 INT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, FOYER - DAY

10

Jeffrey comes in and a young Girl, eight, is watching television in the den...BARBARA

WIGAND
Five o'clock...

She doesn't say anything...

WIGAND (CONT'D)

(idly)
...not supposed to be on until after dinner, honey...you know that...

Dutiful, she shuts off the TV, going upstairs. He stops to pour himself a drink at a wet bar. He looks outside. A Woman is sitting on the back porch drinking wine, reading USA Today. There's something like a Hockney painting about her against the manicured lawns and hillocks of a golf course. Removed. In the kitchen he discovers a SERVICEMAN is sitting cross-legged on the floor, parts all around him, looking at the guts of the refrigerator...

THE SERVICEMAN

(seeing him)
...rotary compressor, Mr. Wigand. Drawing too many amps, shorted-out the windings. Bad news. It's shot.

WIGAND

You hear that clicking sound? That's the start relay. It's a \$28 part. There's nothing wrong with the compressor...

The Serviceman's busted. Right now the Woman comes in. She's pretty, tall, languid, reserved, somebody it would be nice to wear on your arm. Accessorised with a pin and scarf to match her outfit, she's holding a glass of white wine.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

LIANE WIGAND. She has an odd delay between a thought and her speech...

LIANE
I didn't know you were home... It's early... Isn't it?

He doesn't say anything...

LIANE (CONT'D)
Deborah has ballet... I was going to take her...

And it all feels suburban, familiar. Suddenly there's a shout...

BARBARA'S VOICE (OVER)

Mommy!

Jeffrey goes quickly up the stairs into...

10A INT. WIGANDS' HOUSE - DEBORAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

10A

BARBARA
(scared)
She can't breathe...

And a little girl, six, sitting on the floor in a ballet leotard, her head back, wheezing, her neck muscles contracting and bulging, her face pale, lips white, and her eyes filled with fear as rapid, shallow breathing induces a sense of suffocation. DEBORAH WIGAND is six and having a severe asthmatic attack...

Jeffrey sits her on the side of her bed next to which is a Nebulizer, an air compressor to deliver medication via a tube into a circular mouthpiece. The compressor whirs. Deborah breathes in the medication. Jeffrey brushes the hair back from her face and wipes perspiration from her forehead as...

Liane rushes in with rolled-up towels, kneels in front of Deborah, smiling to mask anxiety, and goes into the bathroom with the towels and turns on full blast the bathtub's hot water. We don't know why yet...

BARBARA
She was playing with my Pooh doll again...

Jeffrey removes the Nebulizer mouthpiece. Deborah's chest heaves. She's scared. Jeffrey gets in front of her and talks to her to arrest her attention.

WIGAND
Pooh's dusty, sweetheart...and you breathed it in. And what's happening to you right now is... cells called mast cells try to protect you. And they're too sensitive and don't know it. So they told your lungs "don't breath any more of that in."

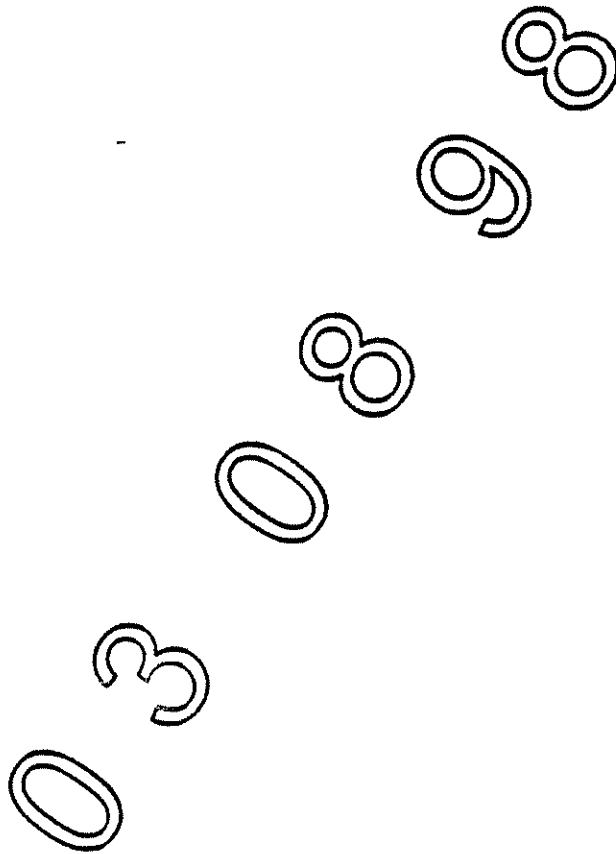
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WIGAND (cont'd)

(beat)

...like a tree upside down? The airways
in your lungs are the branches and air
sacs are like leaves. And when the
branches close up...



(CONTINUED)

OA CONTINUED: (21)

And the medication's taking effect and she's calmer.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

...you get an asthmatic attack. And we give you medicine and in a few moments you get better. And you're better now...aren't you?

DEBORAH

Those cells aren't real smart, daddy.

WIGAND

They're pretty dopey... They're way too sensitive. But they're the ones you got... They came along with all the other good things. Like your brown hair and your beautiful green eyes.

(stroking her)

We can't choose how we're born. There was a scientist in the last century, named Mendel. He discovered genetics...that's what hands out the equipment we're born with...

(ironic)

Nobody paid any attention to him when he was alive...

Liane, hands clutched in her lap, smiles at Deborah. Now she takes Deborah's hand and exchanges a look with Jeffrey. Jeffrey's a good father, a natural care-giver.

10B OMIT

10B

11 INT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - EVENING

11

A television drones the local news. It's quiet. WIDEN. Jeffrey, Liane and the two Girls silently eating dinner, Deborah in a bathrobe.

DEBORAH

Can I go to dance tomorrow? I'm better...

LIANE

...if so, I'll drop Barbara at soccer and take you to dance after...

DEBORAH

...the recital's...

LIANE

I know, hon...

WIGAND

I can take her.

LIANE

Don't you have to be at the office?

WIGAND

(instead, getting up)

No. Is there any more rice...?

LIANE

(nods)

On the stove...

He goes into the kitchen, to the stove, seeing...

WIGAND

Instant Rice...?

LIANE

All I have's an instant...

She laughs at her own joke... And getting up, and kneeling, searches in a cabinet for something...

WIGAND

We're out of soy sauce...

LIANE

Have you seen my coffee cup...?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

WIGAND

Try the car.

And Liane going outside...

12 EXT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE - EVENING

12

She opens Jeffrey's car looking in the front seat at the cup holders... a cup with "Diakrol Filtration Systems," but her cup isn't there. She turns to leave and sees the back seat filled with two boxes and the books we saw him take.

LIANE

What are those boxes?

WIGAND

I'm going to the store. Need anything?

LIANE

What do you need at the store?

WIGAND

Soy sauce...

LIANE

Right now?

WIGAND

(meaning in the car)
That's my stuff from the office...

LIANE

Why did you take your stuff from the office?

WIGAND

(simpl)
I didn't want to leave it there...

LIANE

(confused)
I don't understand?

WIGAND

(leaving, matter of fact)
I got fired this morning... Where else am I gonna take it?

LIANE

Fired? What do you mean? Fired?! Why?!

WIGAND

"Our ideas are no longer compatible." My ideas and Brown and Williamson...

LIANE

Who said?

(CONTINUED)

WIGAND
(specifically)
Thomas Sandefur...

LIANE
(stunned, fearful)
Why were you waiting to tell...me...?
What are we going to do...? What about
our health insurance...? Payments on the
house...my car?

He looks at her. There's an unspoken moment when it seems he's
desperate for her to ask how he's feeling. But she doesn't
and now there's a wall up and the moment passes...

WIGAND
(a beat, specific)
There's a severance agreement... It
includes cash payouts over time and
continuing medical coverage...

(beat)
You sure you don't want anything from the
store?

LIANE
No thank you.

She's stunned. He leaves. And as Liane's completely still,
her accessories seeming literally to weigh her down, she wants
to ask how he is, how he must be feeling, and she turns into
CAMERA towards him to do that. But he's driven off down the
street.

6A INT. ANOTHER HOUSE IN BAALBEK - DAY

16A

The Sheikh, wearing a fresh white robe and skull cap, comes into the room...

THE SHEIKH

I am pleased to receive you as my guest,
Mr. Wallace.

MIKE WALLACE

Thank you for having us...

REVERSE: Norman's camera crew is setting up. MIKE WALLACE is there. A dangerous combination of intelligence, arrogance, and celebrity, there's a kinetic quality about him.

NORMAN

We'll be cabled-up in a minute.

Wallace sits across from the Sheikh on a dais of patterned linoleum in incongruous armchairs against a wallpaper mural of a French formal garden. A Sound Technician wires the Sheikh and Mike with microphones. Norman says something to Lowell and then goes out.

(CONTINUED)

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (going outside)
 Norman...?

Mike turns his chair to face and slides it closer to the Sheikh's chair. The Head Bodyguard barks something in Arabic. The Interpreter says something back in Arabic. The Sheikh, absorbed in his notes for the upcoming interview, ignores all of this.

INTERPRETER
 He say you must not to sit so close.

MIKE WALLACE
 What?
 (re: Bodyguard)
 I can't conduct the interview from there.

The Bodyguard, bristling at Wallace's tone, barks more confrontational Arabic.

INTERPRETER
 He say...you must move back chair.

MIKE WALLACE
 Tell him when I conduct an interview, I sit anywhere I damn please!

LOWELL
 (entering)
 We're there...

INTERPRETER
 He says no interview.

As Mike leaps forward, moving inches from the Bodyguard's face with such sudden ferocity, even the Bodyguard flinches.

MIKE WALLACE
 Look, you!

More armed men start to enter.

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)
 What am I? A 78-year-old assassin? You think I'm gonna karate him to death with my notepad? Do you have an authority problem? In the scheme of things, your authority's about this big...
 (pinches fingers)
 Maybe that's your problem...
 (to Interpreter)
 Are you interpreting what I'm saying?

INTERPRETER
 Yes.

MIKE WALLACE
 Ask him if Arabic's his second language.

(CONTINUED)

16A CONTINUED: (2)

LOWELL
(to Interpreter)
Don't interpret that!
(to both)
Slow down!!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16A CONTINUED: (3)

LOWELL (cont'd)

Sheikh, do you mind turning your chair to face Mr. Wallace?

The Sheikh looks up from his notes, nods, fixes his chair, goes back to his notes...

LOWELL (cont'd)

Mike, we'll put your chair back where it was but facing the Sheikh Fadlallah.

(to Interpreter)

Okay?

(Bodyguard assents; to Mike)

You ready? Or do you want to fuck around some more...?

MIKE WALLACE

No.

(feeling his chest; wry)

...that got my heart started.

They know each other very well. Lowell smiles. Wallace sits down.

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

(charming)

Sheikh Fadlallah, thank you so much for seeing us.

They roll camera... "60 Minutes... Hezbollah..."

MIKE WALLACE (CONT'D)

(changes)

Are you a terrorist?

The Sheikh didn't expect the Mike Wallace opening shot between the eyes. He recovers...

THE SHEIKH

Mr. Wallace, I...am a servant of God.

That expression of incredulity...

MIKE WALLACE

A servant of God? Really...

Mike, tipping his glasses down while the hostile Gunmen, cradling weapons, watch him through the doorway...

MIKE WALLACE (CONT'D)

Americans believe that you, as an Islamic fundamentalist, that you are a leader that contributed to the bombing of the U.S. Embassy. The killing of the 241 Marines; the plane hijacking and taking of the hostages.

(his famous incredulity)

Now, let me understand this? Are you telling me you are not a terrorist organization...? That you are not a terrorist?

(CONTINUED)

The ballsiness of Wallace, asking these questions in this place, is impressive...

THE SHEIKH

I am one of those who loves the human being, whoever they are. I don't like violence. Except when it is practiced against those...who impose violence on the vulnerable.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

MIKE WALLACE
Are you saying, then, Sheikh Fadlallah,
that you approve of all of those acts?

THE SHEIKH
I do not approve of many...acts that have
happened in Lebanon.
(the double-entendre)

MIKE WALLACE
You have said you are against hostage-
taking. You are against kidnapping. But,
it is your followers who are the
kidnappers. Your followers...

THE SHEIKH
(nowhere to go)
I don't bear responsibility for
acts...carried out by people who may love
me.

Mike, the consummate professional, the originator of the hard
interview, smiles subtly at the closest thing to an admission
wrung from this clever man.

17 EXT. BERKELEY - LATE MORNING

17

It's still. A MAIL TRUCK is stopped at an odd angle in the
street outside an older brick house with a bold redwood Big Sur-
like fence on a hillside. Beyond the truck is a forever view
of the Bay. A handle turns. Mail truck door opens. Mailman,
carrying a box, going through the gate. Doorstep. Box is
deposited there. It's quiet again. The BOX sitting nakedly by
the front door...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
It's worth doing...

18 INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, BERKELEY - LATE MORNING

18

Lowell, in sweat pants and an old tee shirt now, is on the
telephone, still in bed... Newspapers, The New York Times, The
Wall Street Journal, San Francisco Chronicle, are spread all
over...home as refuge. A tray with large cups of coffee is on
a side table.

LOWELL
...everybody thinks Canadian Mounties ride
horses and rescue ladies from rapids,
Mike.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

LOWELL (cont'd)

They backed locals in Oka in a fight with
Mohawks over building a golf course on a
burial site. Beat up protesters at
Kanasake...

(pause)

C'mon, where'd you hear that?

The other phone on a nightstand rings... A Woman in her
forties, SHARON TILLER, enters, in a bathrobe, brushing her
teeth. She answers it.

LOWELL (cont'd)

(droll)

What, somebody took a poll? "Are all
things Canadian boring...?"

SHARON

(to Lowell)

It's Stuart...he's in Mexico City...

LOWELL

Let me call you back...

He takes up the line...listening...

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Which New York bank? Whose money are they
laundering?

(beat)

Will he go on-camera and talk about the
Mexico City branch?

A young Man in his early-twenties wanders in...

JAKE

Hey Dad, Sharon...

Lowell waves at JAKE, his son.

SHARON

(to Jake)

No classes today?

JAKE

...don't have to be there until ten-
thirty.

Lowell's son sits on the bed looking at part of a newspaper.
And another young Man, in his early twenties, with long hair
comes strolling in, Sharon's son, JOSIAH.

JOSIAH

(to Jake)

You ready?

(to Sharon)

Hi Mom, Lowell...

Lowell, still on the phone, waves to him.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

SHARON

Hi, sweetheart...

Josiah sits on the bed too, reading the back of the sports section Jake is reading... Another line rings, Sharon getting it. The Boys, used to them, get up, and leave...

LOWELL

(into phone)

Yeah, but will independent sources corroborate that?



19 EXT. THE BERKELEY HOUSE - MORNING

The Boys coming out of the house together... And seeing the BOX by the door...

LOWELL'S SON

(shouts back inside)

You got a box out here.

And they go out the gate, talking, walking off along the Berkeley street. The box left waiting by the door. A moment, and Lowell comes to the door. He takes up the box, taking it back inside.

20

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, BERKELEY - MORNING

SHARON

(into phone)

I can't... I'm flying to Boston tomorrow for the "Firestone" scheduling meeting, so I need to see the rough cut today.

Lowell comes with the box back to bed. He's already unwrapped it. Inside are stacks of papers... He looks at the box cover. No return address. An anonymous sender; not unusual for him. He casually looks through the papers.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Sure. Two p.m.
(hangs up)

LOWELL

(reading)

... "ignition propensity?"

(to Sharon)

...you understand any of this...?

He gives her some papers. We see formulas... scientific data in tables...

SHARON

...no...but this is a table of temperatures... something about flammable properties... Who are they from?

(CONTINUED)

LOWELL

(shrugs)

...anonymous. References to "P.M."
(motions)

"P.M.'s" got to mean Philip Morris...

As he looks at the papers, Sharon goes into the bathroom...there's the sound of the shower running... And Lowell gets up, going into his cluttered OFFICE. He looks in a small phone book, and making a call...

21

INT. THE FEDERAL DRUG ADMINISTRATION AGENCY, CAFETERIA,
WASHINGTON - DAY

21

We see a MAN in his forties, eating a late lunch, answering his CELL PHONE in a crowded cafeteria. An old 1930's WPA mural on the wall...

DOUG OLIVER

(into cell phone)

This is Doug Oliver.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Hey, Doug...Lowell. Call me at home on a hard line.

Doug Oliver walks across the cafeteria to a bank of pay phones and dials. He waits; then...

DOUG OLIVER

Hey...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

I'm doing this story on fire safety... People burning up from falling asleep smoking... I received a shitload of scientific papers from inside Philip Morris... Anonymous. You or anybody in FDA know someone who can translate this into English for me?

DOUG OLIVER

(beat)

...a guy I met a couple of months ago...a scientist at one of the tobacco companies...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Yeah. Who's that?

22

EXT. A BERKELEY CAFE - CLOSE: PAY PHONE

22

There's the sound of a phone ringing. PULL BACK to reveal Lowell outside a cafe with dry cleaning he collected over one shoulder. A LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE OVER (Deborah's) answers. "Hello."

(CONTINUED)

LOWELL
Mr. Wigand, please.

There's a whisper... "A man's calling Daddy."

Behind Lowell is a humming Berkeley street. He gestures familiarly to a Server, who brings out his two take-out cappuccinos. Lowell nods his thanks, pays...

LIANE'S VOICE (OVER)
Who's calling?

0300900

000335

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

LOWELL
My name's Lowell Bergman... I'm

LIANE'S VOICE (OVER)
Did you say Bergman?

LOWELL
No, Bergman... That's B.E.R.G.M.A.N.
I'm a producer with "60 Minutes"

LIANE'S VOICE (OVER)
"60 Minutes?" The television show?

LOWELL
That's right

Lowell waits for some moments, and...

23-25 OMIT

23-25

26 INT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - DAY

26

LIANE
(on phone)
He doesn't want to talk to you.

26A EXT./INT. BERKELEY CAFE - DAY

26A

LOWELL
How does he know he doesn't want to talk
to me? He doesn't know what I'm calling
about...

LIANE'S VOICE (OVER)
He doesn't care to know.

And she hangs up. Lowell's motionless... And his interest
piqued, he sets down his cleaning. He calls back... The phone
rings and rings... A MACHINE picks it up... Jeffrey Wigand's
Voice: "This is the Wigands'... If you'd like to send a fax
start transmission now..."

27 OMIT

27

28 INT. THE WIGAND HOUSE, JEFFREY'S OFFICE, LOUISVILLE - DAY

28

And we see Jeffrey Wigand, sitting at his desk in his office,
working on his computer, hearing Lowell...

LOWELL'S VOICE
(on the machine)
Mr. Wigand, this is Lowell Bergman with
"60 Minutes"... I'm doing a story on fire
safety and cigarettes... I have
scientific documents from a tobacco
company... I could use your help as a
consultant explaining them to me... My
number is 510-626-5735... I'll be there
in 10 minutes... I'll wait for your call...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

He hangs up. Jeffrey doesn't react, quietly working on his computer.

29 INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, BERKELEY - DAY

Lowell's restless, waiting... And not getting a call back, he tries another tact. He writes a FAX, "Please call me at..." He writes his number down. He sends the Fax. He's still. It's quiet. And not getting an answer he gets up, starting to leave the room. And suddenly the fax machine RINGS... He turns. He reads a message emerging from the machine... "I can't talk to you..." He's quiet. He writes on a piece of paper... "Can't talk to me?" "Won't talk to me?" "Don't want to talk to me...?" As he faxes it back.

30 INT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, OFFICE, LOUISVILLE - DAY

Wigand reading the return fax from Lowell...

31 INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, BERKELEY - DAY

Lowell, waiting... The fax machine rings again... He reads Jeffrey's answer. "Can't." "Won't." "Don't want to..." He's quiet, more than just interested, now. There's something beyond intriguing here. He turns. He looks through a stack of phone books for something... nationwide 800 Directory. He looks through it and dials Wigand's phone number again...

LOWELL
If you're curious to meet me...

32 INT. WIGANDS' HOUSE, OFFICE, LOUISVILLE - DAY

Wigand working on his computer... Lowell's VOICE on his answering machine.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
(on machine)
...I'll be sitting in the lobby of the Seelbach Hotel in Louisville, reading The New York Times at five o'clock tomorrow....

Lowell clicks off. And as Wigand sits at his computer, giving no indication what he might do...

33 INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, BERKELEY - DAY

Sharon's blow-drying her hair...

LOWELL
(loud)
When you leaving for Boston?

SHARON'S VOICE (OVER)
On the nine o'clock...

LOWELL
I'm stopping in Louisville on my way back to New York.

(MORE) (CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

LOWELL (cont'd)
Take the seven o'clock through Chicago,
and we can fly together...

SHARON'S VOICE (OVER)
I'll see if I can change my ticket...

34 INT. THE SEELBACH HOTEL LOBBY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY - EARLY EVENING 34

An old hotel with faded carpets. Lowell in the lobby reading a New York Times, waiting... And instead of looking up every time somebody passes, he looks down at people's shoes. A pair of black wing tips walking by... A woman's high heels... A pair of men's tasseled loafers. A lace-up brown. A pair of tennis shoes. A cordovan wing tip. The pair of tasseled loafers walking by again... And Lowell looks up...

LOWELL
Mr. Wigand...

And the Man in the tasseled loafers, turns away... It's Jeffrey Wigand in a suit and a tie with a Fortune 500, corporate-executive bearing... Lowell crosses to the elevators. Wigand looks around the lobby and follows Lowell in, and as the doors close...

35 INT. A HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - EARLY EVENING 35

LOWELL (OVER)
Have you always lived in Louisville?

Brilliant late afternoon daylight. We PULL BACK to see Jeffrey, standing by a window, silently looking outside to the left... Lowell, cool, waiting, hands in his pockets, in the middle of the large room...

WIGAND
Mr. Bergman? What did you want me to consult about?

A sudden KNOCK on the door...

WIGAND (CONT'D)
(turns, suspicious)
Who's that?

LOWELL
(wry)
Room service. They usually knock first.
(calls)
Come on in...

Room Service brings in a tray with coffee. As Lowell signs the bill, the Room Service Waiter waiting, looks at Wigand... Their eyes meet... The Waiter looks away.

LOWELL (CONT'D)
Thank you...

And the Waiter leaves...

(CONTINUED)

LOWELL (CONT'D)

(pouring)

Black or with cream.

WIGAND

Black.

Lowell gives him his cup of coffee.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

(looks at his watch)

I have to be somewhere.

LOWELL

(nods)

Anything you want to know about me, Mr. Wigand...?

WIGAND

Like what? Your sign?

Lowell smiles.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

I know what I have to know.

LOWELL

So I know you do, when I talk to people in confidence, it stays that way. Far as I'm concerned, this meeting never happened...

WIGAND

(abruptly)

How did a radical from Ramparts Magazine end up at CBS?

Lowell looks at him. He does his homework...

LOWELL

It is not 1970. I still do the tough stories. And "60 Minutes" reaches...lots of people...

Wigand's quiet, measuring him.

WIGAND

(after a beat)

Let's see the documents...

Lowell gives him the box of papers... Wigand sits down, the box on his lap, quietly looking through them...flips to a different heading, consults a chart...

WIGAND

...this is a Fire-Safe Product Study by Philip Morris. Ignition propensity...burn rates...

He puts the papers down...

(CONTINUED)

WIGAND (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

I can explain these documents to you in layman's terms because it's a different company...but that's as far as I go.

LOWELL

Far as you go where?

WIGAND

(a beat)

This issue is a drop in the bucket. I can talk to you about what's in here. But I can't talk to you about anything else.

And Lowell knows something else is going on here.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

(meaning Philip Morris documents)

I signed a confidentiality agreement. I honor agreements...

A lot more is going on here...

LOWELL

(nods, a good reporter)

Sure.

