

THE PELICAN BRIEF

Screenplay by  
Alan J. Pakula

adapted from the novel by  
John Grisham

RED ORIGINAL

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FIRST DRAFT

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THE PELICAN BRIEF

The SCREEN is BLACK.

THE FIRST SOUNDS: Epithets and SCREAMS of hate, a CACOPHONY of fury.

FADE IN:

FIRST IMAGE

Whites, Blacks, Browns, Indians, Women, Gays, Tree Lovers, Christians, Abortion Activists, Nazis, Atheists, Hunters, Animal Lovers, Farmers, heckling, chanting, screaming, fighting.

The CAMERA, low, like a child, ZIGZAGS THROUGH this sea of rage TO an unyielding line of police, and BURSTS THROUGH their outstretched clubs, TO REVEAL, like some mirage above, the Supreme Court, FRAMED AGAINST the sky.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Any of those signs got my name  
on 'em?

INT. SUPREME COURT OFFICE - DAY

JUSTICE ROSENBERG, an ancient man, sits in a wheelchair, watching through a window. GRAY GRANTHAM, a mid-thirtyish journalist, stands beside him.

GRANTHAM

Quite a few.

ROSENBERG

What do they say?

GRANTHAM

The usual. Death to Rosenberg.  
Retire Rosenberg. Cut off the  
oxygen.

ROSENBERG

(chuckling)

That's my favorite.

(squinting at  
Grantham)

Of course, you did pretty good by  
me your last time out: 'Rosenberg  
equals government over business,  
the individual over government,  
the environment over everything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSENFNBERG (CONT'D)

And the Indians, give 'em whatever they want.'

GRANTHAM

That wasn't my line, sir. It was a quote.

ROSENBERG

From one of your unnamed Senior White House Officials. Senior White House son of a bitch you should have said! Got in there by whipping up these people, one against the other. Never fails to amaze me what a man will do to get an oval office.

GRANTHAM

There's a report, sir, that your doctor is urging you to resign.

Rosenberg's rheumy, old eyes look straight up at Grantham's.

ROSENBERG

Son, the present senior White House official is not appointing my successor, if I have to have my mummy sittin' on the bench. I'm going to sit here in this wheelchair and gasp my oxygen and protect the Indians, the blacks, the women, the poor, the handicapped and the environment --  
(chuckling)

Oh, yes, and let's not forget The Constitution. And only the Senior Official in the Sky can do one damned thing about it.

MAN (V.O.)

We saw today, on the steps of what should be our most cherished building, --

INT. TULANE LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - WIDE ANGLE OF PROFESSOR CALLAHAN - DAY

CALLAHAN is about forty-five but could pass for ten years younger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLAHAN :

On what should be our most cherished day, the day the Supreme Court of our land goes into session, what is happening to our Founding Fathers' dream. Abortion clinics bombed, doctors attacked and beaten, gays attacked by people who dare call themselves Christians, churches attacked by militant gays, white supremacists attacking Blacks, Hispanics, Asians. America's favorite pastime now is hate.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASS - CLOSE ON DARBY SHAW - DAY

An attractive young girl. She looks at her professor with pride and admiration.

CALLAHAN (V.O.)

This is the country blessed with the greatest gift of governance bestowed on any peoples: The Constitution. It's an appropriate day to be exploring a dissenting opinion of Justice Rosenberg, the last of the great judicial activists.

The sound of the SEA washes over her. And then a muffled ENGINE HUM. The HUM grows LOUDER.

EXT. COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA - NIGHT

A small craft floats in the direction of the pier, a camouflaged silhouette crouching low, working the motor. The HUM stops. The craft stalls thirty feet from the pier.

EXT. COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA - WIDE ANGLE - OLD MAN - NIGHT

A man dressed like an old farmer, with straw hat, bib, etc., looking towards the ENGINE sound. He places a cigarette between his lips.

MAN IN THE BOAT (V.O.)

What kind of cigarette?

OLD MAN

Lucky Strike.

## INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

The old man climbs in on the driver's side. The other door opens and a black Adidas gym bag is thrown onto the seat. The man from the boat climbs in beside it. He has a heavy beard, dark glasses, and wears a black turtleneck. He takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. They have an intensity we won't forget.

## EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN

The truck stops at the corner of Thirty-First and M streets in Georgetown. The man from the boat grabs his gym bag and hits the sidewalk.

## EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL (WASHINGTON D.C.) - EARLY MORNING

The man from the boat enters.

## INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL (WASHINGTON D.C.) - HALLWAY - CLOSE ON ROOM DOOR - DAY

A dark-complected hand knocks on the door.

VOICE FROM INSIDE (V.O.)

Yes?

## INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

The Man from the boat stands at the door.

MAN FROM BOAT

(in perfect English)

Looking for Mr. Sneller.

## INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A distinguished middle-aged MAN stands at the door.

MAN

Mr. Sneller?

MAN FROM BOAT (V.O.)

Yes. Edwin F. Sneller.

## INT. HALLWAY - CLOSE ON MAN FROM BOAT - DAY

The sound of PAPER being SLID across carpet. The man looks down.

MAN'S POV

of envelope eased from under the door.

BACK TO SCENE

CAMERA PANS UP TO the Man as he picks up the envelope and opens it.

There is a memorandum and a key inside.

He walks to the room next door. A copy of The Washington Post lies in front of the door. He puts the key in the door, picks up the paper and enters.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

SNELLER (V.O.)  
Everything's in place.

MAN  
All the money must be there when  
I arrive in Zurich.

SNELLER (V.O.)  
It will be there, if the job is  
finished.

MAN  
It will be finished.

He hangs up and stretches out on the bed with the paper.

INSERT - WASHINGTON POST - FRONT PAGE

A formal photograph of the Supreme Court Justices above a story about the first day of its new session. The story is by Gray Grantham.

The caption below the photograph identifies the youngish man next to Rosenberg as Justice Jensen. The subheading of the story is: JENSEN THE WILDCARD.

CLOSE SHOT - MAN FROM BOAT

Reading. A mischievous smile crosses his face.

## EXT. ROSENBERG HOUSE - NIGHT

A nice Georgetown House.

A plainclothes man sits outside the house. CAMERA MOVES PAST him TO a lighted window on the ground floor, and then MOVES THROUGH the window.

## INT. ROSENBERG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Justice Rosenberg is asleep in a special hospital bed. A male nurse lowers the lights and draws the drapes.

He sits down in a chair, reaches for a mouse, and turns ON the TELEVISION. He flicks the channels until he comes to "STUDS": Women and men telling semi-prurient tales about their dating.

CAMERA MOVES INTO the face of the male nurse, intent on the program; a closet door in back of him inches open.

The nurse's face breaks into a delighted smile at some lewd comment.

The tip of a gun APPEARS ON the SIDE OF the SCREEN next to his head. The smile freezes; his face falls OUT OF FRAME. A dull thud as the head hits the floor.

CAMERA PANS OVER TO the old justice on the bed. Blood trickles from his mouth, his eyes closed now in eternal sleep.

## EXT. ROSENBERG HOUSE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Door opens stealthily. A man in running shorts and Reeboks, clean-shaven, short blond hair under a cap, slides out.

## EXT. GEROGETOWN BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The man runs TOWARDS CAMERA. He stops for a moment to look back. He turns back TO CAMERA, his eyes fill the screen, the eyes of the man from the boat. An instant, and he's gone.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the alley. No sound except from the TV set of a neighboring house:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The latest polls do not look good for the President. With the first primaries just months away, his approval rating continues on its downward spiral.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER TICKET BOOTH (WASHINGTON, D.C.) -  
CLOSEUP - TICKET - NIGHT

As a male hand scoops it up.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - SPARSELY-FILLED BALCONY  
(WASHINGTON, D.C.) - NIGHT

All men. The ecstatic all-male GROANS and GRUNTS that emanate from the screen indicate the kind of film that holds their interest.

A man in a fedora and sunglasses walks down the aisle and sits in a corner, away from the others. He takes off the hat and sunglasses revealing a face we saw in the picture in the Post: Justice Jensen, the wild card of the Court.

A bag of popcorn falls INTO VIEW ABOVE his head, as someone sits down in the seat above.

CAMERA PANS UP TO the bag of popcorn sitting on a tight-jeaned lap. A strand of yellow nylon ski rope is wrapped like a belt from around the waist.

A familiar dark-complected hand reaches into the bag of popcorn. CAMERA FOLLOWS the popcorn-filled hand TO the new man's face. He sports an earring, horn-rimmed shades, and a mustache. CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE SHOT of his eyes, the eyes of the man from the boat.

CAMERA MOVES DOWN WITH the man's hand as it reaches down to the popcorn bag again. This time the hand goes under the popcorn bag and pulls the strand of yellow nylon ski rope from his waist.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO Jensen's face below, fixated on the screen and the magnified sounds of lust.

The nylon rope loops just under his larynx with a violent wrench. The rope yanks downward, snapping the head over the back of the seat. The neck breaks cleanly.

CAMERA PANS UP TO the seat above. It is empty.

CLOSE SHOT - LAMINATED WHITE HOUSE PASS

An I.D. photograph of an old black man; next to his name, JOHN SARGENT. The I.D. specifies he is a White House Janitor.

CAMERA PANS UP TO Time Clock at 4:45 A.M.

OFFICER IN THE BOOTH (O.S.)  
How ya doin', Sarge?



EXT. WHITE HOUSE ENTRANCE BOOTH - VERY EARLY MORNING

The OFFICER IN THE BOOTH hands the I.D. back to the old black man.

SARGE (JOHN SARGENT;  
OLD BLACK MAN)

No complaints.

CAMERA PANS WITH Sarge as he trudges up the driveway.

CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY LEFT to reveal the White House.  
The lights in the Oval Office pop on.

MAN (V.O.)

They found Rosenberg around 1:00  
A.M.

WIDE ANGLE - OVAL OFFICE - VERY EARLY MORNING

The President sits behind his desk. COAL, his Chief of Staff, faces him.

COAL

His nurse was also murdered.  
Jensen was found in some queer  
club two hours later. Voyles  
called me, wildly upset. This is  
hardly good for the reputation of  
the F.B.I. He and Gminski are on  
the way.

PRESIDENT

Gminski?

COAL

The C.I.A. should be included, at  
least for now. I suggest you  
address the nation in a couple of  
hours. We have to wait 'til  
daylight, at least seven, if we  
want an audience. A coat and  
tie at 7 A.M. may seem a bit  
rehearsed. How about a cardigan?

PRESIDENT

You want me to address the  
nation in this hour of crisis in  
a sweater?

COAL

It's Rally Round the Leader time.  
Your approval ratings will go  
through the roof.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COAI (CONT'D)

I've called Justice and instructed them to begin a preliminary list of nominees. The restructuring of the court will be your legacy.

Directors VOYLES and GMINSKI enter.

PRESIDENT

Any suspects?

VOYLES

Too early. We'll have ballistics and autopsies by late this afternoon.

PRESIDENT

I would like a report on your security and where it broke down.

VOYLES

You're assuming it broke down, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

We have two dead judges, both of whom were being protected by the F.B.I.

(turning to  
Gminski)

Bob, I want a straight answer. Are these killings in any way linked to any agency, operation, group, whatever, of the United States Government?

GMINSKI

I'm shocked you would even think it.

PRESIDENT

Rosenberg did not believe in national security. He made thousands of enemies in intelligence. Just check it out, okay.

GMINSKI

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COAL

I suggest we meet here at five  
this afternoon, gentlemen. Is  
that agreeable?

Gminski and Voyles nod.

CLOSE SHOT - CLOSED EYES OF DARBY SHAW

As the first rays of morning sunlight fall over them.

INT. CALLAHAN'S BEDROOM (FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS) -  
EARLY MORNING

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO a FULL SHOT of her, snuggled against  
the sleeping figure of Callahan.

From French doors opening onto a balcony of a TV set  
across the courtyard:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the  
President of the United States.

Darby opens her eyes, reaches over to the bedside table  
for the mouse and TURNS ON the TELEVISION.

DARBY'S POV - TELEVISION SET ACROSS FROM BED

The President sits behind the desk in a brown cardigan  
with no tie.

DARBY (O.S.)

Thomas! Wake up!

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY AND CALLAHAN

Callahan sits up, rubbing his eyes. He has all the  
symptoms of a man with a hangover.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Last night, a night that like  
Pearl Harbor, shall live in  
infamy, Supreme Court Justices  
Rosenberg and Jensen were  
assassinated.

CALLAHAN

(heartbroken)  
Rosenberg? Murdered?

## DARBY AND CALLAHAN'S POV - TELEVISION SCREEN - DAY

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

I can assure each and every American that everything is being and will be done to bring the culprit or culprits to justice.

## EXT. BALCONY OUTSIDE CALLAHAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Callahan and Darby, now dressed, are having coffee.

CALLAHAN

Half a lifetime later and we're back in Dallas.

DARBY

Obviously, someone or some group wants a different court. The election is next year. A president at least halfway closer to the center may be elected President. Why take a chance on his nominations? Kill them now, a year before the election.

CALLAHAN

But why Jensen? He was nominated by this administration. In most issues, he is one hundred and eighty degrees from Rosenberg.

(rising)

I need a bloody mary.

DARBY

Don't you think you had enough last night?

CALLAHAN

I can not bear to look at this world sober.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER TO Darby's face, frustrated and concerned.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

All passengers on Air France Concord Flight to Paris please board at Gate 1.

## INT. DULLES AIRPORT - PASSENGER LOUNGE - MORNING

Sedate, well-dressed passengers in first-class lounge as they rise and exit TOWARDS CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A conservatively-dressed businessman walks TOWARDS us, clean-shaven, his hair a nondescript brownish color. He stops, waiting for the couple in front of him to collect their bags. The CAMERA MOVES INTO his eyes, the eyes of The Man In The Boat.

VOYLES (V.O.)

Whoever did the actual killings was fed a lot of information.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

The President is having his 5:00 P.M. with Ginski, Coal, and a miserable-looking Voyles.

PRESIDENT

Such as?

VOYLES

Such as that Jensen had become expert at avoiding F.B.I. protection, and that Rosenberg had refused a security system in his house, and kept our boys outside.

COAL

You're suggesting a conspiracy.

PRESIDENT

Then who are the conspirators? Who are your suspects?

VOYLES

This must be kept very quiet.

COAL

Of course it's confidential. You're in the Oval Office.

Voyles gives Coal a look that says, "And you know that's the problem."

VOYLES

We know of at least eleven members of the Underground Army who've been in the D.C. area for a week. We suspect them in at least a hundred bombings of abortion clinics, A.C.L.U. offices, porno houses, gay clubs, all over the country.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOYLES (CONT'D)

And there's an Aryan group called White Resistance we've been watching. The leader was spotted Monday in the demonstration outside the Court.

GMINSKI

The truth is you don't have a prime suspect at the moment, just a few good possibilities.

PRESIDENT

You mean we may never know who did it.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The doors to The Oval Office open. Voyles and Gminski enter into the hallway. They pass Sarge, the old black man, cleaning.

CLOSEUP - COMPUTER PRINTOUT

of the Supreme Court's docket.

WIDE ANGLE - CLUTTERED STUDY CARREL - LATE AFTERNOON

on the fifth level of the Tulane Law Library. Darby Shaw stands between racks of seldom-used law books scanning the printout.

DARBY'S POV - COMPUTER AND COMPUTER SCREEN - NIGHT

INT. TULANE LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Darby pecks away at the keyboard, finds what she wants.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Darby stands at a PRINTER as it SPEWS forth page after page.

CLOSEUP - PAGES

the printer is spewing forth. Page after page of appeals pending in the eleven federal appellate courts around the country.

INT. TULANE LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY - STUDY CARREL - NIGHT

Darby places a six-inch thick summary of the eleven dockets on her desk.

She kicks off her shoes and she begins to plow through the printouts.

EVANGELIST (V.O.)

The Justice Rosenbergs are today's Anti-Christ, committed to the rights of criminals, atheists, agnostics, and the perverted, those the devil has possessed.

A TV late night show FILLS the SCREEN.

A thousand chanting people on their knees, led by a shouting evangelical leader.

EVANGELIST (V.O.)

We must protect our country and ourselves from them.

A group of reporters sitting around a table in a show like Washington Week in Review. Gray Grantham is among them.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

Today that evangelist issued a statement saying Rosenberg's death was God's will. And there were a lot of people who felt that way.

GRANTHAM GRANTHAM (V.O.)

Justice Rosenberg told me only hours before he died, that the last presidential campaign was so divisive...

INT. CALLAHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Callahan is sitting in front of the TV with a drink. The door opens and Darby enters.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

So exploitative of fear and prejudice, that it would inevitably lead to violence.

Darby kisses the back of his head. He reaches up with his hand and squeezes hers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLAHAN

That Grantham is a man after my own heart.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

We'll return, after a message.

CALLAHAN

(muting the TV sound)

Where've you been? It's almost midnight.

DARBY

The library. I studied a printout of the Supreme Court docket. I even made a list of possible suspects, and threw it in the garbage because they'd be obvious to anyone. And then I looked for areas that Jensen and Rosenberg might have in common. Jensen -- with some notable exceptions -- was generally consistent in his protection of the rights of criminal defendants, he has written three majority opinions strongly protective of the environment, and he was near perfect in support of tax protestors. Have you eaten?

