

FELT'S WAR

(A.K.A. DEEP THROAT)

by

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Based on the life of Mark Felt, and inspired by the book, 'A G-Man's Life', by Mark Felt and John O'Connor

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OVER BLACK

TITLE: THE FOLLOWING IS A TRUE STORY.

FADE IN:

AN ALARM CLOCK BEEPING. 5.15 a.m. A hand enters frame, shuts it.

CUT TO:

HANDS IN A MIRROR making small adjustments to a tie knot.

CUT TO:

THE HANDS laying a dress on a bed, across the feet of a woman still asleep.

CUT TO:

HOT WATER BEING POURED into a cup of Folger's instant. We're in an immaculate kitchen, circa early-70's.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING GROOM. Antiseptic and silent. Legions of obsessively aligned tschotchké, herds of glass elephants; couch and chairs shrink-wrapped in plastic.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - FAIRFAX, VA. - DAWN

A subdivision of modest but proudly pristine split-level lookalikes. Bikes and strollers and a sedan in every driveway. This is the pierced heart of middle America.

One garage slides up this early. MARK FELT (early 50's) ambles out of it to the curb, trash in one hand, Folger's in the other. In his perfect black suit, that tie, brimmed hat, he moves even just with this with a kind of imperious grace.

Felt takes a minute to sip his coffee, watch the sky brighten, wait for the PAPERBOY to hook-shot the paper onto the lawn:

TITLE: MAY 2, 1972

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC. - MORNING - FELT'S CHRYSLER (MOVING) -
AERIAL SHOT

Crossing the Potomac ... past the Capitol ... the White House
... turning into the monolithic FBI HQ at 10th and
Pennsylvania.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - FBI HQ - DAY - FELT

Rising alone, second man in. We're CLOSE IN in on his eyes, which have a rare and practiced hyper-awareness, capturing the smallest details like a camera ... the floor numbers tick-tocking up ... a streak of grease next to the button pad left by the cleaners ... a speck of dust on his shoe.

CUT TO:

FELT STRIDING DOWN A GRAND DECO HALLWAY lined with WPA murals and endless offices, deserted.

And into his suite.

FELT
Good morning.

CAROL TSCHUDY, 35 and nun-like, takes Felt's coat and hat.

FELT (cont'd)
Is he in?

CAROL TSCHUDY
Not yet, Mr. Felt.

Felt glances at his watch, surprised.

The desk is immaculate. Felt unholsters his .32, puts it in a drawer. Carol trails with a stack of folders stamped "Classified".

Two FBI MEN enter: CHARLIE BATES, 40, Felt's right-hand man, brow knitted; and JOHN MOHR, 62, an enormously thoughtful-looking and respected man.

FELT
What is it?

MOHR
He's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELT
I don't understand.

BATES
The housekeeper found Mr. Hoover on
the floor.

Felt looks sharply at Mohr.

MOHR
Stroke.

O.S. we hear Carol at her desk starting to cry.

Felt rises.

BATES
Everything's in motion.

FELT
No mistakes, gentlemen. Not one.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FBI HQ - DAY

Felt supervises SECRETARIES shuttling file boxes from
Hoover's office across the hall to Felt's. Bates and another
Agent we'll come to know as FRANK READ keep the halls clear.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS ELSEWHERE IN FBI HQ: files, films and
recordings being pulled, shredded and shoved in burn bags.

OVER all this we hear Nixon's address to the nation:

NIXON (OVER)
(radio address)
All Americans today mourn the death
of J. Edgar Hoover. His greatness
will remain inseparable from the
greatness of the organization he
created and gave his whole life to
building, the Federal Bureau of
Investigation.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

NIXON (OVER) (cont'd)
He made the FBI the finest law
enforcement agency on the earth,
the invincible and incorruptible
defender of every American's
precious right to be free from
fear.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - FBI HQ - SIMULTANEOUS

A MAN busts into the now awoken HQ: small, balding and
accountant-like. This is L. PATRICK GRAY, 56. He's trailed by
a CLIPBOARD-HUGGING MINION.

WE FOLLOW THEM as they navigate maze-like hallways bustling
with prim SECRETARIES and sober AGENTS, stacks and stacks of
files and papers on the move. Past the hushed Kafkaesque
bureaucratic constipation.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FBI HQ - SIMULTANEOUS

The last box on the move. IN TIGHT: discretely labeled
"PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL".

Felt marks the time with his watch.

FELT
How many is that, Mrs. Tschudy?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HQ - SIMULTANEOUS - GRAY

Dead-ending, lost, doubling back. No one's offering
directions. Gray's fuming.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Gray and coterie finally show up.

ANGLE - FELT AND MOHR

Waiting shoulder to shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY
(clears his throat)
Good to see you again, Felt. This
must be a very complicated morning.

FELT
(introducing him to Mohr)
The Assistant Attorney General.

GRAY
Pat Gray.

FELT
Mr. Mohr is making the funeral
arrangements.

GRAY
The Attorney General has a few
suggestions about seating and
protocol.

MOHR
The funeral is being handled by the
FBI.

Gray simply turns to Felt.

GRAY
The Attorney General will sit
beside the Vice President and Mrs.
Agnew.

FELT
Being handled by the FBI in its own
way, Mr. Gray.

Beat of silence. This is awkward. Gray clears his throat -
his tic.

GRAY
(carefully)
The President and Attorney General
have instructed me on Mr. Hoover's
secret files. I'm here to take
possession and bring them to the
White House.

MOHR
(flat; without inflection)
There are no secret files.

CONTINUED:

Gray looks to Felt for help. Felt does not move or reply, but just levels at him a stare we will come to know well: a poker-faced imperious silence that means 'I don't know' and 'I'm not going to tell you', both and neither.

CUT TO:

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE - FBI - DAY

Empty, hushed, chapel-like. PUSH IN ON the legendary desk sitting there famously raised on its three-inch platform/throne. Behind it hangs Dillinger's death mask, hundreds of letters of gratitude and commendations from the world's kings, presidents and universities.

ANGLE - FELT

Shuts the door. Alone.

For a long beat he just stands right there, looking across the room at the desk with the trepidation of a boy trespassing his father's sanctuary.

Then he permits himself the unthinkable: he sits in The Chair.

Closes his eyes to savor the moment.

OVER THIS - OUR MAIN TITLE:

FELT'S WAR

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL ROTUNDA - WASHINGTON - DAY

Under the cavernous dome, Hoover's flag-draped casket is surrounded by the members of the SUPREME COURT, CONGRESS and NIXON'S CABINET.

Behind it all, apart, stand the twelve Assistant Directors of the FBI. The grieving immediate family.

No dirges or drums, just a long Quakerish silence.

CAMERA FINDS FELT

In the FBI line. PUSH IN ON HIM. His eyes are locked on A FACE IN THE CROWD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVERSE POV on a man we'll come to know as BILL SULLIVAN, 50. Short and unkempt, his suit not black but blue. Eyes lively, a twinkle.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPITOL - DAY

It's raining. A sea of umbrellas slides down the steps to waiting limos. Across the street a NATIONAL GUARD scrimmage line keeps back a thin crowd of PROTESTERS, mostly stoned cliches screaming cliches, "Fuck Nixon!" "Hoover = Fascist R.I.P."

ANGLE - FELT AND BATES

Jogging for the limos *sans* umbrellas.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Mark!

Bates peels off. Sullivan bounds over.

SULLIVAN (cont'd)
(offers his umbrella)
Share mine.

They're practically arm in arm. Rain popping hard overhead.

SULLIVAN (cont'd)
Forty-eight years in the Bureau for
the old man. Imagine that. You
know, I think I'm the one who
recommended you to him for your
first big promotion.

FELT
You know you were.

SULLIVAN
(glib)
That's right. Mark Felt doesn't
forget. That's why everyone likes
you. Hell, I even like you, and I
don't like anybody.

FELT
What do you want, Bill?

SULLIVAN
You didn't let me keep my badge.

CONTINUED:

FELT

At least it wasn't a gold watch and a handshake.

SULLIVAN

No, you just change the locks on the doors.

FELT

(low)

Bill, it wasn't complicated. You wanted wiretaps in every chicken in every pot in every living room with every TV dinner. And we already had a boss.

SULLIVAN

So now here we are. The king is dead. Long live the king. You the boss now?

FELT

You're the President's new best friend. You tell me.

Sullivan tips his head back for a better view.

SULLIVAN

Really? You wanna know what everyone thinks of you, Mark?

FELT

Not especially.

SULLIVAN

Competent, reliable, loyal.

FELT

So what's wrong with that?

SULLIVAN

Nothing - if you're a Golden Retriever.

(then)

Now you're all alone holding the end of your own leash.

They stop. Inches apart.

FELT

You're a Judas, Bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SULLIVAN
I'm not Judas, Mark. And you're not
Jesus Christ.

Felt turns and walks into the rain.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S HOUSE - FAIRFAX, VA. - EVENING

Felt enters. Trenchcoat, briefcase. He shakes off the rain, finger-combs his hair.

AUDREY (O.S.)
There he is!

Felt transforms at the sight of his swishy wife. AUDREY is 40, starkly beautiful in a frail crystal kind of way, too much makeup, clothes too expensive, not a hair awry. She's already somewhat sauced.

Felt kisses her. A real sexy kiss - this surprises us.

AUDREY (cont'd)
Good boy.

He takes her drink and thirstily tips back half--

AUDREY (cont'd)
(leading him by the hand)
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you
the chief dragon slayer and maybe-
soon-to-be-perhaps-new Director-in-
waiting of the FBI--

To waiting guests: their neighbors, BEA and FRANK READ, late 30's. (We remember Frank. He's the FBI Agent keeping the halls clear.) They've been drinking for an hour.

FELT
A technicolor imagination, my wife.

BEA READ
(throaty and sexy)
Bullshit, Mark. You're a better man
than all those switchblade
assassins!

Bea fake-gasps, covers her mouth.

CONTINUED:

FRANK READ

I remember last year Mr. Hoover
sent Mark to the Oval Office to
roust out the homos--

AUDREY

(laughing, takes the
stage)

Ha ha, right, and the Attorney
General's saying

(her best - and fairly
good - drawly John
Mitchell)

You're a politician, aren't you
Felt?

(her best - and very good -
Felt)

No, Mr. Mitchell, I'm a law man.

BEA READ

Such a bore, Mark!

AUDREY

And then the President says
(her best - and extremely
good - Nixon)

Just two kinds of people in
politics, Felt, winners and losers.
I knew a loser once and he was a
queer. Mark Felt's no queer.
Gentlemen, Mark Felt is not a
loser.

They're almost falling off their chairs laughing. Felt's
beaming at Audrey, nuts about her.

AUDREY (cont'd)

(her proud self)

And then it was Mr. Haldeman who
said it, wasn't it, dear? He said
they were just talking about how
Mark would make a terrific FBI
Director some day.

(toasts)

So, there we are, darling. Here's
to you.

FELT

(spins around)

Now where's that birthday daughter
of mine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - JOAN FELT

On the stairs. 22 and stunning, but at this moment decorated like Christmas Barbie: dyed blonde, falsies, fake lashes, ridiculous clothes.

Audrey claps madly, holds up an old photo: before and after.
The old Joan was naturally lovely.

Felt and Bea exchange a sad look. Bea goes to Joan and puts an arm around her.

BEA READ FELT
Your mother loves you to (to Audrey)
death-- She looks beautiful, baby.

CUT TO:

SAME - LATER

The living room smoggy with cigarette smoke, furniture cleared. 'Bolero' blares from the phonograph. Felt and Audrey and the Reads tango from one end to the other. Felt is graceful and commanding, Audrey sexy and liquid. He can't take his eyes off her.

They switch partners. Bea falls into Felt's arms, not-so-secretly in love with the Superhero. Audrey hangs on Frank. They're both very drunk. Rapture - sort of.

Joan comes down the stairs. She hates rapture.

JOAN

No one can possibly hear. She RIPS the needle off the LP.

JOAN (cont'd)
There's something I want to tell
you!

FELT
Babydoll, what?

CONTINUED:

JOAN

There's an actor's repertory that
wants me to join.

(after a confused pause)
They say I'm very talented.

AUDREY

(clucks)

How the hell would they know--?

And regrets it the second she says it.

FELT

Why don't we discuss this later.

JOAN

(drops the bomb)
It's in Chile. Santiago.
(stunned silence; defiant)
I'm going to become an actress.

AUDREY

Oh.

Joan looks to Felt for a lifeline. He's her sun and moon.

FELT

(grim)
I don't need to tell you what's
going on down there. It's civil
war. The Communists--

JOAN

You're agreeing with her?

But this is the test: wife or daughter.

FELT

(his signature line)
What do you believe in, Joan? Why
are you really here?

JOAN

(mimics him)

Make your life a vector, a line
with force and direction.

(then; herself)
Christ, dad. Wake up. Welcome to
the real world. But guess what?
You're not going to like it.

CONTINUED:

And she storms out.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - FELT HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Audrey submerged in a bubble bath. Catatonic and upset. Felt sits at the edge of the tub massaging her feet, painting her toe-nails. Expert at this, among other things, now--

CUT TO:

FELT AND AUDREY MAKING LOVE. He is a feverish lover, knows her body and loves her body. Underneath him, she clings beyond pleasure, as though afraid she'll plunge.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FELT HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Felt in his robe at Joan's door.

ANGLE - JOAN

Sleeping, angelic, his baby.

WE HEAR (PRE-LAP) ICE CUBES in a glass. Liquid poured over them.

CUT TO:

EFREM ZIMBALIST JR. AS INSPECTOR ERSKINE frozen in a gunslinger's crouch.

PULL BACK to REVEAL it's a poster on a wall, the kitsche-perfect G-Man in the "The FBI".

PAN RIGHT to a second poster: a 25-ish Mark Felt as same: hat cocked, stagy G-Man gun crouch.

PAN DOWN to our Felt now fixing himself a drink, we're in his den. Alone and in deep contemplation as we

CUT TO BLACK

AND UP TO

INSPECTOR ERSKINE IN MOTION THIS TIME. We're watching a TV clip. He's slinging a Dillinger-type to justice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Credits roll. "Brought to you by Ford Motor Company."

LIGHTS UP - WIDE - FBI PROJECTION ROOM

ANGLE - FELT

Standing at the back.

FELT

(to a TV PRODUCER)

The arrest scene. Bring it down a notch. The FBI is firm but fair, Mr. Levine.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

CAROL TSCHUDY

(intercom)

I have the Attorney General, Mr. Felt

Felt looks at the phone, waits a beat, a breath, picks up.

FELT

(into phone)

Dick.

(we only hear Felt's end of things)

Uh huh, thank you.

NOW FELT'S FACE FILLS THE ENTIRE SCREEN. Listening intensely. His eyes make a subtle shift, not more than the dilation of pupils. They go neutral, almost cold.

FELT (cont'd)

I understand absolutely.

STAY ON Felt's face. But pulling back we see it's now a mirror reflection.

We're in the HQ executive washroom. Felt is wetting down a fly-away lock of hair. Everything under control and in its place.

ANGLE - BATES

Enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATES
(grim)
Mark. The Director is waiting.

CUT TO:

A HUDDLE OF MEN

hovering outside Hoover's locked old office. Self-consciously immobile, outsiders.

ANGLE - FELT & BATES

Approaching fast, all business.

BACK TO THE HUDDLE

As the NEW DIRECTOR turns: PAT GRAY.

GRAY
Finally, a friendly face.

Gray clears his throat. His assistants scatter.

GRAY (cont'd)
I'll be candid with you, Mark. It's not my nature to be suspicious, which makes me a strange choice to be Director of the FBI. Am I right?

FELT
(the Good Soldier)
You're the right man for the job.
Am I right, Mr. Bates?

Bates sort of nods, a little grunt.

GRAY
I'm also discrete. I know the Bureau has plenty of closets and plenty of skeletons.

He waits for Felt to respond. Felt's face doesn't move a muscle, as though Gray hasn't uttered sound.

GRAY (cont'd)
And I'm good at keeping doors shut.

Felt and Bates still just look at him.

CONTINUED:

GRAY (cont'd)
(awkward)

Well, I'm aware of your reputation, Mark. Just keep running things the way you're doing.

Felt nods at Bates. Bates moves toward Hoover's office with a key.

FELT
Ready, Pat?

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Bill Sullivan with Nixon and JOHN DEAN, 33, the boyish, Special Counsel to the President:

NIXON
I always wanted a way of bringing together domestic intelligence. CIA, FBI ... problem is I'm here four goddamn years and they've been sitting there for decades staring down at the White House with their sanctimonious horse shit and secrets and goddamn agendas ... I needed something that answers directly to the Oval Office

SULLIVAN
Thank you, Mr. President.

DEAN
After the re-election we're going to clean house at the FBI, Bill. Put in our own people.

SULLIVAN
What about Gray, sir?

DEAN
Purely an interim appointment, to keep the FBI out of politics until after November. We don't want to look too ambitious.

NIXON
Now you, Bill, what do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

Mr. President, Bill wants to get back into the FBI.

NIXON

Well, that's easy.

DEAN

He wants to run it, Mr. President.

NIXON

For me? My way?

SULLIVAN

I would run the FBI the way it should be run, Mr. President.

NIXON

(gratified, puts his arm around Sullivan)

Bill, did you know I wanted to be a G-Man?

SULLIVAN

No, sir, I did not.

(of course he did)

NIXON

Yessir. Applied to the FBI in 1937. Twenty-four years old. Hoover wrote me personally what a damn fine candidate I was, damn fine, but budget cuts, and, well, the FBI couldn't afford me. How about that for a lesson in fate?

CUT TO:

INT. FELT HOME - LATE NIGHT - FELT

Fixing himself a drink at the bar.

Sees light on in his office. Goes in.

ANGLE - HIS DESK

Is illuminated by spotlights, raised on a three-inch platform, like Hoover's. New name plate: "Director".