WIGAND

Doesn't CBS have confidentiality agreements, Mr. Bergman?

LOWELL

Journalists distrust their management, all the time... and among ourselves, we've figured out how to trust each other most of the time...so we don't bother with that...

(after a beat)

Where do you work?

WIGAND

Did work.

LOWELL

(fast)

Did work.

WIGAND

(getting up, the bottom line)

How much do I get paid?

LOWELL

You have to make your arrangement with CBS News, Business Affairs. I'll have them call you.




Wigand nods "Okay."

(CONTINUED)

He turns to leave... Lowell gets the door for him... Wigand momentarily slows...

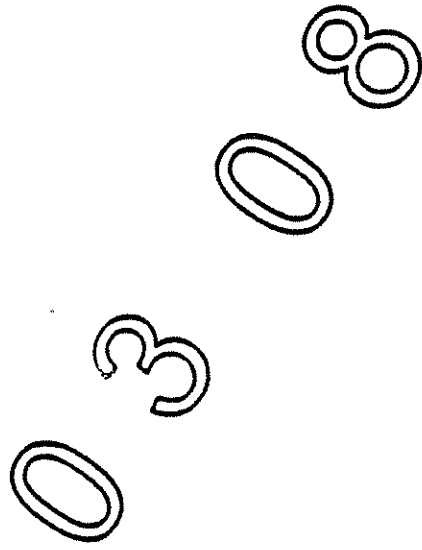
WIGAND

I headed Research and Development at The Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company. My Ph.D. is in biochemistry. I was a Corporate Vice President.

And he goes out the door... Lowell's still  Wigand's job title resonates. Lowell turns to the window  casually looking into the early evening...and he comes face to face with what Wigand was staring at, The Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company Headquarters Building, lit up right across  the street...

35A-35B OMIT

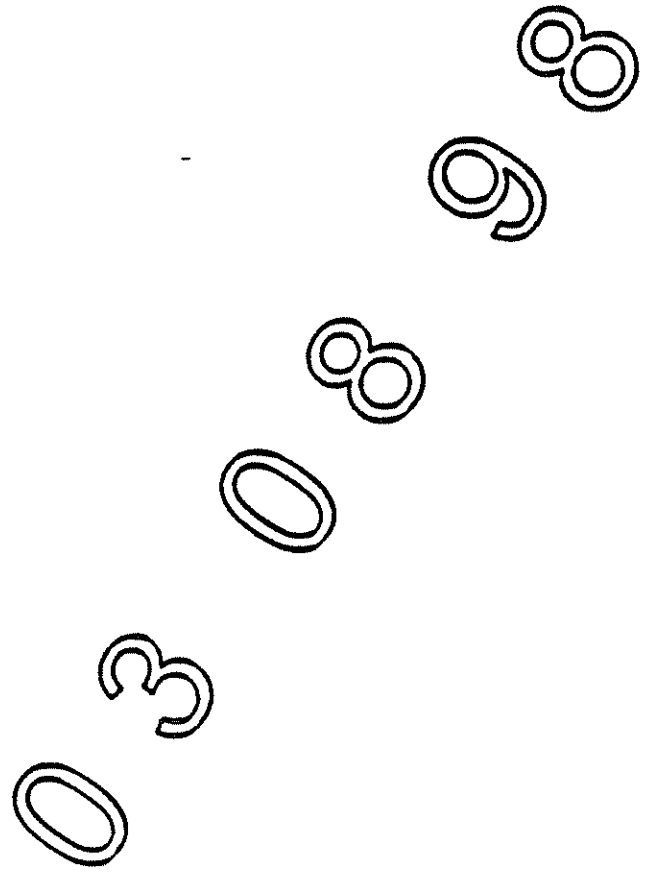
35A-35B



000335

INT. CBS, A SCREENING ROOM - DAY

TAIL LEADER. THEN BLACK. Suddenly lights come on. Executive Producer SIDNEY WICKER is suddenly on his feet. A veritable dervish, in constant motion...



(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

DON HEWITT

(kissing Mike)

It's a Peabody, Mike. When you're dead
and buried, Hezbollah is the one they
remember you for...

Mike, used to him, ignores him, getting up, turning to leave,
Hewitt on his tail...while...

LOWELL

(to his Editor)

...come in earlier on Mike's Marine
barracks line when he's talking to
Musawi...

MIKE WALLACE

You eating with us?

LOWELL

Yeah.

(to Editor)

And get barracks file footage for a
cutaway...

And Lowell gestures for an olive-skinned Woman in her late
thirties, Lowell's Assistant, DEBBIE DELUCA, to join them. The
eye contact on the way out says there's something important he
needs to tell her...

37 EXT. CBS - DAY

37

There's a blast of NOISE. The City. Lowell, Wallace, Hewitt,
Debbie, enter from the CBS lobby, moving through the
reflections. Lowell is about to say something to Debbie, but
BILL FELLING, Evening News' Assignment Editor, coming the other
way...

FELLING

Hey, Lowell.

Midstream, fast:

LOWELL

Main Justice is investigating a major New
York bank. Laundering narco dollars out
of the Mexico City branch. Stuart's got
it. You want it for the Evening News?

FELLING

What about you...?

LOWELL

I may do the follow-up.

FELLING

Yeah. Sure.
(leaves)

37A EXT. 53RD STREET, NEW YORK - DAY

37A *

Lowell, crossing...

LOWELL

Debbie...

Before he can talk to her, though...

DON HEWITT

What's the title?

- LOWELL

Title? "Hezbollah."

DON HEWITT

No. No good. How long were you there?

LOWELL

Nine days.

DON HEWITT

Not you. How long was Mike there?

LOWELL

Three days.

DON HEWITT

That's the title. "Three Days in Beirut."

LOWELL

We were also in Baalbek.

DON HEWITT

No one's heard of Baalbek. "Three Days in Beirut"...

And now as they cross Madison...

LOWELL

(to Debbie; finally)

Look. Get legal onto CORPORATE CONFIDENTIALITY AGREEMENTS. Boundaries of their constraint. Kentucky state law about. Every-thing. Understand? You drop New Orleans P.D., you drop...

DEBBIE DELUCA

(cuts in)

Whatever else I'm doing. Okay, I get it, I get it...

Hewitt stops to buy a newspaper. He doesn't have change, Debbie does.

37B EXT. 55TH STREET (WESTBOUND), NEW YORK - DAY

37B

Wallace and Lowell keep on walking.

MIKE WALLACE

Was I too contentious? Did I come off like a horse's ass?

LOWELL

(smiles)

You are. But you didn't come off like one...

MIKE WALLACE

I can't hear myself. Not the way I used to, Lowell.

And he sees Mike's serious.

LOWELL

(intimate)

Mike, you got more mental acuity than anybody I ever met half your age. You were tough. You were evenhanded. Stop worrying. It's a great segment.

The dark shadow passes. The bounce back in his step...

MIKE WALLACE

(on-camera voice)

You know Mounties have been beating the hell out of Indians in Canada?

DON HEWITT

(catching up)

Canada? Nobody gives a damn about Canada.

MIKE WALLACE

What did you, take a poll?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

Lowell laughs. And Mike, Lowell and Don bang into Michael's restaurant. We SEE them through the glass, being greeted, people shaking their hands, escorted by the maitre d' to their table as...

38 OMIT

38

39 INT. THE BROWN AND WILLIAMSON BUILDING, MAIN LOBBY,
LOUISVILLE - DAY

39

Meanwhile, it's static. Still, frozen. Jeffrey sits in the RECEPTION AREA of The Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company headquarters. Complimentary cigarettes are arranged on tables. A dark quiet. The hush of big business. Standing in the background by a wall next to the banks of elevators, is an everpresent Man, another one, with an earphone and lapel microphone...

UNIFORMED SECURITY

(to Wigand)

You can go up now...

He gets up, crossing to an elevator. And as the Man follows him inside...

40 INT. THOMAS SANDEFUR'S OFFICE, BROWN AND WILLIAMSON - DAY

40

THOMAS SANDEFUR

(re: his distraction)

Sorry. I'm accepting an award from the Retinitis Pigmentosa Foundation and it's going to kill the rest of my day.

THOMAS SANDEFUR is absorbed in spreadsheets of regional sales figures. Dark pouches are under his eyes. He doesn't look up. He doesn't look healthy. We're in a luxurious office with a view of Louisville. Jeffrey is waiting in a chair. Sandefur is Brown and Williamson's CEO, the man we had seen in the washroom. Two LAWYERS, their briefcases, like weapons, close at hand, sit on a couch. Their jackets are off. They wear expensive shirts.

THOMAS SANDEFUR (cont'd)

(finishing; looking up at
Jeffrey)

So. You had a chance to play golf?

Surprisingly affable, Sandefur prides himself on his salesman's sunny manners. He has a mellifluous Georgia accent...

THOMAS SANDEFUR (CONT'D)

(to the Lawyers)

Jeff's a premiere golfer... What are you, a two handicap...?

WIGAND

(precise)

Seven...

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS SANDEFUR

(to lawyer)

Then he gets out there and has five strokes on us. And, he has more concentration than anybody I've ever met. It's spooky how he can concentrate. Isn't that right, Jeff?

WIGAND

And I'd rather play than talk about it.

(beat)

What did you want to see me about? I don't like being back here.

Sandefur smiles, used to him.

THOMAS SANDEFUR

And Jeff says exactly what's on his mind. Most people will consider what they're saying...social skills... Jeffrey just charges right ahead.

(smiles, after a beat)

Now, I know you understood the nature of the confidentiality portion of your severance agreement with Brown and Williamson, Jeff.

One of the Lawyers offers a document to Wigand. He doesn't take it.

WIGAND

Chapter (and) verse.

THOMAS SANDEFUR

(nods)

I'm sure you do...

(beat)

You know I came up through sales. One of the reasons I was a great salesman, was that I never made a promise I couldn't keep.

(beat)

I knew if I ever broke a promise I'd have to suffer the consequence...

And there's a warning behind it...

WIGAND

(contained)

Is that a threat?

THOMAS SANDEFUR

...we worked together for, what was it, three years...? Now, the work you did here is confidential, not for public scrutiny...any more than are one's family matters...

(CONTINUED)

WIGAND

(quietly)

You threatening my family, now, too?

THOMAS SANDEFUR

Don't get paranoid.

(a beat)

We may have had our differences of opinion about research, here, but...

WIGAND

"Research..."

(smile + scorn)

You declare, as a badge of honor, you don't know what makes water boil...

THOMAS SANDEFUR

That's why we hire scientists.

WIGAND

(interrupts, direct)

Let's cut through the bullshit.

(a beat, honest)

I don't think you can maintain corporate integrity without confidentiality agreements. I was paid well for my work. The health and welfare benefits are good. The severance package is fair. I have no intention of violating my confidentiality agreement and disclosing what I agreed I wouldn't. Okay?

THOMAS SANDEFUR

I appreciate all that. But upon reflection...we decided we want to expand our zone of comfort with you.

And there's a seriousness that weighs heavily on the room...

THOMAS SANDEFUR (CONT'D)

So we've drafted a supplement to your agreement...it broadly expands and defines in more detail what is "confidential." Nobody will be able to say, "Well, hell's bells Margaret, I didn't know that was secret..."

(beat)

We're very serious about protecting our interests.

(a beat)

We'd like you to sign it.

And he's acutely aware of the threat behind it...

WIGAND

(a beat)

And if I don't?

(CONTINUED)

A LAWYER

(speaking for Sandefur)
If we "arrive" at a conclusion you are acting in bad faith? We would terminate, right now, payouts under your severance package. You and your family's medical benefits. And initiate litigation against you, Mr. Wigand.

WIGAND

Dr. Wigand.

A LAWYER

(a beat)

Dr. Wigand...after you examine the document, you will see it is in your best interest and you'll sign it.

Jeffrey slowly turns to face the attorney. And we see on his face the true nature of this man.

WIGAND

What you are saying is: it isn't enough you fired me. For a spurious reason! But now you question my integrity? On top of the humiliation of being fired? And you threaten me?! You threaten my family?!

(beat)

It never crossed my mind not to honor my agreement...

(turning, to Sandefur)

But I will tell you, Mr. Sandefur, and Brown and Williamson, too... Fuck me?

(a beat)

Well, fuck you!!

And with that he gets up, and leaves... And it's quiet... Sandefur rubs the dark grey pouches under his eyes.

A LAWYER

I'm not so sure he got the message...

THOMAS SANDEFUR

(with total confidence)

Oh, I think he did.

41 INT. THE NEW YORK RESTAURANT - DAY

41

They've finished lunch. Wallace and Hewitt are turned to talk to Sam Cohn and an older writer as suddenly Lowell's cell phone rings.

LOWELL

(answering)

Yeah...

WIGAND'S VOICE (OVER)

...You fucked me!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

LOWELL
Who is this?

42 EXT. A PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE - DAY

42

WIGAND
(crazed)
Jeffrey Wigand... Yeah, you protect your
sources...you wiseass New York hack...!
You screwed me! You sold me out!

43 INT. THE NEW YORK RESTAURANT - DAY

43

LOWELL
What are you talking about? Where are
you?

44 EXT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE - DAY

44

WIGAND
Fuck you, too!

And he slams down the phone.

45 INT. THE RESTAURANT, NEW YORK - DAY

45

Lowell, holding the dead phone in his hand...

46 EXT. A GOLF DRIVING RANGE, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

46

We see a brightly lit, golf driving range, empty, the wet grass under the lights vibrant, emerald green... A caged cart, with one big yellow headlight, like some kind of strange insect, drives across the range, picking up golf balls. And we see Jeffrey hitting golf balls, driving one after another, after another... His swing is powerful, angry, a lone golfer, trying to chill out. He pauses, spent. Settling down, he exhales. Then, he looks down the way... And he slows... He sees in the far distance, spot-lit, one other lone golfer, a Stocky Man, incongruously in a suit and tie, watching him...

(CONTINUED)

- 46

CONTINUED:

46

And the Man in the suit right then, with great power and a tremendous follow through drives a golf ball... The ball slamming into the steel net. And the lights SUDDENLY go out. The range closing for the night. The "insect" comes to a stop. And it's quiet, dark. Jeffrey gathers up his clubs. He crosses, his golf shoes, the metal cleats, clicking on the pavement, toward the PARKING LOT. And there's the sound of the clicking of golf shoes behind him. He turns. And the stocky Man in the suit, carrying a golf bag walking some distance behind him, staring at him. Jeffrey comes to the parking lot. It's empty. Just Jeffrey's car, and despite all the empty spaces, another car, purposely or otherwise, parked right next to his. He crosses to his car, getting in...

47 INT. WIGAND'S CAR - NIGHT

47

He drops the three clubs in the rear seat and settles behind the wheel. He turns. And he sees the Man in the suit has gotten in the car next to his. They look at each other. The Man, in no hurry, lights a cigarette, relaxes. It's malevolent as hell. And Jeffrey, suddenly, grabbing a golf club, jumps out of his car...

48 EXT. THE PARKING LOT, DRIVING RANGE, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

48

Golf club in hand at the driver side window...

WIGAND

(motioning with the club,
threatening)

Stay the fuck away from me!

The Man starts his car, and drives off nonplussed. It's still. And as Jeffrey with the golf club stands in the empty parking lot, not knowing what's threatening him, something real, something imaginary...

49 EXT. THE WIGAND HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - WIDE SHOT: WIGANDS' HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

49

A violent rain's falling. And we see Jeffrey coming out of the house holding an umbrella over his little Girls. They start towards the car. There's the sound of a car door shutting. Liane, carrying lunch boxes, comes after them...

LIANE

You forgot their lunches --

LOWELL

(cold)

Mr. Wigand.

She slows, seeing someone. Jeffrey turns: it's Lowell. He's surprised.

(CONTINUED)

49 • CONTINUED:

49

She slows, seeing Lowell. Jeffrey retrieves them.

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(CONTINUED)

LOWELL
Mrs. Wigand, how do you do? My name's
Lowell Bergman.

BARBARA
Who is that, Daddy?

WIGAND
(to the Girls, protectively)
Get in the car, girls...

The Girls climb in the car. Lowell crosses behind the Audi
around the far side.

LOWELL
C'mere. I want to talk to you. Over
here.

Jeff closes the door on his daughters and joins Lowell around
the far side of the car.

WIGAND
(confronting him)
What do...

LOWELL
(running over)
I did not burn you. I did not give you up
to anybody!

WIGAND
(continues)
What do you think you're doing coming
here?!

LOWELL
I am straightening something out with you.
Right here. Right now.

WIGAND
How did Brown and Williamson know I spoke
to you...?

LOWELL
How the hell do I know?

WIGAND
It happened after I talked to you. I
don't like coincidences!

LOWELL
And I don't like paranoid accusations!
Think. How do I operate as a journalist
screwing people who could provide me with
information before they do it?

WIGAND

(skeptical)

You came all the way down here to tell me that?

LOWELL

No. I did not. Big Tobacco's a big story. And you got something important to say. I can tell.

(a beat, personal)

But, yeah. I came all the way down here to tell you: story, no story, fuck your story, I don't burn people.

It starts to rain harder. They look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

Jeffrey, without saying a word, gets in the Car. He backs out. Lowell, left standing in the driveway with Liane in the rain. And the car leaves...

LOWELL (CONT'D)
(after a beat)
Sorry to bother you.

And Liane says, summing everything up...

LIANE
(upset, plaintive)
I don't understand what's happening to us...

And turning, she goes back into the house. And Lowell starts back across the street to his car. There's a sound. He turns. Jeffrey's car, having gone around the corner, has come back and stopped in the street.

WIGAND
(after a beat)
Ride with me while I take the girls to school...

Lowell hesitates, then gets into the car in the back seat.

50 INT. WIGAND'S CAR - MORNING 50

They drive away. Lowell, incongruously sitting in the back seat with Deborah. Jeffrey and Barbara in the front seat. And it's quiet, just the sound of the wipers on the window. And as Lowell rides with them...

51 EXT. A RIVERSIDE PARKING LOT IN LOUISVILLE - WIDE REAR SHOT - MORNING 51

We see the Car's parked in a weed-strewn empty lot. Rain, pounding on it and the surface of the river beyond...

WIGAND'S VOICE (OVER)
...and my little girl has acute asthma...
Deborah. The younger...my younger daughter.

52 INT. WIGAND'S CAR, LOUISVILLE - REAR TWO SHOT - MORNING 52

The Girls are gone. We enter mid-scene. Lowell's still in the back seat...

WIGAND (CONT'D)
I'm unemployed. I have to protect my medical coverage under my severance agreement...
(the bottom line; turning to look at Lowell in the rear seat)
...I left them a message this morning. Their expanded confidentiality agreement? I will sign it.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

WIGAND (cont'd)
Their expanded confidentiality agreement?
I will sign it.

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LOWELL
They're afraid of you, aren't they?

WIGAND
They should be.

The sound of the rain...

LOWELL
(after a beat, trying to make it
easier for him)
Can we talk outside the zone of your
agreement?

WIGAND
(guarded)
Like what?

LOWELL
Like who'd you work for before Brown and
Williamson?

WIGAND
(a beat)
Johnson & Johnson. Union Carbide in
Japan. I was general manager and
marketing director of new products. I'm a
Japanese-speaker. And a director of
corporate development at Pfizer.
(wry)
What else? Outside the "zone"...?

LOWELL
The Knicks doing to make it through the
semi-finals? Is it true Jayne Mansfield
was abducted by aliens?

Wigand smiles. As their eyes meet in the rear view mirror. A
subtle connection... It passes...

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. WIGAND'S CAR - WIDE FRONTAL - DAY

53

Jeff's car in the field, the giant Colgate-Palmolive clock
behind. The rain stopped. Steam rises from the weed strewn
empty lot. Lowell's in the front seat. And we get the feeling
they've been talking for hours...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
Give me an example...

WIGAND
...uh. Okay. For example. James Burke.
When James Burke, the CEO of Johnson &
Johnson...when he found out some lunatic
put poison in Tylenol bottles, he didn't
argue with the FDA... He didn't wait for
the FDA to tell him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WIGAND (cont'd)

He pulled Tylenol off every shelf of every store in America. Instantly. And developed the safety cap... Why? Sure, as a CEO he's a great businessman. But he's also a man of science. He's not going to allow his company...to put on the shelf...a product that hurts people.

(sarcastic)

Not like 'he Seven Dwarfs...

LOWELL

Seven dwarfs?

WIGAND

Yeah, the seven CEO's of Big Tobacco...they got up in front of Congress that time...it was on television...

LOWELL

...and swore under oath they know nothing about addiction, disease...

WIGAND

Yeah. It was on C-SPAN.

LOWELL

(after a beat)

You come from corporate cultures where research, new product innovation, creative thinking are core values. They're organized around them. Big Tobacco is a sales culture. Market and sell enormous volume. Go to a lot of golf tournaments. The hell with everything else.

(beat)

So if you feel the way you do, how come you went to work for "tobacco" in the first place?

WIGAND

(deadly honest)

I can't talk about it. The work I was supposed to do...would have been beneficial.

(bitterness there)

And I got paid a lot. I took the money. My wife was happy. Kids got good medical. Good schools. And I thought I could handle it.

(simply)

What the hell's wrong with that...?

He looks at Lowell, as if needing validation...

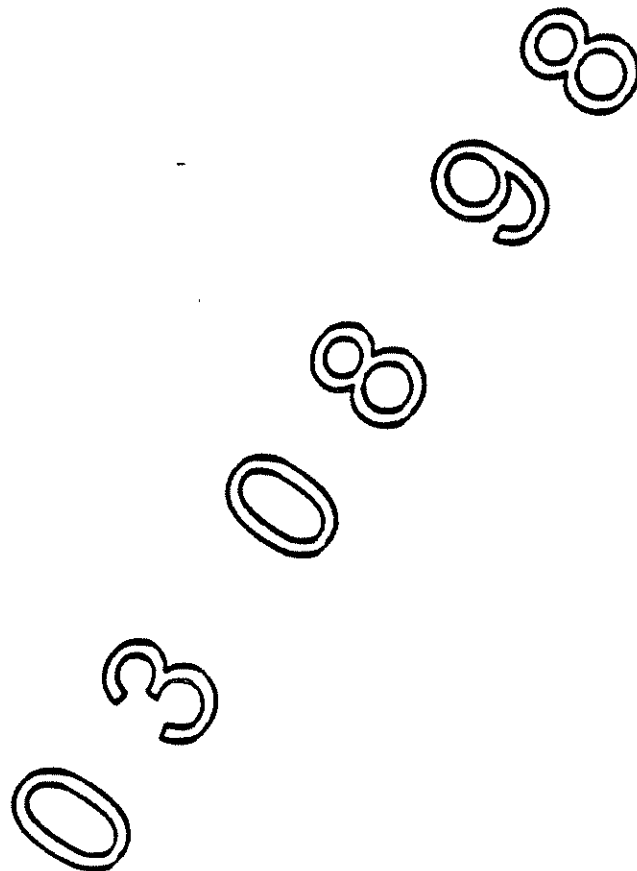
LOWELL

Making money...providing for your family? Nothing. What could be wrong?

It's quiet. After some moments...

(CONTINUED)

It's quiet... After some moments, Jeffrey reveals the most personal of things...



53 CONTINUED: (2)

WIGAND

I've always thought of myself...as a man of science.

LOWELL

Then...you are in a state of conflict, Jeff.

Jeffrey doesn't say anything.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Because, look, here's how it lays out: if you got vital, insider stuff that the American people for their welfare really do need to know...and if you feel impelled to violate your agreement to disclose that, that's one thing. On the other hand, if you want to adhere to your confidentiality with them? That's simple. Do so. Say nothing. And there is only one guy who can figure that out for you. And that's you. All by yourself.

Lowell's evenhanded...is it too evenhanded? As Wigand contemplates the edge he's standing on, they're quiet. Then Wigand sees the time...

WIGAND

I've got to pick the girls up. Anything I just told you...

