

"The Insider"

Screenplay

by

Eric Roth

First Draft
August 26, 1997

FADE IN:

All we can see is black filling the screen...Black on black...As we pull away from it, it starts taking on a shape, a definite shape, with more and more definition, until we recognize it's a letter coming across the screen, a simple letter, followed by another letter, and another letter...and those followed by a dot, and another dot, and another, and that followed by a number, and another number and a fraction of a number...and a plus sign...and another number...and a fraction...And as it moves off...followed by another letter, and another, and another, we realize we're watching STOCK QUOTATIONS, CORPORATE SYMBOLS, America's life blood...And as we absorb that, it becomes something else again, something that doesn't seem human...Two deep pools, and a gash, a slit, a dada painting from the depth of the soul, from some nether world...And as we come into FOCUS the slit moves, making a sound that's jarring...And we realize it's a mouth, speaking Arabic...The two deep pools moving, and we recognize them as a pair of eyes.

INT. A JEEP, LEBANON - DAY

And we see we've been looking at a face in a black ski mask...A modern shroud, a death mask. The human face of terror. And we see we're in a MILITARY STYLE JEEP...Two men in front in the black ski masks, shouldering assault rifles. HEZBOLLAH SOLDIERS...And we see there are three MEN in the back. A small middle-aged Man wearing a tired suit and tinted sunglasses. And on either side of him, two Men in blindfolds...On one side a Man in his forties, hands pressed in the pockets of a well traveled leather jacket...A stocky man, wry, with the edge of a J.D Salinger character, he carries himself as if he's seen everything at least once. But even he has swallowed his self-confidence here, turning his head from side to side, sensing the wind, hearing a blast of Arabic music that disappears behind him...We'll come to know him as LOWELL BERGMAN. On the other side of the man in the tired suit, is a lanky Man with two light meters around his neck. And the ski mask that spoke says something else in angry, staccato Arabic, and punctuating his comment suddenly fires his automatic weapon in the air...The blindfolded men jump...The Man in the tired suit explains...

HEZBOLLAH INTERPRETER

(translates)

He says he quit smoking...it makes him very irritable...

LOWELL

(finding his voice, droll)

Oh, good...A freedom-fighter in withdrawal...

EXT. THE BEKAA VALLEY, BA'LABAKK, LEBANON - DAY

And we see the jeep is racing through the narrow winding streets of a small Lebanese village. And it's shadowed by a jeep in front, and in back, each of them carrying armed personnel...A man sitting on the hood of one of the escort jeeps holding a RPG launcher...And we see the convoy passes a monument, a captured Israeli tank covered with Arabic graffiti...And looking down on them from huge posters are the stern visages of the Ayatollah Khomeini, and a local counterpart, the Sheikh Fadlallah... And the convoy comes to a sudden stop...And Lowell and the other blindfolded man are roughly taken out, and pushed along, stumbling without sight...The lanky Cameraman is stopped, told to wait, and Lowell is pushed past some armed men surrounding a small stone house, and inside...

INT. A HOUSE IN LEBANON - DAY

And a round faced Man in his mid forties, with wide glasses, black hair and a gray-black beard, wearing a dullband, a turban, is sitting at a kitchen table...And we see it's the Sheikh Fadlallah who's face stared out at us from the poster...A Man cradling an AK-47 sits in an incongruous purple armchair in a corner. Another gunman stands by a window. Lowell is sat down in a chair at the kitchen table...

THE SHEIKH

Coffee Mr. Bergman?

LOWELL

Yes...Thank you...

A small steaming cup of coffee is put down...Lowell reaches to lift his blindfold...

THE SHEIKH

Please keep your blindfold on, Mr. Bergman...Some of us prefer to stay anonymous...

Lowell nods...He feels for the coffee cup, drinking it, incongruous, with his blindfold on...

THE SHEIKH (cont'd)

And how have you enjoyed your stay in Lebanon so far...?

LOWELL

(droll)

I like what I've seen...

The Man, not without a sense of humor, smiles...

THE SHEIKH

This time of year is quite beautiful in the Bekaa valley... The orange and the lemon trees are blooming...

Lowell doesn't say anything, the blindfold saying it all...

THE SHEIKH (cont'd)

(after a beat)

You have come a long way to be here...And I think this is a very dangerous place for you...

And Lowell's CELL PHONE, in his jacket pocket, suddenly RINGS, jarring....

LOWELL

Can I answer it?

THE SHEIKH

Yes...

Lowell answers it, the incongruity of talking on a phone while being blindfolded...

LOWELL

Hello...?

(beat)

I'm here right now...I don't know yet...I don't know...

(impatient)

It's a Hilton, Mike...Yes.

(beat)

Yes they have suites. Yes, mini bars, jacuzzis, suites, the whole works...

(beat)

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

(hangs up...after a beat, to the Sheikh)

He wants to know if he should get on a plane or not?

The Sheikh blinks, thinking....

THE SHEIKH

You are Jewish, aren't you Mr. Bergman?

And Lowell never gives a personal response, instead, matter of factly, with his droll voice...

LOWELL

In the late sixties I had gone to an appointment to interview an ex-Waffen SS Group Commander, Otto Skorzeny, who was living on Mallorca off Spain...I came to a house on a cliff, barbed wire all around it...Nobody answered the door...So I left...I called him...Asked him where he'd been... He said he had been there, watching...He said they have to be very careful...Some of his neighbors hadn't been...

(MORE)

LOWELL (cont'd)
 The Israelis, - in those years, were
 still knocking them off...They'd
 float up on the beach...The next
 day he let me interview him...He
 stopped and looked at me...Sind
 sie eine Jude? Sind sie eine
 Jude? Are you a Jew?

The Sheikh is quiet.

LOWELL (cont'd)
 I told him, "Ja, ich bin eine
 Jude..." "Yes, I am a Jew..."
 (a beat)
 But when I'm sitting across from
 you, I am a journalist...

The Sheikh nods, understanding him...

THE SHEIKH
 (after a beat)
 You can tell him I will meet him
 tomorrow, after morning
 prayers...The same arrangement...

LOWELL
 (nods, grateful)
 That works...
 (after a beat)
 Mr. Wallace wondered what hotel
 you'd recommend...

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

LOWELL (cont'd)
 Sheikh...?
 (no answer)
 Hello, sheikh...?

Silence...He hesitates, starts to lift his blindfold...He
 lifts it...And he sees the Sheikh, and his gunmen, are
 gone, the house empty...And his Cameraman, the lanky man,
 who we see is a Native American, comes inside...

LOWELL (cont'd)
 You okay?

THE CAMERAMAN
 (nods)
 The guy couldn't do it, he started
 smoking again...

Lowell smiles.

LOWELL
 (after a beat,
 looking around,
 matter of fact)
 How's the power in here...?

THE CAMERAMAN

(shakes "no")

Fluctuating all over the place.
Portable gennies and we'll run
cable...

And there's the sense they're being watched...Lowell
instinctively turns...And he sees CHILDRENS' FACES are
pressed to the windows looking in at them. In a strange
fish bowl...

AND WE HEAR PEOPLE SINGING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY..."

INT. A LABORATORY, BROWN AND WILLIAMSON, LOUISVILLE,
KENTUCKY - LATE AFTERNOON

And we see we're in a SCIENCE LABORATORY...LAB TECHNICIANS,
in white lab coats, singing "Happy Birthday" to a heavy-set
woman...Balloons, incongruous, floating above the lab...And
there's a sense somebody is watching them...And we see,
from the waist up, a disembodied figure standing behind a
glass partition, as if quarantined, an expressionless MAN
in his late forties, watching them...

INT. JEFFREY WIGAND'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

The office soundproofed, he watches in total silence the
people laughing, their lips moving, singing "Happy
Birthday..." His hair not yet settled on gray, his face,
despite the lack of affect, is constantly moving, changing,
always interesting, like he has a tic, a series of
disconnected tics...We'll come to know him as JEFFREY
WIGAND. He turns to gather up some things...his
briefcase...And as he leaves the office, the silent
birthday party like a bizarre mime show behind him...

INT. EXECUTIVE WASHROOM, BROWN AND WILLIAMSON - LATE DAY

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

INT. A CORRIDOR, BROWN AND WILLIAMSON BUILDING - LATE DAY

Briefcase in hand, Jeffrey comes down a long, quiet, empty
corridor...And like a bad dream, a Man is standing at the
far end of the corridor leaning against the left wall. A
stiff, broad shouldered Man, in a suit he's not comfortable
in, wearing an earphone, saying something into a lapel
microphone...Jeffrey approaches him, the Man's neutral eyes
meet his, and no words exchanged, Jeffrey crosses by
him...The quiet's broken by the sound of the air
conditioning kicking on, loud.

And as he moves off along the empty corridor he can hear behind him the man saying something into the lapel microphone, saying something inaudible...

INT. WIGAND'S CAR, LOUISVILLE - EARLY EVENING

Light, at the end of the day, mottled through trees, reflects off the car window...Jeffrey's face going in and out of the shadows...And we see a sedate suburban tree-lined Louisville street...neat houses, manicured lawns...A middle-class idea of making it. He pulls into the driveway of a gray replica of a French provincial...too perfect, too tasteful. He goes into the house.

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

He stops in the foyer looking at some mail. He comes into the living room. And a young Girl, eight, oddly formally dressed, is watching television...NIKKI.

WIGAND

Six thirty...

She doesn't say anything...

WIGAND (cont'd)

(idly)

...television isn't supposed to be on until after seven, honey...you know that...

Dutiful, she shuts off the t.v., going upstairs. He stops to pour himself a drink at a wet bar. He looks outside. A blonde woman is sitting on the back porch drinking wine. He's in no hurry to join her. There's a sound from the kitchen. A SERVICEMAN is sitting cross-legged on the floor, parts all around him, looking at the guts of the refrigerator...

THE SERVICEMAN

(seeing him)

It's the condenser. It's shot...

WIGAND

(prickly, and

sure, shakes "no")

...It's the air bypass valve assembly...It has a flutter valve that's supposed to be replaced every three years...That's how long we've had it...It's a \$7.00 part. Nothing's wrong with the condenser...

And right now the blonde woman comes in...She's a pretty, tall woman, languid, reserved, somebody it would be nice to wear on your arm. Still in her work clothes, accessorised to the hilt, with a pin and scarves to match her outfit, she's holding a glass of white wine. LUCRETIA WIGAND. She has an odd delay between a thought and her speech...

LUCRETIA

I didn't know you were home...It's early...

He doesn't say anything...And there's a sudden shout...

NIKKI'S VOICE (OVER)

She did it again...

Jeffrey goes upstairs...Into a GIRL'S BEDROOM...And a little girl, six, sitting on the floor, dressed equally formal, head is down with embarrassment...RACHAEL.

WIGAND

(bends)

Did you have an accident?

She nods...

NIKKI

She always does...

WIGAND

She can't help it...

He bends...

WIGAND (cont'd)

Come on, sweetheart...

He helps her up...He helps her into a BATHROOM...He turns on the bathtub...He helps her to get undressed...He helps her stand in the tub, tenderly washing her off...

RACHAEL

I'm sorry, daddy...

WIGAND

There's nothing to be sorry about...

(oddly clinical)

The laminae of the vertebrae, didn't fuse properly when you were in utero...It causes you not to have any feeling in your lower anterior...That's why you have "accidents"...

(and while he cleans her she rests her arm around his neck for support...)

We can't chose how we are born...Any of us...There was a scientist in the last century, named Mendel. He discovered what we now call genetics...that gives us the equipment we are born with...

(ironic)

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

And as he tenderly bathes his little girl, a good father...

WE'RE LOOKING AT THE ROUND FACE OF THE SHEIKH...

And we see we're watching a TELEVISION SCREEN...the Sheikh talking to an interviewer with a familiar voice on the newsmagazine show, "60 Minutes..." And we see it's a 30-second promo for this Sunday's broadcast. It cuts to a Miller Beer ad. And we PULL BACK and we see the television is on at a PRISON GUARD STATION, a bank of video monitors showing an empty hallway, cell pods, men in cells, in a MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON. PELICAN BAY. And we see through the layers of the three-quarter inch bullet-proof lexan a door being opened. And a BLACK PRISONER in a peach colored correctional department jumpsuit, in shackles, is being led by four guards in full protective suits along a corridor... He's taken into a room...

INT. AN INTERVIEW ROOM, PELICAN BAY - NIGHT

A small windowless room with two straight backed chairs. And we see Lowell is there, with the Native American Cameraman we recognize from Lebanon, and a full CAMERA CREW...Lights, cameras, microphones, are set up...And we see a familiar on-air personality, an American institution, in his late seventies, being made-up...MIKE WALLACE. A dangerous combination of intelligence, arrogance, and a celebrity's fear of mortality, there's a manic quality about him despite being on either Lithium, Prozac, Haladol, or all of the above...

LOWELL

(introducing the inmate)

Mike...Jimmy Snow...

MIKE WALLACE

(his distinctive voice)

...Let me ask you...? The lights in here...

(motioning)

...the flourescents...twenty-four hours a day...It'd drive me nuts. My head would explode...

And it's quiet, the flourescents humming...

THE PRISONER

(a beat, looking)

I never paid any attention to it before...

But he's acutely aware of it now...He's sat down in a chair...Wallace sits across from him. As he and Wallace are lost in the contemplation of eternal flourescence, and...

A GUARD

(to Mike)

I'm going to have to ask you to move your chair back, Mr. Wallace...We have a three foot rule here...

MIKE WALLACE

A what?

THE GUARD

A three foot rule...

MIKE WALLACE

What the fuck's a three foot rule? I sit anywhere I damn please...

THE GUARD

It's for your own protection, Sir.

He slides Mike's chair back...

MIKE WALLACE

(sliding his chair back in)

What makes you think I want or need your protection...? Leave us alone.

(to the Prisoner)

They tell me you haven't talked to...

THE GUARD

I'm going to have to terminate this interview if you can't follow the rules...Now please move your chair back, Mr. Wallace...

MIKE WALLACE

(annoyed)

I told you...

THE GUARD

(motioning to the other Guards)

Would you help Mr. Wallace...

The Guards come over to forcibly move him...And he suddenly jumps up, getting into the Guard's face with such violence, even the Guard flinches...

MIKE WALLACE

Do not fuck with me...!

(to the Cameraman)

Roll tape!

The head Guard says into his lapel walkie-talkie..."Code six, ood 8..." As more Guards come running into the room, a veritable assault squad...

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

(to The Guard)

I'm too much for you to handle?
You need the Goon squad...?

(trying to provoke
him)

What's your problem...? You got a
little weenie...? Go ahead. Try
and eject me...You sexually
repressed, pseudo-fascistic
sonofabitch...!

LOWELL

(coming between
them)

Everybody slow down...Slow down!
Mike...gentlemen...I'm sure we can
make this work for everybody...

(a beat,
motioning)

Neil, can I use your tape
measure...

A Crewman gives him his tape measure...Lowell measures the
distance between the two chairs...

LOWELL (cont'd)

(to the Prisoner)

Mr. Snow, could you move back six
inches...

He moves the prisoner's chair back six-inches...He measures
again...

LOWELL (cont'd)

And Mike, if your chair was back
six-inches...

He moves Mike's chair back six-inches...

LOWELL (cont'd)

Everybody happy...?

And it seems a fair enough solution...

LOWELL (cont'd)

(to Mike, quiet,
wry)

You ready to do this on camera.
Or should we fuck around some
more?

Mike smiles, they know each other very well. He sits back
down. The Prisoner's seated. They roll camera..."Sixty
Minutes...Pelican Bay..."

MIKE WALLACE

(on)

Jimmy Snow has been in Pelican Bay
for three years for stabbing
another inmate at San Quentin...

(MORE)

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

(completely
cordial,
professional)

You mean to tell me you aren't
allowed to see or talk to another
human being while you're here at
The Bay...?

THE PRISONER

(nods)

You're the first person I had a
face to face conversation with
since I got here...

MIKE WALLACE

(seemingly
compassionate)

Let me understand this.

(his famous
incredulity)

You mean you haven't been allowed
to talk to another human being for
three years...?

THE PRISONER

That's right.

MIKE WALLACE

(motioning)

Now, how did you get all those
burn scars...?

And as Lowell watches Mike Wallace, the consummate
professional...

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - EVENING

Jeffrey, Lucretia, and the two Girls, are eating dinner...

RACHAEL

...I've got Girl Scouts, we're
getting badges tomorrow...

LUCRETIA

...Nikki's got soccer..I'll drop
her and take you to Scouts
after...

WIGAND

I can take Rachael...

LUCRETIA

Don't you have to be at the
office?

WIGAND

(getting up)
Is there any more rice...?

LUCRETIA

(nods)

On the stove...

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

WIGAND

Why do you have to make minute rice...?

LUCRETIA

'Cause all I have is a minute...

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

LUCRETIA (cont'd)

Have you seen my coffee cup...?

WIGAND

Try in the car. Is there any soy sauce?

He looks through the kitchen cupboards...And Lucretia suddenly gets up, going outside....

EXT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE - EVENING

She opens Jeffrey's car looking in the front seat at the cup holders...There's a coffee cup with a medical logo, "Diakrol Filtration Systems," but her cup isn't there...She turns to leave and she sees the backseat is filled with boxes, files, office equipment...

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE - EVENING

LUCRETIA

(coming back in)

Why are all those boxes in your car?

WIGAND

(coming out of the kitchen)

I'm going to the store. Need anything?

LUCRETIA

What do you need at the store?

WIGAND

Soy sauce...

He takes up his car keys...

WIGAND (cont'd)

It's my stuff from the office...

LUCRETIA

Why did you take your stuff from the office?

WIGAND

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

LUCRETIA

(confused)
I don't understand?

WIGAND

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

LUCRETIA

(stops)
Fired? What do you mean? What
for? Why didn't you call me?
Why?

WIGAND

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

LUCRETIA

Who said?

WIGAND

(specifically)
Thomas Sandefur...

LUCRETIA

Why were you waiting to tell
me...?

(stunned, fearful)

What are we going to do...? The
house payment...What about our
health insurance...?

He looks at her. And there's an unspoken moment when it
seems he wants to tell her how he's feeling...It passes...

WIGAND

(a beat)

There's a settlement agreement.
It includes a cash payout and
continuing medical coverage...You
sure you don't want anything at
the store?

It's quiet. And he leaves. And as Lucretia's completely
still...

INT. A CONVENIENCE STORE, LOUISVILLE - EVENING

Jeffrey moves along the cramped aisles...He takes up some
soy sauce...He stops, seeing a bottle of liquor, "Wild
Turkey"...He takes it, too...He starts to the counter, the
clerk, a YOUNG MAN, busy talking with another
customer...Jeffrey goes into his back pocket for his
wallet...Realizing it isn't there...

- WIGAND

(says aloud)

...I left my wallet in the car...

And preoccupied, items still in his hands, he wanders out...We can see him, out a window, in the parking lot, getting his wallet out of the glove compartment...As he comes back into the store...The Clerk's holding a telephone, waiting...

THE STORE CLERK

Hey man, what do you think you're doing?! You walked out of here without paying for that stuff...!

WIGAND

I went to get my wallet...How much do I owe you?

THE STORE CLERK

(already called)

I'm not taking your money now. It's too late. Let's wait for the cops.

WIGAND

What do you mean the cops...?

THE STORE CLERK

They said to stay on the line until they get here...

WIGAND

What the hell are you doing?

And the Clerk brings out from behind his back a large revolver.

THE STORE CLERK

You just wait right there...

WIGAND

(outraged)

You pimply-faced little asshole...

And there's the sound of a siren...A Police car parking...A Policeman coming into the store...

THE POLICEMAN

(seeing the situation)

Put the gun away. Now!

He does.

THE STORE CLERK

This man tried to steal a bottle of liquor and a bottle of soy sauce...

WIGAND

(to the Policeman,
absurd)

I went to get my wallet in the
car...I came back to pay for it...

THE STORE CLERK

(to the Policeman)

He thinks anybody can just walk in
and out of here with
merchandise...whether they pay or
not?

THE POLICEMAN

Hold on...

(to Jeffrey)

Did you leave the premises
without paying for it?

WIGAND

I had to leave the "premises" to
get my wallet...

THE POLICEMAN

why didn't you leave the items, go
and get your wallet, and return to
the premises...?

WIGAND

I don't know why I didn't...I just
didn't...I told him...

THE POLICEMAN

(shrugs)

Technically, it's shoplifting...

WIGAND

Shoplifting? If I had the
intention of stealing, I'd have
left the "premises" for good...How
can I be shoplifting if I'm trying
to pay for it...?!

THE POLICEMAN

I understand sir, but there's been
a call...so I'll have to let a
judge decide...Can I see some
identification please...?

Wigand reluctantly hands over his driver's license. But
the Clerk's not satisfied with that...

THE STORE CLERK

Aren't you going to arrest him?

THE POLICEMAN

Sir, step back behind the counter.
(to Wigand)

I'm going to have to write you a
citation.

WIGAND
A citation for what?

THE STORE CLERK
(standing his
ground)
All you're going to do is write a
citation?!

THE POLICEMAN
(to the Clerk)
I don't want to have to ask you
again...

And while they face off, Jeffrey, waiting, takes up a soda,
drinking it...

THE POLICEMAN (cont'd)
(after a beat,
turning)
Is this your present address Mr.
Wigand?

THE STORE CLERK
(nasty)
Next thing you know somebody 'll
come in here with a gun, stick it
in my face, rob me, and you'll...
(mocking him)
"Sir, I have to write you a
citation...!"

THE POLICEMAN
(angry now)
Go back behind your counter...!

The Store Clerk reluctantly goes back around the counter.

THE STORE CLERK
You happy now, Chief?

THE POLICEMAN
Stay there and keep your goddamn
mouth shut.

WIGAND
(finishing the
soda, the
absurdity)
How much do I owe you for the
soda?

EXT. BERKELEY - MORNING

We see down the hill from the campus, in the flats of
Berkeley, an old one story wood house. Handmade fences and
gates, a vegetable garden...A sixties refuge from the
nineties...

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - MORNING

And we see Lowell, still in his pajamas, in bed...Newspapers, The New York Times, The Wall Street Journal, San Francisco Chronicle, are all over the bed. Lowell's on the telephone...

LOWELL

...It's worth doing. Most people think Canada's a bunch of nice people who wear lumberjack shirts and play hockey, Mike. More Nazi's went to Canada than anywhere else...A Disneyland of Nazis...Belgian Nazis, German Nazis, Latvian Nazis, Ukranian Nazis...There's even a "Strasse Mapleleaf." It makes Argentina look particular who they let in...

(a beat...)

Where did you hear that?

(droll)

What, did somebody take a poll, "Are you sick of seeing Nazi's on T.V...?" "Yes or no...?"

And a Woman in her late forties, SHARON BERGMAN, eating some toast, comes into the room, getting back into bed. The phone rings on her nightstand...She answers it...

SHARON

(to Lowell)

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

LOWELL

Let me call you back, Mike...

He takes up the line...

LOWELL (cont'd)

Which New York bank? Which group of traffickers' money did they launder? Who do you have in authority who'll go on-camera and say that?