AUDREY (O.S.)

It was supposed to be you.

CONTINUED:

Audrey embraces him from behind.

AUDREY (cont'd)

Just remember what Mr. Hoover told me the last time I saw him, one of the reasons why he liked you so much. He said it was because you and he had the same enemies. He was right. You do.

CUT TO:

FELT CLIMBING INTO BED, kisses Audrey. Shuts the light.

The moon is big in the window, bathing them in blue light.

AUDREY (cont'd)

(staring up at the moon)

The distance between a Number One Man and a Number Two is the same as from here to up there. All that bright light up there ... all this dark nothing down here.

FELT

(sober, vulnerable)

Maybe I don't really want it.

AUDREY

Ugly, ugly men, Mark. That's not you. You're good.

(pause)

Well, no one will remember you now.

FADE TO BLACK.

WE HEAR A PHONE RINGING. Two rings, three...

SNAP. Light comes on. Felt blinks himself awake. Alarm clock reads 5 a.m.

TITLE: JUNE 17, 1972

FELT

(into phone)

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (OVER)
(phone filter)
This is getting complicated. You
better come down.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 723 HOWARD JOHNSON'S HOTEL - WASHINGTON - MORNING
FBI TECHNICIANS in rubber gloves dust for prints.

CAMERA PANS over evidence of a long stake-out and nest for electronic surveillance: listening equipment, ear phones, reel-to-reel tape ... yellow pads filled with time sequences and scribbled conversations.

ANGLE - FELT

Alone and contemplative at the window. He's wearing surgical gloves.

We FOLLOW HIS GAZE to the windows of the building directly across the street, where another half-dozen FBI technicians are dusting for prints, bagging evidence.

ANGLE - DOOR - BATES

Enters snapping on gloves. With him is ROBERT KUNKEL, SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE of the Washington Field Office (i.e. 'captain' of local FBI)

FELT
So our guy has a straight shot across the street into the Dems' offices in the Watergate. He checks in six weeks ago. Who is he, gentlemen?

KUNKEL
Took us all of thirty minutes.
Name's Alfred Baldwin.

BATES
He says he was more than just a look-out.

FELT
No kidding.

CONTINUED:

KUNKEL

Says he had specific instructions to listen for girlie stuff. He said Democrats are having a lot of trouble with their wives.

BATES

Just Democrats?

FELT

He say where he got his instructions?

BATES

Mr. Felt.

(Felt turns)

He used to be one of ours.

Baldwin's ex-FBI. Domestic intel.

Bates shakes a plastic bag with more electronic devices: antennae, circuit board with wires, transistors.

BATES (cont'd)

He had this stuff on him.

FELT

(realizing)

One of Sullivan's.

KUNKEL

What were they after?

FELT

Three of the burglars came up ex-CIA.

KUNKEL

Terrific.

FELT

We already know who they know. The White House asked us to do a background check on one of their friends last year. Hunt. E Howard Hunt.

BATES

He get cleared?

FELT

(nods Yes)

For a job in the White House.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATES

Holy smokes. What are we looking at?

FELT

I'll confess, last night, when the field office called, I was afraid this was us.

(resolute)

Nothing to the White House or the CIA. They're going to come after us, but no matter how hard they push don't give them a thing.

BATES

Roger that.

FELT

(to Kunkel)

Everything your men get, everything, every day you put it together and get it all on my desk. Nowhere else. I get the one and only copy.

BATES

What about the Director?

FELT

I'll take care of Mr. Gray.

They start out.

FELT (cont'd)

(one more thing)

Nobody talks to the Attorney General except me.

BATES

But we work for the Attorney General.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - DAY

CAROL TSCHUDY (O.S.)

(intercom)

I have the Director on the phone, Mr. Felt.

CONTINUED:

Felt picks up the phone.

FELT
Pat, how's Malibu?

INTERCUT with Gray in black tie:

GRAY
(impatient)
You pulled me out of a speech,
Mark.

FELT
I wanted you to know right away--

GRAY
The Watergate thing? Heard all
about it.

FELT
You did? Who told you?

GRAY
Sounds like some third-rate
burglary by a bunch of
knuckleheads.
(off phone)
Be right there!

FELT
I want to have all the Democratic
offices swept for bugs. I assume
that's alright with you--

GRAY
Uh, hold off on that a minute,
Mark.

FELT
Did you say hold off?

GRAY
I gotta go. But, look, this sounds
like something you could wrap up
in, what, twenty-four or forty-
eight hours?

FELT
Pat, I don't think you understand
the implications.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY
(firm)
Forty-eight hours seems about right.

Beat. Felt eyes a yellow pad he keeps near his phone. He picks up a pen, his hand suddenly a little jumpy.

FELT
(formal)
Are you giving me a direct order to shut down this investigation?

CLOSE ON the pen tip hovering above the paper.

GRAY
Mark--
(sighs)
Relax. I'll be back in a few days.

Gray hangs up.

Felt taps the pen on the page. Thinks. Lays it down.

FELT
(into intercom)
Will you find out if Mr. Gray talked to anyone else here at the Bureau today?

Felt picks up the pen. Writes '48 hrs.' and underlines it. Stares at that. Thinks about that.

CAROL TSCHUDY
(sticks her head in the door)
Mr. Gray didn't talk to anyone at the Bureau today.

FELT
Thank you.

CAROL TSCHUDY
His office did put through a number of calls from the White House, though.

FELT
Who from?

CONTINUED:

CAROL TSCHUDY
John Mitchell--
(Felt looks up)
I mean his *staff*. Because it
couldn't be Mr. Mitchell himself.

FELT
(annoyed)
Why not?

CAROL TSCHUDY
Because Mr. Mitchell is in
California, too.

Felt puts down his pen.

CAROL TSCHUDY (cont'd)
He and Mr. Gray are *together*.

CUT TO:

EXT. 10TH AND PENNSYLVANIA - DAY - BATES

Hustling across Pennsylvania from FBI HQ to the Judiciary Building, weaving through an impromptu PROTEST MARCH, which is moving like a stoned high school marching band.

NIXON (PRE-LAP)
There is absolutely no White House
involvement in the Watergate break-
in.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - JUDICIARY BUILDING - DAY

Kunkel is screwing with a bottle of aspirin. We're in his glass partition in the FBI's sprawling local precinct. SPECIAL AGENT ANGELO LANO, 35, sits across from him, mop of hair, stocky, unpolished, and wears bad ties coated in muffin crumbs.

Kunkel shakes out two pills for himself. Lano takes three.

They're watching Nixon's news conference on a shitty little TV propped on a box:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIXON

(TV)

Surveillance has no place whatever in our electoral process or in our governmental process.

Lano yawns.

ANGLE - BATES

Hurrying toward them through the checkerboard of desks. 26 FBI AGENTS straightening ties in his wake.

NIXON (OVER)(cont'd)

As far as the matter now is concerned, it is under investigation by the FBI. I will not comment on those matters, particularly since possible criminal charges are involved.

BATES

(banging into the office)

It's nuts over there.

KUNKEL

(turns down the TV)

Lano's running the street on this.

BATES

Wait--

(sweeps the crumbs off
Lano's tie)

Okay. Let's have it.

With Nixon's moon-face talking on mutely behind them:

LANO

(thick Maryland accent;
off a messy pile of
notes)

--at least the second time they go in, possibly the third. Two-fifteen Sunday morning, Metro finds our perps inside the ceiling, the phone jacks and the air conditioner. We I.D. the lead: McCord Jr., James W. He's a pro: was FBI, then CIA until two years ago.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

LANO (cont'd)
He's chief of security for John
Mitchell when Attorney General,
then Mitchell takes over the
President's reelection campaign and
brings McCord to run security.

BATES
You'd think they'd get someone
lower profile.

LANO
Yeah, well no one ever thinks
they're gonna get caught, do they.

BATES
(eyeing the aspirin)
Gimme that.
(takes the aspirin)
Alright, keep going.

LANO
The lookout in the HoJo's, Baldwin,
thinks they went in to photograph
some stuff and adjust a faulty
phone tap and install additional
devices.

BATES
So the place is already bugged.

LANO
Correct, already bugged. Baldwin
makes this Hunt as the money man
and ringleader. According to
Baldwin, Hunt's standing outside
the Watergate during the break-in.
When the cops show he runs back up
to Baldwin's room in HoJo's, makes
a phone call, then tells Baldwin to
disappear forever. Oh, and Hunt's
ex-CIA. He works in the White House--
(reads from notes)
-as a "Consultant on highly
sensitive confidential matters."

BATES
That's a job title?

And WE SEE BATES throw a gotta-be-kidding-me squint at the TV
behind Kunkel, at the muted Nixon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANO

One of the burglars has on him a key to the lower right hand drawer of the secretary's desk.

Bates gestures, waiting for this.

BATES

What was in there?

LANO

(wry)

Let's call it information of a personal and highly compromising nature. Photos, names, date logs.

BATES

(out with it)

Was she running a call-girl ring out of that desk?

KUNKEL

You guys know something we don't?

BATES

(pushing)

Was the desk the real target?

KUNKEL

Charlie, we can't say that, not yet.

BATES

I want a list of White House and CIA personnel we want to interview on my desk in an hour.

KUNKEL

Not bad for twenty-four hours, though, right, Charlie?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FBI HQ - DAY - FELT

Exiting the executive washroom touching in place a lock of hair.

ANGLE - JOHN DEAN

CONTINUED:

Passes him with a nod, "Mr. Felt", and goes into Gray's office.

FELT
(entering his office)
When did the Director get back from California?

CAROL TSCHUDY
Fifteen minutes ago.

FELT
John Dean just went into his office. Please let me know when he comes out.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FBI HQ - DAY - DEAN

Leaves Gray's office.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Bates with Felt now.

CAROL TSCHUDY (O.S.)
(intercom)
Mr. Felt, Mr. Dean has left.

FELT
How long was that?

CAROL TSCHUDY (O.S.)
(intercom)
Thirty-one minutes.

FELT
(to Bates)
Let's go, Charlie.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Felt and Bates enter. Gray's reading, holds up a finger to wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY

This is already an incredible amount of information.

FELT

There'll be more this afternoon.
Any questions?

Gray pinches his eyes, already overwhelmed.

FELT (cont'd)

Then let me tell you where we think this is heading--

GRAY

Okay. No more interviews with White House or CIA people without permission.

BATES

FELT

WHAT?!

(angry)

Whose permission?!

Gray looks up, stunned by their reaction.

FELT

(to Bates)

You better give us a minute.

(Bates leaves)

The FBI doesn't need permission to do anything, Pat.

GRAY

I knew that.

(he didn't, not really)

FELT

Listen to me. The FBI's reputation could be on the line on this.

GRAY

Let's not get dramatic. We don't even know what this is.

FELT

Whatever they're whispering in your ear, Pat, remember you're the Director of the FBI now.

CUT TO:

FELT EXITING GRAY'S OFFICE. Bates is there waiting.

CONTINUED:

FELT (cont'd)
 (blows by him)
 It's under control.

WE FOLLOW FELT ACROSS TO HIS OFFICE. He stops at Carol's desk. She's got the phone in her neck.

CAROL TSCHUDY
 (into phone)
 Hold please.
 (to Felt)
 I have someone called Bob on the phone if you want him.
 (Felt looks at her)
 Just Bob. Second time he's called today.

FELT
 Take a message.
 (reconsiders)
 He say what he wanted?
 (no)
 Send it in.

Felt sits at his desk, picks up the phone.

WOODWARD (OVER)
 (filtered; thru phone)
 It's Bob Woodward.

FELT
 (brusque, into phone)
 Do not say your name on this line again.
 And we talked about calls at the office. You know I don't like it.

WOODWARD (OVER)
 (pushing ahead)
 Howard Hunt ... CIA ... White House ... thirty-five hundred-dollar bills in sequential order. What've I got?.

FELT
 Where did you get that?

WOODWARD (OVER)
 Anyone could have someone's name in an address book, right?

Felt swivels right-angle to the door. Speaks lower:

CONTINUED:

FELT
I'll confirm Hunt's a suspect.
That's it.

Silence. Woodward is waiting. Felt knows the trick.

FELT (cont'd)
This isn't how this works. You're
going to have to do this one
yourself.

WOODWARD (OVER)
(pushing)
Why?

Felt hangs up sharply.

Pause. He thinks. Then he picks up the phone.

FELT
Mrs. Tschudy, will you shut my
door?

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - LATER

Felt heading out. Carol hands him his coat, his briefcase.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - SUNDOWN - FELT'S CHRYSLER - AERIAL
SHOT

The car passing the illuminated Capitol, the Lincoln Memorial
... joining the river of tail lights crossing the Potomac
into Virginia.

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER, WASHINGTON, D.C. - SIMULTANEOUS - LONG
SHOT

Two men strolling along the bank in the twilight. One carries
a blue gym bag.

This is John Dean, the other is Pat Gray.

CONTINUED:

They sit on a bench. (We stay long, but hear this as though they are being miked.)

DEAN

We have some things we want to turn over to you now, Pat.

Dean puts the gym bag between them.

DEAN (cont'd)

What's inside can never see the light of day, or become part of FBI records. It's political dynamite.

GRAY

Is it connected to Watergate?

DEAN

I didn't say that. If you have to know--

GRAY

(quickly)

I don't, actually, have to know--

DEAN

There are papers here that implicate John Kennedy in the assassination of the President of South Vietnam in 1963.

Gray shakes his head. He just caught a cold. He really didn't want to know.

GRAY

Are they authentic?

DEAN

That's not the point.

Gray takes the gym bag on his lap.

GRAY

So I just hold onto this?

DEAN

We want you to deep-six the files, Pat.

Gray stares glumly into the river.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN (cont'd)
One more thing. The President wants to track this Watergate thing. We want to know everything the FBI knows, when they know it. We want the raw files, what do you boys call those reports.

GRAY
302's.

DEAN
The 302's, the interviews, the memos. If you can see to that, Pat. We can meet anytime. I can come to your apartment.

GRAY
That's not a good idea.

DEAN
Okay. Just let me know when and where.

GRAY
(deeply worried)
Is this from the President, John?

Dean pats Gray's knee, gets up and leaves Gray in the encroaching darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - RURAL VIRGINIA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Felt is sitting in his Chrysler in the parking lot, engine running, just holding on tight to the wheel. The lot half full. Felt doesn't want to let go. HOLD ... Then-

CUT TO:

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - CONTINUOUS

Felt slides into a booth. PAN ACROSS to a heavy-set, slightly sweaty, disheveled man. This is SANDY SMITH, 50.

FELT
(keeps his hat and coat on; to the waitress)
Just coffee.

CONTINUED:

SANDY SMITH
Try food. You look like hell.

FELT
(when they're alone; after
a beat)
So what does this thing look like
to you?

Smith pats the back of his neck with a small towel he carries.

SANDY SMITH
Fishing, Mark? You?

FELT
I'm a lawyer. I never ask a
question I don't know the answer
to.

SANDY SMITH
Okay, fair enough. Honestly? No one
at Time Magazine, from our esteemed
socialite publisher the Honorable
Claire Luce Booth down to little
ole' me, can figure it out. Some
cowboys got caught with their hands
in the cookie jar, but what the
hell for? If it's really high-
level, why risk it? They may be a
bunch of paranoid, but that
stupid? Really? So, my hunch? Won't
be much there.

(shovels in another
forkful)
How 'bout you?

Felt still doesn't speak or move.

SANDY SMITH (cont'd)
(we see he's used to this
from Felt)
But I will tell you one thing.
There is a specific odor to it.

FELT
Smells like?

SANDY SMITH
Your old pal, Bill Sullivan.
(then)
Boy, I bet he misses being a G-Man.

CONTINUED:

Felt leans back and gives Smith a long look that means something. Smith takes out a reporter's notebook. Felt shakes his head.

FELT
Not on this.

SANDY SMITH
(now he's getting
frustrated)
So what're we doing here, Mark?

Felt just sips at his coffee, like he has all night to wait for the right word to come along.

SANDY SMITH (cont'd)
(to the waitress)
Bring us some pie, hon, willya?

WAITRESS
We got apple, blue--

SANDY SMITH
We don't care.
(she leaves; then, playing
Felt's game)
Okay. Let's forget about what you
can't say. From what you're *not*
saying I'll take a wild guess.
Hoover's manipulated and extorted
every President since Calvin
Coolidge. Now Hoover's dead, so
it's payback time. The dogs are off
the leash. But whose dogs?

A long beat. Smith's getting antsy.

Then we can practically hear Felt's intake of breath:

FELT
I was given forty-eight hours.

SANDY SMITH
To do what?

FELT
Wrap it up.

SANDY SMITH
It?

CONTINUED:

FELT
This.

SANDY SMITH
(thinks it's a joke)
By who, Gray?

But Felt's not smiling.

SANDY SMITH (cont'd)
(appalled)
Pat Gray told you to pull the plug?
Why?

FELT
I don't know. There are calls we
aren't being allowed to make,
certain names and phone and bank
records we can't go near.

SANDY SMITH
But you're the F...B....I.

FELT
If one were to do a little digging
into travel schedules, one might
notice that Pat Gray and John
Mitchell were in the same hotel in
California last week.

SANDY SMITH
So what? Gray worked for Mitchell
at Justice. They're golf buddies.

Beat. Felt doesn't reply.

SANDY SMITH (cont'd)
(pushes aside his plate;
serious as a heart
attack)
In the six years I've known you
you've never given up real secrets,
not one. Nothing but the company
line. This is new territory for
you, Mark.
(long beat)
You looking for help?

FELT
I'm having pie.

Smith gathers his things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY SMITH
What are the rules?

FELT
No rules. And if at some point
there are rules, you probably won't
know what they are.

SANDY SMITH
Who else are you talking to?

FELT
I would never ask you that
question.

Smith drops a twenty on the table.