Lowell nods. Jeffrey starts the car. The windshield wipers screech on a dry window. Their eyes meet. As they drive off...we HOLD on the Colgate-Palmolive Clock.

54 INT. A KITCHEN AREA, CBS OFFICES, NEW YORK - DAY

54

We've entered mid-scene... A monitor on a cart plays a 1/2-inch VCR of a C-SPAN broadcast. Seven CEO's of Big Tobacco... in front of a bas relief of the American eagle. Each in turn swears nicotine is not addictive or he doesn't know anything about health risks, they're not sure, maybe, maybe not, etc....

LOWELL (OVER)

He referred to this...the Seven Dwarfs...

MIKE WALLACE (OVER)

What "Seven Dwarfs"?

(CONTINUED)

LOWELL (OVER)

The seven CEO's of Big Tobacco. He referred to this hearing. And said they should be afraid of him...meaning, what he's got.

(to Staff Lawyers)

So does this give anybody, here, a clue...what he's got to say?

And, now, we see Lowell, Mike Wallace and Debbie DeLuca with two staff Lawyers, MARK STERN and JOHN HARRIS, sitting around a workstation used as an improvised eating area. Beyond them are the "60 MINUTES" offices, workstations, piles of material, television monitors hanging from the ceiling, all tuned to CBS programming...

JOHN HARRIS

Another Merrell Williams?

LOWELL

Leaking tobacco company documents? I doubt it.

DEBBIE DELUCA

They're all on the internet, anyway.

MIKE WALLACE

It isn't "cigarettes are bad for you"...

LOWELL

Hardly new news.

MIKE WALLACE

No shit.

MARK STERN

(re: video)

What that is is tobacco's standard litany: "Addictive? We believe not. Disease? We don't know. We get a bunch of leaves, roll 'em together. You smoke 'em. After that? You're on your own. We don't know."

(beat)

So that...tells me nothing.

(beat)

And it doesn't matter anyway.

LOWELL

Why not?

JOHN HARRIS

Because of this guy's confidentiality agreement, he is never, ever gonna be able to talk to you.

LOWELL

Not good enough. The top scientist of the number three tobacco company.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

LOWELL (cont'd)

And a corporate officer. Think they fall off trees? You never get whistle-blowers from Fortune 500 companies 'cause corporate culture's tighter than the CIA. He's the ultimate insider. And he wants to go public. He's impelled. I can tell. And I want it on "60 Minutes."

JOHN HARRIS

Doesn't matter what he wants.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE WALLACE

Am I missing something here?

JOHN HARRIS

What do you mean, Mike?

MIKE WALLACE

He's got a corporate secrecy agreement?
How can it hold up? This is like an
unsafe airframe on a passenger jet
or...some company dumping cyanide in the
East River. Issues like that? They don't
have the right to hide secrets like that
behind a corporate agreement. And we got
the right to air it.

(re: his coffee)

Pass the milk...

JOHN HARRIS

(does)

They don't need the right. Big Tobacco's
got the money.

MARK STERN

The unlimited checkbook. That's how they
win. On everything. They spend you to
death. \$600 million a year in outside
legal. Chadbourne-Parke. Ken Starr's
firm, Kirkland and Ellis. Listen. A car
manufacturer gets nailed after 11 or 12
pick-ups blow up? Right? These clowns
have never...I mean not even once...not
even with hundreds of thousands dying each
year from illness related to their
product...ever lost a personal injury
lawsuit. On this they'll issue gag
orders, sue for breach, anticipatory
breach, enjoin him, you, us, his pet dog,
the pet dog's veterinarian. They bat a
thousand. Every time. And this guy knows
he can't talk to you...

(CONTINUED)

Lowell's been quiet, thinking about something else... Now...

LOWELL
...look through the looking glass the
other way...

MIKE WALLACE
What do you mean?

LOWELL
...a man wants to talk but is constrained.
(beat)
What if he were "compelled"?

MIKE WALLACE
(eating)
Torture? Great ratings. I'm not sure
about clearance...

MARK STERN
What do you mean compelled?

LOWELL
(seriously)
Compelled by Department of Justice, in a
state court, whatever. Subpoenaed to be a
witness. Cuts right through corporate
confidentiality agreements, yes?

MARK STERN
Yeah...

DEBBIE DELUCA
So what does that do?

LOWELL
Because once it becomes part of a record?
It is out. It is not a secret anymore.
Cow's out of the barn. So how can they
restrain his speech or retaliate? It's
out in the world...

MARK STERN
(nods)
If you engineered what he has to say into
a court record, you might have something.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (5)

54

MARK STERN (cont'd)

They would have a helluva time restraining his speech.

Pause.

JOHN HARRIS

(still skeptical)

Yeah, but what venue? And where does he get, does he have killer lawyers?

LOWELL

I don't think he's got any.

MARK STERN

You need attorneys with big balls who aren't afraid of risking years of litigation. And millions of dollars of their own dough in legal costs...

JOHN HARRIS

Anti-tobacco lobby?

DEBBIE DELUCA

Do they have the wherewithal?

MARK STERN

No. So they don't have the staying power.

LOWELL

Mike? What do you think?

MIKE WALLACE

"Small stories; small problems. Big stories; big problems."

(pause)

If he gets a defense team, will he go public, will he go for it?

LOWELL

I don't know.

55 EXT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - ANOTHER DAY

55

And we see a MOVING TRUCK in the street in front of the French provincial... Moving men carrying things out of the house...

56 INT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - DAY

56

The house is nearly empty. Liane, arms folded across her chest, is quietly standing in the empty living room. Jeffrey comes down the stairs...

WIGAND

That's it...

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

And it's quiet. And Liane holds herself, overcome...

LIANE

...always dreamed about a house, like the one we're giving up...

(beat)

Where the babies were born...learned to walk...right here...in the yard.

And they're quiet.

LIANE (CONT'D)

I didn't plan on this...

Liane looks at him, afraid. And he moves to hold her.

WIGAND

Let's make it work for us. Okay? Maybe, you know, it'll be more about us. Simpler...smaller... This is gonna work out...

And instead of this downturn turning them against each other, it brings them closer together. And as they stand in the empty house...

57 INT. A HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA, LOUISVILLE - DAY

57

MRS. WATSON

...you're awfully over qualified, Dr. Wigand.

The aftermath of a high school lunch. Tables, covered with litter, as far as the eye can see. And we see Jeffrey sitting with a formidable Black Woman in her mid-fifties, the High School Principal, CYNTHIA WATSON, drinking cups of coffee...

WIGAND

(after a beat, awkward)

I'm trying to...start a second career, Mrs. Watson... I think I'd be a good teacher...

She's quiet. She senses this applicant has a lot on his mind.

MRS. WATSON

Let me give it some thought...

WIGAND

(selling)

...and not too many companies in the health-care field hire ex-tobacco scientists.

She nods, studying him. They get up.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

MRS. WATSON

I don't mean to be personal, Dr. Wigand,
but you look like you could use some
sleep.

58 OMIT

58

59 INT. THE WIGANDS' NEW HOUSE - DAY

59

We see unpacked boxes in the small, 1970'S kitchen. And Liane, kneeling on the countertop, putting up pale yellow curtains that match the yellow tile. She sees a nail on the wall and hangs a clock from a box on the floor from their old house on it. It's crooked. She straightens it. She lifts a box of silverware onto the countertop. And, then, stops and looks out the window. There's a moment of domestic peace for her as she sees...

59A (WAS 58) EXT. THE WIGANDS' NEW HOUSE, THE BACKYARD - DAY

59A

Jeffrey with the Girls in a part of the backyard, kneeling in the dirt, planting a vegetable garden, putting in some small tomato trellises. We see the house, now. It's a small, one story. Deborah sees her mom and waves. It's an image from the 1950's post-war boom. Liane waves back from behind the pane of glass...

59B INT. WIGANDS' HOUSE #2, BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

59B

Jeffrey's asleep on his side next to Liane, her back to him. His arm is draped over her, protectively. There's a sound. He turns. And he sees Deborah in her nightgown, standing in the doorway...

DEBORAH

(terrified, whispers)

Who's in the back yard...?

Fast, soundlessly, he's out of bed into old moccasins and trousers...

60 INT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT

60

Jeffrey goes into a corner of the basement, around the corner from the furnace, where his "office" is now. Unpacked boxes are on the floor. He fumbles with the combination lock on a small gun safe, lifts the lid, taking out a hand gun. Deborah followed him.

WIGAND

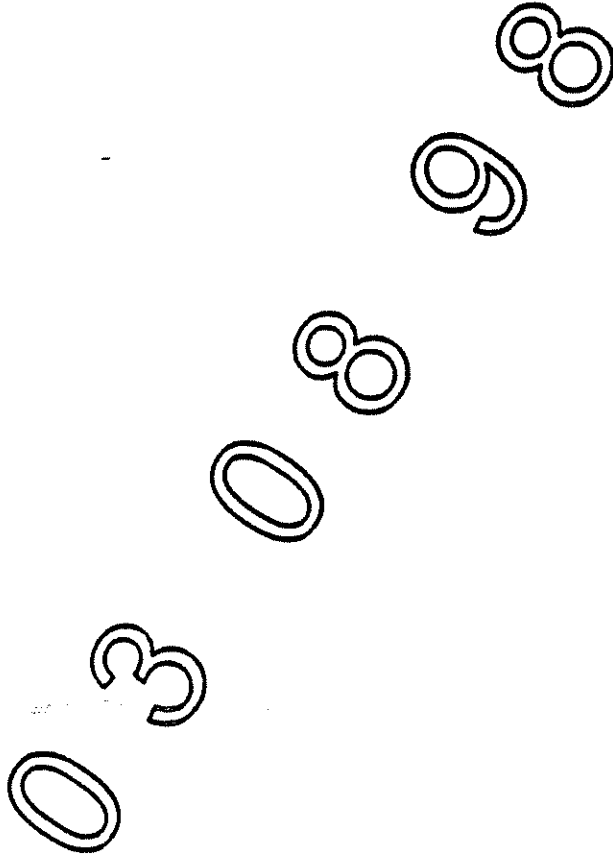
Stay right here, honey. Sit at my desk
and draw a picture, okay?.

He keeps it hidden from Deborah. He goes up the stairs. He looks out into the dark backyard. He doesn't see anything. He opens the sliding glass, quietly stepping out.

60A EXT. WIGANDS' HOUSE #2, BACKYARD - LATE NIGHT

60A

It's still. He steps further out onto the lawn with its dark shrubs and small tree in the corner.



60B INT. WIGANDS' HOUSE #2, BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT 60B

Meanwhile, Deborah in the basement, starts as the water heater comes on, scaring her. She goes up the stairs to follow after her father...

60C EXT. WIGANDS' HOUSE #2, BACKYARD - LATE NIGHT 60C

Meanwhile, Jeffrey has crossed towards the darker back corners. Sudden rustling. He spins, gun ready. And the yellow eyes of a RACCOON stare at him.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

(to himself)

You almost got your damn head shot off...

The raccoon defiantly bares its teeth.

Jeffrey starts to go...but he sees something and stops...

Meanwhile, Deborah has come to the sliding glass door...

Jeffrey sees one of the tomato trellises is crushed, stepped on...and in the vegetable garden's earth, are distinct, fresh, deep FOOTPRINTS...

DEBORAH'S VOICE (OVER)

Daddy...

Wigand steps between her and the garden, hiding it... EXTREMELY CLOSE ON JEFFREY, as he covers, trying to keep from his daughter the invasion, trying to control his emotions...

WIGAND

(reassuring her)

It was a raccoon, honey...

He crosses to her, putting his arm around her, walking her back inside...

WIGAND (CONT'D)

Did you know they're nocturnal? They only come out at night.

He locks the sliding glass door, takes a last look outside, and walks her back to her room. And as he quietly walks her down the dark hallway into her bedroom. Re-emerging, he knows he has to deal with his fears for his family alone...

61 INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE IN BERKELEY - LATE AT NIGHT 61

The Phone suddenly RINGS. Lowell asleep, alone... He gets it...

LOWELL

(sleepy)

Yeah...

2 INT. WIGANDS' NEW HOUSE, HALLWAY - LATE AT NIGHT 62

It's dark, save a light from the living room. Liane, in bed, seemingly sleeping. And we see Jeffrey, just outside their door in the foyer, sitting on the floor against a curved wall, a drink at his side on the telephone... A man with no one to talk to...

WIGAND

(after a beat)

Lowell... It's Jeffrey Wigand...

63 INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - LATE AT NIGHT 63

Lowell sits up...

WIGAND

Is it too late?

LOWELL

No. No, it's okay...

WIGAND

I didn't want to wake your family...

LOWELL

My wife's in Boston.

64 INT. WIGANDS' NEW HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - LATE AT NIGHT 64

And there's a flicker, a thought...

WIGAND

Thanks for the basket of fruit...

65 INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - LATE AT NIGHT 65

LOWELL

(a beat)

Yeah. How's the new place?

66 INT. THE WIGANDS' NEW HOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT 66

WIGAND

The new place? New.

67 INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - LATE AT NIGHT 67

LOWELL

(intuiting)

You okay?

WIGAND'S VOICE (OVER)

Sure.

Lowell knows he isn't...

LOWELL

I was going to call you tomorrow, anyway.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

LOWELL (cont'd)

(beat)

How are your wife and kids handling the new house?

68 INT. WIGANDS' NEW HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - LATE AT NIGHT

68

WIGAND

Good. You know kids...as long as they feel loved...

(beat)

You have kids?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

We have a couple. One of hers, one of mine. Everybody uses a different name.

(wry)

Modern marriage.

(beat)

How's Mrs. Wigand handling it?

WIGAND

She's okay.

He looks at Liane for a beat. We SEE his POV in medium shot. Then he moves and sits on the floor in the living room.

WIGAND

(after a beat)

...somebody...uh...may be following me. I don't know. They came on the property...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

You call the police?

WIGAND

It's a game. A mind game. I don't want to be paranoid...

(CONTINUED)

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
Yeah, so what do you really think?

WIGAND
I don't know what the fuck I really think!
Are they doing it? Is some crank doing
it? Are they doing it to make me feel
paranoid? Are they doing it for real and
don't give a shit what I think? Yes? No?
Nobody? Who? I don't know!

And it's quiet again.

69 INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - LATE AT NIGHT

69

Lowell sitting in bed on the phone, alarmed, sharing Wigand's fears.

LOWELL
Describe what happened in detail.
(beat)
Jeff...?

70 INT. WIGANDS' HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - LATE NIGHT

70

And Jeffrey's emotions are back in check as...

WIGAND
I got a job. I teach high school.
Chemistry and Japanese.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
I cheated my way through physics.

WIGAND
What were you calling me about?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
You called me.

He takes another drink...

WIGAND
No, I mean you said you were going to call
me tomorrow.

LOWELL
(after a beat)
I wanted to hook up and talk to you.
About what we talked about in your car.
Someplace outside Kentucky.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

000335

WIGAND
I might go to Washington next week.
Kessler's people at the FDA contacted me
to talk...confidentially.

LOWELL
If you go, let me set up the terms. DC's
full of leaks. You need the
confidentiality in writing. A meeti. g
should not be at FDA. Should be in a
hotel room.

WIGAND
...okay.

LOWELL
(after a beat)
Make you feel good? Putting what you know
to use?

Jeffrey's impressed by Lowell's perceptivity...

WIGAND
How'd you know?

LOWELL
It's obvious, isn't it?

He looks at Liane in the next room, asleep.

LOWELL (CONT'D)
You there?

WIGAND
Yeah... Look, thanks for talking. Sorry
I woke you up.

LOWELL
I'll see you in Washington, Jeff.

Jeffrey hesitates, holding the phone, then he hangs up...but
the phone RINGS right away.

WIGAND
Yeah? Lowell...?

But there's a thick silence.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
(threatening; deep, low)
Leave tobacco alone. Or else your kids
can get hurt.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

A MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)
(long pause, a breath)
And they are very pretty girls right
now...

They hang up.

WIGAND
(enraged).
Try it! Come on, man! Come on! Try it
on!

And he realizes he's talking to a DIAL TONE. He hangs up.
Quickly, he crosses into the Girls' room, looking in on them.
The Girls safely asleep. He goes into the living room. He
pulls a chair over to sit at a window looking outside. And as
he sits in the patch of light from a street lamp, the gun in
his hand on his lap, to be up all night guarding his family...

71 INT. THEIR BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

71

And past Liane's sleeping form down the hall into the living
room is her husband, his back to her, sitting in the trapezoid
of light. And as we DOLLY along her side, we come upon her
face and discover she's been up all along and her eyes are
pressed shut, her hands over her ears...her reaction to his
raging on the phone. She's far from "OKAY."

72 INT. A JAPANESE RESTAURANT, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

72

And we see Lowell and Wigand sitting in their stocking feet at
a traditional Japanese table in a private screened room... A
traditionally dressed Japanese Waitress waiting to take their
order... Wigand conversing with her in Japanese...

WIGAND
(finishing)
And some more saki...

The Waitress formally nods, and leaves...

LOWELL
What did you get us?

WIGAND
Tempura...

And Wigand drinks some more saki...

LOWELL
If you go public and do it on "60
Minutes," I need to ask you some stuff.

WIGAND
(ignores Lowell)
...the internet said you did graduate work
at Wisconsin, and went to U.C. La Jolla
with a Professor Herbert Marcuse?

LOWELL

Yeah. Marcuse was my mentor, had a major influence on the New Left in the late 60's and on me, personally.

(CONTINUED)

WIGAND
Next to your father?

LOWELL
My father...?
(raw nerve)
What the hell does that have to do with my
father?

WIGAND
Sorry. Is that why you're a journalist?
You get to ask all the questions?

LOWELL
You charge by the hour?

WIGAND
(shrugs it off)
My father was a mechanical engineer. He
was the most ingenious man I ever knew.

LOWELL
My father walked out on us when I was
five. He was not the most ingenious man I
ever knew.

456

Lowell changes the subject.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Let's go back to Brown and Williamson.
You said they paid you more than your
previous job, you expected to do work that
was "positive" but they wouldn't fund it.

(beat)

Did it occur to you you were, I dunno,
window dressing...?

WIGAND

Why you asking me that?

LOWELL

Trying to understand stuff.

(beat; fast)

And if you were window-dressing, anyway,
what I don't get is what did they care?
Why bother firing you?

WIGAND

What's that supposed to mean?

LOWELL

You go on television? I got to know all
about why you got fired.

WIGAND

(that's not good enough)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

LOWELL

'Cause they'll claim you got fired for wearing ladies' dresses to work. Being mean to animals.

Wigand doesn't say anything.

LOWELL (cont'd)

They will dig up stuff about your life and throw it at you. I got to know what they might find.

WIGAND

(concedes)

I drink. A couple of occasions more than I should have.

(thinks)

I was cited for shoplifting once. It was a mistake...

(hesitant)

I don't know...

(after a beat)

I pushed Liane one time. We were both stressed out 'cause of the pressure. She went to her mother's.

(out of the blue)

And I got fired 'cause when I get angry I have difficulty censoring myself. And I don't get pushed around!

LOWELL

I'm not pushing you around!

(after a beat)

I'm asking you questions.

(beat)

You up for being a witness in some anti-tobacco cases?

WIGAND

Why?

LOWELL

'Cause maybe I can arrange a legal defense team for you and get what you have to say on the record. And you need both if you decide to go public on television.

WIGAND

All I am is a commodity to you, aren't I?
I could be anything. Right? Anything
worth putting on between commercials...

LOWELL

(honest)
...to the network, probably, we're all
commodities.

(beat)

To me? You are not a commodity. What you
are is important.

(beat)

'Cause remember. No one like you has ever
opened up before...

And he's begun to consciously or unconsciously "sell"...

LOWELL (cont'd)

So, worry about your motivation, not mine.
'Cause if you go public and thirty million
people hear what you got to say, nothing,
and I mean nothing, will ever be the same
again.

Wigand doesn't react.

LOWELL (cont'd)

Do you believe that?

WIGAND

(skeptical)

No.

LOWELL

You should. When you're done a judgment
will have gone down in the court of public
opinion. That's the power you have.

(beat)

And, yes, it gets personal, too.

WIGAND

"You believe that?"

LOWELL

Believe which?

WIGAND

Believe that because you get information out...something happens?

LOWELL

Of course.

WIGAND

And, what if that's what you tell yourself to rationalize having a good job? Having status? And what if for the audience, it's all voyeurism? Something to do on Sunday night. What if it doesn't change a fucking thing? And people like me, my family are left hung out there to dry in the end. Used up! Broke and alone!

LOWELL

You talking to me or someone else walk into the room?! I have never abandoned a source, let one hung out to dry, any of that crap!

WIGAND

Yeah, yeah, but I'm the one who has to...

LOWELL

(running over)

And don't evade a choice you gotta make by questioning my reputation or "60 Minutes" with cheap skepticism!

WIGAND

I have to put my family's welfare on the line here, pal! All you're puttin' up are words!

LOWELL

You bet they're words! While you've been dickin' around at fucking company golf tournaments, I been out in the world giving my word and backing it up. 'Cause I do what I say. Every time. And you can take that! Or you can leave that!

Lowell is getting very close, in spite of the value of Wigand, to telling Jeff to take his story and stick it up his ass.

LOWELL (cont'd)

Do we understand each other?!

Wigand abruptly rises...

WIGAND

(surprisingly mild)

I told the kids I'd call them before they went to bed.

He changes up; confrontationally:

(CONTINUED)

456

WIGAND (CONT'D)

All right, so?

LOWELL

(confused)

"All right"? What...?

WIGAND

So what are you guaranteeing me?

LOWELL

To put you on the air, if you want to go.
And to work my ass off getting you
protected.

WIGAND

Okay.

This is the understanding, the guarantees they've worked out.

LOWELL

Now are you gonna go and do it? Or not?

WIGAND

(shrugs)

I don't know.

(see Waitress, rapid JAPANESE:)

Subtitled: What takes so long with the
rest of this food?

And turning, he crosses the restaurant. And that's where it
hangs.

73 INT. A CBS EDITING SUITE, NEW YORK - DAY

73

And we see we're watching footage in an on-line editing bay
from what we will learn is Lowell's "N.O.P.D. Blue" on police
corruption in New Orleans. Lowell, TONY BALDO (his editor),
Debbie and an intense YOUNG MAN wearing glasses, an Intern,
looking at the cut. All the police are on horseback, lots of
footage of cops on horses. Lowell is waiting for a call to go
through...

LOWELL

(re: horses)

These guys ever ride in cars or walk?

DEBBIE DELUCA

(into phone)

Hello... I'm trying to reach Mr. Richard
Scruggs...

74 INT. A LEAR JET - DAY

74

And we see the PILOT, a fit-looking, unassuming man, wearing
aviator glasses, in his late forties. A heavysset Man in his
forties, riding up in the co-pilot's seat we'll come to know as
RON MOTLEY. The Pilot's on a headset... He has a distinctive
Southern accent...

THE PILOT

This is Richard Scruggs...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Mr. Scruggs, I'm Lowell Bergman. I'm a
producer for "60 Minutes."

(CONTINUED)

456

RICHARD SCRUGGS

Hold on. Mobile control. this is Lear
November 643. Over.

CONTROL OPERATOR'S VOICE (OVER)

Go ahead 643.

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(after a beat)
Request flight level 220, on a heading of
284 degrees. Over.

CONTROL OPERATOR'S VOICE (OVER)

Stand by.

RICHARD SCRUGGS-
(after a beat)
Mr. Bergman, you still there?

LOWELL
Right here. Would you call me back on a
hard line at this number...

75 INT. A LOUNGE, PRIVATE AVIATION TERMINAL - DAY

75

Through the window, we see Scruggs' plane being refueled while Scruggs and Motley in a run-down lounge are talking on a SPEAKER PHONE with Lowell. They've taken over the Secretary's office for privacy. She hangs at the coffee machine in the lounge. We've entered mid-scene...

