

(Name of Project)

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1.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - EVENING

Camera SHOWS a beautiful evening view of a 1970 White House in *Washington DC*. It zooms into the window of the situation room, where several men in suits are talking about seemingly important things, however, the camera zooms right past them, and through the door to the outside of the room into a small waiting room where WOODWARD is sitting down with a pen and an oak-tag envelope waiting for someone to come out of the room.

INT. THE WAITING ROOM - EVENING

WOODWARD taps the pen and his foot anxiously, as if he has been there awhile.

FELT enters from hallway. Has a dark suit, white shirt, and necktie. He is carrying a briefcase and has the countenance of a very confident, stern, militant type of man, as he sits down next to WOODWARD.

Several awkward seconds pass.

WOODWARD
(uncertain)
Lieutenant Bob Woodward... sir.

FELT
(stern)
Mark Felt...

WOODWARD
(foolishly conversing)
Oh. I'm assigned to bring these documents from Admiral Moorer's.

FELT
Oh?

WOODWARD
Yes...sir. It's my last year in the Navy you know.

FELT
(uninterested)
I see.

WOODWARD
(thinking FELT wants more)
... I graduated in 1965 from Yale, but had to go into the Navy right after due to my scholarship.

FELT'S eyes shift away from WOODWARD

2.

WOODWARD

Unfortunately after my four years I was involuntarily stationed another because of Vietnam.

FELT continues to seemingly ignore WOODWARD'S attempts of conversation.

WOODWARD

But lately, I have been doing some graduate work at George Washington.

FELT suddenly turns back toward WOODWARD, seeming more attentive than he had been the entire conversation.

WOODWARD

(with newfound confidence)

One of my courses is in International Relations, while the other is in Shakespeare. Very diverse I guess, but..

WOODWARD is cut off by FELT's eagerness to talk.

FELT

I went to night school at GW back in the 1930's before I joined the FBI.

WOODWARD

(now content)

FELT

During school I worked full time for a senator from my home in Idaho.

WOODWARD

Really? I've done volunteer work in the office of congressman John Erlenborn from Wheaton, Illinois where I grew up. So what do you do at the FBI?

FELT

I'm in charge of the inspection division, working under director Hoover.

WOODWARD

(excited and surprised)

Really? What do you do there?

3.

FELT

I lead teams of Hoover's, and carry out his direct orders on mostly bureaucratic matters.

WOODWARD and FELT continue their conversation, but it is silenced as the CAMERA PANS to the watch being worn by FELT and zooms in on the time. The muffled voices are heard in the background, and the hands on the clock speed up to make a whirring noise and show that about 10 minutes of the conversation has passed as time begins to slow.

CAMERA pans back to the men speaking and the men are viewed as if FELT is preaching to WOODWARD, and as it pans the volume begins to clear up and you can hear the end of WOODWARD'S next line.

FOCUSES ON WOODWARD.

WOODWARD

(hopefully)

"Could I have your" (muffled)
number in case I ever need any more
guidance?

FELT reaches and takes a card out of his jacket, and begins to use the wall to write on the back.

FELT

(paternally)

This is a direct line to my office,
in case you need anything. Don't
be afraid to call.

FOCUSES ON WOODWARD AS HIS EYES SHIFT FROM THE BUSINESS CARD, AND INTO THE CAMERA, TO BE STARING BACK AT FELT.

FADE TO BLACK.

I/E. BLACK

A large rushing sound that sounds like a rumbling earthquake or train begins to be heard. It goes from a very low sound, and begins to raise in pitch over a period of 5-10 seconds, until it becomes apparent that it was the slowed ringing of a telephone, which is now continuously ringing at normal speed and pitch.

The voices are heard through the audio compression of a telephone.

4.

As FELT picks up, the background noise of phones and office equipment can be heard behind his voice on the phone.

FELT
(like he is being
bothered)
Yes.

WOODWARD
It's me, I have a few questions
about law scho...

FELT
I'm working now, call me at home.

FELT hangs up. Five Seconds Pass.