SANDY SMITH
Then you should take a look at
tomorrow's Post.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - RURAL VIRGINIA - CONTINUOUS - FELT

Crosses to his car. Just one car left besides his. Eyes
scanning ... and we HEAR him breathing, a little faster, a
little harder.

Felt's eyes land on the one other car, and HOLD. A driver in
there?

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S CHRYSLER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

A dark two-lane. Felt's eyes tick toward the rear-view
mirror. Headlights a quarter-mile back, speed steady with
his. HOLD on the headlights ... Then-

CUT TO:

A WASHINGTON POST HEADLINE: "GOP Security Aide Among Five
Arrested in Bugging Affair". We push in on the byline:
"Woodward & Bernstein" ... We spot Hunt's name.

LANO (O.S.)
Now where the hell did they get
that?

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK TO REVEAL LANO reading the paper in the deserted Washington Field Office. It's early morning. His feet up on his desk with a coffee, which he has now spilled on his tie.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE - WASHINGTON, D.C. - LATER THAT MORNING - FELT & BATES

Crossing to the W.F.O. through heavy foot traffic. Bates carries the Post. Felt's cool and calm under the wet-blanket summer heat. Everyone else melting and fanning. Felt turns it up, takes and keeps a half-step lead on Bates.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Relaxed AGENTS killing time by the water cooler, now ERUPT INTO A SUDDEN BURST OF ACTIVITY. Hurrying back to their desks, slipping on jackets, shoving piles of mess into drawers and trash cans.

ANGLE - FELT & BATES

Zig-zagging quickly through the desks toward Kunkel's office. Felt stops behind an overweight AGENT.

FELT

What's this?

(picks up a Tahiti vacation brochure off the desk)

There is to be no non-Bureau material on your desks at any time. You're permitted two family-related photos three-by-five or smaller.

ANGLE - KUNKEL

Rushing out of his office, throwing back a palm-ful of aspirin.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LANO

Converging from a different coordinate.

CONTINUED:

FELT (cont'd)
(to Bates)
I want a reprimand in this man's
file. And send him a warning letter
instructing him to lose twenty-five
pounds. And he needs a haircut

BATES
What's your name, son? LANO
(arriving, unafraid)
What's going on?

KUNKEL
(spots the Post in Bates'
hands)
Let's take this into my office.

CUT TO:

INT. KUNKEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Felt, Bates, Kunkel and Lano crowd in.

BATES
The Director just got a call from
Sandy Smith at Time Magazine. Smith
says he heard that Gray put a 48-
hour cap on the Watergate
investigation.

LANO
Well, it's true.

BATES
(annoyed, but goes on)
Now Time is prepping a story that
will say the FBI is plotting a
whitewash.

LANO
Load of crap.

BATES
And that Gray and Mitchell were in
California together coordinating a
response after the break-in.

LANO
Okay, true. So what's your point?

CONTINUED:

BATES
(waves the Post)
Time's information and this Post
story had to come from one of four
places: the Director, Mr. Felt, me,
or this office.

LANO
And?

BATES
Someone in this office is talking
to the press.

FELT
(pissed)
The point is leaks kill
investigations.

LANO
First of all--

KUNKEL
(eyeing the 26 Agents
trying not to watch this)
Keep it down.

LANO
First of all, if you want to
conduct a leak investigation, be my
guest, but two hundred field agents
from here to L.A. are chasing
leads, so you'll have to ask all
them, too.

BATES
Tone, in front of Mr. Felt, Mr.
Lano.

FELT
(likes the spunk)
No, it's alright.

LANO
(jabbing his finger at the
air)
I can guarantee it wasn't me, and
it wasn't any of the guys in this
room.

CONTINUED:

KUNKEL
Maybe you should ask the White House.

FELT
(suddenly interested)
Why do you say that, Mr. Kunkel?

LANO
'cuz whenever we get lucky enough to get someone over there to talk to us, they know what we're going to ask before we ask it. It's like sometimes they already know what we wanna know..

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - DAY

CAROL TSCHUDY (O.S.)
(intercom)
I have the White House, Mr. Felt.
Mr. John Dean.

FELT
Put him through.
(then)
Mr. Dean.

DEAN (OVER)
(phone)
Mark, I have Pat Gray sitting here with me.

FELT
Really? Okay.

DEAN (OVER)
We were discussing these leaks to the press. The White House is very concerned. We want them stopped.

FELT
Okay.

DEAN (OVER)
Now.

FELT
Okay. But I don't understand.

CONTINUED:

DEAN (OVER)
Which part?

FELT
The part about you calling me.

Pause. We hear Dean and Gray mumbling in the b.g.

DEAN (OVER)
Well, we think ... we know it's
most likely someone in the FBI.

FELT
I've also seen things in the papers
that could only have come from the
White House, Mr. Dean.

More murmurs on the other end.

DEAN
I don't know about that, but we
just want you to do something about
it.

FELT
Since the Director is with you, I'm
sure he's explained that the White
House has no authority over the
FBI.

DEAN (OVER)
We can--

FELT
At all. Mr. Dean.

DEAN (OVER)
We can suggest.

FELT
I'm afraid the White House has
nothing to suggest to the FBI.

The sounds of Dean palming up the phone...beat...Then:

DEAN (OVER)
Thank you, Mr. Felt.

FELT
Thank you, Mr. Dean.

CONTINUED:

They hang up.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - FBI HQ - DAY

Felt's Chrysler screeching to a stop. Felt bangs out of the car to the elevator. OVER THIS WE HEAR:

NIXON'S VOICE (OVER)

The FBI is not under control, because Gray doesn't know how to control them. Their investigation is leading into productive areas. The only way to solve this, and we're set up beautifully to do it, is to have Vern Walters over at CIA call Pat Gray and just say to the FBI to 'stay the hell out of this, this is our business here and we don't want you to do anything further on it'.

CUT TO:

ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING. Felt stepping out, marching down the hall. The hall is empty. It's a Saturday.

HALDEMAN'S VOICE (OVER)

I know Mark Felt wants to cooperate. He's ambitious. He wants to be our boy.

NIXON'S VOICE (OVER)
Hope so. I hope he's our boy.

HALDEMAN'S VOICE (OVER)
We need to test him. We could see how he bounces.

NIXON'S VOICE (OVER)
So Gray will call Felt in and say we got the signal from across the river.

ANGLE - BATES

Pacing outside a closed door. Felt heads for him like a missile. And we start to hear screaming going on on the other side of the door.

CONTINUED:

BATES

I called you as soon as I heard.

Felt SHOVES OPEN THE DOOR AND WE BANG INTO

A PACKED ROOM

Gray, in golf attire, screaming at Kunkel, Lano and the other 26 Agents of the Washington Field Office. Most of the guys look like they'd been pulled off playgrounds and little league parks.

Beat of awkward silence. Then:

FELT

I dealt with this already.

GRAY

These men talk too damn much. They need my track shoes on their back.

KUNKEL

Mr. Felt, as I was telling Mr. Gray-

Felt whirls on Kunkel.

FELT

(condemning)

Mr. Gray is right, Mr. Kunkel. This is unacceptable!

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS - FELT & GRAY

The door closes. Gray, ashen, wanders to the window.

FELT

(angry)

Why didn't I know about this?

GRAY

I'm under enormous pressure from the White House.

FELT

Just stop taking the calls, Pat. And for god's sake stop going over there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY

(hesitates, then, grim)
Mark, the CIA is telling us to
taper off.

FELT

Taper off?

GRAY

Back away. The bank records you're
chasing, anyone associated with the
Agency. It's a matter of national
security now.

FELT

(every syllable)
Na-tion-al se-cur-i-ty?

GRAY

I'm cancelling our interviews with
all CIA personnel. And with anyone
at the White House.

(a self-pep talk)
I can do that.

FELT

Yes, Pat, you can.

Gray holds up a finger, as in "wait". He sits at Felt's desk, takes the yellow pad next to Felt's phone and draws five diamonds arranged in a circle, then two more diamonds above them. He connects the diamonds with lines. There are no names.

Gray spins the pad toward Felt.

GRAY

Can our Watergate investigation be
confined to these men?

Felt's eyes fall on the pad and HOLD. Then they move from the pad up to Gray's eyes and HOLD. A long beat.

FELT

Let me guess. These five here,
they're the burglars, McCord and
the Cubans, right?

(Gray nods)

And those two at the top there,
that's Hunt and Liddy?

CONTINUED:

GRAY

(yes)

And John Mitchell will take responsibility for the whole miserable adventure.

FELT

John Mitchell, the former Attorney General of the United States.

GRAY

He's agreed.

FELT

To take the fall.

Gray gestures: 'exactly'.

FELT (cont'd)

Take the fall for who, Pat?

Another excruciating silence. Felt waits while Gray just sits there like an errant schoolboy

FELT (cont'd)

You mind?

Felt spins the pad around and draws a circle around the diamonds on the notepad.

FELT (cont'd)

These are the pawns.

He rips off the page and hands it to Gray.

FELT (cont'd)

I want the ones who moved the pawns.

Gray gets up, and takes the page with him as he leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE WASH ROOM - FBI HQ - DAY

Bates is brushing lint off his jacket. Brow furrowed as usual. It's Monday morning. Another Agent is taking a leak.

ANGLE - FELT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Comes in, joins Bates at the sinks. He looks to the other Agent in the mirror, who takes his cue and splits.

Felt flashes Bates a scrap of paper.

FELT

Disappear our investigation on these two names. Get them off the interview list immediately.

BATES

(reads what's on it)
I don't get it.

FELT

Listen to me, this is important: make sure you say you did this in today's summary memo for the Director. Put it at the top. The Director expects the memo in an hour.

(Bates looks confused)
Just do it, Mr. Bates.

Felt flushes the piece of paper and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - DAY

Bates enters and puts a folder stamped "CLASSIFIED" in front of Gray.

GRAY

Thanks, Charlie. Can I call you Charlie?

BATES

Of course, Mr. Gray.

Gray opens the folder. Inside: a single piece of paper.

PUSH IN CLOSE ON THE PAPER:

INTERNAL FBI MEMO

*TO: Mr. Gray ... FROM: Mr. Felt ... SUBJECT: Daily Summary
re: Burglary of Democratic Party National Headquarters.*

CONTINUED:

GRAY

How much of what we're getting on Watergate am I actually seeing?

BATES

The Washington Field Office sends a box of their findings to Mr. Felt every afternoon--

CUT TO:

A HOW-THE-INFO-FLOWS SEQUENCE

Which starts in the W.F.O., where Angie Lano collects a foot-high stack of papers, files, transcripts from his guys, orders it in a box.

Then we follow a couple of the guys as they carry the box across Pennsylvania to HQ.

BATES (OVER) (cont'd)

It's a paper avalanche, Mr. Gray, most of it dead ends, rumors, dummy theories. The information that turns into actual leads, or an interview, is buried in there deep--

And up to Felt's office, where they hand it to Bates, who's waiting, unpacks the box, collates what's inside, handing pieces to Felt, who looks EVERYTHING (EVERY PIECE OF PAPER) over.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

BATES

Mr. Felt gives me the headlines, and I type it up, give Mr. Felt the original and bring a copy to you.

ANGLE - THE SINGLE SHEET OF PAPER

BATES (cont'd)

We don't want to waste your time, Mr. Gray. Believe me, Mr. Felt's doing you a big favor.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE - EVENING

Kunkel exits the Judiciary building on foot and heads for the bus stop.

WE TRACK A LIMO pulling along the curb fifty feet behind.

GRAY (O.S.)
Mr. Kunkel!

The limo pulls up, Gray in the back window.

KUNKEL
(very surprised)
Mr. Gray?

GRAY
(casual)
Glad I ran into you. We got off on the wrong foot on this thing. Fact is, you and your boys are doing a terrific job.

KUNKEL
We'll gather the whole ball of yarn, Mr. Gray.

GRAY
From now on I want to see everything. The raw files, all your interviews, the whole kit.

KUNKEL
Really? You sure?

GRAY
I want you to personally deliver copies of everything directly to my home.

KUNKEL
Mr. Felt sign off on that?

GRAY
I'm the Director of the FBI, Mr. Kunkel.

The window rises, and Gray is replaced by the reflection of Kunkel's troubled face.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

CLOSE SHOT OF A BRIEFCASE being walked along a river. We've seen this river. It's the Potomac.

The briefcase stops, and is set upright on the ground.

PAN UP TO REVEAL PAT GRAY sitting alone on a bench, peering down river. It's early morning. The briefcase standing between his feet.

JOGGERS CROSS THE FRAME in front of him. And we slowly PULL BACK, Gray shrinking in the frame, and as he gets smaller he looks utterly alone, more and more a boy waiting in vain for his parents to come pick him up.

HOLD... Then-

CUT TO:

JOHN MITCHELL BLINKING INTO A WALL OF CAMERA FLASHES.

MITCHELL

I have found that I can no longer carry out the job as head of the President's re-election campaign, and still meet the one obligation which must come first: the happiness and welfare of my wife and daughter.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL MITCHELL on the tube.

We're in Felt's living room. It's 11pm. Felt's at the table, watching the late news, glued to Mitchell.

Audrey puts a warmed plate in front of Felt then joins him with her own liquid dinner. The Manhattan's her third.

RING! It's the doorbell.

AUDREY

Maybe it's about Joan--

Felt pushes himself up, tired, crosses to the door, opens it.

REVEAL BOB WOODWARD, 27, tweedy jacket and nervous. Earnest face. A notebook sticking out of his pocket

FELT

(sharp)

Put that away.

Felt looks past Woodward up and down the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - A PARKED CAR

Dark, empty.

FELT (cont'd)
(angry)
It's after eleven.

WOODWARD
Mitchell resigned.
(no reply)
I was hoping we could talk some
more about Watergate.

Felt's eyes shift.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ANOTHER CAR

A glint of light inside. We're not sure. The suggestion of a
man sitting in shadow--

FELT
Why would I do that?

WOODWARD
(awkward)
I hope you know by now - I'd never
ever reveal I had a major high-
level source of your stature and
nature, even if I called you an
unnamed source.

FELT
How long have you been doing this
job?

WOODWARD
Seven months.

FELT
You're ambitious.

WOODWARD
I like my job.

FELT
You don't know me very well, do
you?

WOODWARD
Not at all.

CONTINUED:

FELT
And you like it that way.

WOODWARD
Actually, I think you do.

Audrey approaches.

AUDREY
(hopeful)
Mark?

AND WE REVERSE THE POV FROM THE STREET

FELT & WOODWARD - LONG

As though someone is really there watching.

FELT
(loud, audible from the
street)
I want you to listen to me. Do not
ever come to this house again.

And with that Felt slams the door on Woodward, who stands
there a beat, seems to contemplate knocking again, then turns
and goes.

CUT TO:

AUDREY'S EYES POPPING AWAKE IN BED. That night. She reaches
for Felt. He's not there.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - AUDREY

Walking downstairs in her robe. She stops outside Felt's
closed office door. We HEAR the murmur of Felt's voice, then
a phone hanging up.

Audrey opens the door on Felt at his raised desk, in his
robe, smoking.

AUDREY
Who were you talking to, Mark?

CONTINUED:

FELT

I want you to put this desk back
the way it was.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND FELT'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

A patch of forest behind the house. Birds warbling. Ribbons
of sunlight. Uncomplicated peace.

PAN TO FELT AND FRANK READ by the pool. It's Sunday. They're
wearing casuals. Felt is smoking. They're facing the forest,
painting on easels. The pictures aren't bad. Felt's is looser
than we might think, impressionistic, full of color and
passion.

Frank's eyes are hollow, blood shot. He looks tired.

ANGLE - BEA READ

Calmly breast-stroking the length of the pool through a layer
of leaves.

BACK TO FELT

Cigarette dangling from his lips. Eyes focused - everything
he does has *focus* - but happy.

ANOTHER ANGLE - AUDREY

Comes outside. She looks hung over. She goes not to Felt but
to Frank. She strokes the top of his head. Frank seems ready
to cry.

AUDREY

You are our only true friends. You
are the only man my husband can
really talk to.

Felt and Frank go on painting in silence.

BEA READ

(from the pool)

Actually, hon, those two hardly
ever talk. Don't need to.

WE HOLD ON this moment in this strange family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then the phone starts to RING and we

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD OF FELT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The street filling with KIDS on bikes and FATHERS watering the lawns.

Felt crosses to the curb, paint brush still in hand.

ANGLE - A GOVERNMENT-ISSUE SEDAN

Pulls up. Bates behind the wheel.

Felt climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bates has cut the engine.

BATES

Angie Lano called me last night. He told me he'd called the White House to schedule a round of interviews.

Felt starts tapping on the dash board with the brush, like a metronome. Slow, measured beats.

BATES (cont'd)

A half hour later the White House called back and said we can't talk to two of the guys because they were taken off the list. Lano checked and they were right.

(pause)

It was the two names you told me to eighty-six.

STOP. Felt holds the brush still.

BATES (cont'd)

But how'd Dean know? Lano didn't even know about it.

FELT

I guess somebody told him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATES
The only people who knew were you,
me...

CLOSE ON BATES

Squinting furrow-browed at the street, doing the mental math. Beat. Then Bates turns to Felt.

BATES (cont'd)
And Gray.

Felt gives the dashboard a single final rap.

BATES (cont'd)
Is that even legal?

FELT
If the Attorney General agrees to
it.
(then)
The Attorney General's with them.
(gets out)
See you tomorrow, Charlie.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD OF FELT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Felt starts inside, then STOPS.

ANGLE - A VW BUS

Approaches up the street like a piece of bad news. It stops with a sputter in front of his house.

OUT STEPS JOAN. Or the strung-out radicalized version of Joan. She's thinner, hair long and dull, no makeup.

ANGLE - FELT - CLOSE

His eyes soften. He's just happy as shit to see his baby. He reaches for her face, puts his palm there against her cheek, as though taming a wild filly.