LOWELL
...you filed a lawsuit against tobacco on
behalf of the State of Mississippi?

RICHARD SCRUGGS
(nods)
That's right...

LOWELL
(after a beat)
I'm working with somebody who was a
corporate officer and the former head of
research for Brown and Williamson.

RICHARD SCRUGGS
What's your interest in this, Mr. Bergman?

LOWELL
He may tape an interview with us. We
believe if his testimony showed up in a
court record first, it would free him up
from his confidentiality agreement and
give him some protection.

MOTLEY
Cat's out of the bag, it's out of the
bag...

LOWELL
And he's going to need legal
representation.

MOTLEY
He sure as hell will.

RICHARD SCRUGGS
(a beat)
Has he decided to go public or not?

LOWELL
He's on the fence.

Scruggs and Motley exchange a look... Motley shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

75

RICHARD SCRUGGS-

Well, we'd certainly be interested in making his acquaintance, but without knowing what he's going to do...

LOWELL

You want to call him? Should I have him call you?

RICHARD SCRUGGS-

(no nonsense)

It would be better if he called us.

At this moment, these two attorneys are unsold on the prospect of Jeffrey Wigand. Scruggs disconnects. As they start out of the Secretary's office and she crosses back in...

RICHARD SCRUGGS (cont'd)

Thank you, ma'am.

75A OMIT

75A

75B INT. CBS EDITING SUITE, NEW YORK - DAY

75B

LOWELL

(contemplating phone; to Debbie
re: show)

We need more more of them on the street, working cases. Everything's fucking horses. Get me to New Orleans this afternoon. Street crime...pedestrian street crime.

DEBBIE DELUCA

(picking up another phone)

I need to book Norman's crew to shoot B-roll. They gotta be in New Orleans ready to shoot by 6 p.m..

TIGHTEN on mounted New Orleans police at crime scene, herding crowd.

75C (OLD 75A) INT. THE WIGANDS' NEW HOUSE, KITCHEN - TWILIGHT 75C

Liane cooking dinner, making pasta. Ingredients, diced tomato, basil, are neatly ordered. She's waiting for water to boil. The kids are doing homework on the round table in the kitchenette. It's an idle moment. She's dazed-out watching them. And now she hears from the basement the BELL RING on Jeffrey's computer. It's a tiny bell, incessant... she crosses to the basement stairs.

76 INT. WIGANDS' NEW HOUSE, BASEMENT OFFICE - NIGHT 76

Liane down the stairs, approaching Jeffrey's computer. And she SEES an incoming E-mail icon - a large letter with wings - flying repetitively across the screen. The bell RINGING is louder. She calls-up the E-mail... On the screen in large RED letters:

WE WILL KILL YOU. WE WILL KILL ALL OF
YOU. SHUT THE FUCK UP.

And now Liane is shouting and running up the stairs and...

89B EXT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - TWILIGHT 89B

Jeffrey, having arrived home from work, pulls the mail out of the mailbox, now stands, frozen, staring at something... And he sees, standing upright in the back of the mail box, like a monument of threat, a single hollow point .38 CALIBER BULLET. He freezes... And simultaneously...

90 OMIT 90

91 EXT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - EVENING 91

Liane and the Girls are running toward him...like in a bad fucking dream. He's looking at them. Liane is saying something about E-mail, but his slow-motion attention is still arrested by the statuesque bullet. As they close on him...

92 OMIT 92

77 EXT. NEW ORLEANS, THE FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT 77

And we see Lowell lit by FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS. We're at a crime scene. Uniformed cops on horseback. Just arrived, the Cameraman's unloading his gear, preparing to shoot B-Roll. Police moving around as Lowell's cell phone RINGS...

LOWELL
(answering)
Hello...

78 INT. WIGANDS' HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 78

WIGAND
They're terrorizing us? Death threats?!
To my family? My kids?!

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
What are you talking about?

WIGAND
Someone put a bullet in my mailbox.

LOWELL
Call the F.B.I., Jeff. Call the F.B.I.
right away...

WIGAND (CONT'D)
My family, now? My girls?!

LOWELL
Call the F.B.I!

WIGAND
They do this with impunity! They're fine.
They go home at night. What's it cost
these people to do this to us? Nothing?!
My girls are crying.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
Jeff...

WIGAND
I want to tape! I'm done thinking about
it.

LOWELL
Call the F.B.I.!

WIGAND
I will. Did you hear me?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
(frustrated)
I heard you. But I got to arrange for you
a legal defense. Testify in some court,
first! Then...

WIGAND
(cuts in)
Then hold it off the air until you got
that. But I want to go to New York. And
I want to go on the record. Right now!

He slams phone down and gets up and EXITS room.

93 INT. WIGANDS' HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

93 *

And two older, local F.B.I. AGENTS #1 and #2 are sitting with
Jeffrey in his living room...

F.B.I. AGENT #2
Did you handle the round, Mr. Wigand?

WIGAND
I'm afraid I did.

(CONTINUED)

000335

F.B.I. AGENT #1
We won't be able to lift usable prints.

F.B.I. AGENT #2
Do you own a gun?

WIGAND
Yes.

F.B.I. AGENT #2
What caliber?

WIGAND
(a dawning realization)
What does that have to do with the price
of tea in China?

Now one of the kids is crying, Liane trying to calm her, takes
her out of the room.

WIGAND
(a beat, realizing)
You think I put that bullet in my mailbox
myself...?

F.B.I. AGENT #2
If we could take a look, Mr. Wigand...

And he gets up... They follow him into the bedroom. He
unlocks the side drawer on his night stand, taking out a gun,
giving it to one of the Agents.

F.B.I. AGENT #1
Why do you keep this gun?

WIGAND
I don't think it's unconstitutional yet to
own a gun. I'm a target shooter.

F.B.I. AGENT #2
That bullet was for a .38 caliber. Do you
own a .38?

WIGAND
Yes. A .38 Target Master. In my gun safe
in the basement. And a .45 Gold Cup. And
a .22 target pistol. So what?

F.B.I. AGENT #2
(after a beat)
Do you have a history of emotional
problems, Mr. Wigand?

WIGAND
Yes.
(beat)
I get extremely emotional when assholes
put bullets in my mailbox...!

(CONTINUED)

And we hear Liane's voice from downstairs.

000335

LIANE'S VOICE (OVER)

(upset)

I don't know if I should have shown you that...

And we see Liane following F.B.I. Agent #3, coming up the stairs from the basement, and the Agent is carrying Jeffrey's computer...

LIANE

I told him that you had an E-mail death threat that said if you didn't shut the "F" up, they were going to kill you...

Agent #3 starts out of the house with the computer followed by #2. Jeffrey runs out after them.

94 EXT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE - NIGHT

94

*

WIGAND

(outraged)

You can't take that... It's personal property...!

F.B.I. AGENT #2 (OR #3)

We have a search warrant, Mr. Wigand. There's been a death threat.

WIGAND

(after him)

...my files! Personal correspondence is on there...

Agent #3 ignores him, putting the computer in the trunk of their car. And F.B.I. Agent #1, the .38 bullet in a baggie, comes out of the house.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

...letters to my brother...my will.

His shoes slip on the grass and he falls. And the F.B.I. are getting into their car. And NEIGHBORS have come out, watching them. Liane and the girls, standing halfway down the front lawn, the neighbors looking at them. She and Jeffrey look at each other. Will she go to him or not? She goes to him as he rises...

95 OMIT

95

*

95A EXT. NEW ORLEANS, THE FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

95A

*

BILL ROBERTSON'S VOICE (OVER)

He knows about guns...

LOWELL

(sharp; into phone)

Most Americans know about guns...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95A CONTINUED:

LOWELL (cont'd)

They believe he E-mailed himself his own
death threat, too?

96 INT. AN OFFICE, THE F.B.I., WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT 96

And we see a Man in his early forties, a neatly dressed man who prides himself on his appearance, at his desk in the Bureau. BILL ROBERTSON. He's completely distracted, focused on agent travel orders...

BILL ROBERTSON

...maybe it's a nut who thinks he's going to lose his "right" to smoke... Maybe it's him...? I don't know...! It's all a little hard to swallow...

97 OMIT 97

97A EXT. NEW ORLEANS, THE FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT 97A

LOWELL

You ever found me alarmist? Inflammatory? Why did they grab his personal computer?

BILL ROBERTSON'S VOICE (OVER)

They're telling me...

LOWELL

(interrupts)

I am telling you, your agents in that office are acting improperly! Who are they protecting?

BILL ROBERTSON'S VOICE (OVER)

You're talking a regional office. Two agents in Louisville. I got the goddamn Unabomber threatening to blow-up LAX! I gotta move 45 agents from all over into L.A. Alright? When I get a chance, I'll take a look...

LOWELL

(heated)

Take a good look! 'Cause I'm getting two things: pissed off and curious! Any of them been promised jobs after they retire? In corporate security? Either of them have ex-agent pals already in those jobs? Like their ex-supervisor who's at Brown and Williamson right fucking now?

98 INT. BILL ROBERTSON'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON - NIGHT 98

BILL ROBERTSON

(beat)

I get it. I get it! I'll look at it.

He hangs up.

99 OMIT 99 *

79 INT. DINING ROOM, THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, NEW YORK - NIGHT 79

And we slide by some elegant diners to fall onto Lowell and Mike Wallace with Jeffrey and Liane in the Hotel's dining room, having ordered dinner.

LOWELL
Are you both okay here?

LIANE
(to Mike Wallace)
I enjoy your work so much...when you're talking to somebody, I always feel like I am right there.

And she laughs...

MIKE WALLACE
Thank you for saying that...

LOWELL
Why don't we talk about tomorrow's taping and get it out of the way...

MIKE WALLACE
Questions will go towards what work you did there, why they fired you. Others will...

LIANE
(not sure she quite heard)
...taping?
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

LIANE (cont'd)

What are you taping?

WIGAND

I'm doing an interview.

LIANE

(whispers)

An interview! Are you out of your mind?!
Do you know what they'll do to us...! I
thought...

LOWELL

(trying to intervene)

Liane --

But she suddenly gets up and leaves, hurrying out of the dining
room. And Jeffrey oddly doesn't move.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

Why didn't you tell her about the taping?
What did she think she was coming to New
York for?

WIGAND

...to talk about it. To think about it.
I wanted to ease her into it. I don't
know...

Jeffrey abruptly crosses to the nearby Bar.

MIKE WALLACE

Who are these people?

LOWELL

(frustrated)

They're ordinary people! Under
extraordinary pressure. What the hell do
you expect? Grace and consistency?

And Lowell leaves the table. And as Mike Wallace sits at the
table, looking around, wondering what the fuck he's doing
there.

80 INT. THE HOTEL, CORRIDOR, NEW YORK - NIGHT 80

Lowell comes to their hotel room... The door half-open... Liane inside, moving around the room, crying, out of control, quickly packing. Lowell steps into the room...

81 INT. HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK - NIGHT 81

LIANE

(seeing him, frenetic)
We have to live in Louisville... I've got two little girls to think about... [If they stop paying the medical bills? Do you know what ER visits, allergists, medications run each year? And the phone calls? He doesn't sleep... All you can hear is him walking from one room to the other...he carries a gun... You don't know what it's like in that house!

(outraged)

And he's going to tape an interview...! He's going to be on television! Is he totally crazy!

LOWELL

(trying to diffuse the situation)

Liane, nothing's going on the air yet. We're going to hold it until it's okay...

She doesn't want to hear it...

LIANE'S VOICE (OVER)

It's all about ego. I, Jeffrey, standing alone against the world. He likes being alone.

And breaking down she goes into the bathroom, locking the door. Lowell goes to the door. And there's oddly the sound of a HAIR DRYER...

LOWELL

(concerned)

Liane...?

82 INT. THE BATHROOM, NEW YORK HOTEL - NIGHT 82

And we see Liane is using the hair dryer, to dry her tears... She shuts it off... It's quiet...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

(concerned)

Liane?

She folds her arms protectively across her chest... And she says something so completely human, we forgive her all her eccentricities...

CONTINUED:

LIANE

I'm scared.

INT. THE HOTEL BAR, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Jeffrey, having a drink, is still sitting at the bar. And he sees in the bar mirror Lowell coming into the bar behind him... Wigand doesn't say anything.

WIGAND
(motioning to the bartender,
nasty)
Another one... And put alcohol in it this time.

LOWELL
(a beat)
She's scared. She's right to be scared.

WIGAND
Everybody's scared, except me and my monkey.

LOWELL
(fed up)
Have you called Scruggs yet?

WIGAND
No.

LOWELL
Why not?

They look at each other. And Jeffrey's answer is he finishes what's left of his drink and leaves before the bartender returns with his new one.

INT. A STUDIO, CBS - MORNING

And we see a small TAPING STUDIO separated by flats and black curtains from other CBS News sets. Cameras are set up. Lowell and Mike Wallace, Debbie DeLuca, and the camera crew waiting around...

DEBBIE DELUCA
 (hanging up a phone)
 No answer in the room... But they haven't
 checked out...

MIKE WALLACE
 (after a beat, tired of waiting)
 Call me in my office if he shows...

He starts out of the room...sees Lowell's "down"...

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)
 ...you okay?

LOWELL
 (elsewhere)
 Huh? Yeah...

MIKE WALLACE
 (and moving on)
 When do you want to do the voice over on
 New Orleans...?

LOWELL
 (barely able to hide his
 disappointment)
 Tomorrow...

Mike nods... He starts to go... There's a slight sound. They
 turn. Standing just inside the door, wearing a business suit,
 is Jeffrey Wigand.

WIGAND
 (formal)
 Liane apologizes, she had a beauty shop
 appointment.

LOWELL
 Thank you for coming, Dr. Wigand.

And the look between them is personal.

85 INT. THE STUDIO, CBS - DAY

85

And we enter mid-scene on Jeffrey in a more formal demeanor,
 sitting in a chair, Mike Wallace sitting across from him, under
 the lights, taping an interview. Lowell, off camera.

WIGAND
 (nods)
 The process is known in the tobacco
 industry as "impact boosting..." There's
 extensive use of this technology which is
 called ammonia chemistry, that allows for
 nicotine to be more rapidly absorbed in
 the lungs and therefore affect the brain
 and the central nervous system.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WIGAND (cont'd)

They manipulate the high and the rapid fall off so you'll light up another one right away...

LOWELL

Let's cut...

(to Control Booth)

Could we please play back from about 11:02...?

CONTROL BOOTH VOICE

...playing back.

PLAYBACK of an earlier section of the interview on a studio monitor...

MIKE WALLACE

You heard Mr. Sandefur say before Congress that he believed that nicotine was not addictive...?

WIGAND

(nods)

...I believe Mr. Sandefur perjured himself because I watched those testimonies very carefully.

Lowell's reaction: Jeffrey's statements are stunning and powerful revelations...and dangerous ones to make.

MIKE WALLACE

All of us did. There was the whole line of people. The whole line of CEO's all swearing that.

WIGAND

And part of the reason I'm here is I felt that their representation was clearly, at least within Brown and Williamson's representation, clearly misstated. What they commonly knew...as language within the company...that we are in the nicotine delivery business.

MIKE WALLACE

...you're saying that Brown and Williamson manipulates and adjusts that nicotine fix, not by artificially adding nicotine, but by enhancing the effect of nicotine through the use of chemical additives like ammonia...

Wigand nods.

MIKE WALLACE (CONT'D)

And that's what cigarettes are...?

WIGAND

A delivery device for a nicotine addiction.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE WALLACE

A delivery device for nicotine. Put it in your mouth, light it up, and you're gonna get your fix...

WIGAND

You're gonna get your fix...

86 INT. THE STUDIO, CBS - LATER

86

WIGAND

...I constructed a memo to Mr. Sandefur indicating that I could not in conscience continue with coumarin in a product that we now knew, we had documentation, that was similar to coumadin, a lung-specific carcinogen...

MIKE WALLACE

You were charging Sandefur and Brown and Williamson with ignoring health considerations ~~consciously~~...

WIGAND

Most certainly.

MIKE WALLACE

And on March 24, 1983 Thomas Sandefur, CEO of Brown and Williamson had you fired. And the reason he gave you?

WIGAND

Poor communication skills.

86A (OLD 89) INT. A HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE CLASS, LOUISVILLE - AFTERNOON

86A

And we see a TELEVISED RECORDING of the "Pledge Of Allegiance" is playing. Not too many kids paying attention. The Pledge finishing, "...with liberty and justice for all." Meanwhile, Jeffrey has written his name on the blackboard.

WIGAND

You can call me Dr. Wigand, Mr. Wigand or Jeff...

(beat)

Anything else...you have to do in private...

(a few kids smile)

...I find chemistry magical. I find it an adventure. An exploration into manipulating the building blocks of our physical universe...

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86A CONTINUED:

86A

WIGAND (cont'd)

...how many of you have taken chemistry before?

Nobody raises their hands.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

(easy smile)

Well...I never taught it before.

A couple of laughs... And we feel Jeffrey, for the first time is in a milieu that suits him.

WIGAND (cont'd)

The first experiment we'll do is...

(holds up cigarette lighter)

...measure the molecular weight of butane...

86B INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - LOWELL AND DEBBIE DELUCA - DAY

86B

Lowell has taped on his desk pages of the transcription of Jeffrey's interview statements. Debbie has unloaded boxes of files which she's organized and for which she has an Index.

DEBBIE DELUCA

Next...

LOWELL

All right. Jeff says...their view is they're in the business of manufacturing a delivery system for nicotine addiction...

(beat)

What do you got that backs that up?

Debbie consults her Index, finds and hands Lowell two files.

DEBBIE DELUCA

Here...

(indicates)

And particularly look at this, there...

(beat)

You ever had corroboration this extensive before?

LOWELL

(distracted; reading file)

Yeah. Verbally. But never with documents. And from inside the company that the guy's talking about...

(reads from bulletin board)

Next. Jeffrey claims lawyers at B&W altered minutes of scientific meetings on safer cigarette research 'cause they didn't want it used as an admission current brands were unsafe...

And Debbie has already pulled this...

(CONTINUED)

86B CONTINUED:

DEBBIE DELUCA

(showing Lowell)

Here's an internal memo from someone
 named...Kendrick Wells. 1984. ...they
 should edit scientific reports, etc., etc.
 Exactly that.

(understated)

...exactly that.

They exchange a look. While Lowell reads the Wells memo,
 Debbie looks at the board.

DEBBIE DELUCA (cont'd)

What's next?

(beat...reads...)

87 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR (OPTIONAL) 87 *

Jeffrey Wigand is on a pay phone in the corridor crowded with
 students...

WIGAND

Mr. Scruggs, it's Jeffrey Wigand. Lowell
 Bergman suggested I call you...

88 INT. SCRUGGS' OFFICE 88

And it's decorated with watercolors of Phantom jets and A-6's
 as Scruggs takes off his glasses...

RICHARD SCRUGGS

He told me you would... My co-counsel,
 Ron Motley, and I have filed suit on
 behalf of the State of Mississippi against
 the tobacco industry to get reimbursed
 some of the state's Medicaid expenses.

(beat)

If you'd be interested in talking to us,
 we'd certainly like to talk to you...

89-89A OMIT

89-89A *

100 EXT. WIGAND'S HOUSE #2, LOUISVILLE - TWILIGHT

100 *

Jeffrey drives up the block and onto his driveway. Seeing a MAN in a suit, an ear piece in his ear, disappearing around the corner of his house, Jeffrey leaps out of the car. But the front door's open. So instead of chasing after, he runs inside...

101 INT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY/TWILIGHT

101

And he sees another Man is in the living room...

WIGAND

Who the hell are you?! What are you doing
in my house?!

And he sees Lowell enter from the dining room...

LOWELL

(wry)
He works for you. You have your own
security now...

Wigand catches his breath.

WIGAND

(to Lowell)
I can't afford --

LOWELL

...they've been "volunteered." A friend
owns a large security company.

LIANE

(crossing through)
I'm going to the store. Explain our new
"houseguests" to your children.

And Wigand looks at Lowell... Deborah comes into the living
room and holds onto her father's leg.

WIGAND

I called Richard Scruggs in Mississippi...

LOWELL

I heard.

WIGAND

I'm going to be a witness for them in
their litigation. I fly to Pascagoula
tomorrow to give a deposition...

LOWELL

I know. I'm going down tonight...

DEBORAH

(upset)
Do these men live with us now, Daddy?

She goes over and holds his hand. And as he holds her hand,
seeing what his life has become, he looks up and his glance
connects with Lowell...

102 INT. THE KITCHEN, THE WIGANDS' HOUSE - NIGHT

102

We see out the window a Security Guard, incongruous, walking
by.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

And we see Liane, finished with the dinner dishes, silently wiping off the sink. There's a pall you could cut with a knife. A moment, and Jeffrey comes in the kitchen door from the garden... He stops to wash his hands in the sink.

000335

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

LIANE
Please don't wash your hands in the sink.

WIGAND
Where should I wash my hands?

LIANE
Use the bathroom.

WIGAND
What's the difference...

LIANE
That's for food.

But he ignores her, washing his hands...

LIANE (cont'd)
I asked you...nicely.

And she turns the water off. He turns it back on. He thinks, then turns it off. Then she turns it on.

LIANE (cont'd)
Leave it on, okay! Leave it on!

And she turns and leaves the room, coldly, all her anger repressed. For Jeffrey, everything else and now this? The running faucet.

103 EXT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - LATE NIGHT 103

The house on the quiet suburban street. A Security Guard, incongruous, a noticeable bulge where his shoulder holster is, sitting watch under the porch light on the small front porch in a metal porch chair.

103A INT. THE KITCHEN, THE WIGANDS' HOUSE - LATE NIGHT 103A

Metal halide, only, illuminates Liane, sitting alone in kitchen. The silhouette of the patrolling guard passes the side window. Liane sees him, thinking, contemplating. Then she rises and exits.

104 INT. THE BASEMENT, THE WIGANDS' HOUSE - LATE NIGHT 104

And we see Jeffrey, unable to sleep, sitting at his desk, alone in the basement, listening to classical music. He instinctively turns. And he sees Liane, in her bathrobe, has come down to sit on the basement stairs. He looks over at her. And he thinks she's come down to make up. And all she really wants him to do is say, "I need you..." But he can't... And like ships that pass in the night, nothing's said. It's quiet. She puts her hands protectively in her robe pockets. And she starts to cry...

LIANE
I don't think I can do it... I want to stand by my husband...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIANE (cont'd)

I really do, Jeffrey. Through all of it.
But I don't think I can do it anymore.
I'm not strong enough... I'm so sorry...

WIGAND

Will this wait? Can we talk about this
when I get back? Liane?

LIANE

Yes...

(beat)

We can.

She goes back up the stairs. And as Jeffrey sits in the
basement, and the music plays.

105 EXT. THE WIGANDS' HOUSE - EARLY MORNING (OPTIONAL)

105

The suburban street. It's still. And we see SECURITY MEN, incongruous on the placid street, using a mirror device, looking under Jeffrey's car for any possible explosives. The door opens, and we see Jeffrey comin; out...

SECURITY MAN

(into lapel piece microphone)

I've got the client...

And as they cross the damp lawn to the driveway and Jeffrey's car, we see a plain CAR is parked across the street... A Man sitting in the car, watching the house. And seeing Jeffrey coming out of the house, the Man says something into a walkie-talkie. One of the Security Men gets in the driver's side of Jeffrey's car. Jeffrey sitting in the back. The other Security Man getting in the back with him. They pull out of the driveway, moving along the street. And the Car, the Man on the walkie-talkie, starts to follow them when suddenly a THIRD CAR, one of Jeffrey's Security Men driving, quickly pulls out of a driveway, blocking the Other Car's path. And as Jeffrey's car moves safely off down the suburban street...

