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All The President 's Men

By William Goldman

FADE IN ON:

A TINY BLACK PIECE OF TAPE.

We see it in the center of the large, dimly lit screen. As the tape is pressed around a door--

BEGIN THE BREAK-IN SEQUENCE.

It's a major piece of action, running maybe five minutes and

it's all as detailed and accurate as we can make it, with as

many "if only's" included as possible. ("If only" the tape had been attached up and down instead of around the door, Wills wouldn't have spotted it and alerted the police; "if only" the first police car called had gone to investigate, Baldwin, watching from the Howard Johnson Motor Inn, would have seen their uniforms and radioed Hunt and Liddy in time for them to have gotten to the five burglars and then safely

away.)

The break-in ends when Leeper arrests the five men. He

thought

he only had one guy, so when ten hands were raised he was surprised. The hands are all encased in Playtex rubber surgical gloves. HOLD on the hands a moment; then--

GO TO:

A DARK APARTMENT.

The phone rings. WOODWARD fumbles for the receiver, turns on

the bed light. He listens a moment.

WOODWARD

No, no trouble, Harry, be right down.

(he hangs up)

Son of a bitch.

He lies back. The apartment is one room, a small terrace beyond. Not much of a place.

WOODWARD lies still, staring at the ceiling. He blinks,

blinks

again. HOLD...

CUT TO:

THE ENORMOUS FIFTH FLOOR OF THE WASHINGTON POST.

It looks, early of a Saturday morning, pretty deserted.

Those

reporters that are around are young, bright, and presently involved in nothing more taxing than drinking coffee and

thumbing through the papers.

HARRY ROSENFELD surveys the scene from his office doorway as

WOODWARD approaches, hangs his coat at his desk, not far from where ROSENFELD is standing.

ROSENFELD

Where's that cheery face we've come to know and love?

WOODWARD

You call me in on my day off because some idiots have broken into local Democratic Headquarters--tell me, Harry, why should I be smiling?

ROSENFELD

As usual, that keen mind of yours has pegged the situation perfectly.

(chomps on some Maalox tablets)

Except (a) it wasn't local Democratic Headquarters, it was National Democratic Headquarters--

(WOODWARD is surprised-- he hadn't known)

--and (b) these weren't just any idiots, these were special idiots, seeing as when they were arrested at 2:30 this morning, they were all wearing business suits and Playtex gloves and were carrying--

(consults a piece of paper)

--a walkie-talkie, forty rolls of film, cameras, lock picks, pen-sized tear gas guns, plus various bugging devices.

(puts paper down)

Not to mention over two thousand dollars, mostly in sequenced hundred dollar bills.