As Joan collapses in his arms:

ANOTHER ANGLE - AUDREY

CONTINUED:

Staring out at her husband and daughter from behind a pane of window glass. With no intention of going out there.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felt sliding in his slippers down the hall. Stops outside Joan's closed door. LISTENS. Opens the door.

Joan's out. Like a crime scene, he doesn't go in. FELT'S POV scans the room. Clothes pouring out of her unpacked suitcase. A stack of books and pamphlets. A pile of marijuana ash in the depression in one of Audrey's little glass elephants.

Now Felt goes in. He picks up a pencil and pokes through the pot. Then the written material. Socialist manifestos and anti-war literature. He makes a few notes. He puts it all back just as he found it.

AUDREY (PRE-LAP)
Joan, baby ... Joan?

CUT TO:

AUDREY STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF JOAN'S ROOM.

The next morning. The room's CLEAN. The suitcase is gone.

Felt hugs Audrey from behind, rests his chin on the top of her head.

AUDREY (cont'd)
(tearing up)
I made her breakfast. I thought
we'd go get our nails done. Where'd
she go?

Audrey turns. Mad at him.

AUDREY (cont'd)
(a strange mad sneer)
She had *everything*. I had *nothing*.
Us, this house. I was an orphan, I
lived in a fucking *home* for
invisible fucking children!

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - LATE NIGHT

The streets are empty. A series of serene postcard shots of the luminous Washington Monument, Capitol, White House.

HOLD ON THE PENTAGON MAJESTY ... a beat ... then:

BOOM!!

A giant fireball RIPS through the Pentagon's second floor. Burning glass and debris billow into the sky.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S HOUSE - OFFICE - THAT NIGHT - FELT

On the phone.

FELT

I warned you about this, Pat.

GRAY (OVER)

(phone filter; he's angry)
Are they capable of hitting the
White House?

FELT

We have to assume it.

Felt turns to the window.

ANGLE - POOLSIDE

The cherry of a single cigarette glows and dies in the night.
We make out the shape of Audrey.

GRAY (OVER)

I want us to open files on every
member of every radical
organization in the goddamn
country.

FELT

(watching his wife)
We need better intelligence. More
paperwork will just slow us down.

GRAY (OVER)

The President is fighting for the
White House.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY (OVER) (cont'd)
I already spoke to the Attorney
General. The President needs order
and we're going to give it to him!

Beat of silence.

GRAY (OVER) (cont'd)
I've heard you're a registered
Democrat, Mark. I hope you're not
going to let that get in the way.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOLSIDE BEHIND FELT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THE SOUND of ice tumbling in a glass.

ANGLE - AUDREY

smoking on a chaise, drinking a tall one.

AUDREY
(emotionally flat)
She's your daughter, Mark. You
better find her now.

Audrey takes a drag on her cigarette and hands it up.

FELT ENTERS THE FRAME, takes a pull, hands it back. A long
silence.

Then Felt stiffens, turns toward the woods. Squints into the
pitch dark. As we HEAR branches creaking, leaves, we PUSH IN
CLOSE on Felt's face: perfectly still, eyes hyper alert.

AUDREY (cont'd)
Mark, what?

Felt waits a beat, then turns for the house, murmuring
something about a raccoon.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HQ - HIGH SECURITY SECTION - DAY - FELT

Punching in an entry code on a door that reads: "Inter-
Departmental Intelligence Unit"

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HQ - INTERDEPARTMENTAL INTELLIGENCE UNIT -
CONTINUOUS

A GIANT COMPUTER SPITTING OUT an endless stream of names.
Paper drifts across the floor and out into the corridor.

Felt stands watching with the YOUNG ACNED AGENT whose sorry
job it is to keep an eye on all this.

YOUNG AGENT
(no idea who Felt is)
The radical youth list.

FELT
What did these people do?
(Young Agent shrugs)
Then where's this data coming from?

YOUNG AGENT
(shrugs again)
CIA, FBI, NSA, local police,
staties, Time, Newsweek, speeches,
anonymous tips, everywhere,
nowhere. It's like the machine's
out of control. No matter how much
data we pour into it it's still
hungry.

Felt picks up one end and starts reading up the list.

YOUNG AGENT (cont'd)
Looking for someone in particular?

FELT
A Joan A. Felt.

The Agent goes muttering - "Felt ... Felt..." - sounds
familiar, goes to a massive binder the size of the phone book
of America.

FELT (cont'd)
(reading the list; aghast)
It's every kid in America.

He just grabs an armful of print-out and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS - FELT

Drops the pile of print-out on Carol Tschudy's desk.

FELT
Shred this.

He continues into his office and shuts the door.

He sits.

He takes a stack of 50 envelopes out of his briefcase. He taps them so their edges are aligned. Then he pulls out his wallet, and out of that a folded piece of paper. PUSH IN and we SEE a list of addresses written in Felt's impeccable calligraphy-like script.

With painstaking precision, Felt starts addressing envelopes. Each one is to Joan, but to a different address. All of them ashrams and communes in California.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE - WASHINGTON - DAY

Sidewalks jammed with federal employees on lunch break. The intersections occupied by NATIONAL GUARD in jeeps.

LONG POV SHOT FROM ABOVE

Picks up PAT GRAY exiting FBI HQ and joining the river of foot traffic. Now POV SHOT picks up a "BUSINESSMAN" tailing Gray the moment he exits the building. We track them both a block, where the "BUSINESSMAN" hands Gray off to the next tail.

POV refocuses on a reflection in a window. The reflection is Felt's. He's standing at his office window, watching Gray disappear into the crowd.

WHIP PAN around to the office. Bates and Kunkel are standing in the middle of the room.

TITLE: AUGUST 15, 1972

FELT
And you delivered it to his
apartment yourself.

CONTINUED:

KUNKEL
Those were his instructions.

FELT
To bypass me.

KUNKEL
Yes. I mean no. He didn't expressly
say to go around you.
(shrugs)
He's the Director of the FBI.

Now we see that Felt's been holding a folder. He opens it.

FELT
(grim)
Donald H. Segretti. We pulled him
out of Hunt's phone records,
correct?

KUNKEL
Hunt called him dozens of times.

FELT
(reading the file)
You understand this?

KUNKEL
(shrugs)
Hunt recruited Segretti and paid
him.

FELT
Paid. From the same account that
funded the break-in. An account
belonging to the Committee to Re-
Elect the President. Paid to do
what?

KUNKEL
As best as we can make out,
Segretti was a kind of prankster, a
dirty trickster, spying on the
Dems, setting them up with girls
and sending pictures to their
wives, changing the times of
political rallies and not telling
anyone, forging nasty letters from
one candidate to another. Frat boy
stuff.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

KUNKEL (cont'd)
Maybe indictable under election
laws statutes, but I don't see what
it has to do with Watergate.

FELT
Forget the plot of the story.
What's the theme? What's it *saying*?

KUNKEL
I didn't think that's our job.

FELT
(with growing disgust)
What it means is that punks are
running the country. It means the
break-in is just the beginning.

KUNKEL
Of what?

BATES
How much did you give Gray, Bob?

KUNKEL
Everything.

FELT
(re: the folder)
This?

KUNKEL
(nods yes)
Over the weekend.
(then)
I already heard from the Attorney
General's office on it.

Beat of stunned silence.

FELT
What did you just say?

KUNKEL
They said to leave it alone.
Segretti, everything outside the
break-in. They're limiting our
investigation squarely to that. No
Segretti. Nothing before June
seventeen.

FELT
Thank you.

CONTINUED:

Kunkel leaves.

Felt crosses to the window, looks down on Pennsylvania, flattened by what he's just heard.

FELT (cont'd)
Gray's just keeping the seat warm.

BATES
Who for?

FELT'S POV RISING now, and we follow it, until we're looking at the WHITE HOUSE.

FELT
Bill Sullivan.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY LOUNGE - ST. REGIS HOTEL - DAY

A clubby restaurant for political elite. Gray heads for the corner table and New York Times reporter ROBERT M. SMITH, 30 and baby-faced.

Our "Businessman" tail takes a table five feet away and "reads the paper".

(We will hear the following conversation as though through a bug in the salt-shaker. Lots of ambient restaurant noise.)

ROBERT SMITH
I was surprised to hear from you.
Isn't your dance card a little full
at the moment?

GRAY
Make time for people you like, my
mother always said, especially when
you don't have any.
(laughs at himself)
Time, that is.

A WAITER drifts over. They order burgers. Smith looks like a deer caught in the headlights. Has no idea why he's here.

GRAY (cont'd)
Those stories you wrote when I was
appointed Director. They told me
you appreciate the bigger picture.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GRAY (cont'd)
Not everyone in the news business
does.

ROBERT SMITH
I just write it like I see it.

GRAY
Well, that's bullshit, but okay,
you're a nice kid.

And we can see that Smith is just flattered and shocked as hell to be lunching with the Director of the FBI like this.

GRAY (cont'd)
Anyway, that's why I asked you to
lunch. There's a lot of innuendo
flying around about this Watergate
thing... CIA ... the President
knew...the President didn't
know...distracting rumors.

ROBERT SMITH
Are they just distractions?

GRAY
(fishing)
Is that what the New York Times
thinks?

ROBERT SMITH
The Times doesn't want to be wrong.

GRAY
Is the Times afraid of it?

ROBERT SMITH
We know that in some cases better
things come to those who wait.

GRAY
Okay, Bob. Can I call you Bob? I
thought I'd bring the Times up to
speed on the FBI's Watergate
investigation, and how I expect it
to play out. Put to rest a few of
these fairy tales. Would that
interest you?

If Smith had food in his mouth he'd choke. His hands get real busy searching for something to write on.

CONTINUED:

GRAY (cont'd)
Don't worry, I'm going to give you
this.

ANGLE - MEMO PAD

Gray has drawn the seven diamonds, as he did for Felt.

GRAY (cont'd)
Like I was saying, the total number
of people involved in Watergate,
the whole thing, is *seven*.
(makes a mark at the top)
This is John Mitchell. John knows
he's probably going to go to jail.

ROBERT SMITH
(about to shit in his
pants)
Jesus christ.

GRAY
Stay focused, son, keep your eyes
right here.
(taps the diagram)
When all's said and done, and the
FBI does it's job the way only the
FBI can, this is where we're going
to land. This is where we're going
to stop. Mitchell's as high as it
goes.

Their burgers arrive. Gray says a few more words. Then Smith excuses himself without touching his food.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - DAY

CAROL TSCHUDY sorting Felt's mail. She comes on one of the letters Felt had mailed to Joan, stamped 'Return to sender'.

She looks at it, then adds it to a stack of five more stamped just like that.

WE FOLLOW HER to Felt, who's plowing through paperwork.

CAROL TSCHUDY
The mail, Mr. Felt.

CONTINUED:

She puts the two bundles in front of him. She hesitates, about to say something, thinks better of it and leaves. Closes the door behind her.

Door shut, Felt sits back, stares at the Joan "return to sender" stack. He pulls out his wallet and the list of addresses, neatly checks off the ones that have come back. It's almost half of them now.

Then he opens a bottom drawer and adds these letters to a neat stack of twenty. He locks the drawer.

CUT TO:

FELT WALKING THROUGH THE FBI GARAGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREETS - NIGHT - FELT'S CHRYSLER - AERIAL SHOT

Crossing the Potomac into Virginia.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXACO STATION - VIRGINIA - NIGHT

A MAN in a trench coat and hat leans against a phone booth, smoking.

FELT'S CHRYSLER pulls in. The MAN opens the passenger door and gets in. It takes us a second, but we recognize this man. He is the "Businessman" who tailed Gray to lunch.

Felt drives away.

CUT TO:

THE NEW YORK TIMES FRONT PAGE. All the news that's fit to print fills the entire screen. Peace in Vietnam? ... Floods in the Pacific Northwest ... China.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - DAY

GRAY RIPPING THROUGH THE TIMES. He's finding nothing on Watergate, no sign of Robert Smith's byline.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - SIMULTANEOUS

Felt doing the same. But more calmly.

INTERCUTTING FELT AND GRAY under:

NIXON (OVER)

We are doing everything we can to take this incident and to investigate it and not to cover it up. I had White House legal counsel John Dean look into the Watergate break-in.

NOW ADDING NIXON'S NEWS CONFERENCE ON TV TO THE INTERCUTS

NIXON (cont'd)

His investigation indicated that no one in the White House staff, no one in this administration, presently employed, was involved in this very bizarre incident. What really hurts in dealing with wrongdoing is if you try to cover it up.

And from this the TV

CUTS TO:

ABC NEWS AND JIM MCKAY in a Munich beer garden, where the city's happy citizens are anticipating the start of the Olympics less than a week away.

OVERLAP the above with GRAY'S VOICE. He's on the phone. We don't know who with.

GRAY (OVER)

(irate)

After all that, just nothing here. Why? Who the hell knows why? It's the New York God Blessed Times, that's why.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GRAY (OVER) (cont'd)
This thing terrifies them. Or they
can't be bothered. I'm the head of
the FBI!

(anyway)
It doesn't matter. Watergate is
going to die.

CUT BACK TO:

FELT CLOSING THE TIMES. Dropping it in the trash. He's as
confused as Gray.

CUT TO BLACK

WE HEAR A PHONE RINGING IN THE DARK.

TITLE: SEPTEMBER 5, 1972

AND UP TO

INT. FELT'S HOUSE - FAIRFAX, VA. - NIGHT - FELT

In his robe bathed in blue TV light. He's glued to the same
news coverage the rest of the world is: masked PLO guerillas
massacring Israeli athletes live.

But what we're HEARING is the phone. It's still ringing as we

CUT BACK TO
BLACK

STILL HEARING THE SAME RINGING.

Then STOP. Nothing.

Beat. Then a GUNSHOT.

SMASH CUT TO:

FELT RUNNING PANTING IN FULL SPRINT ACROSS HIS LAWN IN HIS
ROBE. Reaching the Reads' front door.

Bea Read stands there covered in blood.

Felt's barreling down to the basement, stairs three at a
time.

He STOPS STONE STILL.

Then we see what he sees.

ANGLE - FRANK READ

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lying in a pool of his own blood. His service .32 revolver beside him. He's blown his brains out.

CUT TO:

FELT ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES scrubbing blood off the basement floor. Frank's body is gone. There's just the chalk line. Obsessively scrubbing and rescrubbing with both hands now.

ANGLE - AUDREY

Standing on a step half-way down. Then we HEAR why:

THIS IS THE SOUND OF FELT SOBING.

It could be she's never heard this sound before. We PAN AROUND to Felt's face. We will not see this again: his face awash in tears. Body convulsing with this and every other thing.

Audrey quietly just back goes up.

CUT TO BLACK:

AND UP TO

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - WASHINGTON - DAWN

PAN ACROSS TWO DOZEN PROTESTERS sleeping on the wet ground at the base of the obelisk, amid their trash and radical signage. A few young couples clutched in embrace.

CAMERA FINDS FELT

In his black suit stepping carefully among them. Hasn't slept. He's pulled it together but he's feels different. He's contemplating the kids' faces. Really thinking about them.

FELT
Joan??

ANGLE - PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN

stirs, and for a second she does look like Joan. Until we see the BABY SON.

YOUNG WOMAN
(startled)
What the fuck, creep!

CONTINUED:

FELT
You look like my daughter.

YOUNG WOMAN
You look like an undertaker.

FELT
(laughs at himself)
Sometimes I feel like one. What's
your name?

YOUNG WOMAN
April.

FELT
How about your son?

YOUNG WOMAN
River.

FELT
River. Okay. River. So what're you
doing, April? Out here, this, what
do you want to say?

YOUNG WOMAN
(trying to wake up)
Man, it's way early.

FELT
I'm listening, April. What do you
want?

YOUNG WOMAN
Right now I really wanna pee.

Felt laughs.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)
Who are you?

FELT
You want some breakfast? Could you
use that? You and your little boy
there? River. I'll be all ears.

And off this tableau we

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI HQ - THAT MORNING

Around a table: Felt, Bates, ASSISTANT DIRECTORS ED MILLER, 45, and JOHN MOHR.

We're mid-conversation.

FELT

I'm not talking about those kids sleeping out there on the Mall.

MOHR

We're under a Supreme Court restraining order three months now.

FELT

It'd be nice if life were milk and honey, John. If we keep letting people die because we stuck to the law, we lose the law.

(then)

After Munich, everything changes.

ED MILLER

You've seen the same intel we've seen, that the PLO unit that hit Munich is plotting to hit us here. Airports in New York, Baltimore, Los Angeles. But now we know the PLO is talking to the Weather Underground.

BATES

And we just saw what that means.

MOHR

What're our sources?

ED MILLER

We have people inside the organization.

MOHR

(dubious)

So what do you want do, Mark?

FELT

Take off the gloves, go hunting. This will be Official & Confidential. No warrants. Under my direct authority.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOHR
The good ole' days, eh?

FELT
This isn't Bill Sullivan bugging
Martin Luther King and his orgies,
John.

MOHR
It doesn't matter. We start this up
again we can't stop it.

FELT
We're still the FBI. This country
is at war - civil war. When's the
next bomb, John? How many more kids
have to disappear?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Felt, Bates and Mohr walking and talking back to their
offices.

MOHR
Mark, you saw this?

Shows them a copy of the Post folded back to the middle pages
somewhere. Not a big story, but still there's the
Woodward/Bernstein byline ... "\$25,000 campaign fund ...
Watergate look-out Alfred Baldwin" ... "wiretapping" ...
"Hunt and Liddy near the Watergate Hotel night of break-
in..."

FELT
They're really getting our inside
stuff now.

ANGLE - GRAY

exits his office as they pass.

GRAY
Did I miss something?

FELT
Mr. Mohr was just showing me this
new piece in the Post.

CONTINUED:

GRAY
I've been ducking Dean on that all morning.

FELT
(pause, thinking; then, to Bates)
That prosecutor in Miami.