And as he talks a young Man in his mid-twenties, wearing a beret, wanders in...

LOWELL'S SON

Hi dad, Sharon...

SHARON

No school today?

LOWELL'S SON

Teacher conferences...I don't have to be there until ten...

He sits on the bed looking at part of a newspaper. And another young Man, in his early twenties, with long hair, comes strolling in...

SHARON'S SON

Hi mom, Lowell...

SHARON

Hi, sweetheart...

He sits on the bed too, looking at part of a newspaper...As another line rings again...

LOWELL

(on the phone)

When is that...?

EXT. THE BERKELEY HOUSE - MORNING

We see a UPS VAN moving slowly along the street, looking for an address, coming to a stop outside of the house. A door opening. A Man carrying a package. He opens the gate. He puts it by the front door. He leaves. The box left on the door step. A moment, and the door opens. The Boys coming out...

LOWELL'S SON

(shouts back
inside)

Package...

And they go out the gate, talking, walking off along the street. A moment, and Lowell comes to the door. He takes the package inside.

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELY - MORNING

He comes back to bed. Sharon's on the phone...

SHARON

...I'll be in Boston tomorrow...

Lowell opens the package. There's stacks of papers...He looks at the box cover. There's no return address. He casually looks through the papers.

SHARON (cont'd)

I'm going to do the gang-banger story for "Frontline." Right out of Compton...to Boston...I will...

She hangs up.

LOWELL

(reading)

...Ignition propensity?

(to Sharon)

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

As she eats her toast he gives her some papers. We see there are formulas...scientific data...

She reads through it...

SHARON
...this is the formula for
ammonia...it's something about
additives...

LOWELL
Additives...?

SHARON
You know like...additives...Like
in gasoline...Put a Tiger in your
tank...

He smiles.

SHARON (cont'd)
Who are they from?

LOWELL
(shrugs)
No idea...
(motions)
"PM's" got to mean Philip
Morris...

The phone rings again...Sharon answers it...

SHARON
Where are you?

Lowell looks through the papers. And while she's talking
on the phone he gets up going out of the room...

EXT. BERKELEY - MORNING

A busy Berkeley corner. And we see Lowell, still in his
pajama tops, and levis, at a pay phone. And we hear a
phone RINGING...

AN OPERATOR'S VOICE (OVER)
(answering)
Federal Drug Administration,
Investigative Division...

LOWELL
Doug Oliver.

While he waits...A woman passing by, an old hippie,
nothing out of the ordinary, waves to him, he waves...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
(answering the
phone)
This is Doug Oliver...

LOWELL
Doug...Lowell Bergman...

INT. FEDERAL DRUG ADMINISTRATION AGENCY, WASHINGTON - DAY

And we see a MAN in his forties on an extension phone against the wall of a crowded cafeteria...An old 1930's WPA mural on the wall...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

...I'm doing a story on fire safety...People burning up from falling asleep smoking...I was sent anonymously a shitload of scientific papers from Philip Morris...You know anybody who can translate this stuff for me?

DOUG OLIVER

Let me get to a different phone...Where are you?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

In Berkeley, beep me and I'll call you...

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, BERKELEY - DAY

Lowell hangs up. While he waits...

LOWELL

(to a Cafe proprietor, calls)

Jimmy, can you get me a coffee, maybe a muffin...?

The proprietor, used to it, nods...He pours a cup of coffee, bringing the coffee and a muffin to Lowell... Lowell's beeper sounds. He dials...

INT. A PHONE BOOTH, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

DOUG OLIVER

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

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, BERKELEY - DAY

LOWELL

"Science" and "Tobacco?" Sounds like science and alchemy...

(beat)

You have a number for him...?

(beat)

How do you spell that? With an E, or an I...?

He writes down on a slip of paper a phone number...And he hangs up...He comes out of the pay phone, moving along the busy street. He looks at the phone number...He memorizes it...He rips up the slip of paper...And as he drops the little bits of paper, the wind taking them...

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - DAY

And we see Lowell, on the phone, in his cluttered office...

LOWELL

...That's B.E.R.G.M.A.N....I'm a producer with "Sixty Minutes..."

He waits...a moment, and...

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - DAY

And we see Lucretia is on the phone...

LUCRETIA

(on phone)

He doesn't want to talk to you.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, BERKELEY - DAY

LOWELL

(droll)

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

LUCRETIA'S VOICE (OVER)

He doesn't want to know.

And she hangs up. Lowell's motionless...He calls back...The phone rings and rings... A MACHINE picks it up...And we hear Jeffrey Wigand's Voice: "This is the Wigand's...if you'd like to leave a message do so after the beep...If you'd like to send a fax start transmission now..."

INT. THE WIGAND HOUSE, THE BASEMENT, LOUISVILLE - DAY

And we see Jeffrey Wigand, sitting at his desk in the basement, working on his computer, hearing Lowell leave a message...

LOWELL'S VOICE

(on the machine)

Mr. Wigand, this is Lowell Bergman with "60 Minutes"...I'm doing a story on fire safety and cigarettes...I have some scientific documents from a tobacco company...I understand you know a lot about "tobacco science..." I could use your help as a consultant explaining them to me...I'm at 415-6265735...I'll wait right here for your call...

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

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - DAY

Lowell's quiet, waiting...And not getting a call right back, he tries another tact. He writes a FAX..."Please call me at..." He writes his number down...He sends the Fax. He's still...It's quiet. Lowell, looking at the fax machine.

SHARON

(looks in)
You want anything to eat?

He shakes "yes."

LOWELL

I'll make it in a minute...

She leaves the room. Lowell looks at the silent fax machine. He's still. And suddenly his fax machine sounds...He gets up. He reads a message as the machine prints out the fax...It reads..."I can't talk to you..." He's quiet. He writes on a piece of paper..."Can't talk to me?" "Won't talk to me?" Or don't want to talk to me...?" As he faxes it back...

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - DAY

Wigand reading the return fax from Lowell...

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - MORNING

Lowell, waiting...And the fax machine rings again...He reads Jeffrey's answer. "Can't." "Won't." "Don't want to..." He's quiet, thinking. He gets up. He looks through a stack of phone books for something. He finds what he's looking for, a phone book for Kentucky. He looks through it. A moment, and Lowell dials Wigand's phone number again...

LOWELL

(after a beat)
If you're curious to meet me...

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - DAY

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

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

(on machine)
...I'll be sitting in the lobby of the Seelbach Hotel reading the New York Times at eleven o'clock day after tomorrow...

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

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - DAY

Lowell's gone into his bedroom, starting to get dressed...

LOWELL

(loud)

When are you leaving for Boston?

SHARON'S VOICE (OVER)

On the two o'clock...

LOWELL

(calls)

Take the eleven o'clock, connect through Chicago, and we can fly together...

SHARON'S VOICE (OVER)

(used to him)

I'll see if I can change the ticket...

INT. THE SEELBACH HOTEL LOBBY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY - MORNING

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

LOWELL

Mr. Wigand....

And the Man in the tasseled loafers, turns...And we see it's Jeffrey Wigand...Lowell gets up and crosses to the elevators. Wigand looks around the lobby, and as he follows Lowell into an elevator...

INT. A HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - DAY

Jeffrey stands by a window, looking outside...Lowell's on the phone...He hangs up...

LOWELL

Coffee will be right up...

WIGAND

(prickly)

I'm not going to be here that long...

Lowell nods. After some moments:

LOWELL

Have you always lived in Louisville?

Jeffrey doesn't say anything...

WIGAND
 (impatiently)
 Mr. Bergman? What did you want to
 talk to me about?

And there's a knock on the door...

WIGAND (cont'd)
 (turns,
 suspicious)
 Who's that?

LOWELL
 (wry)
 Room service. Usually they knock
 first.
 (calls)
 Come in...

Room Service comes in putting down the tray.

WIGAND
 (seeing)
 I didn't ask for fruit.

LOWELL
 I did.

And as he signs the bill, the Room Service man waiting, the
 man looks at Wigand...Their eyes meet...

LOWELL (cont'd)
 Thank you...

He gives the man the bill, and the Man leaves...

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (pouring)
 Black or with cream...?

WIGAND
 Black...

Lowell gives him his cup of coffee.

WIGAND (cont'd)
 (looks at his
 watch)
 I have to be somewhere, Mr.
 Bergman...

LOWELL
 (nods)
 Is there anything you want to know
 about me, Mr. Wigand...?

WIGAND
 Like what? Your sign?

LOWELL
 Aquarius.

WIGAND

I think I know what I have to know.

LOWELL

(in spite of him)

So I know you do know, I always protect my sources. I have never given up a source and I never will.

WIGAND

(abruptly)

Why did the La Costa Resort sue you for 10 million dollars?

Lowell looks at him, he does his homework...

LOWELL

(a beat)

They sued me for slander...I produced a story that said the resort was controlled by the mob...

WIGAND

Was it?

LOWELL

I don't make things up, Mr. Wigand.

Wigand's quiet, measuring him.

WIGAND

(after a beat)

Let's see the documents...

Lowell gives him the box of papers...Wigand sits down, the box on his lap, quietly looking through them...After some moments:

WIGAND (cont'd)

This is all pretty basic stuff... Same things in our..."Leaf Growers Manual."

LOWELL

(in the dark)

"The Leaf Growers Manual?"

WIGAND

(doesn't answer him, reading)

...They were further along on the relationship between glycerol and acrolein then we were...

Wigand quietly reads...He puts the papers down...

WIGAND (cont'd)

(after a beat)

I'll explain these documents to you in layman's terms...but I can't talk to you about anything else...

LOWELL

Anything else what?

WIGAND

(meaning papers)

This is a drop in the bucket.

Lowell's quiet, something else is going on here, something important...

WIGAND (cont'd)

(a beat)

But all I can talk to you about is what's here in these Philip Morris documents...That's as far as I can go. I signed a confidentiality agreement. I honor my agreements...

A lot more is going on here...

LOWELL

(nods, a good reporter)

Of course.

WIGAND

(turns)

Don't you have a confidentiality agreement with CBS, Mr. Bergman?

LOWELL

(shakes "no")

We're journalists...so we naturally distrust everybody...but within our corporate culture we've learned how to trust each other...so, no...

(a beat, more importantly)

Where do you work?

WIGAND

Did work.

LOWELL

(a beat)

Did work?

WIGAND

(getting up, the bottom line)

How much do I get paid?

LOWELL
 Twelve thousand dollars is the
 standard consulting fee...

WIGAND
 (nods)
 That's fine.
 (secretive)
 You can send the money for me to a
 friend of mine at this address...

He quickly writes an address on a small note pad, giving it
 to Lowell...And he turns to leave...Lowell gets the door
 for him...

LOWELL
 (casually)
 What kind of work did you do?

WIGAND
 I was Corporate Vice President in
 charge of Research and
 Development. I was the head
 scientist at the Brown and
 Williamson Tobacco Company...
 (and ending the
 conversation)
 Don't call my house again...I'll
 call you...

And with that he goes out the door and he's gone...Lowell's
 still, looking after him...Wigand's job title resonates.
 Lowell turns to the window, casually looking outside...and
 he comes face to face with the Brown and Williamson Tobacco
 Company Headquarters Building...

EXT. THE CBS BUILDING, NEW YORK - DAY

The "Eye's" corporate headquarters.

INT. CBS, A SCREENING ROOM - DAY

And we see the "Pelican Bay," segment is screening. And we
 see in the screening room, Lowell sitting in the back of
 the room with his EDITOR...Mike Wallace sitting up front
 with a casual looking gray haired man in his early
 seventies...The Executive Producer of "Sixty Minutes," a
 man we'll come to know as DON HEWITT. And as the lights
 come on, Hewitt's on his feet, and he's a veritable
 dervish, in constant motion, hands and arms whirling,
 incongruous with his "casual" facade...

DON HEWITT
 (kissing Mike)
 A great piece, Mike...! A great
 fucking piece! When you're dead
 and buried this is the one they
 remember you for...!

Mike, used to him, ignores him. And getting up, they turn
 to leave...As they go...

LOWELL
 (to his Editor)
 ...Come in a little earlier on
 Mike's reaction to the white guy
 with the tattoos and...

INT. A HALLWAY, CBS, "60 MINUTES" - DAY

DON HEWITT
 (to Mike)
 ...You going to be in the Hamptons
 this weekend...? Dottie's having
 some people over...An Ambassador
 to somewhere...in Asia I think...

They move along a corridor...Lines of desks, cubicles, a
 bullpen...the "60 Minutes" offices. And TELEVISION
 MONITORS, hanging from the walls, all tuned to CBS
 programming, are all at that moment showing the "CBS EYE".

MIKE WALLACE
 I'll check with Eleanor.

Don waves, moving off...Lowell and his Editor, coming along
 the hallway...

THE EDITOR
 I'll show you the fixes in ten...

Lowell nods. The Editor moves off. Lowell moves along the
 corridor, and Mike is waiting for him in an alcove...

MIKE WALLACE
 What did you think?

LOWELL
 (nods)
 It's okay.

MIKE WALLACE
 I didn't sound like an asshole did
 I? I mean with that one guy...

LOWELL
 (smiles, wry)
 You are an asshole, but you didn't
 sound like one...

But he sees he's serious...

MIKE WALLACE
 (concerned)
 I can't tell. I can't hear myself
 the way I used to...

LOWELL
 You're almost seventy-eight years
 old, Mike...You have more mental
 acuity than anybody I ever met...

And he admits something Lowell didn't think he'd ever
 hear...

MIKE WALLACE

(covering his
fears)

I don't ever want to be an
asshole...

And he turns along the hallway...As they walk...

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

(after a beat)

Did you know Canada harbored more
Nazis after the war than any other
country? It was like Nazi
Disneyland.

LOWELL

(used to him,
smiles)

Is there an echo in here...?

Wallace laughs, he knows Lowell suggested the story...

LOWELL (cont'd)

(wry)

There are polls saying Americans
are sick of stories about Nazis...

MIKE WALLACE

(smiles)

What the fuck do pollsters know?

And he goes into his office. Lowell, smiling, moves along
the corridor...He goes into his office...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - DAY

It's as cluttered as his Berkeley office. In the middle of
things, the blinds around the office are all closed, giving
him privacy...And he sees a very overweight MAN in his
early forties is standing at his desk making it no secret
he's looking at papers on the desk. We'll come to know him
as the Evening News' Assignment Editor, DAVID WORTH.

DAVID WORTH

You got anything for the Evening
News?

LOWELL

(smiles, droll,
used to each
other)

You think I'd leave it on the top
of my desk for beady little eyes.

DAVID WORTH

(smiles)

Just checking...

He starts to leave...

LOWELL

A head's up...Justice may be looking at a major New York bank that's marketing off-shore money moving out of their Mexico City Branch...

DAVID WORTH

Oh, yeah. What bank? Should I start my people digging?

LOWELL

Not yet. I'll let you know when the time's right...

David nods and waddles off...And a MESSENGER, wheeling a bicycle, stops at his door. He hands Lowell a manila envelope and wheels back off...Lowell opens the envelope...There's a card, with no name, that says, "The New York Times..." clipped to the packet. And inside is anything pertaining to JEFFREY WIGAND that's appeared in print. It: A small article on his hiring at Brown and Williamson...Some quotes in articles about the tobacco industry. "...A safer cigarette is possible, said the top scientist at Brown and Williamson..." And we see a Woman's wandered in, olive skinned, in her late thirties, Lowell's assistant, DEBBIE DE LUCA...

LOWELL

(to Debbie)

Find out from legal...the scope of corporate confidentiality agreements...

INT. THE BROWN AND WILLIAMSON BUILDING, LOUISVILLE - DAY

And we see Jeffrey sitting in the RECEPTION AREA of the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company headquarters. Packs of complimentary cigarettes are stacked on counters and end tables. Personnel, going in and out, wearing company blazers or sweaters, with cigarette brand names on their pockets, such as, "Kools"...And we see, standing in the background by a wall, the everpresent broad-shouldered Man with the ear phone and the lapel microphone...

THE RECEPTIONIST

(to Wigand)

You can go up now...

He gets up crossing to an elevator. And as the broad-shouldered Man follows him inside...

INT. THE ELEVATOR, BROWN AND WILLIAMSON BUILDING - DAY

They're quiet. The Man standing directly behind Jeffrey. And Muzak is playing, interrupted every so often by a voice extolling the virtues of one of the cigarette brands or the other. The elevator comes to a stop. And as Jeffrey gets out, his shadow shortly behind him...

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

A large pleasant office with a view of Louisville. And we see Jeffrey is sitting in a chair by a desk. And THOMAS SANDEFUR, in his mid-forties, Brown and Williamson's CEO, the man we had seen in the washroom washing his hands, oddly wearing a tuxedo now, is sitting behind the desk. Two Men, LAWYERS, their briefcases, like loaded weapons, close at hand, are sitting on a couch. Their jackets are off. They wear wide suspenders.

THOMAS SANDEFUR
(a boyish smile,
meaning the
tuxedo)

Sorry about the monkey suit.

Surprisingly affable he prides himself on being well mannered. He has a mellifluous Kentucky accent...

THOMAS SANDEFUR (cont'd)
I'm accepting an award on behalf of Brown and Williamson from the Retinitis Pigmentosa Foundation this afternoon.

(after a beat)

Have you had a chance to play golf?

(to the Lawyers)

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

WIGAND
(precise)

Three...

THOMAS SANDEFUR
He has more concentration than anybody I've ever met. It's spooky how he can concentrate. Isn't that true, Jeff?

WIGAND
(prickly)

I'd rather play than talk about it.

Sandefur smiles, used to him.

THOMAS SANDEFUR
Jeffrey has a way of saying exactly what's on his mind. Most people will consider what they're saying...social skills...Jeffrey just charges right ahead. He would have made a wonderful physician. Cold. Precise.

WIGAND
(adds)
Honest.

Sandefur smiles.

THOMAS SANDEFUR

(after a beat)

I know you understood the nature of your confidentiality agreement with Brown and Williamson.

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

WIGAND

I understand it chapter and verse.

THOMAS SANDEFUR

(nods)

Thorough as you are, I'm sure you do...You know I used to be a salesman. One of the reasons I was a good salesman was that I never made a promise I couldn't keep.

(beat)

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

And there's a veiled threat behind it. Wigand's still, his face going through its machinations...

WIGAND

(quietly)

Are you threatening me?

THOMAS SANDEFUR

...We worked together for, what was it, seven years...The work we did here, no less than one's own family, is not for public scrutiny...

WIGAND

(quietly)

Are you implying a threat to my family, now, too, Mr. Sandefur?

THOMAS SANDEFUR

Don't be paranoid, Jeffrey..

(a beat)

We had our differences of opinion about scientific research, but...

WIGAND

(his smile,
scoffs)

"Scientific research..." You've declared as a badge of honor, you don't know what makes water boil...

THOMAS SANDEFUR

And that's why we hire scientists...

He lightly laughs...

WIGAND

(interrupts,
direct)

Cut through the bullshit...

(a beat, honest)

I believe in confidentiality agreements. I don't think you can maintain a company's corporate integrity without them. I was paid well for my work, the health and welfare benefits are good, and the severance package is fair. I have no intentions of violating my confidentiality agreement...

THOMAS SANDEFUR

I appreciate all that. But we decided we need to expand our zone of comfort.

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

THOMAS SANDEFUR (cont'd)

We're a very large global corporation, Jeffrey. And I take my responsibility to protect our corporate interests seriously.

(after a beat)

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

(a beat)

We'd like you to sign it.

And he's acutely aware of the seriousness of it...

WIGAND

(a beat)

And if I don't?

A LAWYER

(speaking for
Sandefur)

We will assume you are acting in bad faith and we will terminate, right now, your severance package, your pension, and all your health benefits, Mr. Wigand.

WIGAND

Dr. Wigand.

A LAWYER

(a beat)

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

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

WIGAND

Like I told you, it never crossed my mind not to honor my agreement...But I do not respond well to threats or attempts to intimidate me or my family...Because what you are saying to me is; no matter how long I was here, no matter how well I did my job, it isn't enough you humiliated me by firing me for no good reason, but now you don't trust me? You are questioning my integrity? On top of the humiliation?

(turning, to Sandefur)

And what I have to say to you, Mr. Sandefur, and to Brown and Williamson, if it comes to that, is...Fuck me?

(a beat)

Well, fuck you!!

And with that he gets up, and leaves...And it's quiet...Sandefur rubs the dark grey pouches under his eyes. He doesn't look like a healthy man.

A LAWYER

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

THOMAS SANDEFUR

(with total confidence)

Oh, I think he did.

EXT. BROWN AND WILLIAMSON, LOUISVILLE - DAY

We see Jeffrey coming out of the building...He crosses the street directly to a phone booth. He looks up e number in his smell phone book. He diels...

INT. A RESTAURANT, NEW YORK - DAY

And we see Lowell having lunch with some journalist types in e crowded noisy restaurant...His Cell Phone suddenly RINGS...

LOWELL

Hello...

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE - DAY

WIGAND
You screwed me!

INT. THE RESTAURANT, NEW YORK - DAY

LOWELL
Who is this?

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE - DAY

WIGAND
(crazed)
Jeffrey Wigand...You told me you
always protected your sources!
You wise ass New York
journalist...! You screwed me!

INT. THE RESTAURANT, NEW YORK - DAY

LOWELL
What are you talking about?
Jeffrey, where are you?

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE - DAY

WIGAND
Fuck you, too!

And he hangs up. He's still. He instinctively looks across the street, at Brown and Williamson. And standing outside the building, is the broad-shouldered Man looking directly at him.

INT. THE RESTAURANT, NEW YORK - DAY

And as Lowell holds the dead phone in his hand...

EXT. THE WIGAND HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - EARLY MORNING

A light rain's falling. And we see Jeffrey coming out of the house holding an umbrella over his little Girls, crossing to the car to go to school. They start to get into the car. And there's the sound of a car door shutting. Jeffrey turns. And Lowell, disheveled, having slept in a rental car all night across the street from the house, gets out...Wigand's motionless...

LOWELL
(crossing the
street, droll)
I don't like being called a "New
York" Journalist. I happen to
live in Berkeley. I've lived
there for twenty-five years...

And Lucretia, still in her bathrobe, carrying lunch boxes, comes out of the house...

LUCRETIA
You forgot their lunches --

And she slows, seeing Lowell.

LOWELL
Mrs. Wigand, I'm Lowell Bergman.

She doesn't know what to say...

NIKKI
Who is that daddy?

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

The Girls climb in the car...

WIGAND (cont'd)
(turning,
confronting him)
Who the hell do you think you are
coming to my home, upsetting my
family...?!

LOWELL
I'm sorry about that...but I
needed to get something
straight...
(wry)
Our last phone conversation ended
kind of abruptly...
(a beat)
You think I violated a trust.
That doesn't sit with me. I don't
do that.

WIGAND
(paranoid)
Then how did Brown and Williamson
know I spoke to you...?

LOWELL
Why do you think that?

WIGAND
They said so, in so many words.

LOWELL
I don't know. But it didn't come
from me...Why would I want anybody
to know I spoke to you? What good
does that do me?

Wigand looks at him...