The rumbling of the slowed phone is again heard but this time it speeds up into a full pitched ring, and is then picked up in under 2 seconds.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S HOME - EVENING

CLOSE UP on Felt's face with the receiver next pressed against the right side of his head.

FELT
(paternally)
Now what's the deal with law
school?

Camera goes to black, for 1 second.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - EVENING

WOODWARD
(emotionally with a sigh)
I've applied to several, but, I
just don't want to spend 3 years at
a school. Especially when I'm
almost 30.

BACK TO:

5.

I/E. BLACK

FELT

Listen to me. My first job after law school was with the FTC, and I had to determine whether toilet paper with the brand name of Red Cross was had an advantage over other companies.

WOODWARD

What!?

BACK TO:

INT. FELT'S HOME - EVENING

FELT

People thought it might have been endorsed by the American Red Cross.

WOODWARD

(over phone)

And your point is?

FELT

(stern and serious)

It was the worst fucking job on the planet.

Although WOODWARD is speechless over the phone, the audience should get the feeling, that he is astounded or taken aback by FELT'S aggressive tone.

FELT

It wasn't what I wanted to do. I applied for a job at the FBI the same year and got accepted.

WOODWARD

But you only got accepted because you went to law school.

FELT

(coolly)

You're right, but the life lesson I am trying to get across... is that you should just avoid toilet paper investigations.

6.

FELT Hangs up the phone abruptly while it seems as though WOODWARD is about to speak by the viewer hearing his voice inhale over the phone as it hangs up.

CUT TO:

I/E. BLACK

Just as before, the rumbling of the telephone is heard, and slowly becomes recognizable, however is it slightly different.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The ringing stops abruptly as a loud smack is heard, and the screen goes from black to a view of an alarm clock being hit but WOODWARD's hand several times, so that he is sure the sound is stopped.

The rustling of bed sheets is heard and the hand moves off screen.

The shower is heard as the camera CUTS to a view of the entire apartment, and the bathroom door is seen closed.

The entrance to his apartment is knocked on a few times, and is followed by a loud noise that sounds like newspapers being dropped outside his door.

Bathroom door opens, and WOODWARD comes out wrapped in a towel. He puts walks to the table with his alarm clock on it, puts on his watch, and then walks over to his balcony, from where the camera is looking into his home.

WOODWARD walks up within inches of the camera, still fastening his watch, finishes, and reaches his hands behind view, and the sound of shades rushing open is heard, as light fills the apartment.

WOODWARD stretching his neck, then turns and looks outside into the sun, with his eyes just off the center of the camera He squints slightly, acknowledges the sunny weather, and turns around walking towards his apartment door.

CAMERA CUTS to looking up at his door from the outside, as if an ant was trying to get into the apartment and looking up at the door.

7.

WOODWARD swings the door open, looking straight out, and then abruptly looks down, bends over and picks up some newspapers, which he brings inside and closes the door.

CAMERA CUTS to WOODWARD'S view in a 1st person perspective, as his hands rustle through the papers. He notices the Washington Post's message on one of the pages, that says "Reporters Wanted."

WOODWARD
(optimistically)
Hmm, reporter...

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON POST OFFICES - AFTERNOON

The metropolitan editor of the Post HARRY ROSENFELD is sitting down in an office with WOODWARD staring at him through his glasses

ROSENFELD
(confused)
Can you tell me why the Post would hire a reporter with zero experience.

WOODWARD
No.

ROSENFELD
(politely)
Then why, I would have to ask Mr. Woodward, are you here?

WOODWARD
There are few ways to gain professional experience in this field, and not being a reporter is a step in the wrong direction.

WOODWARD pauses, and his eyes focus deeply on ROSENFELD

WOODWARD
(confident)
I want to be a journalist, and I am going to write stories.

ROSENFELD is surprised at WOODWARD'S comment, as well as WOODWARD himself as he is usually not so declarative when speaking.

7

8.

ROSENFELD
(optimistically)
Well you err, certainly seem
confident in yourself...

ROSENFELD looks down at the letter that WOODWARD had
previously mailed to the paper asking for the job.