MOHR
The one who tracked the campaign check to the account of one of the burglars?

BATES
Gerstein. Helpful. I like him.

FELT
I don't. Feels weak, wants to be liked, a little too helpful for my taste.

BATES
I can send Lano down.

GRAY
Mark's right. Shake him up, see what falls out.

CUT TO:

A SEQUENCE OF SHOTS OF FBI AGENTS disguised in old clothes and telephone and gas company uniforms, jimmying locked doors and windows, wiretapping phones, planting bugs. Rummaging desks and closets, photographing address books, love letters, diaries. The phone line splicing, the slipping of wires and bugs behind wallpaper and bathroom grates. We see the targets are the homes of average AMERICAN CITIZENS who look like you and me.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDPROOFED ROOM - FBI HQ - DAY - FELT
IN EARPHONES bent over a reel-to-reel machine.
BUT WHAT WE'RE HEARING IS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATES (PRE-LAP)
 Three-hundred thirty-three Agents
 from fifty-one field offices around
 the country...

CUT TO:

BATES REPORTING TO FELT in Felt's office.

BATES (cont'd)
 ...developed one-thousand eight-
 hundred and ninety-seven leads from
 one-thousand...

CUT TO:

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL ON TV

RICHARD KLEINDIENST
 ...one-thousand five-hundred and
 fifty-one interviews, spending
 fourteen-thousand ninety-eight man
 hours. This was one of the most
 intensive, objective and thorough
 investigations in the history of
 the U.S. Attorney's office and the
 FBI. The Justice Department has now
 completed its criminal
 investigation of Watergate without
 implicating any present officials
 of either the White House or the
 Committee to Re-elect the
 President.

LANO (O.S.)
 Completed? What the hell?

PULL BACK. We're watching the TV with Lano and Kunkel in the Washington Field Office. Ten Agents crowd the door.

BACK TO the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR
 The Attorney General then announced
 the indictments of E. Howard Hunt,
 G. Gordon Liddy, and the five
 Watergate burglars, and declared
 that they were acting without
 orders. I quote: We have absolutely
 no evidence to indicate that any
 others should be charged. End
 quote. Vice President Agnew--

CONTINUED:

TV CUTS TO

SPIRO AGNEW
Someone set up these people and encouraged them to undertake this caper to embarrass them and to embarrass the Republican party.

KUNKEL (O.S.)
Somebody get me Felt on the phone.

As the news cuts to a SIMULTANEOUS JOHN DEAN NEWS CONFERENCE

KUNKEL (O.S.)
Wait a second.

DEAN
(on TV)
Ties to the White House? Two former White House people, low level, indicted, one consultant and one member of the Domestic Council staff. That's not very much of a tie.

(then)
I understand the FBI's Watergate investigation is in a state of repose and unlikely to be reopened.

KUNKEL (OVER)
Turn that goddamn thing off!

BACK TO KUNKEL

KUNKEL (cont'd)
Anybody say anything to anybody here?! Anybody tell you this thing was over?

NEWS ANCHOR (OVER)
Meanwhile, just forty-two days before election day, President Nixon's approval ratings continue to rocket--

Kunkel finally shuts off the TV.

KUNKEL
(losing it)
Where the hell's Felt? Or Bates.
Goddammit get Felt on the phone!

CONTINUED:

LANO
I can't.

KUNKEL
Why the hell not?

LANO
Because he's right there.

They turn to the shitty little TV. And so do we:

Where Felt is standing square-jawed like a stone lion on one side of the Attorney General, Gray on the other. Bookends of authority and certainty.... HOLD. Now--

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - DAY

The daily meeting. All 27 Agents.

ANGLE - FELT & BATES

Against the back wall. All acutely aware of their presence. Interlopers.

KUNKEL
(grim)
Senator McGovern issued a statement this morning.

(reading)
"The FBI's Watergate investigation is a whitewash. What is involved here is not only the political life of this nation, but the very morality of our leaders at a time when the United States desperately needs to revitalize its moral standards. And that is why I shall pursue this case the length and breadth of this land."

(looks up)
That's it.

A long despondent silence. Finally broken by:

FELT
Well, gentlemen, here's what we really know. We know the news served up by Justice the last two days is horse-punk.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELT (cont'd)
 We know that the break-in at the Watergate, and the men the U.S. Attorney has indicted for this crime, is not the end of this thing but the beginning. We know the Watergate break-in is part of a chain of covert intelligence operations by the President's re-election campaign to screw and screw up the Democrats. We know that we are facing obstruction from multiple fronts, including the Central Intelligence Agency, the White House, and possibly the Attorney General. We don't yet know the extent of involvement by the President, and it is not our job to speculate, just follow the bread crumbs, but those bread crumbs appear to be taking us on a tour of the West Wing of the White House, and in the general direction of the Oval Office. We know that we've been ordered to shut it all down as of today. And we know that except for the thirty men in this room no one in the entire country knows any of this, and now may never know any of this.

Long beat.

FELT (cont'd)
 Okay, what else?

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - DAY - FELT

FELT Tell Mr. Gray I need to see him--	CAROL TSCHUDY Mr. Gray wants to see you immediately.
--	--

WE FOLLOW FELT back across the hall. Over that 20 feet of floor his gait slows, face relaxes. He fixes his hair in the glass window of Gray's door.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Felt enters.

FELT
How are you, Pat?

GRAY
(bright & sunny)
Have a seat.
(Felt sits)
How's home?

FELT
Why do you ask?

GRAY
Just checking in.
(laughs)
Nothing touchy-feely. God, the
Bureau's just like the military
that way.
(parrots the Dragnet cops)
"Just the facts, ma'am."

Gray chuckles at himself. Felt goes along.

GRAY (cont'd)
Did you know I was a submarine
commander, Mark?

FELT
Yes, I did.

GRAY
Of course you did. I know that
about you now. There's nothing you
don't know.
(long pause)
Anyway, out at sea I made sure to
take time out of every day to check
in with my men, to see how they
were, their families. Their hearts,
if you'll forgive me. Undersea it
gets about as stressful as a man
can take, sometimes no contact with
families for weeks. How're our
wives, our kids? Has she died in
childbirth? Has the house burned
down, the family dog got hit by a
car? Has dad passed away?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY (cont'd)

And there's a fair chance you'll die and everyone who loves you will never really know how, or that you were thinking about them when you drew your last breath. By the time we surfaced, there was always somebody on my sub whose life on earth changed forever and he didn't even know it. We're all frail, babies in the eyes of god. A commander has to keep that in mind at all times, no matter how much of a sonofabitch. Wouldn't you agree?

FELT

I would, yes.

GRAY

How's your daughter? I hear she's smart as a whip! And beautiful. Beatrice and I want to get her, your bride and you over for supper.

FELT

Delighted.

Now Gray straightens. Formalizes.

GRAY

Now Mark, you ran a highly professional investigation, the most thorough I've seen in all my years in government.

FELT

We're not finished.

GRAY

(as though he didn't hear)
I want you to be the first to hear my statement.

(reading)

'No pressure has been put on me or any of my special agents in our investigation, and that it strains' -- I thought I would just nip this in the bud -- 'it strains credulity that President Nixon could have done a con job on the whole American people.'

Pause. Gray emboldened now.

CONTINUED:

GRAY (cont'd)
 Tie up the loose ends and shut it
 all down, Mark. We're done. Let the
 courts take it from here.

FELT
 (simply)
 Okay, Pat.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN, FELT HOME - THAT NIGHT

Felt's half-way through a tall drink, not his first. He's
 staring somewhat sauced at the phone, as though he hasn't
 moved off the idea in his head for hours.

WE HOLD ON FELT, and as we do, WE HEAR:

DEAN (OVER)
 Mr. President, I've been keeping
 notes on everyone who's emerging on
 this as less than our friends.

NIXON (OVER)
 It's going to be over someday.
 Enemies will not be forgotten. We
 have not used our full power in
 this first four years, as you know.
 We haven't used the Bureau and we
 haven't used the Justice
 Department. But things are going to
 change now.

Felt picks up the phone.

FELT
 (into phone)
 Hello?

He hasn't yet dialed. He looks at the phone.

FELT (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Hello?

Then we HEAR WHAT HE HEARS: (OVER) A PATTERN OF CLICKS AND
 HISSSES. Like a damp line, but the sounds are measured and
 evenly spaced. Then dead silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Felt stares at the phone as at a bomb, now--

CUT TO:

EXT. FELT'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - TWILIGHT NEXT DAY

Felt sitting at his easel. Autumn leaves whirlpooling around him. His brush an inch away from the surface, frozen mid-air like that. EYES FIXED we think on the woods, contemplating maybe a modulation of shadow, or the lean of a tree.

Then WHIP PAN AROUND Felt and see the canvas is perfectly white. And Felt's eyes fixed not on a tree but that same idea. Obviously now not an idea he likes, but he's inside it all the same.

PUSH IN CLOSE ON THE BRUSH TIP. A bead of paint drops off, and we follow its fall ... and as it SPLASHES on Felt's knee--

CUT TO:

FELT THROWING ON HIS TRENCH COAT AND HAT.

FELT
(calls out)
I'm going out for a while.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXACO STATION - NIGHT

FELT'S CHRYSLER pulls up to the phone booth. There is very little traffic, which means it is very late.

Rain drums hard against the windows.

Felt's not making a move. We know, because of his composure, that this is very much like that moment in the life of a man who has not yet cheated on his wife, but who is staring at a motel room door, on the other side of which lies a woman with whom there will be no debate. Once he goes through that door life as he knows it will never be the same.

Felt gets out. He steps into the booth, drops a dime, dials.

FELT
Newsroom.
(then)
Carl Bernstein.
(longer beat)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

FELT (cont'd)
 This Bernstein? You don't and won't ever know who I am. I'm a government lawyer, leave it at that. This is about Watergate. I'm going to give you a name. This man was approached to go to work for the Nixon administration in a very unusual way. The idea was to organize acts of sabotage against Democratic candidates, disrupt their campaigns, confuse them. It's your basic espionage racket, only this racket is funded and controlled by the White House. He was told there would be unlimited money.

(then)
 No, I'm not kidding. You have a pen?

(then)
 The name is Alex Shipley. Shipley. He lives in Nashville. The man who approached him was a lawyer out of L.A. named Donald Segretti. Segretti. S-E-G-R-E-T-T-I.

(then)
 No.

(losing his temper)
 Ask him that question. What he can tell you is all you need to know.

Felt hangs up, leans against the booth, closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - DAY

CAROL TSCHUDY
 Bob again, Mr. Felt.

FELT
 No.

WE HEAR (PRE-LAP) ANOTHER PHONE RINGING--

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, FELT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The ringing phone is here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUDREY
(picking up)
Hello?

STAY ON AUDREY

FELT'S VOICE (OVER)
I have it.

Audrey keeps listening. There is silence. A throat clears. Felt's waiting for her to go away.

Audrey hangs up.

CUT TO:

FELT IN HIS DEN.

FELT
(into phone)
Yes?

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXACO STATION - CONTINUOUS - FELT

In the phone booth.

FELT
(stern)
This will be our last phone
conversation. This is more
dangerous than you realize.

WOODWARD'S VOICE (OVER)
(phone filter; we can
barely hear it)
I want to talk about Shipley.

FELT
Where did you get that?

WOODWARD'S VOICE (OVER)
Someone called my colleague. It was
a cold call. Wouldn't give his
name.

FELT
And you believe that?

CONTINUED:

WOODWARD'S VOICE (OVER)
(after a pause)
Yes.

Felt is struggling to not hang up the phone.

FELT
Shipley's right. It's good
information. You're on it now.

WOODWARD'S VOICE (OVER)
What's he got to do with this?

FELT
Not by phone, not this part, not
anymore.
(beat; inhales)
We have to meet. You will have to
observe strict rules of counter-
surveillance. How do you leave your
apartment?

WOODWARD'S VOICE (OVER)
Walk out the door.

FELT
Take the alley instead. Don't drive
your own car. Take a taxi and
switch taxies mid-way. This is
important. *Switch taxies*. Take the
time you need. One hour, two hours,
I won't care if you're late, but if
you're being followed do not come
near me.

(pause)
And only when it's absolutely
vital. But not for a few days. It's
too hot.

As Felt hangs up--

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - NEXT MORNING

Felt sphinx-like at his desk with an expression of bored
hostility. CAMERA PANS from him to the man lowering himself
in the chair across: it's WOODWARD, who clearly doesn't have
a clue why he's here.

Bates and Lano stand against the wall like hall monitors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODWARD
(shooting Felt a confused
look)

Sorry I'm late. This was very last
minute.

BATES
Mr. Felt had a sudden opening. This
is a courtesy.

WOODWARD
(confused)
Thank you?

Woodward looks to Felt: imperious and blank.

WOODWARD (cont'd)
(making it up as he's
going)
So regarding the break-in at the
Watergate. So we have Hunt standing
outside the hotel that night.

FELT
Yes, I'll confirm that.

WOODWARD
And we have two ex-CIA and two ex-
FBI agents involved.

Felt nods. Woodward dutifully makes a note.

WOODWARD (cont'd)
Out of curiosity, why was the look-
out at the Howard Johnson's not
indicted?

BATES
(quickly)
You'll have to ask the U.S.
Attorney that question.

WOODWARD
(obedient)
Okay.

BATES
(eager to get him gone)
We done, Mr. Woodward?

A beat. Woodward looks to Felt, who's giving no signal
whatsoever.

CONTINUED:

WOODWARD

(what the hell)

One more thing. Last night someone identifying himself as a 'government lawyer' called my colleague, Carl Bernstein. He gave Bernstein a name.

(reading from notes)

Alex Shipley.

ANGLE - BATES & LANO

Exchange an unhappy look.

WOODWARD (cont'd)

He's the Assistant Attorney General of Tennessee.

BATES

(testy)

We know who he is.

WOODWARD

Is Shipley a target of the FBI's Watergate investigation?

BATES

He's not going to comment on that.

FELT

I'm not going to comment on that.

WOODWARD

Shipley told my colleague--

BATES

He talked to Shipley??

WOODWARD

(nods)

A little while ago. Shipley said there was an attempt to recruit him to perform acts of political espionage on behalf of the Nixon administration. He gave us the name of the man who recruited him.

As Bates and Lano are getting more and more agitated:

WOODWARD (cont'd)

(reading from notes)

Donald C. Segretti.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODWARD (cont'd)
Now Segretti we know is a former
Treasury Department lawyer.

LANO
(under his breath)
Jesus christ.

BATES
(quickly)
No comment.

WOODWARD
I didn't ask anything yet.

SMASH CUT TO:

CAROL TSCHUDY PRACTICALLY SHOVING WOODWARD OUT THE DOOR.

CUT BACK TO:

FELT, BATES AND LANO.

BATES
Why are we even talking to this
kid?

FELT
I met him three years ago outside
the Oval Office. He was just a Navy
courier, on his way to law school,
I think. Then he started asking me
a lot of questions I didn't want to
answer. I told him he should be a
reporter.

LANO
Too bad.

FELT
Get over to the Post and find out
where they're getting their
information.

LANO
Gladly.

FELT
And I want all our offices swept
for bugs.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - DAY

Gray's SECRETARY leaves a "Classified" FBI folder in front of Gray.

ANGLE - THE FILE

A note on top from Felt in his impeccable handwriting:

"Are we really finished? ... Felt."

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN VIRGINIA STREET - NIGHT

Somewhere in an anonymous Virginia suburbia. A hundred cars parked along the curb. No traffic. It's very late. A long beat of stillness, then we spot the cherry of a lit cigarette surging in a parked car.

TITLE: *OCTOBER 8, 1972*

A cab passes. We SEE a single PASSENGER in the back. We can barely make out the passenger: it's Woodward.

CUT TO:

A MAN STANDING SUBMERGED IN SHADOW. We're in some sort of windowless interior, a basement or a subterranean room, or a parking garage. The man is smoking. It's only when the cherry surges that we see it's Felt.

ANGLE - WOODWARD

Approaching warily. We will see mostly shadows, their faces defined by glints of light.

WOODWARD
Summoning me to the Bureau that.

FELT
That was necessary.

WOODWARD
To protect yourself.

A long beat.

CONTINUED:

FELT

The story isn't moving. No one's listening to you.

WOODWARD

I know. We're lost in the details.

FELT

Forget the break-in. You don't do fifteen-hundred interviews and have nothing besides a small-time burglary, or indictments against seven rusty screw drivers. The truth could ruin the administration, and I mean ruin.

WOODWARD

Who knows?

FELT

Justice. And the Bureau knows. But we were held back. We were limited to June 17, the break-in.

WOODWARD

By who?

Pause. This is hard for him to say.

FELT

Bureau reports were never put together except on my desk. And on Gray's desk. And that we don't like.

WOODWARD

Then Gray knows?

(no reply)

Does that mean the Attorney General knows?

(no reply)

What would the FBI reports say?

Still no reply from Felt. Woodward makes a 'C'mon!' gesture.

Felt just gazes at him. His eyes say keep going.

WOODWARD (cont'd)

Did Mitchell know?

CONTINUED:

FELT

They want everyone to think it
stops with Mitchell.

(Felt pulls on his
cigarette)

Only Mitchell and the President
know if that's really true.

(then)

Mitchell's personally ruined. Which
we don't mind because Mitchell gave
us Pat Gray.

WOODWARD

(shocked)

How high does this really go?

Beat. No reply. Felt watching him, how he moves.

FELT

You talk now.

WOODWARD

We found Segretti.

FELT

Don't fall in love with him. He's
small fish. The pond is big, and
deep.

WOODWARD

Was he an isolated thing?

FELT

It goes all over the map. You could
write stories from now until
Christmas.

Long beat. Felt pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He's taking
his sweet time. Woodward's eyes are begging for help.