106 INT. THE LOUISVILLE AIRPORT - DAY

106

We see Jeffrey and his remaining Security Man. He passes a small Filipino Woman in a nurse's uniform and a Man in clerical garb, who hands him a small American Flag, asking for donations. And, now, he passes through the metal detector. He nods thanks and walks towards us, relaxing, looking behind every so often to see if anybody is following him. As he passes Gate 3, he HEARS over his shoulder...

THE MAN

(friendly)

Jeff...?

Jeff turns and the Man throws a sheaf of SUBPOENAS at his chest...

THE MAN (CONT'D)

(nasty)

These are free. You've been served.

And he turns and walks off. And as Jeffrey looks down at the subpoenas, the American Flag in the other...

107 INT. A COMMUTER HELICOPTER, NEW YORK - DAY

107

The private Helicopter banking over Manhattan, skipping across the tops of the buildings... And we see DON HEWITT riding on the helicopter. And we see a Man in his fifties, an Irishman who practices being Irish, the toast of the town, JOHN SCANLON, publicist extraordinaire, sitting beside him...

JOHN SCANLON

...your producer, what's his name,
Bregman...?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

DON HEWITT
Lowell Bergman?

JOHN SCANLON
He and his pal? This guy, Wigand...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN SCANLON (cont'd)
Your producer's going to end up with his
dick in his hand.

DON HEWITT
Lowell?
(laughs)
I doubt that.

JOHN SCANLON
Don't. Wigand's a sociopath with a dark
past. And when I'm done, he'll be known
nationally for what he is: a habitual
liar. A shoplifter. A phony big-mouth
drunk who likes to hear himself talk. And
you know what's worse? What I heard?

DON HEWITT
(skeptical)
What?

JOHN SCANLON
This Wigand?
(the worst sin)
I heard he cheats at golf.

And as the Helicopter drives through midtown Manhattan...

108 INT. RICHARD SCRUGGS' KITCHEN - 7:00 A.M.

108

Jeffrey is sitting with Scruggs and Motley in Scruggs' kitchen
around a semi-circular counter. Coffee and sweet rolls. It's
casual. No one's dressed for court. Scruggs has been looking
through the sheaf of subpoenas. About Motley, we sense power
held in reserve.

RICHARD SCRUGGS
What this one is, is a temporary
restraining order, a gag order, issued by
a Kentucky court.

Meanwhile, a movie-star handsome man in shirtsleeves and a tie,
a coffee cup in his hand, enters and sits casually on the arm
of a chair.

RICHARD SCRUGGS
(introducing)
Dr. Wigand, Michael Moore. Mike is our
Attorney General down here.

MICHAEL MOORE
Good to meet you, Dr. Wigand.

RICHARD SCRUGGS
(to Moore)
I was about to explain to Jeff, they got a
Kentucky court to issue a gag order to
block Jeff's deposition today. They tried
to get the Mississippi Court to honor it,
but the judge threw it out...
(to Jeffrey)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

RICHARD SCRUGGS (cont'd)
However, they did prevail in getting the deposition sealed.

WIGAND
I don't understand...

RICHARD SCRUGGS
It means your deposition can't be made public or go in the media...

WIGAND
Then what good is it?
(as in "why am I here?")

RICHARD SCRUGGS
...doesn't limit our use of it in litigation. And it still becomes part of the court record. But for you, there's a more perilous effect to the Kentucky gag order...

MICHAEL MOORE
(after a beat)
You understand what could happen, now?

WIGAND
You mean if I testify...here...?

MOTLEY
Yes. If you violate the gag order, when you step foot back in Kentucky, they can find you in contempt and put you in jail.

And Jeffrey fairly turns white, it's never occurred to him he might go to jail...

WIGAND
Jail?

RICHARD SCRUGGS
One of the possible consequences of you testifying today. That's right...

WIGAND
How does one... "go...to...jail?" ...my family? Do they go on welfare? If my wife has to work? Who takes care of the kids? If I'm not teaching...there's no medical...hospitalization, doctors' bills...ER...prescriptions...even on co-pay, it cost 8-10 thousand a year...I...

MICHAEL MOORE
As I understand from Dick, Jeff, you're probably our key witness. Now, I hope you won't withdraw. But we'd understand if you had to...

(at watch)
I better go...

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (3)

He leaves. And Jeffrey's quiet, frightened. Having shaken the departing Moore's hand, he now turns away from Scruggs and Motley, thinking about consequences. *

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD SCRUGGS

I know how it is for you, Jeff...

Jeffrey's skeptical anybody could know "how it is"...

RICHARD SCRUGGS (CONT'D)

(low, personal)

In the Navy I flew A-6's off carriers...
In combat, events have a duration of
seconds, sometimes minutes... But what
you're going through goes on day in and
day out. Whether you're ready for it or
not, week in, week out... Month after
month after month. Whether you're up or
you're down. You feel assaulted
psychologically. You're assaulted
financially, which is its own special kind
of violence. Because it's directed at
your kids...what school you can afford...
And how will that affect their lives.
You're asking yourself: Will that limit
what they may become? You feel your whole
family's future is compromised...held
hostage...

(after a beat)

I do know how it is.

(beat)

Whatever you decide, to testify or not,
we'd still be pleased to act as your
attorneys and represent you for free...

109 EXT. RICHARD SCRUGGS' HOUSE, PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY 109

A white, traditional, Southern house, with a veranda and
gables...a large front lawn with weeping willows. And we see
Lowell, hands in his pockets, not an insider or an outsider,
waiting alone on the expansive lawn. The front door opens. A
Mississippi State Trooper, putting on his round brimmed hat
comes out and crosses the driveway. Then Jeffrey coming out
with Motley. Motley talks to him on the veranda for a moment
and then heads towards his car. Meanwhile, Jeffrey comes down
over to Lowell on the lawn.

And Jeffrey looks off, across the street from the house, at the
Gulf. And we see the street is blockaded by Mississippi State
Police cars. An armed camp. Other men in suits, Lawyers and
state officials, wait. Ron Motley gets in his car and drives
away.

LOWELL

You attract a crowd.

WIGAND

(smiles, wry)

Yeah, great.

LOWELL

I heard about the Kentucky gag order...

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

WIGAND
I don't know what to do.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

And they're quiet, a breeze off the Gulf ruffling their coats... He looks out at the water, a cargo container ship passing by. He watches its slow progress...

WIGAND (CONT'D)

(oddly)

Did you ever own a boat?

LOWELL

I have a little thirty-six footer I take out in San Francisco Bay. Why?

Wigand shrugs.

WIGAND

I don't know...

Lowell feels a wave of empathy for Jeffrey.

LOWELL

You know nobody's bullshitted you. And everybody knows the consequences you face. If you testify, it's good for me 'cause it gets it on the court record and that will get it on television. But not so good for you. And Richard told me he'd provide you a legal defense, anyway. So you really don't have to do it... And maybe you should not...

And Jeffrey quietly starts to walk off across the lawn, hands in his pockets, shoulders bent, head down, thinking... And Richard Scruggs comes out, tying his tie, to wait beside Lowell...

109A EXT. COURTHOUSE, CANTY STREET, PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY 109A

Motley's car parks, and he and an Assistant are approached by a flurry of media from the parking lot behind us, crossing Canty Street to intercept him. And we SEE the lot is jammed with Mercedes-Benzes, Town Cars and limousines belonging to the 150-200 Big Tobacco, Wall Street lawyers. Some hang out by their cars, killing time. It's a tailgate party. Beyond them are trucks and vans with satellite dishes supporting the media circus. They're all here for Jeff's deposition. The scale of it dwarfs the plebeian storefront with its sign "Temporary Jackson County Courthouse"...into which Motley enters...

109B INT. COURTROOM, PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

109B

One TOBACCO LAWYER, an Edward Bennett-type while waiting is on his cell phone...

TOBACCO LAWYER

(into phone)

What time? What restaurant? Hold a second...

(seeing Motley enter; to Jr. Lawyer)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109B CONTINUED:

109B

TOBACCO LAWYER (cont'd)

Would you please ask Mr. Motley if he expects his witness to appear or not...?

JR. LAWYER crosses to Motley.

JR. LAWYER

Ron, your guy gonna show or what?

MOTLEY

Well, you'll all have to wait around and find out...

He crosses back...shrugs and...

JR. LAWYER

(low)

Guy knows he's dead meat if he shows. I think waiting here's a formality they're putting us through...

TOBACCO LAWYER

Five should be fine. Maybe earlier...

As he hangs up, one of the Tobacco Attorneys in shirtsleeves throws a paper airplane. Someone laughs. On the airplane...

109C EXT. SCRUGGS' HOUSE, DOCK - DAY

109C

Jeffrey alone on the jetty, looking out to sea. Trying to decide, trying to untangle identity and consequence. A moment. He turns, crossing to Lowell and Scruggs. Then, it's the three men, standing on the lawn. Time seems to slow...all of them aware it's a critical decision, personally and historically...

WIGAND

(severely conflicted)

I can't find...the criteria to decide. And it's too big a decision to make without being resolved...in my own mind.

RICHARD SCRUGGS

They can wait. Take your time.

They're quiet. Jeffrey, getting nowhere. Lowell offers...

LOWELL

Maybe things have changed...

Long pause on Jeffrey as he contemplates his future. And something just got resolved. He asks Lowell, rhetorically...

WIGAND

What's changed?

(CONTINUED)

109C CONTINUED:

LOWELL
(unsure)
You mean...since this morning?

WIGAND
No. What's changed? Since whenever...
Nothing's changed. Wigand looks at them. He found his own
answer.

WIGAND
Fuck it. Let's go to court.
And Dick Scruggs and Lowell look at this normal, somewhat
flawed, very courageous man...

RICHARD SCRUGGS
(to unseen staff)
Dr. Wigand would like to leave now.
And there's a sudden flurry of activity. Jeffrey and Scruggs
walk to a Mississippi State Police car. Lowell gets into his
car and drives away, separately. Police, State Officials, run
to their cars. Cars starting, lights flashing, Wigand's car
pulls into position.

110 OMIT

110

111-113 OMIT

111-113

113A INT. SCRUGGS' CAR - JEFFREY - DAY

113A

in the back seat with Scruggs. The driver's a State Policeman. Jeffrey watches the small town of empty lots, old buildings, a 1930's Deco school pass by. It's all heightened, especially vivid to his eyes somehow. And he exhales heavily to calm himself, to focus...

114 EXT. THE COURTROOM, PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

114

And we see Lowell curve into a group of reporters, standing outside the makeshift courthouse. Some of the Tobacco Lawyers, their jackets off, still hanging across Canty Street by their cars. And now they see the police lights turning, coming around a corner, moving towards the courthouse. The caravan stops. First, Scruggs gets out. A moment, then Jeffrey appears. And Lowell, knowing this was coming, turns to savor the moment, watching as the Tobacco Lawyers become quiet, one by one turning to stare at Wigand, passing the word into the courthouse "He's shown up..." And the Reporters pounce on Jeffrey, cameras flashing... Mississippi Police leading him through the crowd... He comes by Lowell... He slows... Moore appears at courtroom door (already there). They look at each other... And as he's whisked away into the Courtroom.

115 INT. THE COURTROOM, PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

115

The tobacco lawyers become dead quiet. Cell phones are hung up. Newspapers are put away. Jackets are donned. This is now very serious business. Motley meets Jeffrey, all eyes on him, and leads him to the witness stand. And the lawyers start yelling questions at him... Motley calmly motions Wigand to take a chair. He settles in. A Stenographer settles at her machine.

MOTLEY

You understand, Dr. Wigand, you are under oath. This is a sworn deposition. There is no judge. This is not a trial.

(understatement of the century)

Will you state your name for the record.

WIGAND

(after a beat)

My name is Jeffrey S. Wigand.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

He spells it for them...

MOTLEY

If you will, try to speak into the microphone, Doctor.

(beat)

My name is Ron Motley, from Charleston, South Carolina. If you don't understand my question, if you will acknowledge that, and I will try to rephrase it.

(beat)

Doctor, are you a medical doctor or a doctor of science?

And Jeffrey's quiet. After some moments:

WIGAND

I am a doctor of science.

A small personal vindication.

MOTLEY

You have been subpoenaed to appear today as a witness on behalf of the plaintiff, the State of Mississippi, in their suit against...

116 EXT. THE COURTROOM, PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY 116

Lowell, waiting with the other journalists...

117 INT. THE COURTROOM, PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY 117

Motley still conducting the inquiry... And the tobacco lawyers, like a pack of dogs, waiting to pounce...

MOTLEY

And the free nicotine has a pharmacological effect?

WIGAND

That is correct.

MOTLEY

In other words, it acts as a drug on the body?

TOBACCO LAWYER

Object to the form of the question!

MOTLEY

It acts as a drug on the body?

(CONTINUED)

TOBACCO LAWYER
Object to the form!

MOTLEY
There an echo in here? Your objection's been recorded. She typed it into her little machine, there. It's on the record. So now I'll proceed with my deposition of my witness. Does it act as a drug?

TOBACCO LAWYER
(shouts)
Object and instruct you...
(to Wigand)

...Dr. Wigand, not to answer that question! You are not to answer in accordance with the terms of the contractual obligations undertaken by you not to disclose information about your work at the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company. And in accordance with the force and effect of the temporary restraining order which has been entered against you by the court in Kentucky!

(beat)
Mr. Motley, we have rights, here, and we will not...

MOTLEY
(explodes)
You got rights and lefts! Ups and downs and middles! So what?! You don't get to instruct anything around here! This is not North Carolina, not South Carolina nor Kentucky. This is the sovereign State of Mississippi's proceeding. And Dr. Wigand's deposition will be part of the record. And I am going to take my witness' testimony! Whether the hell you like it or not!
(to Wigand)
Answer the question, please, Dr...

WIGAND
Yes. There were independent studies, and studies by Brown and Williamson scientists.

MOTLEY
That confirm that free nicotine is pharmacologically active as a drug?!

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

WIGAND

(slams it home)

Yes! It produces a physiological response, as to the definition of a drug!

*
*
*

118 INT. RICHARD SCRUGGS' HOUSE, PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI - NIGHT 118

The house crowded with well-wishers, drinking, eating, celebrating Jeffrey's testimony. Motley. Richard Scruggs, quietly talking. And we see Jeffrey, a drink in his hand, surrounded by people... And Lowell, in his familiar posture, hands in his jacket pockets, standing just inside the door, quietly enjoying the celebration... And Michael Moore comes forward...

MICHAEL MOORE

Jeffrey! Where's Jeffrey?!

Jeffrey raises his hand, awkwardly. Moore turns, sees him.

MICHAEL MOORE (CONT'D)

(to Jeffrey)

I think everyone who knows you must be extremely proud of you right now.

Ad-libbed shouts and toasts. Jeffrey, for a moment, in the limelight... And Lowell quietly goes outside...

119 EXT. THE SCRUGGS' HOUSE, PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI - NIGHT 119

Lowell stands on the porch looking out at the rain. There's a slight sound. He turns. And Jeffrey's come outside. He stands leaning on the porch railing, looking out at the rain and windswept trees. They're quiet. They share a look. They nod to each other. The smallest nod of accomplishment. And they're there on the porch, alone, outside the house in Pascagoula, Mississippi.

120 INT. CBS EDITING ROOM, NEW YORK - AFTERNOON

120

We see Lowell, unusually buoyant in the same clothes as yesterday. He's working with Tony Baldo on a cut of the show, the net result of his architecture of events, his combination of persuasion and integrity...

LOWELL

Run that again...

We see on the Avid monitor a single of Jeffrey...

WIGAND

(on monitor)

"I believe he perjured himself because I watched those testimonies very carefully."

MIKE WALLACE'S VOICE (OVER)

"All of us did. There was the whole line of people, the whole line of CEO's up there swearing that."

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

WIGAND

(on monitor)

"Part of the reason I'm here is I felt that their representation clearly, at least within..."

LOWELL

Hold it. Run that Sandefur piece on "nicotine's not addictive" on-camera. Then cut right to Wigand with "I believe he perjured..." Then the wide shot of the CEO's taking the oath. Then go back on-camera with Jeff and play the pause after "felt" on the B-side...

Widen to include Debbie DeLuca, the Intern, two other Editors, Felling. They have gathered behind Lowell in the doorway. This is a hot show and it's generated excitement among Lowell's co-workers. And while Baldo cuts, we see...

120A INT. CBS, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EDITING ROOM - DAY

120A

...the group has spilled out the doorway, watching Lowell's story come together. Beyond them, approaching, is Mike Wallace, coming to work...

BILL FELLING

(leaving)

...helluva show, Mike.

People separate as Mike pushes in. Lowell sees Mike. While Tony Baldo is making the edits on the Avid...

LOWELL

(to Mike)

It went great in Mississippi.

MIKE WALLACE

Good.

Sidney Wicker enters from the corridor without jacket.

SIDNEY WICKER

Hey, kid...

LOWELL

When's the air date?

SIDNEY WICKER

I heard Wigand's deposition got sealed.

LOWELL

They argued he was going to reveal to the world the secret formula of "Kools."

(seriously)

"Sealed" doesn't hurt Scruggs' litigation and since no one else has the story, we're sitting with the exclusive.

(CONTINUED)

120A CONTINUED:

MIKE WALLACE

I like that...

SIDNEY WICKER

Corporate's got some questions. We've got a meeting over at Black Rock first thing in the morning.

DEBBIE DELUCA

(to Lowell)

Sharon's on line 3.

LOWELL

Ask if I can call her back in ten.

(to Baldo)

You there?

BALDO

Here we go.

Baldo now runs Lowell's edit of the above sequence. And we SEE THE IMMEDIATE IMPACT. Sandefur in CLOSE-UP states "I believe that nicotine is not addictive." Wigand in matching CLOSE-UP states "I believe he perjured himself." Then all seven CEO's of Big Tobacco stand up and raise their hands and take an oath in front of Congress to tell the truth while Wallace says "...the whole line of people, the whole line of CEO's up there, all swearing that." And Wigand says offscreen with great emphasis "Part of the reason I'm here is I FELT"...and it cuts to Wigand for a pause that makes the word "FELT" resound and, then, he goes on to say on-camera "that their representation clearly misstated what they commonly knew. We're a nicotine delivery business." We see the combination of art and truth woven into impact that has an audacity that's stirring and beautiful..

120B INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - EXTREMELY CLOSE: LOWELL - DAY

120B

SHARON'S VOICE (OVER)

I just got the voicemail.

(beat)

So?

LOWELL

It went great.

SHARON'S VOICE (OVER)

And the suits?

LOWELL

Given the veracity? The corroboration with Brown and Williamson's own documents? I don't expect anything Mike and I can't handle. Jeffrey was terrific.

(CONTINUED)

120B CONTINUED: (2)

121 EXT. LOUISVILLE - DUSK

121

We see an anonymous rental car moving through downtown Louisville.

122 INT. THE RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

122

It's Jeffrey in the front seat, driven by one of his security men. He's coming home under the cover of darkness. They pass a FLAMING CAR on the freeway shoulder. Jeffrey turns to stare at it. They turn off onto city streets and stop at a light. Jeffrey's nervous. Jeffrey instinctively turns. A Police Car stops alongside. The Policeman looks at him. Eyes meet. Jeffrey looks away. The signal takes forever. It changes. And as the Police Car moves off...

123 EXT. WIGANDS' HOUSE - NIGHT

123

The car's stopped at the curb. Jeffrey gets out. He starts up the walk, and the Second Security Guard quickly crosses the lawn to intercept him...

THE GUARD
Mr. Wigand, your

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

WIGAND

Not now...

And he opens the door going inside, anxious to be home...

124 INT. WIGANDS' HOUSE - NIGHT

124

The house is quiet, dark. Too quiet. Too dark. Something isn't right. He crosses to the children's room. The light's on. Their beds are empty. He starts to turn...and the Security Guard has come behind him...

THE GUARD

I was trying to tell you... Mrs. Wigand took the children and is at her mother's...she left a letter for you on the kitchen table... I'm sorry...

He leaves. And as Jeffrey stands in the silent house, the hero come home...

125 OMIT

125

126 INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM, CBS - DAY

126

We're at a table. Mike and Lowell laugh at some joke while HELEN CAPERELLI, CBS GENERAL COUNSEL, approaches, seen through the glass wall, sends an Assistant on an errand and enters with the President of CBS News, ERIC KLUSTER.

HELEN CAPERELLI

Shall I send for coffee? Sorry I'm late.

MIKE WALLACE

No, we're fine...

HELEN CAPERELLI

Are you sure?

Also there are Don Hewitt and two CBS attorneys. Caperelli is too well put together, too practiced, too polished. She is reasonable to a fault, a reasonableness that makes one think she is totally rehearsed.

126 CONTINUED:

They nod. They don't need coffee. *

HELEN CAPERELLI

I thought we'd get together because there's a legal concept that has been getting some new attention recently, "tortious interference."

(beat)

If two people have an agreement, like a confidentiality agreement, and one of them breaks it because they were induced to do so by a 3rd party, that 3rd party can be sued for damages for interfering... "tortious interference." *

MIKE WALLACE

We've done that on most Mafia stories. They have confidentiality agreements, too. (light laughter) *

LOWELL

I think Mike's point is we do that all the time. We're a news organization. People reveal stuff to us they're not supposed to. We verify it's true and seriously in the public interest, as in safety, public health, corruption... And if it is, we air it. *

MIKE WALLACE

After we corroborate it with fact-checking and back-up. That's why we've never lost a lawsuit and run a classy show. (impatient, now) Anything else? *

HELEN CAPERELLI

You're right, of course. And "60 Minutes'" verification is exacting. And I don't think it would hurt to make sure you're right...on this one. *

MIKE WALLACE

(annoyed)

Are you suggesting if we encouraged Dr. Wigand to break his confidentiality agreement, we might have liability? *

HELEN CAPERELLI

It's only a possibility... But one we have to check on. I've retained outside counsel to do exactly that. On a segment, I might add, that's already rife with problems... *

LOWELL

"Rife" -- ?" *

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

HELEN CAPERELLI

I am told there were unusual promises made
to Wigand.

LOWELL

Only that it wouldn't go to air until safe
for him be...

*
*

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (3)

HELEN CAPERELLI

(cuts in)

And, I'm told there are questions as to
our "star witness'" veracity.

LOWELL

(trying to control his anger)

His "veracity" was good enough for the
State of Mississippi.

HELEN CAPERELLI

(historic)

Our standards have to be higher than
anyone else's, because we are the
standard...for everybody else...

Whatever that means...

LOWELL

(wry)

As "standard"...I'll hang with "is the guy
telling the truth?"

HELEN CAPERELLI

With tortious interference, I'm
afraid...the greater the truth, the
greater the damage.

LOWELL

Come again?

HELEN CAPERELLI

They own the information he's disclosing.
The truer it is, the bigger the damage to
them. If he lied, he didn't disclose their
information. And the damages are smaller.

LOWELL

Is this Alice in Wonderland?

MIKE WALLACE

You said "on this one." What about "this
one"?

And Lowell hears a note of anxiety in Wallace's voice. After a
beat.

HELEN CAPERELLI

(familiar, seductive)

If it holds up, and it very well may not,
Mike...but if it did. And we aired this
segment? And CBS was sued by Brown and
Williamson? I think we could be at grave
risk.

MIKE WALLACE

(a beat)

How grave?

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (4)

HELEN CAPERELLI
(and she's been waiting for
this)
Well, at the end of the day...if your
segment mis-stepped...the Brown and
Williamson Tobacco Company...could own
CBS.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (5)

Something just detonated deep inside Mike Wallace. As if on cue, the alarm on Helen Caperelli's watch beeps. She glances at it.

HELEN CAPERELLI (CONT'D)
You know, I am sorry. But I'm due upstairs.

She gets up, gathering her things.

LOWELL
Is CBS corporate telling CBS News do not go to air with this story?

HELEN CAPERELLI
No, no, no. Of course not.

LOWELL
Has CBS been threatened with a lawsuit by Brown and Williamson?