ROSENFELD
... The fact that you graduated
from Yale and have been in the Navy
for five years proves you're not
stupid.

WOODWARD'S countenance begins to perk up.

ROSENFELD
Okay. I'm giving you two weeks here
at the Post. You will be required
to find stories and take
assignments like any other
reporter. At the end of the two
weeks, if you seem err... talented
enough, I will decide to keep you
or throw you away.

WOODWARD
(excited)
Thank you sir, this means a lot to
me.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON POST OFFICES - AFTERNOON

Some time has passed, and WOODWARD is sitting at a typewriter
in the middle of the newsroom floor in the middle of the day,
next to a half finished story.

CAMERA shows him from the front, and he is content, and
almost happy, with his new job.

BEN BRADLEE, an editor in charge of WOODWARD walks up to his
desk from behind. He is holding typed pages in his hand.

BRADLEE
(sorrowful)
Bob I'm sorry but, I'm not editing
this story. It's just
uninteresting. The writing looks
alright, but you have no bite. This
is full of generalizations.

8

9.

BRADLEE(cont'd)

There are no hard facts. You have to get out there and dig a hole to china.

WOODWARD'S near smile begins to fall from his face.

BRADLEE

I understand that you are trying hard, but If I was a subscriber, the only thing I would make out of this story is a roll of toilet paper.

BRADLEE leaves the papers on WOODWARD'S desk and starts walking back to his office as the CAMERA follows him. He begins to yell while at WOODWARD while walking backwards.

BRADLEE

(making the mood more positive)

But hey... Don't feel blue Bob! Everyone starts somewhere! Just don't give in!

CAMERA pans back to WOODWARD.

Although his spirits seem somewhat rejuvenated, he puts his hands on his forehead, covers his eyes, and drops his elbows onto the typewriter, which because of having so many keys pressed, expels the page suddenly and makes a strange mechanical noise, causing WOODWARD to bounce back up in shock of the unexpected event. The page flies into the air and floats onto the ground several feet away.

As WOODWARD looks up, the back of ROSENFELD'S head enters the corner of the screen, as he is raising himself after picking up the page of the half written story of WOODWARD'S

CAMERA cuts to Rosenfeld on the floor.

ROSENFELD

Could you come here Mr. Woodward, I have to speak with you in my office.

WOODWARD follows ROSENFELD past the other people in the offices and on the floor who all are minding their own business hard at work.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSENFELD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA shows a nervous WOODWARD, sitting with ROSENFELD in his office.

ROSENFELD
(regretfully)
Listen I'm sorry Bob. You are a smart guy. You and I both know you aren't ready for a job here. I told you before you couldn't do this.

WOODWARD does not look surprised.

ROSENFELD
I'm going to have to toss you, but I won't forget you. If you still want to be a journalist, I lined up a job for you at the Montgomery Sentinel. It's a small time paper, but you will learn the tricks of the trade there.

CAMERA focuses on and zooms into ROSENFELD

ROSENFELD
Listen, I want to see you succeed, and you will, but it just takes time, which you will get by working at the Sentinel.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - EVENING

WOODWARD is talking on the phone with his father. While sitting on the end of his bed.

WOODWARD
How's mom?

FATHER
Shes doing well, we are both happy you are finally out of the Navy.

WOODWARD
Yeah.

FATHER
(pleasantly)
How are the applications to law school going, do you need any money or anything?

WOODWARD
(as if he didn't want his father to ask)
Law school is off. I'm taking a job starting tomorrow at a local newspaper in Montgomery.

FATHER
(surprised and angry)
What!?! How much does it pay?

WOODWARD
About 115 dollars a week.

FATHER
You're crazy.

WOODWARD's face does not change from his optimistic expression, and does not react to his father's remark.

CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

FELT is seen in the same position as he was when he was previously on the phone with WOODWARD. He is smoking a cigarette.

WOODWARD
(over phone)
Yeah, my father told me I was crazy.