WOODWARD

(exploding)

I'm not playing this game any more.
If you really think you're just
confirming, just nodding and
pointing and not saying anything
new -- we're way, way beyond that
now.

A MATCH FLARES, and we see something new in Felt's eyes:
fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELT

There is a way to untie the Watergate knot. I can't and won't give you any new names, but everything points in the direction of what was called 'Offensive Security'. None of their bullshit games was a freelance. This is important. Everyone and everything is tied in. This is dangerous stuff you're playing with. Especially if it's known before November seventh. They know that.

Woodward is desperate to remember every word Felt has said.

FELT (cont'd)

(reading his mind)

Remember, you don't quote me, not one word, not ever. This is just for your background.

WOODWARD

How can I be sure?

FELT

You can't. But you can tell your editors it's all in the files.

WOODWARD

FBI files?

(Felt won't answer that)

Can you get me files?

FELT

(sharp rebuke)

Never. Not on this. It'll never happen.

Beat. Felt takes off his hat. He looks suddenly queasy.

WOODWARD

They're really trying to destroy the opposition, the electoral process?

FELT

They've already done it.

(then)

There's more.

CUT TO:

EXT. FELT'S HOUSE - FAIRFAX, VA. - DAWN

Felt's Chrysler pulls in. The sky is just lightening.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, FELT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Audrey wide awake in bed. She hears O.S. the car pull in, door opening and closing, footsteps on the stairs.

ANGLE - FELT

Enters. He hangs up his suit, trees his shoes, slips into bed.

They stare side by side at the ceiling. A long silence.

FELT
Why aren't you asleep?

AUDREY
I wish it were another girl.

FELT
It never would be.

AUDREY
It would be easier.
(then)
What are you doing, Mark?

FELT
There's no dignity left, there's no honor. They've unplugged the system, Audrey.

AUDREY
You have enough years now. Maybe it's time.

FELT
No one would even know what we know. We wouldn't be forgiven. And they'd be right.

AUDREY
Who's going to forgive you?

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

SHOTS OF THE WASHINGTON POST BEING DELIVERED all over DC, in stacks to newsstands, copies laid out on Nixon's desk, and the desk of every Congressman, Senator, lawyer and teacher.

CUT TO:

EXT. FELT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Audrey standing barefoot on the lawn, the Washington Post in her hands. She's scanning the front page.

TITLE: OCTOBER 10, 1972

PUSH IN CLOSE ON THE PAPER - HEADLINE: "FBI Finds Nixon Aides Sabotaged Democrats".

ANGLE - BEA READ

Next door, on her lawn with her copy of the paper.

WIDE - AUDREY & BEA

Exchange and HOLD a long look..

AUDREY (PRE-LAP)
 (reading)
 "FBI agents have established that
 the Watergate bugging incident
 stemmed from a massive campaign of
 political spying and sabotage
 conducted on behalf of President
 Nixon's re-election..."

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, FELT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - FELT

Stirring his Folger's at the kitchen sink.

AUDREY (O.S.)
 (reading him the story)
 "...and directed by officials of
 the White House and the Committee
 for the Re-election of the
 President."

Felt's spoon stops. He's gazing out the window past the pool in the backyard, into the trees he likes to paint.

CONTINUED:

AUDREY (cont'd)
It changes everything.

Felt nods.

AUDREY (cont'd)
They won't possibly let you get
away with it. They'd kill you
first.

BACK TO Felt's calm mask... HOLD. Now--

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HQ - DAY - FELT

Stepping out of a crowded elevator, having the breezy
workaday exchanges a man who runs the FBI would have.

But as he goes deeper into HQ, Felt's POV (which is our POV)
literally warps: hyper-aware of Agents carrying copies of the
Washington Post, reading the Woodward/Bernstein story. Every
face, every gesture, every set of eyes accuses him.

THEY KNOW IT WAS HIM.

CAROL TSCHUDY
(taking his hat and coat)
The Director wants you immediately.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

The Post sits on his desk between Felt and Gray, obsessively
marked with lines, arrows, circles, question marks.

GRAY
(morde)
I just got off the phone with Ted
Kennedy. He's going to announce a
Senate investigation into
Watergate. I'll have to testify.

We can see Felt visibly exhale. It worked.

FELT
We have nothing to hide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY
(preoccupied by the paper)
I must have read this thing twenty times.

(then; grim)
He's here. It's in the FBI. There's a spy in our midst, Mark.

CLOSE ON FELT: readying himself for the gunshot. A long excruciating beat.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FBI HQ - DAY - A CLOSED DOOR

GRAY (OVER)
(screaming)
"....FBI agents have *established*"??
(obviously reading from the story)
... "One *federal investigative* official said ... according to FBI reports..."
(then)
THAT'S US, GODDAMMIT!

CUT TO:

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. Felt, Gray and Bates standing at the top of a conference room, facing Kunkel, Lano and the 26 Field Agents.

CLOSE ON FELT

shoulder to shoulder with Gray, raking icy condemnation over the men like machine gun fire.

GRAY (cont'd)
(seething)
There is information in here that the Bureau only got 72 hours ago!
Gentlemen, are you GODDAMN JOKING??
(then)
Mr. Felt, you had something you wanted to say.

FELT
The last few days I've heard various people accuse Mr. Lano of leaking to the press.

CONTINUED:

LANO
(reddening)
What?? You have GOT to be kidding me.

FELT
And that he and Carl Bernstein have been seen together.

ANGLE - BATES

Head cocked, begins what will become a long escalating stare at Felt, putting something together.

FELT (cont'd)
I wanted to say to you, Mr. Lano, in front of everyone, that I know these are just vicious lies by jealous agents-

Lano and Felt exchange a long look. HOLD. Then

FELT (cont'd)
You're doing a fine job, and no matter what the Director and I will support you.

(nods it back to Gray)

GRAY
(definitively)
The FBI's investigation into Watergate is concluded.
(had enough)
Now I may not be a FBI lifer like some of you. I'm certainly no Mark Felt, I give you that. Since I arrived here I have put up with paranoia, insubordination, second-guessing. Gentlemen, it's Come to Jesus time. Whoever the leaker is, whoever is the Judas among you betraying me, the other good men in this room, his family, God, not to mention the Bureau and the legacy of J. Edgar Hoover, step forward. Right here. Right now.

STOP. A hugely tense and awkward moment.

ANGLE - FELT

outwardly on fire ... But CLOSER: a trace of sweat on his upper lip ... eyes flicking face to face, who knows? who knows?

ANOTHER ANGLE - KUNKEL

CONTINUED:

eyes down, humiliated.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LANO

Eyes saying Fuck 'em, and fuck you.

BACK TO FELT

Strengthening, every second that ticks by safer ... and stronger.

Then

WE HOLD ON BATES

He's staring straight at Felt. Really doesn't want to be thinking what he's thinking.

WIDE - THE ROOM

No one steps forward.

FELT

I'll get to the bottom of this, Mr. Gray. I promise you.

BUT WE GO OUT ON BATES, who can't take his eyes off Felt. Because Bates knows. Now--

CUT TO:

THE ROOM EMPTYING OUT. Lano pulls Bates aside.

LANO

(whisper)

Hey, Charlie, we got an office pool going across the street on who the leak is. My money's on you.

CUT TO:

INT. BATES' OFFICE - FBI HQ - DAY

Bates packing years of memorabilia, files and junk into boxes. Kunkel wanders in.

BATES

What's the body count?

CONTINUED:

KUNKEL

Eight so far. You, me, a few guys
on my team.

BATES

Angie?

KUNKEL

(shakes No)

The guy's a cockroach. He'd survive
a nuclear blast.

BATES

Where they sending you?

KUNKEL

St. Louis. You?

BATES

San Francisco.

KUNKEL

At least it's Frisco.

BATES

Yeah? Good.

(tearing up)

Yeah.

KUNKEL

How many years you put in here,
Charlie?

BATES

The whole run. My kids were born
here. You?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

A REGULARS CROWD bellies up, vaguely watching TED KENNEDY on TV talking about a Senate investigation into Watergate. Then the TV cuts to pre-election coverage, graphs and percentages. Nixon's numbers are staggering. Going to be an unprecedented landslide.

CAMERA FINDS FELT & BATES

At the end of the bar. Both a little drunk. A long awkward silence. Felt doesn't know how to act regular.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATES

I appreciate you taking the time,
Mark.

FELT

No, this was a good idea. I should
check in on my men more. We're all
frail, all human.

Bates staring at Felt, never heard him like this before.

Felt staring drunkenly at Kennedy on TV.

FELT (cont'd)

Make your life a vector, a line
with a force and--

BATES

Excuse me?

Felt looks at him, blank, Did I say something?

Felt's drunker than Bates thought. Felt's vulnerable. ...
Bates is going to do it, ask him straight out.

BATES (cont'd)

Mark?

Felt turns, Huh? Long beat.

BATES (cont'd)

(can't do it; so he just
raises a glass)

Here's to you. Bravo.

FELT

(toasts him back)

San Francisco, Charlie. Plum
assignment. They were going to send
you to Omaha. I had your back.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE BALL ROOM - NIGHT

Big pre-election black tie dinner for Washington's elite. The
Mark Felts are sitting at a table with the Pat Grays and John
Deans. Nixon and his cabinet at tables up front.

Audrey looks slightly over-gorgeous.

CONTINUED:

BEATRICE GRAY
You look ravishing, dear.

Audrey melts. She's sauced. Her eyes have locked on Felt. Meanly. Felt's surrounded by three YOUNG WHITE HOUSE INTERNS, hanging on his every word. To them Felt is a Greek God. Audrey is starting to sour.

BEATRICE GRAY (cont'd)
(to the rescue)
Just be flattered. Your husband's gorgeous. Pat talks about him like he's the homecoming king. One thing's for sure: he'd never do anything about those little twits.

CUT TO:

AUDREY LEANING ON SOME YOUNG HUNK

AUDREY
(fully drunk)
Everyone loves my husband Mr. Felt, he's so cool, calm and collected, just like James Cagney--

YOUNG HUNK
You mean Elliot Ness.

AUDREY
But I'm the one, I'm the one--

Our POV slowly finds a drama unfolding in the b.g. We see CLARE LUCE BOOTH, 69 - owner and publisher of Time Magazine and Washington socialite - whispering in the ear of a MAN in a tux seated next to her. The MAN rises. WE TRACK HIM as he crosses the ballroom to JOHN MITCHELL, pulls Mitchell aside and whispers in his ear, Mitchell looks like he's going to puke, then he rises, heads straight for HALDEMAN.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nixon and Haldeman still in their tuxes.

NIXON
Christ, what the hell's so important?

CONTINUED:

HALDEMAN

(closes the door)

We know what's leaked, and we know
who leaked it. The leak's in the
FBI.

NIXON

(doesn't compute)

The FBI?

HALDEMAN

Gray doesn't know. No one in the
FBI knows. But it's very high up.

NIXON

Somebody next to Gray?

HALDEMAN

It's Mark Felt.

Beat. Nixon starts to speak then makes a helpless gesture. He
sits down.

NIXON

Now why the hell would he do that?

HALDEMAN

He still wants the top spot. If
Felt helps deliver a McGovern
victory, he thinks he'll have it.
That's my guess.

(then)

Mitchell feels strongly we better
not do anything.

NIXON

Nothing?? Never??

HALDEMAN

We're afraid if we move on him
he'll go out on network TV and
unload everything. Felt knows
everything that's to be known in
the FBI.

NIXON

(realizing; morose)

Jesus christ, he's got Hoover's
files.

Haldeman nods, Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIXON (cont'd)
So what do we do to him?

HALDEMAN
He hasn't committed a crime. You
can't prosecute him.

NIXON
So say *nothing*?

HALDEMAN
Gray has to know. But not do
anything. But the danger of telling
Gray is if Felt is getting ready to
blow his sack...well, we've all
dealt with Felt.

NIXON
And Gray's a weak sonofabitch.

HALDEMAN
He's scared to death.
(thinks)
Maybe we just call Felt in here.

NIXON
What would that do?

HALDEMAN
I don't know.

Long pause.

NIXON
Christ. You know what I'd do with
him? The bastard.

HALDEMAN
(an idea)
Felt's still working on the basis
that we don't know and isn't going
to get caught.

NIXON
Everyone's got to know Felt's a
goddamn traitor.

HALDEMAN
(has an idea)
Not yet.

CONTINUED:

NIXON
What's on your mind?

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Empty ... tick-tock go the clocks... the herds of china elephants keep watch ... Efrem Zimbalist Jr. wheels and fires from the wall of the den ...

ANGLE - FELT

Still in his tux, at his desk. Takes out of his attache case two more 'return-to-sender' Joan letters. He pulls the address list out of his wallet. Been refolded and thumbed up a hundred times now.

Felt painstakingly checks off these last addresses. Lays the list on the desk and flattens it.

WE MOVE IN ON THE LIST: there's just one address left:
Genesis Commune, Ben Lomand, California.

Felt circles it, stares at it, circles it again, sticks the list back in his wallet.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - NEXT MORNING - FELT

Enters. Carol isn't at her desk.

FELT
Mrs. Tschudy?

ANGLE - GRAY

Is sitting on Felt's desk. We've seen Gray sad, but never this grim.

GRAY
How many years you have in the Bureau, Mark?

FELT
Thirty-one?

CONTINUED:

GRAY

I'm not going to hurt anyone who's done that kind of service for his nation.

(Felt sits)

The White House wants to get rid of you. They're saying you're the Post's source.

FELT

Pat.

GRAY

I know. It's insane.

FELT

What did you tell them?

GRAY

Don't take it personally, the election's a couple weeks away, things are very very tense. And the White House doesn't know you like I've come to know you.

Long beat. He ponders Felt.

GRAY (cont'd)

But I hope you know if you did do anything wrong, you could tell me, Mark. We'd work it out together.

Felt doesn't dignify that with a response.

GRAY (cont'd)

I have their full confidence, Mark, don't worry.

(then)

Just please. Find the leaker.

FELT

I will.

GRAY

I mean a separate investigation now, separate team. You're running that one, too. Just keep me up to speed.

Gray gets up. Before he goes:

CONTINUED:

GRAY (cont'd)
 You'll be happy to know that was
 the White House's idea.

Gray leaves.

WE MOVE IN CLOSE ON FELT

Tiny beads of sweat are blooming on his forehead. Just his eyes move. What the hell did he miss, who overheard him?

Felt eyeballs the room for a good place to plant a bug. He feels under the desk, looks under the phone.

CAROL TSCHUDY
 Mr. Felt? Can I get you an aspirin?

SMASH CUT TO:

FELT IN A SWEAT, RUNNING HIS FINGERS ALONG THE EDGES AND CORNERS OF EVERYTHING. We think it's his office, and it is, and then it's his home.

He's peering behind his posters ... under his desk ... dismantling his phone ... opening up the pillows on the couch ... aims a flashlight in the heating grates.

AUDREY (O.S.)
 Mark, what's wrong?

She's standing in the doorway. Felt waves at her to be quiet.

AUDREY (cont'd)
 You're making me nervous.

He unscrews the mouthpiece of the kitchen phone.

AUDREY (cont'd)
 Mark.

FELT
 (explodes)
 Can you for once in your life just
 shut up!

And he cuts and runs. WE FOLLOW HIM to the back, edging the pool, toward the pitch dark of the woods behind, right to the edge of it. Defiance. It's him against the infinite black wall of night.

CONTINUED:

FELT (cont'd)
C'mon! ... C'mon!

CUT TO:

A DARK ROOM.

BLACK SCREEN. A PHONE RINGING. We hear bedsheets rustling, a phone being picked up.

FELT (OVER) (cont'd)
Yes?

WOODWARD'S VOICE (OVER)
(phone filter)
Do you know who this is?

Then the SOUND of the phone coming down sharply. Then the low growling applause of thousands--

NIXON (PRE-LAP)
It was a great victory, but the greater the victory, the greater the responsibility, the greater the opportunity.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, FELT'S HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Felt, Audrey and Bea Read are up watching Nixon on TV. It must be 3 a.m..

NIXON
(in a confetti rain,
beside Pat Nixon,
flashing the victory
double-V)

We are going to try to meet it, dedicating ourselves to those great goals that I have discussed at such great length throughout this campaign and will in the next 4 years--building that world of peace, of real peace with honor throughout the world.

Leave Nixon and BEGIN TO PUSH IN ON FELT. He appears to be listening (or maybe not listening), numb.

CONTINUED:

NIXON (OVER) (cont'd)
 And building at home, not only
 peace at home but the new
 prosperity and the progress for all
 Americans that is so close to our
 hearts

Until FELT'S FACE FILLS THE ENTIRE SCREEN. Holding on him, we go out on CRONKITE'S commentary:

WALTER CRONKITE (OVER)
 With a more than 22% margin of
 victory, some are referring to this
 as the greatest victory in American
 political history.

FADE TO BLACK.

AND UP TO

END CREDITS AND MUSIC FROM "THE F.B.I."

We're in the FBI project room. Felt alone in front, gets up. The lens projects his shadow over the screen. He heads for the door, into the lens, his shadow growing huge, grotesque.

EXECUTIVE
 Mr. Felt? Any corrections?

Felt bolts.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI HQ - DAY

Felt and Ed Miller huddled over a table strewn with photographs and wiretap transcripts. Looks like they've been there for hours.

ED MILLER
 The bad guys still want to blow
 stuff up, we know they want to hit
 the White House. But they've gone
 quiet. PLO too, as far as we can
 make out. I think we spooked these
 guys, Mr. Felt.

FELT
 I'll take it.

CONTINUED:

PUSH IN on the photos. They're of beds, closets, diaries, love letters, Valentine's Day cards. Surveillance shots of PEOPLE, REGULAR PEOPLE, shopping, driving.

FELT (cont'd)
(takes in the whole table,
rubs his eyes, weary)
So what're we looking at?

ED MILLER
America. Just-
(shrugs)
America.