WIGAND
(a beat,
suspicious)
You came all the way down here
for that? To tell me that?

LOWELL

(honestly)

No. Tobacco's becoming a big story...I've come to believe you have something important to say...and I think you want to say it...

(a beat, personal)

But yeah, I came all the way down here to tell you, story or no story, don't ever accuse me of untrustworthiness...

And it starts to rain harder...They look at each other...And one of the Girl's honks the horn, anxious to go...And Jeffrey, without saying a word, gets in the Car...He starts it. He backs out. Lowell, left standing in the driveway with Lucretia in the rain. And the car leaves...

LOWELL (cont'd)

(after a beat)

I'm sorry to bother you, Mrs. Wigand...

And Lucretia says, summing everything up...

LUCRETIA

(upset, plaintive)

I don't understand what's happening to us...

And turning, she goes back into the house. And Lowell, hands in his jacket pockets, chastened, starts back across the street to his car...And there's the sound of a car...He turns. And he sees Jeffrey's car, having gone around the corner, coming back, stopping in the street...Wigand rolls down the window...

WIGAND

(after a beat)

If you want, you can ride with me while I take the girls to school...

And Lowell, not about to let the opportunity slip away, gets in the car in the back seat...

INT. WIGAND'S CAR - MORNING

They drive away. Lowell, incongruously sitting in the back seat with Rachael. Jeffrey and Nikki in the front seat. And it's quiet, just the sound of the wipers on the window. And as Lowell rides with them as he takes his daughters to school...

EXT. A PARK IN LOUISVILLE - MORNING

And we see the Car's parked in a PARK'S empty parking lot. Rain, pounding on the car.

INT. WIGAND'S CAR, LOUISVILLE - MORNING

The Girls are gone. Lowell, still sitting in the back seat...

WIGAND

...They threatened to take legal action -- cut off my benefits if I violate my confidentiality agreement...My first reply was measured, thoughtful, cautious...I told them to go fuck themselves...

(a beat)

..But my little girl has spina binafida...I'm unemployed...I can't do without health coverage right now...

(the bottom line)

So I signed it...

And they're quiet...And there's a subtle dance, the two of them circling each other...

LOWELL

(after a beat)

They're very afraid of you aren't they?

WIGAND

(pure Wigand)

They should be.

And as if to underscore that, they're quiet, just the sound of the rain...

LOWELL

(after a beat)

You're conflicted, aren't you?

WIGAND

(matter of fact)

You get used to it...

But it's hollow...

LOWELL

(after a beat,
trying to make it
easier for him)

Let's talk outside the "zone" of your agreement.

WIGAND

Like?

LOWELL

Like public information...when did you start working for Brown and Williamson?

Wigand doesn't say anything.

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (force feeding
 him)
 Like how many years you worked
 there? What your job consisted
 of?

Wigand still doesn't say anything.

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (droll)
 Like, you read any good books
 lately?

And for the first time, Wigand smiles...It doesn't happen easily, and passes as quickly as it came...Wigand's quiet. Lowell doesn't push it. After some moments:

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (simply)
 Look, here's how it lays out: if
 you don't want to violate your
 agreement, that's simple. Do not.
Don't. But if you feel you have
 information that the American
 public needs to know for their
 good and welfare...if uh...if you
 feel or you're impelled to reveal
 it...that's a different ballgame.
 And there is only one person who
 can figure that out for you. And
 that's you. All by yourself.

And as their eyes meet in the rear view mirror...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE PARK PARKING LOT, LOUISVILLE - DAY, LATER

The rain's stopped. The Car hasn't moved...

INT. WIGAND'S CAR - DAY

And we see Lowell's sitting in the front seat with him now.
 And we get the feeling they've been talking for hours...

WIGAND
 ...So when the CEO of Johnson and
 Johnson found out some lunatic was
 tampering with their aspirin
 bottles on shelves or in their
 plants, they didn't wait for the
 FDA to order them to remove
 them...They pulled their entire
 stock off every shelf of every
 store in America at the speed of
 light and developed the safety
 cap...They didn't keep selling
 something they knew to be
 dangerous to people. Why?
 (MORE)

WIGAND (cont'd)
 Because the CEO is a smart and responsible businessman, sure...but he is, also, a man of science...no other course would have been imaginable.

LOWELL
 (after a beat)
 Then why did you keep working there if you felt they aren't remotely that way?

WIGAND
 (deadly honest)
 Two reasons. "A..." I can't tell you about it, but it promised to be beneficial enough to justify me staying there. "B..." I made a very good living. I was well paid. My wife was comfortable. My children were provided for...
 (simply)
 What the hell's wrong with that...?

And this is a very different kind of "whistle-blower." He looks at Lowell, needing some kind of validation...

LOWELL
 (nods, understanding)
 Not a thing. Making money...providing for your family...if you can do it...is terrific.
 (a beat, personal, thoughtful)
 They can pull the rug out from under any of us.

WIGAND
 (nods, and describing himself)
 It's a sensation of falling... with my mouth shut.

And it's quiet...After some moments:

WIGAND (cont'd)
 (painful)
 But at the heart of it, I think of myself as a man of science and that imposes obligations...

LOWELL
 (looks at him, nods, understanding)
 That's why you're conflicted...

And they're quiet. And Wigand sees the time...

WIGAND

I've got to pick the girls up from school...

Lowell nods. Jeffrey starts the car. Their eyes meet...
And Lowell makes the mistake of feeling sanguine...

WIGAND (cont'd)

Anything I just told you...

Lowell nods.

WIGAND (cont'd)

I'll deny...

And as they drive off, going to pick up the girls from school...

EXT. A GOLF DRIVING RANGE, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

We see a three tiered, brightly lit, golf driving range, empty, the wet grass under the lights vibrant, emerald green...A caged cart, with one big yellow headlight, like some kind of strange insect, drives across the range, picking up the golf balls. And we see Jeffrey, a lone golfer, hitting golf balls, driving one after another, after another...He looks down the way...He slows...And he sees in the far distance, spot-lit, another golfer, a broad-shouldered Man, incongruously in a suit and tie, watching him...And the Man in the incongruous suit right then, violently, with great power, and a tremendous follow through, drives a golf ball...The ball slamming into the steel net. And the lights suddenly go out. The range closing for the night. The "insect" comes to a stop. And it's quiet, dark. Jeffrey gathers up his clubs. He crosses, his golf bag over his shoulder, his golf shoes, the metal cleats clicking on the pavement, toward the PARKING LOT. And there's the sound of the clicking of golf shoes behind him. He turns. And the Man in the suit, carrying a golf bag, is walking some distance behind him, staring at him. Jeffrey comes to the parking lot. It's empty. Just Jeffrey's car, and despite all the empty spaces, another car, purposely, or otherwise, parked right next to his. He crosses to his car, getting in...

INT. WIGAND'S CAR - NIGHT

He settles behind the wheel. He turns. And he sees the Man in the suit has gotten in the car next to his. They look at each other. The Man, in no hurry, lights a cigarette. And Jeffrey, suddenly, grabbing a golf club out of his bag, jumps back out of his car...

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

Golf club in hand he goes up to the driver side window...

WIGAND
 (motioning with
 the club,
 threatening)

Tell them to stay the fuck away
 from me!

The Man starts his car, and drives off non-plussed. It's still. And as Jeffrey, the golf club in his hand, stands in the empty parking lot, not knowing what's real or his imagination...

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM, CBS, NEW YORK - DAY

And we see Lowell, Mike Wallace, and Debbie DeLuca, sitting with two young Lawyers, MARK STERN and JOHN HARRIS, in a conference room...And while they eat their lunch...

LOWELL
 (animated)
 ...'cause he's the head scientist for christsake...There has never been a tobacco company scientist and corporate officer of his rank that's talked...Hell, there's never been a corporate officer -- of any Fortune 500 company that's ever talked about anything...Corporate culture's tighter than the CIA...

MIKE WALLACE
 (jumps in)
 So how do we get him past his confidentiality agreement?

LOWELL
 I don't know that we can...He's the one that's got everything to lose...and he's a practical family man...So far Wigand told me NOTHING, agreed to NOTHING. This is all speculative...But, if I'm going to pitch him, I need to know where I stand.

They eat their lunch...After some moments:

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (to one of the
 Lawyer's)
 John, let me ask you something...isn't it like when some technician in the aircraft industry blows the whistle a cargo door or airframe is unsafe...? If his information is overwhelmingly in the "public interest" or "safety," doesn't that supercede his corporate confidentiality agreement...?

JOHN HARRIS

(nods)

...In the normal world...

MARK STERN

Not in the tobacco world. They are not going to let this guy ever talk. They enjoin you -- they spend \$300 million a year on outside law firms...drag cases through courts, ten, maybe fifteen years...and the tobacco companies win every time because their M.O. is the unlimited checkbook for litigation. They spend you to death. They've never...I mean not even once, ever lost a personal injury case brought against them...They're batting a thousand...

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

LOWELL

What if we looked through the looking glass the other way?

MIKE WALLACE

What are you talking about?

LOWELL

We keep looking at this from the point of view of a man who wants to talk and is constrained.

(a beat)

What if he were "compelled..?"

MIKE WALLACE

(caustic)

An electric chair in front of a camera..? Exciting. Interasting. Good television. I'm not so sure Broadcast Standards would go for it...

LOWELL

(seriously)

What if he's subpoenaed to testify in a court not in a tobacco state?

DEBBIE DELUCA

But what good would that do us?

LOWELL

Because what he has been compelled to say is out in the open...The court record is public domain, right? So then, after, they can't restrain him under their confidentiality agreement because the cat's already out of the bag, yes?

JOHN HARRIS

Yes. Public domain is public domain. Once it's public domain he could say it and we could air it.

They eat their lunch...After some moments...

MIKE WALLACE

How are you going to engineer that?

LOWELL

(shrugs)

I don't have the slightest idea.

(a beat)

But, first, I've got to find out what he has to say...then get it into a court somewhere...I'd have to convince him to let us interview him first...

(after a beat,
thinking)

We'd have to guarantee it won't air until and unless it's also in the public record first...

MIKE WALLACE

You're gonna let him approve it? You're gonna let an "interviewee" approve whether or not we can air after we've taped...?

Lowell doesn't say anything...

DEBBIE DELUCA

Wouldn't anything Wigand discloses be a breach of his confidentiality agreement anyway?

LOWELL

(nods)

Of course. Even in a local bar talking with a stranger about the "good old days" at Brown and Williamson is a violation...

(after a beat)

We get Air Traffic controllers, Mafioso, CIA agents, hospital administrators to reveal mafeasance or corruption all the time...And if the revelation is newsworthy, and it's in the American public's interest to get them to blow the whistle...That is what we do...

And they're quiet...

MARK STERN

(after a beat)

Does he have a lawyer?

LOWELL
 (shakes "no")
 I don't think so...

MARK STERN
 Well he better. Tobacco's got an
 army of lawyers with names like
 Shook and Bacon, Kenneth Starr of
 Starr and Hardy, guys with power
 ties, flashy suspenders, and
 Brooks Brothers suits, law firms
 like Chadbourne and Park, that are
 going to be all over him like
 flies on proverbial shit...

MIKE WALLACE
 Nicely put.

JOHN HARRIS
 (chimes in)
 You're forgetting something...

LOWELL
 What's that?

JOHN HARRIS
 Will he go for it?

LOWELL
 (wry)
 How the hell do I know?

EXT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - ANOTHER DAY

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

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - DAY

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

WIGAND
 That's everything...

And it's quiet. And Lucretia starts to cry.

LUCRETIA
 I always dreamed about one day
 owning a house exactly like
 ours...

WIGAND
 (quiet)
 It was just a house, Lucretia.

LUCRETIA
 ...babies were born here...learned
 to walk here...

He nods. And they're quiet, listening to the silence of the empty house. And she says something that says it all.

LUCRETIA (cont'd)
I didn't plan on this...It was their home...

Lucretia looks at him, afraid. And he moves to tenderly hold her. And he has an idea...

WIGAND
Okay. It was nice...the house, the cars...But maybe we can make adversity work for us...Make a virtue of it. Life will become simpler, smaller...more intimate. More about us. Less about things. What did we have when we first met, anyway?

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

INT. A HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA, LOUISVILLE - DAY

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

MRS. WILLIAMS
...You're awfully over qualified, Mr. Wigand.

WIGAND
(honestly)
...I no longer want to work in tobacco. And not too many companies hire ex-tobacco company scientists.
(after a beat)
I'm trying to start over, Mrs. Williams...change my life around...I think I would be a good teacher...My High School Science teacher...made it truly an adventure...I can do that...

She's quiet.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Let me give it some thought...

He nods. They get up.

MRS. WILLIAMS (cont'd)

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

EXT. THE WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

A small, bungalow style, one story tract house.

INT. THE GIRLS' ROOM, THE NEW HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeffrey sits on Rachael's bed, in a small cluttered room,
unpacked boxes on the floor, reading a story to her and
Nikki who is in another bed...Lucretia stands in the
doorway...

NIKKI

Why do we have to share a room?

WIGAND

That's the way it worked out.

NIKKI

(frightened)

Daddy, what if you don't ever get
another job, will we be homeless?

WIGAND

No. I'd never let that
happen...That's not something you
have to worry about, sweetheart.

(after a beat)

I think it's a good thing, not
bad. I'm going to have a lot more
time for you guys...

(and for himself)

I won't have to play golf with
people I don't like...and pretend
to be social...That is very
hard...you either are poorly
sociable or play golf badly.

(a beat)

Life doesn't have to be
complicated...

And he sees they're all looking at him, trusting him to
make everything right.

EXT. THE WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE, THE BACKYARD - DAY

And we see Jeffrey, with the Girls, in a part of the small
backyard, kneeling in the dirt, planting a vegetable
garden...And we see Lucretia, standing at a window,
watching them...And as she turns from the window...

INT. THE WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE - DAY

We see boxes are still unpacked in the small kitchen. And
we see Lucretia sitting among the unpacked boxes on the
floor, taking things out of a box...And she seems
overwhelmed, trying her best to persevere...And the PHONE
suddenly RINGS. She gets up to get it...

LUCRETIA

Hello...

And there's a deep impenetrable silence on the line....

LUCRETIA (cont'd)

(getting upset)

Hello...

Just the maddening silence...

LUCRETIA (cont'd)

(upset)

Please say something...What did I
ever do to you...?

(not trying to be
funny, but it is,
if it wasn't so
pathetic)

I don't even smoke...

And the unmistakable "click." She quietly hangs up. She takes up a kitchen clock. She tries to hang it on a nail. It doesn't sit straight. She tries to center it. It keeps turning, sitting off center. And the Phone RINGS again. She doesn't answer it, taking things out of a box, trying to ignore it. And as the phone RINGS, and RINGS and RINGS, incessant...Lucretia taking things out of a box, the clock off center...

INT. THE WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

There's the sound of Japanese MUSIC. And we see Jeffrey, in a small corner of the basement, around the corner from the furnace, where his "office" is now, sitting at his computer, getting information about gardening off the internet, Japanese music playing on a CD. There's a slight sound. He turns. And he sees Rachael, in her nightgown, is standing at the bottom of the basement stairs.

RACHAEL

(terrified,
whispers)

I think I saw somebody in the back
yard.

WIGAND

(a beat)

Stay right here...

And he unlocks a desk drawer taking out a hand gun. He goes up the stairs, into the living room. He looks out the sliding glass door into the dark backyard. He doesn't see anything. He opens the sliding glass, quietly stepping out onto the small patio. The backyard, still. He steps out onto the small patch of lawn. He crosses toward the fence. There's a sudden rustling. He turns. And he sees the yellow eyes of a RACCOON, standing in their new garden, staring at him.

WIGAND (cont'd)
 You almost got your fucking head
 blown off wise guy.

And the raccoon arrogantly turns, jumps the backyard fence and is gone. He starts to turn, to go...and he sees, in the vegetable garden's fresh earth, what look like fresh footprints...

RACHAEL'S VOICE (OVER)
 Daddy...

And Rachael's come to the sliding glass door.

WIGAND
 (reassuring her)
 It was just a raccoon, honey...

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

WIGAND (cont'd)
 Did you know they're nocturnal?
 They only come out at night.

And as he locks the sliding glass door, takes a last look outside, and walks her up the stairs...

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

Lowell's asleep, alone...And the Phone suddenly RINGS. He gets it...

LOWELL
 Hello...

INT. WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE, THEIR BEDROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

It's dark, save a light from the hall. The room's bare. Boxes not yet unpacked. Just a hastily made bed. Lucretia, in bed, seemingly sleeping. And we see Jeffrey, in his underwear, a drink at his side, sitting on the floor, on the telephone...

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

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

LOWELL
 Jeffrey...?

He sits up...

LOWELL (cont'd)
 Is anything wrong?

INT. WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - LATE AT NIGHT

WIGAND
 Thanks for the basket of fruit...

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

Lowell looks at the time.

LOWELL

(a beat)

How's the new house?

INT. THE WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT

WIGAND

New.

And it's quiet.

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

And he can feel how badly Wigand needs somebody to talk to...

INT. WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - LATE AT NIGHT

WIGAND

Am I calling too late?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

No. No. I was going to call you tomorrow anyway.

WIGAND

(after a beat)

...somebody's been following me. I think somebody was in my backyard...

(unsure)

...or it was just a raccoon...?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Did you talk to the police?

WIGAND

No...Is it really happening at all? Is it connected or am I being paranoid? Or are they doing it to make me feel like I'm paranoid?

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

What do you think?

WIGAND

I don't know...

And it's quiet again.

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

Lowell sitting in bed on the phone.

INT. WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - LATE AT NIGHT

Wigand in his underwear sitting on the floor.

WIGAND

I got a job...teaching high school science...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

(droll)

I cheated my way through chemistry.

Wigand laughs, a nervous laugh. And it's quiet again.

WIGAND

Thanks for the flowers...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Basket of fruit...

WIGAND

Whatever...

But he doesn't hang up...

WIGAND (cont'd)

ABC, a show called "Day One," has asked me to do some consulting on a tobacco story they're doing on Philip Morris manipulating nicotine levels. But they've got it all wrong....They don't spike the nicotine...They'll lose their asses in a lawsuit if Philip Morris takes them to court...

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE IN BERKELEY - LATE NIGHT

And we see Lowell writing on a nightstand pad, "Call James at "Day One..." "Got it wrong!" And we'll go back and forth between Lowell in Berkeley, Jeffrey sitting on the floor, living out of boxes, in Louisville...It's quiet...

LOWELL

Jeffrey?

WIGAND

I'm here...

And it's quiet again...He takes another drink...

WIGAND (cont'd)

(after a beat)

You don't have any plans to be in Louisville, do you?

LOWELL

I wanted to hook up with you...we could...

WIGAND

(a beat, off the cuff)

I'm going to be in Washington next week. For the FDA...

LOWELL
What for?

WIGAND
I can't say...Under their charter
they have the rights to
confidential informants...They
even gave me a code name...

LOWELL
(trying to stop
him)
Don't say it over the --

But it's too late...

WIGAND
"Deep Cough."

And in spite of themselves, they both laugh...

LOWELL
(after a beat)
Let's meet up in Washington...

INT. WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - LATE AT NIGHT

WIGAND
(pure Wigand)
Up to you...

And he doesn't want to talk anymore.

WIGAND (cont'd)
It's late...

He looks at Lucretia's still figure. And his frustration,
his fears well up, and tears fill his eyes...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
Jeffrey, you there?

WIGAND
Yeah...I'll see you, Lowell...

And he hangs up. And the phone RINGS right away...

WIGAND (cont'd)
Lowell...?

But there's a thick silence...as if somebody was on the
line...

WIGAND (cont'd)
Hello...?

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
(threatening)
Leave tobacco alone. Or else
you'll find your kids hurt.
(MORE)

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER) (cont'd)
 (long pause, a
 breath)
 They're pretty girls now...

WIGAND
 (enraged)
 You try it! Come on! You wanna
 try me on?!

And he realizes he's talking to a DIAL TONE. He's momentarily still. He unlocks a bedside drawer taking out his hand gun. He quickly turns out of the room, crossing to the Girls' room, looking in on them. The Girls safely asleep. He goes into the living room. He pulls a chair over to sit at a window looking outside. And as he sits in the trapezoid of light from a street lamp, the gun in his hand on his lap, to be up all night guarding his family...

INT. THEIR BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

And we see Lucretia lying on her side, her head on her pillow, her eyes open. She's been up all along, having heard it all...She wipes some tears from her eyes. And as she looks out of the bedroom, down the hall, into the living room, her husband, his back to her, sitting in the trapezoid of light.

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

And we see Lowell, unable to sleep, in his kitchen chopping vegetables, starting to cook, making himself a meal, not a snack...The Phone rings...

LOWELL
 Jeffrey?

SHARON'S VOICE (OVER)
 I couldn't sleep.

LOWELL
 Where are you?

SHARON'S VOICE (OVER)
 Detroit. I had dinner tonight
 with "Mongo." He's this Monster
 Cody type Crip from Compton...

LOWELL
 What did you eat?

And as they talk, Lowell cooking...

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

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

WIGAND
(looking at the
menu)

Is there anything you don't like
in particular...?

LOWELL
I don't know much about esoteric
Japanese cuisine. I'll trust you.

Jeffrey nods. And Wigand, fluent in Japanese, with a hint
of arrogance, orders for them...

WIGAND
(finishing)
And some more saki...

The Waitress formally nods, and leaves...

LOWELL
What did you get us?

And after all the show...

WIGAND
Vegetable tempura...

And Wigand drinks some more saki...not his first...they're
quiet. After some moments:

WIGAND (cont'd)
...On the internet it said you
graduated from the University of
Wisconsin, and you went to U.C.
San Diego in the late 60's to work
with a philosophy Professor...
Herbert Marcuse...An article in
"Time" identified you as a radical
newspaper editor...

LOWELL
(nods)
Yeah. Marcuse was my mentor...He
was a Marxist and a Cubs fan. He
was the most brilliant man I ever
knew...

WIGAND
(oddly)
Next to your father.

LOWELL
My father...?
(sensitive)
What do you know about my father?

WIGAND
Nothing. It was merely a figure
of speech.

(MORE)

WIGAND (cont'd)

(perceptive)
 You don't like people knowing
 about you, do you? Is that why
 you're a journalist? You get to
 ask all the questions.

Lowell doesn't say anything, but his silence speaks
 volumes.

WIGAND (cont'd)

(after a beat)
 My father was a doctor. He was
 the most brilliant man I ever
 knew.

LOWELL

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

(beat, relaxing)
 He's the world's only octogenarian
 Hungarian gigolo.

Wigand slightly laughs. And they've made a tentative
 connection. And they're quiet.

LOWELL (cont'd)

Let me ask you something. You go
 to work for Brown and Williamson
 thinking you're going to develop a
 safe cigarette...

Wigand nods.

LOWELL (cont'd)

They pay you double your previous
 job. But the lab is underequipped
 and they pull back funding.

(beat)
 Didn't it occur to you...You're
 window dressing...

And it goes right to the heart of Wigand...

WIGAND

(a beat)
 Yeah. It did. And the truth is
 it occurred to me later than it
 should have.