HELEN CAPERELLI
You're getting ahead of yourself. We are all in this together. We are all CBS. We'll find out soon. Thank you, gentlemen.

And taking up her briefcase, she leaves. Don and Mike rise.

DON HEWITT
(to Mike)
Lunch?

MIKE WALLACE
Sure.

LOWELL
"Tortious interference?" Is that a disease caught by a radio?

MIKE WALLACE
(to Lowell)
It'll work out...

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (6)

Lowell finds himself angry and alone. He crosses to the window
and pulls out his cell phone and goes to work. *

LOWELL
(into phone)
Debbie, it's me. I want you to check on
some filings and give me John Wilson's
number at Bear-Stearn. *

127

127 OMIT

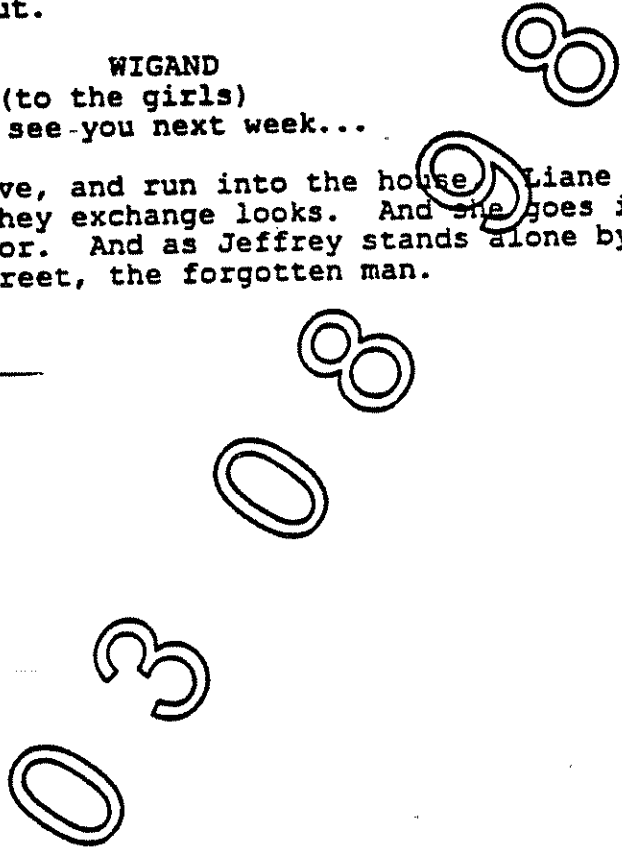
128 EXT. JEFFREY'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE STREET - DAY 128
Jeffrey's car parks outside of the small Louisville house.

129 INT. THE CAR - DAY 129
Jeffrey gets out. It's that horrible moment when a parent has to say goodbye. Liane comes out and stands in the doorway. The Girls get out.

WIGAND
(to the girls)
I'll see you next week...

They stop to wave, and run into the house. Liane stops to look back at him. They exchange looks. And she goes inside, shutting the door. And as Jeffrey stands alone by the car in the suburban street, the forgotten man.

130 OMIT 130 *



131 INT. CBS, HEWITT'S OFFICE - DAY

131

LOWELL
What's up?

DON HEWITT
Kluster's coming over.

Hewitt's on an unrelated call. Lowell crosses to look out the window, a manila folder (the filing) under his arm with whatever he found out, like a bomb, feels distant from these people. The door opens, and Eric Kluster, the President of CBS News enters...

ERIC KLUSTER
Hello Lowell, Mike, Don.

Hewitt hangs up the phone.

ERIC KLUSTER (CONT'D)
I have to do this rather quickly. We have a problem on the Evening News.

(after a beat)
There's been so much soul searching about this Wigand, I've decided we should cut an alternate version of the show without his interview.

LOWELL
And what the hell happened to Caperelli's "due diligence" bullshit, consulting with outside counsel, all that?

ERIC KLUSTER
Oh, that's happening. Hopefully we won't use the alternate, but we should have it in the can.

LOWELL
I'm not --

ERIC KLUSTER
I'm afraid you are. We're going to do it with or without you, Lowell. If you'd like, I'll assign another producer to edit your show...

Lowell's stunned. He looks like he's been hit with a hammer...

LOWELL
Since when did the paragon of investigative journalism let corporate lawyers determine its news content?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

DON HEWITT
It's an alternate version. So what if we
have an alternate? And I don't think her
being cautious is so damn unreasonable. *

ERIC KLUSTER
(wry)
So, if you'll excuse me gentlemen, Mr.
Rather has been complaining about his
chair again. *

As they start to leave...

LOWELL
(mild)
Before you go.

And Lowell takes out...

LOWELL (CONT'D)
I discovered this. It's a filing, an SEC
filing...
(he gets their attention)
It's for the sale of the CBS Corporation
to the Westinghouse Corporation. *

MIKE WALLACE
What?

DON HEWITT
I heard rumors. *

LOWELL
Not a rumor. It's a sale in process. At
\$81 a share. And if I'm B&W and I know
CBS is mid-sale and if I threaten a
multibillion-dollar lawsuit?
(rhetorical answer)
You can't unload a network getting sued
for more than the value of the network.
Westinghouse says, "Hold on, Larry!" *

ERIC KLUSTER
(serene)
And what are you implying? *

MIKE WALLACE
(warns)
Lowell... *

LOWELL
(to Kluster)
Imply? I won't imply. I'll quote. About
vested interested.
(reading from SEC filing)
"Persons Who Will Profit From This Merger."
(beat) *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

LOWELL (cont'd)

Ms. Helen Caperelli, General Counsel of
CBS, 3.9 million dollars. Mr. Eric
Kluster, President of CBS News, 1.4
million..."

(CONTINUED)

DON HEWITT

Are you suggesting that she and Eric are influenced by money?

LOWELL

Oh, no. They work for free. And you are the Volunteer Executive Producer.

DON HEWITT

CBS doesn't do that. You're questioning our journalistic integrity?!

LOWELL

I'm questioning your hearing! You hear "tortious interference" and "reasonable caution." I hear... "Merger. Shut the segment down. Cut Wigand loose. Obey orders. And fuck off...!"

DON HEWITT

You're exaggerating!

LOWELL

Am I? You pay me to go get guys like Wigand. Draw him out. I deliver. He trusts me. He trusts us. He sits. He talks. He violates his agreement. And he's only the ultimate insider, the key witness in the biggest public health reform issue, maybe the largest case... of corporate malfeasance in U.S. history. And does he go on-camera and tell the truth? Yes. Is it newsworthy? You bet. Are we going to air it? Of course not. Why? Because he's not telling the truth? No. 'Cause he is telling the truth. And the more truth he tells, the worse it gets!

(beat)

I'm a veteran of the 60's. You remember psychedelic?

DON HEWITT

You are a fanatic. An anarchist. You know that? If we can't go with a whole show, I want half a show rather than no show. But oh, no, not you. You're not satisfied unless you're putting this company at risk!

LOWELL

And are you a businessman? Or a newsman?! 'Cause that's what Mike and I and some other people around here think we do...

MIKE WALLACE

Lowell.

131 CONTINUED: (4)

LOWELL

(runs on)
"Put the corporation at risk"...? Give me
a break! This woman is putting ~~our~~ reason
for being...on the line!

MIKE WALLACE

Lowell!

LOWELL

Yeah.

MIKE WALLACE

I am with Don on this. Understand that.

And there it is. Lowell's quiet. That's the way it is. As
Lowell leaves...

132 OMIT

132

132A EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

132A

...with his bag over his shoulder, hailing a cab.

133

EXT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - AFTERNOON

133

We see Sharon, on her hands and knees, in a vegetable garden in their side yard...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Hi...

She turns, seeing him standing behind her...

SHARON

Aphids. I've got to spend more time on this...it's going to hell...

Lowell looks at the damaged leaves. She looks at him. --After a moment. She knows.

SHARON (cont'd)

What's wrong?

LOWELL

They're killing the Wigand interview...

SHARON

What?!

LOWELL

They're pretending it's a process. Bullshit, it's a foregone. B&W may have threatened litigation. Tisch is selling the network to Westinghouse. He doesn't want the liability. It could queer the sale. So CBS Corporate is muscling CBS News...

He fights to keep rein on his emotions...

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Meanwhile Caperelli and Kluster, the miniature Berias, make out from stock options, if the sale goes through. That's a side show. It's not the "why" of it...

(beat)

How was your day...?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

SHARON

This is the biggest public issue in...!

LOWELL

I know. I know...

She restrains her anger. He doesn't need to hear it again.

SHARON

(beat)

What are you and Mike going to do?

LOWELL

I'm alone on this one...

SHARON

(beat)

Oh, honey...

LOWELL

They've got me boxed in. Two choices.
Quit or cave. I can quit and go public.
That's a "media splash" for two days on
page five. Then what?

(beat)

Or "B." I stay to do other stories.

She nods. Quiet. And the phone RINGS... Sharon goes in the house to get it... She comes back out...

SHARON (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

Jeffrey Wigand...

LOWELL

(droll)

Great.

She stops him before he goes in...

SHARON

This is not some vocation. You
can't...not do this work! And if you go
back, you'd feel like you sold out...and
you won't be able to stand yourself.

This is the definition of dilemma. Lowell's aware Jeff's holding on the other end of the phone.

134 INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, BERKELEY - LATE AFTERNOON

134

LOWELL

Jeffrey...

135 INT. A HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT 135

And we see Wigand looking rough, unshaven, sitting on a couch in a hotel room. And we see his belongings, clothing, some boxes, a bottle of vodka, his computer, what's left of his world, are around the room.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

How are you?

WIGAND

So-so.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

The family okay?

WIGAND

There is no family.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

What do you mean there is no family?

WIGAND

Liane's filed for divorce...

136 INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, BERKELEY - LATE AFTERNOON 136

And Lowell's dead quiet.

137 INT. THE HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT 137

WIGAND

I've moved out... I see the girls for a couple of days a week...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

(concerned)

Where you staying?

WIGAND

(sarcastic)

Our favorite hotel, honey... I checked into Room 1108. Odd choice? Huh?

And we don't know what he means by that...

138 INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, BERKELEY - LATE AFTERNOON 138

The last of the daylight shadows his office.

LOWELL

Jeff, is there anything I can do to help...

WIGAND

(sarcastic)

Yeah, make it three years ago...

(CONTINUED)

And they're quiet. And the hardest thing Lowell has ever had to do...

LOWELL

(after a beat)

Look. I do not know how to say this except straight out. They are considering not airing your interview... In fact, I know they do not want to air it.

WIGAND

(stops)

What?!

LOWELL

B and W. They may have threatened litigation... CBS is on the block...

(a beat)

I know how you feel and...

WIGAND

(compassionate)

You must be disappointed. You must feel let down.

We expected Wigand to react immediately for Lowell failing to deliver what he had risked everything for. Lowell's taken by Wigand's selflessness...

LOWELL

Yeah, I do... This has never happened to me at CBS before. Not...

(a beat)

But I know for you, given...

WIGAND

No.

LOWELL

No? No, what?

WIGAND

I do not think you "know" for me...what it is to walk in my shoes...

(beat)

...for my kids to have seen it... To know why I've put them through what I did... that would have been important...

LOWELL

Jeffrey, listen --

But Wigand isn't listening...

(CONTINUED)

WIGAND

Through all of this, I've had self-respect. It was the only thing I had left. When I decided to speak out, losing the house, the car, the money, my family...at least I respected my motives for doing it. And the public airing of that .. the testament to why I did what I did.. you're telling me will not see the light of day.

Lowell's quiet. And Jeffrey starts to hang up.

LOWELL

Jeff, Jeffrey...

WIGAND

Hey, don't worry, Lowell. I may be drunk. But I'm not crazy.

And he hangs up.

139 INT. JEFFREY'S HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - (PROCESS) - NIGHT 139

Jeffrey silently sitting in the chair. We COME AROUND and see why he's been purposely sitting there. Why he's perversely chosen this room. Directly across the street is the Brown and Williamson Building. The lights are on. The building lit up. And in an upstairs office Brown and Williamson lawyers, moving around a conference room, talking. And what they're talking about is painfully obvious...we can see on a mobile bulletin board are a few shots of Jeffrey Wigand taken in Pascagoula and at a company golf tournament. And as Jeffrey looks out the window, in close proximity to his own nightmare.

140 INT. LOWELL'S KITCHEN OR DEN, BERKELEY - LATE P.M./TWILIGHT 140

Daylight's waned. Lowell enters. Sharon is making a salad or standing on the deck. He quietly goes to her. She looks up at him...

SHARON

What are you going to do?

And as Lowell looks at her in the kitchen trying to decide...

141 EXT. A SMALL TOWN, UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

141

A peaceful, suburban street. Small houses. A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR (P.I.) from I.G.I., in a raincoat, getting out of a car, going up the walk. He knocks on the door. Some moments. A Woman in her late forties, handicapped, in an electric cart answers the door...

P.I.

Mrs. Wigand?

- THE WOMAN

It hasn't been Mrs. Wigand for a long time.

P.I.

I'm an investigator and I was wondering if I could ask you a few questions about that?

142 INT. JOHN SCANLON'S PUBLIC RELATIONS FIRM, A MEDIA ROOM, NEW YORK - DAY

142

And on a TELEVISION SCREEN, SUSAN WIGAND, the woman in the electric cart, giving a taped interview to the P.I....

SUSAN WIGAND

...seven months after we were married we found out I had early stages of multiple sclerosis...

We PULL BACK to see John Scanlon and his Staff watching the tape... His firm's logo, public relations campaigns for some of his high profile clients are on the walls. Scanlon's on the phone talking with somebody as the tape runs...

P.I.'S VOICE (OVER)

(on television)

You had a daughter, Diane, with him, is that correct?

SUSAN WIGAND

(on television)

Yes, in 1973.

JOHN SCANLON

(on the phone, whispering)

...Tommy Sandefur told me himself, he's not gonna allow his company to be demonized to the American public, so I told Peter Jennings, I told Don Hewitt. ...hold on...

He stops, listening to the video tape...

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

P.I.'S VOICE (OVER)

(on television)

Would it be fair to say when he divorced
you he left you in a precarious situation?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2)

P.I.'S VOICE (cont'd)

You had multiple sclerosis and a small child to raise.

SUSAN WIGAND

(on television)

Yes...

(beat)

But you have to understand, the divorce was something we both wanted...

JOHN SCANLON

(ignoring that part; to staff)

Mention that in the executive summary and in the chapters "First Wife" and "Estrangement of Daughter."

(beat; into phone)

Anyway...

And as we end in a sea of documents, affidavits, court records, all from Louisville, all about Jeffrey. We understand the war has only begun...

143 INT. CBS, "60 MINUTES," CORRIDOR, LOWELL'S OFFICE - MORNING 143

A secretary passes along the corridor, crossing to her office. She slows, seeing Lowell, already in his office, his door open for anyone to see him, an immovable force, sitting behind his desk. She says nothing, avoiding his glance, but she whispers to Hewitt who just arrived. Hewitt appears in his doorway...

DON HEWITT

...surprised to see you here.

LOWELL

(looks around the room)

Where am I supposed to be?

DON HEWITT

You heard? We're going with the version without the Wigand interview. It's official.

LOWELL

(sarcastic)

Surprise. Surprise.

DON HEWITT

Get with it. The corporation will not risk its assets on this story.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

SIDNEY WICKER (cont'd)
(after a beat, cold)
So, what are you going to do?

LOWELL
What do you think I'm going to do? Quit
in protest? I'm not doing that.

SIDNEY WICKER
(surprised)
You're taking "no" for an answer?

LOWELL
NO. I am not taking "no" for an answer.

SIDNEY WICKER
Then what are you doing?

Wicker looks at him...

LOWELL
Not living with your lose/lose scenario.
I'm staying right here. Doing my job.
Fighting to get my show on the air. You
don't like it? Hey, Sid, go ahead and
fire my ass...

SIDNEY WICKER
And end up in a high-profile lawsuit with
Lowell, the First Amendment martyr?
(laughs)
Take a look at this... It's a summary of
a dossier being prepared.

And he gives him a copy of it.

SIDNEY WICKER (CONT'D)
He's willing to lie about his whole
life...? Who's going to believe him about
anything he says...?
(a beat, and the coup de grace)
Wall Street Journal's doing a major piece
and I think the Post. You backed the
wrong horse....

He turns and starts off along the hall. As he goes...

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2)

SIDNEY WICKER (cont'd)

(his parting shot)

The version without his interview is going
to air week after next.

Lowell watches him walk away. And he sees the INTERN, coming along the hallway. Lowell makes eye contact with him...but the kid keeps on walking, like Lowell was somebody he shouldn't know.

144 INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS, NEW YORK - DAY

144

LOWELL

(on the phone, upset)

You never told me you were married
before...that you had a daughter...

145 INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, HIGH SCHOOL, LOUISVILLE - DAY

145

And Wigand is in the phone booth at the High School...students walking by...

WIGAND

(outraged)

How is that any of your business?! That
isn't something you people need to know!

His voice carries, a student looks over...

146 INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

146

LOWELL

(frustrated)

Oh, you know what we do and don't need to
know? Since when did you become a media
expert?

147 INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

147

WIGAND

(upset)

What do you want to do, Lowell, look up my
ass, too...!

And he realizes he's said it too loud, a couple of passing
students stop, looking at him...

148 INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - DAY

148

WIGAND'S VOICE (OVER)

(after a beat, lowering his
voice, but contentious)

You're not even on this anymore... What
do you care?

LOWELL

Jeffrey! Wake up! Everybody's on the
line here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

LOWELL (cont'd)
If they can catch you in a lie, they can
paint everything with that brush.
Everything you say!

WIGAND
I told the truth!

LOWELL
Everything...you...say! And I can't
defend you with one hand tied behind my
back! Because you keep from me...what
they can discover. And they will discover
everything!

.49 INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 149

Wigand's quiet. He looks out the phone booth. After some
moments...

WIGAND
(meaning his first wife and
their child, upset)
...I was confused... We didn't
handle it the right way.

150 INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, NEW YORK - DAY 150

LOWELL
(after a beat)
She sued you for back payments of child
support?

151 INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 151

WIGAND
We had a dispute over money... I settled
it and she dropped the complaint...
(angry)
Any other questions?

And we'll go back and forth...

LOWELL
Did you lie about being on the American
Judo Team in the Olympics?

WIGAND
What?

LOWELL
Their public relations guy got a hold of a
tape of an interview... It's you saying
you were on the American Judo Team in the
Olympics...?

WIGAND
(explosive)
Jesus Christ! I have a black belt in
judo... I wasn't on it, I sparred with
the Olympic Team...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

WIGAND (cont'd)

It was a rehearsal tape for a headhunter.
 ...I was looking for a job! It never went
out to anybody. What the hell is this!?
 (sarcastic)
 I said I played in the Superbowl, too...!

And we see, unbeknownst to Wigand, the P.I. in the raincoat,
 who interviewed his ex-wife, coming out of an administration
 office, walking toward us along the hallway...

LOWELL

...the ABC Telemarketing Company?

WIGAND

(the absurdity)
 A \$39.95 can opener. It was junk. I
 cancelled payment...
 (sarcastic)
 You ever bounce a check, Lowell? Look at
 another woman's tits? Cheat a little on
 taxes?
 (a beat, angry)
 Jesus. Whose life, if you look at it
 under a microscope, doesn't have flaws...?

The P.I. in the raincoat passes Jeffrey, now, and doesn't even
 glance at him...

LOWELL

That's the whole point! Everyone's.
 Anyone's. They will look under every
 rock, dig up every flaw and mistake.
 Distort and exaggerate...

WIGAND

(shouts)
 What does it have to do with my
 testimony?! I told the truth! Valid and
 true.

And Wigand's quiet, a deep dark depression. The school bell
 RING snaps him out of it...

WIGAND (CONT'D)

(after a beat)
 I've got to teach class...

LOWELL

(undaunted)
 And I've got to refute every fucking
 accusation before The Wall Street Journal
 runs.
 (a beat)
 I'm trying to protect you, man!

Wigand's quiet.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: (2)

WIGAND

(after a beat, the killer)

Yeah, I hope you improve your batting average.

And he SLAMS the phone down. And as he stands in the phone booth, like a man in a glass booth, all alone...

152 EXT. CBS BUILDING, ROOFTOP - DAY

152

ON the door to the roof. It SLAMS open. An enraged Lowell enters and walks out into the cold rain. Like a prize-fighter, shoulders hunched against the cold, he buries his hands in his jacket pockets. He crosses to the edge of the roof high above the city. He's pissed off. He takes out his cell phone. He dials... Lowell hears background NOISE...

152A INT. WALL STREET JOURNAL - NEWS MEETING - DAY

152A

Twenty sub-editors and section heads sit and stand in a clear area... One of them, a large man, is CHARLIE PHILLIPS on a cell phone.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

(cautious)

It's Lowell... Can you talk?

CHARLIE PHILLIPS

Not really. You caught me in the news meeting.

LOWELL

Are you guys planning a piece on a former top executive in Big Tobacco?

CHARLIE PHILLIPS

You bet we are.

LOWELL

Let's hook up.

CHARLIE PHILLIPS

P.J.'s.

153-154 OMIT

153-154

155 INT. A PHONE BOOTH, NEW YORK - NIGHT

155

A busy New York street. Light mist. And we see Lowell is on the phone in a phone booth...

LOWELL

There's 500 pages of it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

LOWELL (cont'd)

They have looked in every corner of this guy's life...everything from a spousal abuse charge, shoplifting, a traffic ticket he got running a red light. It's Terry Lenzner's outfit, I.G.I...

PALLADINO

What's the presentation like?

LOWELL

Kind of like corporate-intelligence style with an executive summary, subject headings. It's persuasive. I'm desperate. He's dead. Unless we can knock it down.

156 INT. A HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

156

A townhouse with a commanding view of the Bay. And we see a broad-shouldered man in his late forties sitting at a desk on the phone. JACK PALLADINO. His wife, SANDRA SUTHERLAND, sitting across from him on another phone. They're Private Investigators...

LOWELL

To make it even more attractive, I don't know if you're gonna get paid.

SANDRA SUTHERLAND

Is there any truth to any of it?

LOWELL

"Is there any truth to any of it?" That's a good question. I doubt it.

PALLADINO

When's their deadline?

LOWELL

Probably right away.

Palladinos exchange looks; she nods.

PALLADINO

Yeah, you're on. Fax me the summary.

LOWELL

This is their strategy, Jack: if they can discredit him, ruin his reputation in The Wall Street Journal, no one's gonna listen to what he's got to say about tobacco.

Lowell hangs up and walks towards us to enter...

157-158 OMIT

157-158

158A (OLD 153) INT. BAR - NIGHT

158A

CLOSE on Lowell entering, moving through the crowd of sports writers, feature writers, sub-editors, etc. He comes upon a rugged-featured man, JIM COOPER from The New York Times, sitting next to Charlie.

JIM COOPER

Hey, Lowell.

(beat)

I hear you guys are sitting on a hell of a piece over there.

(beat)

It's supposed to be explosive as hell.

Lowell looks at Cooper quizzically.

LOWELL

Yeah?

Just then Jim's wife enters. They exchange greetings.

JIM COOPER

See 'ya.

Cooper and his wife leave. Charlie and Lowell are alone in the crowded bar.

LOWELL

When's your deadline?

CHARLIE PHILLIPS

Monday.

LOWELL

Push it.

CHARLIE PHILLIPS

What? Forget it.

LOWELL

It's fallacious. It's a smear.

CHARLIE PHILLIPS

It's drawn from a selectively circulated...

LOWELL

(cuts in)

Real selective. It's about as hard to get as the Manhattan phone book.

CHARLIE PHILLIPS

I've looked it over. It's authoritative and overwhelmingly documented.