PUSH CLOSE IN ON ONE PHOTO: a MAN in coat and hat talking in a public phone booth.

FELT
Who's this?

ED MILLER
A man of interest. We're watching him.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Felt on his way back up. He's alone. He's looking at the photo of the man in the phone booth. It could be Felt. It's not, but it could be.

Doors open. Felt stuffs the photo back in the folder. A half-dozen agents step on.

SULLIVAN
Nice to see you, Mark.

ANGLE - BILL SULLIVAN

right next to Felt.

FELT
What brings you back?

Elevator doors open. It's Felt's floor.

SULLIVAN
Two words. Re-venge.

Sullivan pushes out of the elevator.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - GRAY

Waiting there to meet Sullivan. They shake warmly.

BACK TO FELT

Doesn't move, frozen there in the back of the elevator as the doors close on him....HOLD. Now--

CUT TO:

EXT. 10TH AND PENN, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

Felt's Chrysler pulls out of the FBI garage. WE FOLLOW IT INTO traffic past the Capitol, whirlpooling past the Lincoln Memorial.

The car STOPS at a bus stop along the Potomac.

A MAN in a trench and hat waiting there gets up, gets in the passenger door.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S CHRYSLER (MOVING) - EVENING

The two men sit in silence a minute. In the wash of shadow and headlight we don't see the passenger clearly.

FELT

The knives are out. The election has made the White House over-confident.

MAN

They're shit-canning everyone. The CIA Director's gone, as of last night. Apparently, we couldn't shake you off fast enough.

(then)

You terrify them. You need to know that.

FELT

Where does the Agency stand?

MAN

The CIA is building a wall. We'll stay out of your way, but if it's forced to protect itself it will.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN (cont'd)
(then)
The FBI will never reach the CIA on
this, Mark.

FELT
The White House?

MAN
Our position is Presidents come and
go.

Felt pulls over at the same bus stop. They've circled.

MAN (cont'd)
I almost forgot. Time's Person of
the Year? The President and Henry
Kissinger. I thought you'd like to
know.

(as he gets out)
Happy Holidays.

Felt looks up. Christmas? Has to remember to remember.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S HOUSE - FAIRFAX, VA. - CHRISTMAS DAY

UNDER Lawrence Welk's saxophone schmaltz.

Felt, Audrey and Bea Read eat their perfect, shiny Christmas dinner, at a perfectly-set table. Felt, the patriarch, carves the perfect turkey. All three drinking high-balls.

BEA READ
(finally just raises her
glass)
To Frank and Joan, wherever they
may be.

FELT
To Frank and Joan.

Audrey doesn't move.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN, NORTHERN CONNECTICUT - SIMULTANEOUS

UNDER the same music: a Norman Rockwellian gingerbread happiness. A dozen stockings a-hanging.

CONTINUED:

Crackling fire in the hearth. A Christmas tree afloat on a sea of unwrapped toys. O.S. the din of a big swirling family.

ANGLE - PAT GRAY

Approaching the fire with an armful of wrapping paper. He wears a cardigan with reindeers his daughter just knit for him. He tosses the paper onto the fire, contemplating the flames.

PAN DOWN TO HIS ARMS

We see he's left cradling a BLUE GYM BAG.

He starts to unzip the bag, reconsiders, stops. Then he rips it open. Pulls out a file. It's stamped "TOP SECRET. EYES ONLY." He opens the file and starts to read. Then wishes he hadn't.

And throws it all into the flames.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S HOUSE - FAIRFAX, VA. - SIMULTANEOUS

Felt dancing with Audrey, something formal with perfect footwork. Bea watches politely from the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Nixon and Dean.

DEAN

Felt's as cool as a cucumber. We can't get him.

NIXON

I didn't think it was possible but I'm actually nostalgic for Hoover. He'd have them all scared to death. He's got files on everybody. He would've gotten the dogs off me.

(then)

Does Felt know about the Sullivan stuff?

(Dean nods)

What about Sullivan?

CONTINUED:

DEAN
Sullivan's a bomb.

NIXON
Christ. And Gray?

DEAN
The last thing we can afford is a scorned Pat Gray loose on the streets.

NIXON
(moans it)
The only thing worse than nominating him is not nominating him.

The door opens. They go quiet.

ANGLE - GRAY

Enters.

GRAY
Mr. President.

DEAN
(gets right to it)
Pat, we're going to nominate you for permanent Director of the FBI. The hearings will be tough, but we think you can take it.

GRAY
(surprised; and a little afraid)
I'm. Wow. A great honor, of course.

NIXON
(impatient)
You do want the job, don't you?

GRAY
Of course, Mr. President.

DEAN
Here's the thing. Bill Sullivan has got to be your number two.

GRAY
What about Mark Felt?

CONTINUED:

Nixon and Dean exchange a look.

NIXON

Pat, we've been talking, and it's just time to stop being Mr. Nice Guy. Time to clean out the whole damn place. The Germans had the right idea during World War II. If they went through a town and one of their soldiers was hit by a sniper, they'd line up the whole goddamn town and say, until you talk you're all getting shot. I really think that's what has to be done. You're not ruthless enough in getting polygraphs to stop those leaks. Felt should take a lie detector test.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - GRAY

Sitting in back in deep contemplation.

CUT TO:

EXT. FELT'S HOUSE - FAIRFAX, VA. - SIMULTANEOUS

Gray's limo idles at the curb. Snow swirling around the car.

ANGLE - FELT'S FRONT DOOR

Opens. Felt steps out shrugging on his coat, crosses to the car.

CUT TO:

FELT GETTING OUT OF THE CAR. Re-crossing his yard. The lawn is completely snowed over now; some time has passed.

Gray opens the window.

GRAY

Mark! I can still convince them. You are the FBI. But once the nomination hearings start it's too late. Help me help you.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE LANO'S FACE FILLING THE SCREEN, STUCK IN A SNEER.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a windowless interrogation room. Lano's hooked up to a polygraph machine, answering the FBI POLYGRAPHER'S questions, but talking straight at a one-way mirror. We can't hear what he's saying.

REVERSE ANGLE - THROUGH THE MIRROR

Is an observation room.

Felt watching with Ed Miller. This is the imperious Felt, eyes cold and accusatory. Lano can't see Felt but they're locked in a mutual stare.

FELT

How many is that?

ED MILLER

Fifteen total. Lano's the last.

(low)

This is terrible, Mark. Has the FBI ever done this to its own?

No reply. Felt watching Lano like a hawk.

ED MILLER (cont'd)

We don't have a thing.

FELT

I know. It's not them.

ED MILLER

What about you?

FELT

What about me?

ED MILLER

Take the polygraph. Might make all this go down easier for the guys.

FELT

Set it up.

Miller sheepishly shakes his head. Stupid idea.

ED MILLER

Sorry, Mark. Not sleeping much these days.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - RURAL VIRGINIA - NIGHT - FELT

Sits waiting in a booth. A violent storm is rattling the window.

ANGLE - SANDY SMITH

Slides in, shaking the wet off.

FELT

(to a waitress)

Get him some coffee, please.

SANDY SMITH

So the seven Watergate diamonds,
the burglars and Mr. Hunt and Mr.
Liddy, get to plead guilty, perjure
themselves that the whole thing was
their own moronic idea, spend a
year in jail writing their memoirs,
home to their pots of hush money by
Christmas, Nixon finally delivers
peace, approval numbers at the
level of the Pope. He's a
juggernaut. For the love of god
forget the coffee, get me some
goddamn bourbon!

FELT

Take out your notebook.

SANDY SMITH

It's game over, Mark. What's left?

FELT

Everything.

That sobers Smith up. He takes out his notebook.

FELT (cont'd)

May 1969 and February 1971.

SANDY SMITH

You sure about this, Mark? 'cuz you
look like you might not be.

CONTINUED:

FELT

(rolling on)

Between those dates the FBI wiretapped thirteen White House employees, almost all of them aides to the Secretary of State. And five reporters.

SANDY SMITH

You're kidding.

FELT

All at the New York Times.

SANDY SMITH

Impressive big fucking balls, I'll give them that.

FELT

Kissinger's strategy on his arms negotiations with the Russians were showing up in the paper on a daily basis. The White House was going insane. I wanted to find the leak the old-fashioned way. They went another direction.

(then)

The wiretap targets came down from Kissinger himself. He gave the names to Haig.

Smith looks up.

SANDY SMITH

And who'd Haig give them to?

FELT

Hoover lost his stomach for that kind of thing. He didn't want to know.

SANDY SMITH

Who?

FELT

Bill Sullivan. It was a Sullivan operation.

SANDY SMITH

You?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELT
(self-disgust)
I knew. Every sordid little detail.
I always did. That was my job. But
I wasn't involved.

SANDY SMITH
All due respect, Mark, why should I
believe you?

Felt looks at him. It actually brings something like a smile
to his face.

FELT
Me? I don't care what you believe.
(then)
It was a secret operation. Sullivan
kept the wiretap logs out of
regular files, in his office safe.
He and the White House were having
a love affair. It was the beginning
of the end of the FBI. It was why
we tossed Sullivan out. He was
turning us into the KGB.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S CHRYSLER - CONTINUOUS - FRONTAL SHOT

Felt and Smith sitting in the front seat in the diner lot.
The rain has stopped. We get the feeling they've been talking
for an hour.

FELT
They've kept it all separate in
tiny little boxes, Watergate, the
espionage, the ugliness, the rot.
Each thing in a different box so
it'd stay at the level of who
cares. Bullshit. It's all the same
thing.

SANDY SMITH
You didn't answer the question.

FELT
Because it's about to be too late.
(then)
How long?

CONTINUED:

SANDY SMITH

Time Magazine's the Queen Mary,
can't u-turn like the dailies ...
And a big complicated story ...
maybe the biggest. It could push
everything over. ... Could.

(then; looks at Felt)

But of course you already knew
that.

(shrugs)

A week. Maybe two.

FELT

I might not have that long.

Smith gets out. Felt starts his car. Smith taps on Felt's window. Felt rolls it down.

SANDY SMITH

One last thing. Where are the
wiretap logs?

FELT

I don't know. The day before I
kicked Sullivan out of the building
he gave everything to the White
House.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

TITLE: FEBRUARY 28, 1973

Felt and Gray in back. Gray pouring over a legal pad of notes. Felt staring out the window. Both nervous.

ANGLE - THE CAPITOL

Comes into view.

GRAY

Any last-minute advice?

FELT

Remember everything we talked
about. I don't know if it'll come
up, but it's going to be the first
chance the Senate has to ask about
the Watergate business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY
(reminding himself)
Just stick to FBI matters.

Then Gray pulls out a TIME Magazine. WE PUSH IN on the lead headline: "Secret Wiretapping by the FBI".

GRAY (cont'd)
I still don't know what I say about
this.

FELT
That was all before your time, Pat.
Probably won't even come up.
(pats his knee)
You're ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPITOL - WASHINGTON - CONTINUOUS - FELT & GRAY
Climbing the steps shoulder to shoulder.

SENATOR RIBICOFF (PRE-LAP)
(intoning)
Mr. Chairman, we in Connecticut are
proud of Pat Gray. There is no
question in my mind that as
Director of the FBI Mr. Gray will
perform his tasks on a completely
nonpartisan basis. He has my
unqualified support.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SENATE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE, CAPITOL - DAY - GRAY

Is perspiring, frowning. He's in the 8th round and taking a
serious beating. Arrayed before him, seven U.S. SENATORS, a
dozen PHOTOGRAPHERS, two hundred SPECTATORS at his back.
Cameras everywhere rolling.

CAMERA FINDS FELT

Just over Gray's shoulder, next to Gray's wife.

GRAY
(defensive)
I am very proud of the FBI's
Watergate investigation, Senator.

CONTINUED:

SENATOR ERVIN
(irate; a Wash Post
clipping in his hands)
What about the assertion in this
article that a White House aide
slipped Donald Segretti, a target
of the Bureau's investigation,
copies of what the FBI had?

GRAY
Uh, we didn't look into that.

SENATOR ERVIN
You were acting Director of the
FBI. Did you know the White House
had your investigation?

As Gray glances behind him for Felt--

ANGLE - WOODWARD

in the back of the hearing room, craning his neck over the
crowd in front.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SANDY SMITH

A few rows ahead of him, straining to see ... and WE PAN WITH
SMITH'S POV and STOP ON

FELT

nodding his moral support at Gray.

GRAY
I did, Senator.

SENATOR ERVIN
And the investigation was quite
active; I assume.

GRAY
Very much so, Senator.
(pauses here; eyes
unfocused, not in
control)
Um, let me tell you how it might
have happened.

SENATOR ERVIN
Please.

CONTINUED:

GRAY

Roughly four weeks after the break-in in the Watergate Hotel, John Dean told me the White House wanted everything the FBI had on Watergate to date.

(quickly adds)

To help with its own investigation.

Beat. A murmur ripples through the room.

PAN UP TO THE SENATORS ARRAYED BEFORE HIM

They seem to lean forward en masse.

ANGLE - FELT - CLOSE

Eyes narrow in anticipation.

GRAY (cont'd)

Mr. Dean told me it was the President's wish. He had these FBI reports. I suppose it's possible he could have shown them to Mr. Segretti.

SENATOR ERVIN

I'm confused. Help me out here. How did Mr. Dean, the President's counsel, a potential target of the FBI, have the Bureau's classified investigation. Mr. Gray?

GRAY

I gave them to him, Senator.

The murmur crescendoes to a low roar. Something big is happening, everyone in the room can feel it. The photographers fire away at Gray. Gray blinks through the storm of strobe light. REPORTERS are running out the door.

We're intercutting between Smith, Woodward and Felt here.

SENATOR ERVIN

(grave)

How many Bureau reports are we talking about, that you gave Mr. Dean?

GRAY

Eighty-two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That's it. The room ERUPTS. CRACK-CRACK! CHAIRMAN SENATOR WEICKER is gaveling for order.

SENATOR WEICKER
Quiet please!

AND WE HOLD ON FELT

Just over Gray's shoulder. Felt's eyes slowly close and hold there.

THEN INTERCUT A RAPID-FIRE SEQUENCE OF QUESTIONS:

SENATOR WEICKER (cont'd)
Why on earth would you agree to
John Dean's demand to give the
White House your investigation?

Then:

SENATOR ERVIN
Back to Mr. Dean. It's clear now,
from what you're saying, that on a
number of occasions, during the
Bureau's investigation into
Watergate, Mr. Dean wasn't exactly
truthful with FBI Agents, was he?

GRAY
(takes a beat; sweating)
Thinking about it now ... I would
have to conclude that probably is
correct, yes sir.

SENATOR ERVIN
That Mr. Dean purposely mis-led the
FBI. Lied to them?

GRAY
Yes, Senator.

DEAN (PRE-LAP)
I think I'm going to puke.

And--

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Dean, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Jeb MacGruder watching the hearings live on TV. Their expressions shattered, knowing that what they're seeing is the beginning of the end.

JEB MAGRUDER

Well, that's gonna be it, fellas.
All the rats are going to start
heading for the waterline.

DEAN

(turns to Ehrlichman)
What're we doing, Bob, letting him
just hang out there like that?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SENATE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE, CAPITOL - SIMULTANEOUS

Has electrified.

ANGLE - SENATOR TED KENNEDY

Scowling, smells blood. WE PUSH IN and see he's holding a copy of TIME Magazine.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SANDY SMITH

Straining forward hard now.

We PAN WITH HIS POV TO FELT

CLOSE IN ON HIS FACE: the slightest hint of anticipation, and hope.

SENATOR KENNEDY

Mr. Gray, this week's Time Magazine contains information on alleged wiretaps on newsmen - according to the article - requested by the White House, authorized by the Justice Department, installed by the FBI. How do you respond to these charges?

GRAY

I don't recall ever seeing any FBI records of such bugging business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENATOR KENNEDY

And the involvement of William C. Sullivan, then the Bureau's chief of Domestic Intelligence?

GRAY

As I said, Senator, I don't recall ever seeing any--

SENATOR KENNEDY

For the record, the Time article says Mr. Sullivan sequestered the records and surrendered them to the White House.

(then)

That wasn't a question, Mr. Gray. You don't need to say anything.

GRAY

I do understand, though, that the material you're talking about, such as it is, was kept for a time in Howard Hunt's safe, in the White House. I understand Mr. Dean eventually took possession of it.

SENATOR WEICKER

Why didn't you, the Director of the FBI, do something about that?

GRAY

I did do something, Senator.

SENATOR WEICKER

What did you do, Mr. Gray?

GRAY

Mr. Dean gave the contents to me. He told me to destroy them.

(beat)

So I destroyed them. I burned them at my vacation home.

THE UPROAR EXPLODES

ANGLE - WOODWARD

Bolting for the exit.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SANDY SMITH

CONTINUED:

The only one in the room who's relaxed, even sits back.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Dean searching faces from Haldeman to Ehrlichman and back to Haldeman. Answers? ... tricks up their sleeves? ... anything?? The older men just sitting there blank and resolved.

DEAN

Bob??

Haldeman gets up, stretches, as after the last pitch of a long, ultimately disappointing ball game.

EHRLICHMAN

(not moving)

Just let him hang there. Let him twist slowly, slowly in the wind.

GRAY (PRE-LAP)

There were other documents as well. I looked at them before I burned them.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SENATE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE, CAPITOL - SIMULTANEOUS

We STAY ON FELT NOW

He's slightly pitching forward as we hear the end:

GRAY (O.S.)

The documents appeared to me to be top secret State Department cables about the assassination of the President of South Vietnam. I read the first one. I had no reason to doubt to authenticity of what I was reading. I was shaken by what I saw and stopped.

Long beat.

CONTINUED:

SENATOR WEICKER (O.S.)
(utter disbelief)
And so then you just burned them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN, FELT'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Audrey sits at the table watching a small TV.