LOWELL

Did it make you angry?

WIGAND

Yes. Underneath...

LOWELL

And if you were window-dressing to
 them, what did they care? Why did
 they fire you?

WIGAND

They didn't like the memo.

LOWELL

What memo?

WIGAND

I told them what I thought about their use of certain additives... Their unwillingness to develop a safer cigarette...

LOWELL

Do you have it...the memo?

WIGAND

No.

It's quiet. And Jeffrey says something that could break your heart...About himself, about their relationship, about his world view...

WIGAND (cont'd)

I'm a commodity to you...Aren't I...?

LOWELL

Why do you say that?

WIGAND

I could be anything...anything worth putting on between commercials...

LOWELL

(honest)

Not exactly right...But for the most part, you're right... Because nobody, with the kind of credentials you have, has ever talked about the things you know...

(a beat)

But thirty million people will hear what you say. And nothing will ever be the same again...There's no seismometer to measure it, but...like a tectonic plate, mass attitude shifts occur...So yeah, you're a commodity to some. But also, when you tell the truth, and the audience knows it, those people become the black hats in some story form, some morality play, that pre-exists in the audience's mind...and thereafter life will become very difficult for them. That's the power you have.

(MORE)

LOWELL (cont'd)
And once used. It's gone...That's
it's nature.

Wigand's quiet, and for the first time he realizes the
impact of his importance...He studies Lowell...

WIGAND
You believe that, don't you?

LOWELL
Believe what?

WIGAND
You honestly believe that because
you get the information out there
people will act on it.

And he's gone to the core of Lowell's belief.

LOWELL
(realizing)
I haven't thought about it in a
long time...But yeah, I guess...

WIGAND
(cynical, digging
at him)
What if for you it's just a way to
measure self-worth? What if for
the audience, it's just voyeurism?
What if it doesn't change a
fucking thing?

Lowell looks at him, a hard man to like.

LOWELL
(droll)
You have a way of saying just the
right thing, Jeffrey.

And they're quiet, Wigand looking into his cup of saki.
And Lowell, trying to regain his balance...

LOWELL (cont'd)
(after a beat)
Look, Jeffrey, the agendas of
other people should be irrelevant
to you. What you have to do, is
decide how important it is to you
to go public or not.

Jeffrey pours the last of the saki...

WIGAND
(after a beat,
looking at him)
Important enough to do it, if I'm
safe.

LOWELL

You're not safe. You will breach. They will come after you, hard. They will sue you every which way. They will issue restraining orders.

(beat)

We can take precautions, bring you in and out of the taping discreetly, but....

WIGAND

(a beat, thinking)

What if they subpoena those tapes?

LOWELL

(his fervent belief)

This is "60 Minutes." This is CBS News. People will go to prison before they hand over a tape. And if you do decide to tape, it's our plan to not air it until it's in the public domain, until you told us the time was right...We can do all of that...

(a beat)

But the only promise I can make you...I will do everything in my power to work to keep you safe...

Wigand's quiet, non-committal...

LOWELL (cont'd)

...And to do that, to defend you, I have to know...everything...

WIGAND

Like what?

LOWELL

Do you drink? Do you play around? They will dig it up...

WIGAND

(defensive)

How the fuck's that your business?!

LOWELL

If I'm going to work on your behalf I have to know everything they can throw at you! You said you didn't know if you could trust me...How do I know I can trust you?

(droll)

Maybe you're a flasher and that's why they fired you...

Wigand laughs. After some moments:

WIGAND

I drink...On occasion, more than I should have...

(a beat)

I was cited for shoplifting, but it was absurd, bogus...I was trying to pay, my wallet was in the car...

(can't think of anything else)

I don't know...

(after a beat, contrite)

I pushed Lucretia once...I was angry...She got scared...She went to her mother's...Once, eight years ago...

And that's as honest as he can be...They look at each other...And Wigand, seeing the Waitress...

WIGAND (cont'd)

(mercurial, dropping any facade)

What takes so long with the food?

EXT. A WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT

And we see Lowell and Wigand walking along a quiet Washington street...the Capitol, hovering over the city in the near distance...They near a familiar Washington Hotel. Wigand slows.

WIGAND (cont'd)

I don't want to take a chance of us being seen together...

Lowell nods. There's an awkward quiet.

LOWELL

What will you do?

WIGAND

(after a beat)

I'll think about it...It comes down to the safety of my family. How safe I can keep them.

(a beat)

How safe you can keep us.

LOWELL

You know the risks?

WIGAND

I know the risks.

Lowell nods. They look at each other, and Wigand turns, hands in his pockets, crossing the street. Lowell watches him go. And there's a loneliness, beyond his situation, like he was carrying the weight of the world.

AND WE SEE A PACKAGE BOMB EXPLODE.

INT. AN EDITING SUITE, CBS BASEMENT, NEW YORK - DAY

And we see we're watching footage on an Avid, background information, on the still at large Unabomber. And we see Lowell and his Editor looking at the footage. Lowell's on the telephone...

LOWELL

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

INT. A LEAR JET - DAY

And we see the PILOT, a mild looking unassuming man in his late forties. A headset Man riding up in front with him we'll come to know him as RON MOTLEY. The Pilot's on a headset...

THE PILOT

This is Richard Scruggs...What can I do for you?

And he has a distinctive southern accent...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

My name's Lowell Bergman, I'm a producer for "Sixty Minutes." I understand you filed a law suit in Mississippi against the tobacco industry on behalf of the State of Mississippi...?

RICHARD SCRUGGS

Hold on...This is Lear 643, Mobile...How are you today?

(after a beat)

...Going to 22,000 at 440, Mobile...

(after a beat)

Mr. Bergman, are you still there?

(discreet)

Why don't we have this conversation on a little less public airwave.

EXT. A TARMAC, MOBILE AIRPORT, MOBILE, ALABAMA - DAY

We see the Lear parked on a tarmac. And we see Richard Scruggs in a nearby phone booth. Motley, standing by a waiting Car, talking on a cell phone.

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, MOBILE AIRPORT, ALABAMA - DAY

RICHARD SCRUGGS

...I'd certainly be interested in making his acquaintance.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Would you like to call him, or would you like him to call you?

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(no nonsense)

He's either going to be interested
or he isn't. I'll leave that up
to him. He should call me.

EXT. THE WIGAND HOUSE - NIGHT

We see the family getting out of the car, Jeffrey carrying
a sleeping Rachael, Lucretia walking with Nikki, going into
the house.

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They come inside. The house, dark. Too dark.

WIGAND

(to Lucretia,
concerned)

Didn't you leave a light on when
you left? I asked you to always
leave lights on.

LUCRETIA

(sure of it)

I left the lights on...I'm sure I
did...I think...?

He puts Rachael down on the couch. He turns on some
lights.

WIGAND

(to Lucretia)

Stay in here...

She nods, fearfully sitting on the couch with Nikki.

NIKKI

(not knowing
what's going on)

I want to go to bed...

LUCRETIA

You will, sweetheart...

And we see Jeffrey carefully moving along the
hallway...turning lights on as he goes, looking in their
rooms...Everything seems to be fine...And there's a SOUND
from outside...like somebody or something climbing a
fence...He runs back into the living room...

LUCRETIA (cont'd)

(frightened)

Did you hear that?!

He switches on the outside lights, the backyard flooded in
light. And he sees...nothing is there...He turns to
Lucretia...

WIGAND

(to Lucretia)

Everything's all right...

He picks up Rachael, carrying her to bed, taking off her dress and shoes, leaving her to sleep in her underwear. He covers her, kissing her. Lucretia puts Nikki to bed, talking to her as she undresses her...Jeffrey leaves the room...

INT. THE BASEMENT, WIGAND'S NEW HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

Jeffrey comes downstairs into his dark, cramped, basement office. As he crosses to his desk he slows. His computer is eerily on. His papers are on the floor, blowing on a breeze. And he see one of the basement windows is open. He stops. And he sees on the floor by his desk, a small pile of BURNT MATCHES that's been intentionally piled and neatly placed there. The message, loud and clear..."You are not paranoid." "It's us." "We are onto you...!"

EXT. NEW ORLEANS, THE FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

And we see Lowell, and his Cameraman, at a CRIME SCENE, a homicide, in the French Quarter. Police moving around. And his cell phone RINGS...

LOWELL

(answering)

Hello...

WIGAND'S VOICE (OVER)

(after a beat)

Okay? Goddamnit! They want me to know it's real. They invaded my home! Fuck them! I want to tape. And I want to do it right now!

INT. DINING ROOM, THE ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL, NEW YORK - NIGHT

And we see Lowell and Mike Wallace, with Jeffrey and Lucretia in the Hotel's dining room, sitting down for dinner, having drinks with appetizers.

LOWELL

Are you both okay here?

LUCRETIA

(and she's playing
to the celebrity,
Mike Wallace)

I enjoy your work...I especially liked your tour of the White House with Nancy Reagan. I felt like I was there.

And she laughs like she's nervous...

MIKE WALLACE

Thank you...

(after a beat)

I thought maybe we should get some of the basic questions out of the way before we tape tomorrow...

LUCRETIA
 (not sure she
 quite heard)
 Tape...Tape tomorrow?

Jeffrey doesn't say anything.

LUCRETIA (cont'd)
 What are you taping already?

WIGAND
 An interview.

And it's painfully obvious he never mentioned it to her.

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

LOWELL
 (trying to
 intervene)
 Nothing will be aired --

But she doesn't want to hear anything else about it, and she suddenly gets up and leaves, hurrying out of the dining room. And Jeffrey oddly doesn't move, eating an appetizer...Lowell and Mike share a look with each other..."Kafka."

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (a beat)
 Don't you think you should go talk
 to her?

WIGAND
 (simply)
 She'll get over it...

LOWELL
 (after a beat)
 Why didn't you tell her about the
 taping? What did she think she
 was coming to New York for?

WIGAND
 To think about it...talk about
 it...I don't know...
 (after a beat,
 mercurial)
 Maybe she's right...Maybe I
 shouldn't do this
 interview...Excuse me...

And getting up he crosses into a nearby Bar, waiting at the bar for the bartender...

MIKE WALLACE
 (a beat, an
 understatement)
 Who are these people?

LOWELL
 (frustrated, hot)
 They're ordinary people...Under
 extraordinary pressure...What the
 hell do you expect? Grace and
 consistency? That happens in
 fiction.

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

INT. THE HOTEL, CORRIDOR, NEW YORK - NIGHT

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

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK - NIGHT

LUCRETIA
 (seeing him,
 frenetic)
 ...I've got two little girls to
 think about...We have to live in
 Louisville...You don't know what's
 been going on in that house...
 The phone calls...He doesn't
 sleep... All you can hear is him
 walking from one room to the
 other...he carries a gun...
 (outraged)
 And he's going to tape an
 interview...! He's going to be on
 television...! Is he totally
 crazy!

And breaking down she goes into the bathroom, locking the
 door...The sound of her crying...Lowell goes to the door...

LOWELL
 (trying to difuse
 the situation)
 Lucretia, nothing's going to be on
 television -- not until...

She doesn't want to hear it...

LUCRETIA'S VOICE (OVER)
 It's all about ego...He can't be
 comfortable with who he is...He's
 never been comfortable with who he
 is...

And there's oddly the sound of a HAIR DRYER...

LOWELL
 (concerned)
 Lucretia...?

INT. THE BATHROOM, NEW YORK HOTEL - NIGHT

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

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
 (concerned)
 Lucretia?

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

LUCRETIA
 I'm scared...

INT. THE HOTEL BAR, NEW YORK - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

LOWELL
 (his patience
 gone)
 Jeffrey, don't turn into a pissed
 off drunk...
 (a beat)
 The taping's at ten o'clock...
 Decide. Are you going to show up
 or not?

They look at each other. And Wigand finishes what's left of his drink, getting down off the bar stool...

WIGAND
 Could you ask him to send that
 drink upstairs...

And he turns out of the Bar, leaving...And as Lowell stands in the Bar, wondering why he cares about somebody he's not even sure he likes...

INT. A STUDIO, CBS - MORNING

And we see a small TAPING STUDIO. Cameras are set up. Lowell and Mike Wallace, Debbie DeLuca, and the camera crew waiting around...

MIKE WALLACE

(looking)

It's ten-thirty...How much longer do you want to give him?

DEBBIE DELUCA

(hanging up a phone)

No answer in the room...But they haven't checked out...

MIKE WALLACE

(after a beat, tired of waiting)

Call me in my office if he shows...

He starts out of the room...

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

(and moving on)

When do you want to do the voice over for New Orleans...?

LOWELL

(barely able to hide his disappointment)

Tomorrow...

Mike nods...He starts to go...He slows..

MIKE WALLACE

(paternal)

Lowell, you got too personally involved...

Lowell doesn't say anything...There's a slight sound. They turn. And having slipped in, standing just inside the door, wearing a sport jacket and slacks, is Jeffrey Wigand.

WIGAND

(formal)

Lucretia apologizes, she had a beauty shop appointment.

LOWELL

(a beat, most professional)

Thank you for coming, Dr. Wigand.

And the look between them is personal.

INT. THE STUDIO, CBS - DAY

And we see Jeffrey sitting in a chair, Mike Wallace sitting across from him, under the lights, taping an interview. Lowell, just off camera, behind Mike...

MIKE WALLACE
Cigarettes are..?

WIGAND
...A delivery device for a nicotine addiction. And it's in a dirty needle.

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

WIGAND
You're gonna get your fix...

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

WIGAND
The process is known in the tobacco industry as "impact boosting..." There's extensive use of this technology which is called ammonia chemistry, that allows for nicotine to be more rapidly absorbed in the lungs and therefore affect the brain and the central nervous system. They manipulate the high and the rapid fall off so you'll light up another one right away...

LOWELL
Let's cut.
(to Tape Operator)
Could we play back from the front?

OPERATOR
Playing back...

And we see the PLAYBACK of the interview...

MIKE WALLACE
You heard Mr. Sandefur say before congress that he believed that nicotine was not addictive...?

WIGAND

(nods)

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

MIKE WALLACE

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

WIGAND

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

MIKE WALLACE

And that's what cigarettes are..?

WIGAND

A delivery device for a nicotine addiction. And it's in a dirty needle.

LOWELL

Okay...cut playback. Let's continue...

INT. THE STUDIO, CBS - LATER

WIGAND

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

MIKE WALLACE

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

WIGAND

Most certainly.

MIKE WALLACE

And on March 24, 1993 Thomas Sandefur CEO of Brown and Williamson had you fired. And the reason he gave you?

WIGAND

Poor communication skills.

INT. A HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE CLASS, LOUISVILLE - AFTERNOON

An inner-city High School class. And we see Jeffrey coming in. The room quiets. He writes his name on the blackboard.

WIGAND

(after a beat)

How many of you have taken a science class before?

Nobody raises their hands.

WIGAND (cont'd)

Well, we shouldn't have any problems.

(a rare smile)

I've never taught it before.

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - EVENING

And we see Lucretia, cooking dinner, the Girls at the table doing their homework. The television's on, the LOCAL NEWS...

NEWSCASTER

...And now our very own Doug Profit with tonight's "Profit Report."

And an unctuous reporter, with too much groomed hair comes on the screen. DOUG PROFIT.

DOUG PROFIT

...The "Profit Report" has learned through confidential sources that former Brown And Williamson Vice President of Research and Development, Jeffrey Wigand, has a history of instability...

Lucretia turns...

NIKKI

Did they just say daddy's name?

Lucretia turns it up, too loud...

DOUG PROFIT

Sources have told this reporter that Mr. Wigand has had serious drinking problems resulting in drunk driving offenses, has been arrested at least once for shoplifting, and a report had been filed with the Louisville police department alleging domestic abuse...

And Lucretia starts to scream...Frightened, the Girls start screaming...Lucretia, needing air, runs out of the house...The Girls, running after her...

RACHAEL

(afraid)

Mommy...

EXT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - EVENING

And as they come outside, we see Jeffrey has pulled up, out of his car, opening the mail box, taking out the mail... And he sees standing upright in the back of the mail box, a single hollow point .45 caliber BULLET. And simultaneously Lucretia and the Girls are running toward him...like in a bad fucking dream...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

LOWELL

(on the phone)

...A bullet!?

(a beat)

Call the FBI. Do it, Jeffrey.

Call the FBI right away.

INT. A PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE - EVENING

And we see Jeffrey is in a phone booth. Lucretia and the Girls in the car.

WIGAND

...We're going to stay in a hotel...tonight...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Call me when you get there...

And as Jeffrey hangs up...

INT. WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - DAY

And we see Jeffrey with two local F.B.I. Agents, sitting in his living room...

AN F.B.I. AGENT

Do you own a gun Mr. Wigand?

WIGAND

Yes.

AN F.B.I. AGENT

What caliber is it, sir?

WIGAND

(a beat)

What does that have to do with the price of tea in China?

ANOTHER F.B.I. AGENT

We'd like to take a look at it...

WIGAND

(confused)
I thought you came here to protect me...?

(a beat,
realizing)
You think I put that bullet in my mailbox myself...Is that what you're thinking?

AN F.B.I. AGENT

We're not thinking anything...If we could please see that gun, Mr. Wigand...

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

AN F.B.I. AGENT

(opening the
chamber, looking
inside)
This is a .38 caliber.

WIGAND

(sarcastic)
Are we disappointed?

AN F.B.I. AGENT

Why do you keep this gun?

WIGAND

I don't think it's unconstitutional yet to own a gun.

ANOTHER F.B.I. AGENT

That bullet was for a .45 caliber. Do you own a .45?

WIGAND

No.

AN F.B.I. AGENT

(after a beat)
Do you have a history of any emotional problems Mr. Wigand?

WIGAND

Yes I do, actually.
(beat)
I get extremely emotional when assholes put bullets in my family's mail box...!

And we hear Lucretia's voice...

LUCRETIA'S VOICE (OVER)

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

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

WIGAND
(stopping him)
What are you doing?!

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

The Agent starts out of the house with the computer...
Jeffrey runs out after him...

EXT. THE WIGAND HOUSE - DAY

Jeffrey, running outside ...

WIGAND
(outraged)
You can't take that...It's my personal property...!

AN F.B.I. AGENT
We have a warrant Mr. Wigand.
There's been a supposed threat of death.

WIGAND
(after him)
All my files...!

The Agent ignores him, putting the computer in the trunk of their car. And the other F.B.I. Agents, the .38 in a baggie, come out of the house.

WIGAND (cont'd)
How much do they pay you fucking guys?!

And getting into their car, they drive off. And as Jeffrey and Lucretia stand in the driveway...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS, NEW YORK - DAY

Lowell on the phone...

WIGAND'S VOICE (OVER)
(on the phone)
...I thought they were supposed to protect me...? They're bought and payed for by Big Tobacco...

LOWELL
I have somebody looking into it...Don't jump to conclusions.
Not yet...

INT. A PHONE BOOTH AT THE HIGH SCHOOL, LOUISVILLE - DAY

And we see Jeffrey is in a phone booth at the High School...

WIGAND

Oh? A gun's being pointed at my head in plain sight and everybody wants not to see it...

(sarcastic)

Should that make me comfortable, Lowell?

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, NEW YORK - DAY

LOWELL

Let me make some more calls...

(a beat)

Have you called that lawyer yet?

INT. THE HIGH SCHOOL PHONE BOOTH - DAY

WIGAND

No...not yet.

LOWELL

What are you waiting for?

Jeffrey doesn't say anything. And the school bells RING. Students pouring out of their classes...

WIGAND

I have to go.

He hangs up. And as he turns out of the phone booth...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, NEW YORK - DAY

Lowell's still on the phone...

AN OPERATOR'S VOICE (OVER)

Federal Bureau of Investigation...

LOWELL

Special Agent Robertson, please...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

(answering)

This is Robertson.

LOWELL

So, what's the story in Louisville? They're not acting much like F.B.I. Agents.

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

And we see a Man in his early forties, a neatly dressed man who prides himself on his appearance, at his desk in the Bureau. BILL ROBERTSON.

BILL ROBERTSON
He knows about guns...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
Most of America knows about
guns....So what? They believe
he "E" mailed himself his own
death threat, too?

BILL ROBERTSON
They think it's a distinct
possibility.

Lowell's quiet.

BILL ROBERTSON (cont'd)
It's a little hard to swallow,
Lowell...We're not dealing with
mafia vendettas...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - DAY

LOWELL
What about corporate vendettas?
(droll)
Have you ever found me to be
inflammatory? Alarmist? Ever?
Huh?

(beat)
Well let me tell you. Your
agents in that office are
protecting the wrong people.

BILL ROBERTSON (OVER)
(perfunctory)
I'll take a close look...

LOWELL
(heated)
Take a good look! Understand?
Cause I'm getting real curious
about how close to retirement age
are your agents down there? And
which of them have jobs promised
in security at major tobacco
companies when they retire?

INT. BILL ROBERTSON'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON - DAY

BILL ROBERTSON
(beat)
Calm down, Lowell. Okay! I get
it. I said I'll dig into it,
right now...

INT. WIGAND'S HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A racially mixed class...Jeffrey, still upset, is writing
some things on the blackboard. Agitated he writes too hard
and the chalk breaks in his hand...He catches himself, and
he's quiet...He exhales deeply trying to calm himself...

WIGAND

I'm a little upset today.

He feels their eyes on him.

WIGAND (cont'd)

(a beat)

Why don't we talk about it? Did anybody see a newscast about me last night?

It's quiet.

A STUDENT

(hesitant)

My mother did.

WIGAND

What did she say?

THE STUDENT

She said you were teaching high school because you got fired from your job and...

He hesitates to say it...

WIGAND

Go ahead. It's alright...

THE STUDENT

You stole things and were unstable...

And the kids won't look at him, embarrassed for him.

WIGAND

It's okay. That's what they said.

He's quiet, uncomfortable. And he writes a simple algebraic formula on the blackboard.

WIGAND (cont'd)

(saying it aloud)

$2x=y$; $y=4$; $x=y/2$; $x=4/2$;

$x=2$...You're all bright kids.

Simple. Absolute. Logical.

Right? Now...

And he suddenly jumps up on his desk...The Kids start.

WIGAND (cont'd)

What behavior is this? Unstable? Extreme? But if this were a snake believer's church and they dumped 20 rattlers on the floor, and I'm not a believer in their religion.. I better get my ass off the floor. Fast!

And he uncharacteristically rolls his eyes like an unstable lunatic, exaggerating to make a point.

And the Kids, explode with-laughter. He's got them...

WIGAND (cont'd)
(standing on his
desk)

I don't buy their religion. I'm
sure they'd consider me extreme
and want to characterize me as
unstable.

He hops back down.

WIGAND (cont'd)
(after a beat,
gentle, all he's
asking for)
But what this is about...is I am
here to teach you science.

And the Students get it. The public opinion of this small
fraction of Louisville is pro Wigand.

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH AT SCHOOL, LOUISVILLE - DAY, LATER

WIGAND
Mr. Scrugge...my name is Jeffrey
Wigand...

EXT. PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

A small old gulf coast Missiseippi town. A stop light or
two. Old brick buildings that have spent too much time in
the damp air. A small cluster of law offices.