CALLAHAN

In a liquid sort of way. How about a drink?

DARBY

Why don't I make us both some tea?

CALLAHAN

That's my girl. Always trying to set a good example.

(rising)

I'll stick with bourbon.

DARBY

Everyone's assuming the motive is hatred or revenge, or an attempt to influence the social agenda of the Court. But what if the issues involve old-fashioned material greed? A case that involves a great deal of money.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CALLAHAN

(pouring his bourbon)

Do you realize that every little legal scholar in the country is doing exactly what you're doing?

DARBY

If there are enough of us, maybe one of us is going to get lucky.

CALLAHAN

As for me, I'm canceling classes for a week. The gifts of reason are puny weapons in the face of such brutality.

DARBY

That's not what you taught me.

Callahan turns ON the SOUND again.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

Let's explore what kind of justices the President will select to replace them. For background, we have a piece on his campaign oratory of three years ago.

TV SCREEN

Image of the President accepting the nomination at his party's convention.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

It is time the majority of right-thinking citizens took back this country from the special social interest groups who want special social rights.

Great applause from the convention. Coal sits in back of the President, cuing the applause.

CLOSE SHOT - CALLAHAN AND DARBY

CALLAHAN

You don't think you're really going to solve this crime.

DARBY

I can't stay away from it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLAHAN

So you will work long hours, solve the case and give me back my faith in reason.

DARBY

I'm not that dumb.

CALLAHAN

No. Just that caring.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING (LAFAYETTE LA) - CLERK'S OFFICE - DAY

Darby enters and stops at a counter.

CLERK

Can I help you?

Darby slides a strip of paper through the window.

DARBY

I would like to see this file.

CLERK

Why?

DARBY

It's public record, isn't it?

CLERK

Semi-public.

DARBY

Are you familiar with the Freedom of Information Act?

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - JURY ROOM - DAY

There are no tables or chairs, only file cabinets and boxes lining the walls.

CLERK

(pointing)

This first file cabinet has all the pleadings and correspondence. The rest is discovery, exhibits, and the trial.

DARBY

When was the trial?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK

Last summer. It went on for two months.

DARBY

Where's the appeal?

CLERK

Not perfected yet. I think the deadline is November first.

Darby opens a drawer full of pleadings.

CLOSE ON DRAWER

as Darby goes through it. She stops at a particular file and removes it from the drawer.

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darby sits at a personal computer going over her notes. There are great piles of them.

KNOCK on door OVER:

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - DARBY'S POV - NIGHT

Callahan is at the door, holding a bag containing a pizza and a bottle of wine.

CALLAHAN

You have not returned my calls.

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DARBY

I thought we had a rule, Thomas. About coming to my place.

CALLAHAN

What we do is not illegal.

(smiling)

On second thought, in this state everything's illegal.

DARBY

I don't think the Dean would be enthusiastic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLAHAN

The Dean is not my type.

DARBY

Professor Callahan, you are impossible.

CALLAHAN

Dear Professor Callahan.

DARBY

Dear Professor Callahan, you are im...

There is a KNOCK on the door.

ALICE STARK (O.S.)

Darby? It's Alice. Are you there? I'm going out for a burger. Feel like joining me?

Callahan puts his hand over Darby's mouth.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DARBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

ALICE, a plain girl who sat next to Darby in class, waits at the door.

ALICE STARK

Darby?

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She KNOCKS again, a beat, and then the sound of FOOTSTEPS going down the stairs. Callahan removes his hand from Darby's mouth.

CALLAHAN

Almost caught in flagrante delicto by the dreaded Alice.

He takes out the pizza box and the liter of wine and puts them down on the kitchenette counter. She opens a drawer and removes a corkscrew.

CALLAHAN

I blew my cover because I'm hungry for intellectual discussion and animal sex, the sort of thing I find unsatisfactory with your answering machine. And I'm leaving town tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY

The Con Law Conference in  
Washington.

CALLAHAN

Right.

He goes over to her desk and looks over the books and  
Xeroxes and notes.

CALLAHAN

So, Ms. Shaw, who done it?  
(looking over her  
notes)

You've got some obscure suspect  
unknown to the F.B.I., the C.I.A.,  
the Secret Service and one thousand  
police departments?

DARBY

I had one, which I have now  
discarded.

CALLAHAN

You skipped classes for three  
days, ignored me, and now you're  
throwing it away?

DARBY

(pointing to the  
notes on the table)  
Look at it. But don't laugh,  
okay? You were right. It was  
ludicrous of me to think that I  
could solve it. What you call  
the hubris of the young.

CALLAHAN

Don't knock the hubris that I  
love.

She brings over a glass of wine and hands it to him. He  
takes it, but she sees that his hand is shaking.

CALLAHAN

Sorry. It's been a rough week for  
the likes of me.

DARBY

I'm sorry. I kind of deserted you  
this week. Not the greatest  
timing.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLAHAN

God, I've missed you!

She snuggles in his arms.

CALLAHAN

I hate it, you know. Missing any one that much. It's not supposed to be my thing.

They start to make love.

CAMERA starts to SINK WITH them DOWN ONTO the couch, but STOPS AT the table desk as they go out of sight.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the sheaf of papers comprising Darby's notes.

INT. INNER CITY COFFEE SHOP (WASHINGTON D.C.) - CLOSE ON GRANTHAM GRANTHAM - EARLY MORNING

sitting in a booth.

GRANTHAM

How's the President?

TWO SHOT OF GRANTHAM AND SARGE

The old black janitor, who is sitting opposite him.

SARGE

Which one?

GRANTHAM

Not Coal. The elected one.

SARGE

Swell. Just swell.

(heavy irony)

He's awful tore up about Rosenberg, of course.

GRANTHAM

I bet.

SARGE

And all het up about restructuring the court. Thinks it'll make his place in history.

GRANTHAM

That sounds like Coal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARGE

There's a short list of nominees.  
The original had twenty or so  
names, then it was cut to eight.

(handing him a  
sheet of paper  
under the table)

I got two.

GRANTHAM

What about the investigation?

SARGE

I haven't heard much, but as usual  
I'll keep my ears open.

INSERT - WASHINGTON POST

held in a man's hand. Article headlined: White House  
Court Short List by Gray Grantham.

INT. BAR (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - EARLY EVENING

Callahan is reading the article as he finishes a drink.  
He motions for another.

MAN (V.O.)

You're reading that damned  
Grantham piece.

Callahan looks in back of him. He smiles as he  
recognizes his old friend, GAVIN VERHEEK. He gets up and  
they shake hands.

VERHEEK

One of these years I want to see  
your name on that list. Of our  
whole damned class, you're the one  
we bet would make the Court.

CALLAHAN

These days it's hard enough to  
make my class.

(waving for  
another drink)

Who leaked that information,  
Gavin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERHEEK

Coal blasted the director this morning, said it had to be one of us at the F.B.I. But the director thinks it was leaked by Coal, himself, to test the waters.

CALLAHAN

That bastard ran the most divisive campaign in twenty years, and the President acted as if it wasn't happening.

VERHEEK

The President doesn't know the half of what he does, and Coal tells him that's essential, to protect his deniability.

CALLAHAN

Deniability: It's an Eighties word that came in with Eighties morals.

VERHEEK

Which brings me to, how old's the latest?

CALLAHAN

Twenty-four, but very mature.

He downs his drink.

CALLAHAN

Her father was killed in a plane crash four years ago. Fortunately, her mother got a nice settlement.

VERHEEK

Then she has money.

CALLAHAN

She's comfortable.

VERHEEK

Do you have a photo?

CALLAHAN

No. She's not a grandchild or a poodle. Who killed them, Gavin?

VERHEEK

Thomas, I'm just a lawyer with the bureau, not an agent.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CALLAHAN

As I recall, you have great ears,  
my friend.

VERHEEK

The truth? We don't have a clue.

Callahan reaches into his coat pocket and removes a thick envelope.

CALLAHAN

Take a look at this when you get  
a chance.

VERHEEK

What is it?

CALLAHAN

It's sort of a brief. Darby wrote  
it, my girl. She's a brilliant  
student, with a passion for  
constitutional law.

VERHEEK

Sounds like a fellow I knew at  
law school.

CALLAHAN

She took off four days last week  
and came up with her own theory,  
which she has now discarded. But  
read it anyway. It's fascinating.  
I mean, it can't hurt, can it?

VOICE (V.O.)

(low and timid)

Is this Gary Grantham with the  
Washington Post?

INT. GRANTHAM GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT - VERY EARLY MORNING

Gray is in bed, barely awake, holding the phone.

GRANTHAM

It is.

VOICE (V.O.)

I'm sorry to call you at such a  
crazy hour. But I'm on my way to  
work and stopped at a pay phone.  
I can't call from home or the  
office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM  
What kind of office?

VOICE (V.O.)  
I'm an attorney.

GRANTHAM  
Private or government?

VOICE (V.O.)  
I'd rather not say.  
(blurring it out)  
I may know something about  
Rosenberg and Jensen. Are you  
recording this?

GRANTHAM  
No.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Can this call be traced?

GRANTHAM  
I'm not recording and I won't  
trace it.

VOICE (V.O.)  
I think I may know who killed them.

GRANTHAM  
Why don't you tell me your name,  
okay? I swear it's confidential.

VOICE  
Garcia.

GRANTHAM  
That's not a real name, is it?

VOICE (V.O.)  
No. I think I stumbled across  
something at the office that I was  
not supposed to see.

GRANTHAM  
Do you have a copy of it?

VOICE (V.O.)  
I need to think about this. I  
haven't slept in a week, and I'm  
not thinking rationally.

He hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grantham looks at the row of numbers on his phone and punches seven digits, waits, then six more, then four more. He scribbles a number on a pad by the phone and hangs up.

He pulls out the Yellow Pages from a shelf, flips through them and stops at Pay Phones Inc.

INSERT - YELLOW PAGES

We FOLLOW Grantham's finger UNTIL it hits the number he has just scribbled on the pad. It lists the number at Fifteenth Street in Pentagon City.

INSERT - MAN'S HAND

gives the envelope containing Darby's brief to a woman's hand.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - VERHEEK'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

VERHEEK

(to secretary)

Send this to Eric East. Tell him to look it over when he has a minute.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Coal enters to find K.O. LEWIS and ERIC EAST waiting. The President is not there.

K.O. LEWIS

The director had some pressing business. He sends his apologies.

COAL

(amused)

And his underlings. With the President away, he doesn't care to meet with me alone.

K.O. Lewis places a four-inch stack of the latest reports on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC EAST

The French authorities were routinely reviewing footage taken by the security cameras at the Paris airport, and they thought they recognized a face that might be Khamel's, the terrorist. He may have been on a flight that arrived from Dulles about ten hours after we found Jensen's body.

COAL

Okay. What if it's Khamel, and what if he was involved in the killings?

K.O. LEWIS

It means we'll never find him. There are at least nine countries, including Israel, actively stalking him right now.

COAL

Anything else?

LEWIS

Maybe a small new wrinkle.

Eric East pulls out a copy of Darby's brief from his dispatch case.

ERIC EAST

It's a theory that's surfaced in the last twenty-four hours, and Director Voyles is quite intrigued by it. He's afraid it could be damaging to the President.

COAL

(stone-faced)

How's that?

ERIC EAST

(placing the brief on the table)

It's all here in this report.

Coal looks down at it, stone-faced.

COAL'S POV

Darby's brief.

## INT. DIRECTOR VOYLES' OFFICE - DAY

ERIC EAST

Well, he didn't exactly sweat in front of us. But when he gets that great stone-face you know he's not exactly happy.

VOYLES

We all know it's a long shot, unworthy of serious attention, but how often does something come along that makes Coal sweat and run for cover!

## EXT. ANDREWS AIR BASE - NIGHT

The President emerges from Air Force One. The usual press coverage. Coal stands, a gray eminence in the rear.

## INT. LIMOUSINE (ANDREWS AIR BASE) - NIGHT

The President sinks low in his seat.

PRESIDENT

Okay. What's so important?

Coal hands over a copy of Darby's brief.

COAL

An eager-beaver law student at Tulane wrote this. The premise is so farfetched it's absurd, but Voyles, for whatever reasons of his own, has decided he must pursue.

PRESIDENT

We can't control his investigation.

COAL

I think you should ask Ginski to have the C.I.A. investigate. If we know more than Voyles, you can convince him to back off.

PRESIDENT

It's domestic. The C.I.A. has no business snooping around. It's illegal.

COAL

Technically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT

What about Barr and the unit? Isn't that what you call them?

COAL

I've talked to Barr. They're good for small, specific missions, like research, wiretapping, even petty burglary; but they hardly have the resources of the C.I.A.

The President takes the brief and tosses it on the empty seat next to him.

PRESIDENT

The person mentioned in the brief. Is it someone we both know?

COAL

Yes.

EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE (WASHINGTON) - DAY

A non descript MAN #1 sits on a park bench with a brown paper bag. He takes out a banana and peels it. An equally non descript MAN #2 sits down next to him with a bag of peanuts.

MAN #2

(shelling the peanuts)

Ginski was in the White House until midnight last night. This little pelican thing has them scared. The President wants us to secretly investigate it. He wants to know there's nothing to it so he can convince Voyles to back off.

MAN #1

There's probably nothing to it.

MAN #2

Voyles is just having a little fun with the President and Coal?

He neatly places the banana peel in the paper bag and takes out a sandwich.

MAN #1

What did Ginski tell the President?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN #2

That it would be illegal, but in the light of all their pressure, etc. etc. and he sent me off to talk to you.

MAN #1

Voyles appreciates it.

INT. RESTAURANT (NEW ORLEANS) - NIGHT

Darby and Callahan at dinner. In the b.g. we hear an old record of BILLIE HOLLIDAY singing "Lover Man."

CALLAHAN

(quite pissed)

I have decided my agenda for the future. I plan to stay in bed, drink, make love and forget the whole damned mess. That's an invitation, my dear. If you love me.

DARBY

I love you.

CALLAHAN

Is it love? Or just a severe case of savior complex suffered by the ambitious young?

DARBY

Fuck you.

CALLAHAN

Oh, come on, Darby. What's happened to your sense of humor?

A waiter comes over to them.

WAITER

Can I tempt you with dessert?

DARBY

Just coffee.

CALLAHAN

Cognac. A double, if you please.

The waiter leaves.

DARBY

I'm driving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLAHAN

Oh, come off it. I'm as sober  
as...

(he snorts)

A judge.

EXT. RESTAURANT (NEW ORLEANS) - NIGHT

Callahan and Darby emerge from the restaurant. He pulls the car keys from his pocket.

DARBY

Please, darling. Give me the  
keys.

Callahan grips them and staggers on into the parking lot. She catches up to him.

DARBY

Just give me the keys. Or I'm  
walking.

CALLAHAN

Then have a nice walk.

DARBY

Thomas! Please! Let me drive!

He ignores her, walking unsteadily to the car. He unlocks the door, squeezes downward, and disappears between the other cars.

Darby turns to the street and waves for a cab.

The ROAR of Callahan's Porsche, as he guns the ENGINE.

She looks back in time to see the explosion, Callahan's Porsche flips upside down, devoured by flames.

Darby starts toward it, screaming for Callahan. A second EXPLOSION from inside the fireball throws her to the ground. She blacks out.

Two men drag Darby by the elbows back to the sidewalk.

Sound of SIRENS.

A cop falls to his knees and waves a badge under her nose.

COP

Ma'am, Sergeant Rupert, N.O.P.D.  
An ambulance is on the way.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Darby stares blankly at him as a FIRE TRUCK SCREAMS to a halt just feet away. She looks back at what little remains of the Porsche, pieces of smoldering, twisted metal where there once had been a man and a car.

RUPERT pulls her up.

Darby manages to regain use of her legs. She and Rupert walk through the crowd to an unmarked cop car. He opens the front door and gingerly places her in the passenger's seat.

Another COP squats in the door. He wears jeans and cowboy boots with pointed toes.

COP IN COWBOY BOOTS

Could I have your name?

DARBY

Darby Shaw.

Another COP CAR, one with decals and lights, SQUEALS to a stop in front of Rupert's. Rupert disappears. The Cowboy Cop closes the door. She lays her head on the driver's seat, and curls into a knot. Her eyes close again and she passes out.

BLACKNESS...

Sound of KNOCKING on a window OVER the blackness.

DARBY'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

A POLICEMAN in uniform is knocking on the window.

POLICEMAN

Open the door, lady!

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

Darby sits up, opens the door and stumbles out.

DARBY'S POV - CALLAHAN'S CAR

A solitary fireman hoses down the burnt frame of the Porsche.

## CLOSE SHOT - DARBY AND POLICEMAN

POLICEMAN

Whoever it was never knew what  
hit him. Is this your car?

DARBY

It's Rupert's.

POLICEMAN

Rupert?

DARBY

Sergeant Rupert. One of you  
guys.

DARBY

Who the hell's Rupert?

DARBY

He said he was a cop.

He motions to a man in a suit to come over.

MAN IN SUIT

I'm Lieutenant Olson, New Orleans  
P.D.

(to second cop)

Check the plates.

The second cop quickly scribbles down the tag number from  
Rupert's car and calls it in.

INT. OLSON'S POLICE CAR (ST. CHARLES STREET, NEW  
ORLEANS) - NIGHT

Olson is driving. Darby sits next to him, in shock.