FELT
This is the last thing I expected you to do. Newspapers are too shallow. Haven't you ever read a cover story. It barely scratches the surface. Newspapers give you a puddle and hide the ocean. The longer the story, the more bullshit the assumptions are made by the reporter.

BACK TO:

INT. WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - EVENING

WOODWARD

I'll be the one to change that.
Maybe you could help me with some
stories?

FELT

(smiling through the
phone, and pretending he
didn't hear the
question.)

And I hope you do. As long as you
enjoy it, I'm content. Just avoid
toilet paper.

WOODWARD

(shaking his head smiling)
Should I avoid it after my morning
shit as well?

FELT Hangs up laughing, and WOODWARD, smiling, puts the phone down. This conversation begins to convey the fact that the conversations between WOODWARD and FELT are no longer strictly professional, but they are developing a friendship.

WOODWARD turns off his light, sets his alarm clock, and goes to bed.

FADE TO BLACK.

I/E. MONTAGE - SPAN - ONE YEAR

PLAY CD TRACK:

Montage begins with WOODWARD talking to an editor at the Montgomery newspaper, and bringing his stuff in a backpack to his desk.

He sits at his desk and starts to unpack, as the screen fades out to him interviewing unknown people on the street.

It cuts to him writing at his typewriter for about 4 seconds, then cuts back to him interviewing a group of people. He turns his head and sees what looks like a senator or an important person leaving a building in the afternoon.

WOODWARD holds up his finger to his interviewers showing he will be right back in one minute, and runs down the street in a his formal work clothes, chasing after the man who left the building. He catches up to him, and is bent over on the street corner catching his breath.

WOODWARD
(breathing heavily)
Sir I'd like to ask you a few questions.

CAMERA cuts back to him writing at his typewriter, and an editor is seen walking up to him, smiling, and pats him on the back. WOODWARD looks happy and pleased.

THE MUSIC LOWERS IN VOLUME, but stays playing throughout the next scene.

CUT TO:

WOODWARD is on a pay phone on the street in the afternoon, talking to FELT.

WOODWARD
(As if they have spoken many times since their last on screen conversation.)
How is work?

FELT
Good, but stressful. Hoover is doing a great job running the bureau. Every morning he comes in at 6:30 and everybody in the organization knows exactly what they are supposed to be doing under his command.

WOODWARD
That's good.

FELT
I think my only stress comes from the corrupt White House. Hoover and I are the only shield the FBI has from their sinister politics shoving on us reaching our bureau, and we won't let it down.

WOODWARD
I take it you don't like the president.

CAMERA cuts to a close up of FELT in his office at the FBI.

FELT
(coolly)
That would be an understatement.

CAMERA cuts back to the telephone booth.

FELT
(eager to change the
subject)
How is your reporting going? It's
been almost 8 months since you took
that job.

WOODWARD
(confident)
Better than ever.

WOODWARD sees his editor from Montgomery driving down the street.

WOODWARD
Something just came up I have to
go, sorry.

THE MUSIC TURNS BACK UP as WOODWARD is seen running down the street with a notebook and tape recorder in his hand after his editor's car with the drivers' seat window open.

WOODWARD
(yelling and running)
Boss I wanted to ask you about this
story I've been working on...

CAMERA cuts back to WOODWARD knocking on doors, interviewing more people, and then cut's back to his typewriter again. WOODWARD is beginning to look like a reporter through the way he is carrying himself, and he has a determined look on his face through most of the shots. Throughout the end of the montage the music fades, and WOODWARD is now seen by the audience as a professional at his job.

THE MUSIC stays strong and suddenly STOPS as WOODWARD knocks open the door to his apartment holding and looking through his mail he received that day.

INT. WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON (MONTAGE OVER)

WOODWARD is looking at his mail as the CAMERA moves out from his view and looks over his apartment.

His apartment is very dirty, with papers pinned to the wall, and pictures and notebooks in the corners and on the couch that seems as though it is a temporary filing system.

WOODWARD starts to open one of his letters as he sits down at his table (which is full of notebooks and documents like the couch), and CAMERA cuts to his view in first person as the letter is shown on screen scrolling down.