INT. RICHARD SCRUGGS LAW OFFICE, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

A small, conservative office. Pictures of jet fighters on
the walls. A reflection of the man. And we see RICHARD
SCRUGGS at his desk on the phone.

RICHARD SCRUGGS
I'd very much like to meet you Mr.
Wigand. Why don't we see if we
can arrange a trip for you down
here to talk with us...

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

The house is dark. Somebody moves. And we see Jeffrey,
standing by a window, looking outside....A moment, and he
goes into their bedroom...The room's dark. And we see
Lucretia in bed seemingly asleep, the two Girls, afraid,
sleeping with her. He quietly sits on an ottoman taking
off his shoes...After some moments:

LUCRETIA
(out of the dark,
softly)
I can't live like this much more,
Jeffrey...I really can't...

And as she lays in bed in the dark room with the Girls, Jeffrey sitting on the ottoman...the Phone starts RINGING...Lucretia covers her head with the pillow. And as the phone RINGS and RINGS...

INT. THE LOUISVILLE AIRPORT - DAY

And we see Jeffrey, carrying a suitcase, coming through the Airport on his way to a departure gate. He passes a small line of Kafkaesque people in Nurses uniforms and clerical garb, holding out cans, asking for donations. A deaf person hands him a small American Flag, in lieu of a donation...And before he can give it back, a Man, stopping him...

THE MAN

Mr. Wigand...

And the Man hands him a SUBPOENA...

THE MAN (cont'd)

(nasty)

It's free...

And he turns and walks off. And as Jeffrey looks at the subpoena in his one hand, the American Flag in the other....

INT. AN AIRPLANE - DAY

And we see Jeffrey sitting on an Airplane, the plane racing down the runway. And we see he's holding the subpoena, reading it for the fiftieth time, his hands shaking...And as the plane lifts off...

INT. A COMMUTER HELICOPTER, NEW YORK - DAY

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

JOHN SCANLON

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

DON HEWITT

Lowell Bergman?

JOHN SCANLON

(nods)

He has a hard-on for this guy, Wigand...Your producer's going to end up standing with his dick in his hand. He's a sociopath, Don. A master of deception. A phony big-mouth drunk who likes to hear himself talk. I'm going to bury him...

(MORE)

JOHN SCANLON (cont'd)

When I get through with him he's going to wish he had a place to hide...And you know what's worse? What I heard?

DON HEWITT

What?

JOHN SCANLON

This Wigand?

(the worst sin)

Don, I heard he cheats at golf...

And as the Helicopter lands on a skyscraper's roof...

INT. A BUFFET RESTAURANT, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

And we see Jeffrey, RICHARD SCRUGGS, and RON MOTLEY, the corpulent man in his mid-forties, eating lunch in a busy buffet restaurant. An egalitarian restaurant there's a mixture of local businessmen and construction workers. The smoking section and the non-smoking section separated by thin air. If Scruggs is the picture of manners, placid, button-downed, and Southern refined, Motley is his comic contrast. Loud in his dress and manner. Relishing a chicken stew, he's looking at the subpoena...He has a thick southern accent, and he is not the master of understatement...

MOTLEY

What this bascially says is, you are fucked. You have been "enjoined" to appear in Louisville...blah, blah, blah, blah...The Brown and Williamson Tobacco company is saying you have breeched your confidentiality agreement, and have asked the great state of Kentucky to tell you to shut your big mouth or the the State of Kentucky will shut it for you.

WIGAND

(a beat)

What can they do to me?

MOTLEY

(simply)

If you disobey their restraint order they can find you in contempt and put you in jail.

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

WIGAND

Jail?

MOTLEY

(a beat)

I come from a "tobacco state,"
South Carolina. Not so much a
tobacco state as a "state of
tobacco." I can assure you, Mr.
Wigand, you will lose every time.

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(quiet, mollifying
the situation)

Fortunately, however, there are
other courts, other states.

(understated)

Mr. Motley and I had some modest
success in Federal Court winning a
class action suit against the
asbestos industry. The Supreme
Court saw it our way.

WIGAND

(pure Wigand,
always questioning
motives)

It made you very rich lawyers, I
assume?

And Richard Scruggs coolly handling Wigand's thinly veiled
accusation...

RICHARD SCRUGGS

Sometimes, after years, we lose.
But, as my grandfather, a country
lawyer here in Pascagula, used to
say, "...the ethical benefits can
pave the way to heaven..."

MOTLEY

(crass)

But a nice Ferrari will get you
there a lot faster.

And even Richard Scruggs, who takes an enjoyment out of
him, laughs...

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(after a beat)

Michael Moore, the Attorney
General here in Mississippi, is
attacking Big Tobacco. Mr. Moore
has hired us as special counsel.
He doesn't feel that the people of
the State of Mississippi should
have to pay with their taxes
Medicaid costs for sick people all
because some folks at Marlboro,
want to make more money producing
a product that they know has
carcinogenic properties...

WIGAND

(nods)

And boost the nicotine's addictive impact so it's difficult to stop...

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(after a beat)

Your testimony would be devastating...It would be the centerpiece. You, more than anyone else, can testify how tobacco addicts and keeps its smokers addicted through premeditated, designed chemical manipulation...You can testify how the people running these corporations have lied about that to congress under oath.

(after a beat)

A court date has been set for the end of the months here in Mississippi...I'm going to subpoena you to testify...

Before Wigand can say anything...

RICHARD SCRUGGS (cont'd)

It's merely a formality. If you can't do it, we'll withdraw the subpoena...and I would completely understand...

And Wigand's quiet, frightened.

RICHARD SCRUGGS (cont'd)

(after a beat)

I was a squadron commander in Vietnam. Flying F-16's. In combat events have a duration of seconds, sometimes minutes...But what you're doing goes on day in, and day out, week in, week out, month after month, when you're up, when you're down, whether you're ready for it or not, being assaulted psychologically, financially, directed at you, at your kids...all your futures held hostage...

(after a beat)

Whatever you decide. It's a real honor to know you.

INT. WIGAND'S CAR, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

And we see Jeffrey, driving his car, coming home from Mississippi, coming along the quiet suburban street, approaching his house. And he slows. He sees a broad-shouldered MAN in a suit, an ear piece in his ear, is standing by the door to his house. Jeffrey drives by the house. He parks down the street. He gets out.

EXT. THE WIGAND'S NEIGHBORHOOD, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

He quietly makes his way back to his house. Cutting across a neighbor's lawn, he climbs a redwood fence, and hops down onto their property. He silently goes in a kitchen door...

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

And he sees a broad-shouldered Man, his back to him, in the living-room...He suddenly charges the Man, chokes him with his forearm, pulling him backwards and down onto his knee...

WIGAND

What are you doing in my house..!

And he sees Lowell coming into the living-room...

LOWELL

(taking in the situation, a beat, droll)

Jeffrey. He works for you.

He lets go of the Man. Catching his breath...

WIGAND

(to Lowell, confused)

What the fuck is going on?

LOWELL

You and your family now have around the clock physical security.

WIGAND

CBS?

LOWELL

No.

WIGAND

I can't afford to --

LOWELL

A friend of mine owns a large security company...It's volunteered.

And Rachael comes into the living room.

RACHAEL

(upset)

Why do we have men living with us, daddy?

She goes over and holds his hand. And as he holds her hand, seeing what his life has become.

EXT. THE WIGAND'S STREET - EARLY MORNING

It's still. A light rain falling. And we see SECURITY MEN, using a mirror device, looking under Jeffrey's car for any possible explosives. The door opens, and we see a Security Guard alongside Jeffrey, Jeffrey carrying his briefcase, coming out of the house. He escorts Wigand to his car, getting in with him. The other security guards get into a chase car. And as the procession takes off, Jeffrey going to teach school.

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeffrey putting the Girls to bed. He bends to kiss Nikki.

NIKKI

(whispers)

How much longer are these men going to be here? I don't like them, daddy.

WIGAND

It 'll be over soon, sweetheart...I promise...

He hugs her. Straightening, he turns off the light. He quietly shuts the door. He turns. And Lucretia is standing in the hallway. They look at each other. And nothing to be said, that says volumes, she turns, going into their bedroom. And as she shuts the door.

INT. A LOUISVILLE COURTROOM - DAY

An old courtroom. And we see a Judge on his bench. And we see Jeffrey, Motley at his side, standing before the bench. A table of five lawyers, representing Brown and Williamson, sit smugly in their Brooks Brothers suits, power ties and suspenders, at the opposing lawyers' table.

THE JUDGE

...Mr. Wigand the court finds that there is sufficient cause to believe you have violated your confidentiality agreement. I am therefore issuing a restraining order prohibiting you from speaking any further about your time of employment while at The Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company. If it is found that you violate this order I will find you in contempt of court and summarily incarcerated.

(a beat)

Do you understand, Mr. Wigand? You are not to speak about your time of employment at Brown and Williamson with anyone, anyone at all. Or you will go to jail.

A moment and Wigand nods, he understands. And as the Judge bangs his gavel, case closed.

EXT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - LATE NIGHT

The house on the quiet suburban street. A Security Guard, incongruous, sitting watch on the small front porch in a metal porch chair.

INT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - LATE NIGHT

The house is dark, quiet. Somebody moves. And we see Lucretia, in her nightgown, unable to sleep, sitting alone in the kitchen. And we hear the strains of the Japanese music...And we see the basement door is open...

INT. THE BASEMENT, THE WIGAND'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

And we see Jeffrey, unable to sleep, sitting at his desk, alone in the basement, listening to his Japanese music... He instinctively turns. And he sees Lucretia has come down to sit on the basement stairs...And she starts to cry...

LUCRETIA

I can't do it...I want to stand by my husband...I really do, Jeffrey...I'm not strong enough... I can't do it anymore...I'm just not strong enough...I'm so sorry...

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

EXT. THE WIGAND'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

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

EXT. RICHARD SCRUGGS HOUSE, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

An old white, traditional, southern house, with a veranda and gables...a large front lawn with weeping willows. Across the street from the house, the Gulf. And we see Mississippi State Police standing around the veranda. The street blockaded, and lined with Police and State of Mississippi "Official" cars. And we see Lowell, hands in his pockets, a nobility about him, not an insider or an outsider, waiting alone on the expansive lawn. The front door opens. A Mississippi State Trooper, putting on his round brimmed hat comes out.

And we see Jeffrey coming out with Richard Scruggs and Motley and following them a large contingent of men in suits, Lawyers and state officials. Scruggs and Motley, stop to talk on the veranda. And Jeffrey, left momentarily alone, comes down off the porch onto the lawn. He comes over to Lowell.

LOWELL

(droll)

You attract a crowd.

WIGAND

(smiles, wry)

Not exactly what I had in mind.

And they're quiet, a breeze off the Gulf ruffling their coats...

LOWELL

(after a beat)

You understand, if you take the stand, if you testify, when you return to Louisville...

Wigand nods, but it's with no great assurance.

WIGAND

They explained that to me. I can be arrested.

He looks out at the water, a cargo ship passing by. He watches its slow progress...

WIGAND (cont'd)

Did you ever own a boat?

LOWELL

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

Wigand shrugs. And Lowell realizes Jeffrey still isn't sure whether he's going to go through with it or not...

WIGAND

(annoyed at his own irresolution)

This is insane. I have not resolved yet in my mind what I'm going to do.

(reading his mind)

And it's too large a decision to make without being resolved.

And Lowell nods. And Jeffrey quietly starts to walk around the lawn, hands in his pockets, shoulders bent, head down, as if he were looking on the ground for something he's lost, thinking...And Richard Scruggs comes beside Lowell...And it's oddly quiet...Some birds singing...And as Jeffrey walks around the lawn, making up his mind...

INT. A COURTROOM, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

A large drafty converted furniture warehouse made into a courtroom to accomodate the numbers of lawyers and clients in class action suits. And we see it's crowded with TOBACCO LAWYERS, a half a hundred of them, in their power ties and suspenders. And there's the feeling of a party. Laughing. So sure are they Wigand's not going to show up.

A LAWYER

(on a cell phone)

What time's that? What restaurant?

(looks at his watch)

Yeah. This guy knowe he's dead neat if he shows. Six o'clock should be fine...

EXT. RICHARD SCRUGGS HOUSE, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

Jeffrey, his head down, still taking his long walk....Lowell, Richard Scruggs, and Motley, huddled together, talking in low voices...

INT. THE COURTROOM, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

The lawyers, shooting the shit, drinking coffee.

EXT. RICHARD SCRUGGS HOUSE, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

Jeffrey, off in the distance, still walking. He stops for a moment looking out at the water. Another cargo ship slowly going by. A moment, and he turns crossing back to Lowell and Scruggs and Motley...He looks at them...It's quiet...The men, all of them, standing with their hands in their pockets...And time seems to stand still...All of them aware it's a momentous decision both personally and historically...

WIGAND

(still)

I don't know.

RICHARD SCRUGGS

They can sit there and wait. Take the time.

WIGAND

(severely conflicted)

I don't know how to decide?

They're quiet...there's no help here. Finally, Lowell...

LOWELL

(shrugs)

Has anything changed?

WIGAND

Since when?

LOWELL

Since the beginning...

And they're quiet. Wigand looks at them...He looks out at the water...He turns...He stares into Lowell's eyes. Two ordinary men. Two "combat" veterans. And resolution occurs right now.

WIGAND

(after a beat)

Fuck it. Let's go do it.

And they look at him, this unintentionally noble man...

RICHARD SCRUGGS

Yes!!

(calls to the men,
with his refined
Southern accent)

Dr. Wigand would like to go to court now.

And there's a sudden flurry of activity, everybody moving at once. Four Mississippi State Policemen come to walk Jeffrey, Scruggs and Motley to a car. They help Jeffrey into the car. Police, State Officials, running to their cars. The cars starting, lights and sirens going, Wigand's car pulling out of the driveway. And we see Lowell, standing in the driveway, watching the cars going down the driveway...And as the convoy takes off, a full Police escort, lights turning, moving toward Pascagula...

INT. THE COURTROOM, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

The tobacco lawyers veritably lounging, talking on cell phones...One of them makes a paper airplane and flies it. On the airplane...

EXT. PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

The convoy moving through the streets of the small Mississippi town...

INT. CAR - DAY

Wigand quietly looking out the window.

WIGAND

(to Scruggs)

Stop for a moment...

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(to the Driver)

Henry...

The car comes to a stop. The convoy comes to a stop. Wigand gets out.

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

The convoy stopped, waiting. And bending over, behind a tree, this "hero," scared to death, is sick.

He wipes his lips with his handkerchief. He turns getting back in the car. And as the convoy pulls away, lights turning...

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

And we see Lowell, among a group of reporters, standing outside the makeshift courthouse. Some of the Tobacco Lawyers, their jackets off, getting some air, hanging around on the steps outside. And they see the cars, the police lights turning, coming around a corner, moving slowly toward the courthouse. The cars stop outside. First Motley, then Scruggs, getting out. A moment, and Jeffrey gets out. And Lowell, knowing this was coming, turns to savor the moment, watching as the Tobacco Lawyers become quiet, one by one turning to stare at Wigand as he arrives, passing the word inside the courthouse "He's shown up..." And the Reporters pounce on Jeffrey, cameras flashing... Mississippi Police leading him through the crowd... He comes by Lowell... He slows... They look at each other... And he's whisked away, up the steps, and into the Courtroom.

INT. THE COURTROOM, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

And as he comes inside, the jocular tobacco lawyers are dead quiet, outraged that he showed... The cell phones are hung up. The newspapers are put away. Jackets are donned. This is now very serious business. Motley walks with Jeffrey, all eyes on him, to the witness stand. And the lawyers start yelling questions at him... Motley calmly motions Wigand to take the witness chair... He settles in the chair.

MOTLEY

We're ready your honor.

A Stenographer settles at her machine.

THE JUDGE

(heavily southern)

You may begin Mr. Motley.

MOTLEY

Will you state your name for the record.

WIGAND

(after a beat)

My name is Jeffrey Wigand...

He spells it for them...

MOTLEY

If you will, try to speak into the microphone, Doctor. And I have got you a glass of water over there.

(beat)

My name is Ron Motley, from Charleston, South Carolina.

(MORE)

MOTLEY (cont'd)

If at any time you need to take a break, you just raise your hand, and we'll accomodate you, sir. And if you don't understand my question, if you will just acknowledge that, and I will try to rephrase it...

And as he asks the routine questions we look around the "courtroom," the tobacco lawyers like a pack of dogs waiting to pounce...

MOTLEY (cont'd)

...And are you here today under subpoena, sir?

WIGAND

Yes, I am.

MOTLEY

(after a beat)

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

And Jeffrey's quiet. After some moments:

WIGAND

I am a doctor of science.

And he smiles, a small personal smile of vindication, of triumph.

EXT. THE "COURTHOUSE," PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

Lowell, waiting with the other journalists...

INT. THE "COURTHOUSE," PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

Motley still conducting the inquiry...

MOTLEY

...Does Brown and Williamson, at least did Brown and Williamson while you were there, use ammonia technology?

A TOBACCO LAWYER

(jumps in)

Object and instruct not to answer in accordance with the terms of the contractual obligations undertaken by Mr. Wigand in his agreements with Brown and Williamson and in accordance with the force and effect of the temporary restraining order which has been entered by the court in Kentucky. And in accordance with same, instruct not to answer.

THE JUDGE
 (after a beat,
 ruling)
 You may answer Mr. Wigand.

And Jeffrey's quiet, feeling the full force of the law.

MOTLEY
 (to Jeffrey)
 Go ahead. You can answer the
 question.

WIGAND
 I'm sorry.

MOTLEY
 Did Brown and Williamson use
 ammonia technology?

Jeffrey looks around the courtroom, the faces. His eyes
 meet Richard Scruggs...After some moments...

WIGAND
 Yes.

And we see Richard Scruggs smile.

MOTLEY
 ...Does the ammonia technology
 have any influence on the levels
 of nicotine...

A TOBACCO LAWYER
 Move to strike.

THE JUDGE
 Overruled.

WIGAND
 It doesn't change the total
 nicotine. What it does primarily
 is convert bound nicotine to free
 nicotine.

MOTLEY
 And the free nicotine has a
 pharmacological effect?

WIGAND
 That is correct.

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

A TOBACCO LAWYER
 Object to the form.

THE JUDGE
 Overruled.

MOTLEY

It acts as a drug on the body?

A TOBACCO LAWYER

Object to the form.

THE JUDGE

Overruled.

MOTLEY

It acts as a drug on the body?

A TOBACCO LAWYER

Object to the form.

THE JUDGE

Overruled.

MOTLEY

Is there an echo in here? Does it act as a drug?

WIGAND

Yes. It is pharmacologically active. There are a number of studies that confirm that.

MOTLEY

Studies by whom?

WIGAND

By independent scientists, by Brown and Williamson Tobacco scientists.

MOTLEY

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

A TOBACCO LAWYER

Object to...

THE JUDGE

Overruled.

WIGAND

(a beat)

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

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

Lowell standing with the other journalists, still waiting...

A REPORTER

Hey Bergman, what do you think he's saying...?

LOWELL

(droll)
I don't know. We'll have to wait
and find out, I guess...

EXT. RICHARD SCRUGGS HOUSE, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI -
NIGHT

The traditional old white southern house. A light rain,
off the Gulf, has begun to fall. And we can see the house
is all lit up. People moving around the front room...

INT. RICHARD SCRUGGS HOUSE, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI -
NIGHT

The house crowded with well-wishers, drinking, eating,
celebrating Jeffrey's testimony. Motley, well on his way
to being drunk, holding court. Richard Scruggs, the model
of decorum, quietly talking. And we see Jeffrey, a drink
in his hand, surrounded by people...And Lowell, in his
familiar posture, hands in his jacket pockets, standing
just inside the door, quietly enjoying the celebration...

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(calls)
If I could have your attention
please...

The room quiets.

RICHARD SCRUGGS (cont'd)

I'd like to read a telegram. It's
from Michael Moore The Attorney
General of Mississippi.

(reading)

"The first shot has been fired in
the "Tobacco Wars," and the other
side blinked."

There's rousing applause at that.

RICHARD SCRUGGS (cont'd)

(after a beat)

Dr. Wigand I would like to
express, for all of us, our utmost
appreciation. Everyone who knows
you must be extremely proud of you
at this moment.

And there's applause for Jeffrey. Lowell joining in.
Jeffrey, for a moment, basking in the limelight...And
Lowell quietly goes outside...

EXT. THE SCRUGGS HOUSE, PASCAGULA, MISSISSIPPI - NIGHT

He stands on the porch looking out at the rain. There's a
slight sound. He turns. And Jeffrey's come outside. He
stands leaning on the porch railing, looking out at the
rain. They're quiet. They share a look. They nod to each
other. The smallest nod of accomplishment. A handshake
becomes an embrace. And Jeffrey turns, going back inside.

And as we look at Lowell, standing on the porch, hands in his pockets, righteous, outside the house in Pascagula, Mississippi.

INT. CBS, NEW YORK - DAY

And we see Lowell, unusually bouyant, carrying his suitcase, coming quickly along the corridor with the familiar television monitors...He stops to poke his head in DON HEWITT'S OFFICE...Mike sitting with DON HEWITT, talking...

LOWELL

Hi guys!

They turn.

MIKE WALLACE

(after a beat)

Have we heard anything else from those cops in New Orleans who were willing to go on camera...?

LOWELL

No.

(a beat)

What air date have we settled on for Wigand?

MIKE WALLACE

We're looking at a November air date...

DON HEWITT

Corporate wants to ask a few questions before we lock in.

Lowell looks at Mike, quizzically.

MIKE WALLACE

(matter of fact)

General counsel...Nothing we can't handle. They don't fuck with us.

(a beat)

I'm due to have my hair cut. Wanna haircut? C'mon...You can use one...

Lowell shakes "no." And Mike turns by Lowell and leaves. Hewitt's gotten on the phone. And as Lowell stands in the hallway, his suitcase still in his hand.

EXT. LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

We see a Taxi coming through downtown Louisville.

INT. THE TAXI - NIGHT

And we see Jeffrey, his suitcase at his side, coming home under the cover of darkness. And nervous, he's acutely aware of his surroundings. The taxi stops at a signal. Jeffrey instinctively turns.

A Police Car stops alongside the cab. The Policeman looks over at him. His eyes meet Jeffrey's. Jeffrey looks away. The signal seems to take forever. It changes. And as the Police Car moves off...

EXT. WIGAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Taxi's stopped in the street. Jeffrey gets out. He starts up the walk, and a Security Guard quickly crosses the lawn to stop him...

THE GUARD

Mr. Wigand your --

WIGAND

Not now...

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

INT. WIGAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

THE GUARD

I was trying to tell you...Mrs. Wigand said she left with the children to go live with her mother...I'm sorry...

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

INT. A HALLWAY, CBS - DAY

We see Lowell coming along the hallway. And we see Mike is waiting outside a conference room for him...

MIKE WALLACE

(not worried)

We'll hear what they have to say but...

(waves,
dismissive)

There won't be a problem if we hang together...We hang tough. We stiff 'em.

Putting his arm around Lowell...

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

Let's go kick some major ass...