OLSON (MAN IN SUIT)

We have no record of a cop named  
Rupert, there was no cop here  
with cowboy boots, and the  
computer has no record of the tag  
numbers on the car. Must be fake  
tags.

## INT. CHARITY HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Olson leads her into the room, sits her down among the  
waiting ill and wounded, goes over to talk to the lady  
behind the window and then returns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLSON

It'll be a few minutes. Sit tight. I'm gonna move the car, and I'll be back.

Olson leaves.

Darby closes her eyes. When she opens them, she is looking down at:

DARBY'S POV - PAIR OF COWBOY BOOTS AND TIGHT JEANS

Identical to those worn by one of the fake cops earlier -- in front of her.

EMERGENCY ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DARBY - NIGHT

She looks up in fear.

DARBY'S POV

It is someone else.

BACK TO SCENE

The fear remains.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Darby AS she rises and walks through a pair of double doors.

EXT. HOSPITAL LOADING DOCK ON ALLEY - NIGHT

Darby walks off the loading dock into the alley and turns into the street.

EXT. ROYAL STREET (FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS) - NIGHT

Darby disappears into the groups of people, tourist types and night-time regulars.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT

Darby enters.

CONTINUED:

DARBY (V.O.)

Where is it now?

VERHEEK

Well, I read it, then sent it to some folks within the Bureau, who showed it to Director Voyles.

DARBY (V.O.)

Has it been seen outside the FBI?

VERHEEK

I can't answer that, Darby.

DARBY (V.O.)

Then I won't tell you what's happened to Thomas.

VERHEEK

Okay. Yes, it's been seen outside the F.B.I. By whom and by how many, I don't know.

DARBY (V.O.)

He's dead, Gavin. He was murdered around ten last night. Someone planted a car bomb for both of us. I got lucky, but now they're after me.

Verheek reaches for a pad by the bed and starts scribbling notes.

VERHEEK

Where are you staying? What's your phone number?

DARBY (V.O.)

Not so fast, Gavin.

VERHEEK

Come on, Darby! Thomas Callahan was my best friend. Give me fifteen minutes and we'll have a dozen agents pick you up. You can't stay on the streets.

DARBY (V.O.)

Thomas is dead because he talked to you. Tell that to Director Voyles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A CLICK, as Darby hangs up.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
How serious are you taking this  
pelican thing?

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President is talking to Voyles alone.

VOYLES  
I've assigned fourteen agents in  
New Orleans. I doubt if there's  
anything to it, Mr. President,  
but we've got to check it out.

PRESIDENT  
I don't have to tell you, Denton,  
how much this nonsense could hurt  
if the press found out.

Silence.

PRESIDENT  
I just wish you would back off  
this thing. I mean, what the  
hell, it's a goose chase.

VOYLES  
Are you asking me to ignore a  
suspect, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT  
If the press saw it and started  
digging, I'd be crucified.

VOYLES  
So you're asking me to back off?

CAMERA MOVES UP the wall TO hidden cameras.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - SMALL LOCKED ROOM - DAY

Coal languishes in a comfortable chair.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
Back off and chase the real  
suspects. Ignore it for a couple  
of weeks.

INT. SMALL LOCKED ROOM - COAL'S POV - TELEVISION SET - DAY

President and Voyles in the Oval Office on the screen.

VOYLES (V.O.)

Your hatchet man Coal has done a number on me with the press. They've eaten my lunch over the security we provided to Rosenberg and Jensen. You get that pit bull off my ass...

EXT. RUBENSTEIN CLOTHING STORE (CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON the glass and SEES a girl's face scouring the street, her image broken by the reflections in the glass. Her hair is tucked into the hood of a parka, her eyes are hidden behind a pair of aviator sunglasses and her makeup is quite different from Darby's. But it is Darby.

VOYLES (V.O.)

And I'll forget the pelican theory for a while.

EXT. CANAL STREET - DARBY'S POV - IN FRONT OF RUBENSTEIN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

CAMERA PANS OVER the usual street crowd and stops at a short, thick, powerful stump of a man. He stands there, looking at a newspaper; but his eyes appear over the newspaper, examining the crowd.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY BEHIND GLASS

She pulls away.

EXT. MAGAZINE STREET - IN BACK OF RUBENSTEIN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Darby exits and loses herself in the crowd.

INT. FBI BUILDING - K.O. LEWIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Gavin Verheek is talking to Lewis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERHEEK

Thomas Callahan, my friend from Tulane who brought me the pelican brief, was blown to bits by a car bomb last night in New Orleans.

LEWIS

I'm sorry.

VERHEEK

Darby Shaw, the girl who wrote it, was supposed to be in the car when it exploded.

LEWIS

I just got off the phone with the Director. Pelican's off our list. If it was ever really on. We're focusing on The Underground Army. Look, when the Director says put it on a back burner, he means a back burner. But you're free to talk to him. When he gets back in town.

PHONE RINGING OVER.

INT. WASHINGTON POST NEWSROOM - GRANTHAM'S DESK - DAY

Gray is not there. A journalist at the next desk reaches over and picks it up.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

This is Garcia.

JOURNALIST

Mr. Grantham's not here. But he left his car number for you.

INT. GRANTHAM'S VOLVO - PARKED ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

CAR PHONE RINGING.

Gray picks it up. His other hand holds the telephoto finder of a camera to his eye.

GRANTHAM'S POV - THROUGH TELEPHOTO FINDER

A man standing in phone booth a block away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARCIA (V.O.)

Grantham?

GRANTHAM

Yes.

GARCIA (V.O.)

It's Garcia. I still don't know what to do.

GRANTHAM

(a reassuring,  
caring voice)

Mr. Garcia, if you remember, I went to jail once rather than reveal a source. I know what hell this has to be for you. But you are clearly a decent man, a good citizen. Do you really think you can live in any kind of peace without revealing what you know?

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH (PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON) - DAY

GARCIA listening to Grant's persuasive voice.

CAMERA WHIP PANS AWAY FROM Garcia in the phone booth -- and, in a SHOCKING MOVE -- a block WHIPS BY us -- and we STOP ON the Volvo. CAMERA SLAMS INTO a CLOSEUP THROUGH the window of Gray's finger on the camera, as he takes picture after picture.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - COAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A young ASSISTANT of Coal, a junior version of his boss, is reading a memo. Coal leans back behind his desk, amused.

MAN'S VOICE (ASSISTANT) (O.S.)

Khamel... The most famous assassin in the world.

COAL

And his links to the Libyans and Palestinians... Have it circulated on every desk in the West Wing. By someone of a neutral stripe totally removed from us.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ASSISTANT (MAN'S VOICE)

Unsigned?

COAL

Unsigned.

ASSISTANT

The Phantom Memo rides again.

COAL

(smiling)

By this time tomorrow Voyles will be swearing up and down the leak was not the Bureau's. Of course we won't believe him.

EXT. BUS STOP (DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON) - EVENING

A bus comes up. It stops. Among the people coming out is Sarge. He passes Gray and, without stopping, slips an envelope in his coat pocket. Gray gets on the bus. It's as if they never met.

INT. GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT (WASHINGTON) - PHANTOM MEMO ON DESK - NIGHT

SMITH KEEN (O.S.)

Smells like a White House plant to me.

INT. WASHINGTON POST - OFFICE OF SMITH KEEN, ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR - DAY

Grantham and SMITH KEEN, his editor, are looking at a copy of the phantom memo.

SMITH KEEN

Someone in the White House of fools, probably Coal, wants the world to know that Khamel has emerged as a suspect, and that he has close ties to countries led by fiery idiots who hate America. And you think we're the idiots who should do it.

GRANTHAM

Fuck Coal. Just judge it on its merits as a story.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL (NEW ORLEANS) - FIFTEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Darby sits on the bed in a new hotel room. She is watching television, a can of mace beside her. Her long red hair is now short and black.

INSERT - TV SCREEN, CNN NEWS - NIGHT

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

An article in tomorrow morning's edition of The Washington Post maintains that, according to unnamed White House sources, the Middle Eastern terrorist, known as Khamel, may be one of those who carried out the assassinations of Justices Rosenberg and Jensen. The article, by Washington Post reporter Gray Gratham, reports...

CLOSEUP THROUGH BINOCULARS

of lighted window of Darby's hotel room.

MAN (O.S.)

She's watching television.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL (NEW ORLEANS) - ROOM - NIGHT

Gminski and three AGENTS are in the room. HOOTEN, Gminski's aide and confidant, is looking through the binoculars.

GMINSKI

They're looking under rocks.  
She's using credit cards. She'll be dead in forty-eight hours.

AGENT #2

I'll give her seventy-two.

GMINSKI

(dismissing agents)  
We'll meet at six A.M.  
(to his aide and confidant)  
Hooten, stay.

The others exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GMINSKI

This means her little brief is directly on point. It could have enormous political repercussions.

HOOTEN

Are you going to notify the president?

GMINSKI

Notifying the president means notifying Coal.

HOOTEN

I understand.

(beat)

Do we bring her in?

GMINSKI

We can't go around snatching civilians off the sidewalk.

AGENT #1

Then she won't last long.

GMINSKI

Let's sleep on it. If you can convince me to snatch her, then I'll say do it.

INT. DECAYING OFFICE BUILDING (WASHINGTON) - DINGY OFFICE - NIGHT

Copies of Soldier of Fortune magazine are scattered around. Physical workout equipment -- dumbbells, weights, etc. -- are stacked on one wall.

Coal is talking to a powerfully-built middle-aged man who looks like the ex-Marine he is. His sleeves are rolled up, revealing tattoos. He squeezes a hand and wrist exerciser through the scene.

COAL

Did you ever run across Khamel, Barr?

BARR

No. During my C.I.A. days we were sure he was dead. In the early years he was the consummate political terrorist. Now he kills for money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COAL

I think I know who hired him to  
kill Rosenberg and Jensen.

BARR

Can you share this bit of gossip?

COAL

Not yet. I want you to follow  
Gray Grantham and find out who  
he's talking to.

BARR

Tap tap?

COAL

His apartment and his car.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - LOBBY - DAY

Darby is checking in.

CLERK

How do you want to pay?

Darby reaches for her American Express card, thinks  
better of it and puts it back in her bag.

DARBY

Cash.

She is learning.

INT. DARBY'S ROOM - DAY

Darby on the phone.

DARBY

What did Mr. Voyles say, Verheek?

VERHEEK (V.O.)

Mr. Voyles has been unavailable.  
I'll try to talk to him later  
today.

DARBY

I expected more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERHEEK (V.O.)

There will be a memorial service tomorrow at three on campus, with burial afterward in the city. I'll be there tonight. I think we should meet. Darby, I could save your life.

DARBY

I don't know. You can't even talk to the director. Where will you stay?

VERHEEK (V.O.)

The Hilton, by the river.

Sound of PEOPLE SCREAMING and CHEERING and end of a FOOTBALL GAME in progress over:

INT. CROWDED BAR (ON ST. PETER, DEEP IN THE QUARTER) - NIGHT

It is Friday night of a big football game in the Quarter. Half and completely drunken fans are watching the big game on a TV set over the bar, cheering, screaming, and groaning, depending on the fate of the home team.

Darby is in a tiny booth in a corner, wearing sunglasses and a hat. She reaches up and stops a girl walking by. It's her old friend, Alice. Alice does not recognize her. Darby reaches and removes the sunglasses. Her eyes are red and tired.

Alice sits down opposite her.

DARBY

I didn't know who else to call.

Alice stares at this strange, haunted new version of her friend.

DARBY

You got into my apartment?

Alice nods, reaches into her purse, takes a printout of the directory from Darby's computer and hands it to her.

ALICE

(as Darby studies it)  
You said there were around forty entries, but, see, there are no more than ten.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE (CONT'D)

That means most of the hard-drive memory is gone. I couldn't find a single floppy disk, and your red expandable files? They were empty.

Darby stuffs the printout into a pocket.

DARBY

They went to my apartment and erased what they wanted to erase.

ALICE

Who are these people?

DARBY

If you want to help, go to the memorial service tomorrow. Spread the word that I called you from Denver where I'm staying with an aunt with a name you don't know, and that I've dropped out this semester but I'll be back in the spring. I think some people will be listening carefully.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - ALLEY - NIGHT

Darby emerges from the kitchen door of the Oyster Bar.

EXT. STREET (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT

Darby walks by CAMERA. CAMERA HOLDS ON her back, as she walks through the crowds.

A man comes into the f.g. of the SHOT. He stops. His back, very CLOSE TO the CAMERA, covers three quarters of the SCREEN.

She turns the corner.

CAMERA STAYS in place. The man follows. His feet come through FRAME, clad in snakeskin cowboy boots.

EXT. CORNER OF ST. PETER AND CHARTRES STREET (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT

Darby walks past a crowded sidewalk cafe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA PANS FROM Darby TO her POV of the cafe. A familiar stocky figure sits in front, Stump.

CAMERA STOPS for a split second AT Stump as he drinks his coffee. But in that split second he looks up.

CAMERA WHIP PANS back TO Darby as she recognizes him. She keeps walking, but faster now.

In back of her, Stump is on his feet and weaving through the tables.

EXT. CORNER OF BOURBON STREET AND DUMAIN (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT

Darby turns on to Bourbon Street, CAMERA FOLLOWING at her pace. Stump moves INTO the FRAME. He is catching up to her.

EXT. BOURBON STREET (FRENCH QUARTER) - NIGHT

Three large young men dressed in a wild assortment of black and gold Saints' garb make a noisy exit from a bar. Darby runs to them.

DARBY

(she points at Stump)

Help! That man is after me! He's trying to rape me! Please help me!

Stump rushes forward. The three Saints step in front of him with folded arms and glowing eyes.

CAMERA SLAMS INTO the fray as Stump uses both hands at once: A right to the throat of the first one, and a vicious blow to the mouth of the second. They squeal and fall hard. The first one falls on Stump's right foot and this throws him off. As he yanks his foot away, number three kicks him squarely in the crotch. Stump is history.

Darby eases back into the crowd.

INT. GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - NIGHT

Gray is on the phone.

GARCIA (V.O.)

It's Garcia. I'm on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and First.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM

Good. Now take down my license number 'cause there are a lot of gray Volvos.

(very slowly)

5676582. I'll be there in ten minutes.

Gray hangs up and runs out the door.

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Gray comes back in and picks it up.

GARCIA (V.O.)

I can't go through with it.

Grantham falls back into a chair in frustration.

GARCIA (V.O.)

I have a wife and little daughter. There's a chance they know that I know. They've been treating me funny.

GRANTHAM

These are the guys in your firm?

GARCIA (V.O.)

Yeah. No. Wait. How'd you know I was in a firm? I haven't told you that.

GRANTHAM

You go to work too early to be a government lawyer. You're in one of those firms where they expect the associates and junior partners to work a hundred hours a week.

He hears the CLICK of Garcia HANGING UP. Gray bangs the phone down in disgust. He whirls around in his chair and finds himself facing a mirror.

GRANTHAM

(to his image in mirror)

You know better than to frighten a source. Fuckhead!

The PHONE RINGS again. He whirls back and picks it up.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM

I know there's a way we can work this out, Garcia.

DARBY (V.O.)

Garcia?

GRANTHAM

(totally let down,  
he loses it)

Shit!

DARBY (V.O.)

Shit? Is this Gray Grantham with the Washington Post?

GRANTHAM

It is.

DARBY (V.O.)

Have you heard of the Pelican Brief?

GRANTHAM

The Pelican Brief. No. What is it?

DARBY (V.O.)

It's an unlikely little theory about who killed Rosenberg and Jensen. It was taken to Washington last week by a man named Thomas Callahan, a professor of law at Tulane. He gave it to a friend with the F.B.I., and it was passed around. Callahan was killed in a car bomb Wednesday night in New Orleans.

He turns on the lamp and starts to scribble on his pad.

GRANTHAM

How do you know all this?

DARBY (V.O.)

I wrote the brief.

GRANTHAM

Are you a lawyer?

DARBY (V.O.)

No.

GRANTHAM

Are you calling from New Orleans?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY (V.O.)

Don't spend your time digging  
after me.

INSERT - GRANTHAM'S MEMO PAD

As he writes: -- Sounds young, -- mid-twenties? -- Knows  
law professor... not a lawyer...

BACK TO SCENE

GRANTHAM

You need a name.

DARBY (V.O.)

Call me Pelican. Can you get a  
list of all major contributor's  
to the president's last campaign?

GRANTHAM

I can have it by this afternoon.  
(writing)  
And you know who's done the  
killing?

DARBY (V.O.)

Yes.

GRANTHAM

I'm not going to beat around the  
bush. Who?

DARBY (V.O.)

Let's take it slow. I'll be in  
touch.

GRANTHAM

When?

But she has hung up.

He puts down the phone and stares at his pad.

INSERT - PAD

Next to "Not a lawyer," he scribbles, "A student?"

He draws the oval outline of a woman's face. The inside  
of the face remains blank, empty of features. He stares  
at it and then draws a big question mark inside the face.

EXT. TULANE CAMPUS - ROGERS CHAPEL - DAY

CAMERA looks DOWN AT people streaming into the small chapel for Callahan's memorial service.