ROSENFELD (V.O.)

(dictating his letter)

Dear Mr. Woodward, I am very pleased to see that you have been working hard over the past year. I have read some of your stories along with Ben Bradlee, and we both agree you have improved vastly as a professional journalist. If you would still like to be a reporter for the Post, you can start in a month, and you know how to contact me.

- Harry Rosenfeld

WOODWARD jumps up from his chair in excitement and screams in joy, but as he jumps up his knee hits the underside of his table, causing it to turn over and resulting in all of his materials spilling onto his apartment floor.

WOODWARD

(during the described action)

Yes!...

TABLE tips over and a loud crash is heard.

WOODWARD jumps back and puts his hands on his forehead and bends over looking at the mess.

WOODWARD

(loudly as he jumps back)

... Shit!

JUMP BACK TO:

INT. FBI - AFTERNOON - JULY 1, 1971

ONE MONTH EARLIER, is viewed on the screen at the bottom as a subtitle in white letters.

HOOVER and FELT are sitting in an empty situation room at the FBI, and HOOVER is talking to FELT.

They are very friendly and good friends during the conversation, although it is a serious matter.

HOOVER

Clyde Tolson is pretty sick, and he may be on medical leave or be in very rarely in the future.

FELT still does not understand why they are talking.

HOOVER

Because of this, I am promoting you to right under him. Mark, you are the only person I would trust with his work on a day to day basis, do you think you can help me on this one? It's going to be a harder job. You would also be working more with me daily.

FELT

(excited, but content on the outside.)
I'll do it, but I'll need your aid. I can't be left in the dark about stuff.

HOOVER

Don't worry, I'll be by your side, and I expect you to be by mine. We can get through these years together. The White House has been pressuring us a lot lately, and I need someone like you up there with me.

FELT

I'm with you every step of the way.

HOOVER

Great, we can start planning out how to run this place later today, I'll talk to you tonight.

HOOVER leaves the room, and FELT, happy with his promotion, sits normally until HOOVER is out of sight, and once the door closes he jumps up from his chair and like WOODWARD earlier, his knees hit the bottom of the table, and during the event he yells in excitement followed by a painful remark.

FELT
(excited, then painfully
moaning)
Yes... Oucchh!

FELT falls back into his chair and rolls against the wall, in minor pain, but with a smile on his face.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON POST OFFICES - LATER IN THE SPRING

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER is showed on the bottom of the screen in white subtitles.

WOODWARD is seen with his own office, and no longer a desk like her had on the floor during his two week tryout.

CAMERA is from his phone looking up at him, showing him working in a professional manner, writing down some notes next to his typewriter.

On the wall behind his head, articles are pinned to the wall that he has written.

The phone rings, startling him.

WOODWARD
Hello?

FELT
It's me. Tell nobody this is coming from me. Vice President Agnew received a bribe of 2,500\$ in cash.

WOODWARD
Why?

FELT
That isn't important, but it was found in his desk drawer earlier.

WOODWARD
What do you want me to do about it?

FELT
I'm going to give you a name, you have to find this guy and question him.

CAMERA moves outside of WOODWARD'S office, and shows RICHARD COHEN, a post reporter walking up to WOODWARD'S office.

COHEN knocks, and WOODWARD, seen through his window, beckons for him to come in, as he hangs up the phone and finishes writing down the name given to him by FELT.

WOODWARD
(ignoring the unknown
reason why RICHARD
entered his office)
Rich I have a hot lead, I have
information that the Vice President
received a 2,500 dollar bribe.

COHEN
(confused)
Why?

WOODWARD
My source wouldn't specify.

COHEN
What source?

WOODWARD
It's not important, but I need help
finding this man.

WOODWARD shows the man's name on the paper to COHEN.

COHEN
I have no idea. But this whole
thing is twisted, It's impossible,
you are crazy.

WOODWARD has a static look on his face.

COHEN
(optimistically)
I'll ask one of the new reporters
to help you find this guy. See you
later.

COHEN leaves the office.