And as they go inside...

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM, CBS - DAY

And we're looking at a pencil, writing notes. We pull back and we see Lowell writing notes on a pad.

And we see sitting around a conference table Lowell, Mike Wallace, Don Hewitt, three CBS attorneys, and a Woman in her late forties, too well put together, too practiced, too polished, too smart, the CBS GENERAL COUNSEL, ELLEN KADEN. And she is reasonable to a fault, a reasonableness that makes one think her "performance" is totally rehearsed.

ELLEN KADEN

(reasonable)

...I want to caution this is merely a close look at all aspects of this. As General Counsel my chief concern is that we've done our job dilligently and anticipated any unforeseen liabilities.

LOWELL

What "unforeseen liabilities?"

DON HEWITT

I think all Ellen is trying to say is, let's proceed cautiously.

LOWELL

Well, we've been advised, every step of the way, by our attorneys. When, on any of my shows, have I not been cautious?

MIKE WALLACE

(nods; strong)

Nobody is more scrupulous than us in protecting the veracity of our shows...So what's this about?

ELLEN KADEN

(the bottom line)

Well, I've been doing a good deal of research. For example there's the most recent New York Law Review you should all read.

She passes out reprints from the article.

ELLEN KADEN (cont'd)

(after a beat)

It may not affect us at all. On the other hand, it may be relevant. There has been recently a legal concept that has been gaining some force. It's called "tortious interference."

LOWELL

(droll)

"Tortious Interference." Is that an atoll in the Caribbean?

ELLEN KADEN

(not amused)

The concept is, if "one" "knowingly," or "unknowingly," encourages somebody to violate their contractual agreement, as in they've been "tortiously interfered" with, the damaged party can sue for relief.

LOWELL

We're journalists. We do that all the time. An engineer in an aircraft company blowing the whistle on an unsafe airframe. A CIA spook speaking out.

MIKE WALLACE

(after a beat)

Are you saying we've encouraged Dr. Wigand to break his confidentiality agreement and could be liable?

ELLEN KADEN

It's only speculation...But I don't think it would be prudent for us to shortcut an analysis and risk a potentially catastrophic law suit on a program, I might add, that even in normal circumstances is rife with problems.

LOWELL

What do you mean "rife with -- ?"

ELLEN KADEN

(cutting him off)

I understand, for instance, we still need certain clearances from our "star witness..."

LOWELL

That's --

ELLEN KADEN

Certain, "unusual" promises were made as to approvals...

LOWELL

(defensive)

We've all been aware --

ELLEN KADEN

And I'm told there is even some question as to our "star witnesses" veracity...

LOWELL

(trying to control
his anger)

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

ELLEN KADEN

(historic)

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

And it's dead quiet. Mike and the others look at Lowell.
Lowell left to dangle in the wind.

ELLEN KADEN (cont'd)

(after a beat)

If this concept, "tortious
interference," proves to be valid,
and it very well may not apply
here at all, but if it did, and we
aired this particular show, and
CBS was sued by Brown and
Williamson, I think we could have
a very big problem on our hands.

MIKE WALLACE

(a beat)

How big a problem?

ELLEN KADEN

We could potentially, and I stress
"potentially," lose a sizeable
judgement.

MIKE WALLACE

How sizable?

ELLEN KADEN

(a dramatic pause,
and she's been
waiting for this)

I believe the judgement would be
so sizable that at the end of the
day the Brown and Williamson
Tobacco Company would end up
owning CBS.

And Wallace fairly blanches. And we can see, for the first
time, fear on his face. And as if on cue the alarm on
Ellen Kaden's watch beeps. She glances at it.

ELLEN KADEN (cont'd)

I'm afraid I'm due upstairs.

She gets up gathering her things.

LOWELL

(the bottom line)

Are you saying the story isn't
going to go out? We can't air it?

ELLEN KADEN

Nobody's saying that at all. I don't know if "tortious interference" holds water or not...We'll proceed with due dilligence. We'll find out...If I could ask for your considerate patience, we'll try to resolve this matter as quickly as possible.

And taking up her briefcase she leaves. It's quiet. Hewitt's the first to get up...

DON HEWITT

Well one thing I know...
(smiles)
She's got a dynamite ass...
(a beat, to Mike)
Where do you want to have lunch?

Mike quietly gets up...He looks at Lowell...

MIKE WALLACE

It's going to work out, Lowell...

But it's hollow. They start out...And we see Lowell hasn't moved. Mike, sensitive, looks back...

LOWELL

(feeling paranoid,
droll)
Why do I have the feeling I'm
alone here?

MIKE WALLACE

(paternal,
covering his own
inadequacies)
Don't be so paranoid.

LOWELL

Thanks, I'll try not to be so
"paranoid."

They look at each other, Mike seems to want to say something else, but lets it pass, and leaves. And as Lowell finds himself alone, something he's not used to...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - DAY

Lowell's standing at the window looking outside. Something, more then the obvious, is troubling him. And he sees Debbie DeLuca has come to the door.

LOWELL

(after a beat,
troubled)
Seventeen years. I've produced
forty stories.

(MORE)

LOWELL (cont'd)
 Not once have I ever talked to the
 General Counsel of CBS, not a
 phone call, a memo, nothing. The
 news department and corporate have
 always been separate.

He's quiet.
 dialing...

Thoughtful. And he takes up his phone,

AN OPERATOR'S VOICE (OVER)
 Bear and Sterns Investments.

LOWELL
 John Wilson.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 (answering)
 John Wilson.

LOWELL
 John, Lowell...Have you heard
 anything on the "street" going on
 with CBS? Is it in play?

JOHN WILSON (OVER)
 It's funny you should mention
 that. I was going to call you.
 Somebody said they saw Larry Tisch
 having lunch with Michael Jordan.

LOWELL
 The basketball player? What's he
 got to do with anything?

JOHN WILSON (OVER)
 (laughs)
 The CEO of Westinghouse. There's
 a strong rumor CBS is on the
 block.

LOWELL
 (a beat)
 Would you let me know if you hear
 anything?

Lowell hangs up.

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (a beat, to Debbie
 DeLuca)
 See if there's been a filing with
 the SEC...If CBS is being sold to
 Westinghouse?

She looks at him. She nods and leaves. And as Lowell sits
 at his desk, he looks down and sees his note pad...and a
 note he had written..."tortious interference..." "What the
 fuck??!!!"

INT. AN EDITING ROOM, CBS - DAY

And we see WIGAND'S INTERVIEW with Mike Wallace playing on an Avid. We PULL BACK and see Lowell working with his Editor on the show. And Debbie DeLuca hurries in...

DEBBIE DELUCA

Here's the SEC filing...

As Lowell opens the envelope, reading the SEC filing, the phone rings...Debbie answers it...She hangs up.

DEBBIE DELUCA (cont'd)

Hewitt would like to see you...In the conference room..

And Lowell, reading something in the SEC filing is suddenly still, like he lost his best friend...He doesn't say anything. And as he takes up his leather jacket and leaves...

INT. CBS, A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

As Lowell comes in we see Don Hewitt and Mike Wallace are having an animated conversation...And seeing Lowell, they quiet...

LOWELL

What's going on?

DON HEWITT.

Ober wants to see us...

And there's a thick quiet. Hewitt takes up a telephone making an unrelated call. Mike turns to look out the window. Lowell, hands in his pockets, feels like a pariah.

LOWELL

(droll)

Is it something I said...

And the door opens, and a Man we haven't seen before, a tailored, reserved man in his mid-fifties, ERIC OBER, the President of CBS News comes in...

ERIC OBER

Hello Lowell, Mike, Don...

Hewitt hangs up the phone.

ERIC OBER (cont'd)

I'm going to have to do this rather quickly...We have a problem with the Evening News...

(after a beat)

I'll get right to the point...

(MORE)

ERIC OBER (cont'd)
 There's been a good deal of soul searching, heated discussions, about the Wigand interview, especially with the recent settlement of the lawsuit favorable to Philip Morris and RJ Reynolds Tobacco Company against ABC...And on the advice of General Council, I've decided we should cut an alternate version of the show without the Wigand interview...

LOWELL
 (stunned)
 What happened to "due dilligence?"

ERIC OBER
 Oh, that's happening. This is in case we decide we can't air it in its present form...Hopefully we won't use the alternate..I just want the base covered....

LOWELL
 I won't --

ERIC OBER
 I'm afraid we're going to do it with or without you Lowell...If you'd like we'll assign another producer...

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

LOWELL
 (outraged)
 Since when do outside lawsuits or the general counsel or corporate, determine the news content at CBS News? On "60 Minutes?"

ERIC OBER
 This is entirely my decision...As President of the News Division I take the responsibility...

And Lowell looks to Hewitt, and if not Hewitt, Mike, to back him up...What he gets instead is...

DON HEWITT
 I think it's a smart decision...
 (looks at Lowell)
 There's a lot of loose ends we need to tie up before the show is ready to air anyway...And we'll have an alternate in the can.

Lowell looks to Mike for support...Instead:

MIKE WALLACE

(after a beat)

I don't think we should rush anything...Let's get it right, and be covered, Lowell...

LOWELL

(nods)

Let's get it right...

They look at each other. Lowell, is decimated...out of balance..."falling..."

ERIC OBER

(wry)

If you'll excuse me gentlemen, Mr. Rather has been complaining about his chair...

Don and Mike laugh, too loud, and he leaves...And it's dead still...Mike and Don won't look at Lowell. They start to go...

LOWELL

Before you go...

And Lowell, precipitiously, takes out of his jacket pocket...

LOWELL (cont'd)

This is the CBS SEC filing...among the people with stock options -- that stand to benefit from the sale of CBS to Westinghouse are...Ms. Ellen Kaden, General Counsel of CBS...Mr. Eric Ober, President of CBS News...Mr. Don Hewitt, Producer of "Sixty Minutes..."

(a beat, droll)

What's the saying, "The Press is free for anybody who can afford one?"

And Hewitt, enraged, gets in his face...

DON HEWITT

You mother fucker...you're accusing me of compromising the news for my own profit...?! I've produced this show for thirty years...You're questioning my journalistic integrity?! I think you better think very carefully Lowell, before you say anything else...

Lowell turns to look at Mike...

LOWELL

Where do you come down on this, Mike?

MIKE WALLACE

(contentious)

What's with you? This story is getting the best of you, Lowell. Since when do you show your hole card?!

And Lowell's quiet, his world crushing in on him...His whole belief system under attack...

DON HEWITT

Excuse us, Lowell...We have some things to talk about...

Lowell looks at them...looks at Mike again...But Mike won't look at him. And as Lowell turns and leaves...

INT. A CORRIDOR, CBS - DAY

He comes down the long corridor, the monitors all showing CBS programming...And as he moves along the hallway, a man without a country, and he knows exactly how Wigand felt...

EXT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - EVENING

We see a Taxi stop in the street...And we see Lowell, carrying a suitcase getting out, going up his walk...

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - EVENING

He stops in the foyer for a moment listening to the quiet. He looks out back. And he sees Sharon, on her hands and knees in a vegetable garden. He watches her for some moments. He goes outside...

EXT. THE BACKYARD, LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - EVENING

LOWELL

Hi...

She turns.

SHARON

(startled)

What are you doing home? I didn't expect you until the weekend...

He nods. And knowing something's wrong, she waits to let him tell her...

SHARON (cont'd)

Fucking aphids...We've got to spend more time on the garden...it's going to hell...

Lowell crosses to look at the damaged leaves...After some moments...

LOWELL

They're going to kill the Wigand interview...

SHARON

(turns)

What do you mean? It's front page news. How could they not air it?

And he fights to keep rein on his emotions...A battle he's losing...

LOWELL

(pulling off dead leaves)

My guess is Brown and Williamson indicated in some way if they run the interview, they'll sue them for billions....Litigation of that magnitude hanging over the head of CBS would torpedo the sale to Westinghouse...It would kill the deal...

Picking off some more dead leaves...

LOWELL (cont'd)

Icing on the cake is...Kaden, Ober, Hewitt, some of the others, make a lot of money from stock options if the sale goes through...

SHARON

What about Mike?

LOWELL

(a beat, and what hurts him the most)

When Mike had to stand up...

The BELLS ring from the Campanile on the nearby Berkeley campus. Lowell merely shrugs and turns away. Sharon's quiet. After some moments:

SHARON

Lowell, you have two choices. If you quit, in protest, you can walk away with your dignity...It'll be a big deal for a couple of days... Then it's yesterday's newspapers.

(a beat)

If you stay...Be a team player... Walk the company line...You'll feel like a whore...

He nods, quiet, well aware of his choices.

SHARON (cont'd)

(a good wife, a good friend)

Honey, you must be heartbroken.

And his emotions well up, and his hands protectively in his leather jacket's pockets, he turns from her. It's quiet.

She turns, respecting the privacy of his emotions. And the phone RINGS...Sharon goes in the house to get it...She comes back out...

SHARON
(after a beat)
It's Jeffrey Wigand...

LOWELL
(droll)
Perfect.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, BERKELEY - EVENING

LOWELL
Jeffrey...

INT. A HOTEL ROOM, THE SEELBACH HOTEL, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

And we see Wigand, a bottle of liquor on a table, a glass in his hand, sitting on a couch in a hotel room. And we see his belongings, clothing, some boxes, his computer, what's left of his world, are around the room. And he's gone into that twilight world of being so drunk he's sober.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
(after a beat)
How's the family doing?

WIGAND
There is no family.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
What do you mean there is no family?

WIGAND
Lucretia's filed for divorce...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, BERKELEY - EVENING

And Lowell's dead quiet.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

WIGAND
I've moved out...We've worked it out where I see the girls for a couple of days a week...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)
(concerned)
Where are you staying?

WIGAND
(sarcastic)
Our favorite hotel, honey...
(beat)
It's the only decent place in this fucking city.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, BERKELEY - EVENING

The last of the daylight shadows his office. And we'll go back and forth between Lowell sitting in his small Berkeley office, the sun going down...And Jeffrey, sitting with what's left of his life in the Hotel Room in Louisville...

LOWELL

Is there anything I can do to help...

WIGAND

(sarcastic)

Yeah, can you make it seven years ago...?

And they're quiet. And the hardest thing Lowell has ever had to do...

LOWELL

(after a beat)

Jeffrey, they're considering not airing...In fact, they want not to air it.

WIGAND

(stops)

What?!

LOWELL

They're afraid of being sued by Brown and Williamson...I know how you feel and...

And we expect Wigand to rail at him, scream to the Gods, but, instead, taking Lowell off guard...

WIGAND

(compassionate,
selfless)

You must be very disappointed.
You must feel let down.

He's taken by Wigand's selflessness...

LOWELL

(a beat)

But I know for you, given...

It's quiet.

LOWELL (cont'd)

Jeffrey?

WIGAND

No, I don't think you know what it is to walk in my shoes, Lowell.

And the other shoe has dropped.

WIGAND (cont'd)

(beat, a muse)

...for my kids to have seen
it...To know why I've put them
through what they've been
through...would have been nice...

LOWELL

Jeffrey listen --

But Wigand isn't listening...

WIGAND

(the sober drunk)

I've tried, through all of this,
above all, to keep my self-respect
because it was the only thing I
have left. When I knew I was just
window dressing, but there was a
chance to do some work. When I
decided to reveal the truth,
despite what they were putting me
and my family through, at least I
had my self-respect. And the
testament to it, the evidence of
it...will never see the light of
day.

Lowell's quiet.

WIGAND (cont'd)

I thought there would come a time
when I didn't feel like I was
falling...

(poignant)

I'm still falling, and I don't
know when it's going to stop...

And he starts to hang up...

LOWELL

Don't hang up --

WIGAND

Don't worry, Lowell. I'm drunk,
but I'm not crazy.

And he hangs up.

INT. JEFFREY'S HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

He sits for a moment on the couch, in the depths of his
depression. He gets up, looking out the window. And we
can see directly across the street is the Brown and
Williamson Building. The lights are on. The building lit
up. And we can see in an upstairs office Thomas Sandefur,
with their lawyers, moving around the room, talking. And
what they're talking about is made even more obvious...we
can see on a television screen, that they're watching a
video of Jeffrey Wigand. And as Wigand stands at the
window, looking at his own worst nightmare.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, BERKELEY - NIGHTFALL

Daylight's waned. The room in the gloaming. And we see Lowell still sitting in his chair. And he looks around him, at his office, the stacks of papers, the shelves of videos, the awards, at the life he's known...A moment and he gets up...He goes into the KITCHEN...Sharon, using the salvagable vegetables, is making a salad...

LOWELL

I'm going back to New York.

SHARON

Right away?

He nods.

LOWELL

(resolute)

I want to be in the office when everyone comes in tomorrow.

And putting down the salad she crosses to hold him. And as they stand in the kitchen in Berkeley.

EXT. A SMALL TOWN, UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

A pleasant, peaceful, suburban street. Small houses. And we see a Man, in a raincoat, getting out of a car, going up the walk. He knocks on the door. Some moments, and a Woman in her late forties, handicapped, in an electric cart, answers the door...

THE MAN

Mrs. Wigand?

THE WOMAN

It hasn't been Mrs. Wigand for a long time.

THE MAN

(nods)

I was wondering if I could talk to you about that?

INT. JOHN SCANLON'S PUBLIC RELATIONS FIRM, A MEDIA ROOM, NEW YORK - DAY

And we see on a TELEVISION SCREEN, LINDA WIGAND, the woman in the electric cart, giving a taped interview...

LINDA WIGAND

...seven months after we were married we found out I had multiple sclerosis...

We PULL BACK and we see John Scanlon, and his Staff, watching the tape...His firm's logo, public relations campaigns for some of his high profile clients on the walls...Among them Brown and Williamson...

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 (on television)
 You had a daughter, Gretchen, with
 him, is that correct?

LINDA WIGAND
 (on television)
 Yes, in 1973.

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 (on television)
 Would it be fair to say when he
 divorced you he left you in a
 precarious situation? You had
 multiple sclerosis and a small
 child to raise.

LINDA WIGAND
 (on television, a
 beat)
 Well, it was difficult...But you
 have to understand, the divorce
 was something we both wanted...

JOHN SCANLON
 Take out her response...

And as we see various other taped interviews on the
 television screens...The Clerk in the convenience store...A
 Policeman talking about Jeffrey's alleged domestic
 abuse...And the war has just begun...

EXT. A SMALL AIRFIELD, THE HAMPTONS - EVENING

And we see John Scanlon and Don Hewitt talking, coming off
 the COMMUTER HELICOPTER, cars and drivers waiting to take
 their passengers home. Hewitt starts to his car...

JOHN SCANLON
 Don...You might want to take a
 look at this...

And as he gives him a tape and a manila envelope...

JOHN SCANLON (cont'd)
 How would Sunday be for
 tennis...ten o'clock, okay?

Hewitt nods, waves...And as they get in their separate cars
 and are driven off...

INT. CBS, "60 MINUTES" - MORNING

We see people coming along the corridor, crossing to their
 desks and offices, coming to work...They slow...And they
 see Lowell, the blinds on the windows around his office
 open for anyone to see him, already in his office, sitting
 behind his desk...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - MORNING

And one of the young Lawyers, an ally, JOHN HARRIS, stops in his doorway...

JOHN HARRIS

It came down.

LOWELL

What?

JOHN HARRIS

It's official. "After due consideration and consultation with outside counsel, CBS News has decided not to air the Wigand interview."

LOWELL

(sarcastic)

Yeah. Surprise, surprise.

JOHN HARRIS

So, what are you going to do? Resign in protest? I don't blame you.

LOWELL

(shakes "no")

I'm not resigning.

JOHN HARRIS

(after a beat)

You're taking "no" for an answer.

LOWELL

(shakes "no")

I'm not taking "no" for an answer.

JOHN HARRIS

Then how are you making your peace with it if you're staying...?

LOWELL

I'm not making peace with anything.

JOHN HARRIS

But they're not airing it!

LOWELL

I am not going along with that, and I am not going to resign in protest over it.

JOHN HARRIS

(a beat)

What are you going to do?

LOWELL

Stay right here. Do my job. Push to get it out. If they don't like it, they can fire me.

John looks at him. And he sees he's serious. He starts out the door. He looks back. Lowell, just sitting. John, turns and leaves. And Lowell just sits. And people, feeling his presence, look up from their desks...Lowell, a force, without doing a thing. And as he sits, like a man with self-respect...

INT. AN EDITING SUITE, CBS, BASEMENT - DAY

And we're looking at a Man sitting in darkness, his voice altered, an informant, talking about the corruption in the New Orleans Police Department. We pull back and we see Lowell is on the telephone, his Editor looking at the tape on an AVID.

LOWELL

(on the telephone)

You're sure of that?

(hangs up, to the Editor)

It's official...Westinghouse is buying CBS...

Lowell instinctively turns, and he sees Don Hewitt is standing in the doorway, Scanlon's tape and a manila envelope in his hand...

LOWELL (cont'd)

(droll)

You don't make a lot of trips down here to the basement...

DON HEWITT

(after a beat)

You better take a good look at this, Lowell...Dr. Wigand isn't the model of virute you sold us on. I'm concerned we're dealing with a pathological liar. If he's willing to lie about his own life...who's going to believe anything he has to say about Brown and Williamson Tobacco...? Anything that discredits him, discredits everything he has to say...And discredits CBS...

LOWELL

(droll)

CBS doesn't need anybody else's help discrediting itself.

Hewitt ignores the remark.

DON HEWITT
 Wise guy, The Wall Street Journal's
 going to run an article in the
 next day or so with all this.

LOWELL
 Don...you're on the wrong side...

DON HEWITT
 (a beat, sure)
 See if you feel the same way about
 things after looking at it...

And with that he gives Lowell the tape and the envelope
 Scanlon had given him and walks off...

LOWELL
 (a beat, giving
 the tape to his
 Editor)
 Would you put this on...?

As the Editor puts the tape on, the phone RINGS...Lowell
 gets it...

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (on the phone)
 I just heard that...

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 (on the tape)
 Mrs. Wigand?

LINDA WIGAND
 (on the tape)
 It hasn't been Mrs. Wigand for a
 long time.

And as Lowell, hearing the tape, stopped, looks up...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS, NEW YORK - DAY

LOWELL
 (on the phone,
 upset)
 You never told me you were married
 before...that you had a
 daughter...

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, HIGH SCHOOL, LOUISVILLE - DAY

And we see Wigand is in the phone booth at the High School.

WIGAND
 (outraged)
 How is that any of your fucking
 business?! How is it anybody's
 business but mine?!

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

LOWELL

I asked you to level with me!

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

WIGAND

(upset)

I told you everything you needed to know. What do you want to do, Lowell, look up my ass, too...!

And he knows nothing is private anymore..His life in ruins, sinking futher into a deep depression...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - DAY

WIGAND'S VOICE (OVER)

(contentious)

And don't bullshit me, Lowell. You're not even on this anymore...You're on to something else...

LOWELL

Jeffrey! Wake up! Everybody's on the line here. If they can catch you in a lie, they can paint with that brush everything you say. Everything!

WIGAND

I told the truth!

LOWELL

I know! But how can I defend you if I've got one hand tied behind my back -- because you've kept from me what your enemies will discover. And they will discover everything!