CLOSE SHOT INTO WINDOW ON SECOND FLOOR OF BUILDING ACROSS WAY - DAY

Darby looking through binoculars. A half eaten sandwich and two empty containers of coffee are on a table next to her.

DARBY'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

CAMERA PICKS UP Alice and a few other familiar faces, students in his class.

CAMERA SWINGS BACK ACROSS the road -- past Gavin Verheek -- and STOPS abruptly ON a man watching the people enter the chapel. It is the short, thick, powerful stump of a Man Darby saw outside Rubenstein and the lobby of the Sheraton.

CLOSE ON DARBY

-- she puts down the binoculars, revealing the the terror in her eyes.

MAN (O.S.)  
Looking for Mr. Sneller.

CLOSE SHOT - DOOR TO NEW ORLEANS HOTEL ROOM, ROOM 406 - DAY

The shadow of a man is over the door. The sound of PAPER BEING SLID ACROSS CARPET.

CAMERA FANS DOWN, FOLLOWING the sound, and sees an envelope slide through the crack under the door.

A dark complected hand sets a gym bag down on the carpet and reaches for the envelope.

CAMERA PANS UP with the man's hand as he opens the envelope, revealing a key and a folded piece of paper inside. Two small photos slide out and drop to the floor. He kneels down to pick them up.

His face comes INTO FRAME. The nose is thicker, the hair curly where it was straight, even the teeth are different in relation to the mouth. But the eyes, though a different color, are the eyes of KHAMEL.

KHAMEL'S POV - TWO SMALL YEARBOOK PHOTOGRAPHS OF DARBY

He picks them up.

INT. BAR OFF CAMPUS - NIGHT

A student hangout not far from the campus. The crowd is passionate, pissed and rowdy.

Verheek looks middle-aged and out of place.

A YOUNG MAN and his girl sit down next to him. He wears a T-shirt with the words "Tulane Law School."

VERHEEK

(turning to the young man)

Do you know Darby Shaw?

YOUNG MAN

Why do you want to know?

VERHEEK

We need to talk to her. That's all.

YOUNG MAN

We?

VERHEEK

F.B.I.

He pulls a card from his pocket. The student reads it, then hands it back.

YOUNG MAN

You're a lawyer, not an agent. Why do you want to see Darby Shaw?

The bartender eases closer, eavesdropping.

VERHEEK

I need to see her, okay. It's very important. I'll be at the Hilton for a few days. If you see her, ask her to call.

He gives the card to the student, who leaves it on the bar and starts talking to his girl.

The bartender looks at it with curiosity.

EXT. PARKING LOT (WASHINGTON) - NIGHT

We are too far away to see anything clearly, until we SLAM INTO:

## CLOSE SHOT - GATE

Two men manipulate the lock and slip through. They walk up to Grantham's Volvo. One of them opens the car door with quick, professional skill, while the other pulls out a small tool case from his pocket. He opens it and removes a tiny transmitter he prepares to install.

## INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Verheek's card underneath the door. Khamel's hand comes in and picks it up. CAMERA PULLS BACK and FOLLOWS him as he picks up the phone. A miniature tape recorder sits next to the phone.

SNELLER (V.O.)

We've made a few phone calls to Washington. He knew Callahan, and he might know the girl. It's obvious he's trying to find her.

DARBY (V.O.)

It's Darby, Gavin.

## INT. VERHEEK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Verheek sits on the edge of the bed in a towel robe.

VERHEEK

I had about given up. Tell me where you want to meet, and within an hour I'll come get you with three agents.

DARBY (V.O.)

I thought the F.B.I. was not involved.

VERHEEK

It's not involved, yet. But I've got friends. We'll get you out of the city tonight, and take you to Washington tomorrow. I promise you'll personally meet Voyles, and we'll go from there.

DARBY (V.O.)

Behind your hotel is a place called Riverwalk. On the second level is a clothing store called Frenchmen's Bend. At noon tomorrow I want you to stand by the entrance.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DARBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Wear a black shirt of some type and a red baseball cap and hold a folded newspaper. After five minutes, walk inside the store. I'll find you. You and I, and only you and I, will leave the city. I don't want anyone else to know of this. Agreed?

VERHEEK

Agreed.

DARBY (V.O.)

How tall are you?

VERHEEK

Five ten.

DARBY (V.O.)

How much do you weigh?

VERHEEK

Two hundred, but I plan to lose it.

DARBY (V.O.)

I'll see you tomorrow, Gavin.

There is the CLICK of Darby hanging up. CAMERA PANS DOWN WITH Verheek's hand to the phone as he hangs up and EXITS FRAME.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the phone. We hear the sound of the SHOWER. CAMERA DROPS DOWN BELOW the table top. Scotch taped to the underside of the table is the miniaturized tape recorder we saw in Khamel's room.

INT. VERHEEK'S ROOM - SHOWER - NIGHT

Verheek turns off the shower and steps out. He reaches for a towel, starts rubbing his hair dry and walks back into the room.

He walks over to the TV and TURNS UP the VOLUME, the towel obscuring his vision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he falls to the floor. A red spot of blood appears on the white towel and spreads. And then another and another. But except for the TV, there is no sound.

A familiar hand reaches INTO FRAME to Verheek's wrist. CAMERA PANS UP TO Khamel's face as he reassures himself there is no pulse.

CAMERA RISES WITH Khamel. In back of him we see the now open closet door.

He walks over to the phone and pulls the miniaturized recorder out from underneath. He rewinds the tape inside.

He presses the PLAY button of the recorder.

VERHEEK (V.O.)

Hello.

DARBY (V.O.)

It's Darby, Gavin.

VERHEEK'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - KHAMEL - NIGHT

An ironic smile. The TAPE CONTINUES.

VERHEEK (V.O.)

I had about given up.

INT. BATHROOM - BED AND BREAKFAST - DAY

Darby is taking a shower.

VERHEEK (V.O.)

Tell me where you want to meet...

INT. KHAMEL'S ROOM - DAY

Khamel's miniature TAPE PLAYER, on top of a bureau. It is PLAYING.

VERHEEK (V.O.)

And within fifteen minutes, I'll come get you with three agents. We'll get you out of the city tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA ADJUSTS a little to the right. Laying next to the miniature tape player is a tiny gun. Khamel's hand ENTERS FRAME and STOPS the TAPE RECORDER.

CAMERA PANS UP to see Khamel putting an extra large black sweatshirt over his head. He is wearing layers of briefs and gym shorts to give him the appearance of Verheek's weight.

KHAMEL

(imitating Verheek  
quite brilliantly)

And within fifteen minutes, I'll  
come get you with three agents.

He puts on a red baseball cap.

INT. DARBY'S ROOM - BED AND BREAKFAST - DAY

Darby stands before a mirror, dressing.

KHAMEL (V.O.)

(sounding like  
Verheek)

We'll get you out of the city  
tonight. And take you to  
Washington tomorrow.

Darby exits.

KHAMEL'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - TINY GUN ON BUREAU TOP - DAY

Khamel picks it up. CAMERA FOLLOWS the gun as it disappears INTO his trouser pocket.

EXT. RIVERWALK - DAY

Darby walking in the middle of a group of shoppers, browsing. She looks at her watch.

INSERT - WATCH

It is exactly twelve o'clock.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

She looks up.



DARBY'S POV - ENTRANCE TO CLOTHING STORE (FRENCHMAN'S BEND) - DAY

There he is, black sweatshirt, red baseball cap, folded newspaper. The eyes are hidden behind sunglasses. He looks at his watch, then walks through the door.

INT. FRENCHMAN'S BEND CLOTHING STORE - CLOSE SHOT - DAY  
as he picks through safari jackets.

DARBY (O.S.)

Gavin.

He jerks around.

HIS POV OF DARBY

She is holding a white Panama hat and speaking into it.

HE

(pulling out a handkerchief and sneezing)

Darby.

(coughing)

Wouldn't you know I'd wake up with a cold.

DARBY

Follow me.

They leave the store.

EXT. RIVERWALK - DAY

Darby takes his hand. They walk quickly down a flight of stairs leading to the boardwalk.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

The boardwalk is crowded; a line has formed beside the Bayou Queen, a paddle wheeler. They stop at the end of the line.

HE

Are we getting on this boat?

DARBY

Yes. I've got a car a mile upriver at a park where we'll stop in thirty minutes.

The line is moving now.

CLOSE SHOT - HIM

CAMERA FOLLOWS his hand as he touches the trouser pocket that contains the gun. He reaches into the pocket and pulls out a handkerchief.

CAMERA PANS UP WITH him as he brings it to his nose. There is a tiny flash of metal against the base of his skull just below the red baseball cap.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY'S HAND

holding his as his hand falls away from hers.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

as she whirls around.

DARBY'S POV OF HIM

falling to the ground.

CLOSE SHOT OF WHITE HANDKERCHIEF

still clutched in his hand as it hits the ground. It turns blood red.

VERY CLOSE SHOT - DARBY'S EYES AND MOUTH

FILLING the SCREEN with her scream... She whirls around in horror.

CAMERA WHIRLS AROUND TO:

HER POV

A man is running away. He disappears in a crowd.

WOMAN (O.S.)

He's got a gun.

CAMERA WHIRLS BACK again, FOLLOWING the sound of the woman's voice. She is standing next to Darby.

CAMERA SLAMS DOWN TO:

## HER POV

The man she thinks is Verheek is on all fours with a small pistol in his right hand. Blood streams from his chin and puddles under his face. He lunges to the edge of the boardwalk. The gun drops into the water. He collapses on his stomach with his head hanging over and dripping into the river.

## MED. SHOT - CROWD - DAY

As two policemen break through to get to him. A hundred people now inch forward to see the dead man. But there is no sign of Darby.

The sound of a CAR SCREECHING to a stop OVER.

## FRENCH QUARTER - CLOSE SHOT - ELDERLY BLACK CAB DRIVER - NIGHT

braking his cab. TIGHT ON the driver as a passenger gets in.

DARBY (O.S.)

Baton Rouge.

CAB DRIVER

Lord, honey, that's a heckuva ride.

He angles his rearview mirror to see Darby, hidden under a new hat and black trench coat. She is wearing new sunglasses.

DARBY

How much?

CAB DRIVER

(thinking quickly)

A hundred and fifty.

She throws two bills over the seat.

DARBY

There's two hundred. Get there as fast as you can, and watch your rear. We may be followed.

## BACK SEAT TAXI - MED. SHOT

Darby lies down on the seat.

VOYLES (V.O.)

Whoever killed Verheek didn't leave a trace.

## INT. DIRECTOR VOYLES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Director Voyles stands behind his chair. K.O. Lewis sits across the desk.

VOYLES

I'm sending a hundred agents in tomorrow to blanket the city and I've instructed New Orleans to find the girl, if she's still alive.

LEWIS

Gavin told me about Callahan, and I didn't listen.

VOYLES

And I thought this Pelican stuff was some bird brained joke.

(beat)

We'll spend two thousand hours digging round that hotel, and I'll bet you there won't be a shred of useful evidence. Just like Rosenberg and Jensen.

LEWIS

And Callahan.

VOYLES

And probably the girl.

## INT. TAXICAB (BATON ROUGE) - NIGHT

Darby curled up on the back seat.

VOYLES (V.O.)

If we ever find her body.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)

Here we are, ma'am. Baton Rouge Airport. And in record time.

## EXT. BATON ROUGE AIRPORT - TAXI - NIGHT

She immerses herself in a group of people walking into the airport.

MAN (V.O.)

Can't you bring her in?

EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE (WASHINGTON) - DAY

The man we saw earlier sitting on a circular bench is sitting there again. The Man from Langley sits near him on the bench.

MAN #2

We lost her at O'Hara in Chicago.

MAN #1

Let's hope they did too.

DARBY (V.O.)

(through phone)

There's been another murder.

INSERT: GRAY GRANTHAM'S NOTEBOOK - DAY

on his desk. He is riffling through it, looking for a fresh page. In the process, we see page after page of his sketches of what the Pelican might look like. He finds a fresh page and begins to scribble notes.

DARBY (V.O.)

(through phone)

You remember I told you Callahan gave a copy of the brief to a friend at the F.B.I.?

LOOSE ANGLE - GRANTHAM ON PHONE

scribbling notes.

GRANTHAM

Yes.

DARBY (V.O.)

(through phone)

He was killed yesterday in New Orleans.

GRANTHAM

How do you know?

DARBY (V.O.)

(through phone)

I was holding his hand when he was shot. In broad daylight in the middle of a crowd. God knows how I got away.

GRANTHAM

Can you give me his name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 Verheek. Gavin Verheek.

GRANTHAM  
 Voyles' chief counsel.

DARBY (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 When can you come to New York?

GRANTHAM  
 Right now.

DARBY (V.O.)  
 Let's plan on tomorrow.

EXT. VISTA HOTEL (WORLD TRADE CENTER, NEW YORK CITY) -  
 DAY

DARBY (V.O.)  
 You must follow my instructions.

A cab pulls up. Gray jumps out with his bag. He is wearing sunglasses. He checks his watch.

INSERT - WATCH

It reads 10:46 A.M.

EXT. VISTA HOTEL - DAY

as Gray enters the hotel.

INT. VISTA HOTEL - BAR - DAY

Gray sits there with a Coke. He looks at his watch.

INSERT - WATCH

It reads 11:30 A.M.

He reaches for his wallet and pays the check.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - BACK STREET - DAY

Gray hails a cab.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET

A cab pulls up. Gray gets out and disappears in the throng of shoppers.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET - DAY

He enters on the Fifth Avenue side.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - CENTRAL PARK SOUTH ENTRANCE

He exits the hotel and walks west on Central Park South.

EXT. ST. MORITZ HOTEL - SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY

He ducks through the service entrance.

INT. ST. MORITZ HOTEL - LOBBY - RESERVATIONS COUNTER

GRANTHAM

(to clerk behind the counter)

I have a reservation. Warren Clark.

INSERT - GRANTHAM'S HAND

Sketching the unknown Darby, based on his fantasy of her.  
PHONE RINGS OVER:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MED. SHOT - GRANTHAM - DAY

He picks up the phone with remarkable alacrity.

DARBY (V.O.)

Mr. Clark?

GRANTHAM

Yes. This is Mr. Clark.

DARBY (V.O.)

Take the elevator to the eighteenth, then walk down to the fifteenth. Room.1520.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CLOSEUP - ROOM DOOR

The room number 1520 displayed prominently across the door.

Gray's fist COMES INTO the SHOT and knocks on the door.

Sound of BOLT CLICK. The door opens a smidgen, the chain still on. Darby's eye appears at the opening.

INT. HALLWAY - DARBY'S POV

Half of Gray's face through the crack in the door.

GRANTHAM

Pelican?

INT. HALLWAY - GRANTHAM'S POV - DARBY'S EYE

Peering through the crack. The door shuts again, the sound of the CHAIN being UNLATCHED, and the door opens all the way, revealing Gray's first full look at Darby.

INT. DARBY'S HOTEL ROOM (NEW YORK) - EVENING

A small sitting room with a door to small bedroom. He enters; she quickly shuts the door.

She locks the door and bolts it.

DARBY

You followed my instructions?

GRANTHAM

(trying to break  
the tension)

I haven't ducked and fainted,  
backed up and reversed myself so  
much since I played quarterback  
in college.

DARBY

You must think I'm crazy.

GRANTHAM

That was a possibility, until I  
checked New Orleans. Callahan  
was killed exactly as you said.  
I also checked on Verheek.  
According to the FBI, his body  
was found the day before  
yesterday in his hotel room very  
early in the morning.

Darby looks stunned.

GRANTHAM

He'd been dead for at least eight  
hours.

DARBY

That can't be. He talked like  
Verheek, he followed my  
instructions to the letter...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM

An imposter.

DARBY

Who planned to kill me.

GRANTHAM

Until someone killed him first.

(gently)

Why don't you sit down and tell me what was in the brief.

DARBY

Everyone I've spoken to about the brief is dead.

GRANTHAM

I'll take my chances.

DARBY

Just to get a story.

GRANTHAM

This isn't any story.

DARBY

You will not, under any circumstances, use my name, or reveal where or how you got the information. And you will not publish it until I leave the country. Agreed?

GRANTHAM

Agreed. We don't publish without specific confirmation. That can take quite a while to get. If ever.

He reaches for his briefcase.

GRANTHAM

(taking out a mini  
tape recorder)

Do you mind if I use a tape recorder?

DARBY

No. There should be a record. I may not be around.

He puts the tape recorder on the coffee table in front of Darby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM

Ready?

DARBY

Ready.

He starts the tape recorder and leans back in his chair, pen in hand and a clean legal pad on his lap.

DARBY

Does the name, Mattiece, mean anything to you?

INSERT - COPY OF DARBY'S ORIGINAL BRIEF - NIGHT

The Pelican Brief -- being held in someone's hand.

INT. COAL'S LIMOUSINE (WASHINGTON) - NIGHT

Coal and MATTHEW BARR in the back seat. Barr finishes reading the Brief and looks at Coal.

BARR

What did the President say?

COAL

It's just another wild shot in the dark, we thought. He talked to Voyles about it, and Voyles agreed to leave it alone for a while. Now I'm not so sure.

BARR

The President asked Voyles to back off?

COAL

Yes.

BARR

That's obstruction of justice, assuming of course the Brief turns out to be true.

COAL

And if it does?