WOODWARD leans back in his chair with a content look on his face, as if he finally realized he was no longer a new reporter.

WOODWARD leaves his office, and as he opens the door meets with the new reporter. He runs back into his office and gathers his notebook and belongings and leaves with him.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FELT'S HOME - EVENING (MAY 16)

Felt is on the phone with WOODWARD, again smoking a cigarette.

FELT
Did you ever find anything on
Agnew?

WOODWARD
(over phone)
Nothing. We looked all day that day
and we couldn't get any leads on
the name you gave me. Are you sure
this is true?

FELT
(confident)
I'm sure. Forget about this story.
If you can't find the guy you can't
find the guy.

WOODWARD
(feels somewhat used)
Okay...

FELT
Sorry, I'm not feeling too well..

FELT talks as the screen flashes back to May 2nd, when an assistant director went into FELT's office and told him Hoover had died in his home. FELT begins to break down as the man leaves, and weeps and cries on his desk.

FELT
Ever since Hoover died, I've been
distraught. I expected to be his
replacement, but Nixon just
nominated a Patrick Gray.

SCENE changes to L. Patrick Gray III working in an office somewhere outside the FBI.

FELT
He's been a Nixon supporter for
years, It figures as much.

SCENE changes to the Laurel Shopping center where Wallace was shot, and shows the bullets going through him during the afternoon, and shows hidden from crowds the face of ARTHUR H. BREMER holding the gun.

FELT

Do you remember yesterday Wallace was shot? He was one of Nixon's only real competitors in the election.

SCENE changes back to FELT at his house listening to WOODWARD over the phone.

WOODWARD

(curious)

What are you saying?

FELT

When I told Nixon about how the men who captured the shooter beat him up, he told me

SCENE flashes back and shows Nixon on the phone

NIXON

Well, it's too bad they didn't really rough up the son of a bitch!

SCENE flashes forward to WOODWARD'S APARTMENT.

WOODWARD

He said that right after?

FELT

Practically his first comment after I told him.

WOODWARD

(making assumption)

That's awkward.

FELT

Nixon wants me to update him every 30 minutes on the status of the shooter, Arthur H. Bremer

WOODWARD

(taking notes hurriedly)

I'll research this more. It's late I need to get to bed.

SCENE changes to FELT'S HOME

FELT

(eager to talk more)

I'll call you in your office tomorrow with more information.

SCENE changes back to WOODWARD'S APARTMENT

WOODWARD

Okay..

WOODWARD hangs up, walks to his blinds, and closes them, and goes to sleep. It is seen that WOODWARD'S apartment now has filing cabinets, and the furniture is clear of the clutter of his career.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON POST OFFICES - AFTERNOON (MAY 18TH)

WOODWARD is in his office, reading over the article he wrote for that day's paper, admiring his hard work.

The phone rings and he picks up.

WOODWARD

(in a professional tone)

Bob Woodward speaking...

SCREEN cuts in two, as WOODWARD'S OFFICE is pushed off to the left, and FELT'S OFFICE is brought in from the right, so both characters are seen on the screen together while on the phone.

FELT

(quoting the article)

High federal officials! ... Who have reviewed investigative reports on the Wallace shooting said yesterday that there is no evidence whatsoever to indicate that Bremer was a hired killer.

WOODWARD

(realizing what FELT is quoting)

Yeah, I couldn't find any info that Bremer was linked to anything, and I looked at everyone and everything.

FELT

That part's okay, I don't think Bremer was hired either considering what I said, but the problem is how you cited me.

WOODWARD

What?

FELT

(in a booming voice)

You can't quote me as a high ranked
federal official! It is too
dangerous, and you better be sure
that nobody else knows about us.

WOODWARD

I haven't told anyone.

FELT

(as he lights a cigarette)

Good. I'm sorry to have to be so
stern, but you can't tell anyone
about these conversations, or I
will have to cease to give you
information. I'll always be your
friend, but I can't always be your
source.

WOODWARD

(apologetically)

I'm sorry, I didn't think it would
be that serious, but I'll be
careful in the future, and no, I
haven't told anyone.