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Wigand's quiet. He looks out the phone booth. After some moments...

WIGAND

(meaning his first wife and their child, upset)

...I was young and confused...We didn't handle it the right way at all...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, NEW YORK - DAY

LOWELL

(after a beat)

Is it true she sued you for back payments of child support?

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

WIGAND

We had a dispute over some money...I settled it and she dropped the complaint...

And we'll go back and forth between Jeffrey in the phone booth, Lowell in his office...After some moments:

LOWELL

...There was an interview you did, on tape, with an executive employment agency...

WIGAND

An interview?

LOWELL

Brown and Williamson's public relations guy got a hold of it... You said in the interview you were on the American Judo Team in the Olympics...Is that true?

WIGAND

(explosive)

Jesus Christ! What are they doing to me?! I have a black belt in judo...I sparred with the Olympic Team...but I wasn't on the team...I was rounding off...an exaggeration in a rehearsal, a rehearsal for a video, a practice, for an interview with a headhunter to hear what it would sound like...what the hell is this!?

LOWELL

(after a beat)

You said in that interview you were once a surgical nurse...

WIGAND

(quietly)

Nurse isn't right...I was an operating room technician, a surgical attendant in Our Lady of Victory Hospital in Buffalo. In the 60's the distinction was much looser..

(a beat, angry)

Jesus...Whose life, if you look at it under a microscope, doesn't have flaws and can't be distorted into...

LOWELL

Everyone's! That's the whole point!

WIGAND

(shouts)

What does it have to do with my
testimony...?!

And Wigand's quiet, a deep dark depression. The school
bell RINGS...

WIGAND

(after a beat)

I've got to go teach class...

LOWELL

We have to refute each and every
accusation point by point before
that article runs...

Wigand's quiet.

WIGAND

(after a beat, the
killer)

I hope you do a better job than
you did keeping me safe.

And he hangs up. And as he stands in the phone booth, like
a man in a glass booth, all alone...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - DAY

Lowell, upset, stops to look out the window. He turns,
bending to the phone...He dials...

AN OPERATOR'S VOICE (OVER)

The Wall Street Journal.

LOWELL

Charlie Phillips...

The phone rings. A machine picks up.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

(on answering
machine)

You've reached Charles Phillips at
the Wall Street Journal. If you'd
like to leave a message do so
after the beep...

As the machine "Beeps..."

LOWELL

(simply)

Page me. 4371883.

INT. A CROWDED RESTAURANT, NEW YORK - DAY

And we see Lowell having lunch with some other journalists.
Among them a Heavy-set man, in his mid-forties...BILL
CARTER...

BILL CARTER
 Lowell, why are your people
 sitting on the tobacco piece? I
 hear it's pretty explosive.

LOWELL
 Who says we're sitting on it?

BILL CARTER
 Then when are you going to get the
 story out?

LOWELL
 (droll)
 You know that's a trade secret,
 Bill. We wouldn't want the New
 York Times to scoop us.

Carter smiles.

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (a beat, gets up)
 Excuse me...If you see the waiter
 would you get me some coffee...

They nod. He crosses to the rest room. On the way in he
 stops at a row of pay phones. He dials a number. He
 waits.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 (answering the
 phone)
 Michael's restaurant.

Lowell turns, and we can see the Maitre d' has answered the
 phone.

LOWELL
 Could you tell Bill Carter he has
 a call.

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 (on phone)
 One minute sir...

Lowell watches the Maitre d' go to their table, motioning
 to Bill Carter. Carter gets up, crossing to the Maitre d's
 desk, taking up the phone.

BILL CARTER
 Yes.

LOWELL
 (discreet)
 They're not going to air an
 interview we did with a tobacco
 company executive.

Bill instinctively turns...looking at Lowell....

LOWELL

(a beat)

Corporate got involved...

(droll)

I think there's a story there...

BILL CARTER

A big fucking story...

(a beat, smart)

"Sixty Minutes," the paragon of journalistic integrity is letting corporate tell them what to do...?

LOWELL

I didn't say that. I said they aren't going to air an interview. Draw your own conclusions.

(beat)

Want to finish lunch?

BILL CARTER

Sure.

They look at each other across the room and exchange a fraternal smile. Bill hangs up and crosses back to the table. Lowell waits an appropriate time and hangs up, returning to the table.

LOWELL (cont'd)

(sitting down)

Anybody want to go to the Knick game tonight? I've got two on the floor.

BILL CARTER

(after a beat)

Who are they playing?

INT. A SUBWAY PLATFORM, NEW YORK - DAY

And we see Lowell, standing on a subway platform...And we see a thin MAN, in his early forties, CHARLIE PHILLIPS, has come beside Lowell. He gives Lowell a thick manila envelope.

CHARLIE PHILLIPS

(discreetly)

They're going to run the Wigand piece day after tomorrow...It's drawn from this. It's a pretty good hatchet job...

Lowell nods, appreciative...And as they go their separate ways.

INT. A PHONE BOOTH, NEW YORK - DAY

A busy New York street. And we see Lowell is on the phone in a phone booth...

LOWELL

...They've made up a dossier...five hundred pages... They've looked in every corner of his life...everything from a spousal abuse charge, shoplifting, to a parking ticket he got in a rented car he didn't pay right away...

INT. A HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

An old elegant house, once belonging to the I. Magnin family, with a commanding view of the Bay. And we see a heavy-set man in his late forties sitting at a desk on the phone. JACK PALLADINO. His wife, SANDRA SUTHERLAND, sitting across from him on another phone...And we can see by various items on the walls, by the nature of the work around them, they're Private Investigators...

PALLADINO

When are they going to run the story...?

LOWELL

Two days...

Palladino looks over at Sandra...and she nods, "yes."

PALLADINO

You're on.

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Lowell hangs up. And as he comes out of the phone booth, and we watch him until he disappears in the crowd...

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

People going into the Knicks game. And we see BILL CARTER, the "New York Times" reporter, waiting outside...

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Bill.

He turns. And we see Lowell, in the back of a taxi, has stopped outside the Garden...

LOWELL (cont'd)

You mind if you miss the first quarter?

Bill crosses getting into the taxi. And as they drive off:

INT. THE CBS BUILDING - DAY

We see Lowell crossing the lobby going into an elevator. The elevator doors are about to close when Eric Ober and Ellen Kaden, along with two other Management types, get in. They avoid looking Lowell in the eye. As the elevator goes up, they uncomfortably stand away from Lowell, in silence.

Not much different than Jeffrey Wigand at the wash basins with Thomas Sandefur. And as they ride up, Lowell, a pariah.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Lowell, in his office. We see Hewitt come out of his office, stopping at his assistant's desk, and he can't help himself, looking over at Lowell. Their eyes meet. And Hewitt turns away back into his office...And Lowell senses somebody is looking at him. He turns. And the corpulent Evening News Assignment Editor, DAVID WORTH, has stopped in the doorway, not saying anything, just looking at him.

LOWELL

(a beat)

What?

DAVID WORTH

I just wanted to see for myself what a pariah really looks like.

Lowell smiles. His phone RINGS.

LOWELL

(to David)

Fuck you.

(into phone)

Can you hold on a second?

(to David)

Could you shut the door?

He starts to come in, to shut the door...

LOWELL (cont'd)

With you behind it.

DAVID WORTH

Hang in there, pal.

David smiles, going out, shutting the door.

LOWELL (cont'd)

(a beat, on the phone)

What's up?

INT. THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON - DAY

And we see Debbie DeLuca, on her cell phone, outside of the Justice Department.

DEBBIE DELUCA

Hewitt just told me if I was smart I'd stay away from you.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

What did you say?

DEBBIE DELUCA

I'm not smart.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - DAY

LOWELL

(laughs, after a
beat)

What did you find out?

EXT. THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON - DAY

DEBBIE DELUCA

Main Justice does in fact have an investigation in progress against the CEO's of tobacco companies for lying under oath to Congress about addiction. Wigand's testimony would be the centerpiece of any prosecution...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - DAY

And as Lowell, the blinds open in his office for all to see him, talks on the phone....

INT. A COFFEE SHOP, LOUISVILLE - DAY

And we see the Policeman we recognize from the convenience store sitting at the counter having a cup of coffee...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Officer Reynolds...

He turns and we see JACK PALLADINO sitting down at the counter beside him.

PALLADINO (cont'd)

How are you today?

EXT. A QUIET STREET, LOUISVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON

And we see an older Man sitting on a porch napping in a rocking chair. There's the sound of footsteps on the porch steps. He looks up. And we see SANDRA SUTHERLAND has come onto the porch.

SANDRA SUTHERLAND

Your honor, you presided over a spousal abuse case a number of years ago. Could I have a word with you?

EXT. BATTERY PARK, NEW YORK - EARLY EVENING

The Park at the end of Manhattan, the Statue of Liberty standing proudly in the Harbor. And we see Charlie Phillips, the Man who was on the subway platform, sitting on a bench. And we see Lowell come and sit down beside him. He gives Charlie an envelope.

LOWELL

These are the explanations for a hundred of the two hundred allegations...When is your deadline?

CHARLIE PHILLIPS

Four o'clock tomorrow...

LOWELL

You'll have the rest by then...

And as Lowell gets up and crosses out of the Park...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Lowell on the phone. There's a slight sound. He turns. And Mike Wallace is standing in the doorway...

MIKE WALLACE

(after a beat)

Do you want to get some coffee?

INT. THE CBS COMMISSARY - LATE AFTERNOON

The large commissary's quiet, nearly empty. Lowell and Mike, with cups of coffee, sitting alone toward the back...

MIKE WALLACE

(after a beat)

What the hell are you doing?

LOWELL

What do you mean what am I doing?

MIKE WALLACE

Just sitting there...You're driving everybody fucking nuts...They all know you're pulling shit.

LOWELL

Good.

MIKE WALLACE

(heated)

You've gotten too involved in this one, Lowell...I warned you not to take it personally...

LOWELL

(after a beat)

I had never met a more passionate newsman than you, Mike...You always went right for the throat...

(a beat)

What are you doing?

Mike's quiet.

MIKE WALLACE

(after a beat)

As I've gotten older I've had to learn a little about patience...

Lowell's quiet...seeing Mike's lost the fire in his belly...And Lowell says something, he most certainly will regret...

LOWELL

I always thought you'd go out with a bang, not a whimper.

And Mike looks his age...and Lowell is sorry he said it...but he can't unring the bell...And Mike, deeply wounded, gets up...He slightly stumbles...He finds his balance...And he says...

MIKE WALLACE

What I will do is go out with dignity.

And they look at each other, the mentor and his student...the "father" and his "son..."

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

(after a beat)

Here's tomorrow's newspaper...

And he purposely puts down a copy of the next day's New York Times...

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

This, Lowell...Isn't dignified...

Lowell looks down at the front page...One of the headline stories, with Bill Carter's byline..."60 MINUTES ORDERED TO PULL INTERVIEW IN TOBACCO REPORT." They look at each other. And Mike turns and leaves. And as Lowell sits in the empty commissary reading the article...wishing he felt better...

INT. CBS, LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Lowell at his desk.

DON HEWITT'S VOICE (OVER)

You fucking son-of-a-bitch...!

And Hewitt, irate, holding a New York Times, storms into his office....

DON HEWITT

You're doing us in! You're a fucking traitor, Lowell! Conspiring with the enemy!

LOWELL

(droll)

What enemy is that, Con? The press?

And Hewitt takes out an Associated Press Wire Service story.

DON HEWITT

(a whirling
dervish)

Did you in a response to a question about what Ober and Wallace and I had to say to the Associated Press tell them, "Everything they said was lies?!"

LOWELL

No. I should have. But what I said was. "I disagree with all of them. We did talk about the merger, we did talk about the money...and no, the abridged version is not better, it's worse than the full interview." I'm telling the truth, Don. Anybody asks me, that's all I'm going to do, keep telling the truth.

DON HEWITT

(flailing)

You know what your problem is Lowell, you're a fanatic about the first amendment!

And after that resounds...

LOWELL

If you feel that way why don't you fire me, Don?

DON HEWITT

I would prefer if you quit.

LOWELL

(making it clear)

I am not going to quit, Don.

And they're at an impasse...And Hewitt turns on his heel and starts to leave...He stops, turning back to the doorway...

DON HEWITT

(to Lowell)

Take some time off...I don't want to see you around here for awhile...!

And as Hewitt angrily walks off...Lowell silently sitting at his desk...

EXT. TORTOLA, THE CARIBBEAN - DAY

And we see Lowell sitting with Sharon having breakfast outside a modest bungalow, little more than a beach shack, on an empty stretch of Caribbean beach. And Lowell's cell phone RINGS. Lowell answers it...

DEBBIE DELUCA'S VOICE (OVER)
 ...It's on the front page of
 today's Wall Street Journal...

INT. A CITY BUS, NEW YORK - MORNING

And we see DEBBIE DELUCA, riding a Bus to work, talking on
 a cell phone, the Wall Street Journal on her lap...

DEBBIE DELUCA
 There's a photograph of Wigand...
 The article's entitled, "Getting
 Personal..." The sub-heading is,
 "Brown and Williamson Has 500 Page
 Dossier Attacking Chief Critic..."
 The article reads...

She starts reading...

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - MORNING

And as Lowell, sitting on the beach, on the cell phone,
 listens to her read the Wall Street Journal article to
 him...

EXT. RICHARD SCRUGGS LAW OFFICES, PASCAGULA - MORNING

We see RICHARD SCRUGGS talking to a small group of
 REPORTERS outside of his Pascagula office...

A REPORTER
 ...Brown and Williamson counsel
 Jereme Katz said that while much
 of the material in the dossier may
 not be admissible as evidence in a
 court of law, "all of it is
 admissible in the court of public
 opinion."

INT. A BALLET THEATER, LOUISVILLE - MORNING

A scratchy ballet recording is playing. And we see Rachael
 Wigand, with some other little girls, doing a ballet
 recital. And we see Lucretia sitting with Nikki. And we
 see Jeffrey, a bouquet of flowers for his daughter on his
 lap, sitting by himself in the back.

THE REPORTER'S VOICE (OVER)
 ...He said what it adds up to is
 that Jeffrey Wigand is a
 pathological liar. "His entire
 life, as best we can tell, has
 been a tissue of lies."

And as Jeffrey watches his daughter dance:

EXT. SCRUGGS LAW OFFICE, PASCAGULA - MORNING

RICHARD SCRUGGS

(answering)

It is nothing but the worst kind
of organized smear campaign
against a whistleblower.

INT. THE NEW YORK CITY BUS - MORNING

DEBBIE DELUCA

(on cell phone,
reading the
article)

"...According to the Wall St.
Journal, which did its own
investigation..."

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - MORNING

Lowell on the beach listening to Debbie DeLuca on his cell
phone...

DEBBIE DELUCA'S VOICE (OVER)

"The charges are mostly overblown,
and sometimes even demonstrably
untrue..."

EXT. RICHARD SCRUGGS OFFICE, PASCAGULA - MORNING

RICHARD SCRUGGS

If you subjected any citizen of
the United States to this kind of
intense scrutiny...

INT. THE BALLET RECITAL, LOUISVILLE - MORNING

Jeffrey watching his daughter dance...

RICHARD SCRUGGS VOICE (OVER)

...They would probably fare much
worse than Jeffrey Wigand has...

And as Rachael does a pirouette, dancing...

INT. THE COMMUTER HELICOPTER - MORNING

The helicopter approaching Manhattan. John Scanlon sitting
with Hewitt, both of them reading the "Wall Street Journal"
Wigand article.

DON HEWITT

(troubled)

Most of this seems pretty
unsubstantiated, John...

JOHN SCANLON

You know perception is all that
matters Don..."Once a liar, always
a liar..."

DON HEWITT
 (looking at him,
 sickened)
 We're talking about Wigand, aren't
 we, John?

INT. MIKE WALLACE'S CAR - MORNING

Wallace with his driver on the way to work. The Wall Street Journal on Mike's lap. And as he looks out the window...

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - MORNING

Lowell's gotten up, quietly standing looking out at the blue water...

INT. THE BALLET STUDIO, LOUISVILLE - MORNING

And as Jeffrey, the flowers on his lap, watches his little girl dance...

INT. A BAR, LOUISVILLE - DAY

And we see Jeffrey drinking in a quiet Bar, and it's not his first. The television's on, the sound low, the mid-day News. And as Jeffrey looks up and sees his photograph on the TELEVISION...On the LOCAL NEWS...

LOCAL NEWSCASTER
 ...A five hundred page dossier
 detailing charges of spousal
 abuse, shoplifting, driving under
 the influence...

THERE'S THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING...

EXT. LOWELL'S BUNGALOW, THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT

The moon lights the water, the empty beach. And we see Lowell, standing in the moonlight holding his cell phone, listening as a phone RINGS and RINGS and RINGS.

AN OPERATOR'S VOICE (OVER)
 There's no answer in that room
 sir...Would you like to leave a
 message?

LOWELL
 I've left messages...
 (concerned)
 Let it ring...

INT. WIGAND'S HOTEL ROOM, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

And we hear the phone RINGING. We slowly pan across the hotel room. We see on the floor a copy of the Wall Street Journal with its article and the accompanying photograph of Wigand...We see on the floor a pair of men's tasseled loafers...A discarded sport jacket...And we see Jeffrey, barefoot, sitting in a chair he's pulled over by a wide-open twelfth story window, the curtains blowing...

And he's still...The sound of the phone RINGING and RINGING...And as he sits, the window in easy reach...

EXT. THE BEACH, THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT

Lowell hangs up the phone. He's quiet. He dials again.

LOWELL

Give me the manager's office...

INT. THE HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

A thin Man answers the phone.

THE HOTEL MANAGER

This is David MacDougal. How can I help you?

LOWELL

Mr. MacDougal, I'm Lowell Bergman. I'm a producer with "60 Minutes"...I think we both have a very big problem.

THE HOTEL MANAGER

What kind of a problem?

LOWELL

I'm concerned about the safety of a friend of mine staying in your hotel.

THE HOTEL MANAGER

Safety...?

(immediately)

I'll call the police...

LOWELL

Not yet...Would you please check on room 714, a Mr. Jeffrey Wigand...Call me back at this number right away...

He gives him a number...

THE HOTEL MANAGER

(getting up)

I'll look into it right away...

INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

And we see the Hotel Manager, along with a Security Guard, KNOCKING on Jeffrey's door...

THE HOTEL MANAGER

(calls)

If you don't open the door, we're going to have to open it ourselves...

And when there is no response, the Manager nods to the Security Guard, the Guard using a pass key, unlocking the door. But the door stops, the chain-lock drawn...The Manager looks in through the chain...and he can see Jeffrey sitting in the chair by the open window...His intentions, potentially deadly...

THE HOTEL MANAGER (cont'd)

Mr. Wigand?

Jeffrey's still. The Manager quickly takes a cell phone from the Security Guard. He dials a number.

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT

The Cell phone RINGS. Lowell quickly answers it.

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S VOICE (OVER)

(upset)

He won't open the door...He's just sitting in a chair by the window...I'm going to call the police. He won't respond...

LOWELL

Don't call the police!

(urgent)

Tell him I'm on the phone with you...It's Lowell Bergman...

INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

THE HOTEL MANAGER

(through the door,
frightened)

Mr. Wigand...Mr. Bergman is on the telephone...

Jeffrey's quiet.

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT

LOWELL

Tell him if he does this Brown and Williamson will have gotten what they wanted.

INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THE HOTEL MANAGER

(at the door, to
Jeffrey)

He told me to tell you if you do this Brown and Williamson will have gotten what they wanted....

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

(on the telephone)

...They would have shown how unstable you were...How they were right about you all along, you couldn't be trusted...

THE HOTEL MANAGER

(balks)
I don't think --

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Just say it...!

THE HOTEL MANAGER

(at the door, to
Jeffrey)

They would have shown how unstable
you were...How they were right
about you all along, you couldn't
be trusted...

And for the first time Jeffrey looks over at the door.

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT

LOWELL

...Tell him he has two children to
think about that truly love him...

INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THE HOTEL MANAGER

He said you have two children to
think about that truly love you...

Jeffrey's quiet. He looks out the window. Lowell says
something else...

THE HOTEL MANAGER (cont'd)

(upset)
You're breaking up...I can't hear
you...

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT

Lowell anxiously moves along the beach, trying to be heard,
the phone chattering with static...

LOWELL

I said tell him...

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S VOICE (OVER)

(cutting in and
out)
What --? I can't --?

He walks to the edge of the water, the tide lapping at his
feet, trying to find a clear signal...

LOWELL

...Can you hear me now...?

There's just STATIC...Lowell walks further out into the
water, trying to find a clear signal...

LOWELL (cont'd)

...Can you hear me now?

THE HOTEL MANAGER'S VOICE (OVER)
 (after a beat)
 I can hear you now...

LOWELL
 Tell him...

INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Manager listening to Lowell...

THE HOTEL MANAGER
 (at the door, to
 Jeffrey)
 He said to tell you...He's running
 out of heros.

And Jeffrey slightly smiles. And he gets up, and unlatches
 the door....

WIGAND
 (a beat)
 Tell him, so am I.

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN BEACH - NIGHT

Lowell, quietly hangs up. He stands, in his familiar
 posture, hands in pockets, knee-deep in the water.

SHARON
 (coming out of the
 bungalow, seeing
 him)
 What are you doing?

LOWELL
 (turns, smiles,
 droll)
 Not much. Just looking at the
 stars.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - DAY

And we see Lowell back in his office. And he can see Don
 Hewitt, Mike Wallace, Eric Ober, a familiar Black Newsmen
 (Ed Bradley), and another familiar Newsmen (Morley
 Safer), standing outside Hewitt's office having an
 intense conversation. They all turn to look at Lowell.
 And as they go into Hewitt's office, shutting the door...

WE'RE LOOKING AT MIKE WALLACE SITTING IN FRONT OF A
 BACKDROP ON "60 MINUTES," ON A TELEVISION...

MIKE WALLACE
 "Thousands of documents from
 inside the tobacco industry have
 surfaced over the past year..."

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, NEW YORK - NIGHT

And we see Lowell, with Debbie DeLuca, watching the
 broadcast.

- MIKE WALLACE
(on "60 Minutes.")

"...Documents that appear to confirm what the U.S. Surgeon General and the current head of the food and drug administration have been saying -- that the nicotine in tobacco is addictive, and that smoking does in fact contribute to the deaths of over 400,000 Americans every year..."

INT. DON HEWITT'S HOUSE, THE HAMPTONS - NIGHT

And we can see Don Hewitt, in his house in the Hamptons, alone in his bedroom, watching the show...

MIKE WALLACE
(on "60 Minutes.")

"The tobacco companies maintain that nicotine is not addictive, and that while smoking may be, in their words, "a risk factor," there is no scientific proof that their products causes diseases like cancer."

INT. JEFFREY'S WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

A small tract house, little more than a bungalow. And we see Jeffrey sitting alone at a small kitchen table, watching the show...

MIKE WALLACE
(on "60 Minutes.")