BARR

You'll be forced to be the fall guy and resign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COAL

Hell, everyone in the White House, except the President, will have to go. And he'll go soon enough.

BARR

The Nixon route.

COAL

Don't even think that name.

BARR

Look at the hopeful side: Irangate, Iraggate. There's a very good chance it won't come out.

COAL

Grantham knows about the Brief. He called three White House aides yesterday. And god knows who else!

BARR

We got his car phone, but we haven't been inside his apartment yet.

COAL

Why not?

BARR

We almost got caught this morning by his cleaning lady. We'll try again tonight. Someone we know at the Post says he'll be out of town until tomorrow.

The closeup sound of an ALARM OVER.

INT. DARBY'S HOTEL ROOM (NEW YORK CITY) CLOSE SHOT -  
TAPE RECORDER PLAYING - NIGHT

The alarm is the BEEP of the TAPE RECORDER as it reaches the end of the tape.

MED. SHOT - DARBY AND GRANTHAM

He turns off the recorder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM

What made you hone in so quickly on this particular case?

DARBY

Of course it was luck. Bad luck, it now turns out. I remembered a piece "Frontline" did about a year ago. They interviewed the young lawyer who originally filed the suit. They said, that since the interview, he had committed suicide, although his family insisted it was foul play. After the assassinations I called his family. They said he'd had a depressive problem years before, but that he'd been fine since taking medication. His doctors confirmed everything the family said. They told the police they were convinced that it was not a suicide.

GRANTHAM

But the police had closed the investigation.

DARBY

Exactly.

GRANTHAM

I'm glad you're not my competition.

(looking at her  
exhausted face)

When was the last time you really slept?

DARBY

I don't remember.

She studies him as he gathers up the tape recorder and the tape and puts it in his briefcase.

DARBY

If I'd known what was going to happen, I would never have pursued it. But you do, and it doesn't stop you. Why take such a chance?

GRANTHAM

It's my kind of high.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY

I still don't understand.

GRANTHAM

Well, my editor, Smith Keen, says you've got to have a quirk to do this kind of work. You have to get a special kick from exposing the high and mighty when they try to put one over.

DARBY

No matter what the cost?

GRANTHAM

Let's say it helps to have gotten a few swift, unfair kicks when you were very young.

He goes to the door.

GRANTHAM

Call me when you wake up. I don't plan to sleep much tonight. I want to make my notes while it's all fresh.

He goes over to the door.

DARBY

(hesitant)

Gray?

He looks at her.

DARBY

Would you mind sleeping on the sofa? I know it sounds dumb but...

GRANTHAM

No problem.

She starts to exit to the bedroom.

GRANTHAM

At the risk of sounding old-fashioned, if I'm going to spend the night, don't you think it's time I knew your name?

She smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY

My name is Darby Shaw.

He looks at her; underneath the strength, vulnerable, touching, and, oh, Lord, desirable.

GRANTHAM

How'd you happen to pick me,  
Darby Shaw?

DARBY

Callahan was a fan.

GRANTHAM

And you were a fan of Callahan's.

DARBY

He was the only man I've ever  
loved.

(reacting to Gray's  
clear attraction)

Still do.

GRANTHAM

(as he gets the  
message)

Right.

She exits to the bedroom and shuts the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darby walks over to the mirror. The face that looks  
back at her appears almost relaxed.

INT. DARBY'S HOTEL SUITE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Gray sits at the desk, his laptop and the tape recorder  
before him.

CLOSEUP - GRANTHAM'S HAND

As he turns on the tape recorder. CAMERA MOVES UP TO his  
wrist. His watch says 12:20 A.M.

DARBY (V.O.)

(from the tape recorder)

Does the name Mattiece mean  
anything to you?

CLOSEUP - ANOTHER MAN'S HAND

As it reaches for a file.

The watch on his wrist also says 12:20 A.M.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

First thing that comes to mind is rich. Victor... His name is Victor Mattiece?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - COAL'S OFFICE - LOOSE ANGLE - NIGHT

Coal reaching for the file.

DARBY (V.O.)

Correct. Victor Mattiece.

WHITE HOUSE - COAL'S OFFICE - COAL'S POV OF OPEN FILE - NIGHT

A clipping headlined PRESIDENT'S BANQUET FOR TOP CONTRIBUTORS, contains a photograph of a beaming President shaking hands with a big, distinguished-looking gray-haired man. The caption reads: Happy President and Oil Tycoon Friend, Victor Mattiece.

DARBY (V.O.)

He's made and lost several fortunes drilling for oil in south Louisiana.

CAMERA MOVES INTO a CLOSER SHOT of the two beaming faces.

DARBY (V.O.)

In 1979, his oil company punched some holes in Terrebonne Parish and hit oil. A lot of oil. He capped the wells before word leaked out...

CAMERA PANS OVER the photograph TO a CLOSEUP SHOT of the President's beaming face.

DARBY (V.O.)

... And bought the surrounding land under a myriad of corporate names. He knew he'd need government permission to dredge a channel through the marshlands to get the equipment in and the oil out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Enter Mattiece, the Great Campaign Contributor, and, as night must follow day, government permission to gouge through the endangered marshes.

CAMERA PANS OVER the photograph to a CLOSEUP SHOT of Mattiece's beaming face.

DARBY (V.O.)

Mattiece is that close to at least a billion dollars, when Green Fund, an obscure environmental outfit, trots on down to the U.S. District court in Lafayette, and files a lawsuit to stop the entire operation. A federal judge halts the project pending a trial on all issues. Of course Mattiece spares no expense to win the lawsuit. I don't think there's a top law firm between Houston and New Orleans that at some point he hasn't hired.

CLOSE SHOT - COAL

Studying the buddy-buddy picture of Mattiece and the President. His face is a study in agony.

DARBY (V.O.)

By the time the Green Fund lawyers, -- all two of them -- wade in, the joint ventures, limited partnerships and corporate associations form an impenetrable maze that make Mattiece invisible.

Coal removes the photograph and studies the papers underneath.

HIS POV - COAL'S WHITE HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

INSERT of the papers in the file. A series of Louisiana newspaper clippings about the lawsuit and the trial.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DARBY (V.O.)

Luckily for Green Fund's lawsuit,  
the heart of the new oil reserve  
is near a natural refuge for  
waterfowl. Osprey, egrets,  
pelicans, ducks, cranes, geese.

Coal removes the clippings to reveal a video cassette  
of a "Frontline" telecast titled: Oil vs. The Louisiana  
Pelican

CLOSE SHOT - COAL

looking at the "Frontline" cassette.

COAL

(to himself)

Fucking P.B.S.!

He pushes the cassette aside.

DARBY (V.O.)

The pelican becomes the hero.  
After thirty years of  
contamination by D.D.T. and other  
pesticides, the Louisiana brown  
pelican perches on the brink of  
extinction. Green Fund seizes  
the majestic bird, and enlists  
experts from around the country  
to testify on its behalf.

COAL'S WHITE HOUSE OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE SHOT - NIGHT

Coal gets up and paces up and down his office, trying  
to develop some kind of plan.

DARBY (V.O.)

It takes seven years for the  
Pelican Suit to go to trial in  
Lake Charles. The three man jury,  
caring less about the pelican than  
jobs, votes in favor of Mattiece.

Coal looks at his watch.

INSERT - COAL'S WATCH

It reads 12:30 A.M.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY (V.O.)

But the judge rules to keep the injunction against drilling in place because he thinks Green Fund has proven its point about the pelican, a federally protected species, and it's apparent that Green Fund will appeal.

INT. VAN (WASHINGTON) - ANOTHER MAN'S WATCH - NIGHT

It reads 12:31 A.M.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

What's the status of the lawsuit?

CAMERA PANS UP TO the man's face. It is one of the men we saw bugging the phone in Gray's car. He looks out the window of the van.

DARBY (V.O.)

From the trial level it will be appealed to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans in about a month.

EXT. GRANTHAM APARTMENT HOUSE - MAN IN VAN'S POV

about a half a block away.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

Any idea what the Fifth Circuit might do?

INT. VAN (WASHINGTON) - CLOSE SHOT OF MAN WATCHING - NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS OVER TO the man sitting next to him as he turns to him. It is the same man we saw with him when he bugged Gray's car.

DARBY (V.O.)

It could be reversed.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT

The two men, carrying dispatch cases, as if they've just come from working late at the office, quietly leave their car.

DARBY (V.O.)

Then the fun starts.

INT. GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT - WIDE ANGLE SHOT OF ENTRY - NIGHT  
facing the entrance door

DARBY (V.O.)

If either side is unhappy with  
the Fifth Circuit, they can appeal  
to the Supreme Court.

THE SOUND OF A WINDOW BEING JIMMED OPEN...

The CAMERA PANS AROUND, FOLLOWING the sound. It arrives  
at the window just after it has been opened. The curtains  
blow but no one is there.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

From today, how long would it take  
for the case to be decided by the  
Supreme Court?

The figure of the first man climbs through the window.  
And then the second.

DARBY (V.O.)

Anywhere from three to five years.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the two men as they check the apartment.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

Rosenberg would have died from  
natural causes.

DARBY (V.O.)

Yes, but another President could be  
in the White House when he died.

The two men stop at the phone in Gray's apartment.

DARBY (V.O.)

So, if you're Victor Mattiece, and  
you don't mind killing a couple of  
Supremes, now is the time to take  
him out, when you can predict his  
replacement.

GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT OF ONE OF MEN'S DISPATCH  
CASES - NIGHT

One of the men opens it, revealing tools to bug the phone.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

But why Jensen?

MED. SHOT

As the two men, clearly superb professionals, go about  
their job of bugging Gray's phones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY (v.o.)

He shared one piece of common ground with Rosenberg: Protecting the environment.

The BEEP sound of the TAPE RECORDER coming to the end of a tape comes over.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

Tired?

INT. DARBY'S HOTEL SUITE (NEW YORK) - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Gray turns off the tape recorder and sits back in his chair. He looks at the notes he has made on his laptop and writes:

INSERT - SCREEN OF GRANTHAM'S LAPTOP

as he writes: "WHERE DOES GARCIA FIT IN? DOES HE?"

sound of a MOTOR STARTING OVER the computer screen.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT

The VAN STARTS UP. It comes CLOSE TO CAMERA, just long enough to see the smiling faces of the two men we had left in Gray's apartment, before it PASSES OUT OF FRAME.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the street: Bars closing, people straggling out, some drifting into an all night coffee shop.

INT. ALL NIGHT COFFEE SHOP - GEORGETOWN STREET - NIGHT

A bland, small man of indeterminate age, distinguished from the drinkers drifting in by his sobriety. He walks over to the counter and sits down.

MAN (O.S.)

So, what's the score?

CAMERA PANS OVER TO the man on the stool next to him, "Sergeant Rupert", the man who told Darby he was a cop, and then disappeared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NONDESCRIPT MAN (O.S.)

We can't find her. And that worries us because we got some bad news today.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the two of them.

NONDESCRIPT MAN

We hear, unconfirmed, that the bad guy's are sending in big boys with big guns.

RUPERT

So, what's my plan?

NONDESCRIPT MAN

If we find the girl, it'll be your show.

DARBY'S HOTEL SUITE (NEW YORK) - MORNING

Gray is asleep on the couch. The laptop is literally on his lap and a big yellow legal pad with notes is in his hand.

He opens his eyes.

GRANTHAM'S POV - CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

showered and dressed, looking down at him.

GRANTHAM (O.S.)

You said Mattiece hired law firms from Houston to New Orleans. Were there any from D.C.?

DARBY

You're half asleep.

MED. SHOT - GRANTHAM

rises, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

GRANTHAM

Doesn't matter.

DARBY

I can think of two: White and Blazevich and Brim, Stearns, and somebody both old, big, powerful, and rich.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM

A lawyer in D.C. called me, said he saw something concerning Rosenberg and Jensen. We were supposed to meet, but he bombed out, and I haven't heard from him again. He gave me a phoney name, but I got his picture.

DARBY

How?

GRANTHAM

That's another story. If he works for either of those firms, he could be our confirmation.

DARBY

I hope you find him.

GRANTHAM

Darby, come with me to Washington. I need your help.

DARBY

Of course you do. If I disappear, you may not have a story. But I might have a life.

GRANTHAM

If you're right about Mattiece, there'll be a coverup, and the odds are it'll work. Oh, there'll be a cottage industry of books and articles and movies about the assassinations -- as there was with Kennedy's. But no one will be prosecuted.

DARBY

Why are you so sure?

GRANTHAM

I checked the Post morgue last night. On Mattiece. Two years ago we ran a big, fat, front page picture of the President with his arm around Mattiece. He contributed the absolute top limit to his campaign. If what you say is true and it comes out, the President is history I know Coal, the man who pulls the strings that made him President.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM (CONT'D)

They won't let that happen.  
They'll weave a coverup that'll  
make Watergate look like kiddies  
playing hide and seek.

DARBY

It didn't work with Watergate.

GRANTHAM

Oh, Darby. Don't you know that for  
every Watergate that comes to light,  
there are more that never surface?  
The word goes out and suddenly  
things that happened didn't happen,  
and evidence that was no longer is.  
You will be the only witness to the  
murders that connect the  
assassinations to your Brief.  
Disappear and so will justice. Is  
that what Callahan would want?

DARBY

Thomas would want me to see my  
twenty-fifth birthday. Even my  
thirtieth.

(beat)

Go back to Washington, Gray. And  
be careful. I'd miss your byline.

INT. DARBY'S SUITE (NEW YORK) - SITTING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT  
OF GRANTHAM'S BAG - SITTING ROOM - DAY

CAMERA PULLS BACK as he lifts it up, revealing Darby  
watching him. He is showered and redressed.

GRANTHAM

You'll call?

DARBY

I may decide to hop a plane and  
disappear.

GRANTHAM

You are a tough one.

DARBY

Thank the Lord.

He goes over to her to kiss her good-bye, but she  
pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY

Don't you understand? Rage is all that keeps me going.

He leaves, shutting the door behind him.

GRANTHAM (O.S.)

I'll wait until I hear the bolt.

She goes to the door and bolts it. She leans against the door, not tough at all.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Darby sits on a bench next to a young WOMAN holding a reflector underneath her chin. She closes her eyes and turns her face into the sun, reaching for sustenance from its warmth.

She opens her eyes. Warmth turns to horror.

DARBY'S POV - DAY

Stump coming up the path.

DARBY ON THE BENCH - DAY

She yanks the reflector away from the young Woman, puts it under her chin and lifts her face to the sun. The reflector hides her face.

WOMAN

You've got some nerve!

DARBY

Please. There's a man, a stumpy, stocky man. Has he walked by?

PATH IN FRONT OF DARBY - DAY

Stump walks past her.

WOMAN

He's walking by right now.

DARBY

Please. Please. Tell me when he's past. He's been harassing me.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WOMAN

He's past.

She hands back the reflector to the young Woman.

DARBY

(as she stands up)

You may have saved my life.

The Woman shrugs, as if to say, "You meet all kinds!" She watches Darby walk down the path in the opposite direction.

INT. GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

The PHONE is RINGING in the dark apartment. The ANSWERING MACHINE switches ON.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

This is Gray Grantham.

CLOSE SHOT - PHONE

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

I'm not here right now, but if you leave a message at the sound of the beep, I will return the call.

CAMERA PANS DOWN UNDER the phone to reveal the monitoring attachment we saw planted.

SCREECH OF the BEEP OVER.

DARBY (V.O.)

It's Darby. By the time you hear this, Gray, I'll be in the air.

EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Darby entering the International Departure Building. She looks in back of her.

DARBY'S POV

Another car drives up. A man gets out. Does he look familiar, or is her imagination playing tricks? She hurries into the building.

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - SECURITY CLEARANCE - NIGHT

Darby shows her ticket.

INSERT

One way El Al ticket to Tel Aviv.

BACK TO SCENE

She goes through clearance. As Darby goes through to the other side and disappears in the crowd.

The man we saw get out of the car tries to duck through in back of her. He is surrounded by beefy El Al Security Police.

NEWARK AIRPORT - EL AL GATE - TEL AVIV FLIGHT - NIGHT

Darby sits down in the waiting area with the other passengers waiting to board.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)  
Passengers for El Al flight 110  
for Tel Aviv, please board.

Darby rises.

DARBY (V.O.)  
(from answering machine)  
It's Darby. By the time you hear  
this, Gray, I'll be in the air.

She disappears with the other passengers, OUT OF FRAME.

DARBY (V.O.)  
(from answering machine)  
On my way to nowhere.

GRANTHAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gray sits on the bed, listening to the answering machine.

DARBY (V.O.)  
(from answering machine)  
Try to understand.

CLICK FROM the ANSWERING MACHINE, as she hangs up.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)  
(electronic voice)  
That was your last message. I  
will erase your messages. I will  
erase your messages.

Gray doesn't move.

Sound of SUBWAY ROARING through a station OVER.

## INT. WASHINGTON SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Gray stands in the middle of crowd of people as a train comes in. Sarge comes up to him. They don't look at each other.

SARGE

They're all shook up about you asking about some pelican something.

GRANTHAM

I expected that.

The train doors open. People come pouring out.

SARGE

It's like the Gestapo over there. Coal clears everything. They put me on medical leave for ninety days.

GRANTHAM

What's wrong with you?

SARGE

Nothin'. I've never seen it this bad.