(CONTINUED)

158A CONTINUED:

LOWELL

And bullshit. And if I'm right, you want
the Journal's reputation behind a story
that blows up in your face? *

CHARLIE PHILLIPS

I'll take a look at what you come up with. *
But I am not moving deadlines 'cause you *
say so. *

That's the way it lays. In a different, personal tone... *

CHARLIE PHILLIPS (cont'd) *

Are you okay? *

LOWELL *

(impatient)

Yeah, yeah. *

159 INT. EDITING ROOM, CBS - DAY

159

We PULL BACK and see Michael Moore's face on the monitor.
Lowell and Tony Baldo watch...

MICHAEL MOORE'S VOICE (OVER)

(on tape)

"...this industry, in my opinion, is an
industry who has perpetrated the biggest
fraud on the American public in history.
I hope that they won't continue to lie and
try to destroy..."

(image of Jeffrey)

"...Jeffrey like they destroyed the other
lives of people all over this country."

LOWELL

(after a beat)

Take out the cut of Jeff and the name-
mention...

(CONTINUED)

Pissed off on Lowell's and his own behalf, Tony hits his Avid keyboard, cutting out the reference to Jeffrey. Lowell's destroying his own work product, taking apart his creation that we saw earlier to be so impactful. Tony gets a call as Wicker enters.

SIDNEY WICKER

What the hell are you doing?

LOWELL

Editing. Deletions. Mutilations. I'm getting good at this. I can edit down the Ten Commandments, too. It'll be great, Sid. Moses and the Five Commandments.

SIDNEY WICKER

I'm talking about the Associated Press. Did you tell them we were lying?

LOWELL

No. I should have. I said I disagreed with comments you and Kluster and Mike made that the forthcoming segment will be as good as the original. I'm not lying for you. I am not shutting up. Not on any of it.

SIDNEY WICKER

And I'm tired of seeing your face around here! And I'm not firing you! Get out. Take a vacation. Now!

160 INT. A COFFEE SHOP, LOUISVILLE - DAY

160 *

And we see a Policeman sitting at the counter having a cup of coffee...

SANDRA SUTHERLAND

Officer Muravchick.

He turns as Sandra Sutherland sits at the counter to the left of him.

SANDRA SUTHERLAND (cont'd)

Hi! How are you today? My name is Sandra Sutherland. I'm an investigator. You had a minor shoplifting case...about two years ago.

POLICEMAN

(shrugs)

Jeffrey Wigand?

(how did he know; she nods)

I got dispatched. So I had to cite him. I think the guy was distracted. He had money in the car...

SANDRA SUTHERLAND

It was minor?

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

POLICEMAN

Yeah.

SANDRA SUTHERLAND

Then how do you recall it...so well?

POLICEMAN

'Cause you're the second person to ask me
about in two weeks.

161 INT. COURTROOM, LOUISVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON

161

an older Man is on the bench. He's just recessed his court.
As everybody streams out, going against the tide is Jack
Palladino. He approaches the judge, crossing to a side door...

PALLADINO

Your honor, you presided over a spousal
abuse case a number of years ago. Could I
have a word with you?

OMIT

162 *

163 INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - EVENING

163

A suitcase is on the floor. Lowell, finishing packing up his things from his office.

MIKE WALLACE (O.S.)

Where you going?

And he sees Wallace has stopped at his door...

LOWELL

Tortolla.

MIKE WALLACE

(disinterested)

I did three minutes on the Evening News. I decided to preface Sunday's show. I took off on Tisch. I took off on corporate. They will know they're not seeing everything Sunday night...

*
*
*
*
*

LOWELL

Not good enough. How's that get them TO SEE Wigand...?

*
*

MIKE WALLACE

(goes up)

Spare me, okay? That goes to: "Will I resign in protest?" The answer to that one is "no." I don't plan to end up wandering in the wilderness of National Public Radio.

(beat)

That decision I already made.

*
*
*

VOICE

(from corridor; to Mike)

Mike. It's on...

Wallace waves Lowell's remark aside and exits. We dwell on Lowell until he exits...

164 INT. CBS CORRIDOR - EVENING

164

...into the hall. Dan Rather introduced Mike. As Lowell exits, we SEE Wicker, Kluster and Caperelli outside of Wicker's office watching... Lowell, disgusted, takes a cursory look and moves towards the elevator. But he hears...

*
*

MIKE WALLACE'S VOICE (OVER)

Where's the rest? Where the hell's the rest?!!

Lowell turns to see Wallace shouting up at the monitors in disbelief...

MIKE WALLACE (CONT'D)

You cut it! You cut the balls off of what I said...!

*

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

mm P.S. 5/22/98 (tan) 112A.
000456

Wallace moves in on Kluster...

SIDNEY WICKER
What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE WALLACE
(shouting to Hewitt)
He...cut it!

ERIC KLUSTER
It was a time consideration, Mike...

MIKE WALLACE
Time? Bullshit! You lackey! Whoever
told you you had the requisite skills to
edit me! I'm trying to Band-Aid a
situation you're too dim to...

HELEN CAPERELLI
(interrupts, familiar)
Mike...

MIKE WALLACE
"Mike?"

It was a big mistake. Now, he turns on her. Zeroing in,
getting closer...

MIKE WALLACE (CONT'D)
"Mike?" Try "Mr. Wallace." We work in
the same corporation doesn't make us work
in the same profession. And what are you
gonna do? Finesse me? Lawyer me some
more? I've been in this fifty fucking
years. You and the people you work for
are destroying the most respected, the
highest rated, most profitable show on
this network for a quarter of a century.
You're trashing our broadcast. And
ruining the reputation of the senior
correspondent at this network. You're...

And as the doors of the elevator close...

165 EXT. THE EAST RIVER - NIGHT

165

A Range Rover pulls up. Charlie Phillips gets out. He crosses
to Lowell who's been waiting by his own taxi. Lowell's
suitcase is in the back seat. *

CHARLIE PHILLIPS
(nods)
You look like shit.

LOWELL
Thank you.
(goes on)
This refutes half of the allegations.
More is coming. *

He hands Charlie a folder with the brown notebook inside that
is the partially complete Palladino/Sutherland/Lowell work
product.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE PHILLIPS (cont'd)
Get the hell out while you still can.
Take the golden handshake. What are you
waiting for?

Lowell doesn't say anything. Then...

LOWELL
Thanks, Charlie.

And as Lowell turns and leaves, Charlie Phillips watching him
go.

166 OMIT

166 *

167-178 OMIT

167-178

179 INT. A BAR, LOUISVILLE - DAY

179

And we see Jeffrey in a quiet Bar. The television's on, the sound low, the midday news. As Jeffrey looks up and sees his photograph on TELEVISION. In his LOCAL WORLD the impact is:

LOCAL NEWSCASTER

And in local news, WLKO Louisville has gained access to a five-hundred-page dossier on former Brown and Williamson research head Jeffrey Wigand detailing charges of spousal abuse, shoplifting...

And Jeffrey looks as if something just detonated inside of him.

WE'RE LOOKING AT MIKE WALLACE SITTING IN FRONT OF A BACKDROP ON "60 MINUTES," ON A TELEVISION...

180 OMIT

180

181 INT. DON HEWITT'S HOUSE, THE HAMPTONS - NIGHT

181

And Don Hewitt in his house in the Hamptons, alone in his bedroom, watching the show...

MIKE WALLACE

(on "60 Minutes")

"...we learned of a tobacco insider who could tell us whether or not the tobacco industry has been leveling with the public..."

182 INT. HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

182

And Jeffrey sitting alone in the hotel, watching the show...

(CONTINUED)

MIKE WALLACE

(on "60 Minutes")

"But we cannot broadcast what critical information he may be able to offer..."

And as we look at Jeffrey's face, set in stone...

183 INT. MIKE WALLACE'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK - NIGHT

183

Mike Wallace is in his study, watching the show alone. As we slowly move in on Mike, seeing himself on television...

MIKE WALLACE

(on "60 Minutes")

"The management of CBS has told us that knowing that he had a confidentiality agreement, if we were to broadcast an interview with him, CBS could be faced with a multibillion dollar lawsuit. We are not even allowed to mention his name..."

And the look on his face says, HE DOES NOT LIKE THIS.

184 INT. THE CARIBBEAN BUNGALOW - DAY/NIGHT

184

Lowell silently watching the broadcast...

MIKE WALLACE (CONT'D)

(on "60 Minutes")

"...or the name of the company he worked for, and of course, we cannot show you his face."

185 INT. HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

185

Jeffrey, watching the show...

MIKE WALLACE

(on "60 Minutes," from the interview with Wigand...)

"Is your agreement with... (blip) still in force?"

And all we can hear is an ELECTRONICALLY ALTERED VOICES and the BLANKED-OUT image of a man...

WIGAND'S VOICE (OVER)

"Yes it is."

Jeffrey, motionless... A man, no longer with a face or a voice... And as he gets up, and quietly turns off the television...

THERE'S THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING...

85A (OLD 201) INT. MIKE WALLACE'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK - NIGHT, 185A
LATER *

Wallace, hasn't moved, still in his chair. He stares, ignoring the CBS programming, on the phone, making a call...

185B (OLD 201A) EXT. THE CARIBBEAN BEACH - NIGHT 185B *

Lowell, walking up the sand, his cell phone rings.

LOWELL

Yeah.

MIKE WALLACE

You disappeared on me. How long you staying?

LOWELL

(absurd)

I disappeared on you?

MIKE WALLACE

(meaning the show)

What did you think?

LOWELL

You want to know what I really think? Or what you'd like me to think?

MIKE WALLACE

What...you think.

LOWELL

(after a beat)

I think it was a disgrace.

The look on Wallace's face says he thinks so, too. It's obvious. He hangs up the phone.

86 EXT. LOWELL'S BUNGALOW, THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT 186

Lowell is on the phone, now. The moon lights the water, the empty beach. He listens as a phone, Through STATIC, RINGS and RINGS and RINGS.

AN OPERATOR'S VOICE (OVER)

There's no answer in that room sir...
Could you like to leave a message?

LOWELL

I've left messages...
(concerned)
Let it ring...

187 INT. WIGAND'S HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT 187

And we hear the phone RINGING. We slowly PAN across the hotel room. We see on the floor a pair of men's tasseled loafers... A discarded sport jacket... And we see Jeffrey, barefoot, sitting in a chair in the center of the room. He's looking out the window at B&W. The curtains are blowing... And he's still... The sound of the phone RINGING and RINGING...

188 EXT. THE BEACH, THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT 188

AN OPERATOR'S VOICE (OVER)

Sir, there's still no answer in that room.

LOWELL

Get me the manager's office...

189 INT. THE HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT 189

A thin Man answers the phone.

THE HOTEL MANAGER

This is David MacDougal. How can I help you?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Mr. MacDougal, I'm Lowell Bergman. I'm a producer with "60 Minutes"... I think we both have a problem.

THE HOTEL MANAGER

What kind of a problem?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

I'm concerned about the safety of a friend of mine staying in your hotel.

190 INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT 190

And we see the Hotel Manager, walking along with a Security Guard, and now KNOCKING on Jeffrey's door...

And when there is no response, the Manager nods to the Security Guard, the Guard using a pass key, unlocking the door.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

But the door stops, the chain-lock drawn. The Manager looks in through the chain...and he can see Jeffrey sitting in the chair...

THE HOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

Mr. Wigand?

Jeffrey's still. The Manager quickly takes a cell phone from the Security Guard. He dials a number.

191 EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT

191

Lowell, standing on the beach anxiously waiting. The Cell phone RINGS. Lowell quickly answers it.

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S VOICE (OVER)

(upset)

He won't open the door... He's just sitting in a chair looking out a window... I think I need to call the police. He won't respond...

LOWELL

Don't call the police!

(urgent)

Tell him I'm on the phone with you... I'm Lowell Bergman...

192 INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

192

THE HOTEL MANAGER

(through the door, frightened)

Mr. Wigand...Mr. Bergman is on the telephone.

Jeffrey's quiet.

193 EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT

193

LOWELL

Did he hear you?

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S VOICE (OVER)

I can't hear you. You're breaking up.

Lowell goes deeper into the water.

193A EXT. THE CARIBBEAN (GILLIAM)

193A

LOWELL

Did he hear you?

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S VOICE (OVER)

Yes.

LOWELL

Tell him he shouldn't give them what they want...

And Jeffrey stares into the great nowhere. Behind him is anonymous beige hotel decor. Sparse.

030898

(CONTINUED)

195 :CONTINUED:

195

And now the walls behind MORPH into a green daytime garden, the garden behind his house. And as we DOLLY AROUND Wigand, more walls MORPH into the side yard, and, turning slowly, he sees Barbara and Deborah in the emerald green grass. They stop and smile, then they stare at us, at their father. And he looks at his children, at an idyll lost... The chair, the man are the only real objects left in the view from inside his head...

196 EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT 196

LOWELL
Tell him they will be proved right about
him...

197 INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 197

THE HOTEL MANAGER
(upset)
You're breaking up...I can't hear you...

198 EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT 198

Lowell anxiously moves along the beach, trying to be heard, the phone chattering with static...

LOWELL
I said tell him...

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S VOICE (OVER)
(cutting in and out)
What --? I can't --?

He walks to the edge of the water, the tide lapping at his feet, trying to find a clear signal...

LOWELL
...Can you hear me now...?

There's just STATIC... Lowell walks further out into the water, trying to find a clear signal...

LOWELL (CONT'D)
...Can you hear me now?

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S VOICE (OVER)
(after a beat)
I can hear you now...

LOWELL
(alarmed)
What's happening?!

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S VOICE (OVER)
(afraid)
He doesn't seem to be listening...

(CONTINUED)

198. CONTINUED:

LOWELL
(on the cell phone, shouts,
urgent)
Tell him to get on the fucking phone...!

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S VOICE (OVER)
I can't say that!

LOWELL
Tell him to get on the fucking phone!

199 INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

199

THE HOTEL MANAGER
(at the door, to Jeffrey, loud)
He said to tell you, to get on...the
fucking phone...!

And even he's surprised by his language. And suddenly Jeffrey gets up, unlatches the door, grabs the phone from the Hotel Manager. Wigand in the hotel corridor, Lowell standing knee-deep in the water...

WIGAND
(on the phone, angry)
You seduced me...you manipulated me into
this...!

LOWELL
That's bullshit!

WIGAND
You greased the rails!

LOWELL
Yeah! I greased the rails of a guy who
wanted to say yes and I helped him say
yes.

WIGAND
You're full of shit!

LOWELL
And you got a mind of your own. You're
not some robot!

WIGAND
(running on)
"Up to you, Jeffrey." The power you have,
Jeffrey. Vital insider information the
American public needs to know, Jeffrey.
Lowell Bergman, the hot shot who never met
a source he can't turn around. Fuck you.

LOWELL
(running on)
And I fought for your ass and...

004561

(CONTINUED)

WIGAND

You fought for me...?!

LOWELL

And I'm still fighting for your ass and
fighting your fight!

WIGAND

(running on)
...you manipulated me...into where I am...

LOWELL

Jeffrey...

WIGAND

...staring at the Brown and Williamson
Building. All dark. Except the 10th
floor! That's the legal department.
That's where they fuck with my life!

(CONTINUED)

LOWELL

(beat)

Where you going, Jeff? I told you I'm down with you and I am. Okay? Yeah. Everything is fucked-up. But I told you I'd stand by you. So where we goin', Jeff? I'll go there, too.

(quiet)

You're real important to a lot of people. You think about that. Think about that right now. Okay? Think about them.

CLOSE ON JEFFREY: standing in the room with the blowing curtains...

LOWELL (CONT'D)

I'm running out of heros, man...

(after a beat)

Guys like you are in short supply.

And for the first time, Wigand smiles.

WIGAND

(a beat, wry)

Yeah, so are guys like you, Lowell.

[alt:repeats "so are guys like you..."]

And the grave situation passes.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

Where are you, anyway?

LOWELL

The Caribbean. On a forced vacation.
[alt: On a forced leave of absence.]

WIGAND

(a rare laugh, his sarcasm)

You have a good time, Lowell.

LOWELL

(droll)

Yeah.

200- 201A OMIT

200-

202 INT. THE CARIBBEAN BUNGALOW - DAY/NIGHT

202

Sharon watches him, coming inside...

LOWELL

(after a beat, almost to himself)

I've been in the pond so long, the slime's gotten on me...

(CONTINUED)

201A CONTINUED:

LOWELL
(absurd)
I disappeared on you?

MIKE WALLACE
(meaning the show)
What did you think?

LOWELL
You want to know what I really think? Or
what you'd like me to think?

MIKE WALLACE
Whar...you think.

LOWELL
(after a beat)
I think it was a disgrace.

The look on Wallace's face says he thinks so, too. It's
obvious. He hangs up the phone.

202 INT. THE CARIBBEAN BUNGALOW - DAY/NIGHT

202

Sharon watches him, coming inside...

LOWELL
(after a beat, almost to
himself)
I've been in the pond so long, the slime's
gotten on me...

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

Sharon, cooking across the room...

SHARON

Are you nuts?

LOWELL

I stayed, to get the show on... I fucked
that up too.

And there's just the sound of the ceiling fan turning.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Maybe Wigand's right? I Band-Aided over
the contradictions 'cause I thought I
could do tough stories on network
television. Maybe the job hooked me?
Hooked me on status? The rush of telling
some asshole... Lowell Bergman "60
Minutes," and he jumps through hoops... a
big shot 'cause I can make magic happen.
What the hell for? Entertainment? Maybe
people don't have anything better to do
Sunday night?

SHARON

(a beat)

If you're gonna stay and be down on
yourself or quit and be bitter, I'd rather
have you quit and be bitter. We can go to
the movies alot and hang around the house
more...

He's quiet, looks at his wife.

SHARON (cont'd)

(after a beat)

They did it. They did it to Jeffrey.
They did it to you. You have done... you
did everything... as best as you could
see... to do it...

And as the fan squeaks, turning... Lowell stares at Sharon.

202A- 203 OMIT

202A- *

MIKE WALLACE
(meaning suitcase)
Where you been? You disappeared on me.

LOWELL
(absurd)
I disappeared on you?

Lowell and Mike standing in the hallway...

MIKE WALLACE
(a beat, meaning the show)
What did you think?

LOWELL
You want to know what I really think? Or
what you'd like me to think?

MIKE WALLACE
What...you think.
(beat)
Quietly...what you think.

LOWELL
(after a beat)
I think it was a disgrace.

Wallace doesn't say anything. And as he turns back into the
meeting... Lowell, turning along the hallway, completely
alone...

204 OMIT

204

205 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING -

205

And we see the African-American Principal, MRS. WATSON, coming to work, taking off her coat. There's a light knock on the door. And we see Jeffrey is at the door.

WIGAND

May I come in?

She motions him to come in.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

(giving-her a piece of paper)

I'd like to offer my resignation... I don't want any inferences to reflect on the school.

She looks at him, judgmentally.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

And I can imagine you're under a great deal of pressure to fire me.

MRS. WATSON

(tough)

I am.

(CONTINUED)

WIGAND

And I could understand parents being concerned their children are being taught by a wife abuser... A drunk. A liar. I know as a parent I would be concerned...

She's quiet.

MRS. WATSON

(after a beat)

Are you a wife abuser? A drunk? A liar?

WIGAND

(a beat, sure)

No, I am not...

The school bells ring.

MRS. WATSON

(looks at her watch)

Then I think you have a class to teach.

He looks at her, moved by her support. And as he turns, crossing into the busy hallway, going to class...

WE SEE SNOW IS ON THE GROUND.

206 EXT. LINCOLN, MONTANA - DAY

206

Between two curved colonnades of SNOW-covered trees drives a rental car. CLOSER, it's Lowell. His POV spots a dirty SUV and he pulls into park across from a coffee shop in this out-of-context mountain town. His pager beeps. He looks at it. He detours from the coffee shop to a pay phone on the corner of the Moose Lodge. He dials.

LOWELL

What's up?

DEBBIE DELUCA'S VOICE (OVER)

Richard Scruggs is calling...

LOWELL

Patch him through...

207 INT. A COURTROOM + ROTUNDA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

207

And we see the back of a crowded courtroom. Richard Scruggs is standing in the rear amongst bailiffs and witnesses, talking on his cell phone.

RICHARD SCRUGGS

How things going?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Nothing's changed, Dick.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(after a beat)

...well, if you have an appreciation for
the absurd...

(eases out doors...into rotunda)

The Governor of Mississippi is suing his
own Attorney General...to abandon
litigation against Big Tobacco...

LOWELL

Oh, good...

Waiting media are relaxing as Scruggs continues to Lowell...

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(after a beat)

Now that the version without Jeff
ran...what chance is there of getting his
interview on the air...?

LOWELL

You mean the real one?

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(beat)

Hello?

(nothing)

Lowell...?

Sudden STATIC. Scruggs now exits the building, past the metal
detector, seeking better reception.

208 EXT. COURTHOUSE STAIRS, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

208

RICHARD SCRUGGS

What's the chance of getting Jeff's
interview on the air...?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

(droll)

Less than great.

RICHARD SCRUGGS

Are we dead?

And the courthouse doors suddenly burst open, Michael Moore and
his attorneys coming out. Scruggs comes further down the steps
so he can hear, away from Michael Moore who begins answering
questions from the Press.

RICHARD SCRUGGS (cont'd)

Lowell...?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

I'm here...

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

208

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(after a beat)

...I'd be lying to you if I did not tell
you how important it is in the court of
public opinion...

209 EXT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LINCOLN, MONTANA - DAY

209

LOWELL

(a beat)

...and I'd be lying, if I didn't tell you
I'm about out of moves...

A moment, and he hangs up. He stands for a moment in the phone booth.

210 OMIT 210

211 INT. CAFE, LINCOLN, MONTANA - DAY 211

Lowell walks right in and up to a booth and a COUPLE in hiking pants and hiking boots. They look up at him...

LOWELL
Hi. So, what are you folks doing in Lincoln?

And we sense something is all wrong here.

MAN GEOLOGIST
(affable)
A geology survey.

LOWELL
(nods)
Geology.

WOMAN GEOLOGIST
How about you?

LOWELL
(direct)
Oh, I work for CBS News, "60 Minutes."

MAN GEOLOGIST
(after a beat)
Oh, yeah. What are you doing here?

LOWELL
(smiles, droll)
I'm on vacation.

MAN GEOLOGIST
(a beat, nods)
Have a good time.

Lowell nods. They look at each other and they both know there's a lot more than meets the eye. And as Lowell gets up and leaves...

212 EXT. A PAY PHONE, LINCOLN, MONTANA - DAY 212

And we see Lowell on the PAY PHONE again.

LOWELL
Guess where I am...?
(beat)
I ran into two of your "geologists."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

interview.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

212

LOWELL (cont'd)
Geologists whose hands aren't all chewed
up...?

BILL ROBERTSON'S VOICE (OVER)
Lowell?

213 INT. THE F.B.I., BILL ROBERTSON'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON - DAY 213

And we see Bill Robertson's on the phone... And we see a FAXED
IMAGE laid on his desk. A surveil.ance shot of Lowell on the
Montana street.

BILL ROBERTSON
Do not...screw this up. We're a week away
from an arrest...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
So, I'll hold it...

BILL ROBERTSON
Will you?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
You have my word.

BILL ROBERTSON
(nods, a beat)
Then what I would like you to do, Lowell,
is, right now, go get in your car...and
leave there, right away.

214 EXT. THE PAY PHONE, LINCOLN, MONTANA - DAY 214

LOWELL
And...

BILL ROBERTSON'S VOICE (OVER)
(on the phone)
A heads up before we launch. Three hours.

LOWELL
You got it.
(hangs up)

215 EXT. LINCOLN, MONTANA - DAY 215

Lowell quietly comes out of the phone booth. It's started to
snow again. He starts to his car. And he slows. He sees a
boat, along the side of the gas station, on a trailer. It's
incongruous, polished chrome and gleaming paint as if it were
high summer. The snow falling on him, looking at the boat. It
brings something to mind. He's still.