"We learned of a tobacco insider who might know the whole story, who could tell us whether or not the tobacco industry has been leveling with the public. That insider was formerly a highly-placed executive with a tobacco company, but we cannot broadcast what critical information about tobacco, addiction and public health he may be able to offer..."

Wigand's quiet.

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)
(on "60 Minutes.")

"...because he had to sign a confidentiality agreement for the tobacco company he worked for..."

(MORE)

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

"An agreement that prohibits him from talking about anything he learned while he was employed by them. It even says, "all information acquired by you, including this agreement, cannot be divulged."

And as we look at Jeffrey's face, set in stone...

INT. MIKE WALLACE'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK - NIGHT

And we see Mike Wallace, in his study, a study crowded with the highest awards of his field, sitting alone, watching the show.

MIKE WALLACE

(on "60 Minutes")

"The management of CBS has told us that knowing that he had that agreement, if we were to broadcast an interview with him, CBS could be faced with a multi-billion dollar lawsuit."

As we slowly move in on Mike, watching himself on television...

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

(on "60 Minutes.")

"The fact is, we are not even allowed to mention his name, or the name of the company he worked for, and of course, we cannot show you his face."

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Lowell silently watching the broadcast...

MIKE WALLACE

(on "60 Minutes,"
from the interview
with Wigand...)

"Is your agreement with... (blip)
still in force?"

And all we can hear is an electronically altered voice for Wigand...

WIGAND'S VOICE (OVER)

"Yes it is."

Lowell, sickened, can't watch anymore... As he gets up, looking out the window...

INT. WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

Jeffrey, motionless... A man without a face or a voice... And as he gets up, and quietly turns off the television...

INT. MIKE WALLACE'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK - NIGHT, LATER
Wallace hasn't moved...And all the lines on a nearby phone
RING, lighting up...Wallace answering one of the lines...

DON HEWITT'S VOICE (OVER)
Congratulations buddy...It think
it was fucking great! It says it
all...!

And as Mike, without saying a word, hangs up...

INT. LOWELL'S HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK - NIGHT

We see Lowell, in his pajamas, getting into bed. The phone
RINGS.

LOWELL
Hello.

MIKE WALLACE'S VOICE (OVER)
What did you think?

LOWELL
Do you want to know what I really
think, Mike...? Or what you'd
like me to think?

INT. MIKE WALLACE'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK - NIGHT

MIKE WALLACE
(needing his
advice)
What you think?

INT. LOWELL'S HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK - NIGHT

LOWELL
(after a beat)
I think it was a disgrace for all
of us.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

And we see the African-American Principal, MRS. WILLIAMS,
coming to work, taking off her coat. There's a light knock
on the door. And we see Jeffrey is at the door.

WIGAND
May I come in?

She motions him to come in.

WIGAND (cont'd)
(giving her a
piece of paper)
I'd like to offer my
resignation...I don't want any
inferences to reflect on the
school.

She looks at him.

WIGAND (cont'd)
 I could understand parents being
 concerned that their children are
 being taught by a wife abuser...
 A drunk. A liar. I know as a
 parent I would be concerned...

She's quiet.

MRS. WILLIAMS
 (after a beat)
 Are you a wife abuser? A drunk?
 A liar?

WIGAND
 (a beat, sure)
 No, I am not...

The school bells ring.

MRS. WILLIAMS
 (looks at her
 watch)
 Then I think you have a class to
 teach.

He looks at her, moved by her support. And as he turns,
 crossing into the busy hallway, going to class...

INT. CBS, "60 MINUTES" OFFICES - MORNING

And we see Lowell sitting in his office. And there's the
 sound of VOICES, SHOUTING. And we see Hewitt and Wallace
 coming out of an elevator, shouting at one another. And as
 they stand in the corridor shouting at one another...

WE'RE LOOKING AT CHARLIE ROSE, THE TELEVISION JOURNALIST,
 ON A TELEVISION.

CHARLIE ROSE
 "If you watched 60 Minutes last
 night, you did not see an
 interview that Mike Wallace had
 done with a former tobacco company
 executive."

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - NIGHT

And we see Lowell, Debbie DeLuca, and the two young
 lawyers, Mark Stern and John Harris, sitting in Lowell's
 office watching "The Charlie Rose Show."

CHARLIE ROSE
 "...Lawyers for CBS decided
 running the interview would be
 putting CBS at risk to a lawsuit.
 So a television institution and a
 distinguished reporter had to
 change the story they broadcast."

INT. DON HEWITT'S OFFICE, CBS - NIGHT

And we see Hewitt, in his office, watching "Charlie Rose."

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - NIGHT

Lowell with Debbie and the two lawyers watching the "Charlie Rose Show..."

CHARLIE ROSE

"We asked Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company to appear on the broadcast, but they did not respond to our request. We asked CBS News President Eric Ober to appear, but he could not respond, either. We asked CBS lawyer general counsel Ellen Kaden to appear, but she said she was bound by the attorney-client privilege and therefore couldn't take part in tonight's segment. We also asked 60 Minutes executive producer Don Hewitt. He said, "Too much has been said already."

There the sound of footsteps. They turn. And they see Hewitt, carrying his briefcase, coming out of his office, walking off along the corridor, going home...

CHARLIE ROSE (cont'd)

"We begin with Mike Wallace. First of all, welcome."

MIKE WALLACE

"Thank you, Charles."

CHARLIE ROSE

"Tell me, what does this mean? What are the ramifications of what has happened?"

MIKE WALLACE

"The ramifications of what have happened, I guess -- of what has happened is I, I confess I don't like the word, a chilling effect on journalism..."

There's a slight sound. Lowell instinctively turns. And he sees Mike Wallace, in his overcoat, has come in, standing silently just outside Lowell's doorway, watching the taped broadcast...They exchange looks...

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

"...There's about 100 of us who turn out "60 Minutes" each week who are proud of working here and at CBS News."

(MORE)

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

"And so we are dismayed that the management of CBS has seen fit to give in to perceived threats of legal action against us by a tobacco industry giant...We've broadcast many such investigative pieces down the years, and we want to be able to continue..."

Lowell turns to look at Mike again. But Mike's turned, crossing through the bullpen, the warren of desks, to his office...And as Lowell watches him go, his mentor, his confidante, his "hero...", watches him go into his office and close the door behind him...

EXT. CBS, NEW YORK - MORNING

We see Lowell, coming out of the crowd, turning up the steps of the CBS Building on his way to work.

DON HEWITT'S VOICE (OVER)

Lowell...

And Hewitt, coming behind him, stops him on the steps.

DON HEWITT (cont'd)

(pleased with himself)

I got CBS to agree to indemnify Wigand against any breach of contract suit by Brown and Williamson.

LOWELL

(nods)

That's good, Don.

Hewitt smiles, pleased. He starts inside...

LOWELL (cont'd)

(stopping him, what's really of importance)

Then when are we going to broadcast his interview, Don?

Hewitt doesn't say anything, and as he goes inside, disappearing in the revolving door...

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE, CBS - MORNING

Lowell at his desk.

DEBBIE DELUCA

(looks in)

Ron Motley is returning your call from Mississippi...

And as Lowell takes up the phone...

INT. A NEW YORK APARTMENT - MORNING

And we see CHARLIE PHILLIPS, the Man we had seen on the subway platform, and in Battery Park, in his bathroom shaving. The DOORBELL rings. Shaving cream still on his face he goes to get it. He opens the door. Nobody's there. And he sees a cardboard BOX has been left at his door. He hesitates, and opens it. And he sees inside are bound transcripts. He opens the top transcript...There's the seal of the "The State of Mississippi." He turns the page. And inside is a copy of a deposition, the sworn testimony of a Dr. Jeffrey Wigand, taken in the court of Pascagula, Mississippi.

EXT. A COFFEE SHOP, NEW YORK - MORNING

A light snow's falling.

INT. THE COFFEE SHOP, NEW YORK - MORNING

A busy, crowded coffee shop. And we see Lowell, sitting at the counter, reading the Wall Street Journal. And on the front page there's a photograph of Jeffrey Wigand, and accompanying it, his sworn deposition from Pascagula...And Lowell's cell phone suddenly RINGS. He answers it. And he says, simply...

LOWELL

It's all academic now. The cat is out of the bag. They don't have a reason anymore not to run the interview.

He hangs up. And his phone RINGS right away again.

DEBBIE DELUCA'S VOICE (OVER)

Hewitt would like to see you...

LOWELL

I bet he would.

He hangs up. He gathers his things. He pays, turning out of the coffee shop...

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - MORNING

He moves along with the crowd. And he starts to lengthen his stride, picking up the pace. And he goes quicker and quicker, until he can't contain himself, breaking into a trot. And then a run. And as we watch him run off through the snow down the busy New York sidewalk, a run that's as close to being triumphant as this droll man can get...

INT. DON HEWITT'S OFFICE - DAY

And we see Lowell with Hewitt and Wallace, in Hewitt's office...and Hewitt's shouting...

DON HEWITT

You're a damned extortionist, Lowell! You're trying to coerce us through embarrassment to run...

LOWELL

"Coercion through embarrassment?"
Is that a real concept like
"tortious interference?"

DON HEWITT

Don't be a wise ass! You sold us
down the river! You gave the New
York Times a blow by blow of what
we talked about behind closed
doors! And every word of what
Wigand has to say has been printed
for the whole world to see!

LOWELL

(shouting)

Right...! We've been villified in
the New York Times, in the print
and television press for caving to
corporate interests...! They
tried to smear Wigand. And you
bought it! The Wall Street
Journal, not exactly a bastion of
anti-capitalist sentiment, refuted
their smear campaign as the lowest
form of character assassination...!
And even now, when every word of
what he has to say is printed,
the entire deposition of his
testimony to a court of law in
Mississippi, you're still debating
should we air his interview?!
What the fuck else do you need,
Don?

DON HEWITT

I don't need to be ridiculed in
the Associated Press! You caused
us to be humiliated in public!

LOWELL

I caused that? Let me ask you
something, Don? Was there
anything said about us that was
not the truth?!

And it stops him, cold. And frantically looking around,
searching for an ally...

DON HEWITT

Tell him Mike...

And Mike Wallace, no fool, finally "stands up..."

MIKE WALLACE

(simply)

We fucked up Don.

LOWELL

(a beat, the final
nail)

And if we don't air the interview,
Don, I promise you somebody else
will.

DON HEWITT

(stops)

Somebody else? What are you
talking about?

LOWELL

I hear ABC is interested. Wigand
doesn't have any loyalty to us.
Why should he?

DON HEWITT

What do you mean why should he?

And he says the most ridiculous thing of all...

DON HEWITT (cont'd)

We had an agreement!

LOWELL

What planet are you?

But the irony escapes him...going on...

DON HEWITT

(where he lives)

ABC?! Those fuckers couldn't get
a hurricane story right if they
were standing in the eye of the
storm. A,B, fucking C? You've
got to be joking...And NBC, they
couldn't produce a show...

And as he goes on, we see Lowell, with nothing more to be
said, leaving the room...

EXT. LINCOLN, MONTANA - DAY

And we see Lowell, completely out of context, in a small
MOUNTAIN TOWN, coming out of a Coffee Shop. He walks along
the town's quiet one main street. He goes up the steps
into the small LIBRARY...

INT. THE LIBRARY, LINCOLN, MONTANA - DAY

The small library. He sits at table to look at a local
Newspaper. And he senses somebody is watching him. He
turns, and he sees a COUPLE, in hiking shorts and hiking
boots, sitting at a library table seemingly studying some
maps, looking at him. Getting up, he goes over to them.

LOWELL

Hi.

THE MAN
(looking up)
How are you?

LOWELL
Okay.

And he senses something is all wrong here.

LOWELL (cont'd)
What are you folks doing in
Lincoln?

THE MAN
(affable)
A geology survey.

LOWELL
(nods)
Geology.

THE WOMAN
How about you?

LOWELL
(direct)
Oh, I work for CBS News, "Sixty
Minutes."

THE MAN
(after a beat)
And what are you doing here?

LOWELL
(smiles, droll)
I'm on a vacation.

THE MAN
(nods)
Have a good time.

Lowell nods. They look at each other and they both know there's a lot more than meets the eye. And as Lowell leaves...

EXT. A PAY PHONE. LINCOLN, MONTANA - DAY

And we see Lowell on a PAY PHONE.

LOWELL
Guess where I am?

BILL ROBERTSON'S VOICE (OVER)
What do I win if I get it right?

LOWELL
I ran into two of your
"geologists."
(droll)
I never met a geologist yet that
didn't have dirt under their
nails.

INT. THE F.B.I, BILL ROBERTSON'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON - DAY

And we see Bill Robertson's on the phone...And we see a PHOTOGRAPH is already on his desk. A surveillance photograph of Lowell on the Montana street.

BILL ROBERTSON

You're in the middle of a major operation. We're a week away from an arrest...You could screw this up.

LOWELL'S VOICE (OVER)

Big story. But I can hold it...

BILL ROBERTSON

(nods, a beat)

What I'd like you to do for me Lowell is go get in your car, and leave there, right now.

EXT. THE PAY PHONE, LINCOLN, MONTANA - DAY

LOWELL

Okay. And...

BILL ROBERTSON'S VOICE (OVER)

(on the phone)

And I'll take care of you.

LOWELL

When you launch...

BILL ROBERTSON'S VOICE (OVER)

When we launch. Thanks.

Lowell hangs up. And as he crosses to get in his car as he promised, and drives off down the Main street, and leaves as quickly as he came.

WE'RE LOOKING AT MIKE WALLACE IN FRONT OF A "60 MINUTES" BACKDROP.

MIKE WALLACE

"What we set out to report some six months ago...has now turned into two stories..."

INT. A SCREENING ROOM, CBS - ANOTHER DAY, LATE AFTERNOON

And we see Lowell sitting in a screening room, Mike Wallace sitting on one side of the room, Don Hewitt on the other, watching a screening of the full version of the Wigand interview and story...

MIKE WALLACE

(on the Screen)

"...How cigarettes can destroy people's lives, and how one cigarette company is trying to destroy the reputation of a man who refused to keep quiet about what he learned when he worked for them..."

And as we look at each of them, in the flickering light, each with their own thoughts, watching the show...

INT. THE SCREENING ROOM, CBS - DAY, EVENING

We see the familiar "60 Minutes" ticking watch on the screen. And the screen goes black. The lights come on. It's quiet. Mike turns to look at Lowell.

MIKE WALLACE

What do you think?

LOWELL

(a beat)

I think too much was cut out of his interview.

MIKE WALLACE

You never give an inch, Lowell.

LOWELL

(droll)

You give an inch, Mike, somebody will take a mile.

Wallace smiles. And Hewitt, jumping up, regaining his form...

DON HEWITT

(to Mike, arms flailing)

When you're dead and buried this is the one you're going to be remembered for!

And he kisses Mike.

DON HEWITT (cont'd)

Fuck them! You stood side by side with the First Amendment...!

Mike gets up...

MIKE WALLACE

I did an interview with Rather for the Evening News. I nailed myself up there on the cross of the First Amendment...

And as they go out, business as usual... Lowell following them out:...

INT. THE CORRIDOR, CBS - EVENING

They come into the hallway...

LOWELL

(persistent)

I'd like to put back in Wigand saying there is no bigger lie than a half truth...

Hewitt, already onto other things, hurries into his office. And Mike stops, seeing the monitors along the hallway are all tuned to Dan Rather interviewing him on tape, on the CBS Evening News. He stops looking up at a monitor, watching himself on the broadcast. Lowell, knowing what he has to say is falling on deaf ears, hands in his jacket pockets, moves off along the hallway. Wallace looking up at the monitor, watching the broadcast...Lowell moving toward his office...And suddenly Wallace starts shouting...Lowell turns and he sees Mike Wallace shouting up at the monitor in disbelief...

MIKE WALLACE

They cut it...! The fuckers cut out the most important part of my interview...! My statement about the Freedom of Speech....!

And as Lowell turns and goes into his office, leaving Wallace railing at the television screen...

INT. JEFFREY WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - ANOTHER NIGHT

We see Jeffrey, with his girls, Rachael and Nikki, eating a take-out dinner in the small kitchen. And we see a TELEVISION is on, and they're watching the "60 Minutes" interview with Wigand. And as Jeffrey comes on the television screen...

RACHAEL

(proudly)

There you are, daddy...

And they both proudly look at their father.

WIGAND

I'll be right back...

He gets up going out of the kitchen. He stops for a moment in a small hallway. And standing in the hallway, so they can't see him, he starts to cry. And as he stands in the hallway, his girls at the kitchen table, and what he has to say, his hard-earned "truth," on the television screen.

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - THAT NIGHT

We see Lowell, food all around him, busy cooking. Sharon, in a bathrobe, drying her hair with a towel, comes in. She sits at the kitchen table drying her hair. Lowell, cooking. And we can see in a far corner of the room a small counter top television is on, the sound low, to the "60 Minutes" interview with Wigand.

And as Lowell cooks, Sharon drying her hair, the television and the interview an afterthought...

INT. LOWELL'S HOUSE, BERKELEY - NIGHT, LATER

We see Sharon and Lowell in bed, Lowell on the telephone.

LOWELL
...Thank you Richard...It's nice of you to call...

He hangs up. And the phone RINGS right away again.

LOWELL (cont'd)
Thanks Debbie...I appreciate that...

And his other phone rings. Sharon answers it, talking.

SHARON
(after a beat)
It's for you...They wouldn't give me their name.

LOWELL
Debbie, let me call you back.

He takes up the other phone.

LOWELL (cont'd)
Hello.

EXT. A PHONE BOOTH, LINCOLN, MONTANA - NIGHT

And we see the F.B.I. Agent, BILL ROBERTSON on the phone.

BILL ROBERTSON
Anytime, now. By the way, good show tonight.

LOWELL
Can I get a crew out there?

BILL ROBERTSON
Have them standby on Wednesday. I'll tell you when.

LOWELL
(nods, trustworthy)
Okay. I'll wait.

He hangs up. The other Phone RINGS.

LOWELL (cont'd)
(after answering)
Thanks, John...
(tired of it)
Can I call you tomorrow?

He hangs up. And it's quiet. Sharon's layed down, closing her eyes. Lowell snuts off the light.

They lie close together. After some moments:

SHARON
(matter of fact)

You won.

And this time he isn't droll.

LOWELL
(a beat)
What did I win?

She can't answer that. And as they lie in the dark, each with their own thoughts.

INT. CBS, NEW YORK - DAY

We see Lowell coming in, going into the CONTROL BOOTH of the Evening News.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH, CBS "EVENING NEWS" - DAY

And we see the Newscaster, Dan Rather, in his familiar suspenders, behind the glass on the Evening News set, rehearsing. Lowell comes to stand by the corpulent Assignment Editor, David Worth, standing watching by the glass...

LOWELL
(after a beat)
A heads up...major story...get a crew standing by for Wednesday in Montana...

DAVID WORTH
(turns)
Oh, yeah? What?

LOWELL
I can't tell you. Sit tight and God may be kind.

DAVID WORTH
(nods, smiles)
I like it when God is kind.

EXT. WIGAND'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE - EARLY MORNING

The quiet suburban street. The small house. The door opens. And we see Jeffrey, carrying his briefcase, coming out of the house. He crosses to his car. And as he drives off, like anyone else in suburbia, going to work...

INT. WIGAND'S SCIENCE CLASSROOM, LOUISVILLE - MORNING

And we see Wigand, at his most comfortable, teaching his science class. There's a light knock on the door. Jeffrey turns. Mrs. Williams is at the door. She motions to him. He crosses to the door, going out into the HALLWAY.

MRS. WILLIAMS
I just got a call. You were named one of the fifty best teachers in America. They would like to give you an award.

WIGAND

(a beat)

That's very nice. But if you could tell them I won't be able to accept it.

She looks at him.

WIGAND (cont'd)

I've gotten enough attention.

And he turns back into his classroom, the door closing behind him...And we can see him through the small window in the door, teaching his class...and for all the world, the window is not much smaller than a television screen...AND WE'RE LOOKING AT THE FAMILIAR CBS EYE ON A TELEVISION SCREEN. AND THEN THE WORDS: "SPECIAL REPORT."

INT. CBS, CORRIDOR - DAY

And we see Lowell coming quickly along the hallway under the television monitors. He goes into a CONTROL ROOM.

INT. THE CONTROL ROOM, CBS - DAY

A state of the art Technical Room. And we see on a wall fifty or more monitors, in the humidity and temperature controlled nexus of CBS operations, showing incoming remote feeds by satellite...Lowell comes to stand by David Worth. And we see Dan Rather is on one of the screens:

DAN RATHER

This is Dan Rather reporting to you from Washington. In an exclusive to CBS News...In Lincoln, Montana, today, the S.B.I. have arrested a suspect in the Unabomber case...

And we see footage of a handcuffed, bearded, barefoot man...THEODORE KACACZYNSKI, the UNABOMBER, being taken in by the F.B.I...And Lowell instinctively turns. And he sees Mike Wallace has come beside him, watching the special report with them. After some moments:

DAVID WORTH

(to Wallace)

Your boy is hitting them out of the park left and right...

(motions, meaning Unabomber)

Scoops this...

(beat)

...Wigand airs...Devastating...

And he goes off... After some time:

MIKE WALLACE
 The Wall Street Journal won the
 Pulitzer for their reporting on
 the Wigand story.
 (a beat)
 It should have been yours.

LOWELL
 (droll)
 What's an award among friends?

Mike smiles, if had any doubt Lowell was behind the
 guerilla campaign. After some moments:

MIKE WALLACE
 What about that Nazi story? Up in
 Canada. It still interest you?

LOWELL
 (nods)
 Everything interests me.

Mike nods...They're quiet. They watch the "exclusive"
 report. Lowell puts his hands in his jacket pockets...

LOWELL (cont'd)
 (after a beat)
 I'm quitting Mike.

Mike startled, turns.

MIKE WALLACE
 Bullshit.

LOWELL
 (shakes "no.")
 I can't work here anymore. I
 don't know what story is going to
 air anymore. I don't feel I can
 honestly tell a source you will be
 safe.

They look at each other. And hands in his jacket pockets
 Lowell turns out of the Control Room...

INT. THE CORRIDOR, CBS - DAY

He starts off along the quiet hallway. Everybody in their
 offices watching the Unabomber report. And Wallace comes
 out, standing in the hallway, watching him go...

MIKE WALLACE
 (after him)
 Hey, Lowell.

Lowell turns. And he thinks Mike's going to give him some
 kind of apologia, a plea to come back...But...

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)
 You never said. How did I sound
 on the show?

LOWELL
(smiles, ironic)
You didn't sound like too much of
an asshole.

Mike smiles.

LOWELL (cont'd)
(a beat, serious)
You never do.

They look at each other.

LOWELL (cont'd)
(to his mentor)
Mike, I'm sure you'll go out with
a bang.

MIKE WALLACE
(nods)
I intend to.

LOWELL
Yeah.

And hands in his pockets he keep going, moving off along
the hallway, the monitors all showing the CBS programming,
and he doesn't even look back...

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

He comes out of the Building. And as he walks off, until
we lose sight of him, just another face in the crowd.

FADE OUT:

- The End -