TV - IMPROMPTU NEWS CONFERENCE OUTSIDE THE SENATE HEARINGS

SENATOR WEICKER

(TV)

After Mr. Gray's testimony, I moved for a vote to bring White House counsel John Dean to testify before these hearings. Beyond the issue of Mr. Gray's nomination, we'd like Mr. Dean to shed light on the White House's role in the matters that came up today, including the allegation of secret FBI wiretaps, and the FBI's investigation into Watergate, and what Mr. Dean has done to assist, or obstruct, those efforts. And what the President, and those close to him, might have known. The vote was unanimously in favor.

ANGLE - FELT

In the doorway. Coat and hat still on, attache case in hand.

AUDREY

It's over.

CUT TO:

AN ALARM CLOCK BEEPING. 5.15am. A hand - Felt's - enters frame, shuts it.

CUT TO:

FELT'S HANDS making small adjustments to a tie knot.

CUT TO:

EXT. FELT'S HOUSE - FAIRFAX, VA. - DAWN

Felt steps out the front door. Stops. Eyes scan the street.

ANGLE - FBI-ISSUE SEDAN

Parked at the curb, engine running. Window rolls down.

FELT

Mrs. Felt will do some food shopping this morning, then a bridge game at eleven. One man stays here and one trails. No one approaches the house. Intercept the mail and bring it in to the lab for X-ray.

FBI AGENT

Okay, Mr. Felt.

Felt crosses to his car. Stops. Looks at it. He crouches, peers underneath.

FBI AGENT (cont'd)
Everything okay, Mr. Felt?

FELT

You kept this car in your line of sight all night?

FBI AGENT

All night.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREETS - MORNING - FELT'S CHRYSLER

Crossing the Potomac. As we follow it past the Capitol, the White House, and into the FBI HQ, we hear:

NIXON (OVER)

Today, in one of the most difficult decisions of my presidency, I accepted the resignations of two of my closest associates in the White House -- Bob Haldeman, John Ehrlichman -- two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIXON (OVER) (cont'd)
The counsel to the president, John
Dean, has also resigned.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Felt's Chrysler parks. Only one other car there. Felt gets out. WE HEAR O.S. a car door open and close ... O.S. footsteps.

VOICE (O.S.)

The President asked my advice about what I'd do now if I were him.

Felt stops, turns.

It's Bill Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

I told him I'd get rid of everyone involved, in the best interests of the country, to get the investigators away from the White House. I didn't mean me, but Nixon took me literally. All of us, we're all gone.

(beat)

But you knew that would happen,
didn't you?

(then)

So, I dunno, I guess congratulations.

Felt just turns and walks for the elevators.

SULLIVAN (O.S.) (cont'd)

They're worried you're going to come out and unwrap the whole thing, everything from all the years.

Felt quickening his pace.

SULLIVAN (O.S.) (cont'd)

I told them you couldn't do it.
You'd have to take the fifth for
the rest of your life.

As the elevator doors close on him:

CONTINUED:

SULLIVAN (O.S.) (cont'd)
No one likes informers, Mark. They
only remember you were a rat. Even
if you were their rat.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - FBI HQ - DAY

Felt sits in the cockpit. The Big Chair. Boxes with Gray's
stuff stacked against the wall.

Felt closes his eyes.

ED MILLER (O.S.)
Sorry, Mark.
(then)
You wanted to see me?

FELT
I want you to wrap up Weather
Underground. Close out the
surveillance. No memos, nothing to
sign. Just put it away now.

ANGLE - THE DOOR OPENS

In strides WILLIAM RUCKELSHAUS, 55, take-no-prisoners, looks
pissed. An ENTOURAGE of Clipboard Men. The new DIRECTOR OF
THE FBI.

Miller holds his ground.

FELT (cont'd)
I'm fine. You better go.

Miller leaves. Ruckelshaus circles the desk.

RUCKELSHAUS
That Hoover's?

FELT
(no)
Gray put it in storage.

RUCKELSHAUS
You mind, Felt?

Felt steps out of the cockpit. Ruckelshaus steps in.

CONTINUED:

RUCKELSHAUS (cont'd)
 What time did you get in this morning?

FELT
 Seven every morning.

RUCKELSHAUS
 Well, you got your three hours as Director.

(then)
 You don't have many friends left here, Felt. One of your old pals told me to cut your nuts off.

FELT
 Welcome to the FBI.

Felt leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENESIS COMMUNE, BEN LOMAND, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Shangri-La. Empty rolling hills exploding with wild flowers. Azure sky.

We barely recognize the YOUNG WOMAN sitting in a field with her FRIEND. But it's JOAN, thinner, almost gaunt. They're both completely naked, and nursing naked INFANTS. They're passing a joint between them.

Behind them, a camp. About a mile away and looks about a mile wide.

FRIEND
 (giggles)
 Hey look.

ANGLE - A CLOUD OF DUST

On the horizon.

THEN A CAR

Snaking over the intermeshed hills. As it approaches we see it's a government sedan. We make out a tall MAN at the wheel, a female PASSENGER.

JOAN
 Oh, christ.

CONTINUED:

FRIEND
(drawing a toke)
Whah?

Joan stands with her baby.

JOAN
It's my parents.

FRIEND
(squeals with glee)
Satan?!
(squints)
How can you tell?

JOAN
Just promise me you'll remember. No
matter what: our bodies are
beautiful.

Joan plants her feet, defiant.

The car skids to a stop. Joan doesn't so much as flinch. Car doors open. Felt jogs straight for Joan and wraps her in his long arms, more happy than ever in his life. Audrey stands by the car, paralyzed.

FELT & JOAN - LONG SHOT

Talk a beat. Joan's head seems to drop, she relaxes. Felt takes off his suit jacket, trades it to Joan for the baby. We see Felt's shoulder-holster and weapon under his armpit.

They turn to Audrey and walk. Felt hands the baby to Audrey.

FELT
Aud, meet your grandson. This is
Ludi.

Audrey takes the baby. Crying openly now. Her face a mess of makeup and mascara.

Felt opens his long arms wide and pulls both his women into him. HOLD ... Then-

CUT TO:

A SEQUENCE OF SHOTS INSIDE FBI HQ:

Felt handing William Ruckelshaus his letter of resignation
... A retirement party for Felt ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

it's subdued, sparsely attended ... Felt shakes lots of hands, smiles with grace .. no one makes eye contact ... Audrey sits in the corner of his office alone ...

Ruckelshaus appears at the end presents Felt with a plaque, a watch.

Felt and Ruckelshaus pose for the requisite hand-shake wall photo. Big grin. Hold. FLASH! And HOLD ON THAT--

ALL UNDER:

NIXON (PRE-LAP)

I have never been a quitter. To leave office before my term is completed is abhorrent to every instinct in my body. But as President, I must put the interest of America first.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - FBI HQ - CONTINUOUS

Felt and Audrey heading to Felt's Chrysler.

NIXON

(TV)

Therefore, I shall resign the Presidency effective at noon tomorrow. Vice President Ford will be sworn in as President at that hour in this office.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, FELT'S HOME - NIGHT

Felt sitting in his Barcalounger facing the TV. Casual slacks, slippers. Dinner and a high-ball on the TV tray. On the tube is Nixon:

TITLE: AUGUST 8, 1974

NIXON

(TV)

I regret deeply any injuries that may have been done in the course of the events that led to this decision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Audrey comes up behind Felt, watches with her hands on his shoulders.

NIXON (cont'd)

(TV)

I would say only that if some of my judgments were wrong, and some were wrong, they were made in what I believed at the time to be the best interest of the Nation.

As Nixon talks, Audrey begins to silently weep. And slip down - Felt doesn't see - to her knees, until she is kneeling behind him, her forehead against his back. She shuts her eyes and holds Felt tight, as though to keep him from floating away.

CUT TO:

SAME - ANOTHER DAY

FELT AT THE WINDOW PEERING THROUGH THE CURTAINS. Audrey propped herself up under the FBI seal over the mantle. Drink in hand. Crazy lipstick.

It's midday but the house is dark, curtains closed. You have the feeling they always are now.

ANGLE - JOAN

Standing between them, on guard. Dressed presentably. Somewhat back in the fold

O.S. LOUD DOOR KNOCK.

Felt crosses to the door, waits a beat.

JOAN

Dad, don't. You don't owe them anything.

Felt opens the door on A VERY YOUNG FBI AGENT.

YOUNG AGENT

(intimidated)

W. Mark Felt?

CUT TO:

EXT. FELT'S HOUSE - FAIRFAX, VA. - CONTINUOUS

Felt follows the Agent across the lawn to the car. Felt's neighbors nosing out to rubberneck.

ANGLE - BEA READ

On her front stoop. She and Felt hold a long look.

ANGLE - FBI CAR

A second Agent gets out.

FELT

I'm not getting in this car with
you.

It's ANGIE LANO. Bushier, hairier, heavier. Kind of cocks his head at the irony of the moment. Enjoying this, waiting for this for two years.

LANO

No choice.

ANGLE - JOAN

Appears in the doorway.

FELT

(orders her)

Go back inside.

LANO

(to Joan)

I'll have him back in a couple
hours.

(to Felt)

C'mon, Mr. Felt, get in.

JOAN

(yells at Lano)

You have no idea what you're doing!

FELT

Sure he does.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, WASHINGTON DC - DAY - FELT

Marching toward and over a rope barrier - 'Restricted - Grand Jury and Witnesses Only'.

ANGLE - CHARLIE BATES

nervously smoking, spots Felt and intercepts him.

BATES

Mark, what do you think you're doing?

FELT

Get out of my way, Charlie.

BATES

You don't have to do this.

Felt pushes past him.

BATES (O.S.) (cont'd)

They'll just turn you into their whipping boy.

Felt gunning for three FEDERAL PROSECUTORS huddling outside the courtroom. All hungry Top Guns in their early 30's.

FELT

Which one's Pottinger?

STAN POTTINGER, 33, hip-smart Jewish New Yorker turns.

POTTINGER

Jesus. What do you want?

FELT

I'm going to testify.

POTTINGER

We didn't subpoena you.

FELT

I know that.

POTTINGER

Where's your lawyer?

FELT

I am a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POTTINGER
Not that kind of lawyer.

FELT
I don't need one.

GARDNER
(prosecutor BILL GARDNER,
35)
You sure as hell will now.

Pottinger pulls Felt out of earshot.

POTTINGER
If this was up to me you and
Hoover's other goons would rot in
jail. But the Attorney General
thinks it's in the best interests
of the nation to work out a deal.
As far as you're concerned, it
never happened.

FELT
It happened. I made it happen. I'm
going to admit everything.

GARDNER
Screw 'im, Stan. The guy thinks
he's above it all. Let him testify.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS - FELT

Ram-rod straight in the witness chair. Alone before the 23
diverse and sleepy AMERICANS of the grand jury on risers.

We're deep into Felt's testimony.

POTTINGER
In effect, you ran the FBI on a day-
to-day basis.

FELT
(looking at Pottinger as
at a wise-ass punk)
I answered only to the Director. I
briefed the Attorney General and
the White House when appropriate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POTTINGER

For example, you directed the FBI's
RFK assassination investigation.

FELT

I was in charge, yes.

POTTINGER

The Watergate investigation.

FELT

Yes.

POTTINGER

Counter-espionage expert, Nazi-hunter, you even had your own TV show--

(half-facetious)

You are the G-Man's G-Man, Mr. Felt. A patriot and a hero. And we are a grateful nation.

One or two jurors actually applaud.

GARDNER

(standing; bad cop to
Pottinger's good)

Ladies and gentlemen, for the last few weeks you have heard through testimony the sounds of the bombs of the PLO and Weather Underground ringing in your ears. People died. Public property was destroyed. We were a nation at war, both at home and abroad. We don't dispute that. Now we ask you to listen for the sound of the Constitution.

(pauses for effect)

Hear that? It doesn't make quite as much noise as a bomb, does it? It just sits there silent, like our conscience, as it's done for two hundred years.

(turns to Felt)

Mr. Felt, on September 8, 1972, did you instruct 143 FBI agents across the country to unlawfully break into the homes of relatives of alleged members of the radical group the Weather Underground, to unconstitutionally wiretap their phones and bug their homes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELT
(undeterred)
Yes. And I'd do it again tomorrow.

GARDNER
In fact, the FBI executed dozens of top-secret and unconstitutional so-called "black bag" programs against citizens of the United States, isn't that right?

Felt doesn't reply.

GARDNER (cont'd)
Who else knew?

FELT
(shakes his head)
You're never going to get there.

GARDNER
Assistant Director Edward Miller knew.

FELT
No.

GARDNER
Acting Director L. Patrick Gray III knew.

FELT
(insists)
Gray did not know!

GARDNER
Why of all people would you protect Pat Gray?

FELT
I gave the order. It was me and me alone.

GARDNER
You admit guilt?

FELT
I admit I did it, not guilt. It was the right thing to do. We were saving lives. I'd do it again tomorrow.

CONTINUED:

POTTINGER

(standing again)

Before we let you go, Mr. Felt, you mentioned briefing the White House. Just give us a quick snap-shot of your relationship with the Nixon White House, if you will.

FELT

(testy)

The White House has no authority over the FBI.

POTTINGER

But did "suggestions" come from anyone inside the Nixon administration to illegally spy on Americans?

FELT

No.

POTTINGER

Thank you.

Pottinger starts to sit.

FELT

But I was in constant contact with the White House on many other important matters.

(Pottinger couldn't care less)

I was in the Oval Office so much, in fact, that some people started to think I must be Deep Throat.

STOP

CLOSE ON POTTINGER - A strange look comes over him. Pottinger throws a "did you hear what I heard?" look at the table. Gardner is doodling. No one noticed.

POTTINGER

What did you just say?

FELT

I said I was with Nixon and his inner circle - Dean, Haldeman - so much that some people thought that I was the Washington Post during Watergate. Deep Throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Long beat. Pottinger is simply unable to compute.

POTTINGER
(shrugs, then, to the
Grand Jury)
As you know, members of the Grand
Jury are permitted to ask direct
questions of the witness.

Felt stiffens toward the jury, fierce and intimidating.

ANGLE - MIDDLE-AGED MAN

In the back row, raises his hand. Dim-looking, could be a
plumber.

JUROR
(too dumb to know any
better)
Well, were you?

FELT
(impatient)
Was I what?

JUROR
Were you Deep Throat?

STAY ON POTTINGER

Through a long beat of silence. Felt isn't answering.
Pottinger lifts his head.

PAN TO FELT

Who for the first time is looking down. He's taking out his
handkerchief dabbing his brow.

BACK TO POTTINGER

leaning forward now, curious, sensing something--

FELT
(weak)
No.

POTTINGER
STOP!

POTTINGER LEAPS UP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POTTINGER (cont'd)
(to the steno)
Off the record.

GARDNER
Stan, what the hell're you doing?

Pottinger has no idea. He marches straight for Felt.

CLOSE ON FELT & POTTINGER

face to face, just the two of them. Close enough to see nervous perspiration blooming on both their faces.

POTTINGER
(low)
Mr. Felt, I'm reminding you that you are under oath, and that perjury is a Class A felony ...
(softer)
However, I consider the question that man just asked you outside the specific scope of this investigation. So if it is your wish that I have the question withdrawn, and your answer stricken from the record, I will do so. I will make sure it never happened and no one will ever know.

Felt won't look Pottinger in the eye.

POTTINGER (cont'd)
(whisper now)
Mr. Felt? I think I understand what's at stake here ... Do you?

A long excruciating beat. Felt furious at himself for his sloppiness.

FELT
Withdraw the question.

POTTINGER
I need you to repeat that.

Now Felt looks at him. Those eyes boring into Pottinger, accusing and scrutinizing, and Pottinger recoils. So do we.

FELT
(firmer)
Withdraw the question.

CONTINUED:

Pottinger steps back ... a beat ... can't believe it: he knows America's most dangerous and valuable secret. Felt is Deep Throat. The "Antichrist" is his goddamn hero.

POTTINGER
(to the room)
Other questions for this witness?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - DAY

THE PERP'S BENCH

Handcuffed, there sit side by side: Felt, Ed Miller and Pat Gray, blinking with bemusement and humiliation.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR JOHN NIELDS gestures for them to rise.

PROSECUTOR JOHN NIELDS
(charging them)
Fifteen counts of conspiracy to
violate the constitutional rights
of Americans...

CUT TO:

ANGIE LANO LEADING THEM THROUGH FINGERPRINTING

ANGLE - AUDREY & JOAN

Standing behind a slab of glass watching in bitter disbelief.

BACK TO FELT

He looks up. He and Audrey make eye contact, and HOLD.

Now she's saying something to him, her mouth moving but we can't hear what ... Felt turns away ... now she's POUNDING on the glass with her fists to get his attention ... Joan desperately trying to calm her down.

Now we make out - muffled through glass - what she's yelling:

AUDREY
Tell them who you are! Tell them
who you are!

ANGLE - LANO

CONTINUED:

Comes for Felt, takes him by the arm like a car thief and presses him against the height chart. Felt turns directly to the mug-shot camera, defiant, daring the lens. Now--

FLASH!

HOLD a long beat. Then, OVER FELT'S MUG SHOT-

END CRAWL

* Deep Throat's identity became the most contemplated and important secret in the history of American politics. Mark Felt finally revealed he was the whistleblower on May 31, 2005 to the widespread condemnation of current and former FBI. Felt's spycraft was so strong that of the hundreds of experts, historians, journalists, Watergate participants, and even FBI officials, who had speculated about Deep Throat's identity for 33 years, only two believed it might be Felt.

* In 1980, Mark Felt was convicted of conspiracy for the FBI's secret Weather Underground campaign, refusing to name any other FBI Agents involved. Felt saved as many as 142 Agents from criminal prosecution. One of them was L. Patrick Gray.

* On July 15, 1984, Audrey Felt shot herself in the head with Mark Felt's FBI-issue revolver.

END CREDITS