215A INT. LOWELL'S ROOM, MOTEL, MONTANA - NIGHT 215A

Lowell is in a T-shirt and sweat pants, sitting in an old, re-
upholstered-one-too-many-times chair in a room barely big
enough for a chair, a bed and the TV/VCR combo on the cheap
dresser. It's playing Lowell's cut of the full Wigand
interview.

(CONTINUED)

He watches the show that will never see the light of day. He gets up, looking out the window through the curtain with the spill from the neon motel sign. Outside are horse trailers. The sound of a horse, confined, kicking at his trailer. He goes back to watching the show... standing there...

THOMAS SANDEFUR

(in CLOSE-UP)

"I believe that nicotine is not addictive."

WIGAND

(in matching CLOSE-UP)

"I believe he perjured himself..."

Then it cuts to all seven CEO's of Big Tobacco raising their hands and taking the oath in front of Congress to tell the truth while...

WALLACE'S VOICE (OVER)

"...the whole line of people, the whole line of CEO's up there all swearing that."

WIGAND'S VOICE (OVER)

"Part of the reason I'm here is I FELT..."

And the PAUSE after the word makes "FELT" resound and as it CUTS TO Jeffrey ON CAMERA saying...

WIGAND (CONT'D)

"...that their representation CLEARLY misstated what they commonly knew..."

And Lowell FREEZES after the image...in touch with his own creative work product and the ideas inherent in it in this decision-making process, that we feel is critical to him. Turning, he dials the phone and we intercut with...

JIM COOPER'S VOICE (OVER)

Hello?

LOWELL

Jim, it's Lowell.

215B INT. NEW YORK TIMES - NIGHT

215B

JIM COOPER

Hey, Lowell! Where are you?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

(doesn't answer)

Remember fight night? You asked me if we were sitting on something "explosive"?

(beat)

We are not "sitting on" it.

(beat)

CBS corporate leaned on CBS News which yanked an interview we did with a top-ranking tobacco scientist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

215B CONTINUED:

LOWELL'S VOICE (cont'd)

A corporate officer. They are trying to close down the story.

JIM COOPER

(sarcastic)

VERSION 1: The paragon of broadcast journalism let Corporate tell them what is and isn't news? *

VERSION 2: "60 Minutes" let Corporate tell them what and what not to put on the air? *

(beat)

Where's Wallace and Hewitt stand? Morley and Ed? *

LOWELL

How prominent? What kind of placement?

JIM COOPER

I don't know...

LOWELL

Until you do, all I will say is they're not airing an interview.

JIM COOPER

Call me back in ten.

Lowell hangs up. Redials.

215C OMIT

215C

215D INT. CBS - DEBBIE DELUCA

215D

Debbie answers intercutting with above...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

It's me...

DEBBIE DELUCA

What time is it?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Late.

DEBBIE DELUCA

That I know. When are you coming back?

LOWELL

There's nothing out of here til mid morning. I'll get into La Guardia tomorrow night...

(beat)

Call this number for me in Mississippi...

215E-F OMIT

215E-F

215G INT. NEW YORK TIMES - NIGHT

215G

Jim Cooper's workstation. His phone rings. He grabs it.

(CONTINUED)

215G CONTINUED:

JIM COOPER

Hello?

(beat)

Alright, Lowell. Front page and a Sunday editorial. You ready to talk about it now?

215H INT. MOTEL, LINCOLN, MONTANA - NIGHT

215H

LOWELL

Here's how it works. You ask me questions. I'll tell you if you're wrong.

JIM COOPER'S VOICE (OVER)

Okay.

LOWELL

On deep background.

JIM COOPER'S VOICE (OVER)

Okay.

(pause)

Lowell?

LOWELL

Yeah?

JIM COOPER'S VOICE (OVER)

You're sure you want to do this?

LOWELL

Why?

JIM COOPER'S VOICE (OVER)

It doesn't work? You've burned your bridges.

LOWELL

You ready...?

JIM COOPER'S VOICE (OVER)

Did Mike flip-flop? Then come down on the side of the lawyers?

(alt: Is it true the source of all the pressure on "60 Minutes" came from Corporate?)

No answer.

JIM COOPER'S VOICE (OVER) (cont'd)

Lowell?

LOWELL

Did I tell you you're wrong?

JIM COOPER'S VOICE (OVER)

No.

(CONTINUED)

215H CONTINUED:

MOVING CLOSER into the face of Lowell. His gaze falters. His eyes go back to the motel TV mutely frozen on the show. Whatever he's seeing there, his gaze is steadfast.

216 INT. A NEW YORK APARTMENT - MORNING IN MANHATTAN 216

And we see CHARLIE PHILLIPS, the Man from the East River, in his bathroom shaving. The DOORBELL rings. Shaving cream still on his face, he opens the door. Nobody's there. And he sees a cardboard BOX has been left at his door. He hesitates, and opens it. And he sees inside are bound transcripts. He opens the top transcript... There's the seal of "The State of Mississippi." He turns the page. And inside is a copy of a sealed deposition, the sworn testimony of a Dr. Jeffrey Wigand, taken in the court of Pascagoula, Mississippi.

216A EXT. STREET, NEW YORK - 5:30 A.M. 216A *

Newspaper box is loaded with New York Times. *

216B EXT. HOTEL, NEW YORK - 5:30 A.M. 216B *

Cab pulls to curb and raincoated Man emerges. We SEE he carries a copy of this morning's New York Times. *

217 INT. A HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK - DAWN 217

A suitcase is half-unpacked on the floor...a sleeping figure... There's a knock. Irritated, a sleeping Lowell gets up to answer it. He looks through the security peep hole. He opens it. And Mike Wallace, a newspaper under his arm, is standing in the doorway.

MIKE WALLACE

Did I get you up?

LOWELL

No, I usually sit around in my underwear with this sleepy look on my face at 5:30 in the morning.

There's an awkward quiet. Mike enters. He slows, looks around.

MIKE WALLACE

How many shows have we done? How many?

LOWELL

A lot.

MIKE WALLACE

That's right.

LOWELL

Yeah.

(beat)

We talked to people who sold arms for a living, people who make their living whacking out people, people in sweatshops. And was there ever once, when you got off a plane, walked into a room, some guy who changed his mind? Lost his heart? Not one time! You know why?

MIKE WALLACE

Do I see a rhetorical question on the horizon?

LOWELL

I'll tell you why. Because when I give my word, I do what I say. Every fucking time.

MIKE WALLACE

How fortunate I am to have Lowell Bergman's moral tutelage to point me down the shining path. To show me the way.

(beat)

Give me a break!

LOWELL

You give me a break! I never had a source abandoned, hung out to dry like this until right fucking now! I came to this job with my word intact. And I'm not leaving without it. You're supposed to know me. What the hell do you expect, Mike? I'll get over it? I'll lay down? Back off?

MIKE WALLACE

"Expect?" Many things. Put that aside. In the real world, when you get where I am, there are other considerations...

LOWELL

Like what? Corporate responsibility? Or are we talking about celebrity now?

MIKE WALLACE

I'm not talking about vanity, celebrity or CBS. I'm talking about when you're nearer the end of your life than the beginning. What do you think you think about then? "In the future I'll do this? Become that?" What "future"? What you think is: how will I be regarded in the end. After I'm gone. That's real.

He trails off. They look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

Now, along the way I had some minor impact.

(beat)

I did Iran-Gate. McMartin Pre-School. Interviewed the Ayatollah, Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, Sadat, Sadam and many Kennedys. The Temple Mount story, cocaine trafficking in the CIA, etc., etc. I comforted the afflicted. I afflicted the comfortable. I showed them thieves in suits.

(beat)

I've spent a lifetime building that reputation. But history remembers most what you did last. And should that be fronting a segment that allowed a tobacco giant to crash this network?

(beat)

A chilling thought. Does that give someone at my time of life pause?

(simply)

Yeah.

And the look on Wallace's face is "It did. Whether it should or should not...what difference does that make? It did." And we realize only now that he has not come to argue.

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(CONTINUED)

MIKE WALLACE

(low)

You and I have been doing this together
fourteen years.

And he gives Lowell a copy of "The New York Times."

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

This is today's "New York Times."

(beat)

In it is the whole sordid story of what
went on inside our shop.

Lowell looks down at the page. The headline is "'60 MINUTES'
ORDERED TO PULL INTERVIEW IN TOBACCO REPORT."

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

And in the editorial... It accuses
us...of betraying the legacy of Edward R.
Murrow.

Putting on his scarf, turning, he walks out and down the
hallway. Lowell looks at the newspaper. He watches Mike walk
off.

218 OMIT

218

218A INT. A CITY BUS, NEW YORK - MORNING

218A

Broadway backgrounds streak past Debbie DeLuca's head as she
rides, talking on a cell phone, The Wall Street Journal in her
hand.

DEBBIE DELUCA

...front page. There's a picture of
Wigand. Article's entitled, "Getting
Personal," by-lined to Suein Hwang and
Milo Geyelin. The sub-heading is, "Brown
and Williamson Has 500-Page Dossier
Attacking Chief Critic."

She starts reading to...

219 INT. COFFEE SHOP, NEW YORK - MORNING

219

Lowell listening at a table littered with NY Times, NY Daily
News, etc.

219A INT. A CITY BUS, NEW YORK - MORNING

219A

DEBBIE DELUCA

It quotes Richard Scruggs calling it "the
worst kind of organized smear campaign
against a whistle-blower." ...and...
quote, "according to The Wall Street
Journal, which did its own
investigation..."

219B INT. THE COMMUTER HELICOPTER - MORNING

219B *

The helicopter approaching Manhattan. John Scanlon sitting with Hewitt, both of them reading The Wall Street Journal Wigand article.

DON HEWITT
(troubled)
They conclude most of it seems pretty unsubstantiated, John...

JOHN SCANLON
Hey. "Once a liar, always a liar..."

DON HEWITT
(looking at him, sickened)
We're talking about Wigand, are we?
(alt: "You're full of shit, John.")

219C INT. COFFEE SHOP, NEW YORK - MORNING

219C *

EXTREMELY CLOSE Lowell.

DEBBIE DELUCA'S VOICE (OVER)
"...a close look at the file, and independent research by this newspaper into its key claims, indicates that many of the serious allegations against Mr. Wigand are backed by scant or contradictory evidence. And some of the charges are demonstrably untrue..."
(beat)
Hold on...

219D INT. A CITY BUS, NEW YORK - MORNING

219D *

Debbie hits "call waiting."

DEBBIE DELUCA
I'll see if I can find him.
(beat; to Lowell)
Don's looking for you...

219E EXT. STREET, NEW YORK - MORNING

219E *

CLOSE ON Lowell, cell phone to his ear.

LOWELL
Good.

DEBBIE DELUCA'S VOICE (OVER)
He told me last week if I was smart, I wouldn't be seen with you.

As Lowell hails a cab in a WIDE ANGLE and runs towards us, jumping into the cab...

(CONTINUED)

219E CONTINUED:

LOWELL
Yeah? What did you say?

DEBBIE DELUCA'S VOICE (OVER) *
I'm not smart.

220 OMIT

220 *

221 INT. DON HEWITT'S OFFICE - DAY

221 *

DON HEWITT
...coercive embarrassment!

221 CONTINUED:

LOWELL

"Coercive embarrassment?" Is that like
"tortious interference?"

DON HEWITT

Yes! You're trying to coerce us through
embarrassment to run. You're a goddamn
extortionist!

We PULL BACK and we see that Lowell's with Hewitt in Hewitt's
office...

DON HEWITT (CONT'D)

You sold us down the river! The New York
Times ran a blow by blow of what we talked
about behind closed doors! And every
single word of what Wigand has to say has
been printed for the whole world to see in
The Wall Street Journal! You fucked us.

LOWELL

(shouting)

No, you fucked you! Don't invert stuff!
Not running the story, not going to air,
THAT is the chickenshit malfeasance.

DON HEWITT

Yeah? You put this network at risk.

LOWELL

Oh, bullshit. This network, this news
division have been vilified in The New
York Times, in print and television for
caving to corporate interests! Is it
true? YES. Big Tobacco tried to smear
Wigand and who bought it? YOU. The Wall
Street Journal, not exactly a bastion of
anti-capitalist sentiment, refuted Big
Tobacco's smear campaign, they refuted it
as the lowest form of character
assassination! And even now, when every
word of what he has to say on our show is
printed, the entire deposition of his
testimony to a court of law in
Mississippi, the cat totally out of the
bag, you're still debating should we air
his interview?! What the hell else...do
you need?

And Hewitt, looking around, sees in the doorway Mike Wallace.

DON HEWITT

Mike, you tell him...

MIKE WALLACE

(simply)

You fucked up, Don.

And Don's taken off stride...

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED: (2)

DON HEWITT

(recovers fast)

It's old news! Stick with me. Like
always, we'll be okay. These things have
a half-life of about fifteen minutes...

(CONTINUED)

MIKE WALLACE

That's fame. Fame has a fifteen minute half-life...

(droll)

Infamy...lasts a little longer.

Lowell looks at Wallace.

MIKE WALLACE

We caved. It's foolish. It's simply dead wrong. You get it?

(in his face, so there's no doubt)

We're going over to Black Rock. You're going to tell the general counsel and all the rest of them, we don't air this interview? The original doesn't go on? There will be an empty chair in front of that ticking watch.

LOWELL

(a final nail)

And if we don't, somebody else will.

DON HEWITT

(stops)

Somebody else? What the hell are you talking about?

LOWELL

ABC is after him. Now that it's out, Wigand may go on "Dateline." He doesn't have any loyalty to us! Why should he?

DON HEWITT

What do you mean why should he?

And he says...

DON HEWITT (CONT'D)

We had an agreement!

LOWELL

Are you on acid?

DON HEWITT

ABC?! Those fuckers caved, paid and retracted on this. A,B, fucking C? You've got to be joking. NBC? Remember GM trucks? Who? CNN? Has anyone seen a decent news magazine there yet? No... Fox News? Go work for those guys. See how much fun that is!

And as he goes on, we see Lowell with nothing more to be said looking out the window at New York City.

221A INT. LAX - ECU: LOWELL - NIGHT

221A

Tired, his suitcase at his feet. We don't know if he's coming or going. He's at a pay phone in the more deserted than not airport.

LOWELL

(into phone)

They cancelled the six o'clock.

(beat)

I don't know why. I'm on the 8:10. I'll get home by 9:30. See you then. Love ya. Bye...

He hangs up and ambles over to a lounge with a few travellers sitting in it.

222 INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, BERKELEY - ANOTHER NIGHT

222

Sharon's in a bathrobe, finishing drying her hair with a towel. She sits at the kitchen table. She watches in a far corner a small countertop television. It's "60 Minutes," the full show entitled "Jeffrey Wigand, Ph.D." and on the top right, "PRODUCED BY LOWELL BERGMAN."

MIKE WALLACE

"CBS Management wouldn't let us broadcast our original story and our interview with Wigand because they were worried about the possibility of a multi-billion dollar lawsuit against us for tortious interference... But now things have changed. Last week the Wall Street Journal got hold of and published a confidential deposition Wigand gave in a Mississippi case, a November deposition that repeated many of the charges he made to us last August."

As Sharon continues drying her hair, the television playing on the counter, the emotional currents within her remaining unrevealed...

222A INT. MIKE WALLACE'S STUDY - ON MIKE WALLACE - NIGHT

222A

watching the show. He sees himself...

MIKE WALLACE

(firm)

"And while a lawsuit is still a possibility, not putting Jeffrey Wigand on '60 Minutes' no longer is."

Wallace, satisfied, rises to refill his glass as...

223 INT. JEFFREY WIGAND'S APARTMENT, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

223

A small apartment. Jeffrey dishes out second helpings of pasta primavera into two pasta plates and brings them into the kitchenette to his girls, Deborah and Barbara. And now we SEE AND HEAR the small television on the table playing "60 Minutes" and...

MIKE WALLACE

(to Wigand)

"You wish you hadn't come forward? You wish you hadn't blown the whistle?"

WIGAND

(on television, hesitating)

"There are times...I wish I hadn't done it. But there are times that I feel compelled to do it..."

DEBORAH

(proudly)

There you are, Daddy...

They both proudly look at their father.

WIGAND

I'll be right back.

(on television)

"I've, if you asked me if I would do it again or if it's, do I think it's worth it. Yeah. I think it's worth it."

Wigand's gotten up and gone out of the kitchenette. He has stopped for a moment around the corner in the hallway. His kids can't see him. We can. And he watches them and his eyes get shiny and start to tear. And as he stands there, watching his girls at the kitchen table witnessing their father's hard-earned "truth" on television, we realize that of all the audiences, his girls are the one he cares about most...

MIKE WALLACE'S VOICE (OVER)

"Well, these three men have seen the same truth as Wigand. They are the State Attorneys General of Florida, Minnesota and Mississippi... (etc.)"

223A INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE

223A

And Lowell in his moment of victory is watching his "60 Minutes" double segment on a departure lounge television with his feet resting on his suitcase, next to a Chicano woman with two kids and her mother and an older man with a beard and cane. An airport cleaner stops to watch, too. Lowell glances at him...

Unbeknownst to these viewers, arrested by the content on the television screen, is that the man who made it sits casually among them, watching his work.

(CONTINUED)

223A CONTINUED:

223A

BOB BUTTERWORTH
(Attorney General of Florida)
"The issue's been deceit."

MIKE WALLACE
"Deceit?"

BOB BUTTERWORTH
"Pure and simply. Deceit."

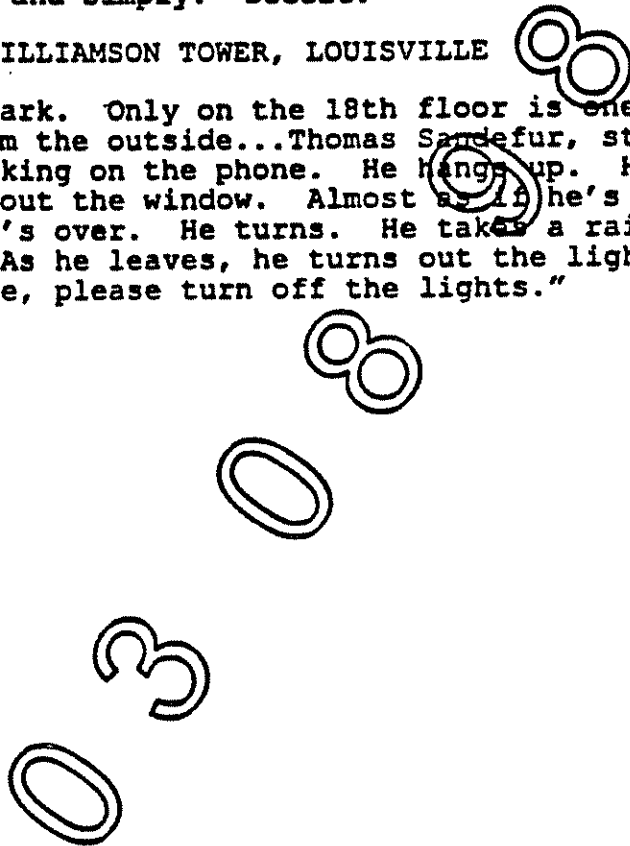
223B EXT. BROWN AND WILLIAMSON TOWER, LOUISVILLE

223B

The building's dark. Only on the 18th floor is one office lit. We can see...from the outside...Thomas Sandefur, standing in his doorway, talking on the phone. He hangs up. He's still. He turns, looks out the window. Almost as if he's looking at us. He knows it's over. He turns. He takes a raincoat, putting it on. As he leaves, he turns out the lights. "The last one to leave, please turn off the lights."

223C OMIT

223C



24 INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - NIGHT, LATER 224

We see Sharon and Lowell in bed, Lowell on the telephone.

LOWELL
Thanks Debbie...

And his other phone rings. Sharon answers it, talking.

SHARON
(after a beat)
...they wouldn't give me their name.

LOWELL
Debbie, let me call you back.

He takes up the other phone.

LOWELL (CONT'D)
Hello.

25 OMIT 225 *

25A INT. A SURVEILLANCE VAN, LINCOLN, MONTANA - NIGHT 225A *

And we see the F.B.I. Agent, BILL ROBERTSON on the phone.

BILL ROBERTSON
Show time. Your crew should be standing
by in Helena, Montana on Tuesday. By the
way, that was one hell of a show
tonight...

26 INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - NIGHT 226

LOWELL
(nods, trustworthy)
Thanks, Bill.

He hangs up. He dials.

LOWELL (cont'd)
Felling, wake up... Get a crew to Helena,
Montana. They have to arrive Monday night
or Tuesday...

The other phone RINGS. Sharon answers it.

SHARON
It's Richard Scruggs...

LOWELL
(to Felling)
No. I'll fill you in Tuesday...

He hangs up. He takes up the other phone.

LOWELL (cont'd)
Richard...

RICHARD SCRUGGS VOICE (OVER)
They think they're still alive and
kickin'. They don't realize it, yet.
They've been re-defined, their whole
industry...

LOWELL
(touched)
Thanks, Dick...

And he quietly hangs up. And it's still. Sharon's laid down,
closing her eyes. They lie close together. After some
moments, she opens her eyes and lets us know that she's been
thinking...

SHARON
(understated)
I'm proud. You hung in. You won.

This time he isn't droll.

LOWELL
Yeah?
(a beat)
What did I win?

There's an odd look on his face, not the look of a victor. He
shuts off the light. And as they lie close together in the
dark in each other's arms...

WE'RE LOOKING AT THE FAMILIAR CBS EYE ON A TELEVISION SCREEN.
AND THEN THE WORDS: "SPECIAL REPORT."

227 INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM CBS - DAY 227

Lowell, entering through machine rooms, into a state-of-the-art
Master Control Room. On a wall are fifty or more monitors, in
the humidity and temperature controlled nexus of CBS
operations. And it's jammed with people, witnessing a fast-
breaking, major news event. Mike Wallace stands near Felling.
Dan Rather is in Washington on one of the monitors, adjusting
his tie, having make-up applied... Lowell crosses past Felling
and stands next to Mike Wallace.

BILL FELLING
(to Lowell, low)
...beat everybody. ABC, NBC, CNN. Wigand
airs, you scoop this.
(MORE)

227 CONTINUED:

227

BILL FELLING (cont'd)
(sarcastic)
You having a bad week...?

Lowell laughs. And we see footage of a handcuffed, bearded, barefoot Man...THEODORE KACZYNSKI, the UNABOMBER, being taken in by the F.B.I. It reverses in a burst of digital noise. A director counts down. Dan Rather launches...

DAN RATHER
"This is Dan Rather. We interrupt regular programming to bring you an exclusive from CBS News... In Lincoln, Montana, today, the F.B.I. have arrested a suspect in the Unabomber case, Theodore Kaczynski..."

Mike motions Lowell out into the corrido'r so they can be alone.

228 INT. CORRIDOR, CBS - DAY

228

The control room and crowd are seen through the glass wall. After some moments:

MIKE WALLACE (CONT'D)
The Canada story? It still interest you?

LOWELL
(nods)
Everything interests me.

Mike nods... Lowell puts his hands in his jacket pockets... After some moments:

LOWELL (CONT'D)
I quit, Mike.

Mike's startled.

MIKE WALLACE
Bullshit.

Lowell shakes his head "no."

VERSION 1:

MIKE WALLACE (CONT'D)
C'mon, it worked out. You came out fine in the end...

LOWELL
And what do I tell the source on the next tough story? Hang with us. You'll be okay...?

They look at each other. Lowell says to Mike, intimately, what he knows Mike knows...

LOWELL (cont'd)
What got broken here...doesn't go back together again.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: (2)

mm revs. 4/26/98 (grey) 138.
228

And Lowell moves off along the hallway, the monitors all showing CBS programming. He doesn't even look back...

229-230 OMIT

229-230 *

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