People around them on the platform push into the train.

SARGE

I'm worried about you, son. I just hope you're not in danger.

Gray watches as Sarge walks into the train. The doors slam shut. The TRAIN ROARS out of the station, leaving Gray alone.

SMITH (V.O.)

What the fuck is going on with you?

## INT. MADISON HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

A depressed Gray is having lunch with Smith Keen.

GRANTHAM

I lost my sources at the White House. Coal's intensified his reign of terror. They're calling it the Big White Bunker. I've had no luck on Garcia, and I told you, I've lost the girl. She was the key.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMITH KEEN

She gave you all her information.  
You've got one helluva lot to  
follow up.

GRANTHAM

I am.

SMITH KEEN

What's she like?

GRANTHAM

What?

SMITH KEEN

The girl?

GRANTHAM

I told you.

SMITH KEEN

You told me smart, you told me  
gutsy, you told me tough. You  
didn't say a word about her  
looks.

GRANTHAM

Jesus, Smith. I'm not exactly in  
the mood for some jerk-off  
conversation.

SMITH KEEN

Do you have a picture of her?

GRANTHAM

Yeah. But it doesn't do her  
justice.

SMITH KEEN

(putting down his  
knife and fork)

Son of a bitch! The mighty  
swordsman has finally fallen.

GRANTHAM

Knock it off, Smith...

SMITH KEEN

You need time to regroup. Why  
don't you go down to that dinky  
little cabin of yours, take the  
weekend off, build a fire, play  
sad songs and mope --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He picks up a flashlight off the floor and aims it through the window.

GRANTHAM'S POV THROUGH CABIN WINDOW - WOODS - DAY

Darby, framed by the light from the flashlight, stands among the trees, drenched with rain, like some wild child.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Darby has gotten into some of Gray's dry clothes. A freshly laid fire is roaring in the fireplace.

DARBY

You got my message?

GRAY

(pouring brandy)

And stupid me believed it.

DARBY

If someone bugged the phone in your apartment, I wanted them to think I'd left the country.

GRANTHAM

You think of everything.

DARBY

If I did, there'd be no Brief.

He hands her the brandy.

DARBY

I saw Stump yesterday in Central Park. Fortunately before he saw me. And there was a man who looked familiar -- I wasn't sure -- at Newark Airport. Thank the Lord for El Al security.

GRANTHAM

He's probably on a flight to Tel Aviv. How in hell did you find me?

DARBY

I called the paper and asked for your editor.

GRANTHAM

(incredulous)

Smith told you where I was?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY

I told him I was your sister Mary.  
And I was in from out of town and  
couldn't find you.

GRANTHAM

How did you know I had a sister  
Mary?

DARBY

You're not the only one who does  
research. Have you found Garcia?

GRANTHAM

I've spent the last two days  
covering the lobbies of White and  
Blazevitch and Brim, Stearn. But  
nothing. It's not encouraging.

DARBY

I have an idea that just might work.

INT. CABIN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The only light is from the dying fire. Gray is in bed.  
Darby lies on the floor next to the fireplace, with a big  
old coat of Gray's over her.

DARBY

You built this cabin?

GRANTHAM

On weekends and vacations. Took  
me two years to build one room.

DARBY

Great hideout.

He sits up.

GRANTHAM

This is ridiculous. You sleeping  
on the floor.

DARBY

I told you. The bed is yours. And  
I'm absolutely happy by the fire.

GRANTHAM

Even the Puritans slept in the same  
bed for warmth.

DARBY

They put a board between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM

I could work something up.

DARBY

Gray, I haven't even had a chance to mourn.

Silence. He lies back.

GRANTHAM

What changed your mind? About coming here?

DARBY

Thomas. You were right. He hated coverups.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA - DAY

The Eighteenth Century reproduction town is mobbed with tourists. Smith Keen wanders through the crowd, searching.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG - KEEN'S POV - DAY

Gray appears out of a crowd of tourists and goes over to him.

BACK TO SCENE

They walk together.

GRANTHAM

I thought a visit to Williamsburg might do your soul some good.

SMITH KEEN

Are you losing it? People are talking. They haven't seen you at your desk in days. What the hell is going on?

GRANTHAM

She's here.

SMITH KEEN

Bird Girl?

Gray nods.

GRANTHAM

She's got me stashed away at a little hotel nobody has ever heard of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Smith eyes him.

SMITH KEEN

This is one helluva time to be  
punching notches in your belt.

GRANTHAM

We're not even in the same hotel.  
She's helping me search for  
Garcia. She won't let me go back  
to my apartment. Or even to the  
paper. I keep renting cars and  
she keeps moving us around.

SMITH KEEN

It sounds like she's the one with  
the controls.

GRANTHAM

You got it. She makes the rules.  
And I obey.

SMITH KEEN

I don't like it.

GRANTHAM

It's the only way she'll play.

SMITH KEEN

You look like you're having too  
much fun.

GRANTHAM

You know me. I love my work.

SMITH KEEN

I feel better when you're  
anxious and a bunch of nerves.

GRANTHAM

I'll try to work on that.

SMITH KEEN

What if you can't find Garcia?

GRANTHAM

We fall back to plan B.

SMITH KEEN

So what's plan B?

GRANTHAM

We attack the lawyers.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SMITH KEEN

What if it's another firm? Not  
in Washington?

GRANTHAM

Then we go to plan C.

SMITH KEEN

And what's that?

GRANTHAM

I don't know. She hasn't gotten  
that far yet.

Gray smiles happily. Keen looks at him disgustedly.

INT. SMITH KEEN'S CAR - VIRGINIA ROAD - DAY

Gray is sitting beside Smith Keen, who is driving. He  
turns around and checks the cars in back.

SMITH KEEN

Was fucking Williamsburg her  
idea?

GRANTHAM

I didn't tell her we were  
meeting. It might have made her  
nervous.

SMITH KEEN

Does she know I can throw you  
into the ranks of unemployed?

GRANTHAM

If you have to get in touch with  
me, I'm at the Marbury Hotel.  
Room eight-thirty-three. Don't  
ask for me by name.

Gray checks the cars in back of them again.

GRANTHAM

Would you mind getting off at  
this exit?

SMITH KEEN

Why?

GRANTHAM

That tan car two cars in back of  
us has been two cars in back of  
us since we hit the freeway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Keen turns off at the exit. Gray watches as the tan car continues on the freeway.

GRANTHAM

There's nothing like a false alarm to warm the heart.

INT. MARBURY HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Gray walks up to his room. An Asian MAID is pushing her cart near his room. He stops at his door and pulls the key from his pocket.

MAID

You forget something, sir?

GRANTHAM

Well, no. Why?

The maid takes a step closer to him.

MAID

You just left, sir, and now you are back.

GRANTHAM

I left four hours ago.

MAID

No, sir. A man left your room ten minutes ago. But, sir, now I think it was another man.

INT. HOTEL STAIRCASE - DAY

As Gray runs down the stairs.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Gray opens the door from the staircase to the lobby. He looks around and sees a man who he thinks may be familiar. He shuts the door.

INT. HOTEL - BASEMENT - DAY

Gray walks through the service areas.

EXT. HOTEL - SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY

He ducks into the alley in back of the hotel and runs over to the street.

EXT. HOTEL - STREET IN FRONT OF HOTEL - DAY

Gray hails a cab.

INT. CAB - DAY

Gray gets in the cab and looks in back.

GRANTHAM'S POV - FRONT OF HOTEL THROUGH WINDOW - DAY

The man in the lobby hailing a cab in back of him.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

Gray's cab cuts around a corner. Gray looks in back of him. The cab with the man from the lobby follows.

EXT. ANOTHER WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

Gray's cab whirls around the corner. The driver SCREECHES on his BRAKES. A big parade is stopping traffic.

INT. GRANTHAM'S CAB - DAY

The cab driver turns to Gray and shrugs. Gray ducks out of the cab.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

Of the mass of marching people, great banners raised on high. As seen from the back. We can't see their faces.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - VERY CLOSE SHOT - GRANTHAM - DAY

marching. The CAMERA PULLS BACK AND BACK TO REVEAL he is in the center of a mass of Asian faces marching in an Asian Pride parade.

INT. EDWARD BENNETT WILLIAMS LAW LIBRARY - EARLY EVENING

Darby sits at a table going over volume five of Martindale-Hubbell.

INSERT - VOLUME

As she comes to the section on D.C. law firms. She checks out White and Blazeovich... Page after page listing members of the firm. Names, birth dates, birthplaces, schools, professional organizations, etc.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

She writes the names in a notebook.

A man's BACK FILLS MOST OF the SCREEN as he walks in front of her.

GRANTHAM

(a whisper)

Darby.

She looks up.

GRANTHAM

Meet me in the stacks.

His BACK PASSES FROM the SCREEN, leaving a disturbed Darby.

INT. GEORGETOWN LAW LIBRARY - STACKS - DAY

Gray appears to be looking for some book, as Darby comes up to him. She pulls out a book, and leafs through it. They whisper.

DARBY

You're not supposed to be here.

GRANTHAM

The maid said some man was in my room.

DARBY

Did you tell anyone your room number? Where you were staying?

GRANTHAM

Only Smith Keen. But he'd never repeat it.

DARBY

Where were you when you told him?

GRANTHAM

In his car.

DARBY

Everyone in Washington knows you report to Smith Keen. So I would assume his car is wired.

A BELL GOES OFF: closing time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM

Where do you want me to sleep tonight?

DARBY

See if you can get a room in my hotel.

GRANTHAM

Where you can keep an eye on me.

She gives him a look that says "Damned right."

GRANTHAM

(whisper)

What if the place is full?

DARBY

Then you can sleep in my bathroom. With the door closed.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gray, a pillow under his head and a blanket over his body, asleep on the bathroom floor.

A thin sliver of light comes over him.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY - NIGHT

She looks at him through the partially-opened door. A touch of amusement crosses her face.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

I didn't tell her we were meeting. It might have made her nervous.

She shuts the door.

BARR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

INSERT - TAPE RECORDER - NIGHT

Playing:

SMITH (V.O.)

Does she know I can throw you into the ranks of unemployed?

MED. SHOT - BARR AND COAL

Barr and Coal are listening to the tape of Gray's conversation with Smith Keen in his car.

COAL

(listening)

So the girl's with him right here in Washington.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

If you have to get in touch with me I'm at the Marbury Hotel. Room Eight-thirty-three. Don't ask for me by name.

BARR

We checked. There was nothing in his room. We thought we might find his notes.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

Would you mind getting off at this exit?

BARR

She must have told him everything that was in the brief.

SMITH KEEN (V.O.)

Why?

BARR

Clearly, they're collaborating.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

That tan car two cars in back of us has been two cars in back of us since we hit the freeway.

COAL

What do you think Mattiece would do if he thought Grantham had the story and was about to spread it across the front page of the Washington Post?

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

There's nothing like a false alarm to warm the heart.

Barr turns off the tape recorder.

COAL

He's not afraid of killing people.

INSERT - PHONE BOOK - DAY

Darby's finger slides down the Georgetown numbers and stops at Georgetown Law School.

COAL (V.O.)

Is he?

INT. DARBY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Darby punches phone. Gray, across from her observes.

DARBY

(into phone)

Placement office, please. Yes, this is Sandra Jernigan. I'm a partner with White and Blazeovich here in town, and we're having a problem with our computers. We're trying to reconstruct some payroll records, and the accountants have asked me to ask you for the names of your students who clerked here last summer. I think there were seven of them.

INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL - PLACEMENT OFFICE - DAY

A serious-looking woman hard at work.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

I'm from White and Blazeovich.  
You have something for me?

The woman hands him an envelope.

INT. GEORGETOWN LIBRARY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

INSERT - PIECE OF PAPER

Containing a list of Georgetown law students who interned at White and Blazeovich last summer. Phone numbers are written in Darby's hand next to four of the five names. Darby's hand holding a pen comes INTO FRAME. She writes another number next to a fifth name.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

Gray stands over Darby at a table, while she copies a number from a phone book next to the piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY

I'll call these five, and see who's at home. You take the two with no phone number, and get their class schedules from the registrar.

INSERT - LIST OF NAMES ON PHONE BOOTH SHELF

Darby's finger is next to the name James Maylor.

Sound of a NUMBER RINGING.

INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Darby's hand on the list, the other hand holding the phone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hello.

DARBY

Is this Dennis Maylor?

MALE VOICE

No, I'm James Maylor.

DARBY

Sorry.

She hangs up and writes next to his name -- "At home."

INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL - THIRD FLOOR - REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Gray goes up to a rather IMPRESSIVE-LOOKING WOMAN.

GRANTHAM.

I'm Gray Grantham with the Washington Post, and I'm trying to find two of your students, Laura Kaas and Michael Akers.

REGISTRAR (IMPRESSIVE-LOOKING WOMAN)

Is there a problem?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM

Not at all. Just a few questions. Are they in class this morning?

He smiles his warm, trusting smile.

REGISTRAR

Do you have an I.D.?

GRANTHAM

Certainly.

He takes out his wallet, opens it and slowly waves it at her.

INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

INSERT - COMPUTER PRINTOUTS

Being laid on the table.

GRANTHAM (O.S.)

Akers has criminal procedure.  
Kaas has administrative law; both from nine to ten.

WIDE ANGLE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Darby looks at the schedules as Gray stands over her.

DARBY

I'll try to find them.

She takes a pad with her notes and hands it to Gray.

DARBY

Maylor, Reinhart, and Wilson were at home. I couldn't get Ratliff and Linney.

GRANTHAM

(looking at  
the notes)

I can be at Maylor's in a few minutes.

INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL - LOBBY - DAY

Darby studies the fall listing of classes on the bulletin board across the lobby from the phones.

A YOUNG WOMAN with a backpack and hiking books stops nearby and looks at the board.

DARBY

Excuse me. Would you happen to know Laura Kaas?

YOUNG WOMAN

Sure.

DARBY

I need to give her a message. Could you point her out? She's in administrative law under Ship, room 207.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - DAY

Darby goes up to tall girl coming out of class.

DARBY

Excuse me, Miss Kaas. I'm Sara Jacobs, and I'm working on a story for the Washington Post. You clerked for White and Blazevich last summer. Can I ask you a few questions?

LAURA

What about?

Darby walks to an empty classroom. Laura follows.

INSERT - PHOTO OF GARCIA IN DARBY'S HAND

DARBY (V.O.)

Do you recognize this man? He's a lawyer at White and Blazevich.

INT. SMALL LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

In which Darby and Gray met before.

INSERT - PAD OF GRANTHAM'S NOTES

Lists of names of summer interns at White and Blazevich. A pencil checks off names.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM (O.S.)

No, no, no, no, no.

CAMERA DROPS BACK TO LOOSE ANGLE of Gray and Darby.

GRANTHAM

I'm off to find Edward Linney,  
who according to this list has  
clerked the past two summers at  
W. and B.

DARBY

(going over her  
list)

Unlisted phone number.

GRANTHAM

But an address.

DARBY

I'll keep hanging out in front of  
the bulletin board. Maybe I'll  
get another miracle and walk  
right into Akers.

GRANTHAM

You don't get miracles, my love.  
You make them.

(beat)

Sorry.

(as she exits  
the room)

That just came out.

INT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Students pouring out of a classroom. Darby is talking  
to a shy-looking YOUNG MAN.

YOUNG MAN

(pointing to a  
group of men  
walking toward the  
front entrance)

That's Michael Akers, in the gray  
sweater.

DARBY

Thanks.

EXT. GEORGETOWN LAW SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

The group disassembles as it leaves the building. Akers and a friend are on the sidewalk.

DARBY

(coming out  
the door)

Mr. Akers.

They both stop and turn around.

AKERS

Yes?

DARBY

My name is Sara Jacobs, and I'm working on a story for the Washington Post. Can I speak to you alone?

AKERS

Sure.

He gives the friend a hint. He leaves.

DARBY

Did you clerk for White and Blazevich last summer?

AKERS

Yes. How about doing this over a little lunch?

DARBY

Gee, I wish I could.  
(showing him  
the photo)

Do you recognize this man? He works for White and Blazevich.

AKERS

I don't think so. But maybe it'll come to me over a little dinner, Sarah. I'm a mean man with a spatula.

DARBY

(she gets the  
message)

My husband's the jealous type.

Sound OVER of HELICOPTER MOTOR.

## EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

The President walks across the lawn, walking a dog on a leash. He is dressed in Camp David clothes, a leather jacket and slacks. He waves at the usual throng of REPORTERS.

REPORTER

Anything new, Mr. President, on who you're nominating for the Court?

PRESIDENT

I'll have an announcement after the weekend.

REPORTER

Does the Justice Department have anything new on the assassination investigation?

The President just gives a pleasant wave and hands his dog over to an assistant who lifts him into the plane. The President climbs in after him. He turns around and gives one final beaming smile and wave at the assembled press and the door is shut.

The helicopter lifts up into the air.

## INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The President sits next to Coal.

COAL

You're not going to have those nominations to announce next week.

PRESIDENT

You said they'd be vetted by the weekend.

COAL

There has to be a change in plans.

PRESIDENT

I don't understand.

COAL

The Pelican Brief.

PRESIDENT

What about the Pelican Brief?  
I thought that was history.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COAL

We have reason to believe  
Grantham's gotten hold of it.

PRESIDENT

Mattiece will sue the pants off  
them if they try to publish that.

COAL

Not if it's true.

The President studies Coal's sober face.

PRESIDENT

You think it's true.

COAL

(very calm)

I know what Grantham's going to  
write: A man the President knew and  
took millions from. Paid money to  
have two Superior Court Justices  
knocked off so his pal the President  
could appoint more reasonable men to  
the bench so that his oil could be  
harvested.

PRESIDENT

Jesus!

COAL

That's the best case scenario. If  
one of Voyles' henchmen leaks that  
you asked him to hold off  
investigating the Brief, we could  
be into an Obstruction charge.  
But all is not lost yet. I have a  
plan of last resort.

PRESIDENT

What's your plan?

COAL

We appoint two nature lovers to  
the Court, good little  
environmentalists who would kill  
Mattiece and his oil field, etc.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COAL (CONT'D)

Almost simultaneously, you will call in Voyles and the Attorney General and Justice and demand an immediate investigation into Mattiece. We'll leak copies of the Brief to every reporter in town, then hunker down and ride out the storm.

PRESIDENT

There must be a way to stop that information from coming out.

COAL

I'm working on it.

PRESIDENT

What? How?

COAL

Mr. President, you don't want to know.

INT. NATIONAL AIRPORT SHUTTLE GATE - DAY

Passengers from the arriving plane pour in. The usual business types; among them, a very serious, determined Edwin Sneller.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET CORNER - DAY

A new Hertz Pontiac stops at the corner. Darby rushes out of a building and jumps in.

INT. HERTZ PONTIAC - DAY

Gray is driving. Darby settles into her seat, as he pulls away.

GRANTHAM

(going over the list)  
Our last hope, our best hope,  
Edward Linney, wasn't home.

DARBY

What's his class schedule?

GRANTHAM

Shit, I didn't get it.

## INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Gray flashes a smile to the Registrar. A STUDENT is going over files in back of her.

GRANTHAM

Hi, here I am again. I need another class schedule. For Edward Linney.

REGISTRAR

Sorry. One of the students you talked to this morning called White and Blazevich and they called the assistant dean. No more class schedules will be given to reporters.

## INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

Gray comes out and makes his way to the entrance to the building.

STUDENT (O.S.)

Mr. Grantham.

Gray turns around and sees the Student who worked in the Registrar's office running towards him.

STUDENT

I know Edward. He's sort of dropped out of school for a while. Personal problems.

GRANTHAM

Where is he?

STUDENT

His parents put him in a private hospital. He's being detoxified.

## EXT. PARKLANE HOSPITAL - DAY

A detox center for the rich, it is a small building surrounded by trees and sitting alone, a half-mile off the highway.

Gray parks the car outside the entrance.

## INT. PARKLANE HOSPITAL - LOBBY

Gray enters the lobby and goes over to the RECEPTIONIST.

GRANTHAM

I'm here to see Edward Linney. What room is he in?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

And who might you be?

GRANTHAM

(the warm and  
friendly Gray)

Gray Grantham, with the Washington Post. They told me at the law school I could ask him a couple of questions.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry they told you that. You see, Mr. Grantham, we run this hospital, and they run their law school.

Darby enters the lobby in the background. Gray stands so that the Receptionist doesn't see her.

GRANTHAM

Could I see the administrator?

RECEPTIONIST

You may have a seat.

GRANTHAM

Thank you.

She leaves and Gray turns to Darby. Darby walks through a pair of double doors.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Darby walks down the corridor, checking the names of the patients on the doors.

INT. LOBBY - RECEPTION DESK - DAY

A very bureaucratic ADMINISTRATOR is talking to Gray.

ADMINISTRATOR

Mr...

GRANTHAM

Grantham.

ADMINISTRATOR

Yes... Visitation is only allowed on Saturdays and Sundays, and then only family.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Darby stops at a door with the name Edward Linney on it.  
She knocks.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

GRANTHAM

When do you expect Mr. Linney to  
be discharged?

ADMINISTRATOR

I'm afraid that is absolutely  
confidential.

Gray gives a furtive glance towards the door behind which  
Darby disappeared. He is clearly stalling.

GRANTHAM

Probably when his insurance  
expires.

ADMINISTRATOR

(enraged)  
What?

INSERT - TELEPHOTO LENS OF GARCIA - DAY

DARBY (O.S.)

Do you recognize this man?

INT. EDWARD L. LINNEY'S ROOM - DAY

EDWARD LINNEY, a rather delicate young man, looks at the  
photo in Darby's hand.

LINNEY

What's his name?

DARBY

(discouraged)  
That's the whole point. We don't  
know.

LINNEY

He works in the oil and gas  
section on the ninth floor. What  
is his name?

Darby practically holds her breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINNEY

Morgan. Yep, Morgan. His first name is something like Charles, but that's not it.

DARBY

I can't tell you how grateful I am.

LINNEY

You know, when you opened the door, I thought I was hallucinating again.

DARBY

(as she backs away  
from the bed)

I'm really sorry.

LINNEY

Oh, no. I'll take a hallucination like that any time.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LINNEY'S ROOM - DAY

Darby comes out of the room and quietly closes the door behind her. She scoots toward the lobby.

VOICE (O.S.)

(from behind her)

Hey! You!

Darby turns and faces a tall SECURITY GUARD with a gun on his hip.

SECURITY GUARD

(as he backs her into  
the wall)

What're you doing?

DARBY

You scared me. I was visiting my brother.

SECURITY GUARD

Who's your brother?

DARBY

Edward Linney...

The door to Linney's room opens, revealing Linney in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECURITY GUARD

This your sister?

Darby leads with her eyes.

LINNEY

Yeah, leave her alone.

DARBY

Mom will be up this weekend.

LINNEY

And Sarah?

DARBY

Yes, Edward?

LINNEY

(really meaning it)

You come back soon.

DARBY

I'll try.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

GRANTHAM

(to Administrator)

I hate to sound preachy, but I know you agree with me about the horrendous cost of health care.

ADMINISTRATOR

Of course, of course.

Darby enters quickly through the doors, and is almost to the front door when the Administrator sees her.

ADMINISTRATOR

Miss! Oh, miss! Can I have your name?

Darby is out the front door. Gray shrugs at the Administrator and casually leaves the building.

EXT. PARKLANE DRIVE (WASHINGTON) - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS their Hertz Pontiac. Gray is driving like a bat out of hell.

The CAMERA lets Gray's car SLIDE OUT OF FRAME. Another car appears in back of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA ZOOMS IN, revealing Rupert behind the wheel. He is holding a phone with his other hand.

INT. RUPERT'S CAR - DAY

RUPERT  
(into phone)  
I got 'em!

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Gray holding the phone to his ear.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
I find no listing for a Curtis  
Morgan.

INT. CAR - DAY

Gray enters the car. He starts it quickly.

GRANTHAM  
No luck. He must be unlisted.  
(looking at his watch)  
It's quarter till four. We'll  
have to hurry.

DARBY  
Where are we going?

GRANTHAM  
Into the eye of the storm. If we  
can make it before closing.

DARBY  
White and Blazeovich? They'll know  
who you are.

GRANTHAM  
That's true.

DARBY  
And what if they associate me with  
the inquiry at Georgetown?

GRANTHAM  
We're talking about getting by a  
receptionist who doesn't have the  
least idea of anything that's  
going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY

Maybe we better think about this  
some more.

GRANTHAM

Okay. We'll think about it.

INT. NINTH FLOOR RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

The RECEPTIONIST sits before a wall with the name WHITE  
AND BLAZEVICH emblazoned in brass letters.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

DARBY

My name is Dorothy Blythe. I have  
a five o'clock appointment with  
Curtis Morgan.

The Receptionist looks stunned.

DARBY

Is something the matter?

RECEPTIONIST

Just a moment.

She stands quickly, and disappears in a rush.

Darby has a moment of terror, not sure if she should run  
and cut her losses.

A MAN of about fifty comes over to her, followed by the  
Receptionist.

MAN

You say you have an appointment  
with Curtis Morgan?

DARBY

Yes. At five.

MAN

(inching closer)

When did you make the appointment?

DARBY

About two weeks ago. I met Curtis  
at a party in Georgetown. He told  
me he as an oil and gas lawyer,  
and I happen to need one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The elevator door opens, and SCHWABE, a man in a cheap suit approaches quickly to join the conversation. Darby scowls at him.

SCHWABE  
Curtis Morgan is dead.

DARBY  
My God, he was such a young man!  
Why didn't anyone call me?

SCHWABE  
We have no record of an appointment  
with a Dorothy Blythe.

DARBY  
What happened to him?

SCHWABE  
He was mugged a week ago. Shot by  
street punks, we believe.

The guy in the cheap suit takes a step closer.

SCWABE  
Do you have any identification?

DARBY  
Who in the hell are you?

SCHWABE  
He's security.

DARBY  
Security for what? Is this a law  
firm or a prison?

SCHWABE  
Why don't you leave, Ms. Blythe?

DARBY  
I can't wait!

The security Man reaches to assist her.

MAN  
(reaching to  
assist her)

Here.

Darby slaps his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY

Touch me and I'll sue your ass  
first thing tomorrow morning.

The men are a bit shaken.

MAN

I'll see you down.

DARBY

I know how to leave.  
(stepping backward)  
I paid a half a million last year  
in legal fees.

She is now in the corner of the lobby.

DARBY

And I've got a million to pay  
next year, but you idiots won't  
get it.

The closer she gets to the elevator, the louder  
she yells.

The Security Man is at the elevator now, holding the  
door open for her. They watch her until the elevator  
door shuts on her and she is gone.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Darby runs out of the elevator and runs right into a  
big distinguished middle-aged man who is waiting to  
enter the elevator. The CAMERA SLAMS INTO his face as  
Darby hits him. Their eyes face right into each other.  
It is Sneller.

Darby, of course, has no idea who he is. And, at first,  
Sneller, in his surprise, has no idea who she is. He  
walks into the elevator. As the doors start to shut, it  
hits him. He runs out of the elevator.

SNELLER'S POV

Darby running to Gray's rented car. Gray, seeing her  
terror, STARTS the MOTOR. She jumps into the CAR and  
he's off. Gray SCREECHES to a stop at the exit and  
hands the attendant his ticket and a bill and races out.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - TWILIGHT

The CAR ROARS down the street, slows abruptly and whirls  
into an alley.



## DESERTED BACK ALLEY - TWILIGHT

The CAR comes to a SCREECHING halt. Darby jumps out and throws up against a wall.

Gray gets out of the car and goes over to her. She starts to sob uncontrollably.

He reaches out to take her in his arms. But lunging wildly, violently, she pushes, then kicks him away.

He stands there helplessly, as she continues sobbing.

## INT. DARBY'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Gray paces along the end of the bed, holding the phone. Darby is stretched out on the bed, her eyes closed.

SMITH KEEN (V.O.)

We ran a story about a young lawyer who was robbed and shot about a week ago. I'll check it out.

GRANTHAM

I need his wife's name and address, if we have it.

SMITH KEEN (V.O.)

I'll call you back. What's your number?

GRANTHAM

I'll call you.

He hangs up.

He goes over to the bed and sits down next to her.

GRANTHAM

Now look me in the face.

She looks at him. He's very serious.

GRANTHAM

It's time for you to leave.

DARBY

And if you need confirmation for the story?

GRANTHAM

I'm on my own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY

What's changed your mind?

GRANTHAM

I want you to reach 25, my love.

He picks up the phone and punches a number.

GRANTHAM

Sorry, that's the second time.

(into phone)

Smith, it's Gray.

SMITH KEEN (V.O.)

I've got the obit here. The usual unsolved mugging stuff. I got the widow's address from the guys who cover police. Priscilla Morgan, 225 Willow Road, Bethesda.

GRANTHAM

(writing)

225 Willow Road.

SMITH KEEN (V.O.)

Make sure you report in before noon tomorrow. We're nervous over here.

(beat)

You know, Grantham, good help is hard to find.

He hangs up.

DARBY

I'm going with you.

GRANTHAM

It's too risky, Darby. What if they're watching the house?

DARBY

It's a little late for you to bring up risks.

EXT. NEAT SUBURB (ALEXANDRIA) - MORGAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Gray with Darby. He rings the doorbell.

The door opens slightly.

OLDER MAN

(from behind the door)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANTHAM

I'm Gray Grantham with the Washington Post and this is my assistant, Sara Jacobs.

Darby smiles reassuringly.

GRANTHAM

We would like to speak with Mrs. Morgan.

OLDER MAN

I'm her father, and she doesn't want to talk.

GRANTHAM

Sir, I respect her privacy, and I know what she's been through.

OLDER MAN

Since when do you guys respect anyone's privacy?

GRANTHAM

Her husband called me three times before he died. I don't believe his death was a random killing by street punks.

OLDER MAN

My daughter doesn't want to talk. Now get the hell out of here.

He slams the door shut.

Gray takes a card out of his pocket. The number of his hotel and room number are on the back. He slips it underneath the door.

GRANTHAM

(through door)

If she changes her mind, the number's on the back. Ask for the room number. But please, don't ask for me by name.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gray is driving.

GRANTHAM

I'll try again tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She studies the obstinate, relentless determination of his face.

DARBY

And tomorrow.

GRANTHAM

And the tomorrow after that.

Silence.

GRANTHAM

We're only fifteen minutes from the airport. You can be out of here in an hour.

DARBY

Tomorrow.

INT. DARBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Darby lies in bed, staring at the ceiling.

DARBY (V.O.)

After I figure where to go.

INT. GRANTHAM'S ROOM - JEFFERSON HOTEL - NIGHT

Gray lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

GRANTHAM

Yes?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Mr. Grantham?

GRANTHAM

Yes.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(interrupting)

This is Mrs. Morgan.

GRANTHAM

(controlling his excitement)

I'm sorry if we upset you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. MORGAN (WOMAN) (V.O.)

My father is very protective. The reporters were awful after Curtis was killed.

GRANTHAM

Did you know he called me?

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)

No. What did he say to you?

GRANTHAM

He said he knew something about the assassinations of Justices Rosenberg and Jensen. We had planned to meet, but he called and said no. He was scared, and said he had to protect his family. Did you know any of this?

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)

No.

A look of bitter disappointment crosses Gray's face.

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)

How would he know anything about those dead judges?

GRANTHAM

Mrs. Morgan, I wish I knew. Where did he keep his valuable papers?

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)

We have a lockbox at the bank for deeds and wills and stuff. I looked at it last Thursday with my father, and there was nothing unusual in it. Then Saturday morning, I was going through his papers in his desk in the bedroom and I found something a bit unusual. A key.

GRANTHAM

A key to what?

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)

Another lockbox.

GRANTHAM

Which bank?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)  
First Columbia. We've never banked there.

GRANTHAM  
I see. And you knew nothing about this other lockbox?

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)  
Not until Saturday morning. I found all of our legal papers in the old lockbox, so I had no reason to check this one. I figured I'd run by when I felt up to it. On top of everything else, I'm battling flu.

GRANTHAM  
Would you like me to check it for you?

Silence.

GRANTHAM  
There could be a clue to who killed your husband.

Silence.

GRANTHAM  
Mrs. Morgan, we could be running out of time.

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)  
I would think they wouldn't give it to anybody but his wife. But my father said your partner is a woman.

GRANTHAM  
And totally trustworthy.

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)  
I would have one condition. If you find some thing that disparages my husband in any way, you can't use it.

GRANTHAM  
It's a deal. I swear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)

I think you should know that our bank froze our box as soon as they learned of Curtis' death, and that I was allowed only to view the contents and make an inventory. The box will be released to me only after the tax auditors finish their work.

GRANTHAM

Of course, you don't know whether or not First Columbia knows Curtis is dead.

MRS. MORGAN (V.O.)

I have no idea. Do you want the key?

GRANTHAM

Do you have it in your hand?

He gets up and starts to dress.

INT. MADISON HOTEL SUITE (WASHINGTON) - DAY

Sneller sits in a chair, his eyes kept at the view through the window.

SNELLER'S POV - WASHINGTON POST DIRECTLY ACROSS STREET - DAY

INT. BANK - DAY

Darby enters the revolving doors into a lobby as big as a football field.

DARBY

(to a young woman at  
the information desk)

Safe deposit boxes?

The girl points to a corner in the far right.

Darby gets up to a set of massive bronze doors. To the left, an important-looking lady of sixty sits behind a desk with the words SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES across its front.

DARBY

(to woman)

I need access to a box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN  
(turning to her  
computer keyboard)  
The number, please.

DARBY  
F566.

The Woman punches the number and waits for the words to flash on the screen. She frowns, and moves her face to within inches of it.

WOMAN  
That was rented two weeks ago.

DARBY  
Yes.

WOMAN  
I assume you're Mrs. Morgan.

DARBY  
Yes, Beverly Anne Morgan.

WOMAN  
And your address?

DARBY  
891 Pembroke, Alexandria.

She pecks again.

WOMAN  
Phone number?

DARBY  
706-664-5980.

WOMAN  
Who rented this box?

DARBY  
My husband, Curtis D. Morgan.

WOMAN  
And his social security number?

Darby casually opens her bag and pulls out her wallet.

DARBY  
(as if reading from  
a card inside the  
wallet)  
510-96-8686.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The Woman places a wide card on a small clipboard on the desk, and points at it.

WOMAN

Sign here, Mrs. Morgan.

Darby signs on the second slot. The Woman glances at the signature.

WOMAN

Do you have your key?

DARBY

Of course.

The Woman takes a small box from the drawer, and walks around the desk.

WOMAN

Follow me.

They go through the bronze doors.

INT. VAULT - DAY

The vault is a maze of hallways and small chambers. Two men in uniform walk by. Darby follows the Woman into one of the rooms.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - DAY

The Woman goes over to F566 and sticks in the key. Darby inserts her key next to the other one. The Woman turns both keys, and slides the box two inches from its slot. She removes the bank key.

WOMAN

(pointing to a small booth)

When you finish, lock it back in place and come to my desk.

DARBY

Thanks.

The Woman leaves.

Darby slides the box from the wall.

INSERT - BOX

Inside there are two items; a thin, brown legal-sized envelope and an unmarked videotape.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

She stuffs the envelope and videotape in her shoulder bag, slides the box back into its slot, and leaves the room.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Darby opens the door to the car and gets in.

INT. CAR - DAY

He STARTS the CAR and speeds away.

She takes the envelope out of her purse and opens it. She pulls out a document.

DARBY

(studying the document)

It's a four page affidavit, sworn to under oath before a notary public... It's dated Friday.

GRANTHAM

The day before his last phone call to me.

DARBY

He's worked at White and Blazeovich in the oil and gas section for five years. During that time, he worked for a client who was engaged in a huge lawsuit in south Louisiana. The client was a man named Victor Mattiece.

Darby looks at Gray. She doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

GRANTHAM

Keep going.

DARBY

(scanning the document)

Whom he'd never met... Lots about the lawsuit and how much it meant to Mattiece. How desperate he was to win it.

GRANTHAM

It's as if you wrote it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARBY:

A partner named F. Sims Wakefield, supervised the case for W. & B. Morgan worked on the periphery of the case.

BRAKES SQUEAL LOUDLY, and they brace for the impact. A car barely misses them.

GRANTHAM

Keep reading.

Gray yanks the gearshift into drive, and pulls the right front wheel over the curb and onto the sidewalk.

DARBY

He took a bunch of files and documents that Wakefield left on his desk for him. Not related to the case. When he got back to his own office, he found a handwritten memo on the bottom of the stack of documents. He had inadvertently taken it from Wakefield's desk. A copy of the memo is attached to the affidavit.

(examining the documents)

He made a copy of the memo...

EXT. WASHINGTON POST BUILDING - HIGH ANGLE - DAY  
of Gray and Darby walking into the building.

DARBY (V.O.)

And placed the original in the same position under the files on his desk.

ROOM WINDOW IN MADISON HOTEL ACROSS STREET - DAY

Sneller observing them through binoculars. He puts them down and goes to the phone.

INSERT - CLOSE SHOT - VIDEO CASSETTE

that was in the envelope, now PLAYING on a VCR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURTIS MORGAN (V.O.)

I would swear I'd never seen it.  
The memo was from M. Velmano, a  
senior partner. It was dated  
September 28, directed to  
Wakefield, and read:

CAMERA PANS OVER TO TV screen next to the VCR.

It FILLS the THEATER SCREEN. We see Morgan talking.

CURTIS MORGAN (V.O.)

(reading from the  
memo)

Sims:

Advise client, research is  
complete and the bench will  
sit much softer if the old man  
is retired. The second retirement  
is a bit unusual. Jensen, of all  
people. Advise further that the  
pelican should arrive here in  
four years, assuming other factors.

INT. WASHINGTON POST CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Gray and Darby are watching the tape, surrounded by the  
top editors of the paper.

CURTIS MORGAN (V.O.)

There was no signature.

GRANTHAM AND EDITORS' POV OF TV MONITOR - DAY

CURTIS MORGAN (V.O.)

After I copied it, I folded my  
copy of the memo and placed it  
in a desk drawer. Ten minutes  
later, Wakefield stormed into  
my office, very disturbed and  
pale. He scratched around my  
desk, and found the memo. He  
asked if I had read it. No, I  
insisted. 'Evidently, I  
mistakenly picked it up when I  
left your office,' I explained.  
'I had no idea until you just  
reached for it that it was there.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURTIS MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

Then Justices Rosenberg and Jensen were killed. There is no doubt in my mind it was the work of Mattiace and his associates. The memo does not mention Mattiace, but it refers to a 'client.' Wakefield had no other clients. And no one client had as much to gain from a new court as Mattiace. I don't know who will see this tape. I'll be dead, so it won't really matter, I guess. But if the sleazy lawyers are watching this tape, then you can all go straight to hell.

INT. WASHINGTON POST - CONFERENCE ROOM

Gray, Darby and the editors.

The tape is over.

Silence.

SMITH KEEN

(to Darby)

How does it feel to bat a thousand?

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY

Darby looks at Smith. A good man, a bright man, a shrewd man, who has absolutely no idea of what she's feeling.

INT. HOOVER BUILDING (WASHINGTON) - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Voyles is on the phone. At the same time, he is going over papers.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

Mr. Voyles, this is Gray Grantham of The Washington Post. We're running a story in the morning detailing a conspiracy in the assassinations of Rosenberg and Jensen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Voyles looks up from his papers.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

We're naming Victor Mattiece, an oil speculator, and two of his lawyers here in town. We believe the F.B.I. knew about Mattiece early on, but refused to investigate at the urging of the White House. We wanted to give you guys a chance to comment.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - COAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Coal is on the phone.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

Are you familiar with the Pelican Brief?

COAL

(slowly into phone)

I am.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

We're running a story which, in summary, verifies the facts set forth in that Brief. And we have confirmed that Mr. Mattiece contributed in excess of four million dollars to the President's campaign three years ago.

COAL

Four million, two hundred thousand, all through legal channels.

GRANTHAM (V.O.)

We also believe the White House intervened and attempted to obstruct the F.B.I. investigation into Mr. Mattiece, and we wanted your comment, if any.

COAL

The White House emphatically denies any direct or indirect involvement in any aspect of this investigation. You have received some bad information.

Sound of ELEVATOR DOOR OPENING over a stunned Coal.

INT. LOBBY OF WASHINGTON POST NEWS ROOM - CLOSE SHOT -  
ELEVATOR - EVENING

Voyles with K.O. Lewis and two agents in tow. They exit the elevator.

INT. NEWSROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DARBY AND GRANTHAM - EVENING

Gray is on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

White and Blazeovich.

GRANTHAM

Marty Velmano's office, please.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Mr. Velmano's office.

GRANTHAM

This is Gray Grantham with the Washington Post, and I need to speak to him. It's very urgent.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

One moment, please.

The noisy, busy newsroom suddenly goes silent. Darby and Gray look up.

DARBY AND GRANTHAM'S POV - WIDE ANGLE - NEWSROOM - EVENING

Voyles and his entourage, in a historic moment, cross the newsroom to Smith Keen's office. People stop what they're doing to gape. It is as if Voyles and his entourage are walking through a still photograph.

INT. SMITH KEEN'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Smith and the editors with Voyles and his entourage.

SMITH KEEN

(handing Voyles a  
copy of the draft)

Why don't you and Mr. Lewis read a draft of the story. Mr. Grantham, wants you to have the opportunity to comment.

INT. WASHINGTON NEWSROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DARBY AND GRANTHAM

Gray is still holding the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VELMANO (V.O.)

This is Marty Velmano. What's going on?

GRANTHAM

We're running a story in the morning about your client, Victor Mattiece, and his involvement in the assassinations of Justices Rosenberg and Jensen.

He holds the phone so Darby can hear.

VELMANO (V.O.)

Great! We'll sue your ass for the next twenty years! You'll be named as a defendant. This will be great! Victor Mattiece will own the Washington Post! This is fabulous!

GRANTHAM

I don't know if you've heard of the Pelican Brief. We have a copy. We also have a copy of a memo you sent to Sims Wakefield, dated September 28, in which you suggest your client's position will be greatly improved if Rosenberg and Jensen are removed from the court.

VELMANO (V.O.)

I notice you've waited until five o'clock. An hour earlier, and we could've run to court and stopped this damned thing.

GRANTHAM

Do you deny you wrote the memo?

VELMANO (V.O.)

It's a fabrication.

GRANTHAM

There's no lawsuit, Mr. Velmano, and I think you know it.

VELMANO (V.O.)

You son of a bitch.

The PHONES CLICK. They are listening to a DIAL TONE.

Smith Keen walks over to Gray's desk.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SMITH KEEN.

I'd like the two of you in the office with Voyles.

INT. SMITH KEEN'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Smith, Gray and Darby enter.

SMITH KEEN

This is Darby Shaw.

VOYLES

So you're the little lady who started this great brouhaha.

DARBY

You're confusing me with a friend of the President.

VOYLES

I have some comments for the record.

INT. COAL'S OFFICE - EVENING

His assistant enters. Coal motions him to shut the door.

VOYLES (V.O.)

First, we received a copy of the Pelican Brief two weeks ago, and submitted it to the White House on the same day.

Coal goes over to the assistant. Both their BACKS ARE TO THE CAMERA when Coal speaks. We do not hear what they're saying.

VOYLES (V.O.)

But it was not considered high priority in the investigation until Mr. Gavin Verheek, Special Counsel to The Director, was found murdered in New Orleans.

The CAMERA COMES AROUND TO Coal's and the assistant's faces. It is as if the assistant has been whiplashed.

VOYLES (V.O.)

At that time, the F.B.I. immediately began a full-scale investigation of Victor Mattiace.

The assistant leaves the office, followed by Coal.

## INT. COAL'S OUTER OFFICE - EVENING

He says something to his secretary and exits.

VOYLES (V.O.)

At this time we are attempting  
to locate him.

## INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - EVENING

Coal walks quickly through it. In the b.g., we see the  
assistant walking just as purposefully in the opposite  
direction.

INT. WASHINGTON POST - SMITH KEEN'S OFFICE - EVENING

GRANTHAM

Did the White House interfere  
with your investigation of  
Mattiece?

VOYLES

I'll discuss it off the record.  
Agreed?

SMITH

Agreed.

## INT. WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION ROOM - EVENING

The President is in the midst of a staged photo op with  
a foreign dignitary.

VOYLES (V.O.)

Last Wednesday, the President  
asked me to ignore Victor  
Mattiece as a suspect.

The President and the foreign dignitary beam at each  
other as flash bulbs go off and TV cameras roll.

VOYLES (V.O.)

In his words, he asked me to  
back off.

INT. WASHINGTON POST - SMITH KEEN'S OFFICE - EVENING

VOYLES

I have a tape, which I will not  
allow anyone to hear unless the  
President first denies this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMITH KEEN

What do you do now?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - RECEPTION ROOM - EVENING

Coal, standing behind the reporters and photographers. His face reveals nothing as he waits for the President to finish.

VOYLES (V.O.)

There'll be a grand jury by noon tomorrow. Quick indictment.

COAL'S POV - PRESIDENT

as he rises, shakes the foreign dignitary's hand and his press spokesman dismisses the reporters.

VOYLES (V.O.)

We'll try to find Mattiece.

BACK TO SCENE

Coal comes up to the President. The President introduces him to the foreign dignitary. Coal shakes his hand and beams appropriately. He whispers something to the President, who nods, but otherwise shows no change in mood. Coal exits.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OUTSIDE OVAL OFFICE - EVENING

We are looking THROUGH a window INTO the lighted office. Coal is pacing up and down. The President comes in and shuts the door. He goes over to Coal. We see, but can not hear, as Coal tells the President the terrible news.

INT. KEEN'S OFFICE - EVENING

VOYLES

I'd like to spend a few minutes alone with Ms. Shaw. That is, if she doesn't mind.

DARBY

I'd like Mr. Grantham to stay.

The editors and Voyles' entourage leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOYLES

What's next for you?

DARBY

Who killed the man who masqueraded as Gavin Verheek?

VOYLES

You mean the assassin, Khamel. Off the record, the man who killed Khamel is a contract operative hired independently by the C.I.A.

DARBY

(quietly)

Rupert.

VOYLES

He's probably got twenty names.

GRANTHAM

Why was he following her?

VOYLES

I think the Brief initially scared Gminski more than the rest of us. He probably sent Rupert to trail Darby, in part to watch, and in part to protect.

GRANTHAM

She was followed to New York, and she's convinced they're here.

DARBY

They're out there. And they're not all C.I.A.

VOYLES

We can help. What do you want?

DARBY

I want to leave the country, but when I do, I want to make damned sure no one follows. Not you, not them, not Rupert nor any of his pals.

VOYLES

Alright. We'll get you out of the building, we'll put you on my plane and fly you anywhere you want.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOYLES (CONT'D)

You can disappear from there. You have my word we will not follow. But you must allow me to contact you through Mr. Grantham here if, and only if, it becomes urgently necessary.

DARBY

Let's do it like this. I get on the plane, and it's headed for Denver. And no one is on it but me, Gray, and the pilots. And thirty minutes after we take off, I instruct the pilot to go to, let's say, Chicago. Can he do that?

VOYLES

He has to file a flight plan before he leaves.

DARBY

You're the director of the F.B.I., and you can pull some strings.

VOYLES

What happens when you get to Chicago?

DARBY

I get off the plane alone, and it returns to Andrews with Gray.

VOYLES

And what do you do in Chicago?

DARBY

I get lost in a busy airport, and catch the first flight out.

VOYLES

When do you wish to leave?

She looks at Gray.

DARBY

(to Voyles)

I'm ready now.

EXT. WASHINGTON POST - NIGHT

Seen from a HIGH VANTAGE POINT ACROSS the street.

Darby and Gray emerge from the building, surrounded by six armed FBI men using their bodies as shields.

INT. MADISON HOTEL ROOM ACROSS STREET - NIGHT

Sneller, at the window, reaches for his binoculars.

EXT. WASHINGTON POST - SNELLER'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS -  
- NIGHT

Darby and Gray, surrounded by the six FBI men. The binoculars SWING OVER TO other FBI men, guns at the ready, keeping their eyes on all the tall buildings facing the Washington Post and its parking lot.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT

A lone man crouches at the ledge, his rifle next to him. He picks up binoculars and looks through them.

ASSASSIN'S POV THROUGH GUNSIGHT - NIGHT

Darby and Gray walking towards the parking lot, surrounded by the FBI men.

The IMAGE SWINGS BACK TO the Washington Post and UP, as the assassin SWINGS his binoculars AWAY before putting them down. The binoculars PASS THROUGH them so fast that we barely see the images of men on the roof of the Washington Post.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT

The assassin reaches for the high-powered rifle next to him, but stops before completing the motion. He reaches for his binoculars again and looks through them, aiming at the roof of the Washington Post.

ASSASSIN'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - NIGHT

On the roof of the Washington Post, looking back at him with a high-powered infra red camera, taking his picture with a long focus lens -- is one FBI man. Next to him is another with his gun pointed at him.

EXT. WASHINGTON POST PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Darby and Gray get into the van with the six FBI men.

The van moves out into traffic and away.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Voyles watches as Darby and Gray are escorted to the FBI plane.

EXT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - NIGHT

As the FBI plane lands.

A special van comes up to it.

The door opens. Darby steps out. Gray appears in back of her.

He starts to follow her down the steps, but she stops him.

CLOSE SHOT - GRANTHAM

watching her.

EXT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - GRAY'S POV - NIGHT

Darby gets into a van. The van drives off towards the terminal.

CLOSE SHOT - GRANTHAM

devastated at seeing her go.

BACK TO SCENE

He gets back into the plane. The door shuts behind him.

INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - NIGHT

CAMERA CLOSELY FOLLOWS Darby in the crowd, then RISES HIGH ABOVE, as she is lost in the sea of people hurrying to their destinations.

EXT. COAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Voyles' limo drives up. Voyles and two agents jump from the rear of the car and walk to the front door. Voyles holds a newspaper. He bangs the door with his fist.

The door opens. Coal stands there in pajamas and a robe.

Voyles hands him the newspaper.

INSERT - WASHINGTON POST - FRONT PAGE - NIGHT

A picture of the President hugging Mattiece underneath an enormous headline: "SUPREME COURT ASSASSINATION PLOT REVEALED. POSSIBLE OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE."

INSERT - FOUR TELEVISION MONITORS - DAY

The screen is divided into four boxes, the screens of FOUR TELEVISION MONITORS.

They contain images from the morning news shows, jumping from the White House to the Supreme Court, from White & Blazeovich, to the Hoover Building. The sound jumps from one to the other and back again as an unseen person switches back and forth.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President and Coal watch the debacle.

EXT. ENDLESS SEA

Unlike the sea that delivered Khamel, this one is warm and sunny, sensual, inviting.

CAMERA does a ONE HUNDRED-EIGHT DEGREE PAN, REVEALING a pristine beach, a tiny cottage above, and finally Darby, laying on the sands, eyes closed. From the richness of her tan, she could almost be a native.

A dark shadow moves over her.

She opens her eyes in fear.

DARBY'S POV - GRANTHAM - DAY

still in the clothes he must have traveled in.

CLOSE SHOT - DARBY - DAY

Her fear turns into happiness.

Her arms reach up to him.

FADE OUT.

THE END



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SCRIPT PROCESSING DEPARTMENT  
(818) 954-4632